Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1886.

THE OLD FLAG.

It has been a sore point with the Colonies that they have not been allowed to fly the white ensign on those of their vessels which are employed in the government service. Mr. Froude records that the premier of New South Wales referred to this subject with bitterness, saying with emphasis, "We must have the English flag again." "The Australians," Mr. Froude adds, "do not like a bar sinister over their escutcheon, as if they were bastards and not legitimate; and surely of all ill-considered measures in our dealings with the Colonies the indignity of forcing upon them a difference in the flag was the worst. No affront was, of course, intended. The alteration originated, I believe, in some officialism unintelligible to the ordinary mind, and was taken up and insisted upon as a part of the separatist policy. By our poor kindred it has been taken as an intimation, flaunted perpetually in their faces, that we look on them as our inferiors and not as our equals. Those who are talking and writing so eagerly now about a confederated empire, should insist at once, and without delay, that when any colony expresses a wish to fly over its ships and forts the old flag of England, neither childish pedantry nor treasonable secret designs to break the empire into fragments shall be allowed to interfere with a patriotic and honorable purpose." With the sentiments expressed in the foregoing it is impossible not to sympathize. Mr. Froude has, however, been a little hasty in concluding that there was no other reason for withholding from the colonies leave to "fly the old flag of England" than "some officialism unintelligible to the ordinary mind." Sir Thomas Brassey, in his paper read before the United Service Institution on the 12th ult., touched on this point and said: "It was to be remembered that the admiralty had no voice in the selection of the officers for the command of the colonial vessels, and the admiralty might reasonably have hesitated to allow their flags to be hoisted on ships not under their own control." It is easy to see from this that something more than "unintelligible officialism" determined the action of the admiralty in this matter. Herein a reason is given—and we venture to say a reason not destitute of reason—and the fact that it constitutes another argument for the unification and consolidation of the imperial and colonial forces, in other words, for imperial federation. When the admiralty, reconstituted if necessary, to meet the altered circumstances, controls the colonial ships, that is, when these form part of the imperial navy, then there will be no difficulty in flying the white ensign.

THE WATER LOAN BYLAW.—SHALL THE WORKS PASS INTO PRIVATE HANDS?

The statement made by a correspondent of this journal that the editor of the Standard, who is vehemently opposing the passage of the water and other bylaws, had not paid his city taxes, has been verified by an enquiry at the city hall. The gentleman is heavily in arrears, he has not contributed a cent to the civic revenue for a long time, and the pity of it is that he can neutralize the vote of a citizen who keeps all his engagements with the city. The law should be altered. The man who can but will not pay his municipal taxes should not be allowed to have a vote in the disposition of funds towards which he is not a contributor. Three successive mayors and councillors after thoroughly examining into the circumstances have decided that an extension of the city water system is necessary. Twice a bylaw to affect the object has been submitted to the ratepayers and twice it has been negatived. The present mayor and council after giving the subject most careful consideration and calling to their aid experienced engineers, have arrived at the conclusion that to secure the health, safety and convenience of citizens an extension of the water works is necessary. Ratepayers are now asked if they are prepared to vote down the by-law at the request of a gentleman who enjoys all the benefits of municipal expenditure—lights, streets, sidewalks, police, fire brigade and sanitation—without himself meeting his pecuniary obligations to the municipality? Let us suppose a moment the water by-law defeated. What would follow? A petition to the Supreme Court for the appointment of a receiver of the water revenue, and a demand upon the city for the payment to the receiver of the profits that have accrued from the sale of water. These profits have been expended on general city accounts, not by this council, but by preceding ones. The amount is very heavy—running into many thousands. The demand could not be complied with, and the *entire revenue* of the city would pass into the hands of the receiver, until every dollar due the water works account had been liquidated. While the process of liquidation was going on all public works would stop, sidewalks and streets would be neglected, lights would be extinguished, salaries would be unpaid, and the whole machinery of the city government would go—as Mantalini would express it—"to the demnition bow-wows." The receiver might elect to sell the water works to a private company who would bind themselves to supply all ratepayers living within the municipality, and an order of court to an act of the legislature might confirm the sale. Then our fellow-citizens would behold passing out of their hands and into those of private speculators a property which is a constant source of profit to the city, and which in the long run, if extended and worked to the best advantage as proposed under the water works by-law, would yield so largely that taxation would be very materially reduced. Under the existing system water rates are merely nominal. Throw the works into the hands of men who, determined to secure the ban'ent out of the ratepayers, would place a meter on the premises of every consumer, and people would then understand the significance of a water rate. The water works, although very imperfect in supply, yield a large profit annually to the city. It is illegal to apply the proceeds of that profit to any other purpose than the improvement of the water system until every ratepayer within the limits shall have received an abundant supply. Does every ratepayer receive an abundant supply? Apply to the dirty surface sewers, the dusty streets, the parched gardens, the empty water tanks for an answer. The supply is not one-third of what it should be and not one-half what it will be if the water works bylaw is accepted on Tuesday next. In our opinion no greater calamity short of a pestilence or a devastating conflagration could befall this town than to have its water works pass into private hands. But great as the calamity would be it is a contingency that will have to be faced if an adverse vote on the water bylaw shall be cast on Tuesday. In preceding articles it has been shown that in consequence of an imperfect water supply insurance rates on certain city properties were advanced. Give the city a force that would throw a stream over the highest building and there would be no need of fire engines. The hydrant system and a few hose carts would answer every purpose; rates of insurance would be at once lowered and taxation for general city purposes would be reduced.

THE CHINESE PEASANTRY.

Of small feet and pigtails, says the Nineteenth Century, it is not necessary to say much. Both are considered ornamental in their way, and a nation whose boys wear bell-topped and whose daughters go in for a variety of distortions, must be chary of criticising other people's peculiarities. Pigtails, it may not generally be known, are not in their origin Chinese. When the present rulers of China, who are Manchus, seized upon the empire over two centuries ago, they issued an edict commanding all Chinese to shave their heads and grow a tail like themselves. There was a good deal of trouble at Canton in enforcing such an order, but the Chinese have long ago forgotten that the appendage of which they are so proud is a badge of conquest. It would be hard to find anywhere a more submissive subject or a more thoroughly good natured being than the Chinese peasant. His hard struggle for existence scarcely leaves him time to grumble with his lot. No mechanical inventions have yet relieved him from the burden of toil. His knowledge of the world extends only so far as the next market town. No newspaper brings him intelligence from other lands, and to him China is the first and only nation in existence. All other countries are subordinate to the Emperor of China, and all the princes of the earth owe allegiance to the court of Peking. Tell an ordinary countryman in the north that there are nations in Europe independent of China, and he smiles at your thinking him so innocent as to believe such a story. Peking itself still remains the headquarters of Celestial ignorance and prejudice. Nearly every state in Europe has its representative there, and in the streets you meet jolly, broad-faced, grinning Mongolians from the bleak north, stately yellow-robed Lamas from Thibet, the gaunt white-clad Corean from his forbidden land in the east, Anamese and Siamese from the south, and Nepaulese from the confines of our Indian empire. The spectacle presented by such a motley variety of nationalities only confirms the ordinary native in the belief that they have, one and all, come to pay their respects and offer their tribute to the Lord of all under heaven. In southern China, knowledge is a little more widely diffused, for emigration has there introduced a slight leavening of foreign influence.

ANOTHER PLAN.

Mr. Mohun, C.E., has a well written letter in the Times last evening on the question of a further water supply. Mr. Mohun suggests a new main (24-inch) from Elk Lake to the city for the supply of the high levels. He maintains that the cost of the extra main system would be some $20,000 cheaper than the proposed reservoir and that the supply would be larger and more reliable. Mr. Mohun's figures are of a startling character, and the argument based on them is clear and forcible. It is hardly necessary for us to say that the council are not committed to any particular scheme nor are the ratepayers asked to commit themselves. With the money obtained from the loan in hand the council will be able to choose the best and least expensive plan for obtaining an adequate supply; and if Mr. Mohun's scheme is feasible and practicable (and it looks well on the surface) it will stand an excellent chance of adoption.

THE SEALING SCHOONER SEIZURES.

In this issue we publish a letter from a correspondent wherein enquiry is made as to the probable grounds for believe, by the United States, of British sealing schooners in the Behring sea. When, in 1870, Alaska was ceded by Russia to the United States, the boundary of this territory was cited as being marked by an imaginary line starting from the Arctic ocean and running through Behring straits to the north of the St. Lawrence islands. The line runs thence in a southwesterly direction so as to pass midway between the isle of Atton and Copper island to the meridian of 173 degrees west longitude. All the waters within that boundary are considered as comprised within the waters of Alaska territory. When the Alaska Fur Company obtained their lease from the United States government it included the whole of the waters of Alaskan territory. These waters the U.S. government deemed to be defined by the treaty of cession, and it is very natural that the Alaska Fur Company should readily take the same view. How Russia's willingness in granting the high seas to sell what never was owned by her, can be taken as investing the purchaser with a right to the same is hard to understand. The assumption of such ownership is distinctly refuted by the universally recognized international law that all beyond the waters three miles from shore belong to what are known as the high seas, and are not subject to exclusive control by any nation. The result of these seizures is at present problematical; but it is not entirely impossible that a country, which is greatly exercised as to whether a neighbor shall define its three mile limit by the coast headlands or the coast indentations, on the Atlantic will withdraw its claims to half of the most northern portion of the Pacific ocean.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

Sir Alexander Galt has placed his ideas in regard to the Colonial Commercial League between self-governing British colonies, into definite form in a contribution to Longman's Magazine. The principles on which the terms of the league are founded are follows: 1st. Perfect freedom to establish any tariff of customs duties. 2nd. Agreement to grant an established rate of discount on the duty on any article imported, on proof of origin in a country party to the league. It is, of course, understood that the United Kingdom and the Crown colonies and India may become parties to such a league. The result of these terms would be, Sir Alexander believes, the exchange of industries between the contracting countries on terms more favorable to each other than to foreign nations, and even to such portions of the British empire as might not enter the league. The principle suggested is that of a reduction of duty. It would not, therefore, say Sir Alexander, affect the free list, and would meet the objection of the Free Trade school—that commercial union means the imposition of duties by the United Kingdom on food and raw materials. It is further suggested that if the United Kingdom joined the league it might be provided that discount on duty should only be allowed when importations were made in British ships. The plan, Sir Alexander believes, tend to develop intercolonial trade, and would, in the end, lead to other and more direct favor being shown to British industry throughout the empire.

PORTLAND STRIKES FOR WATER.

The citizens of Portland, Oregon, have just approved of a scheme to borrow $750,000 for waterworks purposes. The water supply there is and always has been in the hands of a monopoly, who have made the people pay heavily for a very inefficient service. The city has at last got sick of the exactions of the monopolists, and has resolved to throw off a yoke under which certain Victorians are desirous Victoria should pass. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a very large sum, but it will free Portland of an intolerable impost on water if it not too large. Victorians, by bringing their water system from Sooke into private hands, are asked to vote only $75,000. We have sufficient confidence in the good sense and judgment of ratepayers at large to believe that they will confirm the by-law on Tuesday and so save the water works from sharing the fate of the Portland system.

The "Scale" in Times.

VICTORIA, B. C., 21st Aug., 1886.

TO THE EDITOR: With respect to the seizure of the three English boat schooners by the United States revenue cutter "Corwin" for alleged violation of the seal fishing laws in Behring's sea, I should feel obliged if you could explain the reason why these vessels were not brought into Victoria, or an English port here, instead of being taken past to San Francisco; as I believe it is one of the principles of international law to conduct the offending party to the nearest port to which the transgressor belongs, or, if destroyed, that the open sea, like the atmosphere, was free to all, and could not be appropriated by any state, except indeed right of jurisdiction to the extent of three miles from any point of its coast, or territory. The commander of the "Corwin" evidently thought otherwise, others from this bailiwick may not. O. MOORE.

[We know of no international law such as you mention. The subject of the letter portion of your letter is dealt with in another column.—ED.]

Of every description for sale at The Colonist office.

The Water Loan Bylaw.

TO THE EDITOR:—As one who takes certainly as much, if not a great deal more, interest in this fair city of Victoria as Mr. Edward Mohun—who I understand is not a permanent resident here—I desire to enter a protest against the course he has taken, viz., that of publishing a letter calculated to again postpone the adoption of one of the most important and useful bylaws that can be submitted to the ratepayers.

It is generally admitted that some improvement in the water supply is greatly needed. I do not here purpose offering any arguments in support of this view, but taking the necessity as admitted the question remains as to the best plan to be adopted to supply that end. The council come before the people with a good working scheme—a scheme that has been approved of and advocated by three successive mayors and councils, and not only that, but endorsed and *recommended with confidence* by Mr. Pickering, who, to use his own words, has dealt with many similar cases. Against this practical man—this man with a worker's experience—this man with a reputation to sustain, we have the views and theories of the professed student merely, who takes down his handbooks on hydraulic engineering, works out a few formulæ, takes a few levels (doubtful according to Mr. Grant as to correctness) and comes before the public as the originator (?) of a greater and a better scheme. Why, sir, Mr. Mohun's scheme is the very one that has been condemned in many large cities because the reservoir system has been proved to be infinitely superior; and I may here point out one reason why it must be so, and also what must be considered as a serious defect in Mr. Mohun's scheme. One of the chief causes for the demand for a better water supply is the danger that exists in case of fire, should the main be out of repair or some accident occur to it at the time; and to illustrate this danger I may mention, what is not perhaps generally known, that when the serious fire occurred last year at the Grand Pacific Hotel, repairs to the main had only been finished one hour before, and up to that time the main had not been working for many hours. Had the repairs taken a few hours longer, or the fire occurred a little sooner, those who witnessed it will have little doubt that the consequences might have been most appalling. With two mains the low zone would have its security against fire undoubtedly increased—but the higher zone in the event of an accident to the 8-inch main—would be in exactly the same danger in case of fire as it is to-day—no more or obtainable and many valuable buildings to be protected. It is but within the last few days that a bad fire nearly occurred at the residence of the Manager of the Bank of British Columbia. Had the fire spread, nothing could have saved the building, for the best fire engines and brigades in the world are next to useless without water.

I take exception to the statement in Mr. Mohun's letter that "the total supply by the scheme proposed by Mr. Pickering is insufficient for more than 18,000 people." If we take Mr. Mohun's figures as correct for the supply on the reservoirs, viz: 896,494 gallons per day, and Mr. Pickering's estimate of the consumption per head per diem, viz: 38½ gallons, we find there will be water enough to supply over 23,000 people, and it will probably be some years before our population will reach this latter number, though the sooner it does the better pleased shall I be as a ratepayer, to vote more money to give them an ample supply of water. Mr. Mohun appears to ignore my houses at higher levels than the Cadboro Bay road, but even his calculations for this road are stated by Mr. Grant, in last evening's *Times*, to be erroneous, and of the two Mr. Grant is probably the better informed and has gone the more thoroughly into these matters. If it is the case that his levels are incorrect, that reliance can be placed on the theories he builds on them?

In conclusion, I would ask the ratepayers to carefully consider which of the two schemes is likely to be the better for the city. The one tried, proved to be good and finally adopted by many of the largest cities in the world; the other also frequently tried, but found wanting. The one utilizing the new waste water and maintaining a constant store of it within the city, ready for any emergency; the other working only when everyone would be using water, making no provision against leaks and other accidents and in no way guaranteeing a certain supply in case of fire.

Were the opposition to this bylaw to succeed, and Mr. Mohun's letter has doubtless greatly helped it, we must only bear our ills with patience and await the time as a better one coming, when more liberal broader views on these chatters will obtain and when citizens will have realized that the more attractive and healthy they can make the city, and this can never be done without an ample supply of water, the more will the whole community be benefitted. I will sign myself what some people appear willing to see all others, DRIND URI.

England and China.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 20, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR:—A few days since I pointed out, as a lover of my country, the spot which, in my opinion endangered the lives and prosperity of England and Englishmen in our province of Burmah. In this morning's issue I perceive that my opinion has been strengthened. For on one side are telegrams inviting tenders for transport from Calcutta, more than presumably for Burmah—and on the other showing that China is increasing its armaments by a call for 200,000 rifles, ostensibly to force America to do that which is, according to her view, right. Absurd! Did not China prepare, precisely as she is now preparing before France compelled her to face her? The same. China is perfectly familiar with America and her power. Her object is not to fight a power she is unable to contend against, but as is usual with her line of policy, seeks secretly to arm Burmah, that by her contention and strife and opposition she may stop in, if not exactly to obtain the suzerain rights she claims, at least to obtain such advantages in that country as will repay their loss.

C. F. MOORE.

Waterworks Extension.

TO THE EDITOR:—Some time ago I read Mr. Pickering's report and did not like it. To-day I have read Mr. Mohun's letter. I am convinced that the latter possesses many points that ought to recommend the scheme to the council. I am glad to learn from your article that the city is not committed to Mr. Pickering's or any plan, and that the best will be chosen no matter from whom emanating. Believing that Mr. Pickering's plan had been finally adopted I intended to vote against the loan. With the additional light shed by your article to-day—and which I have had confirmed by his worship the mayor—I shall vote for the bylaw. TAXPAYER STRANGE.

The Mayor's Position.

TO THE EDITOR:—In your morning neighbor some days ago I noticed a coarse attack upon the mayor for having changed his mind on the water question. It is an old saying that "wise men change, fools never." I am one of those who voted against the loan last year because I thought a sufficient supply could be had from the appliances at hand. Since then I have taken pains to inquire of competent authority besides watching closely the abortive efforts of the corporation to supply the higher levels and prevent the city from destruction by fire, and have come to the conclusion that nothing short of an enlargement of the system will meet the emergency. I am therefore not ashamed to range myself on the side of the energetic mayor, and subscribe myself, ANOTHER RATEPAYER WHO HAS CHANGED HIS MIND.

Customs and Legal Blanks for sale at The Colonist office.

Some Newspaper Types.

Replying in this way to an inquiry from a gentleman who writes for funts relative to the establishment of a school of journalism in the west, may answer the purpose as well as a personal reply, and at the same time may awaken an interest in the subject to which I have before referred. While I deplore the custom of asking the opinion of those who are not journalists, I am enough like other people to write most fluently on those subjects of which I know the least, and so cheerfully attack this question.

I have always been in favor of journalistic schools. Like other professions, however, journalism is best taught in the school of rough and tear soaked experience. That is the journalistic school that has turned out the most efficient men in the profession so far, and no doubt it will always continue to do so.

We will take for instance a young man who has written a jingle in an autograph album or an essay on "Our Cruel an Inhuman Indian Policy." It has attracted the attention of some indulgent friend and he begins to cast about him in order to select a deserving paper on which he may bestow himself and bring prosperity. He finally peels off his coat and hangs it in the rear and reeking on of the "Tail Holt Palladium." Oh that morning he feels that the eye of the great world of letters is on him. He writes a half column either on "The Discipline of Children," or "Our National Currency." I can shut my eyes and guess right four times out of five on these cases, for have I not been there, as Aristotle in his own terse way has said?

On the following week he is told that what the people want most is something in the line of crisp, gossipy and pointed paragraphs. So he takes a step-ladder and pulls down the little rhetorical tin god that he has erected in the inner temple of the Tail Holt Palladium. Sadly he begins all over again. Tearfully he prepares the following bright and breezy, crisp and pointed paragraphs:

Hot.
Hot!
Hotter!
Hottest!
Big warm.
Buy a fan.
Pay the printer.
Hurrah for the Fourth.
Buy your ice of Bixby.
Let us all celebrate.
Buy your home paper.
James Sherrod wears a smile.
It is a large, red, twelve pound son.
How about the scheroots, Brother Sherrod?
Use Tubbs's emery tablets for the teeth.
And so on, for about a half column.
No doubt each line carefully
Pruned down so that it will
Have the appearance of
Great sharpness.
At both ends
Of the column.
Typographically
Speaking.
Perhaps.
Anon.
Ta ta!
Ah!

He gets up at the first streak of dawn on the day of publication to go over to the office and look at this great literary triumph. He then prepares himself to receive subscriptions. He also writes the following personals for the ensuing week and then goes home to seek unchneeded intellectual rest:

Randolph Mucser, a son of our esteemed assessor, was seen on our streets for a few moments on Tuesday. He reports health good.

Mrs. Strychina Pendergast, of Sweet Flag, made us a pleasant call last week and renewed her subscription to the Palladium. We still claim that Mrs. Pendergast is a perfect lady.

Clem Webster, our genial colored barber, who has been out to Dakota to improve upon his complexion, is back home in Tail Holt once more. He reports health good. Call again, Clem!

Elder Backus lost a valuable mule last week from colic. So this great scourge is again among us with its deadly fangs.

Abe Eli, a member of the Tail Holt Hook and Ladder Company, is lying very low at his home across the creek, with sunstroke. It is supposed that he overheated himself while trying to rescue a stone doorstep at the time of the burning of Mr. E. B. Skinner's ice cream and undertaking emporium, near the post office last spring. The statement in the Clam Falls Ledger, that "it looks as if Abe was going to get there, Eli," is very ill-timed. Fun is fun, and no one is fonder of his jeu de spirit than we are, but we know when to laugh and when to not laugh. The readers of the Tail Holt Palladium will never be rudely shocked by ill-timed merriment in these columns. We acknowledge the receipt of a fine early rose vigar from Abe and hope he will live to see many returns of the same.

We acknowledge the receipt of a poem on "the death of a neighbor," also of a large soft shelled egg, each of which weighed one pound. They are the handiwork of Mrs. Exemia Flint, who taught school here in Tail Holt two years ago.

This stage of journalism should be succeeded by another and another, till we have the cool methodical and grammatical writer of the day. The newspaper itself, however, is a sure and safe index to the town in which it is published. Do we not mentally measure up a village or a city by reading its newspaper? It is the traveling representative and advance agent of its town. It goes all over the Union for a cent, and reveals the brightness or stupidity of its home to a great degree. While this is not an infallible rule, it is safe to say that people will have about as good a paper as they are willing to pay for. In some instances they get a better one. So does the sheriff.

BILL NYE.

An Awful Discovery.

Whitehall Times.

"Gawsh, dear fellah, the Steadley girls must be troublesome sur list of lady friends."

"Why? Why, what's the matter with them?"

"Why, dear fellah, I was never on the cars. I am waiting for the train to go to John."

"John! There is no town called John. Where is it?"

"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened that the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face, were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toil-marked hand. She wanted to hear her story; to help her.

"Excuse me—is John in trouble?"

"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head on my cloak."

"You are very kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble tonight."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to a stranger, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with the three children I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't as bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went West to begin for himself. He said we had provided for the girls and they would provide for me now—"

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house with servants to wait on her. A house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—"

The tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued: "I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I had never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that was't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent old body and my withered face—ashamed of my rough wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding-house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back, my heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back, a long, kind letter, for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I am going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother, God bless him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and waited the conclusion.

"Some day when I am gone where I will never trouble them again Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them during many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burden it bore for them, is put away where it can never shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly across his eyes and went out as if to look for the train. The strangers jewelled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by the touch of sympathy, the troubled yielded to the longing for rest, and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not wake her. The fair stranger watched, she saw a smile on the care-worn face. The lips moved, she bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me some time."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage, of the fond hopes that inspired her, long before she learned with a broken heart, that some day she would turn homeless in the world, to go to John.—*Lu B. Cake, in the Current.*

A Wise Humming-Bird.

Wisdom does not depend on size, as you all know, my dears. The ant and the bee, in fact, often seem to know more than some of the largest animals. The humming-bird, too, though the smallest of birds, is not lacking in intelligence. A friend of the Deacon tells a pleasant little story of one that was trying to secure the honey from a flower with a deep cup, and at the same time was plainly very tired. The flower grew near a porch where a family was sitting, and, seeing the trouble of the bird, a young girl walked slowly toward him, holding out her finger. The tired bird looked sharply at her and then accepted the offered perch, alighted on the finger, and, when it was held close to the flower returned to his work of honey-gathering. The girl stood quietly, and he used her finger as a resting-place till he had finished his meal, when he flew away home. A wise humming bird that, say I,—and a wise girl, too.—*St. Nicholas.*

Polly's Sense.

Here is a true parrot story. A lady living in Colorado has a very clever parrot, but, like clever babies, it can rarely be made to "show off" at the desired time. The owner of the parrot one afternoon gave a tea-party to a dozen or more ladies, and Miss Polly positively declined assisting in the entertainment of the guests.

Not one word would she say, but kept up a constant snarling and snapping that was most inhospitable, even disgraceful.

While at the tea-table the ladies dropped into the feminine habit of all talking at the same time. This so disgusted Polly, that she finally condescended to speak, and in her angriest tone she sneeringly shrieked:

"Ya, ya, ya! All talk at once! Gabble, gabble, gabble!"—*Youth's Companion.*

No Room for Old Mother.

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am.

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Why, there are only two ways to go."

"I didn't know. I was never on the cars. I am waiting for the train to go to John."

"John! There is no town called John. Where is it?"

"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

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"Excuse me—is John in trouble?"

"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head on my cloak."

"You are very kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble tonight."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to a stranger, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with the three children I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't as bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went West to begin for himself. He said we had provided for the girls and they would provide for me now—"

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house with servants to wait on her. A house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—"

The tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued: "I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I had never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that was't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent old body and my withered face—ashamed of my rough wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding-house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back, my heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back, a long, kind letter, for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I am going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother, God bless him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and waited the conclusion.

"Some day when I am gone where I will never trouble them again Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them during many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burden it bore for them, is put away where it can never shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly across his eyes and went out as if to look for the train. The strangers jewelled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by the touch of sympathy, the troubled yielded to the longing for rest, and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not wake her. The fair stranger watched, she saw a smile on the care-worn face. The lips moved, she bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me some time."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage, of the fond hopes that inspired her, long before she learned with a broken heart, that some day she would turn homeless in the world, to go to John.—*Lu B. Cake, in the Current.*

Scraps for the Crazy Quilt.

Miss Kate Field, with all her strength of mind, has one weak point. She lavishes the tenderest care and devotion on a little shaggy white poodle. But he is a genuine French poodle of royal pedigree.

Mrs. Grundy, of the New York Mail and Express, says that it is a new fashion for people who are bound for Europe to send out cards for their friends to meet them on the dock of the ocean steamer.

Lucretia Mott recognized her husband as the treasury of the family firm, but she did not hesitate to draw "orders." Miss Anthony tells how Lucretia once said to her: "Sister, I am going to give thee $50 to carry on the work." Then, turning to James Mott, she said: "Out of that corner of thy pocket-book where thee put my pay for keeping thy house, mending thy clothes, etc., please hand Susan the money." James was too just a man to withhold his hand.

Mrs. Mary Colby of Vienna, Me., although 78 years old, has just personally worked out her road tax of $4.

Mauve is a favorite color in England, and was selected by the Princess of Wales for the costume she wore at the state ball.

Mayor Hodges of Baltimore, in addressing the graduates of the Eastern Female High School of that city, said: "I believe that you may make the nearest approach to a happy life by living according to these three rules: Have something to love, something to do, and something to believe."

A young woman of Woodstock, Canada, crossing a field heard a distant crack of a rifle, and then felt a slight blow on her back. Investigation showed that a rifle bullet had cut her dress as cleanly as a razor, and had just grazed her corset.

A lady in London, Ont., has a Marshal Neil rose tree on one side of which the roses are crimson and the other lily white. Some of those on the centre stalk are divided in color, being half crimson and half white.

Offenbach's youngest daughter was married in Paris the other day, and lavish indeed were the members of the family in gowns and gifts. The Offenbachs are all rich now, but when Al. Offenbach first followed his nose into Paris it is said he slept in his violin.

A Pekin, Ill., girl won a cewing gum contest and wagged her jaws 6,000 times in sixty minutes.

The first woman surgeon in Great Britain, Mrs. Emily Dowson, has been qualified by the Irish College of Surgeons. She was educated at the London School of Medicine for Females.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, it is said, will write no more. Her health has been impaired by constant attendance upon her husband, who has been ill for a year and a half, and whose death is expected at any time.

The "higher education of women" appears to have its drawbacks. According to a leading Boston physician there are seven female doctors in that city whose practice was worth from $6,000 to $10,000 a year, who have "broken down" in health this spring. Nervous prostration was the chief ailment.

What will she do with it is a conundrum that naturally suggests itself in connection with the solid gold card case weighing nearly a pound presented to Mrs. Cleveland by Mrs. Hicks Lord.

Theatrical Notes.

Sarah Bernhardt's reception in Rio Janeiro is described as something beyond precedent in the way of enthusiasm. Although tickets were eight dollars each, hundreds of people were unable to gain admission, and the military were called out to suppress a threatened riot which ensued.

Harry Phillips has perpetrated a great guy on the eastern profession by inserting a gag ad. in one of the New York dramatic papers, announcing Kate Castleton "at liberty." Castleton Manor, in East Oakland, has since been deluged with dispatches from eastern managers, offering engagements.

During the third act of Uncle Tom's Cabin, while singing the second verse of the medley in order to show the wonderful compass of her voice, Carrie Swain sings in two distinct voices, beginning in low E flat and running to G, thus proving that she has a complete register of two and three-quarter octaves, from low E flat to high C.

It is almost as good as settled that Charles Bert will be the lessee of the proposed theatre in Oakland, Cal., which will fortunately the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth streets a year hence.

Annie Mayor, an emotional actress of great ability, has arrived from Australia. She will try to get an opening in San Francisco, and if not will proceed to New York.

Louis James is to be given a large reception, on the night of the opening of his starring tour in Chicago, by the Veteran Ellsworth Zouaves, of which organization he was a member in 1862.

Evans and Hoey assert that notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, they have purchased Little Jack Sheppard, the latest London success, and that they have the manuscript and the mise en-scene complete.

The latest paragraphic slop devoted to Marie Prescott is that she has postponed her Australian engagement under J. O. Williamson's management. Mr. Williamson is a proverbially lucky manager.

Walden Ramsey talks of buying a ranch in California, as he intends to spend his summers there every year.

Joe Holland does not go with McKee Rankin next season, but will stay in New York city in hopes of obtaining a metropolitan opening.

Herbert Kelsey, Walden Ramsay and Louie Massen look enough alike to be triplets.

The mature Agnes Herndon now talks about starring next season in a play called the Commercial Tourist's Bride. The trouble with the imaginative Agnes is, that since her fiasco, she has been addicted to all sorts of hallucinations, and at intervals she is subjected to a serious attack of wind.

Frank L. Gardner's luck has been in the ascendant ever since he took hold of Carrie Swain. He made something like $20,000 with her last season, and her four engagements in San Francisco—all within a few months—have been phenomenal successes.

Col. McCaull cables from London that he has secured two new operas and several well-known artists.

Miss Fortescue will bring with her several letters of introduction from noted personages in London, including the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, at whose country place, Holly Lodge, Miss Fortescue was recently the cynosure of all eyes during a "fete" given in honor of the visiting colonists.

A YOUNG widow whose husband had been dead a month, and whom she had always supposed to be free from small vices, was overhauling his clothes the other day. She found a large plug of tobacco in a coat pocket. "Oh, George! George!" she exclaimed despairingly, "you and I will never meet in the good world!" In another pocket of the same garment she found a life-insurance policy for $5,000 of which she had before known nothing, and she burst forth exultingly:—"Oh, yes, we will! we will! heaven will forgive him his one little fault!"

The Boulanger-Lareinty Duel.

The Paris Gaulois, publishes a detailed account of the duel between Gen. Boulanger and the Baron de Lareinty. Several contradictory accounts of this duel were edited and printed, but this one from the Gaulois, which tallies with the *proces verbal*, is believed to have been revised, if not written, by Baron de Lareinty himself.

"When the principals arrived upon the ground they saluted each other. The seconds, at some little distance from them, commenced making the final preparations for the combat. During this time the Baron de Lareinty and Gen. Boulanger, left facing each other at about thirty paces apart, walked up and down. Suddenly Boulanger, finding himself by this movement in front of the Baron, saluted him, and at once they entered into conversation which lasted about a quarter of an hour. When the seconds returned to the fighting ground they were astonished to find the two adversaries engaged in a quiet *tete-a-tete*. Gen. Frebault tried the pistols which were brought by the seconds of Baron de Lareinty. Gen. Lecointe loaded them. The principals were placed in position at twenty-five paces apart. The firing was at the word—that is to say at the word 'one' they were to raise their pistols, aim and fire before the word 'three.'

Gen. Lecointe in a loud voice cried out "One!" Gen. Boulanger aimed at Lareinty, and at the word 'Two' he lowered his pistol plainly, and a dull snap was heard. Seeing this movement and as the word 'Three' was given, Baron de Lareinty fired obliquely, and then advancing towards Boulanger, he said in an angry tone: 'Gen. Boulanger why didn't you fire at me?'

'Mons. le Baron,' replied the General, 'I did not mean to offend you by omitting to fire at you. You see my pistol has missed fire' (*raté*). Then General Lecointe took the pistol from General Boulanger's hand, and holding it up, pulled the trigger. It missed the second time, but on the third trial it went off.

The seconds then declared that the conditions of the duel were fulfilled, and honor satisfied.

Gen. Boulanger then offered his hand to Baron de Lareinty and remarked to him: 'I would have been much grieved to have deprived France of one of her most precious defenders.'

'General,' replied de Larienty, 'I am glad two soldiers are spared to the country.' Then they exchanged a few courteous words, and, accompanied by their seconds, regained their carriages."

Two French Gentlemen "Held Up" and Robbed by Three Men Near Calgary.

It seems that the gentlemen who held up the Prince Albert stage are again to the fore, a very similar event having occurred last Friday morning near Calgary, and in a manner especially illustrative of a certain principle of law laid down not long ago in Calgary by a certain learned Stipendiary.

The Messrs. De Raimbauville, who came from France a couple of months ago to go into ranching in this district, were the victims