

up to within ten yards of the nearest of them. They opened a wild fire and bolted as we attacked their left flank, but then we found ourselves in a bit of a hole, for thirty or forty were in a corner behind a wall, six feet high, over which they were firing at us. I had my D. B. 16-bore shotgun and six buckshot and six ball cartridges, and as they showed their heads over the wall they got buckshot in their faces at 20 yards. When my twelve rounds were fired and the Goorkhas also doing considerable damage, we rushed the wall and I dropped one through the head with my revolver and hit some more as they bolted.

When we cleared them out we returned to the fort along the ditch, having had the hottest three minutes on record, and only got the Goorkha havilder shot through the hand and some of our clothes shot through; we had killed at least ten. Next day I visited the corner and found blood, thirty Snider and fifteen Martini cartridges, and one 4-inch long Express cartridge, 500, which accounted for the unaccountable sounds I had heard.

Next day I heard I had killed the 'Bhudda' (old) Sennaputty, or the Commander-in-Chief of the old Maharaj, father of the present lot of scoundrels, and also two generals, but that is not yet confirmed.

Well, as I said, we bolted back into the fort, and I had thirty minutes' leisure to go all round my fort, and found I had only fifty rounds per man—enough for one hour's hard fighting, and only twenty-five for Martinis; so I ordered all the men to lie down behind the walls, and one man in six kept half an hour's watch on their movements. The men had orders not to fire a shot till the enemy were half way across the open adjoining compounds, but the enemy declined to cross the open, and the men did not fire a shot all day. I picked off a few who showed their heads from the east corner, where I spent the rest of the day, the men smoking and chatting, and at last took no notice of the bullets cutting the trees a foot or six inches over their heads.

Thus the day passed, the enemy retiring at dark, and we counted our loss—two men and one follower wounded, one by shell, one pony killed, two wounded, two elephants wounded, one severely, and my breakfast spoilt by a shell, which did not frighten my boy, who brought me the head of the shrapnel which did the mischief—I will send it home to be made into an inkpot with inscription—and half my house knocked down."

WHAT IT MAY COME TO IN LONDON.

(As the Point has been nearly reached in Paris.)

Scene—A Hall devoted to Mr. Edison's latest inventions. A Lecturer acting as Showman to a crowd of possible Customers.

Lecturer.—And now, ladies and gentlemen, I must ask you quickly to make a selection. We have here wires from all parts of the world—make your selection. Those who wish to see the kinetograph at work will please go within. Operas with scenery always on hand. Here we have only telephones.

Mild Young Lady.—Oh, if you please, a friend of mine was married three weeks ago, and she and her husband are staying at the Grand Hotel, Paris. Might I hear what they are saying. Here's their name.

Lect. (taking card).—Nothing easier. (Speaking through telephone.) Put us on to Grand Hotel, Paris, room 1564. (To customer.) A shilling please, madam. Thank you, and here you are.

Mild Y. L. (taking receivers).—Oh, thank you. (She places them to her ears, and then drops them hurriedly.) Oh, dear me! She has kept him waiting, and he is using such bad language! You ought to have told me.

Lect.—We can't guarantee language. Why, would you believe it, madam, that sometimes we have complaints of things said in Norway. Pray, ladies and gentlemen, make your selection. (To intelligent-looking stranger.) Can I tempt you, sir? They are playing a new piece at Chicago. It is excellent, I am told—a domestic comedy. Next week, if it's successful, we shall produce it with scenery and effects on the kinetograph. Try it, sir?

Intelligent Stranger.—I don't mind if I do. (Raising receivers.) Call this a domestic comedy? Why I can hear firing!

Lect.—Very strange, sir. Nothing in the plot to account for it.

Intell. Stran.—Stay, you say it's in Chicago! I know what the firing means! They don't like the piece, and they are shooting the Author!

Lect.—Of course, sir! (To Small Boy.) And now my little man, what do you want?

Small Boy.—Please, sir, I have got a shilling to spend in hearing something from somewhere all the world over.

Lect. (producing programme).—Here is a list of our stations. You see we have wires laid on to all parts of Europe, Africa, Asia, and America. Next Tuesday we shall be in communication with Australia. And now, what will you have?

Small Boy.—I don't know. Something exciting, please.

Lect.—Well, you can hear, by taking these, a number of astronomers discussing in committee the transit of Venus. Or, if you listen to these, you will hear a chat about the floating of the next Russian loan, held in one of the centres of speculation, to wit, the bourse at Vienna. Most interesting I assure you. Which will you have?

Small Boy.—Oh, please, I don't care for astronomy, and am too young to understand finance.

Lect.—Now, here's a bull fight—you can distinctly hear the shouts—and here's a Chinese execution.

Small Boy.—Oh, that will be nice. Which shall I have?

Lect.—Can't say—you pay your money, and you take your choice! And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am ready for your commands.

[Attends to other customers as the scene closes in. Curtain.]—Punch.

A TRUE STORY OF LIFE IN INDIA.

It was in India. Dinner was just finished in the mess-room, and several English officers were sitting about the table. Their bronzed faces had the set but not unkindly look common among military men. The conversation, at best, had not been animated, and just now there was a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean cut man of fifty-five, turned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the clear-smoke at the ceiling. The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness, and in a quiet, steady voice, he said: "Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers. I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle." "All right, major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes; "hadn't the least idea of moving, I assure you. What's the game?" By this time, all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way. "Do you think," continued the major, and his voice trembled just a little, "do you think you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes,—to save your life?" "Are you joking?" "On the contrary, move a muscle, and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?" The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly. "Burko," said the major, addressing an officer across the table, pour some of that milk into a saucer and set it on the floor here just back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!" Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his whitelinen clothes, while a cobra di capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided towards the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor. "Thank you, major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warily; "you have saved my life." "You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior; "but you did your share."

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Our readers will remember that the Oxford Furniture Company was burnt out a year ago last November, losing over \$45,000. They commenced business with \$5,500, doing furniture business chiefly. The present Company commenced rebuilding in January, 1890, and began operations last June with a capital of \$25,000, intending to increase it to \$45,000 as soon as the necessary legislation can be accomplished. For the first six months they employed 55 hands, with an output of about \$30,000. Their factory is 60 feet wide by 120 feet long, four stories high, boiler and engine house of iron, 40 x 30. They have a dry house or lumber kiln, 24 x 60, heated by steam, the hot air being driven through the lumber by means of an engine and fan, so as to create a circulation of heated air through the lumber. It is the latest and best appliance in the market, and was purchased from B. F. Sturtevant, of Boston. The dryer cost about \$3,000. The factory is one of the best equipped in the Maritime Provinces for furniture and general work. They make chamber suites, as well as parlor and dining room suites, and do school, office and church furnishing; also contract and build houses, but they make shop work a specialty. They are prepared to supply the best of kiln dried ash, birch, maple and beech flooring, wainscoting, sheathing, etc., having machinery to mould and smooth it all ready for setting up, thus dispensing with hand-planing. The ware room and office cover 160 x 40, three stories, besides a large lumber house. They carry 400,000 to 600,000 feet of lumber, chiefly native woods, but import walnut, oak, mahogany, cherry, etc. They are able and wish to do a large amount of business. The present capital is nearly all held in Oxford, but when they increase others will have a chance to get in.

The Lloyd Manufacturing Co'y. is now running in full force, and every effort is being made to supply the demand. Last week they sold a rotary to J. B. Blair of Hampton, N. B., shipped eight Lane's Patent Dogs to St. John, N. B., a rotary mill to F. A. Clarke & Sons of Berwick, to be used in their new mill near Harborville. To day they will forward by train a head board machine for S. P. Benjamin for his mill at White Rock, and are now employed repairing a Job engine for Messrs. Rafuse Bros. of New Germany. They make a specialty of shingle machines, Rotaries and Surface Planes.—*Western Chronicle*.

On the 6th July next, at 1 p.m., there will be launched from the shipyard of Mr. C. R. Burgess, at Kingsport, the ship *Canada*, one of the largest and finest sailing ships in the Dominion. She has a keel length of 240 feet, a deck length of 275 feet, a beam breadth of 45 feet, and a registered tonnage of 2,400 tons. The ship is a credit to all concerned—an honor to the town in which she is built, and the Province from which she hails. Mr. C. R. Burgess, the owner, and W. E. Cox, the master builder, may well be proud of the handsome ship, which will soon be completed. The ladies of the Congregational church are making preparations to accommodate the public with a good dinner on the occasion of the launching. The *Canada* will be commanded by Captain Munro, of Harborville.

OYSTER BEDS.—The oyster beds planted a couple of years ago by Mr. R. Hunt in that part of the harbor nearly south of his residence are proving a grand success. On Monday last Mr. Hunt tested the beds and found them all doing well. The oysters on them are of good size and of excellent flavor, and give promise of becoming very plentiful in a short time. These beds will prove a valuable property, and the success of this experiment should lead others to make similar plantations.—*Summerside Journal*.