

## OVERZEALOUS ENDEAVORS

As an illustration of the inflexible business methods of the Rothschilds, Mr. James Payn, the eminent English novelist and journalist, relates the following: Several years ago, the Rothschilds held a large quantity of cotton in New Orleans, which they instructed their agent in that city to sell when cotton should reach a certain figure. The agent, believing that the price of cotton would go beyond the figure named by his employers, held on till he was able to sell it a price which netted \$40,000 more than he would have received for it if he had obeyed his orders from London. He joyfully informed his employers of his success, supposing they would share his satisfaction at the result. Imagine his surprise and chagrin, when he received a reply, saying in substance, "The \$40,000 you made by disobeying your instructions is not ours. It is yours. Take it. Your successor starts for New Orleans to-day."

## A TREMENDOUS WAVE.

A correspondent writes: "Tourists that visit Batavia nowadays are quite out of the fashion if they fail to make the passage through Sunda straits and see all that is left of Krakatua and the vestiges of the ruin wrought by the terrible eruption of 1882. If they push up the Bay of Lampong, on the Sumatra side of the channel, they are likely to land on the low shores occupied by the village of Telokh-Betong, and hire carts for a short jaunt into the interior; and when they have gone about two miles they will pause to take in the curious scene presented; for here is seen one of the most interesting results of the great wave of Krakatua. There was just one man amid all that wild scene of death and devastation who was not overwhelmed in the common ruin. He escaped while 40,000 perished. He was the lighthouse keeper, who lived alone on an isolated rock in the straits. The guardian of the lighthouse was in the lantern 130 feet above the sea level. Here he remained safe and sound in the midst of the terrible commotion. He felt the trembling of the lighthouse, but it was so dark that he could not see the threatened danger. He did not know that a tremendous wave had almost overwhelmed the lighthouse, and that its crest had nearly touched the base of the lantern. He did not hear it because he was deafened by the awful detonation of Krakatua. In a few moments, the wave, over a hundred feet in height, had swept along a coast line of a hundred miles on both sides of the channel. Scores of populous villages were buried deep beneath the avalanche of water. Great groves of cocoonut palms were leveled to the ground. Promontories were carried away. New bays were dug out of the yielding littoral. Every work of human hands except that lighthouse was destroyed, and 40,000 persons perished in the deluge that mounted from the sea or beneath the rain of mud that filled the heavens.

"A little sidewheel steamboat was borne on the top of that wave through forests and jungle, over two miles into the country, and was left as the wave receded. It will be remembered that for weeks

before the final cataclysm at Krakatua, the volcano was in a state of eruption. Pleasure parties were made up at Batavia to visit the volcano. Not a few people landed on the island, little dreaming that in the twinkling of an eye two-thirds of it was to be blown into the air as though shot from a gun. This little steamboat, on the day before the explosion, carried one of these parties to the island. There were only twenty on board besides the crew. They spent a couple of hours around the island and then steamed up the deep and narrow Bay of Lampong, and it is supposed they anchored for the night in front of the big town of Telokh-Betong, which was one of the largest settlements on the south coast of Sumatra. The ill fated pleasure party was never heard of again. It is supposed that the boat was turned over and over like an eggshell in the surf. It had every appearance of such rough usage when it was found some months later. The machinery and furniture were badly broken and were strewn about in the greatest confusion. But the vessel held together, and was finally set down in good shape, erect on her keel. Only two bodies were found in the vessel. They were, of course, below deck. As it was morning when she was picked up by the wave, it is supposed that nearly everybody was on shore. Not a vestige remains of the villages that lined the water edge. But the hulk of this little boat still stands, battered and broken, though as erect as when she plowed the channel, and she is the most curious and interesting relic of the greatest volcanic eruption of modern times."

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