Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1885.

LORD SALISBURY AT NEWPORT.

American newspapers with telegraphic synopses of Lord Salisbury's great speech at Newport have begun to come to hand. The Newport convention attracted all the lights of the party. The speech is pronounced one of the ablest efforts of modern times. It is not characterized by any of the catch cries which used to be employed by both Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Beaconsfield, but it is a clear and incisive treatment of the prominent questions of the day. There is no ambiguity; no room for doubt. The premier has taken the electors into his entire confidence, and whether the thousands who read his utterances throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom agree with him or disagree, they must all admit that he furnishes abundant food for serious thought. Lord Salisbury spoke for two hours, and every word hissed hot from the mintage of his brain. He seldom referred to his notes, and he employed no graces of oratory or of gesture to assist an understanding of his meaning, but his desperate earnestness impressed itself upon every listener. His rugged manner emphasized his words and every point was iterated and hammered in with pertinacity. He commenced by thanking the conservative union for exposing the true nature of the gaudy promises of the seductive programme of the liberals, and he urged all the members of the union to put forth their best efforts on behalf of the great conservative principles, which, he said, were growing and would continue to grow and expand into the glorious future. His utterances with reference to the Roumelian revolution were clear and unmistakable. He said it was no part of the duty of British statesmen to interfere in the affairs of eastern Roumelia. The treaty of Berlin, he contended, had not been frustrated, nor had the San Stefano treaty been restored. The policy of the government, he said, was to uphold the Turkish empire, and, wherever it is possible to do so genuinely and heartily, to uphold, cherish and foster self-sustained nationalities, whose existence has an important bearing upon the future of Europe. He had hopes that the powers will be able to confine the disturbance within the limits of Roumelian territory. The expansive feelings and aspirations for larger liberties which provoked the revolt were consequences of, rather than opposed to, the treaty of Berlin; for Russian influence would have checked the political growth of Roumelia if that country had been united with Bulgaria in 1878. In referring to the subject of local self-government he wasted no words in an attempt to win a passing friendship, but he outlined a sound, workable scheme, which, he said, would be greatly to the advantage of the middle class ratepayers. He favored great changes in the existing measures. To decentralize the authority in London was an indispensable part of the conservative government's policy. Those having wealth should assist in contributing to the expenses of the country, nor should the burden be entirely borne by those having houses and lands. When he came to apply the same principle to Ireland there was an outburst of cheers, and then, as he unfolded his plans, he was listened to with the most earnest attention. He said the extension of local self-government to Ireland might give more facility to the majority to do injustice to the minority. Conservative traditions, he said, were clear on this subject. He regarded the integrity of the empire above all other political considerations. To what extent self-government in one sense should be extended to Ireland was an open question, but it is desirable as far as possible to give the sister isle the same benefits as are enjoyed by the rest of the United Kingdom. There had been many erroneous statements made about agrarian crimes in Ireland. The government had received returns showing that general crime in that country had decreased, and boycotting, which undoubtedly existed in some districts, was amenable to the ordinary law of the land. This law would be sternly enforced. Thirty-five prosecutions, he said, had already been commenced, and they would be continued to the end. In connection with self-government and growing out of it, he said he favored the Imperial federation movement, but his plans in regard to that question had not yet been tangibly shaped. He believed in a closer union between the Mother Country and her colonies, with a view of strengthening the whole empire and impressing the real strength of the nation upon the councils of Europe. He then made a stirring reference to the devotion of the colonies, which sent the volunteers from far-distant Australia and the *voyageurs* from the Atlantic and Pacific bound Dominion of Canada. These allusions to the loyalty of the colonies were received with enthusiastic cheers. The question of Imperial federation, continued the premier, while not demanding immediate attention, was one of the most important questions of the future. The most exciting episode of the day was when Lord Salisbury dissected Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's radical platform. He made a fierce attack upon the political iconoclast of Birmingham. He sneered at that gentleman's pet measures of free education and the compulsory purchase of land. The first of these, he said, was an attempt to abolish religion and destroy the church, the state and the schools. The other measure, he declared, was a most ingenious and carefully evolved scheme to effect liberal domination with its attendant corruption. At this point the whole audience rose and exhibited the wildest enthusiasm. Hats were thrown into the air and sticks and handkerchiefs were wildly waved and round after round of cheers rang through the building for several minutes. The reception that Lord Salisbury was accorded was of the most satisfactory kind, and his speech is regarded by his party as a most emphatic success.

Not "Highway Robbery."

TO THE EDITOR:—In the issue of last evening's Times we note a paragraph headed, "Is it Highway Robbery?" Now we beg to say it was not exactly "highway robbery!" except it was so on the Chinaman's part. We did not rifle his pockets, (perhaps, because we were not ingenious enough to know where a Chinaman keeps his pockets. Neither did we put a box over his head. But we don't deny putting John out; it was our duty to do so, and we will do the same to any man's *darling*, who may come on our premises, seeking little chickens, without money, and without price. WHITE MEN.

October 16th, 1885.

The "Heathen Chinee" Exodus.

The Chinamen appear to be coming to an understanding that the request for their early departure was not made in fun, or a spirit of bluster, but in downright earnest, and are evincing plain symptoms that they have taken the order for their departure under serious consideration. The latest report, well founded, too, to substantiate this report, is that one of the Chinese bosses has informed the Chinamen employed as cooks, etc., on the steamer Olympian, that they had better notify the steward to fill their places by other help, and to take their departure. This advice has consequently been heeded by the Mongolians, and they have given notice of their intention to leave. Last evening, also, another carload of coolies came down from the valley, and this morning will proceed to Portland. The Chinese are also wandering southward on foot, and as they go plodding along on the railroad track, the wind gleefully sings an accompaniment in the telegraph wires to the tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the 'Chinks' are marching."—*Tacoma Ledger, Oct. 15.*

The report started here that Sir John Macdonold is going to England is incorrect. There is no truth in it whatever.

THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

Astronomical Interest in the Perihelion of Saturn.

Nearly a whole century will pass away before the planet Saturn will again be seen under conditions as favorable as he presents to the astronomers this month. He reaches perihelion or his nearest point to the sun on the 21st inst. at 7 a. m. It is twenty-nine and a half years since the sun and the planet which is second in size to him approached so near to each other. Meantime Saturn has travelled more than five thousand million miles in making his vast circuit around the sun, and now looks the great luminary in the face from a standpoint 100,000,000 miles nearer than when fifteen years ago he passed aphelion, or his most distant point from the sun. The approaching perihilion of Saturn is an important astronomical event, and has been anticipated for years with eager interest. It will be a field day with astronomers, who will eagerly improve the rare occasion in searching for new satellites, in seeking to find out what Saturn's rings are made of and in tracing the shadowy belts on the planet's disc. When in perihilion, Saturn's rings are open to their widest extent. Instead of being dull and murky, he shines with a soft and serene light. The planet rises in the northeast, shortly after 9 o'clock, and will rise about four minutes earlier every evening, until the end of the month, when his beaming face will be visible soon after 8 o'clock. When it is remembered that a generation of men lives and dies in one Saturnian year, our earth with her moon appears all the more insufficient in comparison with the magnificent Saturn, with his rings, moons and belts. We may, however, find consolation for our littleness in the thought that the earth is in her perfection of development, while the primeval fires of Saturn still burn. When animate life reigns on Saturn, the earth, according to the law of decay, will be a dead world, cooled down to the condition of the moon, where life and moisture are unknown. But millions of years will be required to effect these changes. Venus is an evening star this month, and easily wins the second place in the October list of planetary notables. She grows more beautiful all the time as she recedes from the sun, her increasing distance being now plainly perceptible in the longer time she remains above the horizon after his departure. When the month closes she will set two hours and a quarter after sunset. Venus is in aphelion on the 16th instant at 10 o'clock in the evening. Mars is an evening star and varies little in his time of rising during the month, which is about half an hour after midnight. He may be found at the close of the month a little way northeast of Regulus, and is visible as a small red star. Jupiter is a morning star. He is too near the sun to be of much consequence at present, but is making his way rapidly to visibility, and when the month closes he will rise more than three hours before the sun. He is in conjunction with Beta Virginis on the 21st inst. at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Mercury is a morning star until the 16th inst., and then an evening star for the balance of the month. The retrograde course of Uranus will be enlivened by a meeting with Mercury on the 15th inst. Neptune is a morning star. He rose on the 1st at 7:30 o'clock in the evening. On the 31st he will rise about 5:30 o'clock. The October moon falls on the 23d, at 4h. 22m. p. m. There was a very close conjunction, or an appulse, between the moon and Uranus on the 7th, at 6h. 56m. a. m., the moon being only 6' north of the planet. She was in conjunction with Venus on the 11th. On the 26th, at 8h. 58m. a. m., she is at the nearest point to Neptune. She is in conjunction with Saturn a second time on the 28th, and with Mars on the 31st. The above calculations are based on Washington time.

Psalm XXIII.

The following is a veritable extract from an old edition of the Psalms:

The sheep-keeping o' the Lord's kind an' canny, wi' a braw bowff at lang last: David keeps his sheep; the Lord keeps David.

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's

2. The Lord is my herd, na want sal fa' me:

3. He louts me till lie among green whwes; he airts me atowre by the lown watirs:

3. He waukens my wa'-gaen saul; he weises me roun' for his ain name's sake, untilright roddins.

4. Na! tho' I gang thro' the deadmirk-ail, e'en thar, sal I dread nae skaithin; for yersel are nar-by me; yer stok an' yer stay haud me baith fu' cheerie.

5. My buird ye hae hansell'd in face o' my face; he hae drookit my head wi' oyle; my bicker is fu' an' skailin.

6. E'en sae, sal guke-guidin an' gudegree gane wi' me, ilk day o' my livin; an' evir mair syne, i' the Lord's ain howff, at lang last, sal I mak bydan.

Eastern Canada Mail.

Per Northern Pacific Railway

OTTAWA, Oct. 7.—Mr. Robert Stewart Wood, Q. C., of Chatham, has been appointed junior judge of the County Court of Kent County.

It has been decided to set apart the seventh of November as Thanksgiving day.

BELLEVILLE, Oct. 7.—A young man named Thomas Meagher was stabbed last night in three places in the leg by an unknown man, who escaped. The injuries are serious.

It is rumored in Ottawa that Sir John A. Macdonald will leave for England shortly for the benefit of his health.

Principal Cavan states that affiliation with the Toronto University is to be applied for. He also states that $184,000 of the $200,000 endowment have been subscribed.

A number of prominent business men here have determined to present George Laidlaw, father of the system of branch railroad radiating from here, with a piece of plate before the end of the year, in recognition of the services he has rendered to Toronto and surrounding country. The Mail editorially commends the movement, not only to Toronto citizens, but the inhabitants of Western Ontario.

BADGES FOR ALL SOCIETIES, police, firemen, &c; also, presentation prizes or charms in gold, silver or metal, sold at society prices at the agents of the Universal Badge Manufacturing Co. Nathan Joseph & Co., 641 Clay St., San Francisco, California. Workmen, K. of P. and most any other solid gold badges, Price $1 each, sent by mail or C. O. D. 6mdw*

The Blasted Heart.

(Tit Bits.)

"Mother, I cannot marry George."

"Why not, my child?"

"Oh! this is dreadful."

"Why, what has he been doing? Is he a forger, or a gambler, or a skating-rink professor?"

"Worse than that. He persists in wearing cellulcid collars, and they snap in two at the slightest compression."

CURIOSITIES, ANCIENT OR MODERN, bought, sold or exchanged. Indian totem poles, figures, masks, bowls, tools, Indian dress, &c., in carved stone, wood, ivory, bone, &c. Mineral specimens, old coins, shells or Indian relics of any kind. Correspond with Nathan Joseph & Co., 641 Clay street, San Francisco, 6mdw*

SHOOTING THE MUSCALONGE.

Novel Sport That a New York Fisherman Says Is Far Ahead of Trolling.

[New York Sun.]

There's more sport for me in lying in wait on a runway to get a shot at a muscalonge than there is in standing on one in expectation of putting a ball into a deer," said George Bonnet, of the Rice Lake club.

"To get a shot at a muscalonge?"

"Yes. Why, there's more excitement in hunting the muscalonge with the rifle than there is in killing it in any other way. There is for me, at any rate, and when you shoot a muscalonge you can always know that it will be a big one—a bigger one than you would catch on a hook if you fished for a year. Then it requires great skill and wariness to shoot one of these freshwater monsters. They are as crafty as the fox and as fierce as the wolf. It also requires great patience, for the appearance of your first victim may be delayed for hours. Last summer I was at one fishing ground—Rice lake, in Canada—and in three days had not succeeded in getting a shot at a single fish. I caught a number of small ones, the largest being a fifteen-pounder, by trolling, but I was anxious to kill one of the immense fellows I knew were in the lake. The way you hunt for muscalonge with the rifle is to climb a tree with branches extending over a deep part of the water, where you know that big fish naturally lurk. I built me a comfortable platform of boards in a tree situated in such a spot, just as deer hunters who watch salt licks from trees arrange for their comfort and convenience.

"The first season I occupied the tree I killed five big fish in three days. One of them weighed forty-two pounds. Muscalonge have a habit of slowly coming to the surface of the water on sunny days, and lying there, as if they were taking a sun bath. The shadow of a bird flying overhead, the snapping of a twig, or any sight or sound no matter how insignificant, will send them to the depths again in the twinkling of an eye, and if they reappear again it will be after hours have passed. Only the very largest fish come up to bask in the sun. Timid and suspicious as they are, it is a singular fact that if you succeed in shooting one it will instantly be surrounded by others, which dart to the surface and snap and tear at the dead fish with their alligator jaws. While their attention is all centered in their dead brother an active and skillful hunter may stretch the bodies of two or three others on the water. By that time, however, the others, if there are any others left, suddenly discover that there is something wrong, and they dart away and are seen no more.

"The biggest muscalonge I ever caught in the lake with the hook was a twenty-five-pounder. I have gaffed them through the ice, though, that weighed thirty pounds. That is a style of fish that requires skill and nerve. You cut a big square hole in the ice and build over it a dark hut to keep the light out of the hole. This enables you to see far down in the water. Taking a silver wire shell three or four feet long, with a strong artificial minnow on one end of it, you sink it through the hole with your left hand, and thrust your gaff down with your right. The gaff you hold very still, near the bait which you keep moving about in the water. It won't be long before you will see the shadowy form of a big muscalonge away down below you. He sees the bait and is coming up to investigate it. He gradually draws near, until you can see his large eyes glitter, and discover his long, sharp teeth between his half-open jaws. At that instant a man who does not become excited and trembled like an aspen has got a nerve that not one out of ten, even among old fish ramen, has got. The big fish moves on slowly, sometimes pointed straight for the bait, and then sidling up to it betraying all his suspiciousness of his nature. He will come on, though, until he has satisfied himself on the matter of the strange object in the water. When he gets close to the bait and stops and glares wildly at it the fisherman sinks the strong gaff in his side, and if it is managed skillfully, is sure to land him on the ice after a struggle, in which the advantage is all on the side of the fisherman."

The Camp-Chair Bustle.

[Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

I have made an invention that is just going to be a boon to my sex at the seashore, and what I want is that some capitalist shall put the money into the manufacture. I haven't applied for a patent; but if I give the thing away here I feel sure that nobody will be mean enough to take advantage of my confiding nature. It is so natural for me to write all I know that I can't resist the inclination. I call my device the camp-chair bustle. It consists of the ordinary bustle of wires and tapes, to be worn in the usual manner.

It will serve all the purposes of distention and shapeliness requisite in the fashionable bustle. Within this structure I place a specially contrived camp-chair, light but sufficiently strong, and so arranged that it will automatically shut up that when the wearer stands, and open to receive her when she sits. I have experimented with a model, and I suffered some hard knocks before the mechanism was perfected, but the thing is now worthy of the confidence of the most sensitive girl, for it positively will not betray her confidence. When she lounges at the edge of the beach and desires to be seated for awhile all she has to do is to gracefully drop into the invisible chair.

Walker-Tourists.

[Foreign Letter.]

Bordeaux has just started a society called the Walker-Tourists of France, which publishes a curious prospectus. The exercise which brings them together, say these pedestrians, "changes fat into muscle and develops the chest and legs, but more nobly elevates the sentiments of man, and restores his energy and virility by putting him face to face with nature and solitude."

Every Sunday the Bordeaux club will start for "study walks and graduated promenades" in the environs. "Marches-etudes" turns out to mean an early start, breakfast in the woods, and the exploration of sites and ruins. In the afternoon there will be games, then supper, and back to bed at nightfall, having "transformed into strength that activity which every man possesses, but which in towns he expends in unhealthy pleasures."

"Dog Cheap."

[Chicago Paper.]

Nothing so well shows that there is a revival of business in the south as the fact that a Florida man was able to trade off his printing office for a mule. Either that or mules are dog cheap in Florid

American Voices.

[Exchange.]

In spite of the standing criticism and ridicule in Europe on the nasal voices of American women, the cultivated voices of American girls continue to take high rank in the vocal schools there.

Birds as Builders.

It is now claimed that birds as nearly as possible imitate the nests in which they were reared, and bring to the work a sort of rudimentary education.

Turkoman Proverb. He who has seized the hilt of his sword does not wait for a pretext.

Where Some "Blue" Blood Came From.

[London Echo.]

During the troubles in the reign of Charles I. a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a warehouse, and was one of those called tub women. The brewer, observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and, after a short time, married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing was dropped, and Hyde was recommended to her as a skillful lawyer to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterward earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. By this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who afterward became the wife of James II, and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.

Fast Finding Out.

[New York Sun.]

Census taker (to husband)—What is your wife's age?

Husband—I don't know.

Census-taker—Can't you approximate it?

Husband—No, I can't even approximate it. She was a widow when I married her.

Whitehall Times: Every man may have a price, but every other man can not pay it.

OLD HILLACRE HOME.

[Helen Whitney Clark in Demorest's.]

"It's rediklis," declared Aunt Melzena Mellen.

"Perfectly awdacious," agreed Uncle Simeon.

"Does the gal expect to live on grass an' yarbs like the cow-brutes?" grumbled Cousin Oldeon.

"She better of took the $500 Squire Stafford offered her," said Uncle Simeon, sagely. "It's more'n the pile place is with, half rocks, an' the rest growed up with mullein-stalks an' hoar-hound an' wild chamomile."

"An' $500 would of sot her an' Steve Kimble up real nice," pursued Aunt Melzena, briskly stirring away at a huge kettle of soft soap.

And so the chorus went on among the Mellen and Hillacre relations, far and near; and all because Mollie Hillacre, self-willed girl, refused to part with the old homestead and its twenty acres of sterile soil, which had become hers on the death of Grandpa Hillacre some months previous.

Among all the clan there was no one to take Mollie's side of the question but old Uncle Dabney Mellen who occupied the adjoining farm.

"Mollie ain't nobody's fool. I kin tell ye," he would say, nodding his head wisely. "An' if she hangs onter the old homestead she'll make it pay, one way or anuther, or my name ain't Dabney Mellen."

But the other relatives only shook their heads forebodingly and declared that "a willful woman must have her own way," and they washed their hands of her entirely!

"As she makes her bed, so she must lay in it," declared Uncle Simeon, tritely. "An' if she comes to grief she needn't spect us to help her out."

"Of course not," echoed the rest.

But still Mollie persisted in "taking her own head" in spite of their predictions and prognostications.

Even Steve Kimble, Mollie's affianced lover, sided against her. He was a distant cousin on the Mellen side.

"What could we ever do here, Mollie?" he argued. "I couldn't make a livin' on the old wore-out ground! 'Tain't fit fur nothin' but black-eyed peas. Why, it wouldn't grow a bushel o' wheat to the acre! An' look at the ole sheep pastur. The ain't skeersely a blade o' grass on it all summer. But if we had $500, I could set up a store at the cross-roads, an' we'd soon be a-gittin' rich."

"But I love the old place, Steve," persisted Mollie. "I was born here you know, and——"

"What's that what if you was," interrupted Steve, impatiently. "Well, you kin have your ch'ice, Mollie. If you think more o' the ole place than you do of me, why keep it. But you can't have both, that's all."

"Steve," cried Mollie, "do you mean it?"

"Yes," returned Steve, sullenly, "I do mean it."

"There's your ring, then," said Mollie, quietly, "and good evening."

And she walked proudly up the grass-grown walk to the house, while Steve slung himself angrily away.

Here was fresh food for the gossips, for the news of Mollie's broken engagement soon spread abroad, and the tongues wagged and heads were shaken more vigorously than ever.

But Mollie paid no heed to their fault-finding.

"I must contrive some way to make a living," she told herself, "and why not try keeping boarders? If the place is worth $500 to Squire Stafford, it's worth that much to me. The old house has rooms enough to quarter a regiment, and if the furniture is old-fashioned, it's well-preserved, and I must make it do. I think I can get grandpa's old house keeper, Mrs. Hull, to stay and help me, as she has not made any engagement yet. And now for ways and means. The place is rocky, and worn out, to be sure, but I'll have the old stable torn away—it's ready to tumble down anyway—and take that place for my garden, and a shed will do for the cow. I can raise vegetables enough, with a little outside help, to pay for most of my groceries, and the old orchard and the berry patch, trimmed up a little, will bring quite a crop of fruit."

And having laid her plans, like a skillful general, Mollie went to work with a will.

Mrs. Hull's services were soon secured, and the old house put into "apple-pie order. The windows were scoured, curtains taken down, washed and ironed, and put up again. Carpets were taken up, cleaned, and put down again. The old-fashioned furniture was rubbed with turpentine till you could see yourself in the tall bed-posts and chair-backs, and the mirrors and brass fire-irons were polished till they shone again. Uncle Dabney Mellen, with his hired hand, came and pulled down the rickety stable, chopped up the old logs into fire-wood, and plowed and harrowed the garden, besides helping Mollie to plant it.

And when all was ready a few judicious advertisements brought Mollie the requisite number of boarders.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Smythe, a wealthy elderly couple, who were charmed with the big rooms, the old-fashioned, clay legged tables and chairs, the vine-hung porches and verandas and the wholesome country fare. There was Mrs. Fenshawe, a gushing widow, who went into raptures over the beautiful view of crested hill tops and shadowy valleys, bounded by the far, blue-tinted horizon. And there was Miss Tufton, a good natured, placid faced maiden lady, who was quietly content with everything about her.

Besides those already mentioned, Mollie's boarders numbered a sallow-faced young gentleman, who had sought the country in quest of health, and a brisk, wide-awake geologist, Professor Tallman, whose chief delight and occupation was in gathering "specimens."

The garden throve luxuriantly, and once a week Mollie took her early peas and cucumbers, mountain sweet-corn and cauliflowers to the neighboring village of Sweetbriar, where she readily disposed of them, bringing back their value in coffee, tea, sugar, and other necessary commodities.

Uncle Dabney's horse and wagon was always at Mollie's service on Saturdays to convey herself and her "truck" to market, which proved quite a convenience to the young householder.

The old orchard, too, which had been well trimmed and cared for, showed its gratitude by producing quite a crop of Harvest Sweetings and Northern Spies, affording Mrs. Hull ample means for the exercise of her culinary skill in the construction of luxurious "pan-dowdies," apple cobblers, and the like, while the milk from "Butterup," the little Jersey cow, furnished butter for the table and cream for the tea and for the big bowl of raspberries or blackberries which figured daily at the evening meal.

But, while affairs continued to go swimmingly for Mollie, the croakers found fresh cause for gossip in that very fact.

"They live mighty fine, an' set a tip-top table," admitted Aunt Melzena, who had been "spending the day" at the old homestead. "But I dunno how Mollie works it. I'm feared she goes in debt fur all them nick nax."

But Mollie was too smart a girl to go in debt, and if she did not lay up much, she paid her way as she went.

"Miss Mollie," said the professor, one day, taking a seat on the porch, beside Mollie, who was scraping carrots for dinner, "what do you think these are?"

Mollie gave a cursory glance at the rough-looking bits held out to her. The professor was always exhibiting "specimens" of one kind or another.

"I should say they were rocks," returned Mollie, in true western dialect.

"Exactly," smiled the professor. "But what kind of rocks?"

"I don't know" was the answer. "I don't know one kind of rock from another."

"So I thought," returned the professor, gravely. "If you did you would not be keeping boarders for a living."

Mollie looked up in surprise.

"Why?" she asked, with some curiosity. "What have rocks to do with my keeping boarders?"

"Just this," was the answer. "This bit of white rock here I chipped off of a ledge in the old sheep-pasture, on the hillside. And on the best of my knowledge and belief, that ledge is magnesian limestone, a superior kind of building stone which is in great demand. This other bit is of a different kind of rock, but quite valuable also, and is used for door and window sills. It is worth 40 cents a square foot, and there is no doubt but what it exists in abundance on your farm. But if the other proves to be really magnesian limestone, you could sell out to-morrow for $10,000, Miss Mollie!"

"O, Professor Tallman! But how—but how should I go to work to find out?" asked Mollie, clasping her hands excitedly.

"Leave it to me," said the professor, kindly. "I am going to the city to-morrow on business, and I will take these bits of rock and exhibit them to the proper parties. Then, Miss Mollie, you can either lease or sell your property to good advantage."

"I shall not sell" declared Mollie, "if I can help it."

In due time the professor returned. The specimen he had exhibited proved to be magnesian limestone, and two business men accompanied him to inspect the ledge.

Before they left, Mollie was offered a good price for her farm, or $1,000 a year and a certain share in the profits of the quarry.

She accepted the latter offer, and soon the sound of hammer and drill was heard in the once despised sheep pasture.

The news was a nine days' wonder among the neighbors.

"As rocky as the Hillacre farm" had been a by-word in that locality for years, and now to think those self-same rocks were to be coined into money before their very eyes!

The astonished relatives flocked to the old homestead to congratulate Mollie on her good fortune.

Steve Kimble was one of the first to put in an appearance.

"You was right in holdin' onter the old place, Mollie after all," he declared, radiantly. "And—and, of course, you didn't think I meant to break off with you, fur good and all, Mollie?"

"Indeed!" answered Mollie, with a smile.

"Of course not! I only wanted to try you, an' see if you wouldn't give in to my way o' thinkin'. But it's lucky you didn't after what's happened. And—say, Mollie, when shall the weddin' be?"

But Mollie drew herself up with a show of spirit, as she retorted, coolly.

"I don't know when your wedding will be, Mr. Kimble, but mine is to be the 1st of September. I've been engaged to Professor Tallman for two months."

And there was nothing for the disappointed Steve to do but to take himself off.

Before Mollie's boarders left in September, there was a merry wedding at the old homestead, to which all her relatives were invited, but the most honored among the guests was Uncle Dabney Mellen, his genial face aglow with good-natured triumph.

"I said our Mollie wasn't nobody's fool," he asserted, proudly. "An' I reckon she's proved it."

And nobody felt disposed to dispute the assertion.

Patent Pills in Austria.

[Foreign Letter.]

Professor Gustavus Jager, of the Agricultural college of Hohenheim, is well known in Europe as the apostle of woolen clothing. He has a number of disciples in Austria (a correspondent says), who dress strictly according to his hygienic rules, and proclaim their tenets to the world in the eccentric cut of the coats. Not content with doing so much for the woolen trade, Professor Jager lately patented a pill which contained, as he said, a distillation of the liquid which exists in human hair, and advertised his pill in a learned looking pamphlet as a sovereign cure for many internal disorders. The Austrian minister of the interior was inquisitive enough to have these pills analyzed, and, finding them to contain nothing but sugar of milk, has forbidden them to be sold.

A Battery at a Ball.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

At a masked ball given in Turin recently a ducal guest appeared in the costume of ". igoletto," having in the hump upon his back an electric apparatus by which he was enabled to give any one whose hand he grasped an electric shock. All went smoothly until the hump chanced to get moved, when the full force of the battery was discharged into the body of the wearer, causing him to writhe with pain and shriek for relief. He was finally insensible before the battery could be disconnected.

Acquiring Knowledge.

[Norristown Herald.]

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant." According to this notion, a 5-year-old boy traveling on the cars will be able, without to require enough knowledge in a journey of fifteen miles to split his head wide open.

Ammonia from the Crematories.

[Chicago Herald.]

In Japan successful experiments have been made in collecting human ammonia from the crematories. Hydrochloric acid is suspended inside the chimneys, where it combines with the ammonia of the evaporating substances. The product is then collected and purified for the market.

Courageous Railroad Men.

[Cor. Kansas City Times.]

The best trainmen the railroad world knows alone are employed on the division of the Denver & Rio Grande. Every one of them is perfect master of his business, a king in his own right. No coward or incapable is ever entrusted with the care of these trains. Cool heads and steady nerves and educated brains are needed and are not wanting here. The team of iron horses, tandem of course, is manufactured especially for mountain climbing. Every bolt and bar is rigidly inspected before every trip by the very best experts in such matters. Flagmen are stationed at every curve and at every one of the twenty three snow sheds. Flags by day and lamps by night signal the entire route of the train.

And amid all this whirl of swinging lamps and fluttering flags and signals known only to the initiated, you feel that steady nerve and steady brains are directing everything; and while every nerve of your body is strung up to a most delightful tension, and the whole glory of the universe seems to be unfolding at your feet, as range after range of mountain scenery looms up around you. As you rise into the higher plane of world-life, with mountain summits as the companions of your thought, the soul ravishing delight that thrills you makes you loose sight entirely of all sense of danger. Sometimes, when the train suddenly sweeps out of a long, dark snow shed, one starts back instinctively as he finds himself hanging right over the edge of a precipice 1,000 feet in dizzy depth; but he is soon reassured when he remembers that the gods of iron and steam are in the saddle, held in check by the hand of man, the magnificent.

All fear is soon la'd aside, although he knows that should a bolt snap, or a bar break, or the nerve of a trainman falter, and the train once get away from its master, all the gods of all the ages could not bring one of us back into the world again. But so perfect is the mastery of these men over these trains, so precisely does the air brake respond to the tenderest touch of the engineer, that the train moves over the steep incline as smoothly and as quietly as the tired childs slips away into the land of dreams.

Fishes in Hot Water.

[London Globe.]

A stupid old story relates the profane language made use of by fishes when Sol's perpendicular rays illumined the depths of the sea. As to what really happens on such occasions, some experiments just made by the secretary of the National Fish Culture association, and reported by The Fish Culture Journal, gives results certainly curious, and possibly practically useful.

The object was to discover the highest temperature at which fish can exist in water—the competitors being carp, gudgeons, dace, roach, perch, golden tench, common tench, trout, salmon and minnow. Not till the water reached 86 degrees did any signs of languor show themselves; and the first that gave in was a perch at 82 degrees. Then followed retirements in the following order, roach, salmon, minnow, gudgeon, dace, common tench, golden tench—until the carp was left winner of the prize for endurance, holding out till 91 degrees, three degrees better than the best record below him.

Having taken the hot water heat with what looked like fatal results, the natural corrective was exhibited in the form of brandy, which, to the dismay of the testical practitioners, presently set all the competitors swimming about in their normal condition just as if nothing had happened, with the sole exception of the dace, who died a martyr either to science or to the somewhat heroic remedy. Some surprise is expressed at the endurance of the minnow, and also of the salmon, considering his especial need of oxygen, and even at that of the perch, who is known to have an exceptional and characteristic antipathy to warm water. It remains to be shown, of course, in what way pisciculture is to be practically benefited by the experiment.

An Ex-Counterfeiter's Warning.

[Milwaukee Reporter.]

Life is one long struggle for money, and the devices his upon for making dollars are numbered by thousands. One of the easiest ways of coining money is in molds, but it frequently leads the seeker after wealth into paths that are not always smooth. In fact, troubles generally come to the person who follows this royal road to fortune, and not one counterfeiter in ten thousand long avoids arrest. Frequently hundreds of spurious coins are made, but the coiner rarely avoids arrest long enough to en oy his ill-gotten gains, and his career is suddenly cut short by the ruthless hand of a detective or United States marshal, his work of a lifetime destroyed and himself thrown into prison for a long term of years.

With a view to learning the secrets of the manufacture of counterfeit money, a reporter recently sought out a once notorious coiner who has served time for illegally making United States money, but who has since reformed and now makes his home in Milwaukee. "Don't attempt it, my boy," he said. "It's dangerous work and in the long run don't pay. It's easy, though, this counterfeiting," he continued, meditatively, "and more of it is done than people suppose. Two small blocks of the size I use, which fit smoothly together, are arranged to fasten with bolts. Find the center of the face of each with a pair of dividers. Bore a two-inch hole three-quarters of an inch deep in each, so that the openings will come exactly face to face when the blocks are bolted together. Grease a 50-cents silver piece, a new one is best, with tallow or lard. Wipe it nearly dry. Pack both holes full of plaster of Paris mixed with water. Lay the coin on one, lay the pieces of blocks together and bolt them fast. In an hour you'll find the blocks will come apart, and in each plaster mould will be a cast of one side of the piece of money. Cut a channel from one edge of the cast to the block, and across the block to the outer edge of the wood. Bolt the backs together and you have the mould. Use channel serving as a place through which to pour the metal.

"Build an open furnace, mix block, duplatinum, lead and zinc. Put it in a ladle and melt it. Pour in the mould, let it stand a minute, open the blocks and knock out your coin. It's exactly like making bullets, but far more dangerous. Don't try it, my boy."

Not set Place on Earth.

Assab, a very small town on a bay at the southern extremity of the Red sea, is said to be the hottest place in the world. Aden, 100 miles further east, has a terrible reputation for hot heat but Assab is said to be hotter by some three degrees. For four consecutive months thermometer readings at 9 a. m. have averaged over 90 degrees, and during the whole time rarely fall below 88 degrees.

NOTICE.

ALL CLAIMS AGAINST THE ESTATE OF Robert Wood, of Spalla Coheen, R. C., and Wood & Rabbitt, of same place, are to be sent in to the undersigned by the fourteenth of November next.

ALEX. COWAN, Assignee.

Victoria, B. C., 16th Oct., 1885. 5eif d1wtd

(Inland Sentinel copy.)

IMPERIAL

FEDERATION LEAGUE

LIVERPOOL BRANCH.

THE OFFICES OF THIS BRANCH OF THE Imperial Federation League are now at the CHICAGO BUILDINGS, STANLEY ST., LIVERPOOL

All Colonists passing through Liverpool are cordially invited to make use of the rooms of the branch for correspondence and other purposes.

The publications of the League may be seen there, and all Colonial papers received are filed for reference.

The Committee will be glad of communications on all matters of Colonial interest, and information will be gladly offered by the Hon. Secretary respecting Colonial Exhibition of 1886; the objects of the National Association for promoting State Directed Emigration and Colonization; the Movement for Improvement of Local Defence, and upon other matters of Colonial interest. 1y15dwtf

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AN IMPROVED FARM OF 250 ACRES AT Cowichan. For particulars enquire of or address F. INWOOD, Somenos.

Further particulars may be obtained on application to A. MOWAT, B. C. Express Office, Victoria. octSwlm

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We call the attention of Consumers to the superior chewing qualities of this most excellent Tobacco. Samples will be sent free by mail, on application to A. E. WERTHEIMER, 306 AND 308 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

The goods are for sale by all the principal jobbers in British Columbia. jy4dw

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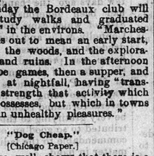

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FURNITURE

WORK,

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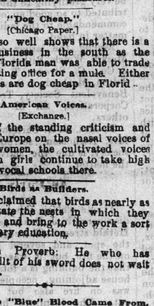

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In the Supreme Court of British Columbia.

FINDLAY AND OTHERS VS. BIRSELL AND AL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO WHOM IT may concern that by order of the Chief Justice made in the cause and dated 30th SEPTEMBER, 1885, the Defendant, PETER BIRSELL, has been ordered and restrained from re-entering any and all premises taken