PICTURES OF WAR

NO 18.

THIRTEEN RUSSIAN ROUBLES

The Tale of the Fate of Kim Seung Pok, a Patriot of Korea—An Incident of River Fighting by Scouts in the Yalu.

J. GORDON SMITH

KIM SEUNG POK was a patriot; and he had a poor opinion of the Japanese, and even poorer of the Russians. These outer barbarians had begun to war in his country, and the land of the Morning Calm was filled with soldiers. There had been a big killing and sinking of ships at Chemulpo, and steamer after steamer brought soldiers to Chinnampo to spill them in Korea in thousands; Cossacks had fought at Chonju castle and fled northward—and he was employed by the island barbarians because of his strength, to carry four mats of rice to the north. He would have as readily carried a load for the Russians; but they had fled to the north, beyond the Yalu, and men who run from small Japanese who cannot even write a classical character aright, who make cross-strokes and down-strokes and dots so poorly and without scholarship, must be persons unworthy of respect.

We journed together one spring morning on the great trunk road. Kim toiling with four matted sacks strapped on his pack-frame tied to his back with a staff in his hand that stirred the dust, and I on a small, but weary Korean pony that was easily fed; it would make a meal from the edge of a thatch, and many a roof had its eaves trimmed in line with the wattle wall before we reached the sands of the Yula near Wiju.

Kim Seung Pok was seated on a boulder at the edge of a wayside shrine on the Peking highway having slid himself under from the heavy pack he carried on a timber frame; He was a straggler who had lingered behind the long line of white-bloused Korean laborers when the Japanese commissariat men urged them northward. He was one of thousands of white-clad Koreans who toiled for the Japanese for the magnificent wage of ten cents a day. He had been staggering for eight days over the great trunk road through village after village and under vaulted gates where crowds of unkept Koreans, whose garments showed grey with dirt though they once were white, leaned over the edge of the senile cranelated city walls to watch the collies plodding after the army of the island barbarians. From the city walls the phlegmatic Koreans had watched the long lines wind from the South over the brown hills, across the yellow plans and the silvery rivers, marching regiments processions of little carts bearing ammunition and foodstuffs, battery after battery, with sleepy gunners rocked on the timbers of the long-barreled Arisaka guns that might have been called Krupps so close did they resemble the copy, caisson-carts lurching from rut to rut with swaying artillerymen clinging to the handrails, long-drawn out cavalcades of cavalry and thousands of mounted soldiery, were all winding like a never-ending dragon from the dull blue of the hills to the South.

Kim had filled his little brass-bowled pipe—it held little more than three good puffs—with my tobacco,and I sat beside him to rest; my pony could reach the wayside millet from where I had tied him,irreverently, to the roadside shrine He puffed smoke into my face without regard to the politeness and expectorated into deep dust of the road.

For centuries the annual embassy that bore tribute from the Imperial vassal at Seoul to the Ruler of Heaven at Peking marched with its chairs and palanquins pack-horses, and human freighters over this highway through Sunto and Ping-An and Ai-Chiu across the Yalu, and through Manchuria over the Heavenly-Reaching pass by way of Mukden en route to Peking.

It is an ancient road and hilly; grading is as unknown as macadam. In summer the roadbed is of deep dust; in winter it is a slough of mud. The road is narrow, and the ruts deep; and farmers have cut trenches at right angles to the road to keep carters to the ruts of the ancient ruts. Bridges are few, some small curved stone arches over streams; the rivers are crossed by way of fords.

For days Kim Seung Pok had counted ri after ri, plodding behind the other coolies with his load; he knew the grinning effigies of the "chang-sung" from Chinnapo north. Until a scholar told me I thought these idol-like effigies were the "gods of the road"; but they were mile-stones of the way, each distance-mark being a carved head set on a little mound. Kim could have told me the tale of these things as we sat on the Peking highway, watching the crowds lurch by in the pitiless sunlight, had we a common language.

In the old days, it seems, Chang-sung, a farmer, killed his servant and wife. He was decapitated for killing the servant; as the scholar explained to me he had a perfect right to kill his wife if he wanted to sacrifice his property, for he had paid for her. The executioner set his head on a small mound by the roadside, and tradition, which is not always reliable, says his head was exposed on mound after mound at the edge of the roadway. Since all distance-mounds have been decorated with carved effigies of the old-time murderer, and have been known as "chang-sung."

Kim was happy as he rested by the roadside; he was thinking that sundown would see him at the home village, and he would have riches, as much as eighty cents, because of his labors.

We sat, smoking in silence, for some time, watching the life of the trunk road, now frequented less than usual because of the invasion. There were straggling soldiers, pack drivers dragging lamed beasts that had jagged from the pack-trains, toy-like little military carts, that were soon abandoned beyond the Yalu in favor of the lumbering bullock-carts of China, with laughing soldiery jolting on the trains with two or more cases of ammunition. There were pompous functionaries, intendants, head-men of villages, and magistrates, big men with the eternal white garb and with umbrella hats shading them as they rode past noisily, with noisy attendants, all with clusters of small bells jangling under the saddle-girths of their ponies. These officials bustled the native wayfarers aside to the edge of the road; they stared patronizingly at the Japanese, but did not seek to hinder their way. Pilgrims, with odd packs on their backs, jogged on the way, leaning on staffs bound to some hill shrine or holy mountain to pray on behalf of those whose proxies they held because of the money that was given them; women traveled through the dust bound to some village temple to pray to the gods for off-spring or other favors. Women with bundles of faggots almost hiding them, coolies with great loads piled high on their backs, strolling mountebanks and singers, with samisens in their hands, merchants with pack-animals laden with their wares, an ox laden with brushwood and led by an old woman bent almost double; beggars in groups, many leprous and as filthy as can be imagined—these were some of the travelers of the great trunk road. At times they were all swept aside to make way for more batteries and marching regiments gay with blue-bordered rising-sun flags that would later be frayed in the turmoil of a hundred fights. Emaciated corpses of beggars who had starved lay uncared for by the roadway, rotting in the sweltering sun. No one cared to bury these unfortunates. The life of the highway has no thought for the dead. Its people are a listless, characterless and unwashed people, large in stature—the little Japanese could walk under the arms of the big Koreans who saunter past them, staring with cheeky curiosity, ever with pipe in hand. Yet if the little soldier lifted his finger, the way would be cleared. A filthy, decadent race of self-sufficient people with garments of muddy-colored white, corrupt and unwashed, the sole idea of the Korean is to become adept in the letters Confucius taught, if they have learning at all beyond the knowledge that two crotch sticks and the straw rope are all that is necessary to fit them for citizenship in this land of burden-bearers, where horses are misunderstood and men are the horses of the land.

At nightfall we reached Wiju. Kim threw off his "chikai" and rubbed his shoulders where they were callous because of the chafing of the straw-padded loops. The bustling little commissariat officer gave him his pay, and he sauntered off to the village, while I rode away to the camp of my friends. The good-humored and easy-going Kim had been an interesting companion; how much more so had he been able to talk to me, a big-nose from over the seas whose education had been so neglected that a simple Chinese character with loose down-stroke more careless than a Japanese would make was not understood.

There was no moon and the river was black. The junk moored near the edge could not be seen. A sampan was drawn up on the sand and from it came three Russians. They stood for a moment, listening intently; then they caught the sound of footsteps on the river bank. The three men unslung their carbines and stared into the darkness. Soon they saw that but one man was approaching, and they waited; they did not dare to fire their carbines unless in extreme urgency, for the shots would have awakened the Japanese sentries of the camp not far away.

The three men were scouts. They had impressed a Korean junk at Antung and crossed the river, taking advantage of the darkness of the night to endeavor to learn the plans of the Japanese for the crossing of the Yalu. The army had been gathering for weeks, and yesterday the heathens' guns had answered the batteries that had bombarded Wiju. Could they learn the plans of the heathen it would mean promotion, probably a cross of Stainislaus, perhaps of St. George and the commendation of Zazzulitch.

They cursed under their breath at the slow-coming stranger, walking toward them; they wanted to reconnoitre and get away across the river again, instead of hiding from a wanderer.

Meanwhile Kim Seung Pok walked on the beach, puffing his pipe. When the three jumped upon him and pinioned him in the sand he buried his face, and thought that the bad spirits of the river had him; he was a fool to dare them by walking from the village at night. But the houses were filled with soldiers from Japan, and he had been forced out to wander or to sleep in the sands at the river bank.

Kim was frightened when they carried him on board the junk. He cowered down with chattering teeth, and answered stutteringly the questions Lieutenant Ogorodinoff asked him in halting Korean.

"Yes, he could sail a junk," he said. "The Japanese were camped along the Yalu below Wiju. He could sail past their camp—fishermen did so constantly. Yes, he would bring the junk down below the islands, and at the further edge of the Russian camp."

In his fright Kim never forgot the main chance. How much would they pay for this service?

"Ten roubles; half at once; more if the project were successful," said Ogorodinoff.

Kim grasped the tiller and tended the sheet of the lateen sail. The sampan had been lifted inboard, and the junk's sails were soon filled. Soon, despite the darkness, they all began to make out the darker lines of the shore and the dull black of the mid-river islands. The tide was ebbing, and there was a fair wind; the junk was making a good six knots as she sailed up-river. If she struck one of the many sand-dunes their fate was sealed. They would remain fast until daylight, and when the Russians were seen they would be riddled with bullets fired by the Imperial guards.

The Russians constantly threatened the unfortunate Kim with their revolvers, and, as his teeth chattered with the fright he felt, he wondered whether it would not be better to be shot at once by the lieutenant's revolver, or wait until Japanese rifles did the killing. The Russians were not thinking as he did; they were scanning the shoreline with their night-glasses, whispering to each other. One was busy noting the things the lieutenant whispered in a small note-book. Another made rough maps, resting his paper on the gunwale of the junk.

Kim fingered the five roubles they had given him, and was worried with conflicting emotions. Fear was uppermost. When he saw the silhouette of another junk sweeping up-river, not far ahead, he would have let go the tiller had the lieutenant not struck him with his scabbard, muttering an oath not understood. The lieutenant stood beside Kim as he swung the tiller over and they made a wide detour out from the southern side of the river. They would avoid, if possible, the other junk with lateen sail similar to their own. They did not know that it was carrying four Russian scouts on a similar errand to their own.

A long bank jutted out into the stream, and behind it they saw another junk. Kim saw it first, and he let go the tiller. Then the lieutenanh lost his temper, muttering imprecations, he belabored the unfortunate Kim and clapped a heavy, beefy hand on the Korean's mouth when he started to make outcry because of his hurts.

It was this thing that had weighed down the balance in Kim's mind. He had been turning the thing over. Ought he to serve these barbarians, or the island barbarians? True, there were the riches to be gained. But, on the other hand, the island barbarians were driving these others from the home land. Patriotism to Korea demanded that he assist these undersized island barbarians. The beating with the seabbard decided him. He would await his opportunity and then run away to warn the island barbarians.

The opportunity to decamp came when the Russians were engaged with the jibbing of the lateen sail and in getting the tiller round after Kim had let go. He jumped overboard and struck out for the jutting sand-dune. As he swam he expected to hear the noise of the revolvers of the Russians, or the crack of the carbines; but, he thought, when he did not hear the smack of the weapons, they did not dare fire because of the fear of startling the Japanese. He had not thought of that before. With the strength born of his outdoor life as a pack coolie, Kim swam with ease, and the junk, wabbling as it rounded the dune, continued up-river.

Some Japanese scouts had taken possession of the junk of a Korean fisherman, and the sleeping crew was awakened. They had seen the junk sailing up-river In the night, followed by another, and junks of Korean fishermen do not sail up rivers with such sand-dunes as those of the Yalu on nights when the moon does not shine. It was a matter for investigation.

This was why the sleepy fishermen rubbed their eyes and looked with fright upon the four undersized soldiers who had seized the junk without considering that it held nine fishermen.

It was early morning when these things were happening. The bivouac fires of the sleeping camp showed like glow-worms in the distance, and the faraway paper windows of Wiju reflected the torches of fish-oil burned inside the lanterns. An occasional boom told of the random bombardment of the enemy's guns, dropping shells into Wiju just as a reminder that they were emplaced across the river on the crest of Homatun.

Kim shivered with fright as he heard the booming guns while he shook his clothing, whiter than it had been for some time, and started across the sand-dune.

The Japanese heard his steady patter on the sand, and listened. Then a rifle cracked. Kim fell as a dead man on the sand. Some of the Japanese who went to investigate found him cowering there, unhurt, but very frightened.

In jerks—he was so frightened and his nerves were so unstrung by reason of his experience that he could hardly speak—Kim Seung Pok told the scouts that he was a patriot and had swam ashore from the junk on which the barbarians were, to tell of the coming of the barbarians.

The Japanese had to help the shivering Kim to the fisherman's junk and he sank in a heap on the deck when the vessel was sheered off into the stream. The junk of the Russians was nowhere in sight. The junk was sheered further into the mid-stream, the fisherman clinging to the tiller and straining his eyes.

Up river, where the great white mountain marks the source of Yalu, streaks of light were showing, for dawn was near. Then, sailing out from the edge of the great camp where the Senadi division was hidden beyond the foothills, all, Japaneke and Koreans, made out the junks clearly. There were two of them, one behind the other, hurrying across the river.

They must cut them off before the Russians escaped. What fortune for them to have such opportunity.

The coppers thrown on the matting of the Temple of Hachiman had brought fortune, thought the brown lieutenant, and he smiled with satisfaction as he saw his companions smiling.

The Koreans were impassive. If these barbarians wanted to fight, well—they couldn't stop them from fighting. They could only cower down in the waist of the junk and shelter from the bullets.

Some jumped overboard. Kim would have done so, but he saw the Japanese riddle the two who sprang into the river with revolver bullets.

The sight of the junks did not fill him with joy, though, as it did the Japanese. He was trembling with abject fright. The Japanese thrilled with pleasure at the prospect—the chance of a sea-fight on the swift-running waters of the Yalu.

Nearer and nearer were the junks, and then, with joy, the Japanese saw that sand-dunes at the mouth of the tributary Ai river threatened the course of the Russian junks. They must run ashore, or sheer backward and fight. They would fight. Yes, it were better to fight than be wrecked on the dunes and submit without response to the rifle fire that would surely follow.

From the mast of the junk fluttered a rising sun flag. One of the Japanese had unwound it from his waist and drove it to the halyards so that it fluttered above the lateen sail of the junk.

In the east the morning sun was reddening the white slopes of the ice-covered top of the Great White Mountain.

The range was not more than 500 yards and the crack of the small-bore rifles of the Japanese and the carbines of the Russians sounded almost simultaneously. The Russian shots ripped through the sail, whizzed overhead, and cut with a whacking thud into the planks of the high prow. The lieutenant, with one hand on the tiller, the other holding his glasses, directed the return fire, and the three Murata rifles cracked deliberately. Round followed round, and the Koreans huddled in the waist of the vessel, Kim was cowering down behind the little hatch-combing.

The Russians had swung about and were running down the river, steering to the north side, and the Japanese junk followed. Suddenly, as the rearmost junk was staggering outward lurching to the hurried swing of her tiller, she struck and trembled violently; her fate was obvious. She had struck one of the far-reaching sand-dunes and stranded.

The company on board—four in all there were— sprang overboard and swam and waded, making for the mid-river islands where Russian soldiers still held the fishing villages. One of the Japanese fired at the swimmers, but the lieutenant struck up his rifle. They would not kill the swimmers.

The fire of the leading junk was ragged. The three Russians on board seemed to be giving more attention to sailing the junk from pursuit than to returning the steady fire of the enemy on the pursuing vessel.

Lieutenant Shiratori determined to have that junk. He shouted in Korean to the frightened fishermen and with imprecations and flourishes of a revolver induced three of them to man the big stern-sweep, though this necessitated them standing high on the lofty stern. Steadily the junk of the Russians was overhauled, and the Russian lieutenant noted the distance lessening between his junk and the pursuing craft.

He could not get away. He stood upon his course until well abreast of the mid-river islands where the river widens below Wiju and then he turned the junk shoreward.

The smaller vessel was overhauling his craft rapidly when he put the helm hard over and the junk soon shivered in the sand where the river shallowed. The three Russians sprang overboard and waded, holding their carbines above them.

Resting their Muratas on the gunwale of the junk the Japanese picked them off as though they were at target practice on the range at Omori. Two corpses soon drifted out and sailed rapidly down stream; the survivor made his way ashore, holding his wounded arm where blood flowed freely from a furrow.

The Japanese put over the fishermen's sampan and in this Lieutenant Shiratori and a companion went on board the stranded junk. On the deck they found two note-books and several maps. There was also a sack of roubles.

Some of these the lieutenant gave to Kim Seung Pok, also the maps for they were valueless as they were to Kim. But Kim had showed himself a patriot, and he had more riches than he had ever dreamed of.

Kim Seung Pok made his way to his home village, proud in the possession of his riches. He planned the purchase of a junk until he realised that a junk could not be purchased for thirteen roubles and a little piece of paper with such strange writing on it, a talisman perhaps. It must be of some value, though, for the lieutenant had given it to him with the roubles to reward him fortelling of the barbarians on the junk.

Would he buy a wife? She could work for him and bear him children. Yes, she could till land if he rented several irang from the village headman; he would plant rice and sit in his hut and smoke. Perhaps he could get learning from the priests at the hill temple.

Kim had never had as much money as he had now. He did not know what to do with his riches. As he thought of the terrible night he was satisfied. Its horrors were gone, and he held thirteen Russian roubles, which could be changed for enough cash to load several horses.

Kim's cousin opened his eyes wide when Kim told of his good fortune. Then the cousin ran out to tell the neighbors. Creditors followed, wanting small payments, and Kim put them off, telling them to whom he was indebted to wait until he changed the money.

He held a levee all morning. At noon two Japanese gendarmes broke into the hut without ceremony and dragged him away to the camp of the Japanese army outside Wiju.

Some envious neighbors had carried news to the gendarmes that Kim had been away on the Yalu and come back rich with Russian money.

The court-martial decided quickly. There could be no doubt, according to the little spectacled Japanese captain, but that Kim Seung Pok was a Russian spy.

The evidence was plain. He had left the village after nightfall, went on the Yalu, probably across to the Russian camp and had returned with thirteen roubles and a map of the Yalu's shores near Wiju.

But why had he brought that map back?

Skigata-ga-ni, muttered the Japanese captain, the evidence of the Russian roubles was strong enough.

Kim was ordered to be shot. They led him out to the sand, where the patriot was tied to a wooden cross and his eyes were bandaged. A platoon riddled him with bullets and the Japanese buried him in a shallow grave at the edge of the Yalu below his home-village.

The little spectacled captain impounded the thirteen Russian roubles.

HAD A BAD LEG.

For twelve years I was a great sufferer from eczema on the inside of the leg. There was a raw patch of flesh about three inches square, and the itching was something fearful. Dr. Chase's Ointment completely cured me, took away the itching and healed up the sore.'—Mr. Alex. McDougall, Postmaster, Broad Cove Marsh, N. S.

AGAIN MR. COLLINS.

Petitions Another California Judge Seeking His Liberty.

Justice Lorigan of the supreme court yesterday handed down a brief opinion on the petition of George D. Collins to be permitted to leave the County jail and attend to matters relating to his case at the county clerk's office, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The petition had been addressed to Justice Lorigan personally, and because of that fact received scant courtesy, the justice holding that, irrespective of the merits of the case of the petitioner, the petition should have been presented to the supreme court as a body and not to any individual justice.

The further ground was taken that, inasmuch as action was pending on the same matter in the district court of appeals, the supreme court had no right to pass upon it until the case had been disposed of by the district court.

Collins appeared in Judge Troutt's court yesterday morning, arguing with his accustomed volubility on a motion to be admitted to bail. The testimony concerning Collins' health, already given by medical experts in habeas corpus proceedings before Judge Murasky, was admitted in evidence and the decision of the court reserved.

Work, Smiles and Chatter of Women

Written for the Sunday Colonist.

THE most popular piece of needlework this summer is a bit of Venetian embroidery.

Its popularity is due to the fact that it is rapid, dainty in its finished appearance, its suitability to sheer summer goods—and above all, to the fact that anybody can do the work well, who can "cat stitch" evenly and exactly.

The work is used on thin waists of muslin, organdie or lawn; is most pleasingly suitable for babies' bibs, bonnets or yokes; for centre pieces, doilies and pillows; or ninety-and-nine other dainty and useful articles dear to the feminine heart.

In working Venetian, or as it is more popularly known, shadow embroidery, the wrong side of the garment or article to be decorated, is held towards you. The pattern to be embroidered should be simple, conventional designs—or distinct and clear patterns of flowers and leaves—with graceful tendrils and vines.

The tendrils and vines are worked in outline stitch, and may be done on either side, as fancy prompts you. The figures are worked in Turkish cross stitch; or an improved, more exact Herring-bone stitch. It is really the "Herring-bone" known to all needlewomen, with this improvement that each stitch is taken close to the preceding one, so that the cross lines meet in even V's on the outlines of your stamped pattern; while the effect on the other side of the work—which is the right side of the finished work—is an even line of small back stitches, outlining the figures.

Now, have I made it clear?—that your pattern is stamped on the wrong side of your work; and that, on this side, you work; herring-boning each pedal or pattern, in small close stitches, following closely the outline of the pattern, placing your needle exactly, in, first the upper, then the lower line of the pattern, the length of the bars varying with the curve of the pattern. When a pattern is filled with cross bars, weave back and forth lengthwise of the pattern a few times, to insure the holding of the stitches in place, when laundering time comes—as it must come to all things white. This cross stitching should be done with silk or filo, as heavy as your material will permit. The weaving may be done with linen, to economize silk; but leave the thread loose, as in darning, to allow for shrinkage. Sometimes the embroidery is done in colored wash silks, on white. This too, is very pleasing, when the colors chosen are delicate lavenders, pinks or blues. The embroidery is given a more finished appearance by working a row of tiny knots down the centre of each pattern of flower. Some too, give the work a raised appearance by cross stitching over a bit of wadding, cut to fit into the outlined patterns; thus padding the main figures. But on articles that must be soon, or frequently laundered, it is better to rely upon the cross stitches and the weaving for all raised effects, as the wadding will full up when wet.

Now if you have not yet tried this work—do not give up too easily—thinking written instructions are confusing. Take a first lesson with a clover leaf, or an ivy; outline it with lead pencil on a piece of lawn, and practice with coarse cotton or linen. You will be pleased at the rapidity with which the work may be done; and its really pretty effect. It does not take months to embroider a waist in shadow work; but is simply the result of one or two afternoon's work, done in some shady, cool retreat—out under the apple trees, perhaps; or under the maple down by the creek.

* * *

For those who find a piece of crochet work more acceptable and restful as "pick-up-work" than embroidery, I send this pretty yoke for a corset cover or chemise.

A corset cover could be made more elaborate by crocheting insertion to match the yoke, and setting in the fronts in V shape. In this case, crochet six pieces, of three different lengths, as required for the cover according to size and fullness; the two short pieces for the top V, the next for the V reaching from the bust to the yoke; and the longest pieces, from the waist line to the yoke.

Corset Cover Yoke.—Make chain as long as required for the width of the yoke, according to size. It is well to allow an inch or so extra in length of chain, as it takes up in working.

1. Make 11 doubles in 11 stitches, * chain 3, miss 3, 3 trebbles in next stitch, chain 3, miss 3, 23 doubles in next 23 stitches; repeat from * across, ending with 11 doubles, turn.

2. Chain 1, 9 doubles in 9 doubles, * miss two doubles, chain 3, 3 trebles in 1st of 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles in last of same 3 trebles, chain 3, 19 doubles over 23 doubles, missing 1st 2, repeat from * across, ending with 9 doubles.

3. Chain 1, 7 doubles in 7 doubles, * chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles in 2nd of 3 chain, chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, 15 doubles over 19 doubles, missing 1st and last 2, repeat from * across, ending with 7 doubles.

4. Chain 1, 5 doubles in 5 doubles, * chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles in 1st of 3 trebles following, chain 3, 3 trebles in last treble of same group, chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 3.

5. Chain 1, 3 doubles in 3 doubles, * (chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles) twice, chain 3, 3 trebles in 2nd stitch of next 3 chain, (chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles) twice, chain 3, 7 doubles over 11 doubles, missing 1st and last 2; repeat across, ending with 3 doubles.

6. Chain 5, a triple treble in 1st double, * (3 double trebles in 3 trebles, keeping top loop of each on the needle and working all off at once, chain 4) twice, 3 double trebles in 1st of 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 double trebles in last of same of same group, (chain 4, 3 double trebles in next group of 3 trebles) twice, remembering to work off each group as directed for 1st, chain 2, 2 triple trebles in 4th of 7 doubles, chain 2, repeat from * across, ending with 2 triple trebles in last double of row.

7. Chain 5, a triple treble in same stitch, 2 triple trebles under next 4 chain, keeping top loop of each stitch on hook and working off together, * chain 4, a double treble under next 4 chain, (chain 4, a treble in top of next group) twice, chain 4, a double treble under next 4 chain, chain 4, 2 triple trebles under next 4 chain and 2 under next, keeping top loops on all on hook and working off together; repeat from * across, ending with 2 triple trebles.

8. A double treble in a stitch, * chain 1, miss 1, a double treble in next; repeat.

9. * Make 11 doubles in 11 stitches, chain 3, miss 3, 3 trebles in next, chain 3, miss 3; repeat.

10. * Make 7 doubles over 11 doubles, missing 1st and last 2, chain 3, 3 trebles in 1st of 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles in last of 3 trebles, chain 3; repeat.

11. * Make 3 doubles over 3 doubles, chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 3,3 trebles in 2nd of next 3 chain, chain 3, 3 trebles over 3 trebles, chain 3; repeat.

12. Slip-stitch in 2nd of 3 chain, * chain 6, fasten back in fifth stitch to form a picot, chain 1, a treble in 2nd of 3 trebles, chain 6, picot, chain 1, a treble in 1st of 3 trebles, chain 6, picot, chain 1, treble in 3rd of same group, chain 6, picot, chain 1, a treble in 2nd of next group, chain 6, picot, chain 1, a double in 2nd of 3 chain following, a double in 2nd of next 3 chain; repeat from *.

On the other side of the foundation chain work from 1st to 8th rows, inclusive. It is better to leave the 8th to 13th rows until you have put the yoke together, then work around front, back and over the shoulders continuously, the 8th row on the lower edge in the same way.

Make a strip for the back, and for each sleeve, crochet them neatly together, and finish as described. Any pretty insertion may be used in the same way; but this is an especial pattern and has been greatly admired.

* * *

Mrs. H. B. T., writes to ask me the origin of the Orpingtons; and which variety is best to keep for general all round work.

The Orpingtons all originated with the late Wm. Cook, of Orpington, Eng., and have been known favorably there since 1886, when he introduced the Black Orpington, followed in 1894 by the Buffs. The blacks are made up of crosses of Black Langshang, Black Minorca and Golden Hamburg.

The Buffs are crosses of Buff Cochin, Silver Dorking and Golden Hamburg. There are three other varieties: The white, spangled and jubilee; but the buffs and the blacks are the best general utility fowls, being first-class layers, good mothers and rapid growers, with unusual flesh forming abilities, which render them profitable market fowls. In British Columbia the buffs have made themselves very popular as profitable birds.

But from Los Angeles comes the voice of a poultry fancier in loud praise of the blacks, which he says, are unequalled as winter layers, unexcelled as market fowls and altogether the best of all those excellent varieties known Orpingtons. He strongly advises the exclusive raising of Black Orpingtons. The cocks weigh eleven to thirteen pounds; the cockerels ten pounds; and the hens from eight to nine and one half pounds. They mature very early.

The buffs are so well known that you can judge them for yourself. I think they are favorites with all who have tried them. This is the best I can do in helping you to a choice; as my own buffs are in their first season; and my blacks just downy chicks; so personal experience is limited.

* * *

"May" tells me her eyelids are red and eyes watery, and asks for help.

Bathe the eyes three times a day in water which has been boiled and cooled, and contains boracic acid, half a teaspoonful to a scant cup of water. This will help the lids; for the weakness which causes the "watery condition" consult an oculist; probably you require glasses, plain or tinted.

Bathing the eyes with cold salted water sometimes overcomes eye weakness and will, at any rate, strengthen and help them to a great extent. Still, eyes in trouble should receive help from one capable of giving the best possible advice; and then the advice should be strictly followed.

Sweet Pickles.—One of the nicest and easiest made of fruit pickles is this: Fill a bottle or jar with the large cherries, stemmed, but not stoned. Over the jar set a saucepan containing sufficient vinegar to cover the fruit in the jars you have filled with the raw fruit. To each cup of vinegar add two tablespoons of sugar; half a teaspoonful of cinnamon and a pinch of ground cloves. When the mixture boils, pour it over the cherries. Turn off heat, and refill the jars for three days. Then at the last heating have melted a little white wax and spermaceti, and pour over the hot vinegar in the jars. This will seal from the air, and prevent mould; tie over with paper, or seal with cover. Spiced cherries are good also, but these you stone, cover with vinegar, containing three tablespoons of sugar and spices as above, but add to them a dash of cayenne pepper. Boil fruit and spiced vinegar together, till fruit is clear. Put away in glasses, covering first with wax skin. These are fine with cold meats. Grapes, blackberries, cranberries or plums are also good as "spiced fruit" with meats; and are all made in the same way. They should be like thick preserves when done. Particularly applicable to this sort of sweet pickle, are the wild red or blue "huckleberries" found so plentifully in our woods.

Twilight Bird Lore.—Did you know, little boy, that there were pirates, really truly pirate, amongst the birds? Of course there are the fish eagles and fish hawks who are pirates; but just tonight I will tell you about the family to which the gull belongs. What is the family name? Dear me; I coldn't possibly say it—it is noe of those dangerous names called "jaw-breakers," that little boys call "skip-overs" when they are reading; but the original family name was Longipennes; and like all old family names, it has a meaning—long winged swimmers. Now you would probably call all these birds sea gulls if you chanced to see them, just as the minister calls you "Johnnie," and your cousin Rodney "Johnnie," too; though neither one claims this name himself. So with the Longipenne's cousins; all get called sea gulls; though there is little Tern, and Skimmer and Gull, and the wicked cousins, Skua and Jaeger, who are pirates on the high seas. And really, I don't much blame poor Skua and Jaeger for taking the dinner some one else has worked to win; for how could one work and carry about a family name like Stercorariidae? And it must take a great deal to support such a name too.

Anyway we are assured that Skua and Jaeger are bold and dashing, and swift of wing; and they watch till Tern and Gull, the hard working cousins, have dived for, or picked up a dinner, then they spread their wings and give chase. At last, in fear, despair and weariness, the laborers drop their fish and the pirates swoop down and catch it before it reaches the water.

Gulls get their food on the surface of the water, as they hover or skim over the waves. They are scavengers and eat the floating bodies of water inhabitants—which have died and would polute the air if allowed to reach the shores. Tern dive for their food, and catch small fish. Now I will tell you how to distinguish Gull from Tern. Gull is a little the largest and slowest; and when he flies his bill is in a line with his body; but Tern flies with his bill pointing downward, as though he was looking for a fish to pounce upon.

Now Skimmer has a funny way of catching his dinner. His "lower beak" is very much longer than the upper, and is wide and thin. He drops this "net" below the surface and flies(rapidly through the water, collecting his dinner as it comes. Now just to show you how the Great Master remembers even the little birds, I'm going to tell you a strange truth about little Skimmers.

Before they learn to fly, they have to eat such food as they find on the ground. Now you know that if this lower mandible were longer than the upper, he could not pick up his food. So, until he can fly, both mandibles are of a convenient length for picking up food. But as soon as he can fly, this lower mandible suddenly develops its fish net—or a scoop-like shape, and "Skimmer" skims his food from the ocean. Gulls sit high and dry on the water, and ride the waves in schools and flocks; but Tern rarely enjoy this sport, and do not linger long on the water. They have longer wings and tails than the Gulls, and more pointed bills; and they are more active. Tern and Skimmers sometimes, though rarely, visit their cousin Gulls on this Coast.

Watch and see if you find them here, and when you are sure, send work to this little corner of the Colonist. Gulls nest on the ground, on drifts of seaweed and on rocky cliffs, and the baby Gulls can leave the nest in a very few hours. There are three species, at least, which nest on the islands belonging to British Columbia, so some of our boys must have seen the eggs and nests and young ones. Won't you write to "Grandma" and tell her about them?

HE WAS BORN LUCKY.

Driven into camp in the deserts of Nevada near Fairview by a violent rain storm, L. A. Savage recently placed his tent almost over a ledge of gold, the sale of which has netted him $150,000, says the Spokane Spokesman-Review. As soon as the rain ceased Mr. Savage and his two companions began to inspect the locality, and in a small gully nearby they came upon the mine. The ledge was exposed and stood 20 feet high, glistening with free gold. Scattered about on the ground was hundreds of tons of ore which had broken loose.

Six weeks ago Mr. Savage left the hospital at Tonopah and being too weak to secure employment bought an outfit and went into the desert country near Fairview, Nevada, to prospect. There he took a number of claims and being unable to improve them himself secured two men to work for an interest in the properties. On the way to the properties while still 15 miles distant, he was overtaken by the storm which led to the discovery of the claims.

Wasting Process Of Disease

Disease is a tearing down, wasting away and destroying of the tissues of the body and a shrivelling up of the nerve cells and blood corpuscles.

This wasting process may attack the lungs, the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the bowels, or, as is most frequently the case, result in collapse of the nervous system, prostration, paralysis or insanity.

You may rest assured that disease will search out your weak spot and gain the upper hand.

Nature demands assistance to overcome this dreadful wasting process. And such assistance is best supplied by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which is by far the most thoroughly effective tissue builder and nerve restorative that is known to the medical profession.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stops this wasting process, puts new life and energy into the wasted nerve cells and overcomes weakness and disease; 50 cents a box, six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author on every box.

PUBLIC INQUIRIES ACT.

NOTICE is hereby given that Frederick Peters, of the City of Victoria, Esquire, K. C., has been appointed a Commissioner to inquire into and report upon all matters concerning the action of the Department of Lands and Works in connection with the Notice dated 28th September, 1905, inviting tenders for the purchase of Government property situated at Laurel Point, Victoria Harbor, known as Lot 570B, Victoria City, and that the first meeting pursuant to the said Commission will be held in the Maple Room, Parliament Buildings, on Monday, the 23rd day of July, 1906, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

FRED. J. FULTON,
Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office, 12th July, 1906. jy14

TAKE NOTICE that the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Midway & Vernon Railway Company will be held on Monday, the 3rd of September, 1906, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the offices of Messrs. Robertson & Robertson, Solicitors, No. 32 Langley Street, Victoria, B. C., for the purpose of electing directors, adopting by-laws, and authorizing the issuance of bonds, debentures and other securities, and for other purposes.

ROBERTSON & ROBERTSON,
Solicitors for the Midway & Vernon, R. R. Co. jy17

VOL. XLVIII.

"AD" MEN TO COME

Opening of Convention Pacific Coast Adver Men's Associatio

DISTINGUISHED VIS

A Splendid Programme tainment Has Be Arranged.

TODAY'S PROGRAM

1:30 p. m.—Delegates the city on the steamer apolis.

2:30 p. m.— First session at the board roon Tourist and Development ciation, when His Wors Mayor will deliver an ad welcome.

6 p. m.—Delegates to guests of the Times Pri Publishing Company on Shawnigan Lake, where will be served at the Str Hotel, returning to the 10 p. m.

THE annual convention Pacific Coast Advertis Association opens in today with the arrival of th Indianapolis from Seattle wi hundred delegates, embracin sentatives from the leading the states of California, Or Washington. The distinguis ors, in charge of Herbert Cu scheduled to reach the city p. m., and will be met at the the executive and reception c of the Tourist and Developm ciation and escorted uptown hotels.

The official welcome to t tising men will take place at at the board room of the Tou ciation, when Mayor Morley the honors and give the dele customary freedom of the c informal interchange of greet cluded. President H. P. Stabl Advertising Men's Association cupy the chair, and, assisted retary L. H. Mertz, call the ness and literary session The initial meeting is ex occupy the time of the deleg late in the afternoon.

Literary Programme

The order of the various p addresses will be at the dis the chair, the full programme follows:

"Advertising Food Product R. Hills, with Swift & Co., C

"The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific tion in 1909, and What It Me Coast," C. V. White, White ing Bureau, Seattle.

"What Am I Trying to D Pacific Coast?" Frederic E coast representative Quoin New York, Seattle.

"Hands Across the Straits, Cuthbert, secretary Tourist tion, Victoria.

"The Ideal Department Sto ert A. Read, Read Advertisin Los Angeles.

"Relation of the Advertis to Coast Development," Fre Mantor, advertising manager & Nelson, Seattle.

"Retail Shoe Advertising," LeSage, LeSage Bros., Los A

"Advertising for Settlers, Brooke, real estate, Sacrame

"Community Promotion," T ardson, manager of the C Club, Portland.

"Electric Light to Secure F B. T. Dosend, manager of the Electric Company, Portland.

"The Advertising Outlook," Mitchell Chapple, editor The Magazine.

"The Needs of Vancouve From an Advertising Standp Dr. Elliott S. Rowe.

"Benefits of Lewis & Clar sition," R. W. Hall, advertis ager Southern Pacific Lines,

"The Fishing Industry on th tic and Pacific Coasts," Mil man, publisher Pacific Coa man, Seattle.

At this session, and also t be held