THE OLD-FASHIONED BALL CLUB

I like to watch a game o' ball; to me its lots o' fun
To see the players at the bat and watch them strike and run
And slide and yell and all o' that; and, yet it seems to me
The game ain't half so full o' life as what it used to be.

I wish you could have seen the club in which I used to play.
Of course it wasn't like the clubs you run across to-day.
Because—now let me think—why, that was twenty year ago!
And base-ball then was different from the base-ball now, you know.

Our club comprised the flower of our little country town;
We knocked out every club there was for twenty mile aroun'.
We had no fancy uniforms, but you bet you we could play;
We made ten times as many runs as what they make to-day.

Si Jones, the blacksmith, pitched for us, but in them days, you know,
You had to please the batter, he could have it high or low,
And Deacon Perry used to catch, except camp-meetings, when
We played a sort o' "picked-up" nine and used his big son Ben.

Old Squire Smith played at first, and when his classes stald in place,
So he could see the ball, he always fortified that base.
Judge Silmkins played at second, while I proudly guarded third,
And young Doc Squills was short stop, and as lively as a bird.

The right was held by Elder Tubbs, the left by Lawyer Green;
Cap Siders, with a wooden leg, filled in the gap between.
And they were just the fellows calculated for the biz,
Unless 'twas Green, who carried a crutch because o' rheumatiz.

He was our safest player. He never tried to pounce
Upon a fly and show himself; he'd take in on the bounce.
But when we got a new-style ball he quit. "I just be darn,"
Said he, "if I will catch a ball that ain't made out o' yarn!"

Them days at home the umpire had to do the business square,
Or else we'd throw him out and get another then and there;
And sometimes, when the other side'd kick too awful loud,
We'd sort o' compromise the thing and leave it to the crowd.

Our wives and sweethearts used to come and watch us play the game,
And though we'd lose or win they'd always cheer us just the same.
'Twould do my old heart lots o' good to be back there once more
And play a game with just the some old club we had before.

—Chicago Post.

A MOURNFUL BAPTISM.

The Sad Story of the Christening of Lake St. Fleur.

Amid the wild, yet picturesque, scenery of the "Black Glades," lies one of the most serene lakes in Dakota. It bears the sweet, suggestive name of St. Fleur.

Connected with the history of this little gem of the wilderness is a sad, romantic narrative which gave to the calm waters their mournful baptism, and which is full of pathetic interest as told to me.

The story itself is sad enough to bring tears to the eyes of any listener anywhere, but when heard by the solitary grave under the bowing willows it borrows an additional solemnity, and is more sorrowful than the moan of the water at the foot of the bluff.

It was in the year 18—, when the steady march of industry had brought the sturdy lumbermen to the North, and the solitary depths of dark pine woods resounded with the echoes of industrial life.

Among the diligent workmen was a young and handsome German, who never entered into the jovial songs and rude jokes of his fellows. Always calm and unobtrusive, yet withal pleasant, he won friends among the more refined classes of the laborers and the name of "Prince Earnest" from the ruder grade, which stood in derisive antagonism of one whom it could not comprehend. Although the grand appellation was given him by way of contempt, it accorded with his lordly bearing and earnest spirit perfectly.

With the disappearance of winter and the ice spring came, and the rafting began in earnest. The more fearless and venturesome raftsmen went careering over the water with an easy heedlessness, while the timid and uninitiated were circumspect and slower of movement.

Among the latter was "Prince Earnest." And if any one of the rude, uncultured experts could "run him down," it proved a source of great hilarity at his expense.

One morning in being thus impeded by a careless Irish raftsman, who, perhaps, had no idea of any serious consequences resulting, he lost his presence of mind and footing as well, and slipped from the raft into the chilling water.

"He can't swim a stroke, and you're the death of him," called one of the men in the rear, who had seen the unfortunate man fall. Frightened at this the Irishman sprang into the lake to the rescue. The logs had floated over him, but with timely assistance he was brought from beneath them. The burly rescuer lifted the inanimate burden up to two pair of strong, willing arms, and then climbed out of the water himself, shivering with cold and excitement, and with a very white, alarmed face.

It was but the work of a few minutes to get the unconscious man on shore and into the warmth of the lodging house. Here every available means of resuscitation were thoroughly tried, but in vain. "Prince Earnest" was past restoration.

Torry McCorman, the perpetrator of the fatal joke, was the first to speak after the futile attempts were abandoned. Coming forward, he caressed the cold, calm face with his toil-worn palm, and exclaimed: "An shure Oi only meant to taze him a little, an' Oi've kilt 'im intoirely! Oi shall be repintin' uv it till me heart is broke."

The men looked furtively at one another as McCorman staggered to a corner, sat down and covered his face with his stained hands.

"His friends?" suggested one; but not a man knew any thing of the dead man's affairs.

His belongings were searched for a clew as to his relatives, but their reward was meager, for only a portion of a letter was brought to light, and in this missive, written in a fine feminine hand, the writer had addressed the deceased "Dear St. Fleur," only.

"Was it mother, sister, or sweetheart?" they questioned, sadly.

"Sweatheart most loikely," moaned Torry McCorman, "tur ye see—she writ the 'dear' 'thout the 'brother' or 'son' a relative wud be after puttin' to it. An' Oi've kilt her, too, woe be the day!"

After the burial every one seemed to reverence the name of St. Fleur, and the lonely grave under the weeping willows had been faithfully and tenderly watched. And one day Torry McCorman carved the name of St. Fleur on a rough pine slab and put it at the head of the grave, with the remark that "twould be 'nuff aiser to pint than to tell the whole ov it." Little did he realize then what he did afterward, that the "telling ov it," would be more sorrowful and tragical than ever his great Irish heart had believed:

In early autumn came a beautiful, balmy day, and with it the closing features of the incident as related to me. The sun had almost set, when a carriage drove up the rugged road and stopped at the lumbermen's hut.

A fair young girl, neatly clad, alighted and came forward expectantly. Presently Torry McCorman's face became ghastly, and he whispered with white lips: "God help me; it's her as writ!" He grasped his hat and hurried out of the rear entrance, disappearing instantly in the gloom.

She had by this time stepped inside the hut, and, in a gay tone, said: "Good-evening, gentlemen. Is St. Fleur Fuller in? Is this his abode?" As the questions fell from her lips each one of the group uttered an exclamation of pained surprise. Then all eyes fell on the expectant, but somewhat frightened, face of the girl before them, but what man of them could utter a syllable concerning the death of "Prince Earnest?"

She saw that something was woefully wrong instantly by the pained, hushed expression on each man's face.

"Oh, speak—what is it; tell me what has happened to him and where is he?" she cried, nervously clasping her gloved hands and gazing at the proprietor with an attitude pitiably to see.

With blanched face William Stanhope answered in low, unsteady tones: "Madam, suppose St. Fleur is very ill—"

"Oh, take me to him, then—quickly!" she interrupted, with quivering lips. "Please take me; he needs me!"

Not a man stirred, but every eye was fixed on the proprietor, and every ear strained to catch his reply.

"Madam," he began, in a husky, faltering accent, "Madam, if St. Fleur could not recover?"

"Oh, are you mad? In Heaven's name take me to him—I beg of you not to say such cruel things," she answered, imploringly.

"St. Fleur is dead—dead and buried!" The words came slow, as if the weight of each one was a fatal burden to him. His tones were strange and unnatural.

Stunned by this terrible intelligence, she gazed at him vacantly for a few moments; then a deathly pallor swept over her features, as she slowly comprehended what his words meant.

Each one present feared for her reason, and the horror deepened as she kept repeating to herself: "Dead, dead, St. Fleur dead!" No tears came to her relief, and not a soul present could bring himself to offer one word of sympathy as she stood there, repeating the fateful words: "Dead, dead, dead!" Suddenly a wild cry proceeded from the girl, and she fell prostrate at the feet of the proprietor.

With the silent assistance of the men she was quickly restored to consciousness. The dry, hot eyes glared for an instant about her, then she wailed pathetically: "Take me where you have buried him. I must see him once more—I can not bear it—oh, oh!"

Gently supported by two of the men, they led her away, out along the moonlit shore, for the moon had risen and her gentle beams fell lovingly on the rugged mound and its little rough slab, turning the letters of the name St. Fleur to a beautiful silvery hue.

Presently the agonized mourner stretched out her hands over the glinting waters by the side of the grave, and cried in a tone of despair, never to be forgotten by the listeners: "Oh, cruel, cruel waves! to rob me of my heart's best and dearest! Oh, St. Fleur, St. Fleur! Ha, ha, ha! No—no, he is not dead—he is coming to me over there—don't you see him—yes—" When with a shriek escapes her, the eyes dilate with a strange terror, and before one of the amazed group can dash forward she again drops heavily to the ground. She, too, had passed "from this room to the next"—the victim of a broken heart.

And it was so that the wail of a broken heart going forth o'er the moonlit deep on this sweet September night gave the lake its present suggestive name.—Chicago Daily News.

Trees 650 Feet Tall

Prof. Fred G. Plummer, the civil engineer of Tacoma, says: "I have been all over this country and have the best collection of the flora to be found anywhere. What do you think of these trees 650 feet high? They are to be found that high in the unsurveyed townships near the foot of Mount Tacoma, and what is more I have seen them and made an instrumental measurement of a number with that result. There are lots of trees near the base of Mount Tacoma whose foliage is so far above the ground that is impossible to tell to what family they belong except by the bark. Very few people know or dream of the immensity of our forest growth. I wish that some of our large trees could be sent to the world's fair at Chicago. We could send a flag pole, for instance, 300 or 400 feet long."—Olympia Tribune.

—Scribbler—"I see your novels are marked 'registered at the post-office as second-class matter.'" Scrawley—"Yes. What of it?"—Scribbler—"Oh, nothing. It's quite right."—America.

RISING RIVERS.

The Cowichan, Chemainus and Koksilah Sweep Over the Cowichan Flats.

Cowichan flats, or, in fact, the whole valley drained by the Cowichan, Chemainus and Koksilah rivers, and traversed by the E. & N. railway, was Tuesday transformed into a lake of many acres in extent, which threatened the destruction of both life and property. Never, even in the recollection of the Indian inhabitants, has such high water been experienced in the locality, while the rapidity of the rise and fall is an equally remarkable feature of the flood. When the good people of Cowichan retired to their beds on Monday night, there was no sign of approaching danger; early in the morning they were awakened by the noise of rushing water, to see hay stacks, fences and outbuildings afloat where bare fields were on the evening previous. The Indians had been sent out of their tent homes long before by the intruding water, and were to be seen paddling about in all directions in pursuit of floating property. From 7 a.m. until noon, the rise of the water is said to have been truly wonderfully, from 8 to 13 inches being noted in an hour. Word was wired to the railway headquarters early in the morning, but then the extent of the flood was unknown, and the morning train started out from either end of the line at the usual hour. As they approached the scene of danger it was found that the water crept further and further up until the rails were covered, and at either side of the bridge the locomotives and carriages were forced to plow their way through sometimes as much as two feet of water. No mishaps were experienced, however, and all trains arrived at the termini sharp on time. Fortunately, by sending up a work train and crew, it was possible to concentrate a large force in the locality, so that there should be no danger about trains getting through.

A large drive of logs, which was making its way down the Cowichan river, knocked away the cluster of piles protecting the main pier of the railway bridge. The crib work, that renders secure the pier proper, stood splendidly, however, and at last accounts the bridge was firm and safe. The government bridge crossing the Cowichan at Somenos ranche did not fare so well, and at about 10 o'clock went with a crash, and floated down the stream in company with stray logs, fences, etc. This bridge was built on piles last winter, and was of great service to the settlers. During the rise of the waters the house of Mr. Mainguay, on Chemainus river, was reported in great danger, and it is not yet known what was its fate.

Between the Cowichan and Koksilah rivers, for a distance of 5 or 6 miles, the whole country was a great fresh water sea, which continued to find new and higher banks until one in the afternoon, when high-water mark was reached. An hour later the flood commenced to recede with as remarkable rapidity as it rose, and in one hour a decline of 14 inches was recorded. The settlers by 3 p.m. were collecting their household goods and returning to their homes, and all fear of the deluge had about subsided. Although the danger is now supposed to be past, a large gang of men will be sent up the railway at daylight this morning to remedy any possible defects in the track that may have been created by the flood. The cause of the sudden rise and unprecedented area of the flood is the object of many surmises. Many refuse to accept the suggestion that it was due only to the terrific rains melting the snows at the head of the three rivers, and give as their opinion that these forces were assisted by a gigantic cloud burst.

VIOLATED CUSTOMS LAWS.

Collector Milne Takes Possession of the Now Celebrated Adele.

Capt. Hansen's much-talked-about "Flying Dutchman,"—the sealing schooner Adele—is not at all popular among the Victoria sealers, as her operations are generally regarded as prejudicial to the just and amicable settlement of the sealing question. If she sails out of Victoria on a raiding expedition, and returns here to sell her catch, it is apt to be asserted, or at least understood, at Washington that she is one of the Victoria fleet, and this would justify the name of "poachers" being given to those who would not for any consideration engage in anything but the legitimate pursuit of the seals. For this reason it is that the sealing men of Victoria are very much pleased at the seizure of the schooner with all her catch by Collector Milne, yesterday morning. The infractions of the customs law which caused this step to be taken are two in number, and have attached to them a total penalty of $800, with $100 legal costs in addition. They are explained by the Collector as follows: "Sections 25 and 28 of the Customs Law distinctly state that any vessel entering a Canadian port, either laden or light, without reporting at once in writing to the collector of the port, shall be deemed guilty of an infraction of the law, and liable to a penalty of $400. And unless the penalty and costs be paid within thirty days, the vessel and her cargo may then be sold in satisfaction of the same. Section 99 says that any vessel departing from a Canadian port, whose master shall have delivered a false content, or, in other words, made a false or fraudulent clearance, and having added and performed other work than that referred to in the clearance, or gone to a port other than that mentioned as her destination, without declaring to the collector such intention, shall be liable to a similar penalty. The Adele did not go to Yokohama or to simply to the high sea and return; she touched on a foreign shore, and has rendered herself liable to both fines. Captain Hansen has treated British shipping law with disrespect before, and he can do so no longer as far as this department is concerned."

The Adele, as has often been stated before, is a German schooner, owned and registered in Yokohama by Ritz & Co. Capt. Hansen has commanded her for several seasons.

NANAIMO NOTES.

Joseph Parkin, of the Salvation Army corps, has left for the training school at Toronto.

Mayor Hilbert has begun the nine hours per day working system in his furniture factory.

On Sunday, John Evans while proceeding towards Departure Bay from Nanaimo, was attacked and beaten by a number of Siwashes.

Ex-Mayor Bate has given the Nanaimo brass band a choice selection of musical scores.

Rev. A. E. Green is holding successful missionary services along the line of the E. & N. railway.

J. J. McDonnell, secretary of the Western Central Labor Union, says that the strike at the Wellington mines will probably continue until May, as a great deal of money is being sent to the strikers.

A resident of the East Wellington road near Nanaimo was on Saturday evening "held up" by two men, but he produced his revolver and compelled them to make a precipitate retreat.

ARTISTIC STATUARY.

The Venus de Medici, by Mr. E. A. Harris—An Admirable Work of Art.

There is on exhibition, in the window of the office of Messrs. Bourchier, Croft & Mallette, a magnificent statue in Rutland marble of the Venus de Medici, by Mr. E. A. Harris. It is understood to have been copied from a plaster cast, and well has the artist wielded his chisel, for there is nothing wanting, either in general contour or detail, to make the work as perfect as possible. In the first place, the general pose and outline would be difficult to excel; there is a naturalness that at once leads to the conclusion that the sculptor had well studied, not alone his model, but the restfulness that is essential to natural grace. The bust is well developed, regularity of form being especially well looked after. There is nothing that can be termed exaggeration imported into the work, either for the sake of effect or because of carelessness or incapacity. Beauty of form is the first noteworthy characteristic. Then the face is so fine that it will repay the most careful attention; possibly the only exception that can be taken being to a portion of the nose, which appeared to the writer to be somewhat lacking. The mouth is most expressive, the play upon it being given excellently. The chin is dainty to a degree, the neck is thoroughly classic in its outline, and the cheeks, whether regarded from the side or from the front, being as regular as could be desired in their outline and development. The wreath surrounding the head and the curls depending below are well represented, and not even the most captious or critical could take much, if indeed any, exception to the entire study.

A BOOK FOR SPORTSMEN.

The Big Game of North America: Its Habits, Habitat, Haunts and Characteristics; How, When and Where to Hunt it. By Judge John Dean Caton, Newton Hibbs, W. A. Perry, John Fannin and others; and edited by G. O. Shields. Rand, McNally and Co., Chicago and New York.

This is a formidable-looking volume, and the ordinary reader will think twice before he tackles it. To read a volume of nearly 600 pages is a task which few people like to undertake. Size in books so often indicates dryness and heaviness and dulness that scarcely any one except determined students and indefatigable bookworms have the courage to do more than open a book so large as the one before us. But the "Big Game of North America" is an exception to the general rule. It is neither heavy, nor dry, nor dull, but just the reverse. It contains a number of papers written by enthusiastic sportsmen. Most of them are well written, and the information which they contain is so cleverly interspersed with sparkling description and lively anecdote that none of them will be considered long.

Man is naturally a hunting animal, and hunting stories are generally eagerly read and heartily enjoyed. The hunting stories in this book are more than commonly interesting, and they bear the impress of truth. Others besides sportsmen like to hear of the appearance and habits of animals, where they are found and how they live. Many of the writers of these papers are evidently enthusiastic naturalists, as well as keen sportsmen, and take almost as much pleasure in observing the characteristics of the animals they hunt as in killing them. The book is, indeed, well worth reading, for the vivid and sympathetic descriptions of the animals, their habits and the places in which they are found. Those who have little sympathy with the hunter, and for whom accounts of chasing and killing have no charm, will read the book with a great deal of pleasure and derive from it information not easily found in books which, from a scientific point of view, are more pretentious.

One of the best papers is from the pen of a citizen of Victoria, who has made a name for himself both as a naturalist and a sportsman. Mr. John Fannin's description of the Rocky Mountain goat, and his account of how he is hunted is to the lover of nature, as well as to the lover of sport, very pleasant reading. As a naturalist he is free from pedantry, and as a hunter free from exaggeration.

His style is terse and clear, and a vein of quiet humor runs through the story of his hunting expedition.

It is exceedingly simple, and if it is not perfectly true in every detail, the reader will feel like saying that the writer is an accomplished artist. His description of shooting a bear and its cubs is most ercesting, and shows that Mr. Fannin is not a ruthless hunter who slays for the mere pleasure of slaying.

We have hinted here at the only drawback to the enjoyment of reading this book. The reader who is not a sportsman, and who loves the beautiful creatures that God has made and endowed with a love of life and a capacity for its enjoyment, is pained to find so much said about killing them. One cannot help thinking that these lovers of nature, these admirers of what is beautiful and sagacious in the animal, these refined and kindly men, these sociable good fellows, could find some more congenial amusement, some sport more in accordance with what is best in them, than in scaring, and wounding, and killing the beautiful, the harmless and the defenceless denizens of the forest and the plain. If this is "sickly sentimentalism," we must plead guilty to being tinged with it, for, in reading this book, pity for the poor, hunted animals prevented our admiring, as we suppose we ought to have done, the skill and courage of the hunters. But hunting big game, in North America at least, will be, before very long, a pastime of the past, a forgotten art. The large wild animals of the continent are fast disappearing. The largest, the buffalo, has gone already, and the deer will soon follow. The rifle of the sportsman and the pot hunter have made them scarce where, not long ago, they abounded and will, before very long, exterminate them altogether.

Miss Lazenby left for the East this morning and will remain during the winter, dividing her time between New York and Toronto. The loveliest of bonnets may be expected to arrive before Easter.

YE ANCIENT MILLER.

He Grinds and Saws in the Tenth Decade of His Life.

His Whole Life Spent on the Banks of South Elkhorn Creek, Ky., Where His Father Built a Flour and Saw-Mill—The Old Man's Career.

On the banks of the picturesque South Elkhorn creek, seven miles west of Lexington, Ky., there lives perhaps the oldest miller in active service in the United States. His name is Robert Ryman and for seventy-four years he has tended the saw and grist-mill that his father Jacob Ryman built there ninety-four years ago. A recent visit to this mill found the venerable owner in charge. He is ninety-one years old, about five feet eight inches high, and will weigh 120 pounds; he is cleanly shaven; his eyes are deep blue and he uses no glasses; his hair is light brown in color and rather thin; he is slightly stooped, but by his lively manner one would not think him more than seventy years old. His head is about the medium size, and while not an ideal one would be considered phrenologically as belonging to a man of more than usual intellect. His movements are quick, and in going up and down the steps of his mill he shows as much agility as a man of forty. He can handle a two-bushel sack of wheat or corn with apparent ease. His mill is a dilapidated, moss-covered frame structure, about forty feet long and twenty feet wide. It contains a set of burrs, bolting cloth, elevators, etc., for making flour, and another set for grinding corn-meal. It has three floors, the ceilings being extremely low. The wheel that sets the machinery in motion is eleven feet in diameter, and is what is known as a "breast" wheel, the water striking it just below the center.

On the north side of the grist-mill are the ruins of the saw mill. The saw used was an upright and the process of cutting lumber with it was necessarily slow.

"My father, Jacob Ryman, came to Kentucky from Pennsylvania about 1796, and bought the old mill property here," said Robert Ryman. "There was a common 'tub' mill here and my father tore it down and rebuilt it with the house you see before you. That was three years before I was born. Father did a big business, both in grinding wheat and corn and in sawing lumber. When I was five years old father died and the mill was leased until I was seventeen years old. I then took charge of it. We had only the seventy-five acres father bought and we were poor. Emigration to Kentucky was then at its height, and I made considerable money by sawing lumber. Nearly all the older houses in this section were built with lumber sawed by me. I worked day and night for many winters, and was thus enabled to buy 150 acres of land adjoining our little farm. I then set to work to buy negroes to till the land, and before emancipation I owned six men and four women. I made money farming, but the negroes I found a costly luxury, and I am better off without them. I was too young to enlist in the war of 1812 and when the Mexican war came there were so many younger men anxious to go that I did not desert my mill. Of course I was too old to serve in the war of the rebellion, but I was a strong Southern sympathizer and was sorry to see the South lose the day. My only experience with the soldiers of the rebellion was in the horse line. A Confederate soldier left a worn-out horse on my farm and took my best saddle horse away with him. I fed his cast-off animal and fixed him as I got him nice and fat a Federal soldier came along and pressed him into service. My mill was not disturbed by the soldiers, and I continued to make flour and meal all the time the war was going on. I have done so ever since. I grind corn for the neighbors now, and make the flour we use at home, besides, many of our neighbors like the flour this old mill grinds better than they do the bread stuff that comes from these new-fangled roller-mills. My father used to ship his flour in barrels to New Orleans and all river towns. Here is the brand he used on the heads of the barrels. You will see it reads: 'J. Ryman. No. 196. Burr.' In those days 'burr' flour was scarce. Father paid $500 for the first set of French burrs he put in and they were the envy of all the millers in this part of the State.

"I was married when twenty-six years old and my first wife presented me with three children. I am now living with my third wife, and have three children living. I have twenty-two grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren. I have had only one spell of sickness in my life; have never used tobacco (chewing) since I was five years old. I have eaten breakfast every morning for the last eighty years at five o'clock, dinner at twelve and supper at six. I drink coffee for breakfast, milk for dinner and tea for supper. I have worked hard ever since I was twelve years old, and I do not think hard work ever killed a man or made one crazy. It is something else. I have always had the faculty of leaving my business behind me when my day's work was done. In this way I have been a good sleeper. Sleep is the only thing that will restore a tired man, and I think the young men who die so suddenly now do not die from overwork, but from the loss of sleep."

Puss Treats a Sick Chicken.

At a farm in the district of Forest Hall, Eng., one of a brood of chickens was lamed. Unable to follow the hen in search of food it was soon half-starved. The chick was recently missed, and next day was found lying with three kittens, the mother of which gave the fledgeling every attention. Every day the cat has carried the bird in its mouth into the farm-yard, where it has obtained food, and as regularly conveyed it in the same manner back to lie with the kittens. Through the care of puss the injured limb is growing stronger and the chicken is thriving. The conduct of the cat has been a matter of great interest to the inhabitants of the farm, who have carefully watched puss in all her proceedings.

CURED OF THEOSOPHY.

Startling Effect of a Demonstration on a Young Man's Mind.

My friend Abernethy tells a pretty good story at his own expense, writes William Wallace Cook in the Detroit Free Press, and below I give it to the reader in his own words, as nearly as I can recall them:

About ten years ago, I found myself racing neck-and-neck with savants, ancient and modern, in the hippodrome of philosophy. Throwing aside every system with supreme contempt I reared a cosmos to suit myself and gave the microcosm a commanding niche in my temple. "There," said I, "was chaos; such-and-such a power drew out the Universe and so-and-so sustains it. Yonder is God and here is man—lo, what a marvel I have wrought!" I imagined how the great throbbing world would one day receive my theory. I knew to a certainty I would be crowned with bays and that my disciples would be innumerable. I was assured beyond the possibility of doubt that I would be tearing down the ages—my features perpetuated in stone and marble and my name the signal for reverent prostration in every country. I believed all this—for I was but eighteen!

It was while dreaming after this bent that I met Miss H——, a venerable lady with a philosophical turn of mind. She was a well-read woman, a prominent figure in the Theosophical Society and a professed admirer of my hare-brained theories. Anxious to gain converts to the society of which she was an ardent member, Miss H—— strove to overcome the thousand and one objections which I urged against theosophy. She endeavored to persuade me for several weeks, but to no purpose; then she made me the following proposition:

"Your theories are theosophical to the core. Mme. Blavatsky has expounded many of them before you. You claim to desire a practical demonstration of some of our theories that differ from yours. Let me propose an experiment. Set your watch with mine, and to-night, at precisely eight, retire alone to your chamber, extinguish your lamp and center your thoughts upon me. At the same hour I will do likewise and think of you. This will be an interesting test, and if you are not startled by the result I shall be greatly surprised."

Dabbling in occult phenomena, so I fell in with Miss H——'s proposition without more ado.

Night came, and eight o'clock found me in my lonely study without a lamp and with only the spectral moonlight quivering over my books, marble busts and astronomical instruments. Subject to such conditions, my room was indeed a ghostly place, and I thought it just the thing for putting me *en rapport* with Miss H—— and making me a passive factor in our experiment. I centered my thoughts upon the venerable lady at the time specified. For five minutes nothing very startling occurred. In fact, it seemed very difficult for me to keep my mind upon my patroness. At the end of five minutes, however, I found myself in a state of very great nervousness. I pushed my feet about on the carpet and moved my hands incessantly. It was impossible for me to remain quiet. This mood gradually gave way to one of calmness, but it was a calmness such as I had never before experienced. It was like the foreboding stillness that precedes a hurricane, and I felt throughout my whole body that something supernatural was about to happen. In a few moments I thought I heard the voice of Miss H—— calling my name. I trembled violently and the perspiration stood out on my forehead. I remember trying to shake off my body, for I was terribly wrought up and believed such a thing was possible. Once, twice, I endeavored to obey Miss H——'s voice. It was in vain; but the third time, what a sensation I experienced! I seemed to float upward. Matter had no restraining power. My body could not keep me and I passed through the walls of my study like a sunbeam through clouds of mist. I left my body with its head on its hand, sitting at my desk. I had a peculiarly buoyant, immaterial feeling, and I realized that I, the conscious entity, the ego, the soul, was no longer subject to earthly conditions. Was I dead in the sense that the world know death, or was I merely playing into the power of Miss H——? I found myself at last suspended like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth. I seemed to poise in a higher atmosphere like some bird. The sensation was too delightful to be described. Words fail me, and to cap the climax of my strange situation I beheld the venerable Miss H—— floating toward me in a white cloud. I was about to address her when, like a flash, I opened my eyes and found myself—in my study.

I was overcome with this strange experience, and I decided then and there that if theosophy was a science fraught with such interesting phenomena, Miss H—— might claim me for a disciple. Certainly, in the whole range of my experience nothing could comyare with the wonderful experiment in which I had participated.

The next day I called upon my patroness. I was prepared for an unconditional surrender. Imagine my consternation when she met me with the following:

"Ah, Mr. Abernethy. Of course you are all prepared to declare theosophy a fraud. But I was unable to perform my part of our experiment last evening. The society sent for me at half past seven on some important business; consequently, at eight o'clock, instead of thinking of you, I was head-over-heels in some Hindoo—"

"What!" I gasped; "do you mean to say that you were paying no attention to me at eight o'clock last night?"

"Indeed you mustn't scold. It was—" I fear I left Miss H—— somewhat discourteously; but I was provoked to find myself the dupe of so vivid an imagination.

A Daniel Come to Judgment.

"Yes," said the philosopher. "You may judge a theatrical manager by the company he keeps, a legislator by his acts, a landlord by his deeds, and a tailor by his clothes."

THE RECENT STORM

Felt in Full Force off the Cape and All Over Puget Sound.

The Seattle papers report that the recent storm, predicted by the San Francisco signal service, was felt in all its severity by shipping off the Cape, and on Puget Sound. The bark Charles E. Kenney, on her way to San Francisco from Seattle, with a cargo of coal, was struck by the storm soon after leaving Cape Flattery, and had a perilous time weathering it. The ship was washed from bow to stern by the heavy sea, and Captain Johnson, master of the vessel, was thrown under the wheel and his leg broken. After an hour or two the Kenney was put about and taken back to Port Townsend, where the captain received medical attendance. Aside from some slight damage to the rigging, and the loss of a number of loose articles, which were washed overboard, the vessel was not injured. The bark Ferris S. Thompson, Captain Howard, was in the Straits in tow of the tug Mogul, when reached by the storm. The cyclone struck the vessel broadside on and nearly threw her on her beam ends. Her cargo of lumber shifted and she was unable to proceed. The tug brought her back to Port Angeles, where her cargo is being righted. The storm came on very suddenly, and was terrific in its violence. The Thompson was nearly capsized, and it required all the aid the tug could render to bring her through. The Mogul was completely under water several times.

At Port Townsend, two vessels dragged their anchors and drifted ashore near Commercial wharf during the blow. They were the bark Levi Burgess and the schooner Hesperus. They were towed off in safety, however, after the gale subsided.

The storm did some damage to the work of railroad construction along the Sound. Engineer Talcott, of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, said his road had not been affected, but Engineer Watson, of the Seattle & Montana, thought his line had been damaged to the extent of between $6,000 and $8,000. The loss has principally been from the washing away of cribbing at various points between here and Muckilteo.

Yesterday the water in the Straits and Puget Sound was still very rough. Both the Sound steamers reported a very rough trip across, and at Port Townsend the Olympian had some difficulty in getting to her wharf. The Islander encountered rough weather off Ten Mill Point, and the passengers got a little "shake up."

MAJOR HILTON.

Continuation, Yesterday, of the Bible Readings and Gospel Temperance Meetings—Increasing Attendance.

The Bible readings, on Tuesday afternoon, in the First Presbyterian church, were characterized by very great interest. The attendance at the evening meetings, in the Methodist church, is increasing. After a half hour's service of song, the Major began by saying that in the days of Christ the world was under the bondage of sin, and so it was to-day, both as regards communities and individuals. There were, he said, 100 saloons in Victoria; how many gambling hells was unknown. Possibly, even some of the saloon-keepers might be possessed of the qualities which made good class leaders or Sunday school teachers, and even some of them here might make it their practice to take their children by the hand and lead them to Sunday school when the bell rang. He dwelt upon the relationship between the U. S. government and the liquor interest, which contributed $100,000,000 a year to the public revenue, and emphasized the declaration, "Woe unto them that justify the wicked for reward." He pointed out on the other hand, to how great an expense the Government were put in order to specially protect the distillers, saying that, in order to obtain sufficient protection, it would appear as if the churches would be obliged to start distilleries and pay to the Government 90 per cent. of their receipts.

A Successful Mission.

The medical mission of Burdock Blood Bitters in curing constipation, has been markedly successful. No other remedy possesses such peculiar power over this disease.

Was very bad with costiveness, and one bottle of B. B. B. cured me, would not be without it, says

MRS. WM. FINLEY, JR., of Bobcaygeon, Ont.

The seventeen mules and three horses brought over by the City of Kingston for the Vancouver Coal company will be shipped from here to-morrow by Mr. Rasure. They are a very fine lot, are young, and as yet unbroken. For a short time to come there are probabilities of a great deal of high life below stairs.

HUGH NELSON.

[L. S.]

VICTORIA, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, QUEEN, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c.

To the Returning Officer of the Cariboo Electoral District:

WHEREAS a vacancy has happened in the Legislative Assembly by the death of Joseph Mason, Esquire, a member for the Cariboo Electoral District. We command you that, notice of the time and place of election being duly given, you do cause election to be made according to law, of one member to serve in the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, for the Cariboo Electoral District, and that you do cause the nomination of candidates at such election to be held on the day of next, and do cause the name of such member when so elected, whether he be present or absent, to be certified to our Supreme Court, at the City of Victoria, on or before the 20th day of March, 1891, the election so made, distinctly and openly under Our Seal duly endorsed upon this Our Writ.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent and the Great Seal of Our said Province to be hereunto affixed. WITNESS, the Honourable HUGH NELSON, at Our Government House, at Victoria, the 13th day of December, in the year of Our Lord, One thousand eight hundred and ninety.

By Command.

ARTHUR KEAST,
Deputy Registrar of Supreme Court.

de16-2w

DRUGGIST—Five years experience; of steady habits. Graduate of College of Pharmacy. Address "Drugs," 144 Cook street, Victoria, B.C. dec3-d3w-wsf

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