VANDALS IN GUMVILLE.

BURGLARY OF THE PREMISES OF JEDEDIAH HARRIS.

Chaos and Anarchy in the Settlement—The Opposition Suspected of Heaving Up the Social Bulwarks—The Confession of Humboldt the Somnambulator.

Of all the daring attempts that have been made to undermine the Pillers of society in Gumville, the burglary of the premises of Jedediah Harris, J. P., on the 11th prox., was the daringest. It is hoped that those Vandals who would tear down the Sacred fabric of Posterity and make night hideous will be put down by being strung up with Iron hand!

The residence of Jedediah is situated, as everybody knows, within a rabbit jump of the Freewill meeting-house in Lower Gumville. It would seem that those apostles of Chaos who would heave up the Bulwarks of our Settlement had no regard for the Sacred precinks. It is our Opinion that people who will vote for the Opposition, and inside of a month swoop down on Deacon Harris and rob his hen-roost in this way. not only ought to be impounded, but would rob their grandmother.

On the night of the outrage, Deacon Harris was reposing peacefully in the bosom of his family, speakin' figuratively, which was his second wife. Before going to roost he had prayed for all hands, as usual, and the night being frosty and clear he could be heard to the other end of the Settlement. We mention this to show the Diabolical feelings which must have animated the parties who done this career of crime. In the room which adjoined the Deacon was his two oldest boys, Humboldt and Hannibal, which the Deacon bore to his first wife. Those misguided parties who have reported round that there was hard feelings between Humboldt and his step-mother are liars, and we can prove it. But to resume.

In the upstare room slept Bonyparte Harris, Daniel Webster and Anodyne Harris, from the Deacon's present wife who was a Slocomb Adjoining them was the girls, Violet, Rose and Penelope Ann, which was born by the Deacon to his first wife who was a Whalen It will be remembered that Tildy Harris, the Deacon's first and only adopted daughter by his first wife. was married to her cousin-in-law Nehemiah Whalen last fall, and we was to the wedding. But to resume.

Deacon Harris had a dog named Tige which he valued as a airloom and for his fighting qualities. He got that dog from us. Those parties who have industriously reported round that we never gave Tige enough to eat when we had him are liars and we will meet them in the graveyard on the first thaw. But truth compels us to say that Tige slept like a dead Injin during the whole of this transaction. He was restless once during the night but we believe we are justified in attributing this to fleas.

The Deacon's hen-roost was in the backyard and Humboldt Harris is positive he heard a noise there during the night, but being a peaceful man and supposing Tige was on deck, he just hauled the quilts offen Hannibal and rolled over and went to sleep again. Hannibal says when he was woke up by frost-bites the quilts was all on Humboldt's side of the bed and he thought he heard a noise downstares, but as Humboldt was nearer to the window than he was he didn't get up.

In the morning when Deacon Harris started out to milk, Penelope Ann heard him holler when he got to the hen-house. Penelope run hard—she was always a willin' girl—and got there just in time to be knocked over by Hannibal who was coming around the north corner of the shed, and to be picked up by young Bonyparte as he rushed out of the kitchen. Penelope Ann was hollering and Hannibal was hollering and the Deacon was hollering and Humboldt was hollering, when out comes Mrs. Harris (which was a Slocombe), who was also steriky and flops down on the hen-house floor, hollering blue murder. Anodyne Harris runs out hollering like mad and grabs his mother, and just then Daniel Webster rushes out the back door, with Tige at his heels, and nothing on but shirt and drores, and, hollers, "Fire." The sene for a spell was one of wild confusion, Tige being the last to arrive owing to a private intervue with fleas. But when calm was restored the Deacon pointed out that there wasn't a chicken to be found on the whole roost!

We feel justified in saying that such a Fiendish outrage as this levelled at the Sheet Ankers of Society ought to be meeted out with even-handed justice. No man's life or poultry is safe when the Anerkist stalks abroad. Hanging is too good for certain parties. They are known to have talked Government strong, and then voted Opposition, which is worse than stealing chickens. But to resume.

At this juncture Rose and Violet, who had been frying pancakes, abondoned those Toothsome viands and rushed out of the house, hollering, "O father, there's a lot of dead chickens in the pantry!" The Deacon immediately run into the kitchen, follered by Hannibal and Humboldt and Daniel Webster and Bonyparte and Penelope Ann, Anodyne stopping behind to prop his mother up aginst the hen-house door. It was true—there was more'n twenty chickens and three old hens and one ghastly rooster laid out stiff in the Throws of Death on the pantry floor. At sight of the deceased, Humboldt turned pale, and then hollered out: "It was me; it was me!"

"What", sez the Deacon.

"Yes", sez Humboldt, in Tearfull tones, "when I was to the camp last winter the men said I was a Somnambulater, and we was talking about taking some of them chickens to market yesterday, and I dreamt last night I was ringing their necks. It was me; it was me!"

Sure enuff, it was'nt a robbery after all, but what a Narrer escape! Do you want a Corrispondent, Mr. Editer? If you do I'm your man, for there's parties in this Community, not to speak of Beings in Human form, who are the Sappers and Miners of the Tempel of Society which will bear watching with a Argus eye.

Gumville, Dec. 28. BILDAD.

SEEN FROM A RAILWAY CAR.

The Parting of Young People on a Railway Platform.

What strange things we often see from the windows of a railway car! Broken glimpses of life, shifting scenes that pass us by, as Jean Ingelow would say:

Between the flashing of a light,
And its retreating.

How many tales the novelist might weave from the material gathered on a series of railway journeys, could he always be on hand to jot down his impressions—by the way though—if he were always on the train he would have no time to devote to his words, so perhaps, that accounts for his absence.

Not very long ago I was returning from a short trip myself, and chanced to witness a little scene which impressed me so deeply that I find it haunting me in spite of myself. We had stopped at a little way station on the I. C. R., and were detained longer than usual; the engine was thirsty, or a box had got hot, an axle wanted greasing, or some of those mysterious happenings known only to railway men had occurred, so we waited and looked out of the windows cheerfully, and tried to kill him. Just opposite my window stood a young couple, who attracted my attention at once. A young girl with a pale, sweet face, who was dressed in a soft gray gown and little straw hat, and a short, fair young man, hardly more than a boy. She was crying quietly, but quite undisguisedly, and he was standing close to her, his travelling satchel at his feet, and looking awfully sorry. Evidently he was going away, and she did not want him to go, but fate was too strong for her. The bell rang! The conductor shouted "All aboard," and the poor young people parted. He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her twice, and she clung to him and wept bitterly. Then he broke away hurriedly, sprang upon the moving train, and passed hastily through the car, but not too hastily for me too notice that his honest blue eyes were full of tears, which he tried impatiently to wink away. The last thing my eys rested upon, as the train puffed slowly out of the station, was a pale, wistful face, with eyes drowned in tears and convulsively twitching lips, which have haunted me ever since. I wonder what their story was? whether they were lovers, or brother and sister? Why they had to part, and if they are to meet soon again, when "every cloud has rolled away?" I hope so, only—I wish I could be there to see the meeting, as I saw the parting—just to see how that sad little face would look with a smile upon it.

* * *

A Lament For the Small Boy.

I wonder if there are any children at all, left in the world now-a-days? I don't think so. The awful practicality of the small men and women of today is enough to make the angels weep— it very nearly makes me weep myself, and I know it would altogether, were it not that crying always makes my nose so red—I met a young friend of mine today, whom I had not seen for some weeks. He was a small boy, and an old time favorite of mine, so by way of making myself especially agreeable to him, and at the same time paying a graceful tribute to the festive season, I said in my most insinuating manner. "Well, Phil! what did Santa Claus bring you? I was about to follow up the remark, with some cheerful references to drums, tin soldiers and stockings filled to bursting, when the expression of Phil's face checked the words upon my lips. He gazed at me for a moment with an expression of withering scorn in his dark eyes, thrust his hand into his pocket, and slowly pulled out a large, handsome, silver watch, which was unmistakably ticking, held it out to me, and said naughtily, "There is no Santa Claus, but mother gave me that." I did not answer, I felt too utterly snubbed, but I looked sadly across the field of cold untrodden snow towards the spot where the sunset tinged the sky with old rose and heliotrope, and wished I were a child again.

* * *

The Boston Way.

A western man who was touring through the east, in passing a meadow, heard the driver say: "Abandon the direct progression to the straight thitherward and deviate by inclinatory and aberrant dextrogyration into a dextral incidence." It was an amateur Boston farmer saying "Gee, Buck," to his yoke of oxen.—*Ex.*

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY medials with our guarantee sent to any address.

DRESSES FOR PARTIES.

SOME PRETTY COSTUMES SEEN AND DESCRIBED BY "ASTRA."

Costumes That Will be Popular in the Ball Room and Others That Have Had Their Day—The Villainous Expressions of Stuffed Birds in Head Dresses.

It is so long since we have had a fashion talk girls! that it seems time we indulged in the pomps and vanities again, because you know fashions ought to be as near to our hearts at all times, as politics are to the hearts of our fathers and brothers. So, as the New Year will doubtless bring lots of parties in its train we will begin on evening dresses.

The silks and satins, the velvets and nun veilings of the past three or four years seem to have gone into retirement for the time being, and given place to the filmy diaphanous fabrics which are certainly far more appropriate to the ballroom, though they are more perishable also. *Mousseline de soie*, gawze fish net, lace and mull are all in high favor, and the colors in which they come are simply exquisite. Turquoise blue, primrose yellow, old rose, and a new shade of heliotrope, called amethyst, are amongst the most popular colors, while violet, even as dark as the neapolitan violets, of the greenhouse, is frequently seen. Cashmere is worn as much as ever for small evenings, and dressy dinner or whist parties, and here are two models of charming heliotrope costumes which I saw recently. One was a regular evening dress, and the other was to be worn while assisting a bride to receive her wedding calls.

The former was of mauve tinted mull, made up over a foundation of violet silk. The under-skirt just escaped the ground, and was trimmed with a full ruche of the silk, pinked out at the edges until it resembled a thick wreath of violets. The draperies, of mull, were hemstitched on the edge, and made to fall full and plain over the underskirt, except at the left side, which was caught up slightly with a cluster of violets. The corsage was of the violet silk, made high, and draped from the shoulder to the waist with the mull, finished at the edges with silk fringe. The sleeves were short, made of the mull, and puffed high on the shoulder; and the dress, altogether, was charming and dainty in the extreme.

The other was of the new shade of heliotrope which has not a hint of red in it, and which in reality is a very delicate mauve. It was of cashmere and made with plain close fitting skirt, slashed deeply around the bottom of the front breadths over a knife-pleated flounce. The slashed squares were edged with heavy silk cord of the same shade. The back breadths were very full, and pleated closely into a very narrow compass. The upper part of the dress was draped into the new paniers, which I had not seen before, and which are very pretty and *chic*. The basque was pointed both back and front with a high medecis collar lined with silk, and a very slightly V shaped effect in the front. The trimming was surah silk of the same shade which composed the whole upper part of the front, being shirred into the neck and armholes, and gathered over the bust in full folds till it formed a point just at the waist line. The sleeves were long and close fitting, with diamond shaped holes cut out from shoulder to waist, and filled in with puffs of the silk; the effect was quaint and pretty in the extreme, and together with the paniers and the medecis collar, gave an air of originality to the gown not often seen. And now to speak of street, and walking dresses. Light colors seem in great favor this year, even for the depth of winter, a look of warmth and comfort is imparted to them by a trimming of fur, and the palest greys, and fawns, are among the most popular colors. If you did but know it girls, there is no color like brown for winter, that is if you want something which will bring out all the best tones of your complexion and make you look your very best. It harmonizes with nature somehow, and forms a perfect symphony with the snow-laden landscape. Therefore, wear brown as much as you can in winter, and be always beautiful. A little scarlet, or a little yellow to relieve its sombre look, is an added charm.

Bonnets and toques are smaller than ever; indeed some of them seem only just large enough to hold the inevitable bird, which seems to be considered the whole bonnet now. And by the way did you ever notice the villainous expression the usual stuffed bird wears? He looks as if he were entering an undying protest against his own murder—and no wonder—he is quite right, and I have my own opinion about the women who wear stuffed birds upon their bonnets. I was particularly struck last Sunday in church by the expression of a bird perched backwards in a bonnet just in front of me. He glared at me during the entire service with an expression of implacable malevolence which froze my blood and caused every sin I had ever committed either in deed or intention to rise up in judgment against me. He peered over his bulwark of velvet at me as if he suspected me of being directly concerned in his execution. I believe he carried an undying malediction with him, and I would not have been the person who carried him, and his unspoken curse, about on her head, for worlds. ASTRA.

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The Old Story.

The great question with the woman is how to get along without a girl. You often go to your friend's house and one of the principal topics is the girl question. Your friend does not keep a girl yet her house always looks neat, her cooking is always good. How does she get along. The secret is this, she lets Ungar call for her washing, He does her laundry rough dried and return it to her home in good order.—*A.*

Up With The Times.

Convinced that in order to be permanently successful, one must be up with the times, Mr. A. G. Staples has gone to New York to pick up any new ideas that are floating around in the line of painting and interior decoration. He will be gone for about three weeks, and his customers and patrons will, no doubt, find that his time was spent to their excellent advantage.

A Fool,

The man or woman who allows their feet to get wet, when they can prevent it. It is not only uncomfortable, but dangerous. If they will only use *Wolff's Acme Blacking*, which renders the leather durable, waterproof and brilliant as patent leather, their feet will be dry. For sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street.

A Suggestive Motto.

An ingenious four-year-old boy uptown amazed his father a day or two ago by swaggering into the paternal presence with the remark: "Papa, I've made a good motto for undertakers to hang in their shop windows." And the indulgent father, preparing to look amused, asked: "What is it my son?"

"Why, this," explained the youngster: "'You kick the bucket; we do the rest.'" —*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

The Used-to-Be.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of memory;
There is a land long lost to me—
The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted—such as swung
In golden seas when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue
That dazed men with its melody—
Oh, such a land, with such a sea
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with belts of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet words
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives as sweet to me,
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From dips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter and the whistled tunes
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes,
That rounded through long afternoons,
To serenading plenilunes—
When starlight fell so mistily
That, peering up from bended knee,
I dreamed 'twas bridal drapery
Snowed over Used-to-be!

Oh, land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shining fields and shady spots
Of coolest, greenest grassy plots,
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots—
And all ye blooms that cunningly
Lift your faces up to me
Out of the past, I kiss in thee
The lips of Used-to-be.

And love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmeringly on the skies,
My blessing like your perfumes rise,
Till o'er my soul a silence lies
Sweeter than any song to me—
Sweeter than its melody,
Or its sweet echo, yea, all three—
My dreams of Used-to-be!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

LADIES' AND GENTS'

Dressing Cases,

Plush and Leather.

Odor Cases Cut Glass Bottles Celluloid Combs, Brushes and Mirrors.

A FULL LINE OF

CHOICE PERFUMES

By the bottle and ounce; also in

FANCY BASKETS,

By Rickseecker.

F. E. CRAIBE & CO.,

Druggists and Apothecaries,

35 KING STREET.

SABBATH HOURS—9 30 to 10.45 a. m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m.

SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER

I have not spent one day without intense suffering, until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. I would recommend anyone to try it who suffers as I did. I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years. Yours truly,

June 1, '90. E. B. GREEN.

Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for $2.50.

For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared in Canada only by

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HOEGG'S TOMATOES
are as good
if not better
than any other.
HOEGG'S TOMATOES
can be had
at all the
best Retail Grocers.

About This Space.

We will endeavour to tell you in as few words as possible, in this space every week, facts about the Clothing business—custom and ready-made. For the year 1891, we have quite a programme laid out in regard to advertising, but more of a programme in regard to Clothing. This space will tell you what goods are selling for, and what is worn, and what to buy. We will say nothing about where to buy, just suit yourself, only call and examine our stock-in-trade, before purchasing elsewhere. The OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE, corner King and Germain Streets.

COAL VASES,
FIRE IRONS,
NURSERY
and
FIRE GUARDS,
ASH BARRELS
and
SIFTERS,
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Mica, and all sorts of Seasonable Goods.

PRICES VERY LOW.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

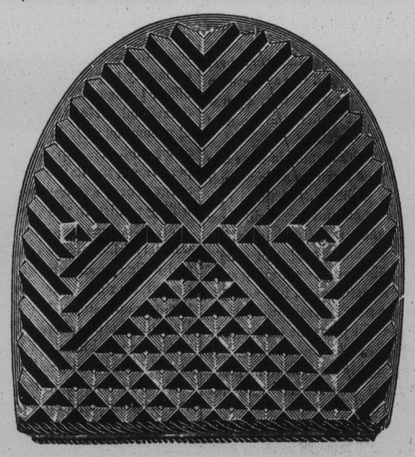
P. S.—Special Cash Sale of Heating and Cook Stoves during December, to reduce Stock, previous to the New Year. Come early.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?

Is a question which, at this season of the year, interests everybody. Don't let it trouble you; we can help you out. We are showing hundreds of useful articles in CUTLERY, TABLEWARE, SILVERPLATE AND SOLID SILVERWARE, which are always well received, and from their very usefulness, revive memories of the giver every day. In this way a present succeeds in its mission. Just as a hint: "LOW PRICES."

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Wherever you go
It is on the snow.



The people of Canada devote the whole winter to making this impression in the snow. You see it everywhere. It is the heel of the GRANBY, the most popular Rubber and Overshoe that has ever been introduced. Everybody wears them. Every dealer sells them.

FARMER'S PATENT ELECTRIC CONDUCTOR for rubber boots and shoes can be furnished with the Granby Rubbers when so desired. This ingenious device re-establishes the electric current between the body and the earth and entirely does away with the constant drawing on the feet, which renders rubber shoes so uncomfortable when worn for any length of time. This is the way they talk:

PERTH, ONT., CANADA, 17th February, 1890.

G. B. FARMER, ESQ.:
DEAR SIR,—I have worn two pairs of Rubbers with your Electric Conductors in them and have found them to be a very great benefit to me. F. W. HALL.

To those who like Artistic PICTURE FRAMES We would Say:

HAVING secured the services of one of the best Gilders and Moulders in the Frame line in the United States we are prepared to execute all orders in fine Gold, Antique, Florentine, Bronze and combination patterns—these frames being made without joined corners, the newest and latest patterns—receiving our careful attention. Also in our Framing Department, we employ none but skilled workmen as well as the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of fine Mats and Mounts. We can give our patrons frames of the finest woods used, including Cyprus, Chestnut, Mahogany, Sycamore, Hazel, Tulip, Bridge Maple, Oak, and all native woods. All orders will receive the prompt attention of D. McGORRELL, Manager GORRELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street, *Opera House Block.*

A CLOSE CALL.

The firm of which I was the junior partner bought large quantities of wool. I usually made the purchases, and at times I was obliged to travel far into the Sierra Nevadas, taking with me several thousand dollars upon each trip. To carry this sum I used a pair of saddle holsters with a receptacle for the money and a place for a pair of pistols. The latter were necessary; for much of my way lay amid the the wild and rugged mountains far from the main highways. When I halted at the wayside hotels I was obliged to carry the money to the table with me, and keep it in my room at nights; for few of the stopping places had any secure safes or vaults. Paper money was not generally accepted by the owners of wool, so the greater part of the money was in gold. Two attempts had been made to rob me, and I had become wary and suspicious; yet the profits we made were so good that I was unwilling to give up the trips.

One day we received a telegram that read: "Secure all the wool you can; it is sure to advance in price."

"That means a hard trip for me," I said, glancing at the yellow slip, "but the sooner I am off the more wool I can get."

The telegram reached us at five in the afternoon. At nine the next morning I was on the road, and had nearly four thousand dollars in gold coin.

For the first three days I gradually ascended the mountains, and by midday of the fourth had reached the summit. This did not mean a rapid descent upon the opposite slope, but a journey for several days over ridges rising from this central plateau. Some of these were densely wooded with pine, spruce, and fir, while others were more open, and contained fine pastures for flocks and herds.

I was desirous of reaching one man, who kept his sheep during the summer upon a high and rugged range some miles from my usual route. I halted for dinner at a small public house, lately built to accommodate teamsters engaged in hauling lumber from a new sawmill. The surroundings were not inviting, but I was accustomed to the poorest accommodations while upon these mountain trips. While a half-breed Indian was caring for my horse, I enquired of the landlord if he could direct me to Rucker's sheep camp.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it's a hard place to find," at the same time giving me the directions as nearly as possible.

I shook my head as he ended, saying, "I could never find the place in a year's time. Is there no one here acquainted with the route, who can go with me?"

He hesitated a moment and then said, "There is Bill, the halfbreed; he knows the trail as well as old Rucker himself. I reckon you can get Bill to go."

Bill was promptly interviewed. "You pay me two dollars and I take my horse and go," was the brief but satisfactory reply.

The required sum was promised, and he at once prepared to accompany me. The moment dinner was eaten we set off. Instead of being sullen and morose like most halfbreeds, my guide was a talkative and intelligent fellow, and gave me much information about the surrounding region.

Upon reaching Rucker's camp we found the owner absent, and it took us an hour or more to find him and the sheep he was herding. He detained us longer to tell about the bears and panthers that annoyed his sheep than the time consumed in bargaining for his wool, and making the necessary arrangements for shipping it to us. When we got back to the public house it was too late to go farther that night, unless I travelled after dark, and to this I objected on account of the gold.

The landlord said he could give me a straw bed, adding, "You see the place is new, and we have nothing better for ourselves."

I was willing to take the bed, and so turned my horse over to the halfbreed to take care of for the night.

Just before supper two more travellers rode up and desired to stop.

"Rooms are pretty scarce, as you can see, but we can feed you as well as not," said the host.

The men, like myself, were not particular as to beds, so remained for the night. They were rather talkative, and I overheard them ask the landlord my name and business. My suspicions were easily aroused, and I noticed that they seemed interested in me and the holsters I guarded so closely. As we left the dining-room one of them said: "Mighty keerful of yer holsters, stranger, you must have struck it rich in the diggin's?"

I made some evasive reply. During the evening Bill, the halfbreed, came into the bar-room two or three times, and the last time I noticed that he secretly beckoned me to go out doors. Waiting till he left the room, I managed to follow him without attracting attention.

On reaching the middle of the wide, dusty road he stopped, approached me closely, and said: "You see two men come on horseback?"

I nodded in reply.

He continued: "One a bad man; he rob stage and go to prison. Now he came back."

"A stage robber?" I echoed.

"Yes," was the answer; "five years ago he rob the stage, and sent to prison. Maybe he think no one know him. I remember. I tell you and tell the boss—so you look out for him."

I thanked the fellow and rewarded him in a substantial manner, for the warning was of value to me

On returning to the bar-room, I now watched the two strangers with considerable attention. There was nothing of the ruffian about either, and I would have thought nothing more about them than any of the teamsters that stopped at the hotel for the night, had it not been for the halfbreed's caution.

As the host lighted me to my room he told me what the Indian had said to him, and warned me to be on my guard. Determined to be on the safe side, I pulled my bed against the door when I retired for the night, and securely fastened the only window.

I slept soundly till past midnight, when I was awakened by a movement of the bed. It appeared as though some one was slowly opening the door and causing the bed to move across the floor.

Whooping cough, croup, sore throat, sudden colds, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by properly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take, certain in its action, and adapted to all constitutions.—*Advt.*

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within a few fee
whether you get
tered to myself,
ed from the fall.
The rock behi
ter extended sev
ten or twelve
climbed up a few
row crevice exa
I saw the glim
a low rock, and
at least one of my
I ran to the furth
to get a shot at
for he was still b
that by crawling

"Now is the winte
ous summer" by Ay
medicine so invigor
blood that cold wea
able. Arctic explo
note of this.—*Advt.*