The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it. If the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Proprietor's announcement.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE.

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Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for first insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,
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Coal Stored in the Solid Rock at Gibraltar.

The storing of coal at Gibraltar is accomplished by means of a very curious plant, which has just been completed for the pumping station at Landport.

In the huge rock fortress the coal store, boiler house and the engine room adjoining are worked under compressed air, and are necessarily airtight. The store to which the coal has to be conveyed is hewn out of the solid rock, and is absolutely bombproof. A special feature is the arrangement of the coal plant in such a way that it does not interfere with the air pressure. The coal is lifted from the coal tip fifty-seven feet below the horizontal traveler. The skip by which the coal is conveyed is raised by means of a steel wire rope working over pulleys and round a driving drum. The time occupied by the skip in traveling from coal tip to coal store is two minutes. At this end and on a level with the motors, a sentry box is hewn out of the rock, where the man who controls the gearing for hoisting the skip is housed, and has practically a full view of all three operations.

The visitor was showing little Oswald the book of fairy-tales. "But wouldn't you live to have been the two-headed giant?" asked the visitor. "He had lots of fun!" "No indeed!" responded Oswald. "Think how he must have suffered when his mamma boxed his ears!"

A JOURNALIST'S STORY....

The editor strode up and down the length of his office, his hands thrust in his trouser pockets, his gaze on the carpet, and spoke as he walked.

"You write the real stuff, Mr. Johnson. 'The Derelict' was good. It gripped. I've asked you ro call because I should like you to give me more. Nine men out of ten, in telling the tale of a human failure, would do it in the stereotyped style of the ha'penny newspaper reporter. You're the tenth. I have in my mind a series of articles dealing with the submerged types of this great city. What do you say?"

"What can I say," said the young man, gratefully, "except that I thank you for the opportunity and will do my best?"

"That's settled then," said the editor, staying in his promenade and regarding his visitor with a cheery smile. "I will give you a suggestion for the first article: 'A Night on the Embankment.'"

"Very good, sir; I will let you have it to-morrow," said the young man, taking up his hat.

The editor held out his hand. His keen eye noted the shiny coat, and his warm grasp evidenced His goodwill.

"Been down on your luck, my lad, eh?" he said. "'The Derelict'—your own story, perhaps?"

The journalist glanced down at his broken boots and his face flushed.

"To my shame, yes," he said. "I was like many another young fool, and threw away my chance of happiness by an act of folly. To-day, under an assumed name, I am a recruit to the army of grubbers. Your cheque meant food to me."

"So bad?" said the editor. "Well, Nil desperandum, you see, my lad. Why, even I can remember the days when the cupboard was bare, editors callous, and the landlady voracious. In after days I shall be proud to think that I discovered you. That girl, now, in the story—the girl who should have been your wife—who knows? The story may have a sequel!"

"Never!" cried the young man, dejectedly. "The day I fled to save myself from punishment I dropped out of her life. She could not marry a contemptible thief—and I was that."

"You never hear of her?" said the editor, turning to his desk.

"Indirectly, yes," returned the other; "and I know the past still lives for her. She is a writer too. One of her stories appeared in last week's 'Universe.' There is a note of sadness in it that tells me, who can read between the lines, she is not happy, and the thought is wormwood. But why should I trouble you? Forgive me!"

The editor passed his hand through his grizzled hair, and a queer smile illuminated his rugged face.

"I am a married man of twenty years with several olive branches," he observed. "But if I were in your shoes I should wipe out the stain and marry that girl. You can do good work, my lad. Do it, and heigh ho! for the wedding bells. Good morning."

"He's a good man," he remarked to himself, when the door had closed. "Mustn't let him go to the dogs."

Whistling a stanza from a popular tune that had taken the town, he rapidly dashed off a couple of letters and, throwing down his pen, sat for a space with his chin in his hand.

"No, we won't let him go to the dogs!" he muttered, touching his bell.

"Get me last week's 'Universe,'" he said to the clerk who answered it. "Sharp!"

In a few moments it was in his hands.

"Ah, here we are. 'As we Forgive,' by Ella Joceline Rivers."

He turned the handle of his desk-telephone and called a number.

"Hallo!" he said. "That 'Universe'? Put me through to Mr. Mayhew. Ah! that you, Charles? Morning! I want you to give me the address of Ella Joceline Rivers. I think I can place something in her way, if you would. Just a moment while I take it down. Now, right away. Thanks very much."

Taking a telegram-form he scribbled a message and sent it out to be dispatched. This done, he settled down to a spell of work, unbroken until lunch-time.

At three o'clock precisely a clerk brought him a card.

"Show Miss Rivers up," he said.

He rose to his feet as the young lady entered the room, and advancing took her hand. "By George, she's pretty!" he thought. "As pretty as they made 'em if she'd only smile. I'll make her."

"Sit down, Miss Rivers," he said, cheerily. "I have read your story in the 'Universe,' and I should like you to do something for me. Can you?"

The girl toyed nervously with her glove, and gazed at him for a moment at a loss. His smile was infectious.

"I want work," she stammered, smiling too.

"That's good!" he said. "I like your touch. You see things as they are, and have a very telling style. Now, what I had particularly in my mind was a series of real life pictures. In this great London of ours there are thousands of poor creatures eking out a bare existence in strange and terrible ways—the homeless, the prey of the sweater, and many others. The tale of their lives would make good reading, and a little light, perchance, may do some good. It is journalistic work, work which will necessitate the playing of a part and take you into strange places. Can you and will you undertake it?"

"I both can and will," she replied, unhesitatingly. "It is the chance I have hoped for. You are very good to single me out of all the crowd. I will not disappoint you."

"Capital!" he said. "Now, I will give you an idea for the first article: 'A Night on the Embankment.' Does that frighten you?"

"Not at all," she returned. "Are not the police always with us? You shall have that article to-morrow."

"Very good!" said the editor, laughing, as he opened the door. "Until to-morrow, then, Miss Rivers."

"That a man's woman all over," he muttered, as he strode to the window and peered over the flowers in the box that adorned it to see her trip across the street. "Beautiful, soul and body, if I'm any judge. Those wedding bells ought to ring. It's the proper ending to the story. And, by George! they shall."

* * * * * *

The reverberation of the last sonorous note of Big Ben's midnight chime was dying away when a shabbily-dressed man slunk past the policeman on Westminster Bridge and turned along the Embankment. Pulling his cap well forward over his eyes and thrusting his hands in the pockets of his ragged coat, he leaned against the parapet and gave himself up to reverie.

On the bridge a succession of vehicles and hurrying pedestrians continually passed. Away eastward a train moved, like a fire-scaled, spitting dragon, across the river. Behind him the sky showed red from the glare of the west, for London's hour of sleep was not yet. Before him flowed the dark river, serried with the rippling streams of silver from the Embankment lights, gurgling and lapping against the wall, holding him under its mysterious spell, and imbuing his being with a strange sense of unreality.

The thought of the millions of human creatures who had gazed upon it as he did, and, their little span of years ticked off, had passed like so many shadows, brought home to him with all its force the lesson of man's frailty, and he shambled on for a time oblivious to the material world about him, racking his mind with vain conjecture.

He was brought abruptly back to earth by a sudden encounter with the form of a fellow-creature. The woman, who had been leaning on the river wall, dreaming too, recoiled from the impact, and mechanically he stretched out his hand and caught her.

"Beg pardon, missis," he muttered gruffly. "I didn't see yer in the shadder. I was dreamin'.

"Orl right, mate," she returned, in the high-pitched voice of the genus. "No 'arm done. I wus in the clahds meself, an' never 'eard yer."

"Sorter grips yer, don't it?" he said, hoarsely, looking over the wall. "I could look an' look an' see my whole bloomin' life flowin' dahn on the dark water jest like the picturs on a cinematograrf. And the hum orl abart yer—jest like a hive of honey bees, ain't it?"

"I wus thinkin' 'ow peaceful an' calm it seemed dahn theer," she said. "I've orften wondered wot a wrotched woman's thoughts wus as she gized at it jest before givin' 'erself up to its arms, an' I think I begin to understand. 'Come,' it seems ter sy. 'Leave behind orl the misery an' shame. Come ter me an' find rest an' peace.'"

The young man edged a little closer and clutched the arm beneath her shawl.

"Missis," he muttered, "you warn't a-thinkin' o' chuckin'——"

She snatched her arm free and laughed.

"Not me!" she said. "I ain't that sort."

"I'm glad," he said. "Don't you believe the voice of the river when it calls like that. It may promise rest, but arfter, missis—that's the bloomin' rub—arfter! 'Ere, come aw'y; it ain't 'ealthy. Gives me the creeps."

"Ain't you got no kip to-night?" she asked him, as they walked away together past two or three seats already occupied with their nightly quota of homeless.

"Not the price of a fourpenny doss," he returned. "Absolutely stony! But I ain't grumblin'. There's many a bloke a'torsin' on 'is downy bed in Belgriva as can't sleep a perishin' wink. Ain't much better orf than me, anyhow. So wot's the odds?"

"You're a philosopher," she said, in her natural voice.

The young man started. They were in the shadow, or she might have seen the growing wonder in his face.

"S'elp me, but when you spoke then I thort it wus somebody I wunce knew," he said, presently. "You're new to this gime, ain't yer! Carn't yer get a show?"

She stopped suddenly as the thought struck her that this man, who appeared so friendly, might be useful to her in the furthering of her purpose, and she determined to trust him.

"Oh, I'm simply doing this for fun," she said. "Tell me, would you like to earn a couple of shillings?"

His hand went out towards her, and he stood as if turned to stone

"Would you?" she queried.

"Wotcher givin' me?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I must explain," she said, drawing herself up to her full height. "I'm not so down on my luck as I appear. I'm a journalist, out here to-night to gather material for an article. Now, if you would accompany me, as a bodyguard, you understand, just to see that I don't come to grief, I will pay you for your trouble. I want to talk to some of these poor, destitute people. What do you say?"

As the words came from her lips a sudden impulse seized him, and gripping her by the shoulders he endeavored to see her face.

"Come under the lamp," he panted. "I want to look at you."

"Very well," she said, disengaging herself from his grasp with a short laugh, and stepping forward. "I should like to see you, too. You're in the story, you know."

Together they came beneath the light, and, as her face was revealed, he stopped dead with a hoarse cry on his lips:—

"Ella?" he cried. And then again, "El—la?"

She started, and gazed closely at his working features.

"Stephen?" she gasped, wide-eyed and trembling at the sudden recognition.

For a few moments neither could utter another word. Ashamedly he hung his head, and the woman, noting his disreputable appearance, saw him gradually fade away behind the mist.

"Has it come to this?" she faltered, presently.

"Oh, no; don't pity me," he said. "I, too, am playing a part. I am not so poor as I seem. I am wondering if Fate could show a stranger coincidence or a more cruel jest than our meeting to-night."

"Why 'jest?" she murmured. "Have I not longed to hear of you every hour since that day? Stephen, why did you not confide in me?"

"I was a fool, and worse!" he cried, remorsefully. "I dared not face you, knowing myself a criminal. I had hoped you had forgotten me and, in the love of a worthier man, had found happiness. I cannot condone my folly. Let me say God-speed, and go——"

"There could be no other," she said. "Listen, for I must tell you. The day when you, knowing the discovery of your defalcation was imminent, fled to escape the disgrace, Watson, my father's cashier, who knew of our affection and was your friend throughout, came to me and told me he himself had put matters right. The old man, in the kindness of his heart, found excuse for your folly, and begged me, if I knew your whereabouts, to demand that you should return to your duties. I could not let him suffer by his generosity, and insisted that the right of repayment was mine. Until the day of his death my father never could understand your sudden disappearance. In his eyes you were the soul of integrity."

"Ella," cried the young man, chokingly, "what you tell me makes my crime seem a thousand times worse. I was a poor, weak fool. The gambling passion had me in its clutches, and the money went to pay my debts of honor. Since that day I have never touched a card, nor never, so long as I shall live, will I. Watson was a true friend. Heaven bless him! Had I but known I would have condoned, and things might have been different. The torment and privations of the past two years have been none too heavy a punishment, and, I think, have made me a stronger man. Only in a stress of work have I been able to put my shame away for a time."

"And you are succeeding?" she asked.

"The struggle has been a hard one, but to-day the tide is with me," he said. "I am here to-night as a Special Commissioner for 'The Kingdom.'"

"What, you?" she cried. "Why, I too am a 'Kingdom' Special. I have promised an article for to-morrow on to-night's experience. The editor wired for me but this afternoon, and after saying complimentary things about my story in the 'Universe,' suggested 'A Night on the Embankment' himself."

The young man stared at her; then a faint smile crept over his face.

"You play the part of one of these homeless ones to perfection," he said.

"And you are the dead-beat to the life," she retorted.

"Let us sit on this seat," he said. "I also saw our friend the editor this morning. A story of mine called 'The Derelict' had taken his fancy and he wanted more. I scarcely know how it happened, but before I knew it he had gleaned it was part of my life story."

"I read it," said the girl, softly.

"He gave me the suggestion for this night's work," he explained. "That is why I am here."

"Did you mention me?" quieried the girl, wonderingly.

"Yes, I told him of your 'Universe' story," he answered, and then he stopped as a sudden thought struck him.

"Do you think he meant us to meet?" she queried persistently.

"Ella," he said, taking her two unresisting hands, "I scarcely dare hope for forgiveness."

"Stephen," she cried, "I feel sure the artful schemer contrived this with a motive. But how about my article?"

"Ah!" said Stephen, "we mustn't disappoint him. But first of all tell me——"

For answer her arms crept round his neck.

* * * * * *

The editor stood in the window, watching his two contributors crossing the street. On the opposite side they both looked up and, seeing him smiled. He smiled too, and waved his hand.

"I feel as pleased as if—as if I'd just been married," he laughed, as he turned to his desk. "I must tell Maria about this. I really must. She'll be delighted."—London Tit-Bits.

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About the ....House

THE LUNCH BASKET.

Packing a lunch basket initiates the domestic routine in thousands of homes every work day morning of the year, and is considered by the majority of housewives one of the most irksome duties demanded of them, not on account of the labor involved, for that is insignificant, but because of the ever-present and perplexing question, "What shall go into the basket that, while satisfying the desires of the appetite, will at the same time serve the individual needs of the body?" For the out-door laborer, who is constantly expending large amounts of heat and force energy, requires food containing a greater proportion of nitrogenous, that is to say, flesh-forming and muscle-making properties, than he of sedentary habits, who needs rather food rich in phosphoric or nerve and brain-building elements.

Cold victuals at best are relished by few; consequently, when preparing and packing a lunch basket attractiveness should hardly be a second consideration. In the first place, provide a dainty basket—one having a cover is to be preferred—and keep it sweet and clean, a thing next to impossible when leather lunch boxes or tin dinner pails are used. Food shut up in either for several hours will have a close smell.

Baskets on the order of the picnic hamper on a small scale may be had for a slight advance in price, and will prove a most satisfactory investment. 'Tis a mean lunch which does not boast its napkin or pristine freshness each day. For this purpose it is better management to buy the small fringed napkins that come six in a set than to draw upon the regular table supply. Every well regulated lunch basket has its own silver, that is, knife, fork, spoon, salt shaker and drinking cup, of daintiest pattern, and kept bright and scrupulously clean.

A goodly supply of oiled paper for wrapping each article of food separately should be kept conveniently to hand. This paper costs a mere trifle, and contributes untold attractiveness to a packed lunch. By its use, sandwiches, cheese, chicken, fruit and cake are preserved intact, and there is no comingling of flavors.

For holding the stewed fruit, bouillon, salad, delicate custard and like savories, which do so much toward making the cold lunch palatable, provide small glasses, having screw tops

So much for the accessories; as to the lunch proper, advice can only be preferred in a general way, for, as has been already said, individual requirements must determine of what foods it shall consist.

It would appear that sandwiches are the rightful inheritance of the lunch basket, for they are always to be found in it. And yet 'tis not everyone who understands the knack of making a wholesome and appetizing sandwich. One often sees thick slices of bread dotted with chunks of butter and inclosing tough and scraggy hunks of meat masquerading under the name, but they can justly lay no claim to it.

The first requisite for the making of a sandwich is sweet, well baked bread. Cut in thin symmetrical slices or rounds and spread with a thin coating of butter before slicing. Arrange slices in pairs with a savory lining between, and you have a sandwich that possesses the virtue of being as good as it looks. The filling for the 20th century sandwich is not confined to ham, tongue and beef, as formerly, but the range extends from flesh to vegetables, and includes fish, fowl, fruit and nuts, the last-named being excellent as a substitute for meat.

Cooked vegetables, as a rule, are not relished cold, though there are exceptions. A glass of cold stewed tomatoes nicely seasoned will be enjoyed for a change if one is fond of tomatoes. Baked beans are as good cold as hot, and will always receive a hearty appreciation from the bean lover. On "bean days" cut out meat as both are equal in food value.

Salads should be a prominent feature of the cold lunch. Well bleached tender stalks of celery, washed clean but not dried, then wrapped in oiled paper, will remain crisp for hours and are always relished. Do not forget the bit of cheese, which is not only nutritious, but aids digestion, when putting up the cold lunch.

Ordinarily, something to drink is not considered a feature of the cold lunch. It sometimes becomes a necessity, however, especially if the water supply be of questionable purity. When it is advisable, procure two-flat-sided bottles with screw-top lids. Such bottles take up little room and will safely convey the milk, cocoa or lemonade as the case may be. Use the bottles alternately, in order to keep them sweet and clean.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Tutti Fruit—This is made in a variety of fruit juices. Almost anything available may be used, and a number of juices mixed, sweetened to taste and set upon ice. Currants and raspberries make one of the most delectable drinks. Crush the fruit and strain, add sugar and water as desired. Rhubarb juice may be extracted by cooking, and this, added to currant juice, with sugar and water to taste, makes a most refreshing drink, and is available earlier in the season in the North than some other fruit drinks.

Coffeeade—This is a drink rarely used, but it is a most delicious one. Make sufficient coffee and strain into a pitcher. Set upon ice until wanted. It may be served with plain cream, with sugar as desired. A teaspoonful of vanilla to a quart of coffee does not hurt it, and some people consider it an improvement.

Orangade—This is much better if with the juice from the oranges is mixed that of one lemon to four oranges. Either lemon or orangeade is better if the fruit is sliced and covered with sugar, and the sugar is crushed into the fruit. This extracts some of the flavor from the rind, and gives that peculiarly desirable taste that lemonade made just with the juice lacks. The same taste may be gained by grating the rinds or part of the lemons or oranges. If the lemonade is to stand this is better, as any lemonade made with the sliced lemons will soon turn bitter from the white skin, which gives a bitter flavor to anything. In putting up lemon or lime juice for picnic parties, or for keeping for future use, it is better to add some of the grated rinds. Be sure not to get any of the white part. One may crush bananas and add to either lemon or orangade, and give an entirely distinct flavor. It would be well in using these to put through a fine sieve. The juice from canned plums is delicious, and will bear some reduction with water. Currant jelly may be dissolved, and this, too, makes a delicious drink. Black currant jelly is also used in this way, and many invalids relish it.

Frappe—This is made from a combination of lemons, oranges and pineapples, and is one of the most ambrosial drinks known. The rinds are grated, say from one-third of the lemons and oranges used. The juice is extracted, the pineapple is grated, and the fruit is covered with crushed sugar if loaf sugar is used. The pineapple especially should be macerated in sugar for some hours until it is thoroughly seasoned through. The lemon and orange juice will readily dissolve the sugar without letting it stand long. Mix the juice when ready to serve, and add ice water as desired. An impromptu vessel was once used to serve this beverage at a wedding. A glass that is used by grocers to cover whole cheese was put into use by being inverted. After inversion it makes quite a little ocean of frappe when filled. Young girls, daintily dressed, served this to all who desired it, through the entire function.

Huckleberry Sponge Pudding.—With a sharp knife remove the inside of a good sized sponge cake, leaving a wall 2 inches thick. Cook the berries in sugar, but do not let them lose form. When only warm fill the cake box prepared, and before serving, warm again in oven, watching that it does not dry. Whip sweet cream stiff and with a large spoon arrange in fluffs on top of pudding.

Currants and Raspberry Dumplings.—Make shortcake recipe, roll and cut into squares 5 inches. Add ½ cup currants to 3 cups raspberries. Fill squares, fold over the crust from point to point, having generously sprinkled with sugar. Rub a little butter across paste and bake in oven.

Serve with following raspberry sauce: Beat 1 egg (white only) stiff; add 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 cup mashed berries, ½ cup sweet cream.

BLACKBERRY RECIPES.

Blackberry Dumplings—Sift 2 cups flour with 2 level teaspoons baking powder and ½ saltspoon salt. Beat 2 eggs very light with 2 level teaspoons butter and 2 tablespoons sugar. Add the flour to this mixture and beat to a smooth, thick batter, adding more flour if not thick enough. Stir in lightly 1 cup blackberries which have been washed, picked and floured. Drop the batter by spoonfuls into a pot of boiling water, cooking only a few at a time. Cover closely and boil steadily for 10 or 12 minutes. When done, serve at once with orange hard sauce.

Blackberry Flummery—Cook 1 pt. ripe blackberries with 1 qt. water for 10 minutes without stirring. Mix 4 level tablespoonfuls cornstarch in a little cold water and stir it into the fruit. Cook until the mixture thickens. Add sugar to taste, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Cook for a few minutes longer, then remove from the fire, turn into a mold, and set aside to cool. Serve with cream and sugar. A delicious breakfast dish in hot weather.

STANLEY'S GREAT EXPLOIT.

Mark Twain's Humorous Reference To It.

Although the fame of Sir Henry M. Stanley, who died in London on May 10th, will rest on his exploration of the upper Congo and of equatorial Africa, it is his search for David Livingstone through the African jungles and his finding of the missing missionary at Ujiji, on the shore of Tanganyika, that appeals most to the dramatic feeling of the world. In "Eccentricities of Genius" Maj. J. B. Pond quotes a witty reference to this achievement, which was made by Mark Twain in introducing Mr. Stanley to a Boston audience.

"I am not here to disparage Columbus," said Mr. Clemens. "No, I won't do that. But when you come to regard the achievements of these two men, Columbus and Stanley, from the standpoint of the difficulties they encountered, the advantage is with Stanley and against Columbus.

"Columbus started out to discover America. He didn't need to do anything at all but sit in the cabin of his ship, hold his grip and sail straight on, and America would discover itself. Here it was, barring his passage the whole length and breadth of two continents. He couldn't get past it. He'd got to discover it.

"But Stanley started out to find Doctor Livingstone, who was scattered—scattered abroad, as you may say, over the length and breadth of a vast slab of Africa, as big as the United States. It was a blind search for one of the worst scattered of men."

In October, 1870, Stanley started out from Bombay on his search for Doctor Livingstone on behalf of two newspapers. The great missionary and geographer, on the last sad trip of his life, had plunged into the heart of Africa from the east coast in the spring of 1866. For five years he had been fighting for his life against the ravages of fever and disease, contending vainly against his old foes, the slave-traders, and wandering slowly about, studying the regions to the west and south of Tanganyika, cared for and aided by the natives, who reverenced him as a superior being.

Stanley moved inland from Zanzibar in the spring of 1871. By June he had reached Unyanyembe, where he was again delayed. At last he was able to proceed into the vast wilderness, somewhere in which was Livingstone. Whether Livingstone had gone across toward the west coast or had tried to move northward toward the Nile valley Stanley did not know.

The fact was that Livingstone, in extremity, had returned to Tanganyika, and had reached Ujiji. There, where new supplies should have reached him, he learned that all had been stolen. He was almost hopeless, an old man, ill, alone, with only the friendship of a few native tribes between him and death.

In the nick of time Stanley arrived, after a month of wandering and terrible hardship. The meeting between the two was most dramatic. To Livingstone it meant new life. It buoyed him up till all the hardships were forgotten. Together the two explored Tanganyika, and then went back to Unyanyembe, where Stanley provided Livingstone with new supplies and a new party of faithful blacks. The old missionary returned to the jungle, to die a few months later, and Stanley retraced his steps to give the world the story of his achievement.

THE MARVELS OF RADIUM

PROF. RUTHERFORD EXPLAINS NEW ELEMENTS.

Radiators Are Projected at the Speed of 20,000 Miles a Second.

Not before during this session perhaps has so large and brilliant an audience occupied the theatre of the Royal Institution as assembled recently, under the presedency of the Duke of Northumberland, to hear Prof. Ernest Rutherford's exposition of the latest results attained in the investigation of radium and other radio-active bodies, says the London Telegraph. Prof. Rutherford's fame had preceded him. Though still a young man, having been born in New Zealand in 1871, he is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and has for the last six years been professor of physics in McGill University, Montreal. He has gained much distinction by researches into the properties of thorium and radium.

The professor began with illustrations of the now well known facts that radium gives off three kinds of rays and an emanation. The (a) radiations are positively electrified matter, and are projected at the rate of 20,000 miles per second; the (b) rays are corpuscles, 1,000 times less than an atom of hydrogen, they are negatively electrified, and travel 100,000 miles per second; while the (c) rays resemble those discovered by Ronrgen.

THE EMANATION

is a gas, which, strange to say, gives off precisely the same radiations as the radium from which it is derived. Darkening the room, the professor showed that there was a sufficient amount of luminosity in an extremely small quantity of the element and its gas to be distinctly visible. By an ingenious method he also managed to throw on the screen a picture of Sir W. Crookes' spinthariscope, by which a chemically prepared plate is seen to be bombarded by brilliant scintillations of these almost infinitesimal corpuscles.

Radium is a species of atomic matter which is breaking up. The particles it throws off leave a residuum which is the element helium, the lightest substance known except hydrogen. It is matter—possibly primeval matter—undergoing dissolution. It may be the other elements, such as iron, copper, gold, in the infinite past have undergone a similar process, or may now be undergoing it; yet so slowly that it cannot be perceived. Radium in its breaking up—perhaps by atomic explosions—gives off an amount of energy unparalleled elsewhere, a hundred thousand times greater than any chemical combination. Coal and oxygen of the air combine and yield heat sufficient to propel an Atlantic liner, but thousands of tons are required to cross the ocean; a pound or two of radium would do as much work.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY

and Mr. Soddy have lately shown that half this wonderful energy would be exhausted in about 2,000 years, but the whole of it in not less than 50,000 years. It has also been shown that though we can procure exceedingly little of the precious mineral, it is widely diffused, and probably as we descend into the earth's crust the quantity increases. This being so, there would seem to be enough radium to account for the heat which the earth's interior is always giving out. Long ago Lord Kelvin (who was present, and the mention of whose name evoked applause) showed that the earth could hardly be 100,000,000 years old, and most probably not more than 20,000,000, allowing for the rate at which a once white-hot globe would cool. But geologists demand many millions more. Lord Kelvin, however, made one prophetic reservation as to the extreme limit of the world's age—"unless some new source of energy were discovered." That new source of energy has been discovered, said Prof. Rutherford, in radium and other radio-active bodies, and the geologists can have all the millions they require.

LAST DAYS OF POETS.

Calm Passing Away of Wordsworth and Other Favorites.

The death of any one is affecting, but that of poets seems more so. Campbell on his death-bed said to his niece, "Come, let us sing praises to Christ!" and pointing to the bedside he added, "Sit here." "Shall I pray for you?" she said. "Oh, yes," he replied, "let us pray for each other." The next day at a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and he said, "We shall see—to-morrow," naming a long-departed friend; and on the next day he expired without a struggle.

Mrs. Browning died in Florence, in the house of the Casa Guidi Windows and she sleeps in the English burial ground without the walls of the city. So long a sufferer, her fatal illness was but of a week's duration. The "beloved" sank to rest with her beloved ones around her. Her last words, as her eyes opened into the light, were: "It is beautiful."

During Wordsworth's last illness, his wife said to him very gently, "William, you are going to Dora," a favorite daughter. He made no reply at the time, and the words seemed to have passed unheeded. More than twenty-four hours afterwards, as one of his nieces was drawing aside the curtain of his chamber, and then, as if awakening from a quiet sleep, he said, "Is that Dora?" then quietly breathed his last.

HOW TO CATCH CROWS.

In order to catch crows, which do so much damage to the growing crops, Italian farmers have taken to placing small pieces of meat in conical-shaped paper bags and smearing the inside of these bags with glue. When the bird puts his head in and finds himself blindfolded, he flies upward to an immense height, but falls near his starting-place.

The following scene occurred in a truly rural school:— Teacher (to literary class)—"Now, give me some words like 'demoan.'" First Smart Scholar—"Bedew." Second Ditto—"Bedaub." Third Ditto—"Bespatter." Fourth Stupid Scholar (prompted by first smart scholar)—"Begorra!"

UNHAPPY RUSSIAN CZAR

TERRORS THAT SURROUND THE THRONE.

All His Predecessors, Except One, Have Met Violent Deaths.

Unhappy Czar! Is there any living man who has had more unmerited misery thrust upon him?

From his youth up he has been menaced by mysterious death, and his life has been lived under a reign of terror that would have driven most men mad.

Of an amiable, well intentioned character, he has lived in an atmosphere pregnant with murder, and amid such horrors as could only be painted by a master of tragedy.

Twenty high officials and his grandfather, the Czar, were murdered while he was a youth. He was with his father when they twice escaped death by little short of a miracle. He himself narrowly escaped assassination as a young man, and since he came to the throne none know how often he has been near death.

STORY OF DEATH.

Two thousands of his subjects died at his coronation celebrations. He has in vain tried to break the power of the Russian officialdom that he has seen ruining his unhappy country, and now he is seeing it blasted by an ill-advised, ill-conducted war.

Back in the middle of the eighteenth century Peter the Third was strangled after having been compelled to abdicate. The unhappy monarch's son, Paul, was likewise strangled. After him came his son Nicholas.

History says that Nicholas the first died of intermittent fever, but sinister rumors were afloat about his death, and there are many reasons for believing that he was poisoned.

Battle, murder and sudden death have marked the history of the country that Nicholas the Second now rules, and its record might have been written thousands of times over in the blood that has been shed in its making.

BIRTH OF NIHILISM.

But the terrors that surround the Russian throne were made even greater when, in the middle of the nineteenth century, that grim, mad avenger of the Russian people's miseries, Nihilism, was born.

Its true history will never be written, but Nicholas the Second, Czar of all Russias, knows something of his inheritance of terror.

Before he came to the throne thirty-nine prominent officials had been murdered by the Nihilists, and scores of others had barely escaped with their lives. Knife and revolver, poison and bomb, all were unsparingly used by these desperate champions of the downtrodden people.

While the present Czar was a child General Trepof, prefect of St. Petersburg, was shot; General Mezentsof, Chief of Police, was assassinated in broad daylight in the streets of the city, and Prince Krapotkin, Governor of Kharkoff, was another victim of whose death the boy must have heard with bewilderment and awe.

GRANDFATHER'S ASSASSINATION.

But these murders, terrible though they were sank into insignificance beside that of Alexander the Second Many desperate attempts had been made on that monarch's life. Once ten people were killed and thirty-four wounded by an explosion that would have killed the whole Imperial family but for their being late for dinner.

Only a few months before he died Alexander had an almost miraculous escape. Picking up a candle, which he had accidentally knocked down, he found it strangely heavy. He examined it carefully and found that the inside held enough dynamite to blow him to atoms. It was already dusk, and a few minutes later he would have applied the light that would have sent him into eternity.

The escape availed him little.

The tragedy of 1881 is too well known to need retelling in detail. To escape possible attempts on his life his guides drove him through an unfrequented thoroughfare, but the precaution was of no avail.

A bomb was thrown at the carriage, and the coachman and others were badly wounded. The Czar's guards strove to drive him away, but he insisted on seeing how the wounded men fared.

"I am safe," he cried.

"Not yet," answered a voice, and as the words were heard another bomb fell at the ruler's feet, shattering his legs and the lower part of his body, so that he died in agony a few hours later.

And then the Nihilists announced that their victim had been sentenced to death two years before. This tragedy came when the present Czar was thirteen years of age.

FATHER ESCAPED.

Alexander the Third, the father of Nicholas II., escaped assassination as by a miracle.

As a young man the present Czar was with him when his train was derailed by Nihilists while travelling in the dead of night. Alexander placed his arms around his wife and daughters and waited for death.

But though Alexander III. was spared to die a natural death, his life was one long tragedy, and his nervous system was eventually shattered by a strain that would have killed a weaker man long before the iron-framed Alexander sank.

All these tragedies has Nicholas known, and, in addition, his own trials have been almost more than flesh and blood could survive.

When touring in Japan he nearly lost his life. A Japanese policeman, who is said to have been insane, struck the Czar with his sword.

The mad policeman may, perchance, have foreseen the events of to-day casting their shadows before. The Czar was then on his way to cut the first sod of the Siberian railway.

The Jap inflicted one severe wound and would inevitably have killed Nicholas but for Prince George of Greece, who felled his assailant to the ground with a heavy stick he was carrying.

THE OLD ROMAN BATH.

Secrets Revealed by Recent Excavations.

Women used to lose their hairpins a thousand years ago much in the same way as they do to-day. That, at least, is the impression one gets from the antiquities found during last year at the Silchester excavations.

The most interesting discovery was the building which formed apparently the principal baths of the Roman town. The exploration of the baths yielded a number of architectural fragments, including a small altar, portions of capitals and bases, part of a large basin of Purbeck marble, and some singular pieces of metal.

In a filled-up hypocaust were found at least 100 bone pins, which had evidently been used to adjust the back hair of Roman women who used the baths. Probably they had been dropped in the way woman throughout the ages has shed pins, and were collected by the keeper of the baths. Some of them are quite three inches long, and would make passable hatpins for the present fashion.

A pair of gold earrings with uncut green gems are so bright that they look as if they might have just come out of a jeweler's shop in Bond Street.