

## PROVINCIAL NEWS

## A Conference at Vancouver Between Officials of the Leading Telegraphic Systems.

## Lively Times at Fairview—The Tin Horn Miner Continues to Show Up Well.

Vancouver, Sept. 9.—Among the guests at the Hotel Vancouver are a party of gentlemen well known in connection with the cable and telegraph service. They are Mr. Geo. G. Ward, vice-president and general manager of the Commercial Cable Company; Mr. S. S. Dickenson, superintendent of the company at San Francisco; Mr. L. W. Mackay, the well known Californian millionaire, who is also president of the Commercial Cable Company; and Mr. L. W. Storror, superintendent of the Pacific division of the Commercial Cable Company, with headquarters at San Francisco. The two first named gentlemen have come over for the purpose of attending a conference of C.P.R. telegraph officials. Mr. Storror came up from San Francisco to meet them, and together they will journey to the California metropolis. At Kamloops Mr. J. Wilson, superintendent of C.P.R. telegraphs, met the party. When seen last night, Mr. Ward stated that he had had a very pleasant trip, and considered that the scenery along the line of the C.P.R. was magnificent. Vancouver with his company, which now owns the Postal Telegraph system, he said, was steadily increasing, especially his cable business with British Columbia, which was largely caused by the mining boom. When asked for his views on the Australian cable question, Mr. Ward stated that it would undoubtedly be built at an early date, and in his opinion its construction was warranted. If Vancouver was the terminus, as it would undoubtedly be, his company would probably work in connection with the Australian cable, and on his present trip he intends to examine the proposed landing place and get all the information possible on the subject. Mr. Ward is accompanied by his wife and family.

Captain Archibald, commander of the B.M.S. Empress of India, left on Saturday for the coast on a holiday trip. He was given a hearty send-off at the station by the officers and crew, the Chinese members of which let off a plentiful supply of fireworks. Captain Archibald is in command of the Empress during his absence.

Vancouver, Sept. 8.—The report in the San Francisco Examiner that cholera was prevalent in Seattle has caused indignation here. The board of trade met yesterday and wired the Examiner that the report was untrue.

The C.P.R. Telegraph Company are giving Eastern copper in change to customers. Fifty per cent of those who are tendered copper refuse to accept them. It is understood that more will be received by the company for distribution.

## NEW WESTMINSTER.

The continual wet weather of the last few days is having the effect of driving all the holiday-seekers from their summer resorts, and New Westminster folks are returning home rapidly.

Mr. J. R. Roy, resident Dominion engineer, left yesterday for the interior to inspect the question of navigation on the Okanagan river. He will proceed first to Penticton, and spend a week examining the reach between Okanagan and Dog lakes. New steamers are being constructed to ply on this part of the river, and it is necessary to overcome the natural obstructions to navigation.

Mr. John Barrett, who has been connected with the Transvaal Company for some time, left yesterday for his home in Prince Edward Island. Previous to his departure he was presented with a purse containing \$50 in gold by his late fellow employees.

Counting the number of passengers who will be able to purchase tickets on the inter-urban cars.

## KAMLOOPS.

Mining matters in general have seemed a decidedly quiet affair during the past few days. A few strong companies are taking hold, and as this is all that is needed—the value of the coal deposits of gold-copper ores, being conceded by all—we anticipate a steady and increasing prosperity for the camp.

The Jessie claim, at Jacko Lake, owned by T. A. Spink, shows up a fine quartz ledge, from six to eight feet in width, and well mineralized, clear through. The claim is owned by a party of the lake, insuring a first-class supply of water. The vein can be opened by driving on it at a depth of 60 feet by a tunnel, and is thus a very desirable property.

Rossland men are still investigating the possibilities of Coal Hill, and amongst others we have examined the camp lately we noticed Mr. Davenport, popularly supposed to be in the service of Mr. Heinze, of Trail, Mr. Grant Goran and Mr. Simonds. Deals go quietly on the basis mostly of the investment of a certain amount in development, most men preferring to retain an interest in selling on bond—Hendall Settling.

## GREENWOOD CITY.

Greenwood campers are a happy lot these days. They are all being kept busy and have no time for grief. During the week several Greenwood residents came to the conclusion that this was a good enough place to build in and consequently the material for houses is being hauled to different parts of the camp.

Mr. G. H. Collins, the manager of the Brandon & Golden Crown Co., has brought down from their mine several hundred pounds of wonderfully well looking silver. Some of these will be sent to Toronto, Montreal, and other cities and will be undoubtedly attract considerable attention.

In addition to the building already named, in a position commanding the town, Messrs. O'Brien & Rhine have decided to erect a large warehouse at the rear of their store. They are receiving

some heavy shipments and must secure more space. The Greenwood Mercantile Co. will also do some building. It is their intention to erect a new four-story building on the site of the old one, and to use the space for their goods. The contract for this work has not yet been awarded, but probably will in a few days.

Mr. C. A. E. Shaw, P.L.S., has completed the work of surveying the Spotted Horse mineral claim adjoining the Greenwood township, and is now surveying the Boundary Falls claim. Both properties belong to the Boundary Falls Mining Co.

The first meeting of the city council is to be held in the school house to-day. In all probability Mayor Wood will be sworn in by Alderman Hamill, J.P., and the mayor will then administer the oaths of office to the aldermen—Boundary Creek Times.

## FAIRVIEW.

Fairview, Aug. 31.—The Joe Dandy Mining Company has just put in a steam hoist at the upper main shaft of the mine, and it is now in working order. Development work is being actively pushed forward by this company, and a large amount of work has been accomplished during the last nine months.

It is learned on good authority that a large stamp mill will very shortly be shipped from San Francisco for the Joe Dandy mine, and a suitable building for a 20-horsepower mill will shortly be commenced on the property.

The Tin Horn mine still continues to show up well with development and some fine looking ore showing gold, silver and tellurium in blue, purple and iron pyrites was taken out to-day.

On the stamp mill at this mine is progressing as rapidly as possible, but there is a great deal to be done yet. Everything is being done in a most substantial and permanent manner, as can easily be seen by the large amount of solid masonry work and the heavy timber used, which gives the whole massive structure a very fine appearance, and a visit to the premises shows that no expense is being spared to have everything first class. According to the plans it will be one of the best equipped and most complete stamp mills on the coast. The cook house and dining rooms for the men are nearing completion. This house is L-shaped, 40x22 feet. The dining room being 40x22 feet. The cooking range is very large, weighing over a ton. The superintendent has his office at the far end of the building. The living and sleeping apartments are in a separate building, some 40 yards away from the dining room. This building will accommodate 120 men, and everything is being arranged for comfort and convenience. The water pipe is already laid to all the buildings and the mill. The Tin Horn house and bunk house are built of warm and comfort, and are nearly finished.

The Smuggler mill is ponding away night and day and the mine itself is looking well.

Mr. A. H. Harrison is making arrangements for extensively working the Susie claim, which he recently bought.

The new ledge on the Oro Fino claims to show up well, and rich rock carrying free gold and galena is being taken out every day.

Experts are now making a thorough examination of the Morning Star, the water having been taken out of all the shafts. The only wonder is that this and several other big properties have been waiting purchasers for so long, as very satisfactory mill tests have been made of ore from the Morning Star, Brown Bear and Stenwinder. But brighter days are now dawning.

Several of the black eye camp received through the mismanagement of the Strathgore Company a few years ago are gradually wearing off, and by the development of several other properties the notice of capitalists is gradually being turned this way.

Town lots have been selling in a lively manner lately, and nearly half of the lots placed on the market have already been sold, and buildings are springing up all round. The Hotel Fairview, now in course of construction by Messrs. Dier, Davidson & Russell, is assuming a fine appearance. Some idea of the size of this hotel may be had from the fact that there are to be 34 large sized bedrooms, and all the other rooms are to be large and commodious and everything is being done with a first class shop.

Messrs. Dalrymple & Brown's large blacksmith and wagon shop is completed, and two forges are kept going. Vehicles of all kinds can be made or repaired at this establishment, and thus a long felt want in this part is being supplied.

Messrs. Cosens Bros' new store is nearing completion, and a large general stock is to be put in.

Secrecy of lumber and other building material is a great drawback, and retards building operations. Messrs. Shilson & Co. have lately moved their saw mill from Meyers Flats to Lake Gravel, which is about a mile from the Stenwinder claim and Sheehan's hotel. This little mill is kept running at its full capacity. Another mill is also being built near the live on the road to Camp McKim, so that supplies of lumber will soon be obtainable.

## ROSSLAND.

Rossland, Sept. 7.—G. R. Maxwell, Mr. P. M. Thompson, D. G. Macdonnell, C. N. Davidson and D. Menzies of Vancouver, arrived to-day, and local Liberals have arranged for a mass meeting to-morrow night, so that the visitors may start the political pot boiling in Kootenay.

Mr. Maxwell expressed himself to a Miner reporter as confident that the Coast-Kootenay railway would get a Dominion subsidy next session and that construction of that route would begin at an early date.

There is considerable demand for men along the line of the Trail-Rossland road. A representative of the contractors was in town a day or so ago after 150 additional laborers, but was only able to secure a very few men, as everybody in the camp seemed to be employed.

On being notified that the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, N.S., proposed to take up its option on the two lots at the corner of Washington street and Columbia street, the Board of Trade, at a meeting held in question, decided to purchase the property.

On the 2nd of the lot is a small property building and is a different room for the advantage of the hotel with the connection. This connection has now been removed and the building is being put in shape for temporary use as a bank. The Kootenay hotel last week was raised one story and the bar will be moved into the new addition as soon as it is completed.

The vacant lots on the southeast corner of Washington street and Second avenue have been practically secured at the site for the new fire hall. At the last meeting of the city council authority was vested in the board of works and the finance committee to arrange for the use of the lots by the city, and as the deal has been practically secured, the task of clearing off the site was commenced yesterday. It is the intention to erect a one-story frame building, which will be completed inside of a month. The plan for the new house are not yet finished, but it is the intention to have room for the chemical engine, the hook and ladder truck and the new hose wagon, together with accommodations for the members of the fire department, and stalls for the horses. The fire house, complete, will not cost more than \$1,000.—Rossland Miner.

## CUSTOMS RETURNS FOR AUGUST.

Nelson, Sept. 4.—Customs collections for the month of August, as compiled by Collector Johnston, place Nelson at the head of the list, Kaslo second, Rossland third, and Trail fourth. The figures are as follows:

Nelson, \$10,986.47; Kaslo, \$6,084.85; Rossland, \$6,339.73; Trail, \$3,280.27; Nakusp, \$3,110.73; Waneta, \$1,450.43.

The exports for the month were as follows: The mines, \$975,183; lumber, \$435,240; one and 717 tons of matter; the forest, \$2,006; animals, \$408; manufactures, \$5,706. Total, \$938,544.

## TRAIL EXPORTS FOR AUGUST.

Snellier Shipped \$245,000 Worth of Matter, Made From Rossland Ore.

Trail, Sept. 4.—The value of exports from the outlet of Trail during the month of August was \$245,440, of which amount \$245,000 represented the product of the mines and \$1,433 was the value of other goods. The value of exports for the month was \$245,440, on which \$2,010 was collected. Free imports amounted to \$5,380. The inland revenue collections for August were \$2,834.65.

A report was current last evening that the steamer Kootenay had been burned by the water's edge somewhere on the upper lake, but the rumor was disposed of when the boat steamed in this morning. She looks much the worse for her trip to the Big Bend country, and has several holes in her side. She loaded freight and left again for the north.

The Ontario operators, who recently bonded the Little Giant group, are spending \$8,000 on that property, as the result of their visit. The bond, which is for \$7,500, comes due in three weeks. The property, which consists of the Little Giant, formerly belonged to Jack Bates.

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## TRAIL EXPORTS FOR AUGUST.

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## A MESSAGE FOR MAMMA IN HEAVEN.

"Is this the telegraph office?"  
"Asked a childish voice one day.  
"Had lost the click of my instrument.  
"With its message from heaven."  
"It ceased I turned, at my elbow  
"Stood the merest scrap of a boy,  
"Whose childish face was all aglow  
"With the light of a sudden joy."

The golden light on his forehead  
"Shaded eyes of deepest blue.  
"As if a bit of summer sky  
"Had lost in their blue hue.  
"They smiled, as he said so bravely  
"From ceiling down to floor:  
"Then turned to me with eager gaze,  
"As he asked the question o'er:

"Is this the telegraph office?"  
"Is it, my little man?"  
"I said, 'my mother's name want,  
"And I'll help you if I can."  
"Then the blue eyes grew more eager,  
"And the brown curls danced and fast,  
"And I saw within the chubby hands  
"A folded paper grasped."

"Nurse told me," he said, "that the  
"lighting  
"Come down on the wires some day;  
"For my mother has gone to heaven,  
"And I'm lonely since she is away.  
"For my papa is very busy  
"And hasn't much time for me,  
"So I thought I'd write her a letter,  
"And I've brought it for you to see."

"I've printed it big so the angels  
"Could read it, quick the name,  
"And carry it straight to my mamma  
"And she'll know I'm not alone."  
"And now turn you please to take it,  
"And throw it up good and strong."  
"Against the wires in a funder-shower,  
"And the lightning will take it along."

"What could I tell the darling?"  
"For my mother has gone to heaven,  
"I turned away to hide the tears,  
"But I cheerfully spoke at last:  
"I'll do the best I can, my child."  
"I've all that I could say."

"Thank you," he said, and then scampered  
"the sky."  
"Do you think it will fender to-day?"  
"But the sky smiled in answer,  
"And the sun shone down brightly,  
"And by face, as he slowly turned away,  
"Lost some of its gladsome light;  
"But nurse," he said, "I let say so long,  
"I'll let me see your mother's letter,  
"So good-bye, I'll come and see you again  
"Right after a funder-shower."

## FEUILLETON.

## OUT OF THE WRECK.

(A SHORT STORY.)

For two days a genuine "south-easter" had been blowing steadily, with cold, driving rain.

It still raged when, early in the afternoon of the second day, the Collysat, talking sadly in their tiny vessel, but it served only to emphasize a gloom which was not lessened by the rain or the cold.

Indeed, to-day the two sisters were confronted by a trouble that threatened to change the entire course of their peaceful life current. Since the death of their father, ten years ago, they had both on the north side of the house, had lived alone in their little cottage, remote from the sea-breeze town whose limits claimed it, but perfectly content with each other's society, and supported comfortably by their garden and the most microscopic of incomes.

But now, the unexpected had happened.

An old family debt had come to light; the creditor, living in some far-off city, was himself pressed for money, so his solicitor said, and that afternoon the sisters had decided that the old house would have to go.

But now, the unexpected had happened.

The two troubled spinsters heaved a mutual sigh, and went on with their sewing in thoughtful silence. "Liza," called the sister, "I've just thought of a way to get out of this."

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but outside the sea was running strongly, and though evidently subsiding, was blowing against the foot of the bluff with steady "thunder," "supper" clouds of snow from far aloft.

"Where's the ship?" inquired "Liza" over her shoulder.

"Some way out from the bluff," Susan answered, "you keep pulling and I'll steer."

The bluff she had ascended lay between the cove and the village, so that the vessel, whatever she was, probably could not have been seen by the villagers.

Some distance out from the bluff lay a solitary reef, known as Black Point Rock. There had not been a wreck in the vicinity within the memory of man, and a lifeboat had never been thought of.

The sisters rowed steadily on, Susan occasionally turning her head and altering the course of the boat with a deft stroke or two till they were out of the cove and on the open sea. The wind, while still blowing smartly, had shifted somewhat in an inshore direction; the sea had gone down considerably, but was high enough to set the dory pitching furiously, bringing her flat bottom down between the waves with resounding smacks that sent dismay to "Liza's" heart.

But soon they were alongside the "ship."

"On inspection the craft proved to be a fair sized vessel, evidently a yacht; the mainmast had broken off near the deck, and lay in shavings over the crushed rail, with the top of the mast, in a wonderful tangle of ropes and canvas, making the vessel career slightly towards the starboard. But what impressed the two rescuers far more than the vessel's crippled condition was the fact that not a soul was on her decks.

"Well," remarked "Liza" at last, after they had watched the rolling and dismantled yacht for a minute in silence, "it appears to me that we might as well go home again—Mercy! what's that?"

"They had allowed their dory to drift nearer the wrecked mainmast, little dreaming of the unseen dangers beneath the surface, and a heavier roll than usual had brought the crossbeams of the mast up under the dory's bottom, which was pinned like an eggshell, letting in a rush of water.

"Good gracious me, 'Liza,' we're going to sink!" cried Susan. "Get right out of the boat as quick as you can!"

"Liza" wasted no time in words, but launched herself bodily on to the mast, followed by her sister, who, as the dory filled, it was not difficult, thanks to her active women to scramble up the sloping mast by means of the sail hoops and ropes, and eventually they found themselves broken at each other on the yacht's deck in dumb silence, holding on to the gazing mast.

"Dear me," said "Liza" at last, despairingly shaking her skirts. "I'm wet through. And we're lost the dory! For Liza's sake, Susan, what are we to do? Shall we be drowned?"

"I'm not going to give up yet, 'Liza,' comforted Susan. "I guess this boat won't sink, and she's not going towards Black Point Rock any more, either; seems to me the vessel is anchored. We're moving along towards the bluff now, that's what we're doing."

"If we get among them big breakers under the bluff there won't be enough left of us to bury, Susan, and you know that 'Liza' has written to me, if we can get one of them part way up the wind'll blow that end of the boat round, and then blow us right home. You go and see if you can't pull one of them up, and I'll try and find out how that wheel works, perhaps the steer boats with a wheel."

"Liza obediently picked her way to the foremast. "My land, I never saw such a jumble of ropes in all my life!" she called. "Which do you suppose I ought to pull?"

"Keep pulling till you find out," returned Susan, who was turning the wheel first this way and then that, in a vague hope of its having some definite effect.

"Liza jerked on various ropes until, at last, an end of a vat jib emerged from the mast."

"That's it," called Susan, "keep pulling!"

"Liza hauled away manfully, and the heavy, soaked canvas rose till the wind caught it, and it puffed out sideways like a balloon.

The yacht began to feel the effect and to slowly swing around. "Liza," what shall I hitch this rope to?"

"Hitch it to that fence there," replied Susan, and "Liza" tied the rope, with a conglomerate of extraordinary knots, to the iron railing of the foremast.

"About five o'clock, however, she was awakened from her torpor by the opening of the door and a rush of fresh air and damp skirts that heralded the appearance of a visitor.

"My goodness, 'Liza,' Susan exclaimed, "there's a ship outside floating along wrecked to pieces; I've been watching it for more than an hour from the bluff, and she's about as bad as dead; seem to be able to do a thing to save themselves! She's going straight for Black Point Rock, and they'll be drowned if she hits it!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed "Liza" by this time so aroused as to stop rocking, "better run down and tell the folks in the village, don't you?"

"No, 'Liza,' said Susan, "better half and row out and help them folk. Hurry up now, get something for your head and come along. It isn't a big ship, and I should say the dory'll hold all there are. Don't waste time talking, but come along."

"Oh, dear," walked "Liza," moving about with nervous activity, "if this isn't the craziest!"

But on the spur of the moment she could think of nothing fitting for the occasion, so left the sentence unfinished.

The two hurried to the beach and pushed open the door, clambering in and each taking her usual seat with alacrity born of long practice. Soon a pair of gull-winged arms was sending the dory, bearing the mast of the wrecked vessel, towards the shore. The dory was protected from the wind and was calm as a pond;

and the boat goes that way. "Liza, we shall be all right."

And so they were.

Ten minutes later the little vessel passed the dreaded bluff, and sailed into the smooth water of the Cove. And just as the sun went down, she struck, with a gentle thump, a few yards from the beach, where she lay fast aground on the sand.

The cat was tucked under "Liza's" protecting arm, and then the two brave spinsters climbed over the side and waited ashore, thankful and happy that their perilous adventure was comfortably ended.

In this assurance, however, they were disappointed. For a telegram, dispatched that evening by the village postmaster to the yacht's owner, a rich city merchant, brought down upon them such a flood of legal business as almost turned their heads. Indeed, "Liza" was moved to declare that it was "worse than being wrecked over again."

But eventually, in consideration of their waiting claim of salvage, which, bless their dear ignorant hearts, they never had any idea of making, a cheque from the generous-hearted owner was handed them, while "Liza" stopped rocking.

"We shall be able to pay the debt and buy a new dory," said Susan, when breath returned to her, "and we've got a home now for the rest of our lives."

"And a most affectionate cat," said "Liza, beginning to rock again."

## THE END.