

# The East Huron Gazette

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY, 16th, 1893.

No. 11.

**J. A. TUCK, M. D.**  
MEMBER of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont.  
GORRIE, ONT.

**JAMES ARMSTRONG,**  
**Veterinary Surgeon**  
GRADUATE of Ontario Veterinary College, and registered member of Ontario Veterinary Association.  
Next to Methodist Parsonage.  
ALBERT STREET, GORRIE, ONT.

**JAS. McLAUGHLIN,**  
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. No witness required.  
Office—At my Residence, GORRIE.

**DENTISTRY.**  
J. S. JEROME, L. D. S., Wingham, will visit Gorrie, the 1st and 3rd Monday of each month. Teeth extracted without pain. All work warranted.

**MISS GREGORY,**  
(late of Harrison).  
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKER. APPEALING FICES WANTED. Rooms over W. S. Bean's Store.

**Scientific American Agency for PATENTS**  
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.  
MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.  
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

**Executors' Notice.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that any person or persons holding any claims against the estate of Alexander Johnston, late of the Township of Howick, in the County of Huron Province of Ontario, shall send to the undersigned Executors a verified statement of such claims, on or before the 1st day of March, A. D. 1893.  
And all persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle said indebtedness on or before said 1st day of March, 1893.  
Dated at Howick, this 3rd day of January, 1893.  
SAMUEL JOHNSTON,  
JAMES DOWNEY,  
Executors.

**FOR SALE.**  
A Neat and Comfortable Country Homestead,  
CONSISTING of three acres of choice land, being part of lot 1, con. 7, in the township of Turnberry. Two acres now under grass and balance in orchard and garden. There is a good six-roomed frame house on the premises, also stables. For further particulars apply to JOHN W. GREEN, Box 10, Wroxeter, Ont.

**Estray Calves.**  
CAME onto the premises of the subscriber, lot 30, con. 2, Howick, about the middle of October, four heifer calves. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take them away.

**Holstein Calf Lost.**  
LOST.—From the premises of the subscriber, since about the 10th of July last, a Holstein Steer Sprinkling Calf, spotted, black and white. The finder will be suitably rewarded on giving information as to its whereabouts to HENRY WILLIAMS, Lot 18, Con. B., Howick, Wroxeter P.O.

**MISS FLORA JAMES,**  
(Graduate of Niagara Falls Academy of Music).  
TEACHES PIANO, ORGAN AND HARMONY. Theory Explained. GORRIE.  
"This is to certify that Miss James, having completed in a creditable manner the course required for a certificate, is duly qualified for piano-forte teaching, and is hereby recommended to those who require thorough instruction in that branch."  
PROF. A. HUBBARD,  
Niagara Falls, April 21st, 1892.

**Vanstone Bros.,**  
**WINCHAM**  
**Marble & Stone**  
**WORKS**  
Parties requiring work in this above lines will do well to call on us.  
We carry a large stock of marble and granite.  
We guarantee to save you money and give first-class work.  
Call before purchasing elsewhere and be convinced.  
**MR. T. T. WATSON**  
Will represent us on the road.

**City Grocery.**  
HAVING bought out the stock of MR. JAMES IRELAND I will endeavor to keep up the reputation for High-Class  
**GROCERIES,**  
Confectionery,  
—Staple and Fancy—  
Crockery, Silverware and  
Fancy Goods,  
that my predecessor has so well merited for the last 15 years.  
—SEE THE ELEGANT—

**Breakfast Sets,**  
**Dinner Sets,**  
**Tea Sets.**  
Everything Fresh and  
Guaranteed of the  
Finest Quality.  
No use to enumerate prices, but call and see for yourself.

I will sell as Cheap as the Cheapest.  
**T. F. MILLER,**  
WROXETER.

**W**  
**Great Slaughter**  
**In Boots**  
**And Shoes**

**J.**  
Everything  
at  
Cost  
for  
Cash  
Now!

**G**  
**Overshoes,**  
**Rubbers,**  
**Lumbermen's**  
**Sox,**

**R**  
**Trunks,**  
**Valises,**  
**Etc.**

**E**  
**EVERYTHING**  
**GOES!**

**E**  
I beg to return thanks for the liberal patronage received during the past year and will try to merit your future favors.  
**W. J. GREER.**  
GORRIE.

**R.**

**The Lion Store**  
  
The skating carnival in Wroxeter on Tuesday evening was a grand success. Some of our correspondence has again had to be left over on account of its late arrival at this office.  
Barkwell's Bronchial Balm will cure any cough, cold, bronchitis or asthma. For sale by N. McLaughlin, druggist.  
Howick S. S. Association will meet at Fordwich on Wednesday, Feb. 22nd. Programs will be out this week. All Sunday School workers and friends are invited.  
The Howick Union Sunday School Convention for the current year is to be held on Wednesday Feb., 22nd, in the Methodist church, Fordwich. Circulars will be issued at once to the different schools in the township for information, and asking the co-operation of the friends of Sabbath Schools to make this second convention in the township a success. It is to be hoped that every Sabbath School will forward promptly to the secretary, Mr. P. Hepinstall, Fordwich, the information asked for, and that each school will be well represented at the convention. All Sunday School officers and teachers, and ministers having charge of congregations in the township (including Wroxeter) are members of the convention, and all Sunday School workers and everybody else are cordially invited to be present and take part in the meetings.

**Fur Goods**  
and  
**Winter Goods**  
AT  
**COST PRICE.**  
To Clear.  
**Lion Store, Wroxeter.**  
**J. W. Sanderson.**

**Shareholders' Meeting.**  
Belmore Cheese and Butter Company.  
A SPECIAL General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Belmore Cheese and Butter Company will be held in the Temperance Hall, in the village of Belmore, on  
**SATURDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1893,**  
At the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and any other business that may be brought before the meeting.  
PETER TERRIFF,  
JAMES RITCHIE,  
D. N. McDONALD,  
Shareholders.  
Belmore, Jan. 23, 1893.

**Farm for Sale.**  
LOT 1 9th Con., Turnberry. The farm is an excellent one, containing 100 acres, 50 under cultivation, balance good hardwood bush. Stone house and large orchard, plenty of water. Situated about seven miles from Wingham, and five from Wroxeter.  
For particulars apply to the Proprietor,  
**W. S. SANDERSON, Wroxeter, P.O., Ont.**

**Local Affairs.**  
Have You? What?  
Why, paid your subscription to the GAZETTE for 1893.  
Council met at Fordwich yesterday. The minutes will be published next week.

Barkwell's Sure Corn Cure will cure any wart, bunion or mole. For sale by N. McLaughlin, druggist, Gorrie.  
Mr. Jas. McGrath started on Tuesday last for Winnipeg where he will take a position in Mr. C. Yeo's tailoring establishment.  
Messrs. John and Robt. Pentland, and Mr. A. P. Sheppard and sister, of Nilo, are guests at Major Kaine's this week. Mr. Sheppard taught the Orange Hill school for several years so is well known here.

Mr. Jos. Smith, of Saskatoon, N. W. T., is visiting in town this week. He has grown wonderfully since he left here with his parents in '85. While surprised at the improvements made in Howick, he expresses a warm feeling towards his far away home.  
Mr. Harry Day intends to start for Scotland with another consignment of horses in a couple of weeks. We understand that Mr. John Hooey, who is a king among the Manitoba horsemen, will also try the experiment of a shipment to the Glasgow markets.

Mr. J. Waterhouse has sold out his stock of woollen goods to Mr. J. R. Williams, and has accepted a position as foreman of Dufton's woolen mills in Mitchell. Mr. Williams now has the goods displayed in connection with his large furniture business, and we invite attention to his large advertisement in another column of this issue.  
It is expected that there will be a large attendance of farmers at the binder-twine meeting in the town hall here to-day (Thursday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock. We are not yet informed of the names of the speakers who are to address the meeting but they are men well informed on the question and well qualified to post those who attend on this important question.

Mr. C. C. Kaine, son of John Kaine, Esq., of this village, occupied the Methodist pulpit on Sunday evening, preaching a powerful sermon with an eloquence which surprised his many friends and former schoolmates here. Mr. Kaine is studying for the ministry, being at present stationed on a mission circuit near Brandon, Man., and the rapid progress he is making presages a brilliant and useful future for him. We understand he is to return this week to his duties in the Northwest.

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**From Mr. Clegg.**  
Editor Gazette:—I had intended to say nothing more re the township hall, but after reading Mr. Cook's letter, am forced, in justice to myself, to contradict and refute a letter which is a tissue of misstatements from first to last. He says I was troubled with a guilty conscience. Admitting this statement to be true, (which it is not) this was not a matter of conscience but purely a matter of business. I believed they had a legal right to the hall, and do so now, however it may clash with my private views.  
Now, he says, what are the facts? Mr. Cook does not deny asking me into Campbell's hotel to talk over the matter. He certainly did do so before I ever broached the subject; and does he dare to say that it was not talked of by the council previous to seeing me? I think not. I say Mr. Cook did put the question to the councillors individually and received the answer "no" from every one of them, which I can prove by themselves. He says he asked me if I thought my course was consistent, and that in his opinion I had overstepped my duty in renting the hall. I give this a most unqualified denial. Mr. Cook never used such words in my hearing, and it is purely a fabrication. And more: before going to the hall Mr. Cook authorized me to tell Mr. Walker that they could not have the hall. Then he says every member expressed himself opposed to granting the hall. Now, I am informed that one member of the council expressed himself in favor of granting it. How is this, Mr. Reeve? The facts prove that Mr. Cook did swear by his own words. Now, my dear friend, you should have let the weather-cock business alone. Who is the weather-cock, I ask? I rented the hall first; the council took it out of my hands and said "no, you can't have it," then, after a little more talking, "Oh well, I guess we will leave it with Mr. Clegg and Mr. Walker to settle," and the weathercock sits plump on the little Dutchman's head. Nothing can daunt him, he says, from doing his duty. How brave he is in his own town—in his own barnyard,—but it is like the morning dew, soon passes away.  
Then the consideration he has for the Gorrie Methodist Church! If that were a fact why did he not write an open letter to the Methodists of Gorrie? No, but he must write a whining letter to Mr. Bean, "Dear Mr. Bean, do not blame us for the naughty acts of Mr. Clegg. We know you feel so bad, and in sentiment if not in word, we do not want anything to occur that might have a tendency to militate against us in the future."  
Now, a word about Mr. Cook's consistency. I noticed to-day a poster containing an announcement of a concert in Fordwich, the entertainment to consist of negro performances, clog and boot dancing, to be presided over by B. S. Cook, Esq., Reeve or Howick. Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!  
Now, Mr. Editor, as Mr. Cook accuses me of having self-esteem, I am thankful that I have at least sufficient to keep me from slinging dirt through the public press, besides Mr. Cook is the last

man that should attempt anything of that kind considering the public position he occupies.  
If Mr. Cook wishes to continue this discussion I have lots of ammunition left.  
Yours,  
WILLIAM H. CLEGG.  
Gorrie, Feb. 14th, 1893.  
Lakelet.

A Mr. Kesany, weaver by trade, has moved into our burg this week. He located in the extreme east end of our town in the house belonging to Mrs. McDonald.  
People are about mired with snow. The farmers cannot get round and trade is a little slack. People prophecy great floods in the spring, but we trust Lakelet may stand the ordeal.  
Mr. Jas. Hamilton one of our burghers had a mass wood bee on Wednesday. All able young men within a radius of five miles from Lakelet were at it. They cut enough of wood to last the rest of Jim's life time. The proceedings at night were of a social and enjoyable nature.  
Again the Patrons met with hard luck. Monday night was cold, rough and the roads were blocked. The speakers who were to address the meeting were unable to be present. Nothing daunted, those who were present took hold, and we question if the Organizer; Mr. Malloy, or the highest officers in connection with the society could have ameliorated matters after they were through. Messrs. Ferguson, Nay, Hamilton, Holman, and Woods waxed eloquent, for a considerable time, each trying to excel his predecessor, and gave those present such information as they never before had. From the enthusiasm manifested and the determination to stay together in the future, it is quite evident that the Patrons though few in number here are not discouraged. Arrangements were made to attend the meeting in Gorrie on the 16th, and should the day be such that the other orators cannot get to your village, you know who can act as worthy substitutes.

A very pleasant time was spent at the residence of Mr. John Scott on Saturday night by the members of the church and the I. O. G. T. Myles, son of Mr. Scott, having resolved to go to Toronto and sever his connection from all the positions which he held here, his friends assembled on Saturday night presented him with an address and purse containing a good sum of money.  
ADDRESS.  
Mr. Myles Scott:  
Dear Friend—It having become generally known that you had decided to take your departure from among your many friends here, immediate action was taken to show you that the exemplary life you have led, and the cheerful aid you have given at all times to all good causes merits some appreciation.  
In the Sunday School and in the church here, you have always been an important factor, and by your regularity and punctuality have been a star example. As organist for the past two years, you have given proof of your rare musical talents, and have made the inspired word more efficacious by your leading so well in the tunes sung. To replace you in that capacity will be a task which, at present seems difficult to solve.  
In the temperance cause you have taken an exceptionally active part, and at our open meetings filled a place which none other among us could attain. From the minor officers you rose to fill very acceptably for two quarters the highest which our Order offers. At a time when any of our number wavered, you took a keen interest in their welfare and was one of the first to make a personal appeal to them.  
When we consider all the foregoing and the esteem which you are held by the public, we deemed it unjust to let you leave us without some way of showing our regard for you. Be pleased then to accept this purse, and however insignificant in itself, it conveys with it our kind feelings for you, and trust you may cherish it.  
You carry with you the best wishes of all for a prosperous and edifying time at your calling in Toronto, and trust that the same wise Providence who has endowed you with your musical talents, may also guide and lead you while in the pursuit of raising them to a higher standard.  
The city society will have an honored member in your person, and it is

almost unnecessary to state that we know the enviable reputation which you have borne here, will there remain unswayed.  
Farewell now dear friend and though 'Myles' may not be so often sounded in and around our burg, for some time at least, you will not be forgotten here, and hope that in return your thoughts may wander back occasionally to your many friends at Lakelet.  
Signed on behalf of the Church and Lodge.  
D. A. HARKNESS, E. GREGG, G. T. JAS. WRIGHT, J. DARRACH, T. B. CARLTON, Sec.

Mr. Scott feelingly thanked his donors for their kindness, and assured them he would never forget his friends at Lakelet; the choir whose harmony always existed; the Lodge, where he had spent so many and profitable hours. In the performance of his duty that his services had been so appreciated, he considered it one of the happiest thoughts of his existence.  
Short speeches were then delivered by four or five of those present, and the ladies who had come with baskets laden with all the latest delicacies attended to their part a few hours were then spent in the most sociable way, till the clock proclaimed the near approach of Sunday, when all dispersed, wishing Myles all success at his work in Toronto.  
Neepeawa, Manitoba.

It is a long time since I had a word with THE GAZETTE, and to-night I feel like renewing an acquaintance. I am very pleased to see by THE GAZETTE that Gorrie and Wroxeter have each, through the enterprise and Christian zeal of the inhabitants in and around, built churches which are a credit to them. My desire is that they be filled with a people zealous for the kingdom, whose zeal and energy for the good cause will be equal to the efforts put forth to construct the splendid buildings. Their labors will then not be lost, but duly rewarded.  
We, in Manitoba, have just come through a terrible siege with "John Frost." The oldest settlers here have never experienced the like before; and those who have been only a short time in the country will, I think, have no desire for a repetition of the ordeal. I am quite satisfied with the amount of cold I have felt; indeed I had the conceit taken quite out of me when it got to 40 below zero with an high wind; while carrying in a few armfuls of wood from quite near the door had all that was exposed of my ears froze; and in going to the front street shortly afterwards—going most of the way backwards—against the north wind, had my cheek frozen. But when the thermometer registered 62 degrees below zero, I thought very seriously of taking the first train for the Pacific coast. To-night is the first that we could slack off firing up our very best for over two weeks. I don't know how people have got along who have inferior houses; for I have a good one and the amount of fuel I have consumed by two stoves is unprecedented by me: but we were comfortable.  
We have a heavy body of snow on the ground, but not at all evenly distributed, and drifts are very solid. We can't see a pretty snow storm here; I might say the word snowflake seems to be of little use here, the snow being more like pure white sand.  
Business has been almost at a stand since the cold snap came, and the roads must now be about out of all reason, as the blow has been almost continuous whichever direction it came from.  
The financial state of the country is at very low ebb, owing to the very low prices; and in this locality the crops were considerably under the average. It is impossible to get money from the farmers, at least many of them, for they have not the wherewith to raise it.  
The heavy snow, it is said is the precursor of a heavy crop, and if it holds good it will be a welcome blessing to the sorely harassed farmers, and will be as cordially welcomed by business men.  
We have considerable scarlet fever and measles in town; the school has been in a manner closed through the cold spell, but I hear to-day that it has been closed for two weeks to come owing to the above mentioned troubles.  
JOHN GREEN,  
Neepeawa, Man., Feb. 7th, 1893.

McLaughlin and Co. are making great slashes in winter goods see their new adv. next week.

# A Remarkable Oriental Experience.

A THRILLING STORY OF CHINESE TREACHERY.

## CHAPTER II.

It is now necessary to leave for a little the narrative gleaned, so far, from the diary of Herbert Vanscombe, and to turn to events which took place nearly a year before.

In the summer of 18—, exactly a year previous to the day on which Herbert Vanscombe landed in Shanghai, a man of elderly appearance arrived in Yokohama by the San Francisco mail. It was his intention to proceed round the world at his leisure, and thus it was that, after several months in America, he landed in Japan. Whether it be from the fact that his disposition was a solitary one, or from the absence of introductions, that he toured alone amidst the glorious scenery and the idyllic peace of Japan is difficult to say. That such was the case is the material point.

He was bent upon travel of a prolonged nature, for the reason which drives many a man from the dear old home—an unfortunate love. It had been a love affair; that is all with which we have to do.

Further than this, he was one who, at the age of twenty-eight, stood strangely isolated in the world; for his father's death, months previous to his departure from home, had left him at once an orphan, and a wealthy idler to fill his time as he might please.

Such was William Norris. It was natural that the lonely traveler should weary of the beauty of Japan. Thus it came that he decided upon making the excursion to Peking. Passing rapidly through Shanghai—by chance he was in time to catch a departing steamer for Chefoo and Tientsin—he set out for the north. Hard travel he wished to have, and hard travel he believed he should have among the northern Chinese. He was right; there are but few places in the world where travel is at once so rough and crude.

There are several methods of traversing the distance of some eighty miles which separate the capital from its port: one by the river, which, winding to and fro through the flat country, approaches Peking as it flows onward to the coast; the others by road—firstly (to take the most luxurious and least used) in the mule litter, which is of the nature of a palanquin swung upon the backs of two mules, one of which precedes the other,—those who have been in Bombay may know a somewhat similar equipage borne by natives in place of mules. In this the traveler may recline, lounging with a fair degree of comfort, for hour upon hour;—secondly, some who have frequent occasion to make the journey, very often do so upon horseback; and, lastly, there are the mulecarts—one for the traveler, one for his guide—small, cramped, and without springs—struments of the divinest torture, and the most frequently utilized mode of transit between Tientsin and Peking.

Traveling by the last-named by day and night almost continuously for two days, Norris arrived late upon the second afternoon, and indeed just before the closing of the gates, at the capital, worn out, as who could fail to be, with the prolonged jolting, the clouds of dust, and the heat of the Eastern sun.

At this point it becomes advisable to place before the reader's mind something of the nature of a sketch, however, in detail, of the vast city of Peking.

Peking consists of three cities proper—the Imperial, the Chinese, and the Tartar—each severed from the other, and again from the world as a whole day by a wall whose vast grandeur must be looked upon to be conceived. Within the outer walls, the main features are dust and ruins, and a total absence of anything in the shape of order, amongst dwellings scattered here and there, often at wide and irregular intervals, and in streets whose vast width is encroached upon without let or hindrance by the booths and stalls of the poor.

To be in Peking is to be in another world—a world which belongs to a far, far past, where one could almost imagine that the inhabitants have waked after centuries of sleep, knowing nothing and conceiving nothing save the desolation which has become their home, and amidst which they are content to live.

There is one beautiful spot in Peking,—the marble bridge, where in summer the still, lotus-covered surface of the lake beneath is broken only by the alighting of some curious bird, a ruthless shattering of the reflection of the verdure and temples and castles of the Imperial Park. But even here the atmosphere of a bygone age lingers in the air, sobering all that is fair and beautiful with the silence of the touch of time.

The chief part of the Imperial City is sacred ground. The traveler is a rash man who ventures by bribes, to enter its precincts: for the northern Chinese are a hard, brutal race, not over-scrupulous in dealing with intrusion upon their rights. The stands in the center of Peking. For the rest, as isolated spots—isolated in the sense of separation from the encircling ruin—stand the foreign legations within their several walls; and, lastly, the temples of the Chinese.

Two days sufficed to prove to William Norris that sight-seeing in the capital of China was a tedious in the extreme. Distance of a great extent that most of the traveler's time is expended in the interior of the covered cart which conveys him at a snail's pace along the wide and uneven roads. Thus the morning of the third day found Norris leaving the city upon his way to the Great Wall.

That traveling in the interior of China, even at the present day, may be accompanied with danger few who know the nation will refuse to admit, and what it was not very many years ago those who have lived in China for any length of time will recall. Is there need to mention an individual instance? Let us recall Sir Harry Parkes; that name alone may speak.

It is unnecessary to follow Norris in his journey, to alight with him at Wan-shou-shan, to stand with him upon the hill Yu-chuan-shan, or to enter with him the Great Bell Tower. Suffice it, that he reached Nankou, little of interest occurring to delay our narrative. Nankou is a small village standing at the foot of the pass of the same name. Fifteen miles up the pass is the Great Wall separating Mongolia and China, a work of wonderful patience, twisting like a huge serpent over hill and dale till the eye loses sight of its meanderings amongst the mountains.

At Nankou itself there is a fragment of a minor wall still standing, through the gateway of which Norris, having finished such dinner as his guide had been able to provide, leisurely strolled, taking no account of the fact that he was then already at some distance from the Chinese inn. He was smoking—a luxury the Englishman must have wherever he may be, and scarcely feeling inclined to sleep, notwithstanding the stiffness of his limbs from the cramped posi-

tion necessary to maintain whilst traveling in the cart, he wandered onwards in the darkening evening, till it struck him that he was sufficiently far from the only tie between himself and civilization in this unknown land—his Chinese guide. He turned and began to retrace his steps.

Re-passing in a little time through the gateway in the wall, he noticed for the first time that the road here branched; and that whilst it had seemed a simple matter to gain the gateway from the inn, it now became a different question as to how to turn. It was growing dark; which of the three roads, he questioned, was he to follow? Whilst he stood considering the point, a number of Chinamen, in all about two dozen, who were seated upon the bank of earth which had formed by time against the wall on the left side of the gate, burst into uproarious laughter; whether from the fact of the difficulty Norris apparently found himself in, or at some remark regarding the European made by one of their number, it is impossible to say. Be that as it may, the laughter served to add to the annoyance of the situation. "You fools!" Norris muttered, turning toward them, an epithet which it was perhaps fortunate no one understood.

One of the Chinamen leaped from the bank, a great broad-shouldered, strapping fellow—a man of iron muscle, as these northern Chinese all are. "This way," he pointed with his hand, "this way," and Norris, fancying the man's disposition was friendly, followed him for a few steps, when renewed laughter caused him to stop abruptly. "What is this?" he asked in a hoarse voice, "immediately. With what intention, he questioned himself rapidly, had this man endeavored to lead him astray? His watch-chain hung across his white coat; that was the only reason, so far as he could see, unless, indeed, the whole was done for jest.

For a moment he halted when he had regained the gate. He had no fear; a strange absence of such feeling ever comes to him when he has most need that it should be so. He stopped, that he might show those upon the bank that he was as cool as they.

The would-be guide was by his side in an instant. Norris turned on being touched on the arm. "This way," the Chinaman pointed, choosing the second road; for answer Norris raised his palm—he was unarmed, perhaps it was just as well—and with the back of his hand struck the Chinaman across the face. It was at once a dangerous and a rash act, but Norris did not care. He had had, he realized, his peril, or the fact that he had then, for the first time, nearly approached death made horrible by Chinese cruelty and by the tortures which they know well how to use.

There was a shout of derisive laughter from the Chinamen upon the mound: perhaps that alone did Norris owe his life; for the man whom he had struck turned, with expletives upon them, and then, following the Englishman, contented himself with walking by his side (whilst a crowd surrounded the two), slapping the prominent muscles upon his bare arms in attitude of defiance, as though daring the other, in childish fashion, to repeat his act. It is more than probable that Norris had recovered something of his common sense, for he marched stolidly forward till, with perhaps a sense of relief, he recognized the mule-carts that stood in the court-yard of the Chinese inn.

He passed through them to his rough apartment unmolested. It might be thought that such an incident as this would have been sufficient to convince the traveler that it is better to yield to than face the enemy in their own country,—for enemies, one and all, the Chinese now became to Norris in his individual mind,—but such was not the case, as will be shortly seen, and as may be conjectured from the fact of his summing up the whole matter in the half-expressed determination, "I must have a pistol with me next time, in case of such things occurring."

The following day was spent on donkey-back up Nankou Pass to the great Wall, and back, worn out with a long day's work to the inn at Nankou.

The next (on donkey-back again), to the Ming Tombs, with their wonderful approach, the avenue of animals, huge stone creations at even distances one from the other for the space of half a mile; and then by cart to Peking.

And now it was that Norris met with trouble. After a day's rest, he decided, by his guide's advice, to return by river to Tientsin. Having considerably shortened his itinerary, he first set upon his as more pleasant method of traveling when going to the coast than the mule-cart.

This programme being decided upon, Norris instructed his guide to precede him, as his frequent hours, by cart to Tunchow, a town several hours by cart from Peking and situated upon the Peiho where that river approaches the capital.

Thus the guide was to leave at dawn, to proceed to Tunchow, and to have the house-boat hired and in readiness; and Norris, whose cart the guide instructed, was to follow at a much later hour.

As he was finally dismissing the guide, Norris recollected a certain curio-store to which he was anxious to pay a second visit before leaving Peking; and accordingly he bade the guide instruct the cart to take him first to this curio-store, and thereafter to proceed to Tunchow. This command was given effect to, and all was arranged.

The guide left next day before Norris had awakened, and in due season the cart appeared.

The Chinese cart is a leaden-brained creature; his heavy eyes and deadly stolid look seem to convey an atmosphere of opium, and he is not of the class of men to whose intelligence it would be advisable to confide too much. However, notwithstanding sundry doubts as to whether the man was capable of recollecting instructions given the previous evening by the guide, Norris took his seat inside the cart, and, somewhat to his surprise, was conveyed to the curio-shop as desired.

Having completed his purchase, he re-seated himself in the cart, and, jolting along the streets in what direction he knew not, he came to the Temple of Confucius.

Now it had chanced that, one day, upon his first arrival in Peking, Norris had expressed a desire to enter this temple; but either from shortness of time, or the reason that there were greater sights to see, his guide, after stopping for a moment to inform him of the temple's name, had returned to his cart and then passed on.

Coming upon it now, it struck Norris that it was a pity to leave Peking, so to speak half seen; and immediately stopping his cart, he conveyed to the driver by signs that it was his intention to enter the grounds of the temple for a short time. There was little doubt but that the carter

understood, and, indeed, having been in Norris's employment for a number of days, he would have been almost absurd to have questioned the point, so, without misgiving on this score, the Englishman hastened away. An hour later cart and carter were still standing in the road, awaiting his re-appearance. Three hours later the state of matters was the same, save that the leaden-brained driver had fallen asleep amongst his master's pillows in the interior of the cart.

Whilst the carter still slept, a Chinaman issued from the outer gate of the temple, and, recognizing the position of affairs, took the small hand-bag, which was the sole remnant of his impedimenta that Norris had retained in sending his baggage in advance, and returned to the temple grounds.

Evening came; and the carter, awakened at length from his heavy and prolonged slumber, leisurely drove away, with what impression it is almost useless to conjecture. Perhaps he fancied that the day which had passed had been a dream; perhaps he thought he had done his duty, and need wait no longer; or perhaps he did not think at all, which seems most probable, judging from the fact that he returned forthwith to his own home, to disport for many days upon the proceeds of the tiao which he had earned during the past week.

Thus it came that the only connection which had existed between William Norris and the outside world at the time of his entering the Temple of Confucius was silently broken and destroyed.

Now, as to the cart, what was its fate? He returned to Peking two days after—returned to find it impossible to trace his master, and, after some days, to realize the uselessness of his attempts.

The carter had disappeared. To find such a man in such a city was almost an impossible thing; besides, to the guide's thinking, both master and carter had disappeared.

When he went to Tientsin, half expecting to find that they had arrived there before him, but such was not the case. And then, gradually, a whisper of the story of the Englishman's disappearance with his carter went abroad, and as gradually, but more effectually, the story died.

## CHAPTER III.

The Temple of Confucius consists, as with most of the temples of the Chinese, of several buildings which are enclosed within the sacred ground.

That which fronts the road has a fine terrace, looking down upon an avenue of grand old pines whose shadows beat heavily upon the ground.

Through this building Norris passed into the precincts beyond. He was already accompanied by three Chinamen, whose intentions were somewhat troublesome as he did not understand their tongue. These men were apparently desirous of acting as guides.

Following his own pleasure, rather than their will, Norris strolled onward in the direction in which they would have led him. Having satisfied his tourist spirit of curiosity in a measure, by entering and examining several buildings, he was about to return, when one of the Chinamen, whose numbers had by now increased to seven, stepped somewhat roughly in front of him, barring his passage and giving him to understand (as Norris conjectured from previous experience) that some few tiao were required as recompense for the permission to enter and examine the temple. He chanced to have some Peking notes in his pocket, and producing a couple, he handed them to the man.

Instantly, a babel of voices ensued, the others crushing round him, each arguing and quarreling with his fellows. On the moment it flashed across Norris that this might prove an awkward affair. He was unable to understand the language.

The guide was at Tunchow; his carter was out of the way; he had not yet carried out his intention of adding the weight of a pistol to his light Eastern dress. So far as he now saw, the only thing to be done was to distribute the remainder of the notes in his possession. He did not know their value; one might be for two tiao, the next for five, for ought he could say; and the distribution, he did not appear to be satisfactory. He now perceived danger very near, and calculated his chances rapidly. Two of the Chinamen were struggling with each other—his division of the spoil had been unequal. Of the others, three were in front of him, one on either side.

In the first instance he determined to test the matter to ascertain exactly how the land lay. Making a few steps forward, he sought to push his way through the men. The result of this was that one of them immediately turned, and, running rapidly ahead, closed the doorway, the back entrance to the building through which he had to pass.

This was hardly done before Norris, recognizing the danger, flung himself forward, dashed two of the Chinamen before him by the suddenness of his attack, for they were all elderly men, and eluding the others, sprang forward and seized by the throat the man who now stood at the door.

Unexpected was the attack, that the Chinaman staggered for a moment. Exerting his whole strength, Norris took advantage of the momentary opportunity, and thrusting back his foe, stood a free man—for half a second—had not the door been closed.

The others were upon him now; one clasped him around the neck, another held him by the leg. The struggle became that of the one against the many, the one fighting desperately, hand and foot—teeth too—for dear liberty and life, the others slowly crushing out his strength.

When Norris came to his senses, a feeling of utter weariness seemed to have settled upon him. His brain moved slowly. Recollection was almost entirely dimmed, and it was some little time before he realized the position in which he was now placed. Slowly he began to recall the terrible struggle through which he had passed, and to awake to the deadened pain in his wrists and ankles, for he was now bound hand and foot. He sought to move, but found that his neck and feet were secured, apparently to pegs which had been driven into the ground. The horror of the situation flashed upon him. A ray of the mercy of the Chinese—his race at the mercy of his antagonists had already seen something, he conjectured more. He was their captive, separated for ever from the outside world, unless, vain hope! his carter or his guide should summon aid. And now what was to be? Allowing the possibility of the arrival of assistance, such might come too late.

Hideous tortures might be in reserve for him. Long before release came, his death might have been silently accomplished. His mind exaggerated its own fears, and he lay prostrate, filled with dread forebodings of what might be in store. With an effort he sought at length to

thrust aside thoughts of his nature. He was no coward, and it behoved him now to regain the full presence of mind; yet, without doubt, the situation was such as might cause the bravest to despair.

Looking around him as far as he could, for his neck was tightly secured to the ground, as were also his feet, he saw that, lying as he was in the open air and in the shade of a tree, he had apparently been carried some distance from the spot where, in the struggle to escape, he had lost consciousness of the world. He was now in a species of large courtyard, from which, so far as he could judge, there would have been but faint chance of escape, even had his bonds been removed; for he was shut in by buildings and by walls, high and insurmountable, upon all sides.

Whilst he looked upon these things, he thought that could be, that he was destined to come to long to die in the after-days, and to long in vain.

How long he had been lying thus bound Norris was unable to say, only that he must have been unconscious for a very long period, he judged roughly from two facts: the first, that the sun appeared to be sinking; and the second, that he was alone, for he rightly conjectured that had he regained his senses at an early period, some of the Chinamen would probably have been with him, waiting for his return to life. As it was, they had possibly grown weary of waiting.

Some half-hour must have passed whilst Norris lay still, reviewing the situation, and giving vent to an occasional groan owing to the pain of his stiffened limbs, ere two of his captors returned.

Looking down upon him, they indulged in a lengthy conversation which Norris would have given much to have understood. One Chinaman appeared to be endeavoring to convince the other upon some point, and the second, that he was alone, he was to be fed. Why? What did they intend to do? Why give him the where-withal to support life, unless it be that he was to be allowed to live? And then almost as suddenly came a wave of despair: they would feed him strength to meet their hideous lingering tortures; he had heard of such things. He was to be fed.

The Chinaman unbound his neck and motioned to him to sit up; then making numerous signs that escape was an impossibility, and that Norris need make no attempt in that direction, he unbound his hands, placing thereafter the dish of food—Chinese food, a filthy mess of rice and greens—beside him on the ground; then he stood stolidly to watch all that Norris might do.

Three others joined them, and the four stood curiously regarding the Englishman; and he in wonderment sat looking up at them. This treatment looked favorable; what could it mean? Yet how could it be favorable, if he were to be kept a prisoner? He was at a loss what to think.

Meanwhile the point as to whether he should or should not eat for immediate decision. His hunger was considerable, but his hands were so numbed with their recent bonds as to be quite useless for a little time to come. When he regained their use, should he eat this mess of Chinese food that sickened him to look upon, hungry they were for reasons for not eating against. If he was to be a prisoner, he must eat sooner or later; and the sooner he did so with a good grace, the sooner possibly he would succeed in conciliating his captors. But if, on the other hand, he was to be fed merely that he might be able to sustain a lingering death, he was but little inclined to accept the attentions of those who stood before him. But I could make little difference, he thought; he would trust to the future. Torture could not be greatly increased by the return of his strength. So he reached out and took the bowl in his weak hands, swallowing a full half of its contents, which he found to be not quite so objectionable to the palate as he had conceived them to be. He was now so weak, he could not get up; when he had finished, the Chinaman who had brought the food made sign that he should lie down again; but this he was unwilling to do, and endeavored to explain gesticulations that he preferred a sitting posture. The man seized him by the throat in answer, and thrust back his head, knocking his head somewhat roughly and severely upon the hard ground; for he was now so weak he could make but faint resistance. A moment or two more and he lay as he had lain before bound so securely that he could scarcely move.

And thus he lay through the entire night—a night which Norris never forgot in after-years—a night of clear cloudless sky, whence the million of stars shone pitilessly upon the man who could not sleep; and he lay looking up to them, groaning in his agony of unchanging posture, and filled with a darkness which seemed to give the lie to his soul of the existence of a God, for his thoughts had become as a hell of hideous things.

And then, after hours of an endless night, came the gray of dawn; and at last the man slept a sleep whose images but reflected the horror of his waking dreams. When he awoke the sun was well up, though the morning was still young. His limbs, from the night's exposure upon the cold ground, seemed to have grown as a piece of the earth upon which he lay, so cramped and deadened did they seem to have become: to move faintly was agony; to lie still the only chance of rest—of rest that was perhaps worst of all.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Travelers who frequently patronize the Maine Central Railroad pass with pleasure the announcement that consequence of the large business done during the year just closing, fares would be reduced. There are many other railroads that have the same good reason for reducing fares; but will they follow the example of the Maine Central?

The body of Julia Reeder, a young lady of Booneville, Ind., was prepared for burial. The sign of apparent death had succeeded a severe attack of typhoid fever. Her friends were gathered around, and just before the final take-taking, her lover took her hand to kiss it. The lover was astonished to feel his fingers pressed by the hand of the supposed corpse. The joyous discovery was thus made that the young woman was alive.

Peevishness is generally the vice of narrow minds, and, except when it is the effect of anguish and disease, by which the resolution is broken and the mind made too feeble to bear the lightest addition to its miseries, proceeds from an unreasonable regard of the importance of trifles. The proper remedy against it is to consider the dignity of human nature and the folly of suffering perturbation and uneasiness from causes unworthy of our notice.

## TRACKING A CARIBOU.

Snow-Shoeing and Crawling to Get at the Big Game.

A glance over a sportsman's experience will perhaps convey an idea of what still-hunting elk and caribou means when the animals have enjoyed the doubtful advantage of a slight acquaintance with man's murderous methods.

Now, first as to the caribou—a keen-scented, shy, fast-trotting, sturdy fellow, and right worthy game for any man's rifle. Two varieties of this species—the woodland and the barren ground caribou—inhabit the American continent. The woodland variety is found in Maine and certain extreme northern portions of the United States, notably about the headwaters of the Mississippi River and in the extreme north of Idaho. The barren-ground caribou does not generally range as far south as the international boundary. In Canada caribou are much more widely distributed. They are plentiful in Newfoundland, scarce in Nova Scotia, more numerous in New Brunswick, and abundant in Quebec and Labrador, and fair numbers of them haunt the wilds of Northern Ontario (especially the north shore of Lake Superior) and portions of Manitoba. In British Columbia they abound among the mountains, and not infrequently great herds are seen defiling from some canon or moving down some mountain side in Indian file, and looking at a distance like a pack-train.

The best caribou shooting may be had in Newfoundland and British Columbia, but Quebec and North Ontario yet offer rare good sport to those who like roughing it. During the winter of '89, says E. W. Sandys in *Outing*, I was temporarily located at a point on the magnificent north shore of Lake Superior, my companion being a half-breed hunter who bore a resonant Indian title too long for insertion in these pages. When he wanted to travel light he bore the name of "Jo," which will answer for the present. It was cold up there in the icy breath of the Great Inland Sea, but we were snug enough in an old railway construction log camp, and had fairly good sport with grouse, filling up time attending to Jo's lines of traps. Between Superior and the "height of land" is a perfect network of lakes and streams, large and small; the country is very rough and rocky, varied with great barrens, muskegs, and beaver-meadows. Vast portions are densely forested, and others carry only ghostly, scattered "rampicks," showing where fires have swept. Our headquarters were the log camp referred to, but we had a temporary camp at the end of a line of traps some ten miles inland, near the head of a chain of small lakes, famous in the annals of the fur trade. From it westward extended an immense barren for miles after mile, bounded by a gray-blue wall of forest.

One night, while we were at the little camp a heavy fall of snow redressed the hard-featured landscape, and Jo and I fell to discussing the chance for caribou. About daylight we turned out, and Jo stood for a few moments reading the sky and sweeping the barren with those marvelous aboriginal eyes of his, which could count a band of animals farther than I could see them. Presently he grunted softly and exclaimed, "Dar um car'boo!" and pointed westward. I looked long and earnestly, and at last made out a distant object moving slowly over the snowy barren. Getting the glass, I focused on it and discovered that it was indeed a caribou—a lone bull evidently—as no more could be found.

After hurriedly feeding, we stuffed our pockets with bread and meat, felt that matches, pipes, and "bacoo" were in the place, dozed our snowshoes and started in the direction of our vanished quarry. "Car'boo all right; teed day on moss Bymby find um more car'boo," said Jo, and I guessed that he liked the prospect.

It was a cold, gray day, a sharp breeze blew directly across the barren, and now and then a few snowflakes sifted down, hinting of another downfall, though there were already more snow than we could see. But there was little danger of anything serious, and we didn't trouble about the weather. After tramping for about three miles, Jo discovered the tracks of the caribou, but the beast itself was not in sight.

Jo decided that he would work across the barren in case the game had doubled on the course, and leave me to follow the track. "Me go cross, look long um tree. You run track, bymby mebbe you find um car'boo," and he waved his hand, indicating that he would cross and then scout along the woods on the farther side.

I moved ahead rapidly, while Jo was in the open, being anxious to get far enough in advance of him to forestall all possibility of his hindering me. I had followed the track until it was nearly noon, keeping a sharp lookout ahead, before I caught a glimpse of the bull browsing quietly near the edge of the woods. A long look through the glass told me that he was a magnificent specimen, bearing a particularly fine set of antlers, and that he was feeding near cover which promised a comparatively easy approach within certain range. To obtain this splendid trophy was my firm intention; patient, skilful "creeping" counted for anything. Working carefully well to leeward the shelter of the dense timber was at last safely gained at a point some half mile from the game. I had already put in a lot of hard work and was half-winded, but the prospect sustained me. Once safe in cover the snows were removed, and, gliding, stealing, fitting, shadow-like, from tree to tree, now crouching in the line of a bowlder now crawling and wriggling painfully over a snowy open patch of moss, I at last gained the edge of the timber within 175 yards of my meat.

He was standing with his rump to me, and his nose occasionally sought the moss, only to be raised in a moment and thrust into the wind while the gentleman chewed a mouthful. About half way between was a goodly clump of brush, overgrowing some scattered bowlders, while the space between my shelter and the brush was filled with little hummocks and hollows, showing where the low growth, moss, etc., upheld the snow. If once gained the brush and news kept steady he should drop in his tracks. I hesitated for a moment between waiting for a broadside shot from where I was, or attempting to crawl to the brush, then got down on hands and knees and began the difficult journey. The hummocks were smaller and hollows shallower when reached than they looked at first, and when half way across the dangerous space it became a question of wriggling along a la caribou. In this position the caribou was invisible, but I had faith in the wind, and was wriggling doggedly forward when from a clump of moss not twenty feet from my nose a grouse walked quietly forth clucking softly to itself in regard to my probable business.

Here was a pretty position. Of course, I didn't dare flush the grouse for fear of alarming the caribou, and for long agonizing moments I lay there in the snow staring at that infernal bird, while it eyed me dreamily and chuckled in an exasperatingly commiserating fashion, until the cramp-knot

in my leg grew hard as a baseball, and I tumbled and raged and groaned inwardly. At last the fool bird satisfied its curiosity and trotted demurely away, and when it had got to a safe distance I straggled my cramp and wriggled on to the tuft whence the grouse had come. Inch by inch I raised my head until a clear view was possible of the bull's feeding ground—he had vanished as though the earth had swallowed him! Hastily glancing up the barren, I caught sight of him walking smartly along a good four hundred yards away. He was not alarmed; he had neither heard, seen or winded me. He had merely decided to move along. It was one of those maddening brute whims that checkmate the still hunter. I examined the rifle cover to make sure that all was right. Then, after a good stretch to ease my cramped muscles, I watched the bull and nursed my hard luck.

But chance favored me in the next move. The caribou, after going about half a mile, suddenly turned across a barren and headed for the timber on the farther side, at the same time edging slightly in my direction. This course kept him well to windward, and when he finally approached the distant cover I started for him again. It was a long, hard task, to cross the barren in a crouching position, but finally I managed to get behind him safely and followed the track. I was now very tired, for the sneezing was heavy, but the chase was leading homeward. I was mad all through and came to fight it out on that line till darkness came. Presently it began to snow and in half an hour the air was thick with soft-falling flakes. This was in my favor; saw that I sometimes had sight of the bull, only to rediscover him walking steadily along headed direct for the camp. My only hope was that he might halt to feed. He was going about as fast as I could, and so for two good hours we reeled off the miles at an exerting gait. At last the snow almost ceased, but the air was darkening fast, and I guessed we must be within short distance of camp.

While I was endeavoring to figure out my exact whereabouts the bull halted in an open space, bordered on my side by clumps of good cover, and began to feed. My weariness was forgotten in a moment; luck had turned my way for last, for he was in precisely the best position for me that he could have chosen in the whole barren. Sneaking rapidly on as far as was safe, I once again doffed shoes and got down on hands and knees and crawled, and crawled, until the cover was gained, and my victim stood broadside on, not eighty yards away. He was feeding busily and had no more ideas of my presence than I had of his. Carefully I raised to my knees and waited one moment to pull myself thoroughly together for the shot that must needs decide the matter. A last glance at the distance, and at the sight to make certain that it was at the lowest notch and I thought to myself: "Now, my son, I surmise I'll just settle for all this tramp. If I don't drop you."

"Whang!" the roar of a rifle sounded from a clump to my left, a stream of fiery smoke shot from the bush, the bull gave a tremendous lunge forward, and went down in a heap. For an instant I was petrified with amazement; then leaped to my feet prepared to do I hardly knew what. From the brush near by rose a lank figure, a coppery face peered for a moment, and an unmistakable voice muttered, "Gess I down um car'boo!" "Jo! You blank, smoke-tanned idiot, I've a blamed good notion to put a ball through you!" Jo started with as much surprise as his kind ever show; then his broad mouth spread in a diabolical grin, for he guessed exactly the nature of the story.

"Me no see you. See um car'boo cum long. Me hide, tink mebbe kill um car'boo you lynx, you creep-creep-me no tink you chase um car'boo." And that was all the comfort I got, outside of the head and feet, which were all I wanted of the bull. Later in the evening, when I told Jo of the ill-day chase and where I had been, he grunted and said: "Chase um car'boo berry long time—two-too mile dat wa, an' back."

"Yes, and I crawled a quarter of it count-down you!" "Um, dat so? Me go two, three, four mile, look at trap, den run back to mend shoe. Me stop by fire, bymby get um car'boo." "Yes, after I chase him twenty-two miles for you, you old squaw!" A chuckling grunt proved that Jo realized the humor of the thing in full, and the way his eyes twinkled and the wrinkles curved round his silent mouth almost threw me into fits, for there was no use in mistaking against fate.

## PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Man pardons and forgets; woman pardons only. The wine belongs to the master, but the water receives the thanks. Every one of our actions is rewarded or punished, only we do not admit it.

Women love themselves as much as they can; men as much as they wish to. Hate enters sometimes into great souls; envy comes only from little minds. Probably there is no quality more efficient in dispelling ignorance than the courage which dares to confess it. The intellect of a sceptic, though he cultivate it till he is in his grave, will never produce a prayer for the guidance, or endurance, or delight of the day that is about to be his. Reason and faith must work together.

Death not only beautifies our bodies when the soul has fled, but even in life the thought of death gives new heft to our lineaments, and new strength to the heart, as rosemary both winds as a garland around the dead and revives the fainting spirit by its cordial essence.

Mr. Ruskin tells us that even in the painter's faults of character reveal themselves in the artist's work. Now the Christian minister's entire work demands life in Christ; if this is absent, then no ardour of physical excitement, no elaborateness of intellectual effort no mere play of genius, can take its place; all will be but as the play of phosphorescence on the face of the dead. True preachers have always been men of vitality. —[Rev. W. M. Statham.]

Orders are to be issued, under a decision of the Russian Senate, that Jewish artisans may in future only live at places outside the pale where there are official trade boards. These exist in only 10 to 15 per cent. of the towns, and the carrying out of the orders will enable further great hardship on the Jews.

A bridegroom in chains was recently married in St. Petersburg. Alexander Petrovich had been tried for murder, and sentenced to death; but the sentence was afterwards commuted to ten years' banishment in Siberia. He was married in convict garb, and his chains clattered over the church floor. His bride and groom sat at a wedding breakfast, and she will accompany him to Siberia.

HOUSEHOLD.

My Lassic. JOHN S. ADAMS. Soft flaxen hair...

Sweet eyes of blue. A glimpse to us of Heaven's own hue...

Teeth like the pearls. Behold my queen of dainty girls...

Wee dimpled hands. A time impatient of commands...

Twin fairy feet. Tripping and nigh papa to meet...

My lassic dear. Brief is the time wellinger here...

Yes and No.

Long before the baby lips have learned to lip their first intelligible words...

Too often does the mistaken mother yield to the pleading tears; she covets them...

A Chapter on Wrinkles.

There is nothing so destroying to the peace of a pretty woman's soul as the discovery of the first wrinkle in her fair face...

Wrinkles are an obstinate, disagreeable, aggressive, and in some cases really deadly...

My remedies for the eradication of wrinkles have been suggested by various writers...

Another habit women have is of contorting their faces to most ludicrous and ugly positions...

A very beautiful and youthful-looking society woman, the preservation of whose skin is remarked upon by her acquaintances...

Another celebrated beauty attributes her preservation to having never used a wash-cloth or towel on her face...

Another celebrated beauty attributes her preservation to having never used a wash-cloth or towel on her face...

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THE LANGUAGE OF THE HAND.

Your Character Easily Read in the Length and Shape of Your Fingers.

Close lying fingers show secrecy. Fat fingers belong to the lazy hand.

A break in any line is unfavorable. Short nails indicate combativeness.

Circles on any line are unfavorable signs. Red spots in the heart line indicate liability to disease.

Broad nails belong to gentle, nervous, bashful people. A chained head line indicates want of fixity of thought.

A long liver line shows an excellent natural constitution. Poehad the ideally psychic hand, with very small thumb.

Round nails belong to obstinate, generally stupid people. Vigor of constitution is indicated by a long clear life-line.

Soft hands indicate a character lacking energy and force. Oblique nails are an indication of deceit and cowardice.

A heart line pale and broad shows a heartless debauchee. Crosses are always unfavorable, no matter where they occur.

The Chinese hand is small, slim, and with square phalanges. A head line very long and slender shows utter faithfulness.

Alexander Hamilton had small hands, with very knotty fingers. Washington had hands of medium size, but an enormous thumb.

A hand without a heart line shows bad faith, aptness to evil. A broken and red liver line is a sign of a choleric temperament.

Smooth, taper fingers are generally in the highest degree artistic. A short thumb is associated with weak and unresisting will power.

Mozart had the artistic hand, with taper fingers and conical tips. Lean, bony fingers are searching, inquiring, often parsimonious.

The heart line much broken indicates inconsistency in love affairs. A straight line of Saturn indicates long life and happiness in old age.

Henry VIII. had a broad, soft hand, with the mount of Venus very large. Crooked nails are always an indication of pride, even to haughtiness.

A damp, warm palm indicates a feverish condition; often lung trouble. Grant had medium hands, with a strong head line and powerful thumb.

A head line cut at the beginning by another line shows a liability to disease. Small squares on the mounts give great vigor to the character indicated.

In jealous people the heart line is long and runs up on the mount of Saturn. A palm soft, to the touch, shows a healthy condition of the system.

The first joints of the thumb shows will power, the second logical power. A ring of Venus clearly marked signifies a taste for low and coarse pleasures.

Mrs. Somerville, the scientist, had large hands, with rough, knotty fingers. If the heart line is chained or jagged the indication is of many petty intrigues.

Short nails on a soft hand betoken a teasing, sarcastic, fault-finding person. A long palm, combined with long, soft fingers, is the hand of a natural thief.

Red nails declare the man to be of luxurious habits; often a drunkard or glutton. The Rasquettes are the lines running around the wrist and terminating the hand.

John Milton had a small hand, with taper fingers and a thumb of abnormal size. A long, strong thumb always indicates great will power and force of character.

Beethoven's hand was broad and thick, with strong impulse and well-marked life line. A hollow, solid, well-knit hand shows a strong constitution and probably long life.

Narrow nails belong to the mischief-maker; to the person who delights in tale-bearing. Small fingers betoken an acute, discerning mind, often leaning toward dissimulation.

A good Mount of Mercury belongs to the preacher, the orator, the musical composer. Louis XVI., who owed all his misfortunes to his indecision, had a very small, weak thumb.

A whole and clear line in one hand contradicts and corrects a broken line in the other. The elementary hand is broad, hard and with fingers the same thickness from root to tip.

Straight, gold-colored lines are generally favorable; very red lines indicate a bad temper. The third finger belongs to Apollo, and its mount betokens the artistic in the temperament.

Pointed fingers reach results by intuition, square fingers by logically tracing cause to effect. Large fingers signify a powerful physical organization, associated with unrefined tastes.

A knotty, square hand indicates talent for musical composition or mathematical calculation. A life line cut by many small lines indicates great nervousness, almost amounting to insanity.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HAND.

The first finger is sacred to Jupiter, and is supposed to indicate the nobler elements of character.

When the Plain of Mars is wrinkled, the man will delight in controversy or strife of some kind.

The mount of Mars is on the outside of the hand, opposite the thumb, and indicates combativeness.

Knotty fingers belong to the slow workers and thinkers; to reasoners and persons of orderly mind.

Very long fingers belong to the artist, the designer, the man who plans better than he can execute.

Pale lines on the hand indicate a revengeful disposition, intensified by long fingers and a short thumb.

Red spots on the nails show the man to be of very choleric temper and inclined to be quarrelsome.

The magic bracelet, three lines at the wrist, clear and well formed, indicates long life and good fortune.

GHOSTS IN CHURCH.

The Organ Plays at Midnight, but Nobody Can Be Found.

St. Paul's Church, the grandest house of worship in Milwaukee, is inhabited by ghosts, at least such is the theory of police officials, based on developments to which they say there can be no other explanation.

A Milwaukee paper, Wis., special to a Chicago paper. Several times during the last two weeks the people living in the vicinity of Marshall and Knapp streets have been awakened about midnight by the organ strains of the church organ, while the church at the same hour was in darkness.

Shortly before midnight recently the people were awakened by the playing of the organ. United States Court Commissioner Bloodgood, who lives opposite the church, telephoned the Rev. Charles Stanley of the strange occurrence then going on, and the latter summoned the police. A detail of ten policemen, with the minister and a number of the neighbors, surrounded the church at 1 o'clock one morning, determined on capturing the man who dare play a church organ at midnight.

The organ stopped playing just before the arrival of the police. A guard was placed at every window and door, while a detail of police entered the church led by the Rev. Mr. Lester.

The gas was lighted and then began to search. It was thorough, but strange to say from cellar to attic no one was found. Stranger still, not a door nor window was found open through which any one could have entered or escaped. While the search was being made Mr. Roberts, an organ maker, and an expert, was sent for. He arrived just as the search was finished. He made an examination and said there was no doubt that the organ had been played within two hours. That he knew from the sweaty condition in which he found the organ pipes. It was but corroboration of what the neighbors knew was a fact. Everybody was dumfounded and no one had a theory except the police who are confident that the church is haunted, and that ghosts play the organ at midnight.

How the Sultan of Morocco Fills His Treasury.

An amusing example of the astuteness of the Sultan of Morocco is reported from Fez. About three months ago a wealthy Moor in Fez began to build a "fundak" or caravanserai, which abutted on the city wall near "Bab-al-Ghiza." In close proximity to the fundak the builder also constructed a few shops. The suspicions of the Government were, however, aroused, and the Sheriefan Master of Works forbade the buildings to be proceeded with on the ground that it was unlawful for any building to abut on the city wall, as thieves might thus escape in and out of the city.

The Master of Works enforced his orders practically by cutting off the builder's supplies of lime, which in Fez is a Government monopoly. The builder thereupon repaired to all the local authorities, and induced them by pecuniary considerations to obtain a renewal of the lime supply, and the work proceeded. The owners of olive groves and fruit gardens in the neighborhood afterwards began to complain, and succeeded in getting a body of Fez merchants to petition the Sultan to stop the building operations on the ground that thieves would steal the fruit from their gardens, smuggle it over the wall into the proposed fundak, and sell it in the adjacent shops, urging further that it was unlawful to build against the city wall. His Sheriefan Majesty listened to all that was said, and then asked the deputation whether they were quite positive that such building was illegal. "Quite, your Majesty," responded the deputation. "Well, then," proceeded the Sultan, "let each one of you write me a note to that effect. The notes were at once written and signed, and the deputation took their leave. Shortly afterwards His Majesty ordered an exact return to be made of all buildings adjacent to the city walls, and on comparing the names of the owners with the notes handed to him by the deputation found that many of the buildings were owned by members of it. Suspecting therefore that jealousy, more than zeal for the law, was the cause for their petition, the Sultan ordered the destruction of all buildings touching the walls. Immediately there was an indignant protest, and the owners waited upon the Sultan to obtain the withdrawal of the order. The Sultan, however, was obdurate, and it is expected that his action will result in each of the proprietors paying a sum for the privilege of having their property left alone, thus considerably augmenting the funds in the treasury.

RAILWAYS IN KOOTENAY.

The people of West Kootenay, B. C., are now congratulating themselves on the prospect of securing plenty of railway communication. Next season will probably see the Kaslo-Slocan Railway built, affording the Slocan district an outlet by way of Kaslo, Bonner's Ferry and the Great Northern.

Lately D. C. Corbin gave notice of application for a charter for a road from Nelson to Bear Lake City, and this road, if built, will supply an extension of the Nelson & Fort Sheppard to the Slocan region. Lastly, the Canadian Pacific people, apparently realizing that they cannot longer depend on a monopoly of the Kootenay traffic being reserved for their benefit, are taking steps towards building from Revelstoke to the arm of the Upper Arrow lake, and from Nakus to some central point in Slocan.

The Canadian Pacific has the advantage of all rivals so far that it has secured a Dominion Government subsidy of \$3,200 per mile for its branch line.

For people to make invitations to their house and table, or offers of their fortune and services, is nothing. To be as good as their word is all the expense and difficulty.

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LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

Over one hundred persons condemned to death are now in prison in Greece awaiting execution of their sentences. The population of the country is hardly two millions. Nine people were guillotined in five days just before Christmas.

Krupp's gun-making establishment and the Gruson gun manufactory, near Magdeburg, have been amalgamated. Krupp possesses the secret of the manufacture of the works have hitherto produced the best armor plating in Germany and the most effective armor-piercing projectiles in the world.

Successful experiments for the use of the telephone in warfare have been made in France. Telephonists have been organized in sets of two men, each set being provided with equipment for a mile of telephone communication. The receiving and transmitting apparatus is very simple, and is attached to the cap, the wire is on reels, in the form of a breastplate, and the whole equipment for each man weighs less than six pounds.

Another long distance ride, this time between Vienna and Rome, is proposed, and likely to be definitely arranged. The distance will be about twice that from Berlin to Vienna. The principal prizes are to be awarded to those riders whose horses finish in the best condition, having due regard to the time occupied in the ride. Many of the horses ridden in the Berlin-Vienna contest have since died, and engraved hoofs are being largely collected as mementoes of the event.

During 1891 about 450 more persons were killed by wild beasts in India than during the preceding year. The number killed in 1890, however, was very low; still the figures for 1891 are about 250 in excess of the mean. The yearly average of persons killed by wild beasts in India is between 2,500 and 3,000. The mortality from snake bites is much greater, varying from 21,000 to 22,000 annually. In one district of Bengal, Hazarganj, no fewer than 205 deaths were due in 1890 to a single brood of man-eating tigers.

The bark Gladys on a recently finished voyage from Iquique to Hanburg passed a large iceberg in 43° south being west of which were the dead bodies of five people. A very plainly marked beaten track was noticed on the northwest side of the berg, and a rude shelter, apparently eleft in the ice. One of the bodies lay just outside the shelter and another in the pathway leading to it. No signs of life could be seen, and no one coming on and the place being densely packed with bergs, the Gladys could make no investigation. The impression was that the dead bodies were those of shipwrecked people whose vessel had probably been sunk by contact with the berg, who had clambered onto it for safety and died from exposure and want.

The following paragraph is printed in several British Indian papers: "Up a tree," wrote a native forest subordinate recently in his diary, "where I adhere with much pain and discomposure while big tiger roars in a very awful manner on the fringe of a forest. This is very inconsiderate tiger, and causes me great grief, as I have before reported to your Honor. This is two times he spoiled my work, coming and shouting like thunder, and putting me up a tree, and making me behave like an insect. I am not able to climb with agility owing to stomach being a little big owing to bad water of this jungle. Chenchu mans can fly up a tree quickly. It is a very awful fate of mine. Even when I do not see the tiger and he does not make dreadful noise, I see the marks of his hoofs and his nails on the path."

DYED WITH BLOOD.

The Sanguinary Insignia of a British Regiment.

Somewhat akin to the party-colored plume of the Northumberland Fusiliers, again, was the red ball which used to appear on the shako of the light company of the Forty-sixth Foot, says Chambers' Journal, describing old English regiments. During the battle of Brandywine, in the American War, this company by accurate shooting made great havoc in the ranks of the enemy, who threatened, when they could obtain a favorable opportunity for revenge, to give the marksmen no quarter. In defiance, however, of this menace, and to make themselves more readily distinguished from their comrades, they dyed the ball in their caps red—with blood, according to tradition—in place of the green worn by the rest of the regiment. This distinction was subsequently sanctioned by the War Office authorities.

The Twenty-eighth Foot used to have a singular distinguishing feature in their number badge, which was affixed not only on the front in the usual manner, but also on the back of their caps. On one occasion in Egypt, when rather incautiously drawn up in line, a fierce onslaught was made upon the regiment, in rear as well as in front, by large bodies of French cavalry. There was no time to get into square formation to "receive" the charging horsemen; but the commanding officer, being a man of resource, showed "Rear rank, right-about-face, Fire!" The men carried out the order with promptitude; standing back to back, they simultaneously beat off both assaults; and to commemorate the affair, they were granted the unique distinction of the duplicate number badge.

Surprise and terror caused some zinc miners to desert a shaft they were sinking at Webb City, Wis. As the opening became deeper they noticed that the atmosphere became warmer. At the depth of 163 feet the heat was so intense that the work was stopped, and soon they saw flames burst into the shaft.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

SOME INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS in the registration of air pressures at great heights have been made in France by M. G. Harnett. Small balloons filled with coal gas and provided with automatic recording barometers of the aneroid type, as well as minimum thermometers, were liberated in the atmosphere in order to register the barometric pressure and temperature. Most of the balloons were recovered, some after traveling sixty miles. The result showed that the temperature of the upper air fell 70° for every 260 to 280 meters of height. The aneroids used were of the Vidi pattern which record the pressure on smoked glass.

A most valuable help to surveyors, miners and others will be found in a new self-adjusting gradient indicator. This instrument combines, in a convenient form, a set of spirit tubes, two of which are curved in such a manner that on application to any given surface the air bubbles will become stationary opposite the point indicating the gradient of the surface to which it is applied. A description given by Industries of this instrument shows that the long tube is used for all indications from 1 in 2 to 1 in 200 from horizontal positions, and has a point showing level, the short tube being used for all vertical work, indicating by the position of the bubble the extent to which the surface is above or below the horizontal plane. The instrument indicates at a glance and there are no parts to adjust or become worn.

A great advantage has been made in the construction of telegraphs for ships. With the many important requirements of modern steamers, arising out of increasing dimensions and speeds, a thoroughly reliable method of transmitting signals to and from the captain's bridge and engine room is absolutely essential, and of such a system would endanger the life of those on board and the vessel itself. The latest form of ship telegraph is a brass transmitter with gun-metal handles specially constructed for twin-screw steamers. One dial shows orders for the "port" engine, while the dial on the other side of the instrument is for the "starboard" engine. The mechanism is of brass, gun metal or phosphor bronze, and considerable improvements have been introduced into the working parts of both transmitters and indicators.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS. In the return just published by the English Board of Trade on traction work. It would appear that in the list of accidents which have befallen passengers in connection with railway travelling, 18 passengers were killed and 61 injured by slipping between the carriages and the platform, including 15 killed and 26 injured while getting into trains. Compared with the number who suffered in railway accidents—12 killed and 476 injured—during the same time, it is clear that there is more real danger to life in getting in and out of the present carriages than there is in making the journey. In this country the number of accidents from similar causes is relatively much less, but still ample improvement can advantageously be made in such matters as carriage doors and the height and style of platforms, and with the general introduction of electric traction full and proper measures of safety should be taken in all new lines and at all new stations.

How to be Agreeable (3).

Every body wants to be popular. And to be popular one must be agreeable. How shall it be accomplished? In the first place never forget yourself. Bear always in mind that you are first and other people second. "Take care of No. 1."

Consult your own convenience in everything. It is no matter who is inconvenienced, if you are only satisfied. Don't put yourself out to consider other people's feelings. Let them keep their feelings out of the way if they don't want them trifled with. In society always take the lead in conversation.

If you want to say anything, say it—never mind whom it hits. They needn't take it if they don't deserve it. I don't matter: who else is talking, just say your say; you have as good a right to talk as anybody.

If you have an idea promulgate it at once if you let it alone too long it might get lonely and depart forever, and the world would be the loser. Talk continually. Fill all the pauses. It is wicked to allow valuable time to run to waste. Interrupt always when you see fit. It teaches people to hurry up and not be too long-winded.

If a person is telling an interesting story, smile knowingly all through, and just as he has reached the denouement, exclaim: "Oh, I heard that story years ago!" It will prevent the narrator from feeling too important, and it is your duty to always cultivate a spirit of due humility in your neighbors.

If any one tells anything particularly striking, just you go to work and tell something a little more so. Try and not be beaten. In conversing of absent friends, never permit yourself to descend to mere gossip. Let others thus demean themselves, but do you keep silent; and when any individual whom you do not quite like is mentioned—draw down your face, smile faintly, and heave a sigh.

Sighs in such a case speak volumes. We would rather anybody should preach our degeneracy from the housetops than to sigh over us. When people begin to sigh over you, you are pretty nearly undone.

Follow faithfully these few simple suggestions, and if you fail of being popular, one or two things is certain; you were either born too early or too late, and the world is not in a condition to appreciate you.

For which blame the world—but never yourself! Never!

Several men who have outlived their greatness are now glad to earn their living as coachmen in Berlin. Among them are sixteen nobles, seven retired army officers, and three pulpiter pastors. Three British nobilities now gleefully crack the whip as London cabmen; they are an ex-member of Parliament, a baron, and a marquis.

The annual convention of the Machine Workers' International Union of America assembled in Chicago last week. The reports of the officers show that the membership increased in the last year in a larger proportion than during the two preceding years.

An analyst has made the discovery that California roses contain twenty per cent more perfume than those grown elsewhere.

Killed by Wild Beasts in India. During the year 1881 about 450 more persons were killed by wild beasts in India than during the preceding year. The number in 1890, however, was abnormally low, and the Pioneer Mail calculates that last year's figures were about 250 in excess of the mean. In one district of Bengal—Hazarganj—no fewer than 205 deaths were due to a single brood of man-eating tigers. The yearly average of persons destroyed by wild beasts in our Eastern dependency is between 2,500 and 3,000. The mortality in 1890, however, is on a much larger scale, for it varies from something over 21,000 to something over 22,000.

**THE PURITAN SCHOOL.**

**A BELIEF THAT SPARING THE ROD SPOILED THE CHILD.**

Many Ingenious Methods Devised to Torture the Disobedient Scholar—The Rod and the Ferrule in Frequent Demand—Favorite Studies.

Great attention was paid to penmanship. Spelling was taught if the "writing" were only fair and flowing. I have never read of any criticism of teachers by either parents or town officers save in the one question of writing. How deeply children were versed or grounded in the knowledge of the proper use of "Simme colings not of interio-gations peorids and commoes" I do not know. A boundless freedom apparently was given, as was also in orthography—if we judge from the letters of the times.

The school houses were simple dwellings, often tumbling down and out of repair. The Roxbury teacher wrote in 1681:

"Of inconveniences [in the school-house] I shall mention no other but the confused and shattered and nasty posture that it is in, not fitting for to reside in, the glass broke, and thereupon very raw and cold; the floor very much broken and torn up to kindle fires, the hearth spoiled, the seats some burned and out of kilter, that one had well nigh as good keep school in a hog stie as in it.

This schoolhouse had been built and furnished with some care in 1652.

"The feoffes agreed with Daniel Welde that he provide convenient benches with forms, with tables for the scholars, and a convenient seate for the schoolmaster a Deske to put the Dictionary on and shelves to lay up books.

The schoolmaster "promised and engaged to use his best endeavour both by precept and example to instruct the Scholasticall morall and Theologicall discipline the children so far as they be capable all A. B. C. Darians accepted." He was paid in corn, barley or peas, the value of 25 pounds per annum, and each child through his parents or guardians furnished half a cord of wood for the schoolhouse fire. If this load of wood were not promptly furnished the child suffered, for the master did not allow him "the benefit of the fire"; that is, to go near enough to feel the warmth.

The children of wise parents like Cotton Mather, were also taught "official and beneficial sciences" such as the mystery of medicine—a mystery indeed in colonial times.

Puritan schoolmasters believed, as did Puritan parents, that sparing the rod spoiled the child, and great latitude was given in punishment; the rod and rule were fiercely and frequently plied, as in English schools of the same date. When young men were publicly whipped in colleges, children were sure to be well trained in smaller schools. Master Lovel, that tigerish Boston master, whipped the culprit with birch rods, and forced another scholar to hold the sufferer on his back. Others whipped on the soles of the feet, and one teacher roared out, "Oh, the Catiffs, it is good for them." Not only were children whipped, but many ingenious instruments of torture were invented. One teacher made his scholars sit on a "bark seat turned upside down with his thumb on the knot of a floor." Another master of the inquisition invented a unipod—a stool with one leg—sometimes placed in the middle of the seat, sometimes on the edge, on which the unfortunate scholar tiresomely balanced. Others sent out the suffering pupil to cut a branch of a tree, and making a split in the large end of the branch, sprung it on the culprit's nose, and he stood painfully pinched, an object of ridicule with his spreading branch of leaves. One cruel master invented also an instrument of torture which he called a "flapper." It was a heavy piece of leather six inches in diameter with a hole in the middle, and was fastened at the edge to a pliable handle. The pain inflicted by this brutal instrument can well be imagined. At another school, whipping of unlucky wights was done "upon a peaked block with a tattling," and this expression of colonial severity seems to take on an additional force and cruelty in our minds that we do not at all know what a tattling stick was, nor understand what was meant by a peaked block—Alice Morse Earle in Independent.

**A Common-Sense Crusade.**

By way of protest against the manifest inconvenience of wearing a long and trailing skirt on the highway, an association of sensible young women in Nottingham, England, have adopted the fashion of short petticoats for their walks abroad. The illustration shows how independently a girl may fare through mud and slush with skirts several inches above her ankles. The women of England are persuading fashionable tailors to make short costumes for their out-door expeditions nativ and trim, and finished with a facing of leather easily cleansed when splashed. This costume requires a well fitting boot, since it necessarily leaves the foot exposed to view. It is to be hoped that the day of short skirts for out-door wear will soon dawn for all healthy women.

For the drawing-room nothing is so beautiful as the trained skirt. It conveys with it the traditions of the past, when queens stepped proudly over palace floors. Every fair woman is a queen in her own right, and her sweeping garments emphasize her stateliness in the house. But on a sloppy city street, or an abysmal rural road, what so forlorn as the lady clutching frantically at her dignity and the hem of her best gown, and vainly trying to keep up with her more fortunate brother or husband in the race of life?

We must admit that the Nottingham reformers are a trifle in advance of what is absolutely needful. Reformers are apt to be a little too radical. Nevertheless, we congratulate them on their courage and their common-sense, longing as we do to see thousands emulating their example here in free America.—Harper's Bazar.

**A Simple Experiment.**

A neat little experiment in electricity is to soak half a sheet of stout foolscap paper in water, drying it rapidly before a fire, spreading it while warm on a varnished table or dry woolen cloth and then rubbing the surface sharply with a piece of india rubber. The paper becomes so electrified that it will stick to a smooth wall or looking-glass, or attract bits of tissue-paper like a magnet, and on being laid upon a japanned tea-tray which is stood upon three thoroughly dry goblets will cause the tray to give out sparks at a touch of the finger.

**QUEER AND CURIOUS.**

The Minute Ridges on Finger Tips Furnish a Means of Identification.

Mr. Galton devotes his life to the elucidation of the queer and the curious. Undoubtedly there is nothing a man masters which is not of some benefit to his fellows, though centuries may elapse before the application comes. In this present volume Mr. Galton gives the results of a number of years of research, devoted to those tiny ridges of skin which appear in the ends of the fingers. They are the so-called "papillary" ridges. Carried away by his enthusiasm, Mr. Galton declares that these markings "are in some respects the most important of all anthropological data." He makes, too, the statement that they "have the unique merit of retaining all their peculiarities unchanged through life, and afford in consequence an incomparably surer criterion of identity than any other bodily feature.

The presence of these minute ridges on the finger tips became the subject of physiological study long ago. Strangely enough, they are perfectly defined in monkeys, but appear "in a much less advanced stage in other mammals." We know that the finger tips are studded with pores. There are an infinite number of mouths always open which lead to ducts that secrete perspiration. The ridges must assist touch, as they "help in the discrimination of the character of surfaces that are variously rubbed as held between the fingers. These ridges are visible in the child unborn; they increase with the growth of the individual, and are sharply defined until old age sets in. Moderate work develops them, and they are visible on the toes. They are fairly developed in the hands of ladies." The ensuing statement used by Mr. Galton is not fortunate, for he adds that "they are not visible on fingers of idiots of the lowest type, who are incapable of laboring at all."

What Mr. Galton wants to show is that through the prints made by the finger tips we have an absolute method of identification. A to that, stupid thing, palmistry, our authority says it has no more significance than have the creases on old clothes. The ridges Mr. Galton divides into three categories of arches, loops, and whorls, and his book abounds in curious pictures of finger prints, magnified by means of the camera. It seems to us to be terribly complex. As no two persons' fingertips are considered to be alike, and as there is individualism in the fingers of the right and left hand, and there are ten fingers in all, there would have to be ten distinct examinations before an identification could be positive.

When one comes to the real practical use of the finger-mark method it seems to have none. If there be any reliance to be put in it as a means of identification it would require an expert having uncommon powers of observation. When we are told that there are "about thirty-five points (of resemblance) situated on the bulb of each of the ten digits, in addition to more than 100 on the ball of the thumb," it may be seen how troublesome the matter is likely to be. Then, as one has to work up over a thousand points on his own hands, or on somebody else's hands, hours, days and weeks might elapse before anything like a conclusion could be reached. Scientifically, when further treated, the subject may be of minor interest; practically, it has none at all. The book, of course, shows that diligence and hard work which are common to everything Mr. Galton does, but, really, "the play is not worth the candle."—Literary col. N. Y. Times.

**Scientific Jots.**

The celebrated high electric light mast at Minneapolis, which is 257 feet high, has proved ineffective for lighting purposes, and is now no longer used.

One of the latest inventions in connection with the application of electricity to street car service is a self lubricating gear for trolleys, which needs no attention after being once put in operation.

Carbonic acid gas, which is ejected in large quantities from the earth, is being utilized in several localities. At Burgbrohl, near Coblenz, a carbonic acid spring opened during boring operations, and which is eight inches wide and some thirty or forty feet high, is being used in the impregnation of mineral waters.

The color of certain shrimps and crabs, and also the color of their eggs, are known to vary greatly with the surroundings. Those living in green sponges are much larger, lay vastly more eggs, which are also a little larger, and the shrimps are green or yellow, and the large claws are always orange-red, while those of the brown sponges are red, blue or brown.

**Meaning of Words.**

Speaking of the strange, eventful history of words, the Hartford Courant notes that "queen" originally meant simply woman, but now designates the most glittering place which the earth can bestow, while with the slightly different spelling of "queen" it stands for a woman of a different sort; so, too, "knave" at the start meant only a boy, as in the German form, "knabe" but, as boys go wrong sometimes, the word in time obtained an unpleasant meaning. The word "imp" might have been added as having had very much the same history as "knave" for, meaning first a scion or shoot it next stood for a child, and now it means an inferior devil. Lord Bacon spoke of "those most virtuous and goodly young imps, the Duke of Suffolk and his brother."

**Durability of Pencil Marks.**

The old-fashioned indiarubber is not of much use nowadays, for it will not rub lead-pencil marks out. The material that enters into pencils is greatly improved, and now the marks made are almost as indelible as ink. Somebody tells the following story in the Washington Post. "I remember that when in Vicksburg once a steamboat explosion occurred about 100 miles up the river. The vessel was called the Morning Star and was shattered, and several people were drowned." In a day or two afterward some of her drift came down; cotton bales, cabin chairs, doors, blinds, etc. Among the debris were a good many papers from the clerk's office. Strange as it may seem the action of the water had almost obliterated the writing in ink, while that traced by lead pencil was as plain as when put on the paper."

**If They Had Only Known.**

They are trying a man in Norfolk county, Massachusetts, on the charge of being an habitual criminal. He has already been sentenced to several terms of four years in the State prison. If he should get the twenty-five-years sentence of the habitual criminal, his years of imprisonment will aggregate about sixty. It would have been easier and less expensive to have sentenced that man for life in the first place.

1892 **Fall and Winter.** 1893

AGAIN Grim Winter is upon us; again we must bestir ourselves to withstand his attacks.

MEMORIES of past winters and by-gone experiences have taught us what is needed, and we have secured the best things in

STAPLE and fancy Dry Goods, Fine Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Rubbers & Overshoes, etc., that the market affords, and at prices that keen competition and stern necessity always offer to the cash buyer.

DO YOU KNOW that the word "CASH" has a wonderful influence in the world of commerce! Often and often goods are secured at far less than the cost of production. This is a lesson we learned long ago, and have constantly used our best energies and cash to secure the bargains offered from time to time; and we still adhere to the rule of sharing the advantages we receive with our customers.

**We lead the Van in the MILLINERY BUSINESS in this section of the country.**

Our Customers come from far and near. Our Stock is fully assorted for Winter, and MISS KINSEY will undertake to satisfy the most fastidious in this line.

**We keep constantly on hand a well-assorted stock of CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.**

Our specialty is TEA. We say without fear of successful contradiction that our 25c. and 35c. Tea cannot be beat.

Do not forget the place, and don't be afraid to ask to see any line, whether you want to purchase or not, as we consider it no trouble to show goods.

REMEMBER—One Price to all; and right down to the limit below which honest goods cannot be sold.

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Money to Loan on Farm Security at the Lowest rate of Interest.

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First-class Manitoba Wheat Flour manufactured and always kept in Stock and sold in any quantities.

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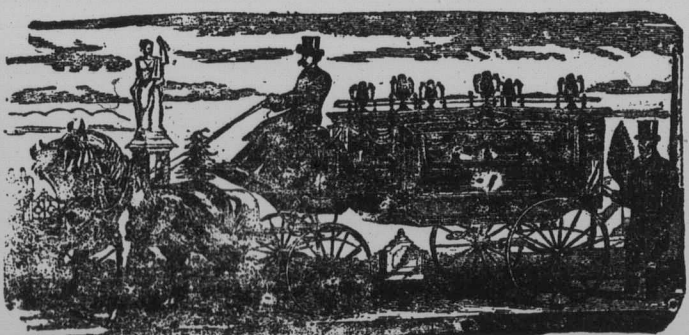
Special attention given to GRISTING, which is done on the shortest possible notice.

Highest Price Paid for Grain.

The mill is fitted throughout with the very best roller process machinery and appliances and we are confident of being able to give perfect satisfaction.

PATONAGE SOLICITED.

WILSON BROS.



**Special Announcement.**

Having purchased a first-class full plate glass Hearse I am in a better position to do the undertaking of this community than before, and owing to reductions in the prices of our goods I am in a position to give the use of this magnificent Hearse free, that is to say my charges will be no more and some less than before.

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.

**East Huron Gazette.**

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The Best Advertising Medium in this section.

Have You Renewed Your Subscription for 1893?

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### A WICKED LOOK IN HIS EYE

That Cursed Fortune to Smile on the Actor, E. H. Sothern.

People who have succeeded always like to put their finger on the spot where their success began, as people who miss the train which later runs into an open switch like to think that their lives were spared because they took a second cup of coffee. "If it hadn't been for that cup!" they say. The spot from which Mr. Sothern dates the turn in his fortunes is situated on some part of Broadway. Mr. Sothern was going down this thoroughfare one day in a dejected and discouraged spirit; managers did not seem to want him, the public had not learned to know him well enough to forget him, and even the papers left him alone. In this desperate frame of mind he met a friend who asked him to come and hear a man read a play. The fact that Mr. Sothern did go to hear this play read shows how desperate his condition was. The play was very bad, and Sothern, on being asked his opinion, said so to the author. A year later the author succeeded in getting the play placed on the stage, and telegraphed wildly over the United States for Mr. Sothern, who was then traveling, to drop his present engagement, to return to New York, and play the villain in the piece. This Mr. Sothern did, not because he thought he could not succeed, but because he had not received any salary for twelve weeks. On his return Sothern asked the author why, of all people, he had chosen him to leave one company and come east to play the villain in his. The author replied that on the afternoon of the day when he had first met Sothern, and when he had read him his play, he had noticed "a wicked look in his eye," and had said to himself in consequence, "That is the man to play my villain in my play." Accordingly, a year later, when he was about to cast the play, he had made it a point to discover the whereabouts of the young stranger with the wicked eyes, and had offered him that part. It would make a much better story if I could now add that Mr. Sothern made the hit of his life and the sensation of the day. This, I regret to say, I cannot do; for, though I never saw him in the part, he assures me he was very bad in it—so bad, indeed, that Miss Helen Dauvray's manager, after seeing him play the villain, promptly engaged him to play low comedy in her company."—Harper's Weekly.

### Cheap Candle Light.

A fish frequently seen in the district around Vancouver is the candle fish. Technically the name is *Thaleichthys pacificus*, a remarkable species of the family Salmoidae, strictly a sea fish approaching the coast to spawn, but never entering rivers, says the San Francisco Call.

The specimens measure a foot in length, and have somewhat the appearance of an eel, except the head, which is pointed and conical. It has a large mouth. The color is greenish on the back, passing into silvery white on the sides and belly, which is sparsely spotted with dirty yellow.

The Indians of Vancouver Island and vicinity use the fish both for food and light. It is the fattest or most oleaginous of all fishes and, it is said, of all animals. It is impossible to either boil or fry it, for the moment it is subjected to heat it turns to oil.

The Indians, who use the fish for food, take them, and, without cleaning them, run a skewer through the eyes and suspend them in the thick smoke that arises from wood fires. The fish acquires the flavor of the wood and the smoke helps to preserve it. When the Indians want to make a meal of the fish they heat them, reduce them to oil and drink the oil.

When they want a light they take a dried fish, draw through it a piece of rush pitch or a strip from the upper bark of the cypress tree, a species of arbor vitae, as a wick, a needle of hard wood being used for the purpose. The fish is then lighted at one end and burns steadily until consumed.

### Forestry.

Every society or individual that is engaged in popularizing a knowledge of forestry is rendering a valuable public service.

A knowledge of the uses of our forests is calculated to check the barbarous and ruinous habits of our predecessors, which have already destroyed much of the possible ornamentation of our streets and fields and threaten to affect injuriously those sanitary provisions which nature bounteously provides for our protection.

The ruthless and uncalled-for destruction of the native growth of our forests, the savage scalping of our hill-tops of those "arboreal" locks which wreath their heads with pride, the grubbing-up and burning of the scented hedges along our roadsides and the needless destruction of even our swamp thickets, whose dense shadows have, with as much scientific exactness as poetry, been called the "protecting parents of our murmuring streams"—all this wanton waste of a benign natural provision for our health and happiness has not only deprived the face of the country of its original beauty, but is changing for the worse the character of our climate and even imperiling the water supply.

We are thus compelled to acknowledge even on this continent that what is called by us civilization can be carried to a point by human effort at which it ceases to be improvement and becomes simply destruction.

### Recent Inventions.

Reviving an old project, a French company proposes that lightships connected by telegraph be stationed at intervals of 200 miles across the Atlantic.

A new invention is a saw-horse with a toothed dog for holding the piece of timber in place, the device being pivoted at the cross-logs and operating under a spring tension.

A recent invention is a bicycle tire consisting of an endless closed rubber tube filled with hollow rubber balls of the same diameter as the inside diameter of the tube.

The perpendicularity of a monument is visibly affected by the rays of the sun. On every sunny day a tall monument has a regular swing leading away from the sun. This phenomenon is due to the greater expansion of the side on which the rays of the sun fall.

A new electric appliance for surgeons is intended to serve as an extension to the fingers, nerves, and all. It is a hard rubber tube, inclosing a number of small wires, and it is to be attached to the finger tip in internal operations, its design being to transmit substantially the sensations that would be experienced if the finger were in contact with the same surfaces.

### ICE-BOATING ON TORONTO BAY.

An Exhilarating Though Perilous Pastime that is Very Popular.

The lightning-like swoop of the toboggan with all its danger and excitement is nothing when compared with the swift mile-a-minute rush of an ice-boat on Toronto Bay. And yet, despite the perils that encompass this great winter sport, it is growing in popularity quite as rapidly as the Queen City of Canada grows in population and commercial greatness.

Readers, actually are familiar with the skate-like construction of an ice-boat. More than once this form of vehicle has been pictured.

The ice-boat fleet on Toronto Bay is a very large one and the situation of the harbor is peculiarly suited to the formation of a comparatively smooth sheet of ice and plenty of it. On ordinary days there are scores of ice-boats scurrying hither and thither and the scene is strikingly characteristic of the Canadian people. Since Edward Hanlan, the ex-champion oarsman, has settled down to comparative quiet in his Toronto home he has taken enthusiastically to ice-boating, and his chiefest delight is to unchain his steel-shod flyer and take his American visitors for a spin. Eddie Durman (Hanlan's nephew), who is looked upon by Hanlan as the champion oarsman of the world, is also a skilful pilot and can round an air-hole when he sees it with as much skill as an ordinary skater can. There are many others who practice ice-boating on the Bay who are equally ready with the sails and to whose tender mercies the novice may safely entrust himself without first making his will, although the latter is always a wise and proper precaution.

Ice-boating is particularly adapted for just such winter weather as we have been treated to since late in December, when the temperature is down almost to the lowest peg, when the wind is blowing at the rate of 30 miles an hour and the air is filled with frosty flakes as fine as dust, then is the time to indulge in the glorious sport. To be warmly dressed is of first importance. Bundling up well in furs and woollens serves a double purpose sometimes. One is then partially protected from the piercing air which penetrates the thickest of furs, and providing there is a collision or other accident one is less liable to broken bones. With a gale blowing, and good ice, an ice-boat's speed is simply terrific, and when this is cut short by accident, the occupants are hurled as from a catapult.

Happily, there are few of these accidents. Once in a while a boat diving into a hole in the ice and those following are likewise precipitated into the cold embrace of the icy water, but so much not often happen, and there is so much joyous exhilaration, so much genuine sport in this northern pastime that people brave the dangers' take the chances, and live.—Buffalo Express.

### CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.

The Imprint of a Human Face Fixed Upon a Baby's Hand.

The little hamlet of Horseburg, S. C., is to the fore with a curiosity which is ahead of all others. This is a 3-week-old baby whose right hand bears the imprint of a human face. The face occupies nearly the whole palm, says the Philadelphia Times, and is as clearly outlined as if drawn on porcelain. It is the countenance of a little child about 3 years old lying asleep, with the eyelashes drawn in fine dark lines on the full cheeks. The mouth seems to be slightly parted and the lips are delicately tinted.

The baby whose palm contains this singular portrait is the child of Clarke Osborne, a thriving merchant of Horseburg, and Mrs. Osborne declares that the face in the infant's palm is that of a little girl she lost about three months before the baby's birth. Relatives and intimate friends also profess to be able to see a strong resemblance to the dead child.

When the baby was first put in its mother's arms she looked at the hands, and, with a loud cry, fainted away, but on coming to herself exhibited the little creature's hands to the attendants, who saw at once the strange likeness to the dead and gone sister. Mrs. Osborne was at first much frightened over the singular circumstance, but at last became convinced that this strange portrait was sent to comfort her. Physicians say, however, that the mother's carcases of the dead child impressed the unborn infant, who merely repeated her mental pictures of the little girl as she last beheld it.

The image on the palm was much clearer the first few days of the infant's life than now, and it is thought to be gradually fading away. The family are very sensitive on the subject and have refused to show the child except to relatives and most intimate friends, but a dime museum manager has already made propositions which have been declined.

### A Mad Ride.

Capt. A. Wheeler and engineer Lyle took a steamer through the Cataract Canyon of Colorado River the other day, a feat never before attempted and heretofore deemed impossible. The boat was the twin-screw launch Major Powell, built at Green River, Utah, to be used in transporting passengers to the San Juan gold field.

The Captain and engineer donned cork jackets and threw fenders over the gunwales. When Cataract Canyon was reached the engines were reversed, but the launch fairly flew along, being quickly veered to port or starboard and barely missing great jagged rocks. After passing through nine miles of seething cauldrons it had smooth sailing for a few miles, and with an ever-increasing velocity went down one of the maddest torrents ever attempted by pilot.

Twelve miles below, in a comparatively insignificant rapid, a snag caught the port propeller, breaking two blades. The launch swung to the left, striking a big rock and stoving the bows badly. She was safely beached and will be repaired.—New York World.

### A Costume of Rattlesnake Skin.

Peter Gruber, the Rattlesnake King of Venango County, has had made the most unique costume any man ever wore. It consists of coat, vest, trousers, hat, shoes and shirt, and is made entirely of the skins of rattlesnakes. Seven hundred snakes, all caught and skinned by Gruber during the past five years, provided the material for this novel costume. To preserve the brilliancy and flexibility of the skins in the greatest possible degree, the snakes were skinned alive, first being made unconscious by chloroform. They were then tanned by a method peculiar to Gruber, and are as soft and elastic as woolen goods. The different articles for this outfit were made by Oil City tailors, shoemakers and hatters, and the costume is valued at \$1,000.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

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HIGH CASTE INDIAN MAGIO.

Wonderful Performances of the Jugglers of the East.

BY PROF. H. KELLAR.

Fifteen years spent in India and the far East have convinced me that the high caste fakirs, or magicians, of Northern India have probably discovered natural laws of which we are ignorant. That they succeed in producing feats of magic which to us seem insuperable, my observation satisfies me beyond doubt.

No topic of the marvellous has excited more general interest and remained in greater obscurity than Hindu jugglery. Discussion has through a confusion of terms lent to the subject a vagueness which it might otherwise have escaped. Magic is defined as "the art of putting in action the power of spirits, or the occult powers of nature; so it seems proper to use the term magician, in speaking of the esoteric marvel worker, in the sense of a human being who is able to put in action "the occult powers of nature."

NEWS OF THE STRANGE PERFORMANCES OF THE HINDO MAGICIANS WHO REACHED THE WEST FOR CENTURIES.

Marco Polo's stories of their feats, though at first received in Europe with some credence, afterwards served to foster the impression that he was the willing victim of delusion. The tales of the Crusaders rivalled those told of the achievements of the great Merlin, and we glean from the exploits of the wizard of Erliconnie and the wizards of the North, glimpses of what may be the reflected potency of the Tibetan exorcists. Yet, through a thousand years of rumor, the high caste fakir has succeeded in

PRESERVING THE SECRET OF HIS POWERS, WHICH HAVE ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION BEEF THE DEEPEST SCRUTINY, AND REMAINED THE INEXHAUSTIBLE SUBJECT OF MY LASTING WONDER AND ADMIRATION.

When I appeared before Queen Victoria, at Balmoral, in 1878, I was asked if I could rival the feats of levitation which Her Majesty's officers in Northern India had observed and described in their letters home. My reply was that with proper mechanical appliances I could produce an illusion of levitation and appear to overcome, as the jugglers did, the force of gravity, but that the actual feat of suspending the operation of that force was beyond my powers. As an evidence of the world-wide notoriety manifested in these truly wonderful phenomena, I may mention the fact that the King of Burmah, before whom I appeared at Mandalay, and the venerable Dom Pedro, in the Teatro Dom Pedro, Secundulo, at Rio, made similar requests, to which I was compelled to return the same reply. The Sultan of Zanzibar described to me and asked me to duplicate the feat of the witch doctors of the east coast of Africa and of Borneo, who he believed, projected their astral bodies at will, with their curious diastolic power of imparting to the astral image an aspect so hideous and terrifying that its appearance to human eyes could actually destroy life itself.

The jugglers of India may be divided into two classes. The low caste fakirs are met with all over the East, travelling in parties of from three to six. They are arrayed in breechcloths and have an air of pitiable poverty and misery. Each party generally includes one or two jugglers, who, with robes assist in the concealment of the necessary jugglery apparatus. At none of their stunts, that I have ever seen or heard of, did the audience completely surround the performers, opportunity being thus offered for evasions and chicanery.

They all seem to have the same stock in trade, and to be willing to explain any one of their tricks in private for two or three rupees. They are to be met with almost anywhere in Indian cities—in the plazas, open squares, and in the bazaars, and in the courtyards of the houses of public status and in the courtyards of the houses of private life. They content themselves with the sword and basket trick, the duck trick, the mango trick, the pineapple trick, and the manipulation of co-bras. All of these, of which I shall speak presently, are readily understood by the practised eye.

The high caste fakirs, on the contrary, are only seen at great public fetes, such as the coronation of a Prince, the festival of the Maharaja, the coming of age of a Nizam, the grand feast of the Maharajah, and such special occasions as the visit of the Prince of Wales to India. I have had the good fortune to be present on all these occasions, and confess that after thirty years' professional experience as a magician, in the course of which I have circumnavigated the globe a baker's dozen of times, and penetrated to the remotest corners of the East and West, alike, I am still unable to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the performances I witnessed.

These fakirs—for that term does not imply a reflection upon their personalities, but their methods—are very dignified men, of patriarchal appearance, with silken faces and long gray beards. All the while, as I have seen, were quite advanced in years, and were said to have spent their lives in study and in seclusion. It seems plausible indeed

TO BELIEVE THEIR STORY, THAT IT IS ONLY AFTER A LIFETIME OF CONTEMPLATION AND STUDY THAT THEY ARE ADMITTED INTO THE HIGHER CIRCLES OF THE ESOTERIC BROTHERHOOD, WHOSE SEAT IS IN THE MONASTERIES OF TIBET AND IN THE MOUNTAIN RECESSES OF NORTHERN HINDUSTAN.

They are quiet, suave and sedate, and appear to attach almost a religious significance to the manifestations of their power. There is nothing inherently improbable in the theory that they are initiated into a knowledge whose secrets have been successfully guarded for centuries. That there is anything supernatural in their power I would be the last to concede, for I have spent my life in combating the delusions of spiritualism and the so-called manifestations of spiritualism. The most marvellous phenomena which I have observed may be described under the heads of feats of levitation, or the annihilation of gravity; feats of whirling illusion, in which one human form seems to multiply itself into many, which again resolve themselves into one; and feats of voluntary interment.

My first experience with the phenomenon of levitation, was in January, 1882, during the course of an engagement I was filling at the Hawthorne Theatre Royal in Calcutta. Mr. Eginton, a professed spiritual medium was giving sittings in Calcutta at the time, and as I openly avowed my ability to expose the frauds of all so-called mediums, I was taken to one of them which occurred in a brilliantly lighted apartment. I will not describe it here, but to say that it so puzzled and interested me that I gladly accepted the invitation to attend an evening afterwards to be present with several others at a dark séance given by Mr. Eginton.

It was now that the feat of levitation was apparently performed in the presence of these spectators. The only furniture in the room was a plain teakwood table, a zither, some chairs, two musical boxes and a scroll of paper. A circle having been formed, I was placed on Mr. Eginton's left and seized his left hand firmly in my right. Immediately on the extinction of the lights, I felt

him rise slowly in the air and as I retained firm hold of his hand, I was pulled off my feet, and subsequently compelled to jump on a chair and then on the table in order to retain my hold of him. That his body did ascend into the air on that occasion with an apparently utter disregard of the law of gravity, there can be no doubt. The musical boxes, playing briskly, then appeared to float through the air above our heads, small green lights appearing and disappearing here and there without visible cause, and the zither playing near the ceiling or immediately over our heads.

I mention this incident as a preface to the more remarkable feats of levitation I will now describe, and also to say that this being my first experience of that strange power, what most excited my wonder was the fact, for I may speak of it as a fact without qualification, that when Mr. Eginton rose from my side, and, by the hold he had on my right hand, pulled me up after him, my own body appeared for the time being to have been rendered non-susceptible to gravity.

On the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Calcutta during the winter of 1875-6, I saw a marvel of levitation performed in the presence of the Prince and of some fifty thousand spectators. The place was the Maidam, or Great Plaza of Calcutta, and the old fakir who was the master of the occasion did his work out in the open plaza. Around him, raised in seats and on and under the galleries of the neighboring houses, the native Princes and Begums were gathered by the score, arrayed in their silks and jewels, with a magnificence to which our Western eyes are little accustomed.

After a salaam to the Prince, the old fakir took three swords with straight cross-barred hilts, and buried them hilt-downwards about six inches in the ground. The points of these swords were very sharp, as I afterwards informed myself. One of the fakirs, whose black beard was parted in the middle, now called the English fashion, although it originated in Hindustan, then appeared, and, at a gesture from his master, stretched himself out upon the ground at full length, with his feet together and his hands close to his sides, and, after a pass or two made by the hands of the old man, appeared to become rigid and lifeless. A third fakir now came forward and taking hold of the feet of his prostrate companion, whose head was lifted by the master, the latter laid the stiffened body upon the points of the swords, which appeared to support it

WITHOUT PENETRATING THE FLESH.

The point of one of the swords was immediately under the nape of the man's neck, that of the second rested midway between his shoulders, and that of the third was at the base of his spine; there being nothing under his legs. After the body had been placed on the sword-points the second fakir retired, and the old man who was standing some distance from it, turned and salaamed to the audience.

The body tipped neither to the right nor to the left, but seemed to be balanced with mathematical accuracy. Presently the master took a dagger with which he removed the soil round the hilt of the first sword, and, releasing it from the earth, after some exertion, quietly stuck it into his girdle, the body meanwhile retaining its position. The second and the third swords were likewise taken from under the body, which, there in broad daylight and under the eyes of all the spectators, preserved its horizontal position, without visible support, about two feet from the ground. A murmur of admiration pervaded the vast throng, and with a salaam to the Prince, the master summoned his assistant, and lifting the suspended body from its airy perch they laid it gently upon the ground. With a few passes of the master's hand the inanimate youth was himself again, and stood upright.

Before describing the third and still more marvellous feat of levitation which it has been my privilege to see, I will say that by the use of metal shields, it is perfectly conceivable that the feat which I have laid out the rigid body of his subject upon the sword-points and kept it there without the assistance of anything marvellous. In a closed room with walls and ceilings to which the mechanical appliances of the magician's craft, as we understand them, could be attached, the feat of levitation, as described, could be performed. But this would be, of course, simply an illusion.

During the Zulu war I was in South Africa, travelling north through Zululand. In Dunn's reservation, two hundred miles north from Durban, in Natal, I saw a witch doctor levitate the form of a young Zulu by waving a tuft of grass about his head, amid surroundings calculated to impress themselves deeply upon the most prosaic imagination. It was evening, and the witch doctor, who belonged to the clan described more than once by Rider Haggard with great accuracy, was as revolting in his appearance as the high caste fakirs had been pleasing. A number of fakirs had gathered about our camp fire and I had given them some illustrations of my own skill. They seemed puzzled but were not specially curious. One of these stole away and after some minutes returned with their own conjurer, the witch doctor in question.

After considerable solicitation from the natives, the intricacies of which I had no knowledge of the Zulu language did not enable me quite to penetrate, the conjurer, who at first seemed reluctant to give his consent to an exhibition of his powers before me, took a knoberry or calabash fastened it at the end of a thong of rawhide about six feet long. A young native, tall and athletic, whose eyes appeared to be fixed upon those of the conjurer with an apprehensive steadfastness, took his own knoberry and fastened it at the end of a similar thong of rawhide. The two then stood about six feet apart in the full glare of the fire, and began all the while in silence, to whirl their knoberrys about their heads. I noticed that when the two clubs seemed, in their swift flight, almost to come in contact, a spark or flame passed or appeared to pass from one of them to the other. The third time this happened there was an explosion, the spark appeared to burst, the young man's knoberry was shattered to pieces, and he fell to the ground apparently lifeless.

The witch doctor turned to the high grass a few feet behind us and gathered a handful of stalks about three feet long. Standing in the shadow and away from the fire, he waved, with a swift motion, exactly similar to that of the clubs a few minutes before, the bunch of grass around the head of the young Zulu, who lay as dead, in the firelight. In a moment or two the grass seemed to ignite in its flight, although the witch doctor was not standing within twenty feet of the fire, and burned slowly, crackling audibly. Approaching more closely the form of the native in the trance the conjurer

WAVED THE FLAMING GRASS GENTLY OVER HIS FIGURE, ABOUT A FOOT FROM THE FLESH.

To my intense amazement the conjurer's body slowly rose from the ground and floated upward in the air to a height of about three feet, remaining in suspension and moving up and down, according as the passes of the burning grass were slower or

faster. As the grass burned out and dropped to the ground the body returned to its position on the ground, and after a few passes from the hand of the witch doctor, the young Zulu leaped to his feet, apparently none the wiser for his wonderful experience.

The witch doctors of Africa have a great reputation for making rain and bewitching cows, and frequently charge themselves the vehicle of domestic enchantment and household spells, but, taking it altogether, the exhibition I have just described, which I think the most remarkable that has come under my vision.

I have heard in India that the fakirs walk in the air, but I have never met an eye-witness of this feat; the accounts given me came second or third hand, and related that the magician laid himself flat upon the earth, face downwards, for a minute or a minute and a half, then arose, and pressing his arms tightly against his sides, "stepped forwards and upwards as if upon an aerial stairway, walking up into the air to an altitude of several hundred feet. My informant said that it was thought this might be done through an occult knowledge of electrical currents, as if these fakirs changed at will the nature of the electrical current with which they were charged from the negative to the positive, vice versa inhaling an electrical influence from the earth which had the effect of destroying the force of gravity. But this seemed to me, as it still seems, unintelligible.

I mention the Indian science in Calcutta. I saw a performance by the whirling fakirs in the Chandee Choke, the Chesapeake of Calcutta. There were a score of Englishmen in the party which had gathered by arrangement, and we were escorted to a long empty room in the Chandee Choke, which was apparently an unoccupied store room. There was no back door, and the only two windows in the room—which were at either side of the entrance—looked on the street. There was no one present when we arrived, and we were left alone, the room being tested by the walls, ceiling and floor for secret doors, traps, wires, etc., and came to the conclusion that in those respects, at least, all was as it should be. We then drew a chalk line one-third of the way down the wall of the end wall, beyond which we were to remain as an audience, while four fakirs appeared at that moment from the street, were to give us an exhibition of their magical powers in the other two-thirds of the apartment, which was destitute of doors or windows, and so far we could not see them, save by the indirect means of communication with the adjoining buildings or with the open air.

The old fakir took a chafing dish and set it about ten feet from the chalk line on his side, casting upon its glowing coals a white powder, which gave out a strong scent of tuberosus, very agreeable to the senses. A white vapor arose from the burning powder and filled the corners of the ceiling, draping the dull panelling with a flying wreath or two, but still permitting a clear view of the end wall. At a point some six or eight feet beyond the chafing dish the old man and his three assistants began dancing slowly; they gave utterance to no sound but whirled faster and faster, with a rhythmic motion, their robes flowing out on either side, and blending the four forms into a composite group, of which the tall master was the central figure. Suddenly, to our great astonishment, we became aware that there was only one form visible, that of the old man. The swift whirl of his dance was gradually reduced, and in a minute or two he became motionless, standing, advanced in front of the chafing dish, bowed again, and pointed with a dignified gesture to the rear of the apartment. We all looked eagerly in the direction of the gesture; there he stood, not a living creature, nor indeed an object visible to the eye, but a mere phantom, except himself. With another salaam he returned to his original position in the rear of the chafing dish, and began with reverse motion to dance of a moment before.

He then raised his arms on each side of him as if he were invisible, and he now sang in a low, monotonous tone, the words of which impressed themselves upon my memory and sounded like this: "In your exalted do!" In some inexplicable way the monotonous drone of this chant, which fell not unmusically upon my ears, seemed to join with the vapors which curled about the chafing dish to bewitch our fancies, or at all events to produce a condition of dreamy delight. If this was hypnotism, so be it; but whether or not the existence of this charmed condition can be described beyond the limits of my own senses, I cannot say. The conjurer, with my eyes fixed intently on his whirling figure I became aware that he seemed to be throwing from himself portions of his body; one arm here, the other there, and in a moment or two, the illusion being perfect, it seemed as if he had begun to dance alone. He was gradually filled with figures like his own, only younger, each whirling with the same chant in the same direction. Suddenly the dance again died away, the chant was hushed, and when we looked again there was

ONE PERFORMER VISIBLE,

the old fakir, who advanced in front of the chafing dish and asked us to follow. He received it liberally, and we again made an examination of the room but could discover no explanation of the disappearance of his companions.

Two years ago, in England, I saw the Whirling Dervish, at London, and for the first time it seemed to me that I understood how the whirling illusion could be performed. After a careful study of the Walker illusion, I concluded that I could duplicate it in an act of my own upon the stage, and this I have done. I think, in what I call "The Blue Room," or the House and the Haunted," which is, I believe, by common consent, the best ghost story in existence.

Colonel, afterwards Gen. Julius Medley, one time commander of the British force at Lahore, related to me the most remarkable instance of voluntary interment which has come to his knowledge during his service in the East. It had taken him of an experience of my own at Secunderabad in 1878, which I shall presently describe. He assured me of the accuracy of his account of the following incident, and as he uses a most distinguished soldier and the aid of his narrative, I attach as much importance to his statement as if I had myself seen what he related.

He said a group of fakirs of the high caste had visited his quarters in the preceding year and offered to give an exhibition. The old man had, without assistance, thrown himself into a trance while the sitting position upon the ground. He in a few minutes had then taken hold of the end of his tongue and pushed it back until it closed the epiglottis. They then laid him upon his back, and swathed his body in bandages. The assistant fakirs, next filled the eyes, ears, mouth, and nostrils of the apparently unconscious master with a red paste, not unlike putty, and banded his

neck and face. All this took place in the presence of Colonel Medley and his staff. The entire body of the old man was then apparently protected from the atmosphere, attack every living thing that he glimpsed. It was for this purpose of protection, I learned, that the red paste had been put in the cavities of the face and head. "The Colonel and his staff inspected the body of the old man, and signified their willingness that the ceremony should proceed. In the meanwhile four of Colonel Medley's soldiers had dug a grave ten feet deep in the enclosed yard of the barracks, and at a gesture from the Colonel the old fakir's assistants lifted his body, and gently placed it in a box sheathed in metal, which was then hermetically sealed under the Colonel's eye. The box was

LOWERED INTO THE TOMB,

the earth was filled in, the surface was levelled, and millet seed was sown over the grave. The assistants then departed under the solemn promise to return in forty days. Colonel Medley assured me that, for many months, day and night, of the forty succeeding days he had kept an armed guard on watch above the fakir's grave. He felt morally certain that no human agency could tamper with the tomb or the box without his knowledge. At the end of the specified time the fakirs returned and in the presence of Colonel Medley and his staff the tomb was opened. The body of the aged fakir was removed from the box, not differing in appearance in any way from the condition in which it was found, except that the lining in which it had been wrapped had rotted and fell away at the touch. The fakirs unwound the bandages, removed the red putty-like preparation from the orifices of the eyes, nose, mouth and ears, and with the assistance of a native woman washed the body in warm water and applied an ointment to the face. The woman blew her breath in the old man's mouth, passed her hand briskly over his limbs, and gave him a smart slap upon the chest. His tongue came out, on entering the chest in a natural position and respiration seemed to begin with the blow of the woman's hand. The changes which passed over the features of the old man during the last stage of these preparations were awful to look upon. Misery and effort were painfully depicted upon them. But within five minutes after the breath seemed to re-enter his body, the master fakir was himself again.

I was the guest of Col. Jenkins, the commander of the British forces at that time. He had had of his own experience which he had related to Colonel Medley, and the result drew from him the remarkable narrative I have just recounted, was this. I was one of a party of Englishmen presented at a grand fête in Secunderabad at the palace of Sir Saïed Jung, the Nizam of Secunderabad. An old man, with aquiline features, a long white beard and flashing black eyes, accompanied by his wife, a pretty little woman, came to us as the chief of a band of eight fakirs. In the presence of all the company, one of the young men was tightly banded, and a small glass disc was held in front of and directly between his eyes. His master told him to gaze fixedly at the disc, and, as he did so, the others of the band of fakirs began droning a chant, the words of which were:

"Ran, ran, amaran, amaran, amaran,"

The banded fakir appeared to go to sleep under the drowsy hum of this incantation. He soon became to all appearances dead; the blood seemed to leave the extremities of his limbs stiffened. His tongue was now turned until it filled the epiglottis; a few passes were made over the aged fakir, his eyes turned up until only the whites were visible, the lids were shut, and the red, putty-like substance I have mentioned was used to close his eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth.

Dr. Crawford, of the army, who was present, then made a careful examination of the man's condition. All the usual tests for death were applied, a mirror was held over his mouth, and to all intents and purposes he was pronounced dead. He was then carried to the extent of what might be called crudely, although the subject was undoubtedly unconscious, and stuck a large bodkin through the palm of the man's hands, the ends of his fingers, his cheeks, the ends of his thighs, his arms, and the other parts of his body. No blood came from these wounds, but a yellowish ichor followed the point of the needle. The master fakir took a coal of glowing charcoal and placed it on the upturned palm of his subject's hand, causing the flesh to sizzle and an unpleasant odor to arise, but there was no sign of feeling. This condition continued for thirty minutes, at the end of which the master fakir made passes over the body with his hands, removed the red paste from the face and ears, took off the bandages and bade us note this result. With

HORRIBLE CONTORTIONS,

and the appearance of great agony, which the old fakir assured us was only an appearance, his assistant returned to the land of the living, apparently as well as ever, except for a badly burned hand.

THE CHANNEL BRIDGE SCHEME.

Various startling projects have been mooted for enabling travelers to cross the English Channel without undergoing the terrors of the short sea passage. An extraordinary project is the channel bridge scheme, which is of French devising. The proposed bridge would be something like thirty-four miles long, and a moderate estimate gives it a probable cost of £34,400,000. From one to two million tons of material would be required for its construction, which would take about ten years to complete. As proposed, the platform of the bridge would be 150 feet above high water level, supported on piles distant from each other 500 or 600 yards. It would contain room for four rail-way lines, with a road for carriages, besides footpaths, while places for refuge, watch-houses, and alarm bells, with a powerful light, would be placed at each pile. A harbour in the middle of the channel is included in some accounts of the scheme.

French reporters now take notes at night by the light of a tiny incandescent lamp attached to the waistcoat.

AN AROTIC STORY.

How Thirty Sailors Lost Their Lives on a Desolate Island—Want Lack of Discipline Did.

While on a recent visit to St. John's, Newfoundland, Mr. Tetlow, an Englishman, related the following story to a reporter of the Daily Tribune of that city, concerning Captain Moman, who is to take charge of the ship in which Dr. Nansen is to attempt this summer to reach the North Pole.

A few years back Captain Moman and another captain went out whaling near the coast of Spitzbergen, when they were frozen in earlier than they expected. A conference of the officers of both ships was held on board Captain Moman's vessel, when it was found that they had no sufficient provisions to last them till the following summer. On the opposite side of Spitzbergen, 90 miles away, there was a cache containing food supplies by the Danish and Swedish Government for the use of ship-wrecked sailors, the existence of which was known to Moman, and he found out that by sending 30 men across the ice to the cache, there would be sufficient provisions on board the two ships to last the remainder till the ice broke up in the following July. Volunteers were called for, and 30 were selected from among the crews of both vessels to cross the ice, in sledges to the cache, which they expected to reach in 30 days. The men left and in a few days afterward Moman and his fellow-captain got clear owing to the unexpected breaking up of the ice. They immediately set sail for Norway, knowing that the cache contained sufficient provisions to keep the 30 men who were left behind alive till the following summer. In the ensuing July a resuming expedition was sent out from the whaling vessel of Captain Moman, and having arrived at the bay near where the cache was situated, they fired a gun, but got no response from the shore.

Captain Moman says that he went ashore with a sinking heart, for he feared the worst, and the result proved that he was right, for, on entering the but built over the cache, he found himself in the presence of 30 dead bodies. The leader of the expedition sat at the table dead, with his open diary before him, written up to within 10 days of Moman's arrival, and in it he should have written the names of the men in crossing Spitzbergen that they were so seriously injured when they reached the cache. In that climate, he said, it was absolutely necessary to health that exercise should be taken in the open air for a certain number of hours every day, but he had been powerless to enforce discipline among the men, and the result was that one after another sickened and died. One man was actually found dead in his bunk with a parcel of loaf sugar grasped in his frozen hands. The relief party could do nothing but bury the dead, and so hard was the earth frozen on the island that dynamite had to be used to hollow out the graves. Captain Moman then returned to Norway.

PERSONAL.

It is said that the real reason that Queen Victoria took up the study of Hindustani four years ago was in order that she might converse in their own tongue with the Indian Princesses who come from time to time to pay their respects to her. These are, of course, paria, or "secluded" ladies, and it is very embarrassing for them to be obliged to communicate through a male interpreter. That the Queen at her age and with her ceaseless occupation, should undertake such a study of a difficult Oriental language to save a few of her distinguished subjects from this purely ceremonial unpleasantness shows a pleasant imperial solicitude.

Mr. Webb, late United States Consul at Manila, who became a convert to Islamism and recently threw up his post to engage in the work of making all Americans Mohammedans, is reported to have been successful beyond all expectation in procuring large sums of money for his mission. Before he even entered Hyderabad 10,000 rupees were promised there for his work, and now that he is there it is expected the enthusiasm of the wealthy Mohammedans of the city will easily double that sum. In Bombay over 10,000 rupees were subscribed, and the Mohammedans of Calcutta and Rangoon have furnished about 20,000 rupees. It is not stated when Mr. Webb will open his crusade here.

Bjornson, the poet and novelist, who has just completed his sixtieth year, is devoted to farm life, and amuses his leisure by sowing and reaping, and pinning for it when away from Aulestad, his favorite residence. He thinks that he can work better there than elsewhere. His farmhouse is large and tastefully furnished, and in the summer he entertains extensively there. Bjornson leads a very simple life, usually rises at 6 or 6.30, breakfasts alone, with his secretary, and then sits down to his writing-table. "The Pall Mall Gazette," says that he is not a rapid composer, and as his chirography is not very distinct, and is rendered still more illegible by corrections and erasures, his manuscripts have to be copied, sometimes even twice. When he has finished a page or two he rises and paces up and down the room for a few minutes, thinking out what he is to put in the next page. He then takes up a new work he often finds difficulty in striking the right key, and will begin it over and over again.

Miss Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) has written an extraordinary letter to Mr. Gladstone on behalf of Mrs. Maybrick, charging him with deliberate murder in keeping a fragile woman in gaol. She concludes by saying: "If there is any justice in the world, and notes the ways of this world, who hears the voice of innocent blood crying unto Him from the ground, it is better to be the young wife and mother perishing in Woking prison than the Prime Minister of the Government, which works her torture and her slaughter."

Settler Murdered by Blacks.

Particulars are to hand of the murder in a most shocking manner of a settler named Scott at the Willaroo Station, Port Darwin, South Australia. The despatch, which is dated from Adelaide, the 7th ult., shows that Scott's body had been frightfully mutilated, his head, arms, and legs having been severed, and his body scattered about wherever committed by the blacks, and when a rescue party arrived they found about forty of the natives in the paddock. An inspection showed that the blacks had stolen all the provisions, broken the furniture of the place, and killed all the fowls, which were lying in a heap. The remains of the murdered man were found seven miles from the station, but the scene showed that he had had a desperate struggle for his life. For hundreds of yards the place was marked by a trail of blood. Scott had evidently been sleeping when first attacked, and had afterwards fought his way with his revolver to a tree, around which were found many stones and spears which had been hurled at him by the natives. Scott's black servant was arrested, and two parties were scouring the country in search of the murderers.

A load of two tons can be readily carried by a full-grown elephant.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Snow Flowers.

Whirling and dancing in masses class, All night long the snowflakes busy, Busy as bees are busy in clover, And bees are busy the wide world over. Tired little snowflakes, in shy, soft masses, Resting on twigs and branches and grasses, We fondly watch them in their airy play, Babyhood's wonder in her eyes. Looking out on the world so white, Wise with a wisdom out of his sight, Baby settles it all in a minute— "No winter's garden will snow-flowers in it!" —[Annie Hamilton Donnell.]

The Story of a Daisy.

I am but a little daisy; but as some people think I have done no good in this little world of mine, I will try and defend myself by telling my story, for I hold that nothing beautiful and pure in this world was placed here without a purpose. And when I see pretty flowers ruthlessly trampled upon I feel like saying: "God made the flowers to cheer the hearts of His children and to remind them of Him, not to be destroyed." But I must begin my story. I opened my eyes on the light one morning in June, and on looking about me found that I was on a sunny hillside, and that for company there were ever so many of my brothers and sisters about me. Not far from us, at the foot of a hill, a little brook was dancing merrily along. Everything seemed happy and gay, and I concluded that I would be, too, in so pretty a place. All that day I stayed on the hillside nodding my head at the little breezes that came by now and then, and feeling happier every moment. By and by it began to grow dark, so I shut my eyes and was soon fast asleep. For little flowers, as well as little boys and girls, you know, must go to sleep early at night, so as to be rested for the next day's frolic. I awoke with the sun in the next morning, and very bright and fresh I felt. Many of my companions woke at the same time, and we had a fine time nodding good morning to each other. After a while when the sun had climbed up quite a ways beyond the hillside, I was glad, merry voices—coming towards us—glad, merry voices—singing, "The sun is a last year's daisy stood by me, and after she had listened a moment, hush her head in sorrow. Upon asking the trouble, she replied: "Oh, you'll know soon enough. I'm in it's trouble now, and I'm trampled upon by a great lot of my brothers, who snatch off your heads and throw you away in the dust to die!"

I listened in amazement, and she went on: "Last year I nearly lost my life, and I darest this year it will be worse. But here she are, and we must make the best of it." Yes, they were there; and when they caught sight of us, what a chorus of "ahs!" "ohs!" and "how pretty!" there was. Why had I shut up my ears to keep out the sound. But my eyes were open, and I saw ever so many children who looked so pretty and so merry, every spirit revived at once. "Didn't I tell you we would find the prettiest ones here?" one sweet little girl asked, and at that I straightened out my petals and tried to look as charming as possible. The children darted here and there, and our quiet hillside was ringed with merryment. First a little girl came near me, and I fairly trembled with excitement. At last she saw me, and exclaimed, "Oh, girls, I have found the prettiest one of all. This must go to Marie!" And then she put me in some of my companions, and declared she would take me. So off we went. How I wondered when I was going; who "Marie" was, and whether they would finally snatch off my head as my old friend had said.

But the one who was carrying me looked so pleasant that I felt safe, at least as long as she had me, and I was glad to be going. Long time we came to streets that were very narrow, and where everything seemed dirty. "How different," I thought, "from our hillside." Pretty soon my companion stopped in front of a large house. Then, after going up many steps and stairs, she knocked and a woman came to the door. She asked directly: "How is Marie?" I saw her. The lady took her into a small room, where everything was poor, but clean. My friend went to the bed in one corner of the room, and there she laid me, so white and poor that it really startled me. My little friend greeted her warmly, and held out the flowers. How Marie's face lighted up! She exclaimed: "How lovely!" and put me in her hand, while my heart sang for joy. Her mother brought a dish to eat with my companions and myself, but it was a long time before Marie would give us up. After my friend had talked a few moments she went away, and I was left alone with Marie. From what her mother had said I concluded Marie had been sick a long time, and I thought it must require a great deal of patience to lie abed all day, when other children were playing in the sunshine. So I decided to do my best to cheer her, and I think I succeeded, for I heard her say to her mother: "I shall never be sick any more." "How kind of Betty to bring me the flowers. They have made her feel so much better." When her mother turned away I saw tears in her eyes, and after Marie was asleep I heard her say to her father: "I shall never be sick any more." "Marie will soon be well again." Then he came and looked at the white face on the pillow, and I saw tears in his eyes, too. The next day Marie was worse. The doctor came, but he shook his head and looked very grave. Marie had been holding me all the morning, but she told her mother the pain did not seem so bad when she held me close. And I was glad to help her in any way I could. It was nearly dusk when Marie said in her weak voice: "Mamma, when I am dressed for the last time I want you to put this flower in my hand." The mother only said: "Don't darling, and I saw that tears were rolling down her cheeks very fast. "But I must, mamma, and you must cry for me, for, though I am sorry to leave you and papa, I am going to where I shall never be sick any more, and you will put the flower in my hand, won't you?" And I heard the mother reply: "Yes, my child."

That night Marie died. How bad I felt! She had seemed like a very dear friend to me. How thankful I was that I had been brought from the hillside to comfort her. Now she Marie dressed in white, and looking as if no thought of pain had ever been known to her, and I feel that she is happy. I am in hand, and though I am feeling faint, I hope to stay fresh as long as my mother will ever see my face. I hear them setting together, and I know they will miss their little girl. But I must stop or else I will surely drop. I am content, and only wish I had another life in which to give cheer to another little sufferer. But I must leave that to my friends left on the hillside, who are only waiting until the time to bring me together, and I know they will miss their sorrow and suffering.

A load of two tons can be readily carried by a full-grown elephant.



**Salem.**

On Friday evening last about 40 or 50 of the friends of Miss Maggie Kitchin, who has been the efficient organist of the Salem Methodist church for some years past, gathered at her father's residence in the form of a surprise party and during the evening presented her with the subjoined address, accompanied by a silver butter cooler and silver sugar bowl with spoons. The address was read by Mr. Joseph Higgins and the presentation made by Mr. Wm. Weir. Her father made a suitable reply on behalf of Miss Kitchin, after which the evening was spent in social enjoyment, the guests remaining until a late hour. The following is the address:

To Miss Kitchin:—Dear friend—We, the members and adherents of the Methodist church in this community take this opportunity of spending a social evening with you, our friend and associate. It is always a pleasure to be in the society of one whom we respect and esteem. Our friendship has been somewhat prolonged. Many of us have intimately known you for many years past. We esteem you highly as a friend—in the church too, as well as socially. We have learned to value you. Your services in the capacity of organist have been invaluable to us as a church and people; and we cannot let this occasion pass without some tangible, though inadequate, expression of our regard for your prompt, cheerful, and efficient services in the above relation. We are all aware that a church's prosperity is largely dependent upon its efficient musical administration. Here you have done your part admirably well and to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. In recognition, therefore and not as a reward for your efficient and voluntary services, we beg you to accept the accompanying articles, partly as household commodities, partly, to serve as a memento of the pleasing relation which exists between us. We sincerely trust this relation shall be preserved in time and unsevered in eternity.

Yours in affectionate regard and esteem,  
[Signed in behalf of the friends,]  
MRS. JAS. HIGGINS,  
MRS. WM. WEIR.  
Salem, Feb. 7th, 1893.

**Redgrave.**

Mrs. John Alcorn is visiting her parents and friends in this neighborhood.

Miss Jane Lang, of Caledonia, who was visiting friends in this neighborhood has returned to her home.

There will be service in this church Sunday evening at p. m., Christian Endeavor at 11:30 a. m., Service by the Rev. T. L. Kiernan.

Mr. John T. Winter spent part of last week in Clinton, attending the county convention of the P. I. which was the best ever held in the county.

We are sorry to record this week the death of one of the most esteemed pioneers of this Township in the person of Mr. Joseph Wallace who has not been well for the past year, but death came to his relief on Friday last. The bereaved friends have the sympathy of this community.

Mr. Wm. Pritchard has just finished threshing his clover, which turned out very well and from which he will realize a large sum. His son, John, will thresh this week and also expects to realize well from his clover.

Mr. Albert Johnston delivered a fine cow in Gorrie on Monday which had been sold to Mr. Wm. Stinson for shipment to the eastern markets.

Mr. S. Johnston is getting ready to build a new driving shed. During the heavy storm a week ago last Friday night, his wind-mill was badly wrecked and quite a sum will be required to repair it.

The marriage of Mr. S. Clark and Miss Mary Lavery occurred at the home of the bride's parents last Wednesday in the presence of a large number of invited guests. The presents were costly and numerous and indicate the esteem in which the happy young couple are held in the community. They have settled down and are now "at home" to their friends on the groom's fine farm on the 9th con., where we hope they may enjoy long lives and eminent happiness.

At a late meeting of our I. O. G. T. the following new officers were chosen:

- W. C. T.—Nelson Morrell.
- W. V. T.—Miss Lizzie McFarlane.
- Chap.—Earnest Sparling.
- Sec.—Melville Stockton.
- Arst. Sec.—Miss Martha Morrell.
- F. S.—Alex. McFarlane.
- Treas.—Miss Lottie Morrell.
- Marshal—Edward Ayers.
- I. G.—Miss Mable Stockton.
- O. G.—Amos Denning.
- P. W. C. T.—Jas. Douglas.

The lodge is in a good financial condition and initiations are of frequent occurrence. It is expected that there will be an entertainment in connection with this lodge in the latter part of March.

**Huntingfield.**

Miss Clara Fortune, of Harrison paid a short visit here on Saturday and Sunday.

Two loads of our young people attended the "Farewell" at the residence of Mr. John Scott, Lakelet, on Saturday evening last. They report having had an unusually pleasant time.

Mr. John McCreary 4th con. Carriek, passed through here on Monday with his household effects, stock and implements on his way to his farm on the B. line, Howick.

One day last week, the roads being heavy, as was also the load of wood, Mr. Richard Harper, 2nd con., Carriek, was hauling to Mjldmay. He had just reached the top of a hill when one of his horses dropped dead. It was valued at about \$120.

Mr. Martin Haskins and wife of Walkerton spent Sunday under the parental roof.

On Tuesday of last week Mr. Gordon being unwell, the mail bag was carried to and from Clifford by Mr. Haskins. This is the first time since our post office was established—about eight years—that Mr. Gordon has been unable to attend to his duties as post master and mail carrier. When we consider that he is a man nearly seventy years of age, this ought to convince the most skeptical that our town is one of the healthiest resorts in the world.

**AMERICA'S POPULAR HOME MONTHLY, "WOMAN'S WORK," FREE.**

We desire the correct address of every intelligent housewife. We would like to arrange with one person in each town to compile a list of such names for us. For this service we will give a year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORK for each thousand inhabitants, according to last census. If your town has a population of 2,000, a list of names for it will entitle you to receive WOMAN'S WORK for two years, or will entitle yourself and some friend to receive it one year each. If your town has 5,000 inhabitants you will be entitled to receive WOMAN'S WORK for five years, or yourself and four friends to receive it for one year each. Never a better chance to make presents. We have special blanks prepared for this work, and these must be used in every case. They will be sent, with two sample copies of WOMAN'S WORK, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. We can arrange with only one person in each town or city, and first applicants will always have preference.

Address at once,  
WOMAN'S WORK, Athens, Georgia.

William's Royal Crown Remedy, greatest cure on earth. Guaranteed to cure general nervous debility, rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis. For sale by N. McLaughlin, druggist, Gorrie.

**Auction Sale**

—OF VALUABLE—  
**Freehold Property.**  
Situate in the Township of Howick in the County of Huron.

THERE will be offered for sale by Public Auction by the undersigned  
At the Albion Hotel, in the Village of Fordwich, in the county of Huron,

ON TUESDAY, THE 21ST day of MARCH, 1893, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, all that valuable property commonly known as the "McLean property," containing about 34 acres, more or less, and which may be more particularly described as follows: All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being Park Lots Numbers Ten and Eleven, also Seven, Twelve, Twenty-five, Twenty-six, Thirty-one and Thirty-two, together with lots Numbers Thirteen and Fourteen, on the south side of Louise Street, all in the town of Fordwich, in the county of Huron, save and except such portions as have been sold to the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway Company and half an acre sold to one Hutchinson, containing thirty-four and a half acres, more or less.

The said property is laid out in town lots and is also suitable for farming and gardening purposes. The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid.  
TERMS OF SALE:—Twenty per cent. on the day of sale, and the balance within twenty days, without interest. Further terms and conditions of sale will be made known at the time of sale, or in the meantime upon application to  
B. S. COOK,  
Agent,  
WM. H. NEWTON,  
Auctioneer, Fordwich, P. O.

**Sows for Sale.**  
THE undersigned has six Sows about six months old, fit for breeding purposes. If not sold in about ten days they will be put up to fat. ROBERT DOUGLAS,  
Lot 1, Con. A, Turnberry.  
Wroxeter P. O. Feb. 15th, 1893.

**R. H. FORTUNE,**  
VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST,  
WROXETER, ONT.

Will visit Fordwich every Monday from 1:30 to 4 p. m., at Brown's Hotel.  
All diseases of domesticated animals treated after the latest and most scientific teachings of the Veterinary Act.  
Calls promptly attended to.  
No charge for examining horses.  
Dentistry a Specialty.

**Notice.**

THE adjourned Annual Meeting of the Fordwich Cheese and Butter Company will be held in the SCHOOL HOUSE, S. S. No. 12, Howick, on Saturday Feb. 19th, 1893, at the hour of ONE O'CLOCK, p. m., sharp, when Mr. J. W. WHEATON, Secretary of the Western Dairyman's Association, will give a LECTURE on MILK and CHEESE.  
And also the DRAWING of the MILK for the season of 1891 for the different ROUTES, will be let at the hour of three o'clock, p. m., the same day and place.  
MICHAEL DAUM, Secretary. JAS. GIBSON, President.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**

**ENGLISH.**—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; at Wroxeter, 4:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Brownlee, Incumbent. Sunday School, one hour and a quarter before each service.

**METHODIST.**—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 6:30 p. m. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Greene, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. B. Williams, Superintendent.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**—Services at Fordwich at 11 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; Bible Class at Fordwich in the evening. Sabbath School at Gorrie 1:15 p. m. Jas. McLaughlin, Superintendent.

**BAPTIST.**—Services in Gorrie at 2 o'clock, p. m., and at the church on the 2nd concession of Howick at 10:30 a. m., and 7 p. m. Rev. J. A. Osborne, pastor.

**METHODIST.**—Services in the Fordwich Methodist Church, at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings at 7:30. Rev. Mr. Edmunds pastor.

**JNO. BRETHOUR,**  
FIRE AND STOCK  
**Insurance Agent**  
WROXETER.

- REPRESENTS:
- Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
  - Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
  - Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
  - Economical Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
  - Mercantile Insurance Co.
  - Etna Insurance Co.

Give John A Call.

Upon Receipt OF A  
Postal Card  
with your name and address, we will forward you Agents' Outfit and

**Our Great Premium List**

EVERYONE SHOULD SEE THIS LIST OF HANDSOME PRIZES, WHICH ARE GIVEN IN MANY CASES BELOW COST.

**We Want Agents**  
IN EVERY LOCALITY. WRITE EARLY.  
This is a chance for the Young Folk.  
**THE GLOBE, Toronto.**  
WEEKLY GLOBE, balance 1893 FREE.

**Dulmage,**  
1893

IS HERE TO STAY! The thermometer readings it is giving shows us that. Some long-haired individual predicted 1893 as an eventful year. The sum of the figures is 27, or three 7's; hence something will happen. Our hard freeze will count one. There was a man in the north part of the township who lied about the weather a few days ago. It has been cold, no doubt, and some hard records have been broken, but this individual stated that one day last week in Toronto it was 100° below zero, that a train had frozen to the track from the water escaping from the tender, that potatoes froze stiff on the streets and were stood up against the buildings like mummies.

**BUT We prefer facts**  
and reasonable information.

Long Profits are gone and we merchants must, by economy and careful buying, try and make ends meet. In CASHMERE and other English goods we buy from import samples, thus only the goods ordered are imported, making a saving of about 15 per cent.  
That's why we have Black and Colored Cashmeres so cheap.  
By combinations of purchases direct I will sell cheaper than ever the coming season.  
Great Bargains now in what Winter Goods that are left over from last fall's purchases. Any advantage in careful buying is given my customers.  
DRIED APPLES and MINK SKINS wanted.  
Also.....SILVER!!!

**Lakelet.**

**Fred Donaghy**  
Regent House, Fordwich  
Is Showing a Grand Stock of  
General Merchandize for the  
Christmas trade.

And in Order to Catch the Crowd,  
Prices have been Marked down to cost, for the next Thirty days.  
A Specially Fine Line of Glassware in stock.  
Dry Goods in every style, the Choicest Lines and the Lowest prices.  
Boot and Shoes to suit this season. Full Lines of Rubber goods.  
Ladies' and gents' Furnishings in Large Varieties, splendid furs.  
Complete stock of Seasonable and fresh groceries always on Hand.

**Bargains Every Day**  
Come and Get them.

**Hunter & Henry's**  
Hardware \* Store.  
\* Fordwich \*

**A. B. Allison,**  
DEALER IN

- Groceries,
- Confections,
- Canned Goods.
- Pastry.
- Toys,
- Notions,

- Oysters,
- Biscuits,
- Notions,
- Etc.

**J. R. WILLIAMS,**  
Has purchased J. W. Waterhouse's large stock of Woolen Goods, and will talk more about it in this space next week.