

A SENTIMENT.

She stood with her face upturned to mine
(Twas a childlike face and rare),
As the day went down and the afterglow
With a glory tinged her hair;
And a red glow dipped on the far skyline,
As we stood and watched it there.

Dim night on the earth spread white her
pall,
And my hot lips pressed her hair,
As it swept unbound in its rippling fall
To her neck, round, white, and bare;
And a low wind sang in the branches tall,
"She is thine for e'er and e'er!"

Sweet hours of the night on swift wings
flew,
And my soul burst forth unbound;
For her lips were red, and her eyes were
blue,
And her arms entwined me round,
And her kiss was balm, and her breath was
dew,
And the dim world swooned and drowned.

Close, close to my breast her white cheek
pressed
And her bosom swayed with sighs,
As a faint light waned in the far off west,
And a cloud mass skimmed the skies,
And her head lay back in my arms at rest,
And I kissed her half veiled eyes.

Close clasped to my heart I held her fast,
With a fierce, wild love new born,
And I cried, "at last!"
. And the wind swept past
With a moan and a cry forlorn,
And a harsh voice mocked, "at last! at
last!"

And my love from my arms was torn.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

She—Was it a mercenary marriage? He
—Yes. They were both too poor to stay
engaged any longer.

Teacher—Now, children, what well
known product is raised in Ireland? Bright
Boy—American citizens.

Penelope (sighing)—Ah, the men are not
what they used to be. Tom—I'd like to
know why not. Penelope—They used to be
boys, you know.

The Skeptical Aunt—What does he do,
Dolly, for a living? Dolly (greatly surprised)—
Why, auntie, he does not have
time to earn a living while we are engaged.

Little Girl—Your papa has only got one
leg, hasn't he? Veteran's Little Girl—
Yes. Veteran's Little Girl—Where's his other one?
Veteran's Little Girl—Hush, dear; it's in
heaven.

Banker—What's your hurry, old man?
Hill (a suburban resident)—Not a moment
to spare. If I should miss this train I
wouldn't get out home in time enough to
take the train coming back.

Little Boy—Mamma, the cat has eaten
that seed I gave to the canary this morn-
ing. Mamma—Cat's don't eat bird seed.
You must be mistaken. Little Boy—No,
ma'am. It was in the bird.

Beggar—Please, sir, will ye lend me a
dime ter git somethin' ter eat. Gentle-
man—You've got a quarter in your hand
now. What's that for? Beggar—That's
ter tip the waiter.

Percy—You should congratulate yourself
my dear, on gweeting me. Lots and lots of
the gwirls were after me. Isabelle (who
can't see what in the world she ever saw in
him)—I acknowledge, Percy, that I've got
a soft thing.

Laura—I have heard, Irene, that Mr.
Weetpit, the young board of trade broker,
who comes to see you, is what they call a
bear. Irene (blushing wildly)—A bear,
Laura? That doesn't begin to express it.
He's a perfect boa constrictor.

Do you know Charley Scribbins? said
one young woman to another. Oh, yes;
quite well. He wrote an ode to me. Did
he? I have often heard Charley say that he
wrote poetry on the slightest provocation.

Jenny (at the window)—There go Clara
and Tenie. I don't like those two girls.
Kitty—But you must learn to like them,
dear, now that you are engaged to Tom.
Jenny—What has that to do with my liking
or disliking them? Kitty—They have both
agreed to be sisters to him.

Mrs. Jilkins—Oh, Tom, I'm so worried
about Jimmy! He's in bed, and has been
all day, awfully sick. Mr. J. (after an in-
spection)—Pshaw! there doesn't seem to be
much wrong with him. Mrs. J.—But the
circus was in town to-day, and he never
even—. Mr. J.—Great Scott! Give me
my hat. I'll go for six doctors.

The Pride of Wealth.

Dead Beat (humbly, to swell, old time
friend of his)—Lead me five bob.

Swell (handing it over)—Now, old man,
for goodness sake don't booze it up.

Dead Beat (haughtily, pocketing the two
half crowns)—What right have you, sir,
to dictate to me how I should spend my own
money?

MURDER OR MERCY?

Yes, we had got the run from our billets
and our lodgings in one day. Jim Nolan and
I were room mates and worked in the same
store, and his father had taken up a selection
alongside my father's, so that is how we were
mates.

"Look here, Jim," I said, "let's clear out of
town. It's no use hunting for billets. The
old lady'll object to my doing it because she
always reckoned on me becoming a big store-
keeper, but I'm not made for it."

"Well, I'm made to graft at anything that's
got tucker hanging to it till times are better,"
said Jim.

"Well, what d'ye say to going scalping out
Womalilla way? I proposed; 'there's whips o'
red 'uns out there, and skins fetch a good price
besides the scalp-money."

"I'm on," said Jim. "I'll get my Winchester
from the old lady, and, I suppose, the boss'll
let us have a few thousand rounds at trade
price. What about tents and rations?"

"I'll fix that," said I. "I'll write to the old
man to send the tents over the Chinchilla
Station, and some tucker, and we'll get 'em as
we pass. We can get a packhorse in Mitchell,
besides something to ride."

So we got it all fixed up to have a long spell
of work. Next thing we were camped out on
Womalilla Creek and getting in a good stack
of skins. Jim was the best hand with a knife
I ever saw. He'd make the first cut and give
a few punches with his hand, and off would
come the whole pelt, and not a scar on it but
what the lead had made.

It was a grand life. There was just enough
work to make a good living, and fresh air and
sun to give us an appetite. What on earth
makes so many men drift to town who can't
do anything there? Oftentimes it's a fellow's
mother, who wants to see him a cut above a
boundary-rider or stockman, or even a selector,
and sends him down to try his luck at growing
into a gentleman. I know it was that way
with me. The old lady wanted me to be a
'big storekeeper,' and we boys had almost
always done her wishes.

But this isn't the story I started to tell.
Jim and I were doing well, for, not reckoning
scalps, the hides alone were worth a crown
apiece. Then one unlucky day Jim had an
idea, which is a dangerous thing in unprac-
tised hands.

"What d'ye say to some honey on yer bread
for supper?" he asked me.

"All right," I replied; "send round and get
some."

"Don't be an ass," responded Jim; "fetch an
axe and a bucket, while I go and get my
crosscut."

Well, we started out, and came to a tree
about half-a-mile from the camp, where Jim
had spotted a bees' nest—regular hybrids.
We'd both got mosquito-net on our hats, be-
cause the hybrids are more savage than a mob
of scrub bulls. Jim gave the butt of the tree
a thump with the axe.

"Pretty solid down here, anyhow," he said.
But the jar had made the swarm hum.

"By Jove! it's a big swarm," observed Jim,
as they came out unanimously. Then I ran
my eye up the trunk. It was a big carbeen,
and went up as straight and plumb as a rush
for about forty feet.

"What way'll he fall?" I asked dubiously.
"Better try and let the wind drop him. He's
too plumb for my liking."

So we ripped into him on the lee side till
about half-way across. Then we undercut it.
It seemed solid right through. Then we
started on the windward side, and we hadn't
cut two inches when we were into the pipe.
It had run to one side of the tree, and all that
side was a shell. It had been struck by light-
ning, too, some time or other, judging by the
big limb smashed off at the fork. We hadn't
got more than four inches into the cut when
she went 'crack!' like a pistolshot. There
was no groaning such as you hear from a tree
that has a bit of a lean.

"Run!" was all Jim said as the tree began to
dip.

Well, it seemed to drop without beginning
at all. I hadn't waited for Jim to say 'run,'
but cleared like a racehorse. Suddenly I
heard a yell, and I looked round. The crash
of the tree and that yell were nearly in one;
if there was any difference the yell was a bit
ahead. I couldn't see Jim anywhere, as the
tree, instead of falling with the wind, had got
swung round by a strip of hard deadwood
which has been overgrown by green wood.
This strip was between the two cuts.

"God help the poor old chap," I said, "for
I can't."

The stump of the broken limb was bearing
on his legs; they were fairly driven into the
ground. His eyes were shut, but I could see
his chest still heaving, and presently he began
to groan and writhe a little. I was trying to
cut off a branch that was nigh his face and
had cut his cheek. I was clean off my head,
I didn't know what to do. I couldn't cut
through the top of the trunk and saw off the
main branch without cutting him. Besides,
I couldn't have rolled the block off him my-
self. I got the branch clear of his face, and I
could see that his eyes were opened; I bent
over him.

"Jim, my poor boy," I says, "I can't get you
out."

He roused a little when he heard me speak.
"No use," he said. "Tommy, I'm bound for
the Never Never."

I knew it, too. If I had got him out he
would have died all the same. Presently he
gave an awful shriek. God grant that I may
never hear the like again. The bees couldn't
get out before, because the hole was against
the ground and the other end of the pipe in
the tree was stuffed with mud, but when I cut
away that limb that was lying on Jim's face I
had made a way for them to get out without
knowing it.

"Tommy," he yelled, "finish me quick, for
Christ's sake! Don't leave me to be stung to
death! Tommy, where's your revolver?
Quick, shoot!"

My revolver was in its pouch on my belt.
The agony on his face and in his voice was
awful.

Was it Murder or Mercy?

—The Bulletin (Australia).

The Salt Industry of India.

The annual revenue derived from salt in
the Indian Empire is £7,000,000—\$35,000,-
000—4s. per cwt. being the tax imposed. A
large part of the salt consumed is imported,
some of it is made from sea water, but most
of the native manufactured article comes
from the northwest provinces. In the Raj-
putana district there is an important salt
lake—the Sambhar—20 miles long by five
miles broad, which yields from 100,000 to
120,000 tons of salt annually. This is a
lake only in the rainy season, and it is be-
fore that—March to July—that the salt is
fished out from the mud by natives. At
this time the brine is of sp. gr. 1.08, and de-
posits the salt in crusts. It is not clearly
known where the salt comes from but the
most likely theory is that the rain streams
bring down with them saline matters into
the lake valley, and, as there is no outlet,
the salt in the course of time crystallizes
out. Another source of salt is found in the
brine pits of Gurgaon in the Delhi district.
There the soil is highly charged with saline
matters, and it is only necessary to dig
holes in the ground in order to get a plenti-
ful supply of strong brine. The trouble
with this is that the brine contains magne-
sium sulphate as well as salt, and that ren-
ders the salt bitter and unmarketable. Dr.
Thomson was deputed by the Government to
find out a remedy for this and he did, in the
addition of 2 per cent of slaked lime, which
converted the magnesium sulphate into hy-
droxide—thus providing a salt free from
bitterness. Two per cent of lime was re-
quired; nothing less would do, although,
strange to say, the whole of it did not enter
into the reaction. The process was too ex-
pensive on a large scale. There is also a
range of salt mountains further north (N.
W. part of the Punjab), where there are
old mines now worked economically under
Government supervision, and yield 40,000
tons annually. It is calculated that there
is enough salt here to last for 40,000 years.
Dr. Thomson's defended the salt tax on the
ground that it is the only imperial tax
which the poor pay, and it amounts to five
pence per head per annum. The tax has
existed for 250 years.

The Duke of Marlborough, who has pre-
viously shown himself a keen and careful
observer of American tendencies, has a paper
in the current New Review, in which he
compares the English aristocracy of birth,
with the American aristocracy of money.
He finds, as any man must find, who con-
siders things not names, facts not fictions,
that as to real wealth and power in the com-
munity, the English noble is not to be men-
tioned the same day with the American
millionaire.

"An English duke," he says, "may be
toadied by a few coostermongers and local
clergymen, but an American millionaire
holds a species of court in Wall street or on
the Chicago exchange. His orders are
things to be feared."

A duke ought to be an authority on dukes
and the Duke of Marlborough, being a duke
in his own right and a millionaire in his
wife's, should know, if anybody, how to es-
timate comparatively the advantages of the
two positions, and that his estimate is cor-
rect no observant person will be likely to
question.

Great as is the power and magnificence of
the American millionaire at present, the
Duke of Marlborough anticipates his far
more splendid development in the future.
"For a time yet," he says, "the American
guy may continue to scramble for titled for-
eigners," but eventually, even in her eyes,
the rising American aristocracy will out-
shine all others. Forecasting the develop-
ment of our plutocratic nobility, the Duke
writes: "It is clear that in a not distant
future, America will be possessed of a re-
presentative class of landed merchant no-
bles, who will vie in luxury and in wealth
with anything that the old world ever pro-

The Coming American Aristocracy.

duced and in that artistic riches, in pic-
tures, in furniture and in works of art,
which have been so enhanced in value in the
nineteenth century in Europe, will be raised
by American millionaire buyers of another
generation to the most fabulous propor-
tions."

That is to say, in the opinion of this keen
eyed and unprejudiced foreign observer, the
American experiment in popular govern-
ment, based on the equal rights of men, bids
fair to result in the near future in the evo-
lution of the most powerful and splendid
aristocracy the world ever saw. This, ac-
cording to the Duke of Marlborough, is to
be the flower and consummation of our re-
publican institutions, the end for which, un-
wittingly, Washington fought and Lincoln
died, and Bunker Hill and Gettysburg went
into history.

The man who makes this prediction is not
writing for effect. He is not an alarmist,
and has no motive to exaggerate. He is
merely stating in a matter of fact way, the
result of his observations of the ascendancy
which the wealthy class has already ob-
tained in this country, and where it is likely
to end. There can be no question of the
soundness of his facts and the correctness
of his conclusions. The course of affairs in
this country is undoubtedly tending in the
direction he indicates, and must result as
he predicts, unless arrested and turned back
by a great popular uprising for the redemp-
tion and re-establishment of the public—
New Nation.

Why He Smiled.

Doctor—How long has your husband been
like this, madam?

Anxious Wife (whose husband is lying on
a sofa in convulsions)—He came home at
lunch time, apparently as usual, and told
me he had bought a new novel—that the
story was laid in England, the principal
hero being a retired Canadian who had
made his fortune by farming in Canada.
Then he threw himself on the sofa and has
never stopped laughing since.

All the Difference.

Wife—John, it makes me so miserable to
see you drinking like that.

Husband—Nonsense, my dear; you're
out of spirits.

Wife (solemnly)—Ah, John, I wish you
were out of spirits.

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