

are lost." And this happens because that particular kind of drill is not the daily exercise of the soldier, but something quite outside his ordinary experience. We may have the best-behaved army in the world, the cleanest and most orderly barrack-rooms, but it will all go for nothing in the day of need unless we have the discipline of the battle-field, and we shall not have the discipline of the battle-field unless the soldier is unceasingly taught as if he were on the battle-field. —*Broad Arrow.*

AN ANGLING INCIDENT.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Forest and Stream* gives this charming account of an angling episode on one of our northern trout streams:

As I wound my joy-inspiring way along the river, I was ever alert for the radiant trout, and enticed many a one to my quivering bait and to my creel. I knew my companion would hang his banner on high if he badly defeated me, and therefore I worked—I worked with might and main, passing no tempting spot unfished that I thought contained the quarry. As I waded around a sloping bank, thick with sedate alders, my eyes were gladdened with the sight of a little boy and girl sitting on a log under the shade of a spreading oak. The girl had a bright and winsome look, with curls of gold and cheeks like apples, and wore a straw hat aslant on her yellow hair that gave her a decidedly prepossessing appearance. Her barefooted brother with his bright eyes, sunny face and rustic costume was as picturesque as a shepherd boy. The little people so attracted me that I waded ashore to have a chat with them. The boy eyed me keenly as I approached, and asked if I had many trout, and if I were fishing with a fly. I opened my basket and let the children take a peep at the golden-hued fish, and then confessed to the boy that I was one of those contemptible bait-fishermen. He then told me that he had some fifteen trout in his fishbox, which was fastened in the water near by, and that he wished to dispose of them, but he said he always had poor luck in selling to the bait-fishermen, as they always caught enough to satisfy themselves.

"You don't sell to fly-fishermen?" I inquired.

"Oh! yes, sir, quite frequently."

"And why to them?"

"Because at this season of the year they hardly catch any."

"I'm surprised that these high-art anglers would buy trout."

"They do, though, but they always tell me not to give 'em away."

"Do you?"

"I can't, for I don't live in town. My home is down by the bridge."

"Do you ever sell any to bait-fishermen?"

"Very seldom, they always have 'em."

Here the little girl quickly spoke up and said: "Last season he sold a lot to one."

"How was that?"

"Why, you see," said the lad, "there were two men trouting here. The first one that passed was fishing so hard that he paid no attention at all to us, only saying 'Good-morning, children,' and then hurried on. After a while his partner came along, and as he passed close to me I asked him if he didn't want to buy some trout. At this he smiled and came ashore and inquired how many I had. I told him twenty-five. He laughed right out and said: 'Get 'em quick!' I pulled my box ashore, and as I put them in his basket he smiled and laughed all over saying: 'I'll snow him under now!' I didn't know what that meant then, but papa explained that he wanted to beat his partner. He never asked the price of 'em, but putting his hands in his pockets he drew out some money and gave me three dollars, and then tossed one to sis, saying, 'That's for you, little bright eyes,' and then he was gone like a flash, fishing as he went. Oh! he was such a handsome man. He had a gold chain around his neck and something on his little finger that sparkled like the sun. Papa said it was a diamond, and learned down at the tavern that he was a big banker from the East. Sis and I will never forget him."

"Did you ascertain whether he snowed his partner under?"

"Oh, yes; papa learned all about it, and said he beat him badly, and plagued him a great deal about it."

I was perfectly delighted with the conversation I had with the children, but as I was not in for the purchase of trout I told the little girl if she would give me a kiss I would give her a dollar. The little boy's eyes were all a-sparkle at this, and turning quickly to his little sister said:

"Sis, kiss the nice gentleman."

The little elfin then cheerfully got upon the outer end of the log near the water, and as she removed her straw hat her bright curls gracefully flowed over her nut brown shoulders, and the sun which struck this part of the oaken trunk bathed her head in crimson and gold, thus giving her the appearance of a "little fairy queen that gambold on heaths and danced on ev'ry green." As I presented my bronzed and furrowed face with heavy beard and thick mustache, she bent forward and her sweet little innocent lips gave me a hearty kiss that I prized more highly than if it had been from the rosy mouth of maiden royal.

"Here's your dollar, sis, and one for you, bub," suiting action to word, and then I bade them a hasty good-bye, and wading out into the cold water proceeded with my fishing lest I also should be "snowed under." I turned and looked back at them before I passed the bend just ahead of me that would shut them out from my view, and there I beheld

them both standing on the log intently watching me, with the little girl gracefully wafting kisses, to which I sincerely responded, and then the little romance of the stream was ended, but not forgotten, for it will always live in delightful memory as one of my rarest pleasures of trouting on the Boardman.

Ah! what the world would be to us
If the children were no more.
We should dread the desert behind us,
More than the dark before.

WHAT IS A DERVISH?

M. VAMBERY writes to the *St. James' Gazette* as follows: Dervish is a Persian word, and its derivation, or rather composition, is still the object of controversy. Some say that it is derived from *der-vis*—namely, one who lies at the door; while others believe it is a corruption from *der-pish* or *der-bish*—namely, one who is in advance, a head, a chief; and, considering that the dervish is looked upon as a spiritual chief in the eyes of the lower classes of the Moslem world, I consider this latter derivation more probable, and I consequently adhere to it. Dervishes, or members of a sacred brotherhood, have always enjoyed great consideration in the eyes of the lower classes in the East: and altogether not acknowledged by orthodoxy, they have been at all times the leaders of the masses, by whom they are blindly followed and venerated. As is generally known, all monkish and religious orders are contrary to the spirit of the Koran, and are even expressly prohibited by Islam. But, in spite of all this, they sprang up very early in Persia, and, having spread from the last-named country to the rest of the Mahomedan world the Persian word has been generally adopted, and is now current from Komul, in Chinese Turkestan, to Morocco. Of course, the lower the level of civilization the higher is the consideration enjoyed by the dervishes; and remembering my own influential position among Uzbegs, Kirghizes, and Turcomans, I can fully realize the weight and the power the dervishes must have with the uncivilized natives of Central Africa. Now as to the dervishes in Africa. I do not know precisely whether they belong to the order of Kadri or Djelali; but I know that they are headed by a descendant of the famous Sheikh Senoussi, whose seat is, or was, at Kairouan in the desert, the greatest hotbed of Moslem fanaticism all over the world, and, I may add, at the same time the stronghold of Moslem propaganda in the Dark Continent. From the little we know about the religious movements in the northern half of Africa, it is pretty clear that the rise and progress of the Mahdi, far from being favoured by the orthodox followers of Mahommed, was found particularly objectionable by the adherents of Sheikh Senoussi, who, from the beginning, were inimical to what they called the false prophet; and no sooner were his fortunes declining than they took arms against him, and, inheriting his position in the Soudan, they very naturally continue the work begun by the Mahdi—namely, the attack upon the Egyptians and upon the English, two nations which are identical in their eyes. I will not venture to discuss the details of the present situation in the Soudan; but, despite my ignorance in *rebus Africanis*, I am sorry to say my impression is that the dervishes will be a tougher morsel for the English army than the followers of the Mahdi; and that, in spite of the occasional losses which may be inflicted upon them, their entire defeat or total suppression will cost immense sacrifices in blood and money, and will take a good deal of time. The Mahdi was ridiculed by the Mahomedan world. But the followers of Sheikh Senoussi—I mean these "dervishes"—possess the sympathies of their brethren in faith all over the world; and if the English Government is seriously bent upon fulfilling its duty towards Egypt, it should arrange matters with the Sultan of Turkey; for it is only the Khalif who is acknowledged as the head of Islam by Sheikh Senoussi, and to him it would be an easy thing to arrest the march of the dervishes and to put a stop to the bloodshed in the Soudan.

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

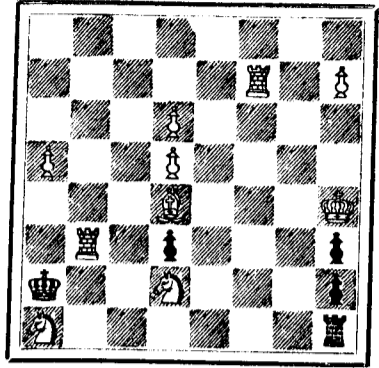
WE ourselves, in the sphere of relations—in the related world—can speak of God's manifestations only in broken, diverse, incomplete phrases. Far beyond us God is, yet He is near to us in all that is—in our own selfhood, in power, in cause, in truth, goodness and beauty, in all high ends which we can seek; He is at our door, even dimly in our hearts. But this Being can never be grasped in one conception, or treated as if He were the term or beginning of a mathematical demonstration. He is, no doubt, one and supreme. But He has endless relations—endless, just because He is God. He is the ground of all, in all, through all, yet somehow not there—not in His supreme essence, not in His selfhood, not as God. But in looking up to Him as the ground of all relations, we cannot formulate God in one conception, in one idea of the so-called reason. The only philosophy and the only religion worthy of the name is that which looks beyond pure formulæ of the mere intelligence or thought, and finds God in the breadth of experience, history, human life, yet, in Himself, utterly transcendent of all that in these we can know, feel, or name. Not the definitely Known God, not the Unknown God is our last word, far less the Unknowable God, but the ever-to-be-known God. We are not God, and when we form, or attempt to form, an idea of Him, we do not create Him. As Bossuet well said: "Si l'homme avait pu ouvertement se déclarer Dieu, son orgueil se serait emporté jusqu'à cet excès; mais se dire Dieu et se sentir mortel, l'arrogance la plus aveugle en aurait honte."—*"Knowing and Being,"* by John Veitch, J.L.D. (*Blackwood*).

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 383.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



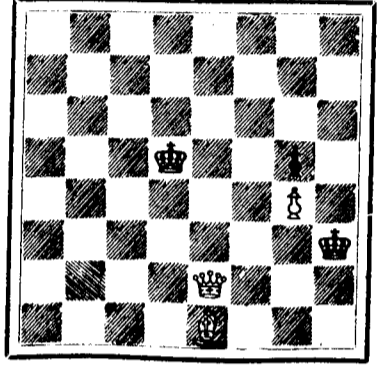
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 384.

By DR. SIMPSON, Queensbury.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 377.
R-Q R 3

No. 378.

White.

Black.

- 1. P-Kt7 K-R 2
- 2. K-B 8 K-R 3
- 3. P-Kt 8 becoming a Kt mate.

The judges of the Sixth American Congress have awarded the prize of \$50, generously offered by Messrs. F. Rudd and F. Wehle, to the following game as the best game played in the Tourney.—*Columbia Chess Chronicle.*

GIUOCO PIANO.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
MR. MANON.	MR. GUNSBURG.	MR. MANON.	MR. GUNSBURG.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	16. P-K 4	B-Q 3
2. Kt-K B 3	K-Q B 3	17. Kt-B 4	Kt-B 3
3. B-B 4	B-B 4	18. Kt-K 3	P-Kt 3
4. P-Q 3	P-Q 3	19. P-B 4	Kt-R 4
5. B-K 3	B-Kt 3	20. P-Kt 3	B-R 6
6. P-B 3	Kt-B 3	21. R-B 2	Kt-Kt 2
7. Q Kt-Q 2	Q-K 2 (a)	22. Q-Kt 2	Kt-K 3
8. P-Q R 4	B-K 3	23. R-K 1	R-B 2
9. B-Q Kt 5	B x B	24. Q R-K 2	Q R-K B 1
10. P x B	P-Q R 3	25. Kt-K 1	Kt-Q 5
11. B x Kt 4	P x B	26. R-Q 2	Q-Kt 4
12. P-Q Kt 4	Castles K R	27. Kt at K 3—Kt 2	B x Kt (c)
13. Castles	Kt-Kt 5 (b)	28. K x B	Q-K 6
14. Q-K 2	P-B 4	29. K-B 1	Kt-Kt 6
15. P x P	B x P		And White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) The usual move here is Kt-Q 2.
- (b) The initiation of a spirited attack, which Mr. Gunsberg follows up with wonderful skill.
- (c) A beautiful termination of an exceedingly interesting and instructive game.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent. of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.