Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1886.

CANADIAN ART.

To anyone who has given the subject of Canadian Art any thought, and who has observed its progress within the past score of years, it is evident that the people are not so thoroughly engrossed in money-making as to be unable to devote some time and attention to those branches of culture which ennoble and refine. We cannot boast, it is true, of the condition of Art in Canada, seeing that we are somewhat behind other countries in this respect; but when we remember that we are only now emerging from a colonial condition, when the energies of the people were necessarily spent in developing her great natural resources, and before a nation can cultivate the liberal arts there must be a class with wealth and leisure at its disposal, we think there is still cause for congratulation on the part of the Canadian people for the progress they have made in all matters which pertain to Art. We have in Canada to-day many artists of marked ability, whose works compare favorably with those of their brother craftsmen across the border. The paintings of L. R. O'Brien, the president of the Royal Canadian Academy, have now a continental reputation and are ranked with the best creations of the American masters. Verner, too, and Miles, have done some work which would do credit to any painter, and the popularity they have achieved attests the fact that our people are not insensible to the love of the beautiful. We have in Canada, though it is not generally known, many works of Raphael, Rembrandt, Turner and Van Dyke, and others of the masters, and only a short time ago the Hon. Donald A. Smith paid $45,500 for Breton's Communicants at the sale of Mrs Morgan's famous art collection. Half a century ago a painting of merit was quite a rarity and a native artist unknown. Then strong muscular arms were more highly prized than the delicately fashioned fingers of the artist. Arms to direct the plough or wield the mower's scythe were in demand; the hands which could only describe "the line of beauty," or depict the beautiful in nature, had but a poor chance of winning a livelihood for their possessor. Now, however, with the increase of wealth, our people have gone abroad, they have seen the master pieces of the mind and heart of man, have walked in the grand old cathedrals of Europe, and have returned to their native land with a yearning after the charms which art can give to matter. Each year the tide of foreign travel increases, and each year we see an increased cultivation of those arts which refine and adorn. In one branch of art we have made remarkable progress. Where formerly arose the humble log-cabin now stands the comfortable dwelling of the opulent farmer. In our cities are handsome buildings of brick and stone on the ground occupied by wooden buildings forty years ago. Our public buildings are, as a rule, models of architectural skill, and the churches are in many cases pure specimens of their order of architecture. We cannot too highly estimate the refining influences of all good art, and architecture, when properly carried out, is one of the most potent of the forces which elevate public taste. When a good specimen of architecture fails to please, the fault must be either in the art or in the spectator; it is most likely to be in the spectator, for man's nature is peculiarly sensitive to grandeur of form and color. The further development of native art is dependent not only upon our material progress, but also upon our moral character, for, as Ruskin has finely expressed it: "Art, national or individual, is the result of a long course of training, if that life has been loyal, and an impossible one, if that has been base. Let a nation be healthful, happy, pure in its enjoyments, brave in its acts, broad in its affections, and its art will spring round and within it as freely as the foam from a fountain; but let the springs of its life be impure, and its course polluted, and you will not get the bright spray by treatises on the mathematical structure of bubbles."

SNOWSLIDES ON THE SELKIRKS.

A return brought down in the Ottawa gives particulars of the observations made at the summit of the Selkirk mountains during the past winter by Mr. James Dickey, C. E., for the purpose of ascertaining the extent of the snow-slides and how far they are likely to interrupt the traffic of the Canadian Pacific railway. He writes on March 13th: "As I anticipated by putting in the loop and getting the location into the bottom of the valley of the Illecillii the track on the west slope is almost entirely removed from any danger from snow slides. The only one of consequence is at station 733, and this can be easily overcome by a shed, which, when erected, will throw the snow entirely clear of the track into the river below, and this can also be said of the others, excepting the one at the summit, where the grade will have to be lowered." On April 1st Mr. Dickey reported:—"Since my last report we have had more snow than I anticipated, but it was of a very light character and would offer no obstruction to trains. For the past week the weather has been extremely fine, and the snow is going rapidly. During this time the heat of the sun has brought down a few snowslides, but they came slowly and a very small proportion reached the track." On April 10th he wrote: "The warm weather during the past few days has brought down a great many snowslides from the mountain tops, but they only reached the track at five points, coming very slowly and doing no damage to speak of. You can form, perhaps, a better opinion of how little these slides, brought down by the heat of the sun, have affected the line, when I tell you that six weeks ago a temporary telegraph line was erected from stations 170 to 310, the poles being merely stuck in the snow, and it has only been disturbed twice. There are about two feet of snow on the level here now."

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

When the house was last in supply the vote of $10,000 for the Dominion exhibition was under consideration. Mr. Shakespeare rose and said; "I would suggest to the minister of agriculture that he should consider whether it would not be well to have this exhibition in British Columbia. I think that would be a most desirable place, and I am certain the people of Eastern Canada would embrace the opportunity of visiting that part of the Dominion which the opening of the Canadian Pacific railway will shortly enable them to do at little expense. I sincerely trust the minister will take this matter into his serious consideration." Other members put in claims for various parts of the Dominion, including Manitoba, western Ontario and the eastern provinces. Mr. Carling, in replying, said, referring to the B. C. application: "I am very glad to hear such glowing accounts from the different sections of the Dominion, including Victoria, B. C. I am sure this house has every desire to do everything possible to advance the interests of British Columbia; but the Canadian Pacific railway is barely completed and in running operation. It will be in thorough order in a short time, and I hope we will all have an opportunity of seeing that beautiful country, when no doubt we will be able to consider the propriety and necessity of doing everything to advance its interests, from an agricultural point of view." He would not state specifically where the exhibition is to be held this year, but it was gathered from the minister's observations that the Eastern townships is to be the favored locality. The turn of British Columbia will come in a year or two.

A DIRECT WIRE TO AUSTRALIA.

Sir T. McIlwraith has been expressing his astonishment that the Queensland legislative assembly should tolerate a "monstrous" charge of 10s. 10d. a word, exacted by the telegraph companies, with the permission of the Telegraph Conference of Berlin. To overcome the monopoly he advocates the construction of a direct line from Australia to England, all the colonies combining to carry it out; but as some time may elapse before the adoption of such an expensive measure, we would venture to point out to the Queensland legislative assembly that there exists a much easier way of reducing the tariff. As we pointed out some time ago, the Russians have carried their land wire to Penjdeh, or to within 700 miles of the commencing point of the land wire of India, and if this gap were bridged cable rates would only commence from Singapore to Australia, and the cost of the message would fall to two or three shillings a word. The India government has got in reserve enough wire to extend the Indian telegraph system to Herat, and the telegraph authorities at Simla are anxious and ready to lay it down. The work could be done in a few months, and if there were objections to connecting the line with Penjdeh it could be carried west to Herat or to the commencing point of the Persian system at Meshed. Of course the Australian messages would have to traverse Russia, but they do that already, the Indo-European Telegraph company's wire traversing the Caucasus on its way to the Persian gulf. The remedy, therefore, to the present state of affairs, so detrimental to trade, rests in the hands of the English government, and we recommend Sir T. McIlwraith to exercise pressure to induce it to carry out the desires of the Indian telegraph department, and lay down the wire to Penjdeh, which is now idling in store at Quetta.

Heard From.

To the Editor:—I have been informed on good authority that the contemptible fellow who ran away from the interior last October with the young lady's watch and ring is, or was a short time ago, attending bar in the Palace hotel, Calgary. I would warn young ladies in that vicinity to look out for their jewelry.

On the Track.

SHOCKING SUICIDE.

A Grandfather Jumps into the Sea with a Small Child.

Boston, May 11.—At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon Dr. Frederick N. Palmer, one of the best known homeopathic physicians of this city, left his residence with his 4-year-old grandson, Wendell Smith, of whom he was very fond. He did not return at tea time, and his friends became alarmed. The police were notified and search was made in every direction, but no trace of him was found. This morning a telegram from Portland stated that the doctor with the child took passage on the steamer John Brooks for Portland.

During the evening the boy played around the saloon. Nobody noticed anything out of the way in the white-haired, kindly-faced old gentleman who followed the child around and who seemed greatly pleased whenever the passengers gave his charge a pleasant word. When little Wendell got tired with play his grandfather put him to bed. About 10 o'clock Dr. Palmer, saying that the boy was seasick and must have fresh air, carried him tenderly to the after-deck. The child complaining of the cold, the doctor sent a waiter for a blanket. A moment later Captain Snowden, looking through an open door, saw Dr. Palmer, with the boy in his arms, jump from the rail into the water. The steamer was stopped and the boats lowered, but the bodies could not be found, and the steamer continued her voyage. The doctor was 73 years old

New Torpedo Boats for Russia.

A correspondent writes:—"Four new torpedo boats, constructed by Schichau, of Elbing, have just been delivered to the Russian Government. Those boats are stated to be remarkable for their speed and the saving of fuel effected. During their recent trial the speed contracted for was considerably exceeded. The first boat, during six hours' steaming, averaged 22.24 knots an hour. The results of the speed trials of the second and third boats have not been published. But the performance of the fourth boat is stated to have been very remarkable. The boat had on board a crew of 18 men, coals for a run of 1,200 miles, and 145 tons of ballast, and yet she attained, during a three hours' run, an average speed of 21.6 knots, the maximum speed reached during an hour's steaming being 23 knots, the highest ever recorded. It will be seen that Russia at present possesses the fastest torpedo boat afloat; but there is every probability that she will not be in that exceptional position for very long. The Spanish Government has just contracted with Messrs. Yarrow & Co., for the construction of two torpedo boats of the Falke (Austrian) type, the speed of which, in fighting trim, carrying 17 tons on board, is guaranteed at 23 knots, and, when running light, 25 knots."

A Way Out of the Difficulty.

Old Dr. Hewson was distinguished for philanthropy, says the Troy *Telegraph*. On one occasion the doctor had a case of malignant typhoid fever. He prescribed rest and nourishment for his patient.

"Give Dan plenty of chicken. He must have more nourishment."

"Shall I kill a chicken?"

"Yes, you'd better kill a young rooster; broil it well, and add plenty of butter. Patients with typhoid fever like plenty of gravy."

Dan's wife killed, dressed and cooked a fine chicken.

"That's about right," said the doctor, who was superintending the job, as he enviously eyed the chicken.

"Dan, how're you feeling?"

"First rate, doctor, first rate."

"Let me feel your pulse."

Dan extended his arm and hand.

"You are more feverish than usual. I just ordered your wife to broil a chicken, but you can't eat it; you are too feverish."

"What shall we do, doctor?" inquired the wife.

"I see no way out of the difficulty, but to eat the chicken ourselves. I once suffered from typhoid fever myself, madam!"

A Shocking Story from Kansas.—Two drummers driving from Grayson to Pawnee, Kansas, lost their way, and finally came to a shanty. In it were two beds; on one lay a woman who looked like a living skeleton; on the other were the dead bodies of a man and five children. The woman could talk, and told this story: "My husband, Howard Bellinger, had been sick for a long time. Five weeks ago we were nearly out of provisions, and I sent my son, twenty-two years of age, to Grayson to get some provisions. We waited and waited for his return, but he did not come. After awhile the children got sick, and one by one the little ones died. My husband was the last one to go, he dying last night." The drummers had a lunch with them, and, giving it to the woman, went out to find help. Several people from Grayson said that they saw young Bellinger in town and he said he was going to San Francisco.

THE ENGLISH-IRISH SITUATION.

Belief that the Bill will Pass its Second Reading.

The Men of Ulster Arming.

London, May 10.—It has been impossible to get the house of commons to buckle to work during the past week. It was important that progress should be made on Friday night in the granting of supplies for the civil service, already much behind, but the government failed to keep the house together.

A DREARY SCENE.

Pending the decision on the Irish question members refuse to listen to anything else. You cannot imagine a more dreary scene than the house presented all the week. The enthusiasm of the new members seems to have died out. They look in now only to yawn and go home again as soon as possible, and great rows of empty benches stretch before the speaker the moment a new subject is introduced. Then the audience melts away, leaving it an easy matter for the old stagers to demand a count out. Everybody was surprised when this trick succeeded at the early hour of seven on Friday evening. The weather was warm and the discussion dull, so the members thought they would seize the opportunity to walk comfortably home to dinner. A watchful old stager demanded a count in the very nick of time. Only thirty-nine laborious souls could be drummed up in the whole place, and one more would have saved the night. Another proof that this will be exclusively

AN IRISH SESSION.

During the last fortnight I have lost no opportunity in endeavoring to form a sound conclusion as to the result of the present struggle. My belief remains that the second reading of the home rule bill will be carried by a small majority, but that the land purchase measure will undoubtedly be rejected. The liberal party will not have that at any price, because the constituencies are up in arms against it. Nor would home rule pass but for Mr. Gladstone's adroitness in holding out a prospect of modifying it in committee to an extent to satisfy his supporters. He says in effect: "Only let it go through the second reading and you may twist and turn it about as much as you like in committee." This allays the scruples of many liberals who dislike the bill but are afraid to cut loose from Mr. Gladstone.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE ABSENTEES.

The unknown quantity is not so much the number of open seceders as of absentees. The liberal whips are all in the dark on this point. At the last moment several of the radicals may stay away, moved by Mr. Chamberlain's firm attitude. The Gladstone organs have been positively stating that Mr. Chamberlain would come round, but his letter shows that he has made up his mind to stick fast. It is quite clear that no compromise is possible. He insists in retaining the entire Irish representation at Westminster. Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Morley could yield to this without grossly stultifying themselves. Still Mr. Gladstone will go very far; there are no bounds to his ingenuity in rounding corners, and his last card is not yet played. This evening he will make a statement from which you will learn much or little, according to the necessities of the moment. He would be quite content to get a second reading and then withdraw both bills and hang up the whole subject until next session. Most of his colleagues desire nothing better, and the Parnellites would probably agree, for there is nothing to gain by forcing Mr. Gladstone on to contest where victory is doubtful, while, according to the declarations of Lord Randolph Churchill, they have nothing to hope for from the conservative party.

HOW TO AVOID TROUBLE.

The ideal solution with ministerialists, therefore, is to pass the second reading and shelve the whole subject till the year 1887. You must remember that this is essentially a ministry of poor men. Their salaries are an object and they are therefore anxious to remain in power as long as possible. The danger for them is that if they carry out their present ideas they may be tripped up any night by a combination of secessionists and conservatives. The tory votes alone have saved the ministry several times this session. Look at the matter how you will it is nonsense to disguise the fact that the ministry holds power by a mere thread.

ULSTER DISTRUSTED.

I hear to-day on excellent authority that great preparations for a general rising are going on in Ulster. Arms are being secretly introduced into the country, and the spirit of the people is greatly excited. Their feeling, whether right or wrong, is that if they don't stand with their liberties now they will lose them altogether. Organizations are secretly at work to prepare to resist all attempts to place Ulster under the control of a Parnellite parliament.

WITHIN REACH OF CIVIL WAR.

The rumors of Lord Wolseley's declaration are probably exaggerated, but quite true, and he makes no secret of his sympathies with the men of the north. In any case be assured there is great trouble impending in Ulster, and there would be little inaccuracy in applying Mr. Gladstone's words on a former occasion to the present state of affairs, "England is within measurable distance of civil war."

VIOLENT AND VINDICTIVE.

Mrs. Anarchist Parsons Ambitious to Rule a Guillotine.

Chicago, Ill., May 8.—The Anarchist Parsons is believed to be in the vicinity of Chicago, and is quite as vindictive as ever. The Daily News this morning publishes a letter from him in which he says: "I will in due time turn up and answer for myself for anything I may have said or done.

I HAVE NO REGRETS

for past conduct nor pledges for the future. If there is to be nothing but starvation and death for the tribes of America whenever the public decide to use reason and justice in dealing with the producing class, just at that time you will see me, but should the decision be to continue the present course of death and slavery, just so long will I

WAGE RELENTLESS WAR

on all organized force, and endeavor to find me will be fruitless."

Mrs. Parsons is reticent and defiant. She is of Mexican and Indian origin, with a trace of Ethiopian blood in her veins, is a self-possessed and fluent speaker. Her socialistic harangues are most

VIOLENT AND VINDICTIVE.

She says the ambition of her life is to fire the engine that shall run for the guillotine to cut off the heads of capitalists.

The Kind of a Girl She Was.

Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin, of Austin, is a confirmed flirt. She recently made the acquaintance of Tom Anjerry, a University student, and the result was an engagement. Tom had heard of Esmeralda's fickleness, so he could not help throwing out a suggestion.

"I hope, Esmeralda, that you will be true and steadfast and—"

"You bet I will," interrupted Esmeralda. "That's the way I alway treat a feller that I'm dead gone on. I never went back on any of 'em yet, and I reckon I've had a dozen. Just you ask Kosciusko Murphy, or Gus De Smith, or old Judge Pennybunker, or Hostetter McGinnis, or any of them, and they'll tell you what kind of a girl I am when I love a young man for himself alone."—*Texas Siftings.*

Eastern Canada Mail.

(Per Northern Pacific Railway.)

Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 8.—The provincial estimates brought down in the house of assembly show as follows: Expenditures $277,287.32; revenue $235,827.20 leaving a deficit of $41,460.02. Premier Sullivan announced his expectation of getting one eight of a million dollars from the Dominion to meet this.

Kate Has Made a Pie.

"I cannot ask you up, Ben Bland,
To dine with Kate and me;"
Thus spoke a drummer to his friend,
And sighed right heavily.
"I know I promised so, but then—"
A tear stole from his eye.—
"The cold, frost-bitten fact is, Ben,
My Kate has made a pie.

"The pie is not so deadly when
An expert wields the plate;
But that's a different pie, dear Ben,
From pies composed by Kate.
She's not an artiste with the flour,
The spice, the lard, so I
Cannot invite you to our bower,
For Kate has made a pie.

"You are an honest bachelor, Ben,
Let me some truths unload;
Some little facts to ponder when
You're out upon the road.
Our honeymoon was filled with joy,
No cloudlets swept the sky;
Things might have thus continued, boy,
But Kate, she made a pie!

"A parody upon the pies
My mother used to make!
A thing to breed a wild surprise
Mixed up with stomach ache.
A pie to conjure spirits up
From Sheol's sulphurous state,
On which might Macbeth's witches sup—
That pie first made by Kate.

"What strange fatality attends
The young wife's pie-us art?
Pre-matrimonial pastry blends
Not with the wifely heart.
Before the orange blossom fades
Wide opens many an eye;
E'en unsophisticated maids
Should make a better pie.

"And so I cannot ask you, Ben,
With us to come to dine;
Some other day—some Sunday, when
My wife has ceased to shine
(Brown more discreet—and fly—
So Ben, old boy, don't think it strange,
But—Kate has made a pie!"

—[Merchant Traveler.

GLIMPSES OF AFRICAN LIFE.

Scenes Witnessed by a Traveller in the Fall of 1885.

Mr. W. Montagu Kerr read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society recently, giving his experiences in his Journey Overland from Cape Town across the Zambesi to Lake Nyassa."

Among many other interesting things, he told of the arrival of his party at the town of Chilunga, on the banks of the Msinqua river.

Two human skulls adorned either post of the entrance gate. Their reception was cold. Necessity compelled a prolonged stay at that town, during which time Mr. Kerr wandered for many miles round, finding alluvial gold in the sandy beds of the Msinqua and other tributaries of the Mukumbura river.

The men composing his party informed him at this juncture that they were tired and must now get back to their wives; that they had wandered far from their homes and wished to retrace their steps. The natives of the town were of the Mtande tribe, and seemed to have large numbers of slaves purchased from Senga, a town on the northern banks of the Zambesi.

A great feast was going on at the town. His men all seemed beside themselves with joy at the thoughts of returning home. Native beer, made from millet, flowed like water. Kudu meat was in abundance.

The open centre of the town swarmed with human beings as black as ebony, a turmoil of voices rent the air, the dusky maidens danced and sang, keeping time as they stamped the ground with either foot, and following each other in long waving lines in their snake-like dance. The drums never ceased to beat for three days and three nights.

In the day the feast continued, when the sun was at its greatest height, throwing down rays of fire upon the festive crowd, the fat, melting in the glistening locks of their woolly heads and running all over their bodies, seeming to give zest to their movements.

Some time afterwards the men whom he had recruited deserted him, and left him entirely alone; but he was able after days had passed away to enlist six men in his service, to whom, however, he was unable to speak. At length they reached the suburbs of the town of the Angoni despot.

Under most disadvantageous circumstances he was brought before this man, whose name was Tchikuse, and who came down with numerous followers to the center of the town, where he (Mr. Kerr) was seated on a rock, to examine him. Tchikuse seemed to scoff at the dejected appearance presented by the traveller.

He was a young man of enormous dimensions, of a light reddish-brown complexion, and rather a vacant countenance, and completely wrapped up in his own importance. Vanity beamed from every line of his fat and sensual countenance.

Mr. Kerr was led into a small hut where a dusky daughter of Africa, whom he afterwards discovered to be the king's sister, used to come in the night, and sit beside him, and in whispering tones would talk by the hour, constantly repeating her brother's name, Tchikuse, with awe, and shaking her head and drawing deep sighs. Not a word of her talk could he understand. She never forgot to bring some beer (pombe) with her, the bulk of which she imbibed herself.

Sicilian Superstitions.

The Sicilians are charmingly superstitious. They still believe that the government has the power to give and cure cholera at its pleasure—that it has at its disposition a contre, as they say in their dialect, a specific against the disease.

In the worst time of the plague, the Sicilians have been heard to cry out:

"Come, come, it's not so bad; we'll soon be rid of the cholera. The government will put a stop to it when there are 5,000 dead."

An anecdote of equal savor is told of a young Sicilian who, afflicted with homesickness in Italy, longed to return to his beloved Sicily. Moving restlessly about the docks for sometime, he happens to meet a sea captain of his own race. Delighted with the chance, he implores him to take him on board his vessel and land him anywhere on the island.

"Willingly," said the captain, "on one condition."

"Name it; I subscribe to it in advance."

"That you will give us the antidote for cholera."

"I haven't any antidote for cholera, my man!"

"What, nonsense! Don't you belong to the government? Are you not the son of our Mayor?"—[Ingleside.

New Portrait of Queen Victoria.

Prof. Angeli, the Queen's favorite portrait-painter, is expected shortly at Windsor Castle from Vienna. He was over here in the spring, when he commenced a "State" portrait of Her Majesty, which is now nearly finished. It is a life-size picture, and the Queen is represented in her royal robes and wearing the crown. She stands on a throne, and the rich folds of the purple train fall gracefully down the steps, so that the effect is altogether most imposing. The Queen wears the Garter. This picture is to be placed in Buckingham Palace with the State portraits of Her Majesty's predecessors, and as it becomes Crown property, it will be paid for out of the Civil List and not out of the Privy Purse.—[London World.

Valuable Gift to the National Museum.

The average man knows, perhaps, a score of insects familiarly by name; he has more or less knowledge, perhaps, of a hundred; and he sees in these a wonderful variety of forms and colors. But the resources of nature are vastly greater than any one realizes who has not made a special study of some branch of natural history.

Think of Dr. Riley's collection of North American insects, which is said to contain 20,000 species, represented by more than 215,000 pinned specimens, and others preserved in alcohol or by other methods.

He has given this collection to the National Museum, where all who care to do so may study the fruits of his labor.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

The Wicked Book Agent.

The wicked book agent has been at it again.

One of the fraternity induced a citizen of Cadillac, Michigan, to buy a book for a present to his wife, and then sold a copy of the same book to the wife for a present for her husband.

It is needless to say that there is grief in that household.

The Sad Dog Story.

"The old recipe of "a hair of the dog that bit you" was almost literally realized in a prescription for the cure of hydrophobia much in vogue with the "Pneuma" of the fifteenth century.

"Take a mastiff pup of a month old, and stuff the same with cloves, cinnamon, and divers other spices, and thereafter boil the carcass entire, the which, taken warm from the pot and laid unto the part that hath been bitten, will without doubt do much good—" which, somehow or other, it did not.

A more primitive but more successful method was employed within the memory of living men in a remote part of Ireland, the patient being the eldest son of the family, a fine lad of 19.

His recovery appearing hopeless from the strong symptoms of hydrophobia which he exhibited, the doctors decided upon bleeding him to death as the only alternative to the barbarous plan of smothering under a feather bed, which was then common.

The vein was opened, and he was looked into an outhouse and left to die. But toward evening the milkmaid of the household, passing near the spot with her pail, was amazed to hear the sufferer's voice faintly asking for "something to drink."

Overjoyed at this unmistakable sign of recovery, she lost no time in summoning assistance, and the young man's life was saved, the physicians ascribing his extraordinary escape to the carrying off of the poison by the copious flow of blood.

A Gold-Bearing Goose.

Amid the great excitement caused in this section over the recent discovery of gold, it now happens that fuel is to be added to the flames by a Mr. Nevels who found while dressing a goose, several particles of pure gold in its craw.

The goose was one of a pair that Mr. Walter Nevels, a substantial citizen of Lewis County, had recently brought from Oregon and placed on his ranch here.

His mate from some cause died, and this one being valueless alone, was killed, and while Mrs. Nevels was dressing the fowl, noticed some bright substance in the contents of the craw.

Calling her husband, an investigation was made, and the shining substance proved to be particles of gold, which amounted in value to about one dollar.

And what now troubles Mr. Nevels is to find the place where the goose got the gold, while many of his neighbors wonder if this is not the veritable goose that laid the golden egg.—[Portland Oregonian.

Masonry Exposed.

"What do those letters stand for?" asked a curious wife of her husband, as she looked at his Masonic seal. "Well, really, my love," he replied encouragingly, "I presume it is because they can't sit down." She postponed further questioning.—[Merchant Traveler.

What Some People Say.

That John L. Sullivan dropped into the Chicago police headquarters on Wednesday night and expressed a desire to see the four arrested anarchists. His request was at once granted, and after walking slowly by the cells and looking closely at the prisoners, he turned to the admiring policemen who surrounded him and remarked: "Well, is them she fellers that's bin killin' everybody? I'd like to take a contract to lick de hull party."

That a petition is being signed by the householders of Kamloops against the granting of licenses to sell intoxicants on the race course or vicinity during the races.

That Lee Chuck Fan, the elder of the two brothers Fan, whose name is being again tried in the courts, broke down in the witness box yesterday, and between the sobs said that his business had been already ruined by litigation and that his heart was breaking. The younger Fan stolidly surveyed his brother's grief.

A NEW TRAGEDY.

Successfully Produced Before a Brilliant London Audience.

London, May 8.—The performance of Shelly's tragedy "The Cenci," at Islington, last night, occupied four hours. The theatre was crowded with a brilliant audience, including Robert Browning and James Russell Lowell. Many ladies were present. Alma Murray played "Beatrice" perfectly. The finest scene was that following the outrage. Vezinet's performance as the Count surpassed that of any role he had previously undertaken, and aroused the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The papers censure the management for the circulation of a pamphlet detailing the crime of the "Cencis."

Debt-Ridden Colonies.

New York, May 13.—The London *Standard* of May 1st, in a leading editorial says: South Australia yesterday successfully raised another large loan in London, and now stands beside its rivals, Queensland and New Zealand. These three colonies are the most debt-ridden of all the Australian group. Their public burdens have attained an amount of between £50 and £60 per head. Everything they possess is in some degree mortgaged. Hardly a steamer leaves New Zealand without carrying away men who have failed to discover any means of earning their bread. Their substance limit grows narrower as the debt grows. Such a country ought not to have another penny of English savings, be the consequences what they may. It is better to face the worst and force the colonists to do so.

The Manchester Martyrs.

Dr. Croke, archbishop of Cashel, in forwarding a subscription of £5 to a committee about to erect some sort of monument to commemorate the execution of the three men hanged at Manchester in 1867 for the shooting of Police-sergeant Brett, writes:

"The three Irishmen above-named, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, and now universally known as the Manchester martyrs, are, I believe, fully entitled to that designation, having been wrongfully arrested, unfairly tried, and barbarously executed for participation in an outrage for which they were not guilty and a murder which they not only did not commit but could not possibly have contemplated. They went like heroes to their doom, and Ireland does well to perpetuate the memory of their chivalrous bearing on the scaffold and of their unflinching fidelity to faith and country."

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's own true Laxative. This pleasant liquid fruit remedy is now held by all druggists in 50 cents and large bottles at 75 cents and sold by druggists at $1 25. It is the most pleasant, prompt and effective remedy known, to cleanse the system; to act on the Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels gently yet thoroughly; to disperse Headaches, Colds and Fevers, to cure Constipation, Indigestion and kindred ills. dw13

Many ladies admire great hair—in some other person. But few care to try its effect on their own charms. Not need they, since Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents the hair from turning gray, and restores gray hair to its original color. It cleanses the scalp, prevents the formation of dandruff, and is wonderfully stimulative to the growth of the hair.

dw

He Had Had a Heap of Experience.

Macbeth Simmons, an Onion Creek farmer, has started a hog ranch. He hired Si Jackson, a colored man, to assist him.

"I hope we will get along well together, Si."

"I knows we will get along all right, boss. I'se had a heap ob sperience dealin' wid hogs."

Which was Right?

Two friends meet on the Boulevard. "Have you been sick?" asked the first, "You don't look well." "Yes, I am not feeling just right. The fact is I have consulted three physicians, and they don't seem to agree upon the cause of my malady." "How is that?" "Well, the first said I had consumption, and the second heart disease." "And what did the third tell you?" "Oh, he said what the third one always says, that the other two were asses."—*French Wit.*

HERBERT'S FORTUNE.

Old Mr. Turnbull had a will of his own. No one disputed the fact, and possibly no one would have objected to it, had he acknowledged the right of anyone else to have a will of his own; but this he was by no means content to do, being of the opinion, it seemed, that he possessed the monopoly of the article.

Herbert Langley did not often go against his uncle's will, but when he did, then came the tug of war.

Mr. Turnbull had forbidden his nephew, under pain of his perpetual displeasure, which meant disinheritance and an end of all intercourse between them, even to dream of a marriage with Ethel Jarvis; and the young man had quietly informed him that the said marriage had ceased to be a matter of dreams, and was very soon to be a reality.

Consequently, open war was declared: Herbert was ordered to leave his uncle's house at a moment's notice, and Gertrude Roddy, the orphan daughter of a distant relative, was installed in his place with all rights, present and prospective.

Herbert had saved Ethel Jarvis' life, in a very heroic and praiseworthy manner, upon the occasion of a terrible boat disaster, and he had become from that moment the idol and hero of the young girl's heart.

As for himself, although he affected to think lightly of the deed, and turned aside all expressions of gratitude as uncalled for, yet he must have secretly placed a high estimate on his conduct, for he would accept nothing less than the life he had saved for a reward.

The two young people loved each other faithfully and fondly, and as Herbert left his uncle's house, with proud and angry haste, it was with a deep sense of the old man's injustice burning hotly in his heart.

"What right had he to bring me up without profession, or other means of earning a livelihood, if my position in his business were not a sure thing, irrespective of his wishes with regard to my marriage, or anything else? Even a good trade would be a boon now. As it is—Poor Ethel!"

Ethel kept house for her father in a pretty little cottage that they rented near Hastings, from the windows of which they had, upon one side, the most superb of ocean views; upon the other, a woodland scene of the loveliest hills and dales in the world.

Mr. Jarvis was a journalist whose work was not nearly so remunerative as it was hard and constant; lately his health had failed, and both mind and hand had demanded rest, in a way that could not be denied.

Symptoms of paralysis were evident, and Ethel, in great alarm, insisted that her father should cease work.

Their little "rainy-day" fund was called into requisition, and Ethel herself obtained a clerkship in the town telegraph office—a position for which she had qualified herself in secrecy, for her father, a gentleman by birth and education, looked with horror upon the idea of his lovely daughter increasing their income by an avocation which called her from the shelter of her home.

She broke the news of the step she had taken as gently as possible, laughing merrily at his old-fashioned objections to what so she styled them—and coaxing from him an unwilling consent to that which was indeed a necessity.

"Dear father, your old-world notions are mere prejudices, in which I take no part. Anyway, it's only for a while, dear, for you know I, too, am of a literary turn of mind, and when that heap of scattered manuscript upstairs is metamorphosed into a successful book, then I will remember my duty to my ancestors, and retire into private life. In the meantime I must keep the pot boiling by electricity."

"Still another use for the magic fluid!" he replied with a smile; then sighed and kissed the girl's golden head, but offered no more objections to her project.

Thus their affairs stood when Herbert came and announced his uncle's decision.

A hot flush rose on Mr. Jarvis' pale delicate face, and his fingers worked nervously.

"My daughter shall never marry into a family where she will not be more than welcome," he said haughtily.

"I do not ask it, sir. I have no family. My uncle has himself severed all connection between us, and henceforth I owe him no duty. Your daughter is my betrothed wife, with your consent, and, please heaven, I will soon make a home which shall be worthy of her."

He turned and caught her two hands in his and drew her to his side.

"Ethel, darling, I have come to say good-by. I must go away at once."

"Go away?" she gasped in surprise.

"Yes; I cannot stay to struggle in poverty. I have an uncle in Australia—my father's brother—who has often asked me to join him there.

"He is rich. I will now accept from him gratefully the assistance I have hitherto slighted.

"The sooner I go, the sooner I can return, dear love, rich, and able to make you happy. Ethel, darling, my ship sails to-morrow!"

"To-morrow! So soon! Ah no; not to-morrow." And they plighted their troth anew and parted.

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"For whom are you in mourning, Linda?" asked Miss Gertrude Roddy, of her maid, as the latter braided the heavy masses of her lustrous black hair, and rolled it about her handsome head.

"For my father, madam."

"Has he been long dead?"

"No—oh no. It is only nine months since he died," the girl replied in a low voice.

"Nine months! Why, that is nearly a year! It had put off mourning for my father by that time!"

And the lady toyed with the rose ribbons of her dove-colored peignoir, and shook her head with a gentle sigh.

"I will wear my diamonds, Linda. Have you got them ready?"

"Yes, madam. But you requested me to remind you to try the effect of the sapphires with this wine-colored velvet."

"Oh, yes; so I did. I think it will be charming."

"Shall I be admired, Linda? Will Colonel Raeburn admire me, do you think?"

"He must be very deficient in taste if he does not," the maid replied with a smile; "your fan, madam."

"I think so myself," Gertrude answered, regarding herself in the mirror with undisguised approval. "Herbert Langley was certainly a very foolish young man, and quite blind to his own interests."

And with a shrug and a light laugh she turned and swept away.

Miss Roddy appreciated her new maid, and valued highly the improvement in her own appearance since Linda Lyle had had the selection and adjustment of her toilettes.

She was in the habit of treating her rather differently from her former maids, having discovered that she was quite a superior person for the station.

Her new maid puzzled her. She would have been more puzzled, perhaps, had she seen Linda after the door was closed. For one moment she stood with flashing eyes and glowing cheek, then she sank on a sofa with hands clasped.

"Ah, now I know why Herbert was so eager to be gone. His uncle not only forbade his marriage with me, but insisted on his marrying her. Dear boy! he dreaded some entanglement, and feared to stay.

"And he was right. For if I read her truly, Gertrude Roddy would not hesitate to take the initiative if she wished to make a man marry her.

"Ah, Herbert, my love, why do I not hear from you? but I will keep a good heart, still hoping for your return. And I am not the only one; for well I understand the sad wistful look on your uncle's face. Dear old man, cruel and willful as he is to us, yet do I love him dearly; and it will be a strange thing if I do not find my way into his heart soon, for Herbert's sake."

That very night, when Gertrude Roddy returned from the opera, she was informed that her uncle—she called him so, though the relationship was much more distant—was very ill.

She inquired about him with the kindest interest, but did not go to him.

She asked to see the physician, and manifested the greatest concern when she was informed that the symptoms indicated typhoid fever.

"But I apprehend no immediate danger, Miss Roddy. I will send a nurse if you wish, although there is a young lady in the house who seems competent to do all that's required. She will make no mistakes about the medicine, I'm sure."

"Whom do you mean? There is no young lady in the house but myself."

"She is a slight, fair girl and your uncle seems pleased with her attention."

"Ah, it is Linda. Yes, she is very capable. She's my maid, Dr. Ross."

"Your maid, Miss Roddy? Well—well, whoever she is, she's the right kind of a person to be in a sick-room, and you can't do better than lend her to Mr. Turnbull as nurse. Good evening, Miss Roddy. I shall be in early in the morning, and have given all necessary instructions for the night to your maid."

Miss Roddy rang her bell.

"Send Linda to me," she ordered, as the housemaid appeared in answer to it.

"If you please, miss, she is in Mr. Turnbull's room, and he is sleeping."

"All the more reason why she can be spared. Do you take her place, Mrs. Rennie, and send her to me at once. I have business of great importance to be attended to."

"Linda," she said, as the girl entered the room with a pale and troubled face, "I must leave town to-morrow."

"I have promised to marry Colonel Raeburn as soon as I can get ready, and I dare not run the risk of contagion. Make as much haste as you can, and be prepared to come with me."

"Why, Miss Roddy, typhoid fever is not contagious; there is no danger," answered the girl, surprise giving place to scorn upon her countenance.

"My doctors claim that it is, although Ross thinks otherwise; and I am quite sure that it is, especially when one's own health is run down, as mine is at present."

"But surely you do not mean to leave Mr. Turnbull while he is ill—perhaps dying?"

"How dare you argue with me! I have told you I am obliged to do so, stupid girl. Tell Doctor Ross in the morning to engage a skilled nurse, the best that can be obtained, and be ready to accompany me at noon. Do you understand? Your duty is to obey me, is it not?—not to discuss my wishes."

"Not after to-night, I believe, madame. My engagement with you will have expired to-morrow, as it was an express condition that I was not to be required to leave Hastings.

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