THE PETIT PICPUS

By Vernon Lee.

Our last ramble through Paris together was oddly serious, almost tragic. It was a stormy spring day, the young leaves yellow against an inky sky; the high roofs shining like very old silver in the hot lurid sun. As always happened in our expeditions, we had no notion where we were going; the Louvre, as usual, had already closed, and without more ado we got into the nearest tram, quite vague about its destination. It set us down at last, after interminable stoppages in the Faubourg St. Antoine, at the Place du Trone. I had never been there, and the name was to me synonymous with the Reign of Terror. This reminded my companion that in that neighborhood was the burial place of the poor guillotined folk; a friend of hers, many of whose family rested there, had told her of it, and she was taken with a pious whim to go there. We were setting out on this rather vague quest when the skies shrouded everything in crape, and we took refuge from the coming storm in a little cafe of that humble and rather questionable quarter. Being Ascension Day, whole families were abroad; and two of these crowded in the same place, with stray workmen filling up the other tables. We had some briny beer, and a girl came round with queencakes, like small bath sponges, in a white basket. Down battered the rain, with claps and rumbling of thunder; people talked little or in undertones; and even the children running in and out among the tables seemed unnaturally quiet. We fell to talking, of course, of the Revolution; of Grandfather F—— having been in it as a child, and never speaking of the country save as "Bloody France." Those little Gascon nobles, even in their remove South, had had a tri-colored Commissary and a perambulating guillotine among them. What should we have felt if we had been there—how behaved? I knew for certainty the fine, smiling serious politeness with which my companion would have taken it all; as to myself ... one hopes that such circumstances bring forth their crop of appropriate good manners! But looking around us at the little tables and her glasses, we realized also that some of these nice, well-behaved workmen would doubtless, if the opportunity came, send us to the scaffold from motives of virtue; or would it perhaps be some of our own dear, refined, and philantrophic friends thos most astonished if they could see us (while they were having tea at the Bois), in that cafe of the Socialist purlieus?

The rain abated and after vague wanderings we met a cab lost somehow in that neighborhood. "To the Convect of the Petit Picpus," said my friend. "Picpus ! Petit Picpus!" I exclaimed. Why did that name come as out of my childhood? Was this—was it not?—the convent where Jean Valjean was gardener, and where dear little Cosette said gravely to the confessor, "Mon Pere je m'accuse d'adultere." The marvellous ragged heroes of barricades and drains crowdede into my head. Meanwhile we had got out at the end of a street which was one long bank wall; and the hard heart of a convent porter was melting because my friend had recognized his accent as of Gascony, and revealed herself as a countrywoman and half a neighbor. The talk of that distant country of the Tarn and Garonne and Lot put in a little dob of landscape of gentle southern river and hillside, into the stony emptiness of this Paris couvent.

First we were taken across a tidy, arid yard into the chapel; as Philistine, bare, stale and unprofitable as bourgeois French Catholicism could make it. It was empty. Only before the altar knelt two white figures draped in long crimson scarfs. A moment later in came two others to relieve these, for this is a convent of the Perpetual Adoration. The nuns were oddly dressed in white flounced gowns and little goffered caps, the great crimson scarfs trailing like inappropriate warlike banners about their grandmotherly costume. The two newcomers curtsied and bowed to each other; the first couple went, the second stayed; as they saluted one another one realiked that they seemed come out of a family portrait by Ingres, and the flaming scarf, symbolical of the blood shed for men and by men, became the shawl with which Corinne of Tolstoy's Natacha danced.

In this fashion, relaying each other day and night, do the nuns of the Perit Picpus expiate by constant prayer the blood-guilt of the Revolution.

Of the victims, thirteen hundred guillotined at the Barriere du Throne from Prairial to Thermidor — not three months!—lie at the end of the Nuns' Garden, under the rank grass guarded by stunted arbor Vitae. Lie, all the thirteen hundred, pell-mell, it would seem.

But the little common burial ground is preceded by a gloomy yard of great stone and iron mausoleums, escutcheoned and coroneted. The descendants and relations of some of those victims come to rest in dreary pomp near where they lie mixed irrevocably with La Roture in the common ditch. Not a plant, not a blade of grass in thir black aristocratic place. So that the little dank field behind the grating and the shabby cypresses looks living and cheerful by comparison.

And in the wall of this lamentable place, sooty and rust-stained by the neighboring factory chimneys, is fastened a tablet of white marble, with the name of Andre de Chenier, and a poor little crown of green tinware. Even in that grimy place the slab has kept the sparkle, the unmistakable salty purity of marble from Greece; something which symbolizes, far better than any leaf or flower, the genius of that poor lad, born of a Greek mother in Constantinople, to perish some raw April dawn here at the Barriere du Throne.

You get at these cemeteries, and back again to the convent, by crossing the long garden, beautifully cultivated, where, between the beds of vegetables and the well-trimmed fruit trees, nuns are taking the air; quaint figures like Restoration great-aunts, with pink faces encircled by goffered caps, and holding up their flounced white skirts over well-starched petticoats. All round are the gardens, seemingly, of other convents; and, at distances, gaunt stacks of workmen's dwellings, and factory chimneys with heavy curls of black smoke. I picked, for remembrance, the only flower about the place, a little white candytuft. Its primness suited those neat prosiac nuns and like them it was sprung from the blood of wholesale fratricide.

Rain was still dripping as we left the Petit Picpus behind us; the air chill and grimy all through those remote and dreary quarters. But as we crossed the Isle St. Louis it suddenly cleared. The narrow wet streets looked like the golden ways of the Heavenly Jerusalem; and above the rustling, tender poplars of the wharves the pinnacles and gargoyles of Notre Dame were profiled against a sky of moist Western gold.

It was our last ramble together through Paris, very poignant and solemn.—Westminster Gazette.

THE WOMAN BORE.

It is an easier matter than most women realize to become a thoroughgoing bore. A trifling fanaticism on some subject lacking in general interest; a little inconsiderateness of others—and the foundation is laid.

The man who bores is a sore trial; but the woman who possesses such characteristic is a positive affliction. Doubtless there are few readers who have not met such a woman. She will recite for hours at a stretch the troubles—real and imaginery—which she experiences with her husband, children and servants. She will expound upon her own ailments and bore you upon the recital of pains and aches sufficient to fill a hospital ward.

She also usually complains of being a bundle of nerves ,and yet takes a keen delight in telling you the most sensational and harrowing news which she has read, until she makes your flesh creep. And if you plead an engagement in order to escape her, she not only offers, but actually insists, in a measure not to be denied, on accompanying you until she has exhausted her fountain of talk.

The grievances which such a woman has to tell you are inexhaustible. No matter how earnestly she may work for the good of others, she is always sure that no one appreciates her efforts. The truth of the matter is that she really does nothing at all without largely advertising the fact, and nobody can appreciate self-praise.

She talks of the failings of he husband, children and servants, totally ignoring her own faults, which, however, are very apparent to friends. She is not with you five minutes before she begins to tell you of the hours which her husband spends at the club, neglecting her night after night. No wonder, you remark inwardly; the poor man tries to escape the affliction as much as possible, if his wife bores him as much as she bores you.

Then there is the woman whose children treat her unfeelingly. She cannot mention them without enumerating all their petty faults and failings. Her children torture and her servants tear her into shreds. In fact, to judge from her tattles they seem to have been specially created by a spiteful Providence to worry her into an early grave.

But of all the women who bore their friends, perhaps the most to be pitied—for really she deserves nothing but contempt—is the woman who fancies that she is entitled to fill some mission in the world, and bemoans her fate because she married a poor or incapable man, who cannot help her to realize her hopes and ambitions. Such a woman makes her own life miserable, as well as the lives of every one connected with her. What action can be more mean than the part of a woman than that of giving vent to thoughts which are a continual reproach to her husband, because she is not what she thinks she ought to be? Pride should keep a woman from talking in such a manner, even though she might have dissatisfied thoughts.

The woman who should avoid becoming a bore must remember that her personal affairs and petty domestic troubles are of no particular interest to any one, except perhaps to spiteful neighbors, to whom they form food for gossip. If you meet a friend ,the natural question is, "How are you?" not anything ONT or something to that effect. Bu tthere is no necessity to enter into the most minute details of your troubles or to bemoan your fate, which, after all, is but cowardly. Friends have quite enough trouble and worry with their own affairs without having to listen to a long recital of what does not concern them.

Every woman, of course, is not a good conversationalist, nor does she possess the happy knack of being able to entertain friends with pleasing talk. In that case it is a good plan to talk as little as possible. A good listener is always appreciated, no matter where he or she may be. You cannot bore anyone by listening, and are bound to win the good opinion of the talker. — Philadelphia North American.

WEEKLY WEATHER SYNOPSIS.

Victoria Meteorological Office,
Sept. 21 to 27, 1904.

The weather during this week has not been as fine as the past several weeks. Rain occurred both here and on the lower Mainland upon the 21st, during the passage of an ocean low barometer area down the coast, and again on the 27th rain became general throughout the province, and amounted to nearly an inch on the lower Mainland. This precipitation was due to an important storm area which was centred off Vancouver Island. It also caused a southerly gale both on the western seaboard of Vancouver Island and southward to the mouth of the Columbia river. The low barometer area which caused rain here on the 21st developed as it moved southward until, when over California, it caused abnormally heavy rains and thunderstorms, and at San Francisco over four inches fell in 48 hours. In the vicinity of Port Simpson the weather has been exceptionally fine during the first five days. In the Territories and Manitoba the weather has been generally fair with occasional showers and comparatively cool, except upon the 27th, when the temperature reached 70 in several districts. At Dawson rain fell upon one day and frosts occurred upon the first three days.

Victoria—Total sunshine recorded was 46 hours and 30 minutes; rain .13 inch; highest temperature 66.8 on 24th; lowest 40.5 on 26th.

New Westminster—Rain 1.26 inches, highest temperature 68 on 24th; lowest 44 on 21st, 23rd and 24th.

Kamloops—Rain .12 inch; highest temperature 70 on 26th; lowest 38 on 25th.

Barkerville—Rain .40 inch; highest temperature 66 on 26th; lowest 30 on 24th.

Port Simpson—Rain 1.42 inches; highest temperature 58 on 22nd and 23rd; lowest 40 on 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th.

Dawson—Rain .32 inch; highest temperature 50 on 26th; lowest 14 on 21st.

WAR SUMMARY.

(By Associated Press.)

There continues a dearth of news from the armies in the Far East. Reports from Russian sources tell of terrible ravages by disease in the Japanese army. The Liao river is said to have been dammed abreast of Liaoyang in order that the flooded country may protect the left flank of the Japanese army threatening Mukden.

In St. Petersburg it seems to be the expectation that General Kuropatkin will not make a stubborn fight for the possession of Mukden.

Vladivostock has heard that the Port Arthur garrison is confident of being able to hold out at least three months longer. Another streak of ill fortune has befallen the Russian navy in an accident to the cruiser Oleg, which was ordered to be ready about this time for sea with other vessels of the Baltic squadron. Repairs will probably delay her six weeks.

SAILORS RESUME WORK.

Marseilles, Sept. 29.—The Transatlantic Company, having agreed to make certain concessions, the striking sailors have decided to resume work.

That Seizure Of Logging Outfits

Further Particulars of Big Haul Made by Inspector Murray on Fraser Delta.

Greatest Seizure of Kind in the History of Industry in the Dominion.

Following are further particulars contained in the Vancouver News-Advertiser's report of the big seizure of timber on the Fraser Delta, reported in the Colonist a few days ago:

One of the largest seizures in connection with the timber industry in this Province, or even in the Dominion of Canada, was made on Saturday last by Mr. John Murray, timber inspector, who returned on Sunday night to Vancouver. It was made in the lower southwest portion of the Fraser Delta, close to the boundary line. The inspector's office got word that Americans were cutting timber and shipping it to the United States, evading the payment of the special tax of $1 per thousand feet. When Mr. Murray arrived on the scene he found wholesale operations going on, and seized the plant of four camps, and several booms of logs, the aggregate value of which is over $100,000.

This is the most audacious thing of its kind ever known in the history of the Province. The camps have been installed since last spring, and it is estimated that the amount of logs taken out since then will easily be millions of feet. The inspector made a trip over the land on which the timber had been cut, and was simply astonished at the amount which must have been taken. The camps were not temporary affairs, such as one might think would be put in under the circumstances. Instead, there were stationary donkey engines in place the size of a C. P. R. locomotive, the largest of the kind used in logging operations. All the camps were going full blast, and the inspector caught them red-handed.

The scene of operations was on the land bordering on the Nicomekl river and Semiahmoo bay. Mud bay and Boundary bay are both in the same locality, the boundary line being close by. The tide has effect a long distance up the Nicomekl river, the delta country being level, and the logs were floated down with the ebb and boomed in Mud bay. One of the camps was located on Semiahmoo bay, and it was there that Inspector Murray found a large boom all ready for the towing tug. He certainly opened his eyes at the extensive operations of the Americans, and had a little experience of their sharpness. When he found this boom, which alone had nearly a million feet of logs, it was in the evening. He gave instructions to have it remain there, and went into Blaine and telephoned to Mr. Colin Campbell, chief of provincial police on the mainland, for assistance. Mr. Campbell despatched Constable Spain from New Westminster, together with a special constable and the necessary seizure papers. The inspector got the reinforcements, and they proceeded to walk the six or seven miles which separated the railway track and the logging camp. When they came within sight of the water they were just in time to see a tug about to attach a tow line to the boom. The tug had been rustled up during the night, and had the inspector been an hour later it would have been well under way.

The camps on which notices of seizure were posted were Faber & McGraw's big camp, Kinley's Martin's and Pierce & Peremp's. The logs were being disposed of at Blaine to the mills of Bellingham, Lumber Company and the Erie Lumber Company. Yesterday there were quite a number of Blaine people in Vancouver in connection with the matter, among whom were Charles Martin, L. W. David and a number of others interested in the camps. The matter is now in the hands of the Government officials, and their action will shortly be announced. There are several thousand dollars due on the timber, and the Government has the option to sell up the confiscated plants.

The absolute indifference of the men engaged in the illegal operations, and their wonderful nerve, is illustrated by what the owner of one of the camps told the inspector. "Had you come along two days later," he remarked, "I would have been out just $6,000 more. I had completed negotiations for the purchase of a large tract of private timber, and was to have paid $6,000 cash in two days."

The seizure has created considerable excitement among lumber men generally, who are amazed at such work.

Inspector Murray will leave probably today or tomorrow to complete the seizures. He is to be congratulated upon the manner in which he managed the affair, none of the camps having had wind of his movements, and he was thus able to see how extensively the operations were carried on. His coming was such a complete surprise that the work was in full blast.

A more careful cruise will be made of the lands on which the timber was cut, so as to arrive at a definite conception of the amount taken. The Dominion Government, which has a large amount of land in that vicinity, has no officials to look after its interests; consequently the exact extent of the operations may not be determined for some days.

FRENCH GUN TESTS.

The French Admiralty has just ordered some remarkable experiments in naval gunnery. They are to be conducted by the warship Conde, from the ocean which borders the great gun ranges near L'Orient, to an armored barbette turret dismounted from the ship to the ranges. The distinguished feature of these tests is that the turret will be occupied by the usual fighting complement of officers and men while under fire. The shell of a six and three-fourths inch quick-firing gun will be used. The tests will supplement those recently conducted on board the Suffren, when sheep were in the turret. The latter tested the indirect effects of modern shells upon living organisms. Those of the Conde will test the effect of concussions on the turret itself and on human beings.

Great Treasure Seeking Device

Interesting Description of Apparatus Being Used on Wrecked Steamer Islander.

Cage is Operated Two Hundred Feet Below Surface of the Water.

The San Francisco Examiner says the gold that went down with the ill-fated steamer Islander is being recovered by a treasure-seeking device.

Since the first great rush of gold seekers to the Klondike, the article says, at least five large steamships and many smaller ones have been lost near the Alaskan coast while returning south from that region with millions of dollars' worth of the precious metal. They foundered in deep water—a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet—where it has been impossible for any diver in an ordinary diving suit to reach them. Whoever attempted it would be crushed to death beneath the enormous pressure of water before descending half way to where the gold lay.

Many suggestions for recovering this vast sunken treasure have been advanced from time to time during the past six years, but they all were found to have the same prohibitive objection—they were either impracticable or would cost so much to operate that the treasure when recovered would barely repay those who had risked so much to get it.

One diver who went down in a specially constructed diving suit, believed to be capable of resisting the pressure of the water at a considerable distance below the surface, made a determined effort to reach the British ship Andelana, which since 1899 has lain in a hundred and eighty feet of water near the mouth of Tacoma harbor. The Andelana turned turtle during a storm and sank, carrying $500,000 in gold and every one of the passengers and crew to the bottom. The venturesome diver, who had expected his diving suit to withstand the pressure of the water at a hundred and eighty feet below the surface, was killed when down about a hundred feet. When his body was hauled to the surface it was found that his diving dress had been crushed in like an eggshell. This accident has deterred all others from attempting to recover the sunken treasure in the ordinary submarine outfit.

But the problem of reaching the gold has at last been solved by the steel diving cage invented by Captain Worden G. Smith, of Milwaukee, Wis. In this cage, which is capable of withstanding the pressure of water at a hundred and eighty feet below the surface, two men can conveniently operate the powerful arm levers and clutches used for picking up boxes, bags and other objects along the ocean bottom. Captain Smith and Captain John Finch are now at work on the steamer Islander, which sank in 1901 in Alaskan waters near the Lynn canal. This ship carried down with it nearly $650,000 in gold dust. Much of this has already been recovered with the aid of the diving bell. The deep sea fortune-hunters believe they can get all the gold out of the steamer. When they have done so they will turn their attention to the Andelana, with her half million dollars in gold, and to the other sunken treasure ships in turn.

The new diving bell is large enough to accommodate two men and still give them room to work. It is lowered by means of a crane from a tender and is moved about along the ocean bottom or raised and lowered at the command of the divers, who are in constant telephonic communication with the men on the tender.

Harveyized steel of the kind used for armor plate on the biggest battleships is about to be used in constructing the shell of the cage. Captain Smith, the inventor, believes that his diving bell is perfectly able to withstand the pressure of water at a depth of even three hundred feet in case it is ever necessary to descend that distance to find a sunken treasure. He does not fear that the steel sides or roof will collapse at that depth of at even five hundred feet. The only danger is that the very necessary windows—made of the very strongest of plate glass—will be forced in when the pressure is very great.

The steel diving cage weighs about six tons. In general appearance it is not unlike the upright boiler of a logging or marine engine. It is about nine feet high and six in diameter, large enough to accommodate even half a dozen persons. On the Great Lakes that number of people have gone down at one time in the cage, three of whom were women. The cage is totally unlike either the ordinary diving apparatus or a diving bell. It can be supplied with air from the wrecking tender the same as the diver in the ordinary rubber diving suit, but this is not the usual method of operating. Usually two men go down together. They enter through a manhole at the top and are then imprisoned within the case by the placing of the heavy manhole cover in position. They are bottled up hermetically however, and sealed up. The manhole cover is so arranged that it may be released from its position either from the inside or the outside.

When all is in readiness the cage is swung off the scow or tender by means of a crane and lowered by a steel cable that is wound on a drum operated by a steam engine. As soon as the cage rests in the water its weight of six tons becomes less than zero, for the air inside keeps it afloat. A weight of metal is attached from the inside, and is a safety precaution, for should the cable, through any accident, become detached from the cage when the operators are working on the bottom of the sea, the divers could detach the weight and the air-filled cage would shoot up to the surface. The cage is also provided with a sea-cock to take in water for ballast, and with a pump to eject the water when necessary from the water-ballast tank or double bottom.

The cage is ingeniously designed to resist the pressure of water, which is enormous at great depths. At a hundred and eighty feet it is eighty pounds to the square inch. A telephone from the cage to the tender serves to keep divers and the engineers above in constant communication.

The divers peer through two windows on what may be termed the front side of the cage. These are not unlike the ordinary deadlights used in ships. Instead of exposing the full diameter of the thick glass to the great pressure, however, only a space of about four inches square is available. The entire back of the glass, except this space, is supported by a strong steel plate. From the inside the operator looks through the opening in the steel plate. From the outside the deadlights have the appearance of a huge cat's eyes. There are three other similar windows in what may be called the back of the cage.

Directly below the front windows the divers work the manipulators. These take the form of two long rods of steel. Each may be worked in almost any direction, pulled in or pushed outward. On the other ends of the manipulators are attached the tools with which the divers do their work. They are able to attach hooks, tongs and other apparatus to wreckage or objects desired by means of the manipulator arms. After they attach a hook to an object, the command to hoist is given, and a second cable, operated by the engine on board the tender, does the rest.

Divers in the cage have remained below the water for six or seven hours without much discomfort, provided they have not been subjected to violent exertions. As soon as the air becomes foul they ride to the surface, open the manhole and get a supply of fresh air, after which they are again ready to dive and begin operations.

Until Captain Smith's diving cage was brought into use the location of the Islander wreck was unknown. She was returning from Skagway to Vancouver with a large number of homecoming Klondikers on board, when on a still summer night she struck either a submerged iceberg or a submerged reef and went to the bottom. Captain Finch has located the Islander wreck eight miles north of the extreme southern point of Douglas Island, and a mile and a half off shore. This is about fifteen miles from Juneau, Alaska. He found the big steamer lying on her starboard side, in thirty fathoms of water.

They reached the treasure room, where all the gold was stored, by means of dynamite, breaking a hole through the deck large enough to lower the cage through, and so on until the bags and boxes of gold were exposed to view. Nearly all the treasure has been brought to the surface already.

Accounts have always varied as to the amount of gold in the purser's charge and in the staterooms of individual passengers. Estimates run all the way from $400,000 to $600,000. The returning Klondikers were bringing large amounts of gold following the spring and summer cleanup at Dawson.

Captain Finch believes that the Islander can be raised. They will probably undertake this task in case all the treasure cannot be reached in any other way. If the ship is raised to within fifty feet of the surface an ordinary diver can safely descend to her and complete the search in the staterooms and other places which the divers in the cage could not reach with their hooks and grapples.

Explorers Return From Quatsino

The Iddings Brothers of Ohio Are Back From Their Trip to North.

Give Glowing Account of Grand Forested Region Around The Sound.

Messrs. Daniel W. and Andrew S. Iddings, of Dayton, Ohio, who left this city about a month ago to explore the wild and practically unknown country around Quatsino Sound and the north end of Vancouver Island, returned to Victoria on the Queen City a couple of days ago, delighted beyond measure with all they saw in the far northern regions of the island. It surpassed in almost every respect their most sanguine expectations, and they have the satisfaction of knowing that they have secured material for an unlimited number of first-rate magazine articles. They took photographs galore, and of every phase of life in that wonderful district.

Leaving Victoria on the steamer Princess Beatrice last month, they landed at Hardy Bay, and after a short stay at that picturesque settlement crossed to Quatsino Sound by the trail, eleven miles, to Coal Harbor; there they took a canoe, and paddled and sailed first up Rupert Arm, about ten miles, returning and going up Quatsino Sound for about the same distance. The wild grandeur of the scenery charmed them, and they took innumerable pictures of the best scapes. The whole country is heavily timbered, and it is timber of the finest kind. The shores of those arms do not seem to have been prospected to any great extent, but there are many likely croppings of ledge to be seen, indicating that the country is rich. The travelers then went down Quatsino Sound, visiting the famous Yreka and other properties, where they found men working and a good general store, where all sorts of commodities could be purchased.

They next visited the chain of lovely lakes not far back from the shores of Quatsino Sound, the Victoria, Kathleen and Alice lakes. The Victoria lake is 11 miles long, while the Kathleen is three. Returning from the lakes, the young Americans pitched their evening camp not far from the Quatsino post office, near which is the Koskimo Indian rancherie. They came to study those interesting people that the Iddings chose this site for their temporary quarters.

They were well rewarded, for they found the Koskimos a great, interesting folk. With the exception of one little girl, daughter of one of the rancherie families, and a little boy imported from the Nootka country farther down the West Coast, there is not a child in all that big Indian camp. The little girl was lonely at her play, so the klootchman took pity on her isolation and brought from the Nootka Sound Indians a dusky little boy as playmate for the poor little lonely Indian girl. It was affecting to see those two pigtin gaway by themselves, making the immemorial mud pies, sailing childhood's fairy galleons in the wide ocean of the ditch hard by the mother's door, or gambling in sportive play on the sward. The Koskimos seem to be a doomed race for the same reason that many highly civilized Eastern American families seem marked for extinction. It appears to be a case of too much quality. The children, proverbial concomitant of all Indian villages and rancheries, struck the two observant young Americans very strangely. Everywhere else that they have been the podgy little brown dumplings of Indian children have been a distict feature of the camps; playing in canoes on the lands, chasing one another down to river or lake, and swimming like so many frogs, in their glee of life; and the family dogs mingling with the urchins in their sports—it is the typical Indian village picture. But on the Koskimo reservation all is sober adult silence, save for the childish laugh that sometimes troubles the slumberous peace of the place, and the occasional wailing of the unfortunate dark eyes of the childless Indian women at their manifold occupations. An Indian camp without children seems like a camp where Death has lately stalked, taking toll of every household. To be sure, the dogs were there in the Koskimo camp; the evil-favored, unhandsome, numberless, inelegant, and voracious savages, that haunt all Indian camps like the shadow of the tepees. The two travelers picked up at the Koskimo rancherie much material that will be worked up into fascinating magazine writing.

The Indians of the Quatsino region may well be fat and hearty, for the game is wonderfully abundant. Deer are to be met with in any number, and one need not even go back into the bush to seek them, for the animals come down to the water at evening and can then be interviewed in any position, by rifleman or photographer.

Of the feathered game there is legion, especially the geese. A little later in the season there must be millions of those fine, fat birds around Quatsino. The ducks are also in enormous numbers, but there are no grouse.

The Indians up there have a very objectionable habit of hunting deer with pit lamps. This murderous practice enables them to destroy far more of those animals than they can possibly use, unless for the practical- worthless hides.

The favorite killing time with the deer hunters is when the animals come down to drink on the moonlight nights. The underbrush, which is very heavy, seems to extend only two or three miles back from the shores of the Sound, a belt of dense woods, and there is no fallen timber. After that distance it is clear open forest, with splendid trees. There have never, apparently, been any forest fires through that region. It is in the open country farther inland that the elk are found; they go in bands, and afford excellent sport. The natives are gradually killing them off. Some whits men who were hunting in the district this season got one or two elk on the Malatah river, near the mouth of the Sound. Bears abound in those woods, and the travelers saw several and could have shot them had they desired to obtain pelts. The red and the blue huckleberry grow in tropical abundance on the bushes of the underwoods, and on those succulent berries the bears feast all the season. When the salmon begin to run up the northern rivers the bears come out in dozens to scoop them in with their paws from the banks.

One of the most beautiful pieces of scenery visited by the explorers was Marble Creek canyon. The creek empties into the Sound, and its waterfalls with the woodlands around make a picture such as seldom greets the eye. It is necessary to shoot the rapids in this creek at low tide, and it is a very exciting experience. The water has wrought wonderful carvings on the sides of the canyon, leaving grottoes and caverns of remarkable shape. It is up this creek that travelers get into the lakes; being one of the favorite routes with the Indians and hunters.

Near the mouth of Marble creek a company of Victoria capitalists propose to erect a pulp mill. It is expected that this industry will employ fully 500 men in the woods, yards and in the factories. A flume is being built of sufficient proportions to allow of the easy conveyance of logs. It is big enough to allow the passage of a barge, and the water, it is expected, will also be used for power in generating the electricity required for the mills. Mr. A. W. Houston of this city is largely interested in this project. Messrs. Iddings say that if the plans of the company are realized, it will be the making of all that northern part of Vancouver Island. The manufacture of pulp on such a scale as is planned by the company would be bound to bring Quatsino into great prominence.

Of Quatsino Sound the travelers spoke most enthusiastically. It is one of the finest stretches of water in the world, presenting scenes of marvelous beauty. It is broad and deep, and could shelter the navies and mercantile marines of the world with great ease. The mountains all round it are well wooded to their summits, and as the weather was exceedingly clear and fine while they were there, the two Americans had an excellent opportunity to see the whole country to its very best. They express no doubts that some day it will be a great seaport.

One of the most interesting sights to be witnessed at the entrance to Quatsino Sound is the passing, thirty miles out at sea, of the Empress liners and other large vessels bound for the Asian side of the Pacific. It is there that they alter their course from northwest to due west. They do the same when coming this way, altering course off Quatsino from due east to almost due south. It is only on fine days that the vessels can be seen in the offing. Should there ever be a great port established at Quatsino, its position would give it enormous advantages.

Another interesting matter mentioned by the Messrs. Iddings was the extraordinary agricultural possibilities of that part of the Island. Fruits have been successfully grown, including apples of splendid proportions and flavor, plums, pears and small fruits of all sorts. An old French-Canadian, Ed. Frigon, has had excelent results from his patient industry as a cultivator. He has all those fruits, and also vegetables such as potatoes, turnips, parsnips, carrots and varieties of cabbage. In fact, it would be exceedingly hard to match anywhere in this province the magnificent spuds produced by Mr. Frigon. Peas, beans and other plants of that family flourish to perfection. The land is rich and well suited for the production of root crops. The Swedish and Norwegian settlers at Cape Scott are making a great success of their farms. They are also turning attention to stock raising with marked success. The Messrs. Iddings were accompanied on their expedition as guide by a member of the well known Hunt family of Fort Rupert. Their grandfather came out from England in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company to Fort Rupert and married an Indian woman. The Hunt family are most intelligent; the father owns a general store at Fort Rupert, where all sorts of information about the country can be obtained. He is a collector for some of the great museums, including the Smithsonian of Washington, D. C., to which he has contributed a good many specimens of great value. All the people around Fort Rupert, and, in fact, wherever the travelers went, seemed to be contented and happy. They have had a very fine fishing season this year, and money is plentiful amongst them. Then many of them ship as sealers on board the Victoria schooners, and this brings in ample chicomin to provide the comforts of life.

THE GREAT TWELVE MILE TUNNEL

The Supreme Task of Boring the Simplon.

The boring of the Simplon tunnel, the longest railway tunnel in the world, is on the eve of completion.

Any day now we may hear that the miners descending from Switzerland have joined hands with those ascending from Italy, while there is reason to believe that when the meeting takes place the maximum error of direction will be only two or three inches outside an exact coincidence. There will then, of course, be a lapse of many months before the railway can be opened.

The enormous advantages of the new tunnel are apparent. It will win back to France much of the international traffic which has been lost to the railways of that country since the opening of the St. Gothard, and this will inflict a heavy blow to the German railway interest; but, at the same time, it will convert Genoa into a formidable rival to Marseilles in respect of Swiss imports. It will effect a considerable saving of distance between the Straits of Dover and the Adriatic, and so will be chosen the Eastern mail route as between Calais and Brindisi. Lastly, where traders are concerned, it will prove a more economical route than both the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard, because its conditions of grade are so much more favorable.

NAPOLEON'S ROAD.

The Simplon is the fourth Alpine tunnel, and the second between Switzerland and Italy. The direction of the tunnel is practically due north and south from Brigue, on the Swiss frontier, to Iselle, on the Italian; or from the Rhone valley to that of the Diveria.

Hitherto, the only means of communication between the two valleys has been by road through the wild, beautiful, yet, even on the brightest day, gloomy pass in the Lepontine Alps. The Simplon Pass has been used as an international thoroughfare since A. D. 206, but the construction of the magnificent road, which still deserves to rank as one of the world's great engineering features, was undertaken by Napoleon, and built between the years 1801-1805.

The road from Brigue to Domo D'Ossola is 41 miles in length, and attains an altitude of 6,590 ft. The route taken by the tunnel keeps to the northeast of the road ringing the bore as between Brigue and Iselle. The mammoth bore is 12 miles 458 yards in length, and for seven miles is in Italian territory. The St. Gothard tunnel is 9 miles 564 yards long, the Mont Cenis 30 yards short of 8 miles, and the Arlberg 6 miles 404 yards. Each of these tunnels accommodates a double track, and the dimensions of each are, roughly, 21 ft. in height by 27ft. in width.

It would have been possible to make a shorter Simplon tunnel, but a tunnel at a higher altitude would have involved steep approaches, and the lesson inculcated by the three Alpine tunnels already constructed is that the cost of the haulage of the trains up the gradients outweighs the initial savings effected by making the perforation as short as possible.

ITS CONSTRUCTION.

However, the Simplon tunnel at the northern portal is only 2,254 ft. above sea level, or on the same level as the rails at Brigue station, one and three-quarter miles away, whence it ascends for 10,004 yards at the gradient of 1 in 500 to the summit level of 2,312 ft. It continues level for 546 yards, after which it descends at 1 in 143 for 11,028 yards to the Italian portal, which is 2,080 ft. above sea level. Immediately on entering at each portal there is a short curve; otherwise the tunnel is dead straight, viz., for 12 miles 103 yards.

The Italian approach is very different from the Swiss. The extension of the railway from Domo D'Ossola hither is 20,419 yards long, with a total rise of 1,176 ft. Here there are no fewer than six tunnels, with an aggregate length of 8,067 yards, and one, the longest, 3,280 yards in length, is helical—that is, the train will "loop the loop," the difference in altitude between the portals being 307 ft.

We have seen that the other Alpine tunnels take a double track; but the Simplon really consists of two tunnels, each taking a single track. This novel method of construction was decided upon owing to the great length of the perforation and its great depth below the surface. The depth of the Arlberg is ages 3,740 ft., and it attains 7,000 ft. in one place. The problems are how to ventiate the bore both during and after construction, and how to obviate the exceedingly high temperatures which would be met with in the deeper parts.

FRESH AIR UNDER THE ALPS.

Rightly or wrongly the authorities decided that the foregoing problems might be solved by dividing the work into twin single track tunnels, placed 58 ft. apart axis from axis. The tunnels, therefore are entirely distinct, save near the centre, where they become one for a distance of 429 yards, in order to give room for sidings and cross-over roads, but throughout they are interconnected by transvers galleries every 220 yards. The idea was that each tunnel might act as a ventilating shaft for the other. To begin with, however, only one tunnel, the eastern, would be given the normal section for a single track—viz., maximum height, 18 ft., maximum width, 16 ft. 4 in., and area of cross section 250 square feet.

The other tunnel would be built in reduced section—viz., 8 ft. high and 100 ft. wide, and remain so till the gross traffic receipts should exceed £3,128 per mile, when it would be enlarged to normal section. Thanks to this arrangement of tunnels, the trains will always run against a draught of fresh air.

This scheme was elaborated in 1895, when the possibilities of electric traction were yet vaguely realised. The latter is certain to be adopted inside the tunnel sooner or later, and had this been seen before, it would have been simpler and less expensive to have constructed one double-track tunnel. Everything connected with the work of construction is effected by water power, both the Rhone and the Diveria having been harnessed for the purpose. The motive power, which represents 6,000 horse-power at each end, could be easily adapted to traction.

The strata through which the tunnels have been driven were exceedingly hard, being principally gneiss and schist; but the Brandt hydraulic rotating drill was never beaten. This beautiful machine indisputably demonstrated its superiority to all others, achieving a rate of progress equivalent to four or five times what has ever been attained in British tunnels through similar material.

LANDSLIPS AND FLOODS.

No praise is too high for the elaborate and perfect nature of the mechanical, sanitary, and sociological arrangements undertaken for the welfare of the Simplon miners. Inside the tunnel, the temperature, which has been recorded to attain 121 deg. Fahr. on the rock, is cooled to a maximum of 77 deg. by means of sprays of glacier water, filtered before use, and relays of fresh air, which are passed through sprays and dried by wire gauze screens before reaching their objective. The foul air is exhausted by the great fans supplying the fresh, to the volume of 60,000 cubic feet per minute; and horses were early banished from the galleries, as the exhalations from their bodies vitiate the atmosphere. Perfect sanitary and laundry arrangements are found outside.

The contractors for the whole colossal undertaking are Brandt, Brandau and Co., of Hamburg. According to the terms of a revised convention, the first tunnel must be ready for traffic and the second completed in reduced section by April 30, 1905, in consideration of the sum of £2,120,000. Active operations were commenced in August, 1898, and have continued uninterruptedly night and day ever since.

H. G. Archer in Daily Mail.

POSSIBILITIES OF MODERN WARFARE.

Astorian.

With the expiration of the five years limit of the prohibition of the use of aerial warships for the express purpose of dropping high explosives upon an enemy beneath, which was provided for by The Hague tribunal, at the instance, by the way, of an American military officer, new and dread possibilities are opened in modern warfare, and the world is watching, with bated breath, to see what will come next, says the Standard Union. While the employment of these possible means of warfare have been in abeyance, the nations have been diligently, if quietly and unostentatiously, experimenting with them. Attention is, of course, first of all directed to the belligerents in the far east, where a peculiarly interesting situation exists for the proving of the efficacy of this sort of warfare. Port Arthur has thus far resisted all the efforts of the Japanese to take it, by storm or by siege; it has proved impregnable, in fact, to any existing methods of capture. In case aerial warships should be available now, of course the victory will rest with the power that gets in its work first, for no second discharge of the new explosives will be needed, either for fort or fleet, according to the testimony of experts. It is argued that a fort would have a better chance to save itself by destroying the destroyer than would a ship at sea, as it is not easy to get the range of an object high in the air from a ship, while it is comparatively easy to do so from the land, in the very nature of things. If the Japanese, acknowledged to be a wonderfully alert people, as well as a secretive one as to their plans and resources, have aerial ships ready (and they are known to have been experimenting with them, as have also the Russians), and can get them to Port Arthur before the Russians can get their flying devils there, the story will be quickly told. And the same is true as to the Russians.

But the question is, has either nation so far perfected aerial navigation as to make this probable? The chances are that they have not, and that we will be spared for a time, at least, this additional horror to war. In the mean time some new agreement between the nations will probably be made in regard to these new methods of wholesale murder.

Mr. F. B. Wade is chairman of the Transcontinental Railway Commission. Now that his appointment is gazetted, a number of newspapers are reminding him of a certain Parliamentary utterance of his. As long ago as April 26 Mr. E. F. Clarke suggested that he might receive this position. Less well informed than the Opposition member, Mr. Wade denied point-blank any knowledge of any such intention on the part of the Government. "I say that the statement is absolutely without foundation," he declared on the floor of the House of Commons. "I say that I never applied for that position; neither has anybody on my behalf, and no intim