POOR COPY

Dept. Public Works

"The policy of every man in business, and who must live by the public, should be to let the public hear of him. His best speaking-trumpet is the Newspaper advertisement. In a populous community, and a rapid age like this, every trader must make himself heard and known, otherwise he will fall behind the progress of his neighbors.

The Gleaner.

"In no department of business is there probably so much money wasted as in advertising, and in no department are good judgment and experience more requisite. Twenty-five years' experience has clearly demonstrated the superior advantages and economy of Newspaper advertising over all other mediums offered for that purpose.

VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1888. No. 50

Professional Cards

G. D. CARTER, Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. J. McCAUSLAND'S JEWELRY STORE, 250 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, '888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS, Barrister, Notary, Etc.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 5th, 1888—1yr

DR. H. D. CURRIE, Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887.

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GEO. F. GREGORY,
(OF LATE FIRM OF GREGORY & BLAIR.)
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE: NEXT BELOW QUEEN HOTEL, LATELY OCCUPIED BY GREGORY & BLAIR.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D. Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

DR. CROCKET,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURCH;
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURCH;
LICENTIATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.
SPECIAL CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.
OFFICE: FISHER'S BUILDING, COR. PHŒNIX SQUARE.
RESIDENCE, 109 BRUNSWICK STREET.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GREGORY & GREGORY, Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON
ALBERT J. GREGORY, FRANK B. GREGORY, Registrar of Probates.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

C. E. DUFFY,
Barristers and Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, Etc.
SECY-TREASURER OF SUNBURY
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second Door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov 1st, 1887

Livery Stables

BARKER HOUSE STABLES.
COACHES AND CARRIAGES
Furnished with all Possible Despatch
HORSES BOARDED AT MODERATE TERMS
JOHN B. ORR, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GEORGE I. CUNTER,
HACK AND LIVERY STABLE,
Queen Street,
OPPOSITE CITY HALL.
COACH ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Telephone Communication.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Auctioneers

E. H. ALLEN
AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
REGENT STREET NEXT TO CAPITAL OFFICE
Goods of all descriptions received and Sold on Commission. Quick Sales and Prompt Returns Guaranteed.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

H. C. C. WETMORE
AUCTIONEER, &c.
Has taken a Store on the Upper Side of
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
Next to L. F. LaForest, Tin Smith, where he is prepared to receive Furniture and Goods of all kinds for Auction or Private Sale. He will also give attention to Auction Sales of every description.
Terms moderate. Returns prompt. All business confidential.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Insurance

The North American
LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y,
OF TORONTO
HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE PRES'T.
Guaranteed Capital, - - $300,000.00
Full Government Deposit.
New business for 1886 over - $2,500,000.00
THE various popular plans of the "NORTH AMERICAN," embracing Life, Return Premium, Endowment, Tontene, Semi-Tontene, and Commercial Plan, have proved so acceptable to the insuring public, that the Company can to-day present a showing unequalled by any other home Company at the same period of its existence, and its progressive record and sound financial standing, coupled with its prompt and satisfactory settlement of death claims, are the recommendations which this Company offers for public patronage.
The Company's rates are according to their various plans so arranged as to suit the convenience of all, as by the commercial plan insurance is given at the actual cost, while by the endowment and tontene the attractive investment feature is combined with insurance.
All information given and applications received by
C. E. DUFFY, Agent, Fredericton
Oct. 29, 1887—w 1w—1yr.

THE ATLAS FIRE ASSURANCE CO'Y,
Of London, Eng.
Established in the Year 1808.
CAPITAL, - - $6,000,000.00
Risks against loss or damage or by fire taken on all kinds of insurable property in both town and country at the lowest rates and losses adjusted in the most prompt and liberal manner. Unsurpassed security given to policy holders by this Old and Reliable English Company.
C. E. DUFFY, Agent.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Undertaking

JACKSON ADAMS, Principal Undertaker,
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQUARE
(OPP. QUEEN HOTEL)
FREDERICTON, - - - - N. B.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Hotels

BARKER HOUSE,
QUEEN STREET, - - - FREDERICTON.
NEWLY REFITTED, AND NOW ONE OF THE LEADING HOTELS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
SAMPLE ROOM AND LIVERY STABLE.
Modern Improvements constantly being made.
F. B. COLEMAN, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

QUEEN HOTEL
FREDERICTON N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO,—
A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

New Advertisements

WEST END
SAW MILL AND LUMBER YARD.
SEASON 1887.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS that for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that, besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or sawn to order, will keep constantly on hand
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING, PINE SHEATHING, DRY HEMLOCK
SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand.
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and Smoothly Sawn and Very Carefully Assorted.
Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill
R. A. ESTEY.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

IMPORTANT.
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELLERY,
MARKED DOWN TO SUIT ALL.
"GOODS ALL NEW.
A FINE LINE OF
SILK CHAINS
AT
F. J. McCAUSLAND'S
Fredericton, Dec. 15th, 1887

C. W. DYKEMAN & CO.
AGENTS,
DOMINION ORGAN
—AND—
PIANOS, Sewing Machines
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET,
Next Door Below Z. R. Everett
Fredericton, April 30th, 1888.

New Advertisements

BELDING, PAUL & CO. On the End of the Spool.

LADIES, LADIES.
Spool Silk
THAT BEARS OUR NAME,
BELDING, PAUL & CO.
On the End of the Spool is Superior to all Others.
Ask for It. Ask for It.
BELDING, PAUL & CO.
ON THE END OF THE SPOOL.

BELDING, PAUL & CO. On the End of the Spool.

DO
Not be Deceived, but Call at J. D Fowler's if
YOU
Would like to see the Finest Stock of Rich English Jewelry in Sets, Necklets, Rings, Lockets, Lace Pins, Scarf Pins, Gents Signet Rings, Buttons, etc. If you should
WANT
A Good Watch, we have them in Gold, Silver, Gold-Filled and Nickle Cases, at prices
TO
Suit all. In Silverware, our stock is now full in all lines, consisting of Tea Sets, Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, Card Receivers, Castors, Vases, Napkin Rings, Jewel Cases. In looking for a Xmas Present you cannot
MAKE
Any mistake in examining my stock before purchasing elsewhere. We have a full line of Clocks, French, English and American, all styles and prices, ranging from $1.25 to
$100?
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
JAS. D. FOWLER
Directly opposite Post Office
Fredericton, Dec17th, 1887

Cristie, Brown & Co.
CELEBRATED
BISCUIT,
—IN—
Arrowroot, Assorted Jumbles, Iced Honey, Bar Ginger Bread, Suntamas, Oswego,
—IN—
2 LB. TINS.
MILK BISCUIT.
W. H. Vanwart.
Fredericton, Aug. 1.

SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.
Furniture Repaired.
Jobbing in Carpentry
Attended to by
W. S. HIMELMAN
192 GEORGE STREET
All work guaranteed so far as possible. All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct 10th, 1887

WE WANT POTATOES.
WE HANDLED 60,000 BUSHELS POTATOES LAST SPRING.
And made money for our Shippers. Having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers Write us and ship to
HATHEWAY & CO.
General Commission Merchants,
22 CENTRAL WHARF BOSTON, MASS
Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 183
Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

Hay for Sale
A LOT OF
Pressed Hay at
Ely Perkins's.
Fredericton, Aug. 9, 1888.

NEW GOODS.
The Subscriber is constantly receiving New Goods, comprising
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Trunks, VALISES, &C.
These Goods are marked at least 10 per cent. lower than any similar goods in this city. Small expenses and close personal attention to business enables me to do this. Please call and examine.
Respectfully yours,
D. LUCY.
N. B.—Custom Shoemakers wanted.
Fredericton, Aug. 8th, 1888.

PARIS GREEN.
Just received a fresh supply of Pure Paris Green.
ALSO:
LAND PLASTER,
VERY FINE.
Suitable to mix with Paris Green.
W. E. Miller & Co.
155 and 159 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, June 30, 1888.

REMOVAL!
J. W. Tabor begs leave to notify his Customers and the Public generally, that he intends to enlarge his place of Business on the Corner of King and Westmorland Streets, and for the present will be found in the Corner Store of the
HOGG BUILDING,
Corner Queen and Westmorland Streets,
where he will continue Business until his former place is ready for occupancy.
J. W. TABOR.
Fredericton, May 31.

PARIS GREEN.
ONE BARREL
PURE WEST INDIA LIME JUICE
Enos' Fruit Salt,
Citrate of Magnesia.
JUST RECEIVED BY
JOHN M. WILEY, 196 Queen St
Fredericton, June 28th, 1888.

TOBACCO
—AT—
G. T. WHELPLEY'S
Lily, Solace, Myrtle Navy, Briar, Rough and Ready, Pace's Twist, Pilot, Index, Myrtle Navy Fine Cut, Beaver, Jubilee, Napoleon, No. 1 Crown.
TRY THE "LILY" SMOKING TOBACCO.
G. T. WHELPLEY,
310 QUEEN ST., - - FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Aug. 2, 1888.

BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

A Dramatic Scene in a Pennsylvania Town.

A Man Believed to Have Been Murdered

Returns After Ten Years to Claim His Bride.

BROWNSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 13.—No more dramatic scene was ever enacted on the boards of any theatre than one which occurred at the residence of Miss Effie Wellesby, back in the country some two miles north from here, to-day, when her former sweetheart, Harry Lynton, whom she had mourned as dead for ten long years, suddenly appeared to claim her as his bride. In June, 1878, Effie Wellesby then sweet sixteen, was said to be the prettiest girl in Fayette county. Her father was wealthy, owning, beside the large farm on which he lived, extensive and valuable tracts of coal, lumber and oil lands; and also having an interest in several steamboats. Of course his fair daughter did not lack for suitors from many of the best and wealthiest families of the county, but of them all she chose Harry Lynton, the son of a poor coal miner, who followed his father's avocation, and had no other prospects than that of doing so all his life, though possessing natural intelligence far superior to that of most men of his station. The lines of caste and class distinction are not very closely drawn in the rural society of this region, and the young people met at a picnic, where they immediately

Fell Head Over Heels in Love

with each other. When John Wellesby, a man noted for his violent and ungovernable temper, discovered Effie's passion for the poor miner, his anger knew no bounds. He ordered the young man from his house and threatened to kill him if ever again he found him in the society of his daughter, while he commanded Miss Effie to immediately transfer her affections to a young man of wealth and social position, who had been vainly endeavoring to win her smiles. The lovers were not to be so easily baffled. They arranged clandestine meetings and spent many hours together in a grove of grand old forest trees near Effie's home at times when John Wellesby believed his daughter to be sleeping the sleep of happy girlhood in her cosy room above his own. Well knowing that her father would never relent Effie at length consented to an elopement, but before it could be carried out an unfortunate accident marred all. Her father discovered the truth. His suspicions were at length aroused, and looking into his daughter's apartments, one night after she had ostensibly retired, he found it unoccupied. Sallying forth in search of her he came upon the lovers in the grove.

A Dreadful Scene Ensued.

Wellesby taunted the young man with the inferiority of his position and charged him with wishing to marry his daughter that he might live without labor on his father-in-law's means. Lynton spiritedly resented these insults, and the elder man finally struck him a terrible blow with a heavy cane, and he fell apparently lifeless to the ground. Believing that he had killed Lynton, Wellesby seized his fainting daughter, bore her to the house, laid her on the couch, locked the door upon her, and telling his wife what he had done and hastily collecting a few necessaries he mounted his best horse and fled. Nothing was heard from him until about a year ago, when a letter was received from the superintendent of a charity hospital, Montreal, where he died a poor outcast. The letter enclosed his will in which everything he possessed was left to Effie, who had continued to reside at the old homestead with no companion save a widowed aunt and the hired help, who carried on the farm, her mother having died soon after Wellesby's flight. Nothing had ever been seen or heard of her lover since that fatal night on which her father struck him. She believed him dead and that her father, before taking flight, had returned to that dreadful spot and

Buried the Body of Her Victim,

but all this she and her mother kept locked in their own breasts. So to-day, when, as she sat with her aunt in the piazza, a tall, bronzed man entered through the garden gate, came up the gravelled walk, stood before her and gazed intently into her eyes, she thought for a moment that it was her lover's ghost and not the real Harry Lynton that she saw, for in the mature man of thirty years she instantly recognized her boyish admirer of ten years ago to whose memory she had been so true through all that long decade. The rest is soon told. Lynton had been merely stunned by Wellesby's blow, and on coming to himself he had registered a vow to prove the injustice of Wellesby's taunts by never marrying Effie and never seeing or writing to her again till he had made himself financially her equal. He started that very night to work his way to the Pacific coast. There he shipped on board a vessel bound for Australia, whence he had drifted first to England, then to South Africa, where he finally brought up at the diamond mines.

After a Series of Adventures

and financial ups and downs that would furnish material for a score of Rider Haggard's novels, he at length secured a claim that proved a rich one and which he finally sold for enough to buy all his intended father-in-law's possessions two or three times over. Then he started on a bee line for his old home, and Effie Wellesby, whose constancy he never doubted for a moment. When next Harry Lynton appears from his sweetheart's view it will be to go to the Union town, the country seat, for a marriage license, and Effie Wellesby will become Effie Lynton before she's a week older.

HE KILLED FIFTY MEN.

One Spaniard Disperses a Mob and Shoots Down Fifty Negroes One by One.

A special from San Francisco gives additional details concerning the killing of fifty natives of the village of Antique, India, by one Spaniard, a report of which has been received by steamer Oceanic. It seems that the only white men in the village are two Spaniards, one of whom is a priest. There has been bad feeling between the natives and the Spaniards for some time, and recently an attack was made upon the priest. The other Spaniard took his rifle and cartridges and hastened to the rescue of the priest. He found the latter's dwelling surrounded by a black mob, howling for blood, and he opened fire on the crowd. He picked out the biggest and foremost men and shot them down one by one. When he had used up fifty cartridges, fifty dead blacks lay before him. The natives, awe stricken, fled in terror, crying that the Spaniard was assisted by the evil one. It is believed that had it not been for the marksmanship and nerve displayed in this case the natives in the neighboring province would have risen and massacred the Europeans living there.

Thief at a Society Wedding.

In Liverpool a short time ago a well mannered and exquisitely dressed female moved about in the church among the lady guests at a society wedding, telling each confidentially that she was the representative of a society journal, when all the time she was intent on thieving. Every facility was given her, and she examined as many dresses as she cared to. She promised a proof of her article to each one, but the only "proofs" her dupes got were those that she had stolen their purses.—Chicago Herald.

IN A CONNING TOWER.

What One Man's Hand Controls on Board of a Man o' War.

Here in this spot is concentrated the whole power of the tremendous machine which we call an ironclad ship.

Such power was never till the world began concentrated under the direction of man, and all that power, the judgment to direct it, the knowledge to utilize it, is placed in the hands of one man, and one only.

What is this power?

Talk of Jove with his thunderbolts, of Nasnyth with his hammer! the fables of mythology and the facts of latter day science! where has there ever been anything to compare to it? Here in the conning tower stands the captain of the ship, and beneath his feet lie hidden powers which the mind can scarcely grasp, but which one and all are made subservient to his will, and his will alone. Picture him as he stands at his post before the battle begins; all is quiet enough, there is scarcely a sound save the lapping of the water against the smooth white sides of the ironclad, and no outward sign of force save the ripple of the parted waters falling off on either side of the ram as it sheers through the water. But mark that thin white thread escaping from the steam pipe astern, a fleecy vapor rising into the air and nothing more.

But what does it mean? It means that far down below some thirty glowing furnaces are roaring under the blast of steam; that in the great cylindrical boilers the water is bubbling, surging, struggling, as the fierce burning gases pass through the flues; and that the prisoned steam, tearing and thrusting at the tough sides of the boilers, is already raising the valves and blowing off at a pressure of 100 pounds. It means that the captain in his cunning tower has but to press the button by his side, and in a moment the four great engines will be driving the twin screws through the water with the force of 12,000 horse power, and that the great ship with the dead weight of 15,000 tons will be rushing onward at a speed of over twenty miles an hour.

In her turret and in her broadside batteries there is a deep hush of expectation; but there, too, waiting to respond to the "flash of the will that can," lie forces of destruction, which appal the imagination.

Far down below our feet, in the chambers of the great guns, lie the dark masses of the powder charges. A touch, a spark, and in a sheet of flame, and with the crash of thunder the steel shot will rush from their muzzles, speeding on their way 2,000 feet in a second, and dealing their blow with the impact of 60,000 foot tons—5,000 pounds weight of metal discharged by one touch of the captain's hand. Nor is this all; another touch and another signal will liberate the little clips which detain the four Whitehead torpedoes in their tubes. A puff of powder, a click as the machinery is started, and the two screws are set off whirling, and with a straight, silent plunge the long steer torpedoes will dive into the water, and at their appointed depth will speed on their way thirty miles an hour on their awful errand of destruction. Move that switch, and through the dark wall of the night a long straight beam will shoot forth with the radiance of 40,000 candles, turning the night into day.

A word spoken through that tube will let loose the hailstorm of steel and lead from the quick firing and machine guns on the upper deck and in the tops. A discharge of shot and shell, not to be counted by tens or scores, but by hundreds and thousands, a storm before which no living thing can stand, and under which all but the strongest defenses will wither and melt away like a snow bank under an April shower.

And last and most terrible of all, there is one other force ready to the captain's hand—a force the sum of all others, and which, if rightly utilized, is as irresistible as the swelling of the ocean tide or the hand of death. By your side and under your hand are the spokes of the steam steering wheel; far forward under the swirling wave which rises round the ship's cut water lies the ram, the most terrible, the most fatal of all the engines of maritime warfare. It is the task of the hand which turns that little wheel to guide and to direct the fearful impact of the ram.

Think what the power confined to one man's hand must be; 12,000 tons of dead weight driven forward by the frantic energy of 12,000 horse power, plunging and surging along through the yielding waves at a speed of ten feet every second, and with a momentum so huge that the mathematical expression which purports to represent it to the mind conveys no idea to an intelligence incapable of appreciating a conception so vast. To receive a blow from the ram is death, the irretrievable catastrophe of a ship's career. To deliver such a blow is certain victory. It is with the captain, and the captain alone, as he stands here in the conning tower, that the responsibility of inflicting or encountering this awful fate lies.

Now you will understand what I mean when I say that never since the world began have such forces been placed in the hands of a single man, whose eye alone must see the opportunity, whose judgment alone must enable him to utilize it, and whose hand alone must give effect to all that his courage, his wisdom and his duty prompt.—Murray's Magazine

Our Sweetness of Disposition.

The London Times, summing up the reunion of the blue and the gray at Gettysburg, says: "In the last twenty-five years the American people must, as a whole, have learnt the art of training itself to an extraordinary sweetness of disposition, which it is no offense to say that individuals of the race do not invariably exhibit. If the secret be in any wise communicable, there are several quarters of Europe on which America would confer an inestimable kindness by imparting it."—Boston Transcript.

Technical Education in Trades.

The matter of technical education in trades, with a view to starting young men in the world in some profitable occupation without the intervention of a long and poorly paid apprenticeship, is receiving earnest attention from educational men all over the world. Several prominent Englishmen have declared themselves in favor of such institutions and a number of government technical schools in France are meeting with great success.—Chicago News.

Something About "Fairy Rings."

The fairy rings of England, so famous in folk lore, began at a bit of manure dropped by a cow or by birds. A mushroom growth it was that ate up the nitrogen of the soil. No one noticed their beginning, but after awhile would be seen a circle of grass, and within it a barren spot. The grass of the edge, or ring, was deeper green and more luxuriant, but inside whatever grew was stunted. Mushrooms of different sorts abounded and crowded up to the edge of the grass. These are terrible eaters of nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus, potash. As they exhaust the soil their mycelium, or seed, extends outward, and, thus springing up, exhausts again. But the decay of the mycelium, which is so rich in plant food, first fattens and feeds a ring of grass before displacing the same. A rich ring of dark, stout grass is formed by the deposition of carbon and phosphates, and then this is crowded back and out by the craft of the toadstools. All this the folk did not use to know, but instead they saw it to be the work of fairies.—Mary E. Spencer in Globe-Democrat.

For constipation, "liver complaint," or billousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver and stomach, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—a gentle laxative or active purgative, according to size of dose.

A SOUTH AMERICAN SCENE.

The Great Salt Plains of the Interior—Troops of Flamingoes.

'Twas 2 o'clock in the afternoon; Loannec marched at the head of our little troop. "Oh, look! look at the snow!" he exclaimed, at the moment when leaving the valley of Condors, we were about to enter the plain. Snow in the month of March in the southern hemisphere! We thought our companion must have had a sudden sunstroke; that would not have been at all impossible, for the heat in this valley was torrid—if one might give the name valley to the large opening bordered with enormous rocks whose broken fragments strewed the ground as if to hinder us in our march, and keep us longer in this cursed pass, where vegetation is only represented by gigantic lichens, whose silvery threads could hardly be distinguished from the grayish mass of rock to which they clung.

"Are you crazy, Loannec," cried Charles.

"Dame, you can see for yourselves. If that is not snow it certainly looks exactly like it; though as you get closer it is not cold at all."

The thermometer marked 75 degs. Scarcely had we rejoined our comrade when we uttered a simultaneous cry of astonishment. Right before us, bounded only by the horizon, stretched an immense plain of dazzling whiteness, whose surface sparkled under the bright rays of the sun. Any one would have sworn that it was snow. Without uttering a word, so overwhelming was our astonishment, we turned to Barlejo with an air of mute interrogation. "I have found out what it is," cried Lawrence—"it is cotton."

"But where are the cotton pickers?"

"Yes, that is true—they are nowhere to be seen."

The "Vaquero" laughed in his sleeve; he thoroughly enjoyed our astonishment. "We are about to enter the great salt plains," he said finally, when he thought our patience had been sufficiently tested.

The salt plains? Don Cabral had spoken to us of them when we were discussing our journey at the estancia of las Jarrillas; but our imagination had never pictured any landscape as grandiose in its uniformity. As far as the eye could reach, extended an ocean of salt, white and sparkling as snow. Not a shadow on this panorama, which reminded me of the immense steppes of Siberia, when winter has spread her immaculate winding sheet over that kingdom of death and silence. Not a spot which could break the monotony. "Come—encourage," continued Barlejo, "it is a vile place to cross under the broiling sun, which is hot enough to roast an ox, but we must get over it before nightfall, for even if we sacrifice our horses we could not think of camping on the salt plains."

"And how far across this plain?"

"About twelve miles."

Twelve miles! and our poor horses had not been able to go out of a walk all the morning. It was the only gait possible in the valley of the Condors. Putting spurs to our horses we started off at a hard gallop. The gauchos allowed us to take the lead. Our gallop did not last long. As soon as their feet touched the salt our horses stopped as if nailed to the ground; under their feet the salt crackled like snow. We could only go on step by step. And twelve miles to make at this pace, when we had hoped to clear the plain at a gallop. The heat was suffocating—the reflection of this sea of salt so many times refined and purified by the continual washing and dryings of rain and wind blinded us. To complete our sufferings the north wind, that suffocating, enervating wind, began to blow. We went panting through this furnace with nothing to freshen or mitigate the scorching heat. The last rays of the setting sun tinged with a rosy hue this white and naked landscape. Suddenly on our left appeared a mass of fiery red, while before us a long line of vivid green was clearly defined against the whiteness of the salt. At the same moment the horses began to whinny—they smelt the water. Their pace quickened under the stimulus of this hope of soon reaching fresh water, as only those who have lived in the desert can understand. Water—we were soon to reach the water—with voice and hand we encouraged the poor animals. We were on the edge of the lagoon when at a word from our guide we stopped short. The spectacle before us was indeed enough to make us halt. Issuing from a marsh in a line like veteran troops of infantry, two or three thousand birds with excessively long necks and feet, the plumage on their bodies of soft rose tint, and wings the color of fire were advancing, calm, dignified, majestic. "Los Flamengos!" exclaimed Barlejo, as we stepped on the ground, or rather on the salt.—Henri Leturque in Detroit Free Press.

The Waste of Fertility.

The city that lives at the expense of the country owes the land a debt. Payment of a just debt both honor and honesty exact. This debt is duly set forth on the annual balance sheet of nature. If payment is refused the world goes bankrupt. Liebig, chemist, philosopher, philanthropist, adduces the past as a warning to the present. He declares that "the cloacae of Rome absorbed the well being of the Roman farmers." After the wide Campagna had been wasted by the sewer of the great city, all of Italy became its victim. After Italy she poured Sicily into it, then Sardinia, then Africa. Only Egypt, annually renewed by the slime of the Nile, was able measurably to withstand the drain. The sewer of Rome swallowed the fertility of the ancient world. In the "dark ages" the earth as the race of man, lay as in fallow. So only could there be recuperation from the physical as from the moral exhaustion of her pernicious rule.

Against Chicago the grim balance already shows in the millions. On the lowest basis on which computation can be made Chicago, imitating pagan Rome in this, wastes annually not less than two millions in present money value. Applied judiciously to the soil the gain in added harvests would be twofold that. The methods of saving and utilizing this vast wealth, with its wondrous possibilities, are well known. The expense of applying them is but nominal in comparison with the gain. It needs only that this product of the city be placed on the market. Its value shown by the results of its application would compel purchasers. If there is profit in it transported in the bamboo baskets of China, what gains do we not lose who can restore this matter to its place at one-hundredth the cost of that in China?

Instead, with our sewerage system we poison our people. Every zymotic disease that decimates our children is traceable to its fetid exhalations. And those whom we intrust with the care of the public health can devise nothing better to protect that than by a "garbage crematory" to pour this gold in the ore, too bulky for the sewer, through flame into the funereal smoke that hangs over the crematory like a canopy of mourning shrouding a starving soil.—Chicago Times.

Mr. Lossing's Historical Relics.

Benson J. Lossing, the historian, has been for years a collector of autographs, letters and documents, books and weapons bearing on the war of the rebellion and the history of the country in general. Mr. Lossing was with the Federal army when Richmond was taken, and, as the spoils of war, the originals of many valuable and unique papers came into his possession. It is said that one of the most highly prized of Mr. Lossing's historical treasures is the original of Grant's famous "unconditional surrender" letter.—New York World.

A crusade against the works of Emile Zola has been begun in London.