FIGHT WITH A SLAVER.

An English Naval Officer Promoted for a A few days ago the Lords of the Admiralty promoted Lieut. Fred F. Fegen, R. N., to be Commander, to mark their recognition of his gallant conduct is as brilliant and thorough a real sea dog exploit as ever graced British naval annals. Last May Lieut. Fegen, who was on board her Majesty's ship Turquoise, then stationed at Zanzibar, set out on board an ordinary pinnace with seven men, all told, to patrol that part of the East African coast and watch for Arab slavers. On the morning of May 30 the pinnace was lying snugly anchored within Fungal Gap, Pemba, an island to the North of Zanzibar. The crew of the pinnace comprised five blue jackets, one marine, one interpreter and Fegen. At daylight the look out reported that a dhow was entering the gap. As far as could be ascertained the gap. As far as could be ascertained she seemed a peaceable trader, making for port under crowded sail. Only a man or two could be seen on deck, and there was nothing to indicate the craft was

FULL OF SLAVES AND ARMED MEN. The Lieutenant had a little dingy with him, and in this, as a matter of duty and precaution, he sent his coxswain, the marine, and the interpreter to hail the stranger and see that she was all right. Stoutly the little dingy was rowed towards the dhow to

intercept her as she ran along.

Whan within 100 yards of the Arab the interpreter hailed them, but received no answer, nor could he see any body on board, for the huge sail screened the crew. Plying their oars with more vigor, they made to board the strange craft, when instantly score of swarthy faces rose above the gunnel and a volley from Snider rifles was poured into the gravel and displaces the warm air, his men to turn the 9-pound gua with which the pinnace was armed to bear on the dhow, whilst at the same moment one of his men opened fire on them with his Martini-Henry. The marine, from the dingy, had already got to work with his weapon and ward motion, and thus keeps the ice sur was evidendy doing execution. The slaver rounded with air above the freezing point, holding the dingy as to insignificant, changed her course and bore down full upon the pinnace, clearly intending to run aboard her. Fegen and his four men had their anchor tripped in a trice, made sail, but there was no time to get under weigh when down upon them came the dhow. The puddling. As the English cement is expansive and requires to be handled by Lientenant called: "Prepare to resist boarders," "Stand to them, my lads," and, boarders." "Stand to them, my lads," and, setting that example which in warfare, at any rate, is before all precept, jumped for ward to meet the attack as the two vessels than the setting that example which in warfare, at any rate, is before all precept, jumped for ward to meet the attack as the two vessels than the setting that example which in warfare, at any rate, is before all precept, jumped for the setting that example which in warfare, at any rate, is before all precept, jumped for the setting that example which in warfare, at any rate, is before all precept, jumped for the setting that example which in warfare, at any rate, is before all precept, jumped for the setting that example which in warfare, at any rate, is before all precept, jumped for the setting that example which in warfare, at any rate, is before all precept, jumped for the setting that example which in warfare, at any rate, is before all precept, jumped for the setting that example which in warfare, at any rate, is before all precept, jumped for the setting that example which is the setti bumped together. With characteristic ferocity the slavers—some thirteen Arabs prevent the heavy air sinking with the and seven bloodthirsty half-breed cut water. A thousand feet of air at 80° is esthroats endeavored to spring aboard the

FEGEN SHOT TWO DOWN WITH HIS REVOLVER and ran a third through the body, when he in turn would have fallen under a fierce blow from an Arab's blade had not Pearson, an A. B., ru the man through with his cutlass. As twas, Fegen received a severe wound on the right arm, but still the fight went on, for he could use his pistol plank nailed on, and the 6 inches of space with his late. There of his men were or illed in with gold day, well ammed, after taken board is put on, so as to close every wounded in the bottom of the punace, whilst nine Arabs had already been slain by the well ammed, after taken board is put on, so as to close every escape for the air. The space spoken of between the two brick walls as an air thamber, is a good idea if it is as tight our sturdy tars. Still Fegen battled on, shooting, pushing and shoving with the help of his crew of now one man, beth of them receiving fresh stabs and wounds. J. Gras and fred Russ Ru 4. Gags s sell, leading seaman, had stood by him like steel, fighting with the courage and determination of those heroes who have immor-

talized our navy. Russel fought on heed-less of his many wounds until he sank from sheer loss of blood. At length the dhow slipped past and sheered off, not to escape, however, for, wounded as all on the pinnace were, they fought and held on with the ten-acity of bull-dogs. With those still in the dingy they maintained a fire on the dhow and followed her up. The slavers replied with their Sniders, and Fegen, seeing his men in the dingy exposed, held the pinnace to the wind to obtain the weather gauge and cover the "punt." The protracted fight at-tracted a number of Arabs to the shore, and they in turn began firing at the two, to them, hated British craft. A lucky shot from the Martinis

KILLED THE SLAVER'S HELMSMAN, and the dhow broached to in shallow water and capsized. The remainder of the rascal ly crew plunged into the sea, which was about two tfathoms deep at the spot, and swam for the shore, four or five only succeeding in reaching the land alive. Most of the penned slaves managed to scramble out and hang on to the dhow, their heads alone visible out of the water. Fegen got his men from the dingy on board the pin-nace, and with a few shells from the 9pounder drove away the belligerent Arabs on the shore. This done he sent the dingy

on the shore. This done he sent the dingy to the rescue of the slaves, and succeeded in saving the lives of fifty three unfortunate negroes. Unfortunated twelve had been drowned by the capsizing of the dhow, the number of slaves on board 5 ving been sixty-five. A sailor named Bunismin Stone, an A. B., was the only the kind outright on our side during the placey little seafight. So far as known up to the present the wounded blue-jackets were all doing well.

A story from the diamond fields tells of a Rashr who was suspected to being in possession of uncut diamends land was pursued by the officers of the law. When they came up with him he had jut shot one of his oxen. Then they proceeded to search him. They ransacked his active clothing, they combed his weolly head, they tried all the usual processes, but never a diamond did they find, and finally they had to retire discomfited. Then the Kashr proceeded to pick out from the dead ox's carcass all the diamonds with which his gun had been loaded, and which he had fired into the unfortunate beast when he saw the officers apfortunate beast when he saw the officers ap-

Many Spanish doubloons, to the value of \$150,000, have been deposited in the assay office, New York. They will be melted into gold bars. Some are three hundred years old, and look quite fresh and new. It is believed they came from the West Indies, and were treasure recovered by an American expedition that went out some time age to look for the wrecks of Spanish galleons lost during the eighteenth century.

About Ice Houses.

I wish very much to ask about the construction of small ice houses for private use, especially what to do to my present building to make it a success for keeping ice.

This building is set in a loose gravel bank,

10 feet deep in the bank, in the rear, and level with the ground line in front; the walls built of brick 10 feet up, or as high as the slope of the bank, and then 10 feet more of wood. There are double doors on the bank, which thus open 10 feet above the floor. The ground below is loose gravel. I fill the house to the upper ground line. The brick wall is 16 inches shick, with one clear 4 inch air space, 8 inches brick inside and 4 out. The wooden wall on the top of brick work, 10 feet high, has an air space 12 inches wide, sheathed with close ointed inch boards both out and inside nside overhead is also sheathed the same, with flat roof, tinued, with 12 inch space between overhead sheathing, and lattice work on two sides, width of space between roof and overhead sheathing. There is a wide projecting roof, and the whole is thoroughly painted white, top and all, including brick wall not under ground. What do you use on top of the cement on the floor before putting in the ice, or do you put the ice on the cement, or how? Would you advise setting studding against the inner wall, making a space to fill with cement or clay, and how thick? Should I leave space between ice and wall when filling for straw or sawdust, which I have in abundance, or put ice close to base wall, and what over the top-fine straw or sawdust? I fill to upper level of the ground; put in and take out the same door. My ice melts fast on the bottomone or two layers of 18 to 20 inches thick, 24 by 24 inch blocks, beautiful ice, disap-near before we reach them. W. F. D. pear before we reach them.

[Answer by A. P. S., Rock Hall, Md.] W. f. D. has the plan of a superior house, but the trouble is in his foundation of gravel, which being porous, offers a constant escape of the cold air around the ice, which must rise and come in contact with the ice, and this quickly extracts the heat and melts the ine, reducing the temperature of the air, and as a natural result sinks and gives the air below, which had absorbed heat from the earth and become lighter, an up-The great secret is to prevent this perpetual sets, which will always have water in it, and water. A thousand feet of air at 80 ° is estimated to weigh 10 lbs., while the same bulk at 32°, or freezing point, will weigh between 12 and 13 lbs. Keep this sir at Keep this air at rest around the ice, and the heat of summer out by a good non-conductor, and there is nothing to melt the ice. To make the brick wall perfectly tight as well as a better nonconductor, studding should be put up from the foundation of clay, say 2 by 6, with chamber, is a good idea if it is as tight with the one man, stationary, as in the ice house, but as air is hard to keep, I would advise the filling of it with fine sand, if to be had, as sand, like ness, grew into the dignified demeanor that rangements above the ice and roof I do not think can be improved. Ice does not melt much on too, as there is not that constant motion of the air. I have noticed that the fine ice left from the previous cutting on top was about in the same condition as left the morning before. When filling, the ice can be placed against the wooden walls outside of the clay. On the bottom a bed of sawdust would act as a non-con-conductor from below; as it would always be too old to permit the oxidation of the hydrogen, there would be no danger of any internal heat set free from the dust. The ice should be covered with straw for a foot or more. All who expect to keep ice should aim to keep the air motionless, and the heat of the out-

go, air will follow—hence the importance of the trap. A Prize Baby.

side air out. Anywhere that water will

On an Atlantic steamer bound for New York, a year or so ago, the usual entertainment for the benefit of a Liverpool charity was projected. There happened to be on board a good many "professionals," actors and singers, who all promised to take part, except one, who kept aloot, and stubbornly declined to assist. As he was the star most desired, every effort was made to change his mind, and the committee of arrangements at last applied to Mr. P. T. Barnum (who was, as usual, an inconspicuous passenger), and begged him to labor with the reluctant singer. Mr. Barnum undertook the mission, and after stating the case and making his appeal, somewhat to his surprise the man at once assented.

at once assented,
"I refused all these people," he said,
"and I dislike exceedingly to take part in
this sort of entertainment, but if you ask
me, Mr. Barnum, I cannot decline. I am
glad to de anything that will please you."
Mr. Barnum felt much complimented,
but protested a little, when the man continued.

"You did me a great favor once, Mr. Barnum, and I have never forgotten it. You may not recall, but I am under great obli-

gations to you."
"Why," hesitated the great showman,
"I must confess that I don't recall—I don't remember any olrcumstances, and yet your face is familiar. I haven't forgot that. Where was it we met?"

"Oh! It was thirty years ago, Mr. Barnum
I took the first prize in your first baby show.
I've always felt grateful, to you."

Indications now point to the existence of a submarine volcanic crater between the Canary Islands and the coast of Portugal. Canary Islands and the coast of Portugal. From a cable-laying steamer in 39° 2% north, 9° 54' west, the water was found to measure 1,300 fathoms under the bow and 800 under the stern, showing the ship to be over the edge of a deep depression in the coean bottem. The well-known great inequalities in the bed of the Sea of Lisbon are thought to be due to a sub-marine chain of mountains. Wastemotion.

Once upon a time of a brisk young woman say: "Noor't pity me, I'd rather be kicked any than pitied."

The person to wha spoke was an elderly man and her. "I don't believe you've ever been it, so how can you know which you pre!

The brisk young wa answered: "No, I've never been kicked I never expect to be; neither have or been, nor do I ever wish to be, pitienat is, openly."

She settled her spoenfis so as to show the buttons to advant in the disc hand of the ribbon in her hampressed her red lips and shot such a bri determined glance from her blue-gray e mat the elderly man sat silently smither. I'm sure he thought her anythen than a pitiable object. As I look the neatly dressed lithe little figure, insted the cheerfully defiant expressing the childishly fair face, neither didn'ty her, I had known her all her life net, as a bright, wayward school girl, not a rather wild young lady, and in dums as a dashing young matron, delightin dressing, dancing, driving her metane horses, and giving fine dinners. I known her always prosperous; but to aw her now I concluded I had nevernown the real woman.

Adversity had overts her and given

Adversity had overtas her and given her grim-visaged Povel for a traveling companion, who promised keep step with her for some time to con But she defied misfortune by standing by on her individuality as the accessor of wealth were swept from her hold.

Swept from her hold.

Don't pity the woman to enjoys lace making, and who decks reelf with the labor of her hands. Let I be comfortable in her own way. We at know what happy fancies she stitche to her work. If her ruling passion is to ar purple and fine linen and home-madace, don't teel sorry that her mind has n reater compass. These things are pretty, a if she repeats in good faith, "resurgam" er her stitches, her pattern is her gospel a her needle is her bow of promise. her bow of promise.

Don't pity the woman we goes without collar and cuffs. Thoughtee might look much better with them, it, the trifling habit might destroy her in iduality. You might miss son ething out her character that millions of collars widn't pay for. There are a great many treendously mean animals of the ape kind, by male and female, who wear immaculated lars and cuffs. Her manner said to ber finds: "Look!

it is I who remain; my hose is gone, my horses and carriage are go, my dresses and jewels will go after tem for aught I know; but, I am unhurt-ion't pity me sympathize, if you will, sow your sympathy by remaining my frieds, regardless of the fact that I shall live to little house, and answer the bell myself then you come to call; maybe bringing to odor of the kitchen with me. But, for all that, don't pity me.

I, for one, never did pityner.
When I went to the little house and found her setting it in order, because, as she said, "I shall surely live and not die;" she said, "I shall surely live and not die;" saw her arranging everything with deft, firm hands that created beauty and order as they went, saw her two little children in their gay bits of dresses, hade, like the world, out of nothing, I felt there was nothing in her situation calling by pity.

The tide was vay, with all leaping, foam-created, sunling waves. Here was the bed-rock, the foundation; strong points of whose existence we were ignorant points of whose existence we were

in time of high water.

Her one trait that over-topped all others was self respect. The quality that in prosperous times had been coquettish imperiousspised.

Since then I have noticed many others who have met with reverses, and many who seem to plod along in a sort of lead-colored existence always. I hear it said: "I'm so sorry for him or her;" or "I do so pity this one or that one."

Then I have wanted to answer Don't pity men and women, they don't need it. Show pity to some strong man in blue overalls, whom you used to know in the "nobbiest" of business suits, and see how quickly he will freeze over. But show sympathy and friendship, ignoring his changed fortune and his great soul will look his eyes to return your greeting. from You'll see at once he's not hopeless, that the brightest things of life still remain for

Don't pity a woman who does her own work and often looks tired and discouraged. Don't pity the farmer's wife, nor her equally hard-working sister in the village or city. They certainly have their dark hours—as, who has not? but there is always comething for which one works and hopes Always something for which in its worst trials, elastic humanity whispers " resur gam.

No, don't pity men and women. Pity babies who meet no welcome on their ar rival into this world. They have a pitiable start in life.

Pity dumb animals who a right to exist nce is not recognized.

But don't stand up in the temple and thank God you are not like other people. Go close to your brother or sister who is so humble in attitude and you will find they too are waiting for their inheritance. all stand together on Mount Pisgah and look for our promised land, but, each one sees his own purple mountains and vine-covered valleys. It is no more true that every heart knoweth its own bitterness than tha

")For us all some sweet hope lies Deeply hidden from human syes." When we look at our neighbors and see about them only thistles and duck-ponds we may be sure, somewhere they have their clear, still waters and gardens of roses.

A portion of the city of Virginia, Nev., is said to be an animated mass of rising and is said to be an animated mass of rising and falling earth. A map of a mine in the vicinity, made ten years ago, shows that two walls were then 354 feet apart. They are now 150 feet. A slope which is down on the map as having 16 sets of square timbers—112 feet—was found. The timbers for the 16 sets are all there, but so jammed that the 16 sets are all there, but so jammed that the 16 inch timbers are only four inches wide, and the entire slope is not more than 10 feet wide. And so it is all through the workings. The cause of the disturbances is said to be due to the removal of vast quantities of rock from the mines.

The late Meredith Featheringil, a Spanish soldier, leaves an estate of \$1,000,000 to heirs in Kentucky.

## HOUSEHOLD.

COOKING AS A FINE ART.

No fair-minded person, looking at the subject through the clear medium of reason, would say there was anything dishonorable in cook wig, and there is surely nothing that indicates moral perversity in the acts of sweeping, dusting and washing dishes. There is nething in housework that vitiates the moral or weakens the physical system. And yet housework is the very employment that working girls shun as if it were pollution; the work which all native bern American women regard as a disgrace.

If the skill required in doing a class of work may be taken as a standard of its respectability, then surely cooking is as respectable as telegraphing, or bookkeeping, or type writing. Cooking is a chemical process, and the good cook should know as much of the constituents with which she deals, their ehemical affinities, the proportions in which they should be mixed, and their reactions upon each other, as the chemist knows about his salts and acids in his laboratory. It takes well-nigh as much skill to manage a stove as it does to manage a chemist's retert. Cooking, rightly considered, is a mysterious alchemy, a field of occult science into which no untrained novice should thrust her awkward hands. Down with the uneducated cook! There is poison in her baking pan and death beneath her pieerust.

The good cook is the promoter of peace in families, the friend of virtue, the handmaiden of piety. How can the priest mount his pulpit stairs with right feeling towards God and man with his amateur cook's dyspeptic biscuit in his stomach? The poor cook is the one general enemy of mankind. Fed upon her handiwork, the poet's airy dreams dissipate in nightmares, the statesmen's schemes of statecraft degenerate into school boy fancies, and the hitherto victorious gen-eral marches his veteran army to defeat.

But, in all seriousness, cooking is an art that requires long practice and much nat-ural aputude. This is a fact that is recog-mized by menwhose business largely consists in cooking, and the cooks of the great hotels of the country are paid as much salary as our college presidents. And yet cooking seems to be the one accomplishment that wemen hate to learn.

## Half a Century Ago.

The 10th of December years ago found Mackenzie and his fellow-leaders of the insurrection defeated, dispersed and hunted as criminal fugitives from village to village and from forest to forest. The vision of "The Republic of Upper Canada" was a vision no longer. It had been sadly dimmed and blurred by the disastrous miscarriage of the plan which had been so carefully matured at the conclave of leaders a few weeks before; it had been shattered and dissolved by the small thunder of the guns of the Canadian militia at Montgomery's tavern on the fatal 7th. Some one had blundered! Many untoward events had happened in the mean time, but the causes of the so easy and complete discomtfiure of the patriot forces may be summed up in that one portentous sentence. The writer will not attempt to settle the vexed question as to who was the arch-blunderer. The simple fact seems to be that during Mackenzie's absence on his alarmed at the situation of affaira. Sir Francis Head had previously, as if to encourage the rebels, sent all the regular troops out of the Province. He still obstinately refused to believe that a rebellion was imminent. Possibly he was secretly desirous of provoking one in order that he might have the glory of quelling it and the gratification of in nnnish At last, however, at the urgent solicita-tion of those better informed, or better disposed, he seems to have consented that some steps should be taken by way of preparation for defence. Amongst other mevements a warrant was issued for Mackenzie's apprehension. 'Dr. Rolph probably lost his head." On the evening of the 2ad or morning of the 3rd of December he despatched a messenger to find Mackenzie if possible and communicate to him his fears and suggestions. According to Mackenzie and his friends the message was in effect a peremptory changing of the date of attack from the 7th to the 4th in order still to take the Government by surprise. According to Dr. Rolph's apologists the message was merely a verbal recital of the facts and rumore, with a suggestion to the effect that if 300 men could be got together on the Monday it might be better to anticipate the plan of action and come upon the city unexpectedly on the Monday.

Be that as it may, the result was confusion worse confounded. Mackenzie's whereabouts was not known, but the message was eonveyed to Lount through the mouths of three or four intermediate messengers. With characteristic intrepidity Lount col-lected as many as possible of his Lloydtown volunteers, less than a hundred in all, and set out for the city. The result is well known—the feeble, disorganized attempt to surprise the city; the panicky retreat to Montgomery's; Mackenzie's ride to the city; the treacherous shooting of Anderson, one of the rebel leaders, by Powell; the sheeting of Col. Moodie by the rebels, as in his reckless and drunken freezy he was trying to force his way past their pickets to the city; the gathering together of the militia, their march in overwhelming force to the attack on Thursday, the easy dispersion of the discouraged patriots, the flight of the leaders, the nos very eager pur-suit, the price put upon Mackenzie's head,

Was not the attempted rebellion essen tially wild? Undeniably it was. Wes there the remotest chance of its success Hardly, unless with help from across the border, which was not at all likely to be had, until, at least, success was assured. Had the patriots displayed cooler judgment, had they better kept their own counsels, had Dr. Rolph been less cautious, vacillating, not to say cowardly, the first step might bave been easy enough. There seems to have been no good reason why Toronto should not have been taken, with the Governor and his officers, according to the pre-concerted plan. So far the plot was feasi-ble enough under better management. To-ronto taken and the obnoxious Governor and certain others still more obnoxious tyrants of the family compact order placed
under guard, or sent out of the country,
there would have been tgreat rejoicing and
a general uprising. But the end could not
have been doubtful. Great Britain and her regulars would have had, sooner or later, to be reekened with. Untrained Canadian

Volunteers, without arms, organisation or money, and with a large sprinkling of red-hot Tory loyalists in nearly every community, could have done little against the Bri-tish troops which would undochtedly, in shose days, have been hurried to the so of action. There was, of course, behind all, and perhaps dominating all, the contingency of active interference by the United States.

But was then the insurrection of fifty years ago, an utter and disastrous failure By no means. Disastrous and deplerable enough it was in some of its consequences, especially in the cool-blooded murder, under forms of law, of some of the bravest and noblest of the patriots. But a failure, not at all. Let the constitutional freedom and large powers of self-government Canada enjoys to-day attest. These might have come in time without the rebellion, or they might not. The habit of submission to absolutism once ingrained, soon becomes inveterate in a people. The power of absolute rule once successfully established, is seldom voluntarily handed over by Government. Certainly the rebellion of 1837 hastened the period of Canadian emancipation by a quarter of a century. It is always co. The cause of freedom mnst have its martyrs. It is easy to talk of constitutional means of redress, but the roots of constitutionalism have generally, even in British soil, been planted by insurrection and watered with patrictic blood.

The fine old building then used as a court house, (now occupied by the establish ment of Chas. Stark, and the offices of FOREST AND FARM), was the scene of many tragedies then enacted. What a change these fifty years have wrought !

In the court-room, where the prisoners were tried and condemned to be hanged, and in the large hall where resounded the clank of weighty chains, is now heard the hum of machinery in the manufacture of gold and silver watch cases, jewellery, etc.

The cells that then imprisoned the patriots, are now filled with tons of munitions of war. From the windows of the office of this paper, from where was then witnessed the hanging of the brave and patriotic Lount and Matthews, is now seen the sightly police station on Court street. For many years we have enjoyed the liberties that these men gave their lives for, the gibbet has disappeared, and soon may we see the long-talked-of monument take its place.

## Indian Explorers.

Among the engineers recently engaged in he Afghan boundary survey was an Indian named Iman Sharif, who has just been spe-cially complimented and rewarded for his services. In regions south of Herat, where white experts cannot work unless protected by troops, this man surveyed and mapped a large tract, and "showed an admirable by troops, this man surveyed and faculty for getting on with the natives."
His work in this district, and in the region east of Herat, is pronounced by the survey authorities to be of unusual value. He is specially mentioned in the report of the

Commission, and has received a handsome present from the British Government.

Few stories of travel passes so large an element of romantic interest as those of the native explorers who have been employed by the Indian Government for twenty years past to investigate the regions north of the Himalayas that are not accessible to white men. Discussed sa merchants, mendicants, or monks, they have worked their way through vast stretches of country by means of various expedients, such as peddling small wares or reciting passages from Buddhist sacred books. They have mapped the larg-er part of southern Thibet, and the Pandit. -k, in his four and a half years' wanderings, travelled over an immense territory that no white man except Marco Polo has

The Thibetans regarded A---k the most famous of the explorers, as a very devout person. Everywhere he went they saw him telling the beads of his Buddhist rosary. This was his method of measuring distances. During all his long travels he dropped a bead at every hundred paces. In the prayer barrel that hung from his neck were the few scientific instruments he could carry and the little cooks in which he kept his records. In Lhassa, where the Dalai Lama, the visible incarnation of Buddha, lives, A-k spent a year. Only three or four disguised white man have ever seen the splendid temples of this sacred city of the Buddhists, and since Huc and Gabet spent ten weeks there forty-one years ago, we have learned little of it except through the Indian explorers.

These men, two of whom have received the gold medals of the Paris and Royal Geographical Societies, are settlom known to the world by their names until after their services as explorers can no longer be utilized. It is only by concealing their identity as servants of the Indian Government that they can be made useful in the lands they visit. None of them are highly educated. Few of the wealthy, educated Indians would. care to undergo the hardships they experience. A—k, in the last part of his journey. travelled as a beggar and in rags, and he served for months in Thibet as a herder of sheep before he could resume his work. These men are chosen for their intelligence, tact, and physical endurance. They are taught little more than the elements of science, so that they can make the requisite observations and measurements, keep their field books, and describe the physical features and peoples of the places they pass

Beautiful thoughts are the flowers of the mind.

Never contract a friendship with a man that is not better than yourself Our neighbours are now preposing the re-

duction of the postal rate from two cents to one. If this reduction is effected we will not be able to continue on a three cent basis. American letters delivered here at one cent and Canadian letters delivered at three will be a decidedly unpleasant discrimination. It may induce some persons who do a large postal business to a plact their correspon-dence from the American side.

The native ive y dealers of Africa are very good hands at Fraining full value for their goods, and some or the Sheffield firms find that they are not novices in fraudulent trading. They can "lead" ivery quite as cleverly as fancashire can lead cettors. trading. They can "lead" ivery quite as cleverly as fancashire can load cottons. By pouring lead into the cavity of the task the weight is greatly increased, and there is no possibility of discovering the deception until the ivery has passed through various hands to the cutlery or other manufacturer. Then the workman finds the saw grind against the lead, sometimes snapping the stead teath.