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A SCOTTISH SUMMER RESORT

Oban, Between the Scottish Highlands and Islands.

A CITY SET IN. EMERALD AND BLUE.

And Rimmed by Ghostly Mountain Peaks—Its Habitues Warily Decorous in Passive Pleasures, Subsist in a ort of Droning Purring of Quiet.

(From our Own Correspondent.) Oban, Scotland, Aug. 19, 1893.-The among its heather swarded corries when we whirled through the Pass of Awe. Then came a long stretch of desolate looking heath. Then followed dim pses of the weird ruins of Castle Dunstaffnage and the misty falls of ora. So it was night, with picturesque lights and shades upon the Sound, and gentle hum of quiet and repose within the streets, when the train crept into Oban, the most noted wateringplace of Scotland, and a fine large creature with dialect of Skye and an atmosphere of usquebaugh guiltless of the taint of exafter informing me with quaint honesty that both himself and all the otels were "fu'," for a silver saxpence, hand paid, conducted me with some forgivable detour and delay, to a very old, a very tiny, but still a very tidy

and comfortable inn. The guidwife of the inn had some doubts about admitting me. She heard my wanderer's story in silence and examined my credentials critically. Then she retired for a whispered consultation with her female servants, during which I overheard with some trepidation the

"He canna be muckle wi' but ane wee "O, ay," was urged by another voice, "but mony Yonkees ha' go'd teed oop i

"Aweel, I'll tak' him o'ernicht, and theer claes. out him i' the dochter's room, if he's na

She bade me enter with some asperity, lighted a candle and conducted me up a narrow winding stair. We entered a large, low-ceilinged room, with two tiny windows like embrasures of a fortalice, whose furniture consisted solely of a high, old-fashioned bed, a rickety table of deal, a huge armchair, and a red carpet of the olden zig-zag pattern. She set the candle upon the deal table with bang, and then with the air of conferring some wondrous favor abruptly

"D'ye ken whaur ye are noo?" gave it up as pleasantly as I could, not yet being familiar with the geography of Oban. "D'ye ken aboot Dochter Johnson?" The great Doctor Johnson who once

visited Scotland with Boswell?" "Ay, that's th' mon. Ye've gotten the verra room he loadged in. He had the bonniest niche here in Scotland. I'm sure though the hoose was weel quat him; he snoored sae lood the plaister

icht tae a' that coom. "And the same bedclothes?" I asked uefully, with a glance at the stuffy be-"You know, my good woman, ongings.

that was 130 years ago." "I doot, sir," she answered with spirit, "ye're takin' me up wrang. Dinna be muckle auld-mou'd. Deed the claes hae been weel washit syne!"

And with this the guidwife snapped perself out of the room in high dudgeon, but returned shortly in restored good humor and with the request for my or-

For the benefit of those who come ter me, I should reveal the truth that is one thing to order a meal at a leottish, or for that matter at an English inn, and quite another matter to ecure what you are led to believe the hotel affords. I do not refer to those large and respectable city establishments where, if your bill may be more confusing than at the average American hotel, our comfort will be quite as well looked after, but to those countless and pretty places of entertainment one must needs so often resort to in extended travel in the provincial regions of Britain.

After a long day's journey the least carnal of us will dwell upon enticing visions of savory chops and luscious cold joints ,and the appetite is even bold enough to modestly plead for warm potatoes. Settled at your inn, those forgivable longings find immediate expression. You decide on having a nice, tidy supper in your own room. "What would you like for tea, sir?" evokes the hopeful enquiry as to what there may be most handy and hearty in the house. "Oh, anythink at all you like, sir," is invariably the placid response. Rapturus processions of steaming toothsome things are instantly conjured. You suggest a mutton chop, thick, rare and not, a plate of cheese, tea or coffee and cream, waiter, by all means cream, and perhaps toast and biscuit. Your waiter begins to wear a look of pained surprise. 'I'll see at once, sir," and he disappears; disappears for such a rueful time that you are in a proper mood for compromise when he returns with, "The chops are hout, sir, an' I was told to say, sir, ow as we never serves pertaters for tea, sir." Oh, very well, make it some cold joint and cheese, then; plenty of it, now; and here's a sixpence for yourself. Look sharp, now; I'm hungry." There is laggardness in his step and tone, but he answers you respectfully enough: "All

right, sir; I'll see directly." A long time now elapses. You begin to really worry. Perhaps you may have temerity to pull the tassel of a huge bell-cord, and alarmingly hear the resultant clanging and clamor, like that from the efforts of a new set of change ringers. A shock-headed maid plumps her shock head within the door. She. o, seems alarmed, and she asks, What might you be wantin', sir?" ou toss her a sixpence and explain. She also says she'll see about it "direct-The waiter at length taps at your oor, but does not come in. He warily nserts his napkinned arm and a portion of his head. "Sorry, sir, but the ese an' the joint's locked up, sir. Might there be anything else you might

be wishin' to 'have, sir?" Ravenous and desperate you repress burning words and handy furniture, and at last gasp out: "In-heaven's-names-there-anything-in-this-house-Ican-get-to-eat-before-I-starve ? " The door is closed a little, but the voice behind it returns: "Oh, yes, sir. 'Am an' heggs, sir. Hexcellent 'am, an' fresh

laid heggs, sir. Will it be a pot 'o tea half Oriental towns of white, like flecks with 'em, sir, an' some bread an' butter? All werry neat an' tidy, an' no wait at hills, you will see upon the northern all, sir." You groan assent and sink into your chair with another traveller's castle-of-air ruthlessly shattered. "Ugh!" you mutter, those everlasting ham and eggs and tea, and tea and ham and eggs!" But they are all before you in a jiffy (for they have been all the time preparing) and your busy, bustling landlady, with whitest cap upon her head, sweetest cloth for your table, with dainty pot of "clotted" cream, delft pot of odorous tea beneath a pretty "cosey," and her most winsome smile and purring potherings around you, smooth away your frowns, until you half forgive their rank duplicity in the snug and cheery Oban, Sociality, evening were falling comfort you have found. It is the purple shadows of evening were falling comfort you have found. It is the purple shadows of evening were falling comfort you have found. It is the dialect only differs. Ask only for ham and eggs and tea. You will then always be served quickly and well. Besides, your bill will be less, for you will be ac-

counted an old and a wise traveller. Boswell says Dr. Johnson and himself had "a good night's rest" at their inn at Oban, where they breakfasted at their leisure, but could get but one bridle here, which, according to the maxim, detur digniori, was appropriated to Dr. Johnson's "sheltie." My rest was equally as good, whether or not the story of Dr. Johnson's occupancy of the inn and the room had been a forgivable fiction; but my breakfast was at my landlady's leisure rather than at my own. While waiting for the meal I heard issuing from the region of the scullery a quaint Highland song like those which might at times have regaled the ears of the great lexicographer in his famous journey to the Hebrides. Here is the first stanza, Gaelic and all:

'Se Coire-cheathaich, nan aighean siubbh-An Coire rumach is urar fonn, Gu lurach miad-theurach, min-gheal, sug

har, Gach lusan fluar bu chubhraidh leam; Gu molach, dubh-ghorm, torrach, luisreagach, Corrach, pluranach, dlu-ghlan, grinn, Caoin, ballach, ditheanach, canach, mis leanach Gleann a mhilltich's an lionmhor mang.

My own misty Corrie, by dear ever My beauteous valley, my own verdant

Soft, rich and grassy with sweets ever From every fair flower I love dear and Thickly all growing, brightly all blowing.

Over its shaggy and green-darkened lawn;
Moss, canach and daisies adorning its
mazes,
Through which gambols lightly the blithe
graceful fawn!

This led to the discovery of a peculiar domestic feature of Oban during the moisture. But you cannot account for busy summer months. Huge daughters | the apparent actual liking of mist and of the western island Crofters come here drizzle, drizzle and mist,, save on the and enter service in the ruder vocations of scullery and kitchen maids, though some are employed as chambermaids. Few can speak English, but they are very apt and docile, and prove the best servants that can be found. They do not spend a penny of their earnings during the entire season, and their only gossiping party, in the kitchens of board- of the world, but it is the love-name of ing houses or inns, and the Sabbath Gaelic services which are held for this crackit! But ye hae the same chair, class and the Oban fishermen in the they sail away to Lewis or Skye, bareegged, bare-headed, singing their songs home-going rapturously, the happiest folk in all the world that they mayhap carry with them enough sovereigns to rescue their parents from want ,against pad crops or ill luck with the fishing The entire year's rent of the little croft is often thus paid; and when I knew their story and the humble heroism of their lives I was glad that chance had brought me to an inn so modest that the revelation had its source through

scullery maid's Gaelic song. But Oban has its princely hotels, superb inns, its aristocratic boardinghouses and its superb villas. It is a winsome town, almost wholly composed of these, nearly in the heart of the western Highlands, just at the edge of the vast maze of western islands, sounds and lochs, and strung like a necklace of pearls along the edge of a semi-circular bay, so beautiful, so shut away from the thunderous Firth of Lorne and the sea by the rocky isle of Kerrera, and still so tenderly within the arms of Ben Cruachan and other Highland peaks that from any point of view it appeals to sight and sentiment with a sense of restful-

ness and repose. A number of other almost indefinable features and characteristics altogether render Oban peculiarly attractive. In the first place, be it known, no Scottish summer resort or watering-place is like any similar retreat in England or America. Scotland is truly one vast and almost one indivisible summer resort. Everywhere are lofty mountains, glorious glens, feathery waterfalls, noble streams, winsome braes, misty corries, vast or tiny shadowy lochs. All of these attract and charm and hold. Families settle in little neighborly numbers in this or that beautiful spot. Thousands of British neblemen and gentry haunt the vast game preserves. And the tourist throngs move hither and thither, tarrying for but a day or an hour, countless bright and colorful human threads and interlacings across the sunny land.

But there is nowhere a place in Scotland like the American Long Branch, Coney Island, Newport, Nantucket or Bar Harbor, or like England's Southport, Bournemouth, Brighton, Margate, Ramsgate or Scarborough, where bawling, Babelic crowds jostle and perspire while bands blare and fakirs roar. Strathpeffer away north in Rossshire, Rothesay in Bute near the mouth of the Clyde, and Oban here in the western Highlands, are the nearest approach to what may be termed great wateringplaces. Strathpeffer is distinctly a spa, and is exceedingly aristocratic. Rothesay is chiefly the summer home of Glasgow's wealthy families. Oban is spa, seaside resort and the great temporary halting-place of British and foreign tourists in their journeys to and from the Highlands and Islands; while fully two score of the most scenically interesting tours to be found in Scotland of necessity include a visit here. Some of these, like the tour to Fort William and Inverness, through the greatest of Scotch ochs and the Caledonian Canal, to Mull, Skye, Gairloch and Loch Maree, and above all to Staffa, Fingal's Cave, and the silent, sacred ruins of Iona, are not surpassed for historic interest and

scenic grandeur in the whole world. Were it not for the bright tides of life ontinually ebbing and flowing through Oban, the white city, embedded in emerald and blue, with an outer rim

Some of the Wonders Related by Ancient shores while sailing upon Mediterranean Travellers. waters. There is a depth of color and light here, at times beautfully softened by feathery mists from sea and mount, which intensifies this seeming, and is

nage, in the latter of which was kept

"The Stone of Destiny;" in the Clacha-Choin pillar where Fingal bound his

Dalry field, where the second Alexander

died: and in the wondrous coming and

very dear to the heart of British artists. Little is there to know or see of gay social life in Ohan. The decorous Scotch nature is ever warily decorous in passive pleasures; and those who are here for the season submit in a sort of droning purring of quiet, which strongly possesses all who come to idle through a day or week. Quiet, rest; a drinking in of modus operandi is the same. The native juggler who performs in the baked earth of a "compound" cannot have at his command the elaborate machinery of the blended sea and mountain air; a silent contemplation of all the grand and lavish scenes that nature spreads to view; perhaps the gentle mental fire of conning the ancient Gaelic pages the Egyptian Hall. centuries have left to read in the grim The most ingenious "professor" in Eurruins of Castles Dunolly and Dunstaffope might despair when set to achieve

going of tourist folk from every land, are found the witching thrall of Oban. "goes up for examination"—and this in the open air among a crowd of tribesmen. Of the stories told by Ibn Batuta some its lanes and mountain paths. They have been verified, so to speak, but not haunt the quays and see the steamers come and go like dreamers gazing upon the pleasant scenes of dreams. lights are scarcely lighted in the long gloaming of eventide. And when night, the pale laggard here, at last appears, air, and hung above their heads. Ibn Oban and its lazy, happy summer idlers | Batuta fainted promptly, but the emperare asleep. Here as elsewhere in Scotland you cannot avoid the humidity, nor can you fail to observe one of the curious effects upon the Scotch people themselves. They are either wholly indifferent to its existence or seem to possess a sort of liking for it, from lang syne companionship. A fish poacher will cast his hook in contentedness all day long through a steady drizzle. All sorts of peasant folk along the road side pursue their regular vocations in pelting showers, as if utterly unconscious of the drenching element. Excursion and picnic parties set forth for a day's outing in the pouring rain with the same enthusiasm as on a clear | handy. On another occasion, however, morning. The indifference to the mist and the rain may have become a national characteristic through the universal use by Scottish people of woolen clothing, so perfect in quality and comfortable in texture as to protect the body from the ill effects of sudden change in temperature and the chill of evaporating theory that endless companionship with anything so exasperating as endless fog,

sun and drizzle, in time gives the habit of liking, if not indeed of love. That the Scotch love their mists and drizzles you have endless proof; "Dear Auld Reekie" (Old Foggy, or Smoky) is not only the prideful appellation for Giles under the name "Strange Stories pleasures are found in their occasional mist-wreathed, drizzle-sprinkled Edin- from a Chinese Studio." The author evening ceilidh (pronounced "kailey") or burgh, one of the most interesting cities declares that he himself beheld the marall Old Scotia itself. Any day of the year you will meet groups of society ladies or experience; a fact worth noting, for he business men gathered at crossings or tells a thousand marvels of the sort. the same bed an' a'. It's a muckle de- Free Church. When the season is over near important building entrances, cheery When a little boy Sung-lung was taken as larks on a June morning in their ex- | to the change of courtesies or gossip, while tiny rills of rain are merrily coursing from their ears, chins and noses, or seeking along tolerative vertebrae the sequestered and spongy shades of waistbands, hip-pockets and quilted skirts. While about George Square at Glasgow, the old Tron Steeple, Dumfries, the picturesque landing place and in George street here in Oban, and along High street or in Waterloo Place in Edinburgh, you will see scores of people standing idly in the rain, as though they had come out of irksome and confining habitations for an invigorating sup, literally sup, of this sort of fresh air.

ED(R L. WAKEMAN.

The Cannibal Tree. The cannibal tree of Australia grows in the form of a gigantic pineapple, seldom reaching a height exceeding ten or twelve feet. Its height, however, is not a criterion to its diameter, as the reader will imagine when told that one eight feet in height may be five feet through at the base. The "leaves" resemble broad planks and are frequently 15 feet long, 20 inches broad and one and a quarter feet thick at the base. These board-like leaves all put out at the top and hang down so as to form a sort of umbrella round the stem. Upon the apex of the cone around which these leaves concentrate are two concave figures resembling dinner plates, one above the other. These are constantly filled with an intoxicating honey. A bird may alight upon the edge of these or a man or an animal may walk up the leaves to indulge in stolen sweets; but death is the penalty for such rashness. The instant the honey receptacles are touched the leaves close like a trap and squeeze the life out of the meddler After a while the leaves will relax their vice-like grasp, the horrid tentacles will slowly unfold, and nature has set her trap for another victim.

In view of the numerous fatal and other accidents caused by petroleum and paraffin lamps, the London County Council has issued a number of suggestions. in regard to the construction and management of lamps, founded partly recommendations by Sir Frederick Abel and Mr. Boverton Redwood, after investigations into the causese of accidents. These suggestions are divided into three groups. The first relates to the construction of lamps, and on this point it is strongly urged that the oil reservoir should be of metal, instead of china, glass, or other fragile material so commonly used, while it is further said that the wick should be enclosed in a tube of thin sheet metal open at the bottom and reaching almost to the bottom of the oil reservoir. Then it is recommended that every lamp should have a broad, heavy base and a proper extinguishing apparatus. The heavy base is an important matter, as tending to prevent the upsetting of lamps, for upsetting is one of the most fruitful causes of serious accidents. It was, for instance, the cause of a fatal-accident reported in our columns yesterday. Special attention is directed to the management of wicks, and as to extinguishing, it is recommended that after the wick has been lowered till there is onl a small, flickering flame, a sharp puff of breath should be sent purple where the ghostly mountains lie, across the top of the chimney, but not would impressively recall those stent, down it.—London Daily News.

ORIENTAL MAGIC.

We are learning the secrets of Oriental magic, says the London Standard. Tales which horrified our forefathers while they were trusting and ignorant, which stirred a later generation to mirth, and were dismissed at length as threadbare jests become interesting once more, now that we can perform those miracles ourselves. The best of our conjurors' tricks have been learned in the east, and in many instances they have improved on the original. But it is not certain that their

that feat which is the first trial of an aspirant among the Kakhuens, as Sir E. Slade describes it. The neophyte must climb a ladder of which the rung are dog Bran; in Kerrera's castle Gylen and naked swords, edge apwards, and sit upon a platform thickly studded with spikes for an uncertain time before he even all. One day, when he was talking with Mohammed Tughlak, at Delhi, three Yogees approached, and the emperor told them to astonish his guest. Forthwith one took the form of a cube, rose into the or gave him a draught, which promptly brought him to in an instant. It has been suggested by those who can read the original text that this must have been alcohol in some form. However, when he recovered his senses the object was still suspended. The second Yogee then snatched a sandal from one of the bystanders and struck it sharply on the ground, thereupon the sandal mounted, and slapped the cube as if upon the face, when down the Yogee fell. Mohammed Tughlak promised to show his guests things much more surprising, but Ibn was seized with a palpitation of the heart, which put a stop to the entertainment for that time. Perhaps there was no 'draught' some Chinese jugglers gave a performance. "In my presence," says that respectable traveller, "they produced a chain 50 cubits long, which they tossed upward, and it stood erect. A dog was then brought forward; it ran up the chain, and, on gaining the top, vanished. In the same manner, a boy, a panther, a tiger, and a lion, mounted one after another and disappeared. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one discerning how the animals were made to vanish in the mysterious way I have described. This, I may venture to affirm, was beyond measure

strange and surprising." vels related-the only instance, we believe, in which he vouches his personal feast, and followed the crowd into the judges' yamen. In the middle of the hall was a man with a little boy, who undertook to perform anything demanded of him. The great men seated round asked for peaches—it was the month of March. Much "business' followed, but at length the juggler said he must get them from the orchard of the "royal mother," who dwells in heaven. He took from his box piece of cord "some tens of feet long," irranged it carefully, and threw one end into the air, where it remained fixed, "as f caught by something," and he paid it out from below. Higher and higher the rope mounted, until a small piece only remained in his hands. Then the man called his boy and bade him climb up. Up went the boy after more "gag," like a spider running up its thread, and in a few minutes he was out of sight.

Presently a peach fell down as large as a basin. When the magistrates were examining it, the rope dropped suddenly in a heap, and the man cried, "alas somebody has cut it! What will my son do At the same instant the boy's now?" head fell from the heaven, and lamentations which may be imagined followed. Limbs and body came tumbling after. To omit "business," the juggler collected them, put them in his box, and begged help for the funeral expenses. The horrified spectators subscribed liberally, and when they had given as much as could be hoped, the man tapped his box, saying, "Why don't you come out, you rascal, and thank the gentlemen?" Forthwith the boy threw up the lid, jumped out, and bowed to the company. lung says, "I have never forgotten this strange trick, which, as I have heard now, is performed by the White Lily sect, who probably learned it from this man"-the White Lily, otherwise "Do Nothing," Wu-Wei-Keaou, is the most dreaded of all the secret societies of China, said by Mr. Giles to date from 1450. Mr. Maskelyne, we hear, has been consulted upon Ibn Batuta's trick. He answered: "These apparent effects were

due, doubtless, to the aid of concave mirrors, the use of which was known to the ancients, especially in the east; but they could not have been produced in the open air." . The explanation seems almost as incomprehensible to the uninitiated as the statement itself. As a matter of fact, however, the Chinese performance did not take place in the open air. Sung-lung mentions distinctly that a hall in the judges' yamen was the scene. Upon the other hand, how could the rope-and the boy-penetrate a roof? But then, again, Mr. Giles does not notice this dif-If the hall were but partially covered in, Mr. Maskelyne's objection

might be met. China is the most favored home of magic in these days. The bewildering conditions of life which Apuleius sketched with grotesque extravagance in Thessaly of old are accepted there as a natural order of things. Dead men come to life again as likely as not, or, as is equally probable, an evil spirit takes possession of their bodies, to play the mis-chief under that respectable disguise. There are no fairies in China, no pretty tales of magic. Often enough a supernatural being falls in love, and the mo tive of a fanciful romance is provided; but it works out in a business-like way. Very nearly always a bleeding heart makes its appearance. Magistrates and orturers come on the scene. The single fact that Chinese fairies—that is, the nearest equivalent for them-are foxes "speaks volumes." When you meet a stranger it is always prudent to ask yourself whether he is not a fox-more The Axiom

"Things equal to the same thing are equal to one another." Coarse Paper—Choked Drains— Plumber's Bills.

The Problem

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especially she, in the case of a lovely girl. Such is the utter confusion of ideas that officials of the heavenly police, so to call them, may be serving an earthly magistrate, and a corrupt one too, for wages; they may arrest the wrong man, be corrected by their employer and apologize handsomely for their mistake. But to give an idea of this extraordinary state of things, an article would be need- with an oval roof. It is thirty feet in Resuming common story of the priest and the pears may be cited. A man was selling fruit in the market place, when a priest came up and begged a pear. He was refused. A crowd collected, and the beadle crying, "Pass on, pass on," bought one out of his own money and gave it to the priest. He ate it up, then made a hole in the earth and planted one of the pits. At his request a bystander watered it, and forthwith a shoot appeared. It grew into a big tree while the people looked on, flowered and fruited. The priest distributed pears all round till none were left, cut down the tree, shouldered it, and walked off. The stallkeeper, meanwhile, had been watching intently with the rest; when he turned round he saw his barrow empty. It occurred to him at once that the pears distributed had been his own, and he sent off after the priest, catching just a glimpse of him as he vanished. On reaching the spot a fragment of barrow handle lay on the ground, which the man recognized as like his own, and on returning from a fruitless search, he discovered that one handle of his barrow had been chopped off. Of this, we under-

Mr. Maskelyne himself could find no explanation of this trick. Mrs. Thomas A. Edison is one of those rarely beautiful whom to see is to admire. If "looks" may ever be classified, she ranks as a "brun-blonde," as she possesses all the piquant charm of coloring attributed to that type. As her father, Lewis A. Miller, is president of the Chautauqua assembly, a part of Mrs. Edison's summers are always spent at that resort of learning, where she and her two lovely children may be seen driving about in a foreign looking little pony cart, yachting on the lake, or luxuriating on the broad verandah of the picturesque half house, half tent affair that is known to the students at the summer school as the "Miller Cottage." An aunt of Mrs. Edison is Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller -the one time editress of that successful child magazine of long ago, the Little Corporal. Mrs. Miller is the present rincipal of a thriving girls' college in ndiana and also the head of the Chautauqua Woman's club, an organization that meets daily during the summer school session for the purpose of discussing all affairs, both of church and state, that are of special interest to its mem-

stand, the priest had made his pear tree.

One would almost venture to say that

May Not Wear Vestments. The bishop of New Jersey has forbidden the women of his church choirs to wear vestments. The vestments are worn by several women choirs in New York city, notably St. Bartholomew's and St. George's. The long black casocks and white cetters are rather impressive, while the wearing of the little cap is, of course, in accordance with the tradition that women must not appear with uncovered heads in the churches. The strictly correct covering, however, is the band about the forehead, to which is fastened a long, black veil to be thrown over the

head. Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and a delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immes "stely. Sold by Langley & Co. TURPENTINE WORKS.

A New Industry at Port Angeles-What an Oven is Like. The Port Angeles Tribune-Times says the construction of the turpentine works at that place is nearing completion. The oven or kiln is a circular structure ble walls about two feet apart. entire oven is built of brick cemented to gether with a composition made of clay and sand, lime or cement not being used, as they will not withstand the great heat to which they would necessarily be subjected. After having filled the oven with fifty cords of stumps and timber, a fire is built between the two walls of the oven, the heat from which generates steam from the water that is conveyed in pipes around the base of the wall. The water supply is obtained from a 1.000-gallon tank standing at the side

of the kiln. The various desirable ingredients to be taken from the wood are extracted by means of regulating the amount steam that is allowed to circulate through it, the quantity being controlled by a arge key placed on the outside. The first to make its appearance on the brick floor of the oven is water, the next turpentine, the next fir balsam and the last tar, leaving nothing but charcoal in the

As the turpentine, etc., leave the wood they collect on the floor below, which is so constructed that the liquids run to a two or three inch outlet on the north side of the oven, where it is secured for shipment. It is thought that a portion of the product of the first burning will sink into the bricks of the floor, which will of course decrease the profit, but after the bricks once become saturated the loss in this direction will be small. Twelve cords of wood are required to burn the fifty cords, and about two weeks are consumed in the burning and two weeks in preparing the kiln for operations. In about four weeks the oven will be ready for use and will have cost when completed about \$5,000, nearly 180,000 brick having been used in its onstruction.

Mr. Kerstein, who has had large experience in the business in Germany, expects splendid results from his operaons, as he thinks that our timber carries a large per cent. of the ingredients to be extracted, and as the supply of stumps is unlimited and cost less than \$2 per cord, he will be able to operate the oven under the most favorable con-

It is not the intention of the company to confine their operations to one oven in the event of its proving a success, but they will at once commence the construction of several more ovens; in fact there is no limit to the extent to which the business might be carried on. Mr. C. E. Mallette is president of the company and Mr. H. K. Bickford secretary and treasurer.

The Duel in Russia. A new decree of the Russian minister of justice ordains that in future a duellist who kills his antagonist will be liable to six years' imprisonment, and for the infliction of more or less serious wounds to three years' imprisonment. For duellists who have fought without wounding each other six months' arrest is apportioned. Any person proved guilty of endeavoring to provoke a duel may be punished with from six to three months' arrest and a fine of 100 roubles. A lesser punishment is reserved any persons acting as seconds. czar is personally very strongly opposed to the practice of duelling under any circumstances, and it is understood that two or three fatal encounters which took place in St. Petersburg last year were the primary cause of the issuing of this new edict.