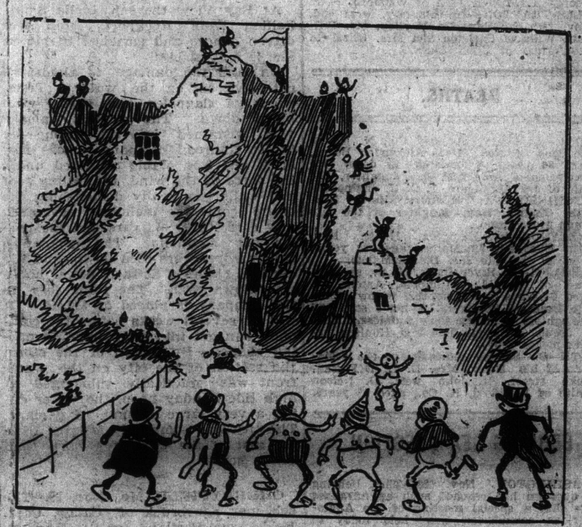
THE BROWNIES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

(Copyright, 1898, by Palmer Cox.)

The sun had left the west in pink
And stars began to pass the wink;
Old Neptune turned a watery eye
On lovely Venus bathing nigh;
Then all the lesser lights grew red,
Till heaven seemed one carnation bed.
And with the change the Brownie band
Began to stir for sport in hand.
Said one: "My friends, we're early met,
Which proves us keen for action yet;
Killarney's lakes from end to end,
Tonight we must in boats descend;
But first we have to gain the height
That overlooks their waters bright;
We'll have to take the mountain road
Where wheels turn not beneath a load;
And those who would to heights proceed,
Must either walk or mount the steed."
The Serpent lake they clambered past
And glances o'er its surface cast.
Said one, "We well might pause and stare
Upon the darksome water there;
For here, before St. Patrick's rod,
The last snake slid from Erin's sod.
Belated peasants pass the place
With furtive looks and quickened pace,
And bless the saint long since at rest,
Who rid the country of the pest.
Well may they tell their beads in prayer
And climb in haste the rocky stair,
For rumor tells us, once a year,
When mists lie low across the mere;
When sunlight dies upon the peaks
That form MacGillycuddy's reeks;
And neither shout nor horn of guide
Is heard upon the mountain side:
Up from the depths will slowly rise
A serpent's head of monster size,
That turns a keen, inquiring eye
Upon the merge and pathway nigh;
Then with a hiss is lift the hair,
And splash that sends the spray in air,
It pops below the wave again,
As if with more than mortal ken
It saw St. Patrick's crosier bright
Still warning it to keep from sight."
With bugle horn some blew and bent,
They wakened echoes as they went;
And wild goats on the mountain near
Will not forget that night of fear,
When o'er the rocky steep they passed
Before the Brownies' bugle blast.
Thy boated o'er the charming lakes
And the connecting streams where breaks
Upon one's sight a picture fair,
The meeting of the waters there.
Across their boats as down they flew
The old Weir bridge its shadow threw.
Said one, as he the structure scanned,
"How well this ancient bridge was planned:
The oldest on the Isle, 'tis said,
For Danish hands the mortar spread,
And sprung the arch so strong and true
That looks tonight as good as new."
But while the Brownies turned an eye
Upon the bridge so old and high,
They quite forgot that stones below
Were waiting for their overthrow.

All gazing upward as they passed,
To judge how long the bridge would last.
They noticed not the channel there
Was such as needed all their care.
Next islands green their gaze would hold,
And ruined walls of castles old,
That took the mind back to the day
When brave Boru held regal sway,
Or when McCarthy, Munster's king,
Did o'er the quarter scepter swing.
'Twas strange that water known so well
For glassy surface, void of swell,
Should chance to cut up shines that night,
And graft distress upon delight.
Across the lake of largest spread
A strong, disturbing current spread;
And for a time the ocean wide
No wilder scene could have supplied.
For waves were pitched into the boats
That stopped the bugler's merry notes
And drenched the oarsmen to the skin
Ere they a sheltering point could win.
Where ivy-grown Ross Castle stands,
Or what escaped the battering bands,
That brought to dust the towers and halls
When Cromwell stood before its walls.
The Brownies paused to moralize
And gaze around with wondering eyes
The natural inclination strong
Soon took possession of the throng,

And up the broken walls they went
On viewing all the place intent.
But mortar cannot always last,
Nor serve to hold the granite fast,
And in their eagerness to scan
Each crumbling tower and barbican,
They ran much risk as those found out
Who saw their fall, and heard their shout.
The bog below convenient lay,
And bones, no doubt, are whole today,
That would have been to service dead
If they had found a harder bed.
Where roofless Muckross Abbey peeps
Through ancient yews, and guard still keeps
O'er crumbling tombs, moss grown and gray,
Whose names Time's hand has brushed away.
The Brownies next came to a halt
To view with care each room and vault.
Said one, " 'Tis sweet to view a mead
Made famous through some glorious deed,
And sweet to muse where pious men
Preserved the faith, when like a den
Of lions roared the factions strong,
Who racked the country right or wrong."
As tourists oft appropriate
Some bits of mortar, stone or slate,
As rude memorials to retain,
In other lands beyond the main,
So Brownies were not slow to bear
Away some fragments gathered there;
Some pulled the ivy from the wall,
Some took the gate post, hinge and all,
While more took heads and broken wings
Of cherubs, saints and other things.
They gathered in and out the place
Ere they commenced their homeward race;
But no one touched the cloister yew;
The superstition well they knew,
Who plucks a leaf from that old tree
Within the year a corpse will be.



FINDS HILL OF GOLD ORE.

New York Woman While Out Bear Hunting in British Columbia Discovers a Fortune—It is on Texada Island.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Nov. 23.—Mrs. Treat of Fifty-seventh street, New York, and her husband, Harry W. Treat of Wall street were the most talked about persons in British Columbia today, for Mrs. Treat has made a big gold strike. Mr. Treat kept his wife's wonderful good fortune a secret till this morning, though it happened a month ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Treat live at Van Inda, on Texada Island, B. C., where Treat owns mines. The country is wild and unexplored, but Mrs. Treat insisted upon living where her husband did.

The first week she was there she learned something of the perils of the country. Two miners who had fallen one hundred feet down a shaft were brought to her. They were mangled and bruised. She was the only white woman in a hundred miles. She nursed them to life and strength, and received a public testimony of esteem from the rough mining town of Van Inda.

Since then hunting wild animals with her husband has inured her to hardships, and the refined, delicately nurtured New York society woman has for months been prospecting in the hills with her husband. Indians abound in the locality and are desperate when intoxicated, but a caress for a papoose and a kind word for the Siwashes Klootchman has made them all tractable and kind to Mrs. Treat, and she owes many of her lucky strikes to hints received from the Indians inhabiting the island.

Mrs. Treat several months ago was out bear hunting with her husband, when she noticed a piece of flat, peacock copper ore glistening in the sun, reflecting all the colors of the rainbow. They were out of the beaten track, but thousands of prospectors eagerly searching for gold claims must have passed near there, but apparently none could have stood on the identical spot. Mr. and Mrs. Treat were no doubt the first white persons who had ever trod this section.

Mrs. Treat was overjoyed with the beauty of the peacock ore, and when her husband showed her specks of free gold spotting the blue stone they both admit they became very much excited.

A hill five hundred feet high was before them. Mr. Treat took one side of the hill, his wife the other. Suddenly a shout came from Mrs. Treat's side of the hill. Mr. Treat hurried to his wife's side, his rifle ready for use. Mrs. Treat stood pointing at the hill.

Huge outcroppings of peacock ore were before them. Experts have examined the big claim. Their report is that the whole mountain seems in ore.

From one hundred assays the returns are $20 in value on the average. The ore is being blasted off in huge blocks. One fifty ton block is ready for shipment to the Paris exposition. It will yield $40 to the ton.

Mrs. Treat has named the mountain of ore "The Cornell Claim." A 100-ton smelter is being erected and a big band of workmen installed.

MR. HOOLEY'S VICTIMS.

Our system of delays and remands helps, we suppose, to protect the innocent, but it sometimes works very badly. Mr. Hooley was further examined on Wednesday, and poured out another list of bribes which he had paid voluntarily or involuntarily to all manner of people—peers, members of parliament, journalists, speculators, and others. Those statements are, of course, read with eager interest, and have often a curious effect on those whom they concern—one previously unsuspected and probably innocent city editor, for instance, resigned his appointment at once—and none of those assailed have any prompt redress. They write letters, of course, but they cannot deny the charges on oath at once, they cannot cross-examine, and they cannot bring actions for libel. They may, in fact, suffer for weeks a wrong for which the law affords no remedy.—The Spectator.

HAS JUST TRAVERSED SIBERIA.

An Austrian Count who is Now Coming East from Vancouver.

(Vancouver News-Advertiser, Nov. 18.)

Count John Thun of Austria is at the Vancouver. He came in on the Empress of China from Yokohama. Last May he left his home at Cohilz, Bohemia, and went by way of Vienna and Merlin to St. Petersburg; thence he went to Moscow, and after necessary preparations started upon a hazardous journey over the Tsar's Trans-Siberian railroad. This was the subject of a most interesting story he told to a reporter for the News-Advertiser last evening. From Moscow he proceeded by easy stages to Irkutsk and without mishap. For some two hundred versts beyond Irkutsk the journey was full of great perils, and it required nine days and nights of hard travelling, sometimes mounted, but a greater part afoot, to encompass the distance. The work upon this part of the road had been well advanced a year or so ago, but an era of unprecedented storms set in, and embankments and bridges to the value of about 4,300,000 roubles, were washed away. The work of restoring them during the past summer was greatly interfered with by swarms of insects and other pests which made it impossible for men to work. Reaching the eastern division of the road finally he came on to Vladivostock, and thence to Japan.

Count Thun says it is intensely cold all along the line of the road, and for the most part a barren and utterly desolate country. A region some two hundred versts in extent in each direction north of Manchuria, in China, is undoubtedly full of almost inexhaustible gold fields, but the extreme cold will not permit them to be worked for more than three months in the year, and that length of time it very uncertain. The road will, he thinks, be completed in about two years' time, and will be valuable chiefly in the movement of soldiers. He is going east over the Canadian Pacific. He regrets that he cannot take at least two months' time in which to do it, and says he would do so if it were summer instead of winter. The count is a very large light-haired man, suggesting a Scotchman, far more than a Bohemian in his appearance.

REMINDED HIM OF THE FLAGSHIP.

"Do you know," said the fat man, "that you remind me of the Maria Teresa every time I see you?"

"No," the elevator boy replied, "why should I do that?"

"Because you put in so much of your time going to the bottom."

THE GREATEST
Horse Remedy
IN THE WORLD.

Every Horseman should try
"Tuttle's Elixir."

Not simply guaranteed to cure in the advertisement, but backed up by a standing offer of $100 Reward for every failure. If it won't cure your horse of Colic, Curbs, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Cords, Shoe Boils when first started, and Callous of all kinds, you will receive the above reward. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co Sample free for three 2-cent stamps to pay postage

$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove this Testimonial bogus.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897.
Dr. S. A. Tuttle.
Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.
I remain, yours respectfully,
E. LEROI WILLIS,
Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

Puddington & Merritt, St. John, N B.,
General Agents for Canada and the Provinces for Tuttle's Elixir and Veterinary Remedies.
55 CHARLOTTE STREET.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION on SATURDAY, the Fourth day of March next, at fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock in the afternoon, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, all the estate, right, title and interest of WILLIAM THOMPSON in and to all that certain tract of land, situte in the Praish of Simonds (formerly a part of the Parish of Portland), in the City and County of Saint John, in said Province, bounded and described as follows:

"Commencing at a marked tree on the western line of a tract of land belonging to Nathaniel H. DeVeber, on the south side of the road to Loch Lomond, thence south fifteen degrees east about one hundred and twenty-seven chains until it meets the line of a lot sold by James White to Charles Burt, thence south seventy degrees west forty-eight chains and twelve links, thence north fifteen degrees west ninety-six chains to the south side of land in possession of Henry Graham, thence along the said line north seventy-five degrees east forty chains, thence north fifteen degrees west to the Little River Road, and thence along the said road to the place of beginning, containing five hundred acres," with the buildings and appurtenances, being the premises conveyed to one James Knox and the said William Thompson by the Trustees of James Kirk, by deed bearing date the eighteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, and registered in the Records of Deeds in and for the said City and County of Saint John in Book Q, No. 4, of said Records, pages 278 to 280.

The same having been levied on and seized by me, the undersigned Sheriff, under and by virtue of Two Executions issued out of the Saint John County Court, one at the suit of Arthur C. Fairweather against the said William Thompson, and the other at the suit of Margaret E. Seeds against the said William Thompson.

Dated at the City of Saint John, N. B., this 26th day of November, A. D. 1898.

H. LAWRENCE STURDEE,
Sheriff of the City and County of St. John.

POKING FUN AT UNCLE SAM.

From Greenland's icy mountains an' Manila's coral strand, the pore benighted heathen call away to beat the band. They're achin' ter be civilized, in every heather land, an' we've gotter have an army fer the job. The heather are a-callin' to our noble Christian race. America with all the rest has got to set a pace, and for our surplus produc's we must have a market place—and we've gotter have an army fer the job. The heathen in the peaceful paths of freedom must be led. At present he's too volatyle and light as to his head. The only way to keep him down 's ter fill him up with lead—and we've gotter have an army fer the job. Then it's "rise up Willyum Riley now and come along weth me." We're going' to bring 'em blessin's and to set their pore souls free. They're only yeller niggers, an' they'll soon be up a tree—but we've gotter have an army fer the job!

The pore benighted heathen now no Christian peace enjoys. We'll edjercate 'em like they do at Virden, Illinois, or down in Caroliny, where we hang 'em, men and boys, just ter elevate the standard of the race. The Malays of the Philippines haint got no sense at all. They wanter rule their place themselves—I shudder at their gall! We've gotter kill 'em off in droves, to make the rest sing small, and ter elevate the standard of the race. They're so besotted in their pride that ef the truth were known, they'd likely ask our government to leave 'em all alone. The heathen in his blindness now bow down to stock and stone; but we'll elevate the standard of their race. They've gotter larn their lessons in a mighty bitter school. They've gotter crawl an' grover under white men's noble rule. We've gotter tread 'em in th' mud, ter keep our tempers cool and ter elevate the standard of the race.

The onward march of destiny no nigger crown can stay. The Anglo-Saxon race must git its three square meals a day. We'll take their lands and make 'em work and then we'll shout "Hooray," an' thus we'll spread th'e gospel far an' wide. We'll raise 100,000 men ter fight 'em in their swamps, to lie at night in jungles with their fever-ridden damps, and tho' we'll lose 10,000 there, from wounds or cholera cramps, we'll spread th' blessed gospel far an' wide. Altho' I haven't been to church for nigh on twenty years, it makes me feel reel pious just to think of the idear (I saw one firm will send out there 10,000 quarts of beer) o' how we'll spread the gospel far an' wide. I'd write you more, but I have got a little "date" at three. We're goin' to hang a nigger politician to a tree. So I will close

THE U. S. ARD WITH US.

A war between France and England would immediately develop the strength of the sympathy now existing between the United States and the latter. We should be called upon at once to reciprocate the goodwill extended to us during our war with Spain, and the response would not disappoint our English cousins. We, as they, in a contest representing the interests of the two civilizations, are for the Anglo-Saxon as against the Latin. We have but recently turned a sharp corner ourselves, and are facing a situation undreamt of six month ago. England is with us. So if she should turn a sharp corner and confront a new and difficult situation we would be with her.—Evening Star, Washington.

THE APPLE AS MEDICINE.

(From the Humanitarian.)

The apple is such a common fruit that few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apples is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid, in an easily digestible shape, than any other fruit known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It also agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretion and prevents calculus growth, while it obviates indigestion and is one of the best preventives of diseases of the throat. Next to lemon and orange, it is also the best antidote for the thirst and craving of persons addicted to the alcohol and opium habit.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.