

she found a heap of sticks, and in a cranny of the cave wall a small bundle of half decayed wood. Taking two of these she rubbed with all her might for a minute or so, and presently the tiny spark leaped into being and crept busily, appearing and disappearing, in the dry decay of the wood. She took a handful of leaves and nursed the spark in that direction, blowing it to give it life till presently a crackle announced that the spark had given birth to flame, and the flame spread from the tinder leaves to the pile of wood. By this time the savage had wrapped himself in his deer-skin, and he came out to watch the proceedings. "Blow," he said; "the wind is from the sun. Blow you from the sun's setting." Then he went down to the pool below and flung himself into the river. He swam like a duck, with the ease of one to whom the water is a native element. His idea was to refresh, not to wash himself, and presently he stood upon the bank again, drying his body in the fresh air and the warmth of the early sun. Then he went back to his female.

"Deer flesh again," he grumbled, as he saw the strips of meat grilling in the fitful flames. "And why no fish? Are there no fins in the pool that you must be eating plover of my providing? Where were you last night, idle one?" "The moon slept," replied the female, stirring the brands to a clearer glow. "No fish would rise to the spear. I struck times one, two, three; one, two, three. Nothing. The evil spirit was abroad."

"The demon take you," retorted the troglodyte briefly, catching her by her long hair. "I will get me some other woman, one that will fish for me. The Spotted Fawn, of beyond the stream, is to be had for the taking. And she fishes right well, aye, and weaves baskets too. I was a fool to—" "See, the meat is ready," said the female, jerking her hair out of the grip of her lord and master. And for a while hunger set them both gnawing at the half-grilled flesh.

They spoke nothing more till the meat was finished. Then—"Where go you to-day?" she asked. "Know you Red Man?" "I know him." "He has told me of a bear trail that leads down by the pine wood. But he dwells the half of a sun's going from the place, and I shall be there before him. Mine is the bear, and if the fishing go well, yours shall be all the grease. Are the arrow points sharpened?" "They are sharp as the fir spikes, master. And there are new sinews to the bow. I drew them from the wild-cat that you brought back yesterday. Go now, and may the demon be far from the hunting path." He stayed only to take his bow and six flint-tipped arrows from the innermost recess of the cave. "It is a far journey," he said, as he came out. "You will not expect me before the midnight moon. For first I must travel far and then await the sun-down thirst of the beast, and then if I fare well in the slaying of him I must weave me a hurdle to trail him home thereon. I am sick of deer meat. There has been no bear in these parts since the last winter hunger drove them down into the low lands. Give me a strip of dried flesh—that and the berries will suffice me. Sleep not before my coming, work and fish." In one minute he was out of sight; in another the faint crackle of his step through the thicket was out of sound. The female scattered the fire. The sun was now full and strong, and flashed brightly upon the beads upon her neck. "The Spotted Fawn," she muttered. "He threatens me, does he? It is well. But for her it is ill if she comes to-day to seek him."

Down the stream, piloting herself upon two logs of pine, lashed together at the forepart and spread into a thin triangle behind by a cross joint of the same material, came the Spotted Fawn, guiding her rude craft with a long pole of fir. She drove the bow to land just above the Elk's Pool, and full in the afternoon sun could be seen the dark-blue tattoo pricks which had given her her name. She leaped lightly to land and went up to the cave, meeting the troglodyte's wife at the entrance. "And where is the Slayer?" "The Slayer is within. He awaits you. He has called for you not once nor twice. Go in now." But even as she turned to go in, quick as a flash the female turned behind her and lifted the flint-head ax to the blow. It descended heavily between the neck and shoulders of the in-going woman, and there needed no second stroke. The blood spurted out upon the entrance of the cave, and the Spotted Fawn lay like a lifeless log. The other tossed aside the hatchet and hauled her rival into the cave. "There he shall find her when he brings back the bear," she said.

The sun was going down, when there came a rustle in the woods beyond. A man broke through the thicket by the pool, rolled his skin coat upon his head, and swam across the narrow breadth. Landing in another minute he gave a curious call, and it was answered by the appearance of the troglodyte's female at the entrance of the cave. "Thou art come then, Red Man?" she said. "I could not before," was the answer. "Is there not yet time?" "Time enough," said the female, grimly. "He comes not before the midnight moon. Let us go in." "Ha! what is this?" cried the Red Man, as he caught sight of the dark stain by the cave's mouth. "Blood," returned the woman, coldly. "I have killed a woman. He loved her. I have killed her. Her body is within. Art thou afraid?" "I fear no man living. Shall I fear a woman dead? Let us go in."

The sun was just setting when the troglodyte came back to his cave. "Red Man has deceived me," he growled, looking angrily at the axe lying by the opening. "There has been no bear there these four moons. I come empty. But at least there shall be fish for supper. Ho, there! dog, cat, woman!" Then he picked up the axe and went in.—*Selected.*

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The Barrell-Johnson Iron Company is one of Yarmouth's most important industries, established in 1855, and conducted on the joint stock plan. Its

departments are: boiler, pattern and moulding shops, saw mill for sawing ship stuff, shipyard, nickel plating room, etc. The manufactures are varied, and are sent far and near. Among the numerous stoves made is the "New Silver Moon," which enjoys such a wide and deserved popularity. The "Victor" hot water heater is also made at this foundry—an excellent article if we may trust the opinions of many who use it in Yarmouth, and who prefer it to almost any other variety made. This concern employs from 80 to 140 hands, according to the amount of work to be done. A number of steamers have been constructed in the shipyard—the *St. Pierre*, 500 tons, plying between Halifax and St. Pierre; the *Dartmouth*, ferry boat; the *Weymouth*, on the route between Weymouth, St. John and Yarmouth; the *La Tour*, plying between Yarmouth and Eastern ports, the *Electra*, on the route between Lunenburg and Halifax; the *John L. Cann*, wrecking steamer; the *Arbutus*, owned at Moncton by the Pottery and Steam Navigation Co.; the *Uba*, on the ferry between Barrington and Cape Island; *Frank C. Batt*, *Wm. Aitken*, *Freddie V.* and *Marina*, (all tug boats,) and others. Have also turned out the machinery for a large number of steamers owned throughout the provinces.

The Milton Foundry is another of the solid industries of Yarmouth, established about twenty years ago. A large business is done in stoves and ships' castings, the work being of the best description. The writer did not have an opportunity to converse with any member of the firm, but incidentally heard that the excellence of the casting done at this establishment has led to the repetition of an order from Glasgow, Scotland, by cable, for quite a number of patent windlasses. This would almost appear like sending coals to Newcastle, but nevertheless speaks well for the province.

The writer also passed through the various departments of the Yarmouth Duck and Yarn Co., which was established in 1883, the stock being mostly held by Yarmouth people. The mill manufactures cotton duck and twines, and employs 125 hands. The duck is sold in Canada and exported. Two of the fastest steamers afloat, *City of New York* and *City of Paris*, have sails of this duck, and we have perused letters from leading concerns in New York and England in which the statement is made that the duck is equal to the best American manufacture. No higher testimonial is needed than this.

The Yarmouth Woollen Mill is another useful industry, giving employment to a large number of hands. It was established about ten years ago, during which period it has been exempted from taxation, but this concession will come to an end next year. A superior quality of cloth is turned out, the article being in good demand. Like our Windsor Cotton Mill, the enterprise has not been profitable to those whose capital is invested in it, but it has been a great benefit to the place in furnishing work for a goodly number of bread-winners.

There are also two establishments where wool goods for domestic purposes are turned out in large quantities. One is the Milton Manufacturing Co., started two years ago, the other that of Kinney & Hale, an old concern. We understand a very fair business is done.

A Grist Mill has just been started at Yarmouth by Geo. Johnson, (formerly of the Barrell-Johnson Iron Mfg. Co.,) on a wharf adjoining the Yarmouth S. S. Co., where vessels can discharge corn and grain and receive cargo.

On one of the bye streets we noticed a Knitting Mill in full blast, conducted by Dadds & Jolly, which gives employment to about twenty hands. The various goods manufactured find their way all over the province, and are put up for the trade in tasteful boxes.—*Hants Journal.*

The age of aluminum is slowly creeping upon us. At least the metal is becoming cheaper, and a boat ten feet by five constructed of it has just been launched in Germany, propelled by a naphtha motor. More ductile and light by far than steel, and possessed of vastly greater tensile strength, it only remains for the discovery of more ready methods in extracting this metal, which is omnipresent in the earth's crust, to revolutionize industry again.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

It is now a year since the receiver took charge of the affairs of William Parks & Son (limited). Everything taken into consideration, the year's operations have been very successful, and will show a surplus of between \$60,000 and \$65,000.—*St. John Gazette.*

BLUEBERRIES.—The picking of blueberries during the last three weeks has given employment to a large number of men, women and children throughout the country. One family of ten, on the Bartibogue, gathered in one day 500 lbs. of berries, for which they got from the collector \$10 in cash. Others got in proportion. In all quarters of the country where blueberries are thick there are establishments for canning them, and during the season the people in the country are busily engaged picking and selling them to the canning factories.—*Chatham World.*

HALIFAX MIGHT FOLLOW SUIT.—The *Truro Daily News* says: "Paint brushes continue to fly, and hundreds of buildings have been made to appear new by the application of paint this season. Let the enterprising work continue."

LAUNCH.—There will be a double launch at Canning on Saturday, Sept. 19th, a full-rigged barquentine and a three-masted schooner.—*Canning Gazette.*

We call the attention of our readers to Buckley Bros. advertisement in another column of trusses, supporters, &c. We understand the house has made a specialty of these goods.