

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.
Residence
Next to Methodist Parsonage,
ALBERT STREET, GORRIE, ONT.

JAS. McLAUGHLIN,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. No witnesses required.
Office—At my residence, GORRIE.

DENTISTRY.
J. S. JEROME, L. D. S., Wingham, will visit G. 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. APREX dresses Wanted. Rooms over W. S. Bean's Store.

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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 claim, 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. GIBSON,
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.
S. JOHNSTONE.

Holstein Calf Lost.
LOST—From the premises of the subscriber, since about the middle of July last a Holstein Steer Spring Calf, spotted, black and white. The finder will be suitably rewarded on giving information as to its whereabouts to
HENRY WILKINS,
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 teaching, and is hereby recommended to those who require thorough instruction in that branch."
PROF. A. HUBBARD,
Niagara Falls, April 21st, 1892.

Vanstone Bros.,
WINGHAM
Marble & Stone
WORKS

Parties requiring work in the 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 H. 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 12 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!

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Overshoes,
Rubbers,
Lumbermen's
Sox,

R
Trunks,
Valises,
Etc.

E
EVERYTHING
GOES!

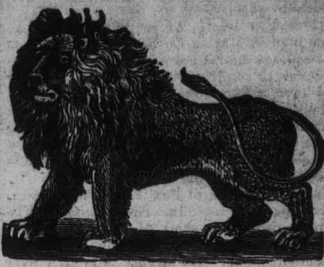
I beg to return thanks for the liberal patronage received during the past year and will try to merit your future favors.

W. J. GREER.

GORRIE.

R.

The Lion Store



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.
PRESIDENT, JAMES FITZGERALD.
SECRETARY, 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, 80 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. SANDSON, Wroxeter, P. O., Ont.

Local Affairs.

Ordination services will be held in the Gorrie Baptist Church on Wednesday, 15th inst.

Mr. Mathew Shepard, who has been visiting here for a few weeks past, has returned home.

Mr. R. Ross was in Goderich last week attending the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. E. Touchborne.

Mr. Chas. Willits, barber, of Clifford, and wife, were visiting his aunt, Mrs. Willits, in this village last week.

There is some talk of placing a vocalion—a recent musical invention closely resembling the pipe organ—in the new Methodist church in this village. The matter has not, however, assumed an official shape as yet.

The binder twine question will be thoroughly discussed at a public meeting to be held in the town hall, Gorrie, on Thursday, Feb. 17th, at 2 p. m., under the auspices of the Patrons of Industry. Some excellent speakers will be present. The Patrons of Howick will hold an open meeting in Fordwich on the evening of Monday, Feb. 20th, in Edwards' hall.

Miss Jennie, daughter of Mr. John Ardell, died on Monday last. She was stricken with a sarcomatous tumor which showed itself upon her arm nearly a year ago, since which time she has suffered the most excruciating torture, her arm swelling to a monstrous size and the bone near her shoulder being eaten entirely away. Under the terrible suffering she gradually wasted away until death, for which she had long earnestly prayed, finally came to her relief.

Messrs. Henry and John Switzer were the guests of their niece, Mrs. S. T. Fennell, for a day or two last week. The former is from Blanchard township and the latter from Golden Stream, Manitoba, having resided in that Province since 1869, the time of the first Reil rebellion. He was a prisoner along with the unfortunate Scott and was the last person to shake hands with him before he was taken from his prison cell to be shot. He tells many thrilling stories of that rebellion and was one of the company of volunteers who went from Rat Portage to the rescue of the prisoners in Winnipeg, only to be captured themselves and forced to suffer severe privations for 26 days. He was personally acquainted with Riel, whose private character and acts he condemns in the strongest terms.

Barkwell's Bronchial Balsam will cure any cough, cold, bronchitis or asthma. For sale by N. McLaughlin, druggist, Gorrie.

Miss Minnie Rutledge, of Sault Ste Marie, is visiting her uncle, Mr. R. Ross at present.

Mr. Richard Clegg broke one of the small bones in his wrist one day last week while chopping. Dr. Tuck set the injured member and he is now doing well.

Negotiations so far for the placing of an electric light plant in Gorrie have fallen through. Mr. Skinner the agent, was here for a couple of days, the latter part of last week, but was unable to conclude arrangements.

Silverware Cheap at Doig's Jewelry Store, Gorrie.

Mr. Isaac Wade, 18th con., had his right arm broken last Friday. The accident occurred while rolling a log in the woods on his farm. The following day he came to Gorrie and had the bone set by Dr. Tuck.

Mr. G. Knowlson, of Chesley, many years ago with Mr. D. Montgomery, merchant in this village, is in town at present visiting while looking for an opening to commence business, he having recently sold out in Elmwood.

Good Assortment in all Lines, at Doig's Jewelry Store.

County Orange Lodge.

The regular annual meeting of the County Orange Lodge was held in the town hall, Gorrie, on Tuesday afternoon last. All parts were well represented except Wawanosh, the drifted state of the roads and extremely cold weather no doubt preventing the brethren of that section from taking the long drive necessary to reach here.

We are indebted to Mr. W. J. Perkins, County Secretary, for the following list of delegates:

Lodge No. 253, Walton.—Bros. R. M. Ferguson, N. Hamilton, T. Oakland, W. R. Oakland, C. Case.

No. 462, Belgrave.—Bros. Wm. McGill, McMurray, Jno. Young, Robt. Owens, Isaac Downey.

No. 575, Orange Hill.—Bros. Jno. Dane, W. Strong, Alex. Graham, Jno. Waters, Frank Clegg, Jno. Crookshanks, Sam'l Wilson, Chas. Wilson, Abe Strong, A. A. Graham.

No. 631, Ethel.—Bros. Robt. Barr, C. Raynard.

No. 642, Fordwich.—Bros. Wm. McKee, Thos. Goggin, J. H. Johnstone, A. Spotton.

No. 767, Gorrie.—Bros. Henry Perkins, Geo. Walker, W. Strong, R. Ross, A. J. Strong, H. Harding, Rev. W. A. Browlee, W. Doig, W. J. Greer, Wm. Dane, Thos. Nash, B. Scott, Jas. Perkins, W. Evans, W. J. Perkins.

No. 774, Brussels.—Bros. Geo. Cardiff, Jas. Bowman, F. McCutcheon, S. F. Plum, Jas. M. Cardiff, D. Ewan.

No. 775, Nebridge.—Bros. E. Armstrong, Jas. Falls, R. Bride.

No. 794, Wingham.—Bros. J. G. Stewart, Thos. Cornyn, A. McManus.

No. 863, Londesboro.—Bro. Mines.

No. 882, Auburn.—Bro. W. J. Sturdy.

No. 968, Blyth.—Bros. John Wilford, George Quinn.

No. 1090, Lakelet.—Bro. Jas. Woods.

No. 1091, Wroxeter.—Bros. John Bray, Geo. Funston, Wm. Herron.

No. 1219, Huntingfield.—Jno. Wynn, T. Woods, Robt. Woods, S. Woods.

At the conclusion of the regular business of the day the old officers were all re-elected as follows:
C. M.—Jno. Mooney, Brussels.
D. C. M.—Jno. Dane, Orange Hill.
Chap.—Jno. Wilford, Blyth.
R. S.—W. J. Perkins, Gorrie.
Treas.—W. McGill, Belgrave.
D. C.—Geo. Walker, Gorrie.
F. S.—J. G. Stewart, Wingham.
Lect.—Thos. Cronyn, Wingham.
P. C. M.—H. Perkins, W. H. Clegg.

It was decided to hold the county celebration at Blyth on the 12th of July next.

The next annual meeting is to be held in Wingham on the second Tuesday in February, 1894.

Answer to Mr. Clegg.

Editor Gazette.—I read an article in your issue of the 26th Jan., over the signature of W. H. Clegg, who seemed to be winning terribly over—nothing, except perhaps a guilty conscience. Such guilt he could no longer conceal, and endeavoring to prove that the council of Howick are mere children, he attempts to display a little ready wit—simple sarcasm—and bolstered up with his usual self-esteem, he says he thinks it his duty to place himself right before the electors of Howick. For what? for renting the township hall for a dancing party, he being our caretaker. Now surely Mr. Clegg admits this in his let-

ter. He also says he went to Mr. Walker and told him that owing to rumors he had heard he would have to lay the matter before the council and if they, the council, consented to let him have the hall it would be all right. But what are the facts? Mr. Clegg says that we, without waiting for him to introduce the matter, called him into the Campbell's hotel to talk over the matter. Now I ask the public how I or my council could know the hidden secret in Mr. Clegg's brain? To my knowledge not one of us knew that Mr. Clegg had been asked for the hall, so how could I introduce to Mr. Clegg a matter of which I know nothing whatever until he then told us on the street. Surely Mr. Clegg has forgotten himself to make such assertions to the public whom he asks to judge him. Mr. Clegg also states that after considering the matter over I put the question to the council. Now, the question that Mr. Clegg put to us did not require much consideration, and I at once gave my opinion, leaving the council to answer as they thought best, but they at once endorsed my utterances. Mr. Clegg told us there that since he had been talking to Mr. Walker about renting the hall for a ball or a social skip, so-called, that he was informed that there was to be card playing and other such games going on in the hall. I asked Mr. Clegg if he thought it was consistent for him to rent the hall for this purpose when he knew that the Methodist church used that hall for divine worship and stated that it seemed to me he was overstepping his duty when he knew the facts. He acknowledged that it did not look right. After dinner (that "sumptuous dinner" Mr. Clegg referred to) and repairing to "the far famed township hall" what I ask was the "more calm" view that he says we took? Our opinion and utterances there were just the same as when he first spoke to us about the matter, which the electors present can testify. Every member of the council stated for himself that he could not endorse the course Mr. Clegg had taken in renting it as he did knowing the church was using it for divine worship. As caretaker he had the power to rent or refuse the hall. Mr. Walker stated that the hall was rented before the present council was organized and he would hold Mr. Clegg to the agreement in spite of us, and he got the hall with Mr. Clegg's permission, against the wishes of every member of the council. Just follow Mr. Clegg's words: "you have the picture of five councilmen who inside of one hour backed down and swallowed their own words." Oh save us from the blow of our friend who would fain claim us as his companion weathercock, first one thing then another. No, we shall leave our friend to mourn alone. We claim to have principle, and neither the face of Mr. Clegg or all his power combined can daunt us in any way from doing our duty. He stated had I not written private letters he would have let the matter drop. The only letter I wrote was to Mr. Boan, Recording Stewart of the Methodist church, asking him not to blame us as a council for the unthoughtful and inconsiderate act which Mr. Clegg was guilty of. I knew the people of Gorrie would feel bad, and Mr. Clegg knew the same, and instead of manfully bearing the public censure which he brought upon himself by his inconsistent course he endeavors to throw the blame on the council, but we throw it back where it belongs and ask our readers to judge who has the long ears.

Yours, B. S. Cook.

Wroxeter.

Owing to the terrific storm of Friday last the Foresters' concert proved a partial failure. Bro. White, High Secretary, of Hamilton, and Miss Bowes, the elocutionist, and the Gorrie Orchestra, were present, as well as Mr. Thos. W. Gibson, High Court Auditor, so that those of the audience who braved the elements were not altogether disappointed. Mr. Gibson's scholarly address dealt with the financial condition of the Order showing that the surplus fund amounts to about a quarter of a million dollars, which has been invested to the best possible advantage; over half a million has been paid in death claims during the year, while a very large amount of sick benefits has been paid out. Mr. White ably dealt with the usefulness of the Order to Society and gave instances of the good done. The recitations of Miss Bowes were of a high order and well merited the vociferous applause given. The

Orchestra came in for much applause during the evening. But Mr. Fax was not there so a prominent feature of the expected treat was missed. Having missed the morning train at Toronto he travelled around by London to Wingham but his train was late and he was unable to reach Wroxeter. We understand the concert is to be repeated shortly when the tickets sold for this concert will be accepted at the door without further cost. The committee did everything in their power to carry out the programme but the cyclone of snow, cold and wind was against them and it was no fault of theirs that the concert was not a success.

A skating carnival is to be held in the Wroxeter Rink next Tuesday evening, 14th, inst., when prizes will be given for the various costumes, besides which there will be a skating race and an exhibition of fancy skating by Mr. Jno. J. Sanders, champion of Canada. The Gorrie Brass Band has been engaged for the occasion. Admission 15c., children and skaters in costume 10c.

The poles are delivered on the ground for the electric light.

Lakelet.

Notes of the week.—The storm raged furiously round Lakelet on Friday up to noon to-day (Saturday) our burg was literally dead. By shovelling and abusing horse flesh quite a number had turned out and our business men's shops were stormed...Mr. Job, who has been visiting round here for two months left for Dakota to-day. He was accompanied by his niece Miss T. J. McCormall who purposes remaining in that state for some time...Is the C. P. R. track impassable or have the GAZETTES gone astray? They have not arrived here up to date...Mr. Robt. Ferguson shipped a car load of fine cattle on Thursday. He disposed of them in Toronto, and we hear he made quite an item...A new society called the "Ancient Order of Wranglers" started here recently. The names of the official staff were given by the Express Correspondent in last week's issue. They meet six nights in the week between 8:00 and 8 o'clock, and debate on some of the most difficult topics...Mr. T. Bunston bought a thoroughbred Jersey cow up near Neustadt the other day...Our burg farmer also added another valuable animal to his already fine stock...Saw and chopping mill were having a rest to-day, as the weather was so severe...Messrs. Nay and McElwain go to Chatsworth next week to spend a week with friends...Many of the farmers in the vicinity of Lakelet, have taken the creamery fever, the result is that they purpose next summer sending their cream to Midway. Doubtless the pigs and calves will raise their voices in volumes of praise...Mr. W. Cook purchased last week the shop in which he worked for years from Mr. J. Horton. Mr. Cook will move into his shop very soon.

Springbank.

The milk routes for the Springbank cheese factory were let on Monday last as follows:

Route No. 1.—Ed. Krohn \$1 24 per trip

" 2.—Geo. Padfield 1 45 "

" 3.—H. Schurter 1 01 "

" 4.—Thos. Brown 85 "

" 5.—Geo. Rush 1 25 "

" 6.—A. Montgomery 1 38 "

" 7.—Alf. Taylor 1 34 "

" 8.—Wm. Rush 80 "

The contracts average 75c. per day cheaper than last year, route 7 being the only one which went at an advance over the previous contract.

Mr. C. Hallman delivered 146 lambs to Mr. Wm. Stinson at Clifford on Monday last. Twelve teams were required to carry them.

Huntingfield.

The following is the standing of the pupils of S. S. No. 15 and 8, Howick and Carrick, with regards to attendance, punctuality and general proficiency for the month of January:—

Fourth Class—Henry Lusch, David Teskey, Maggie Renwick, Fred Wilkie, Will Johnson, Bertha Teskey, Annie Harris.

Third Class—James Vogan, Norman Pomeroy, Maggie Greenley, Howard Johnson, Tilley Berry, Bertha Murray, John Harris, John Murray, Ethel Page.

Second Class sr.—Richard Murray, Willie Lusch, Katy Murray, Minnie St. Marie, Elsie Teskey.

MISS A. EADIE, Teacher.

Renew your subscription early.

MAN-FAID-OF-THE-BULL.

On a cold day in November, 1879, Vincent Howard, a young man of the Canadian Northwest, mounted police, was on guard over a herd of police horses feeding in a sheltered valley about three miles from Fort Walsh.

Young Howard knew that the temptation to steal horses is one which the Northwest Indian can seldom overcome. Indeed, he regarded horse-stealing as a legitimate and creditable occupation.

Even the fear of hanging, which was the punishment meted out to captured horse-thieves by the pioneers, would not deter Indians who thought they had a fair chance of making off with four-legged plunder.

Howard jumped on his horse and rode toward the Indians. He could not have imagined that they had any design to steal police horses in the presence of a guard.

They had not caught sight of him till he rode toward them, but they betrayed no surprise at his sudden appearance. The two sat quietly on their ponies awaiting his approach. They had already decided on their course.

I knew Howard well. He was a fun-loving, reckless boy, very handsome, generous and much loved in the force. Without a thought of danger he rode up to the Indians with the usual salutation, "How-how!"

They did not respond. It was plain that they were in no good humor. That was nothing unusual, for many of the Indian then entertained a grudge against the redcoat.

But Howard cared nothing for their sullen looks. He was accustomed to put all sorts of people in good humor; so he greeted the two with "How-how!" and his sunny smile, and went on with the few words of their language that he had learned.

Still they showed an unfriendly disposition. As they not quickly yield to his cheery ways, he incautiously tried teasing. I can fancy him prancing round the two strange-looking objects, mischievously pulling the tails or slapping the flanks of their stolid ponies, and sometimes gaily offering to shake hands.

He was little more than a schoolboy, and could have had no conception of how his pranks deepened the anger with which the savages regarded him.

"Sulk, then, if you will," said Vincent, after finding that he could not mollify them either by coaxing or teasing. With that he rode away a few yards, turned his back to them, and rose in his stirrups to look over his herd in the valley.

At that moment the Indians both fired on him, and he fell dead, with two bullets in his back.

To days later we men of the Fort Walsh detachment found the body of my poor young chum frozen stiff on that little rise of ground; but many days passed before his exasperated comrades got anything like a trace of the murderers.

They had stolen no horses, they had left no trail. Alarmed at their deed, they had hurried away to their far distant lodges and proceeded to live in their usual manner. The strictest inquiry failed to disclose the names of any Indians who had been near the police herd that day.

Before long it became clear that our only chance of discovering the murderers lay in a well-known characteristic of these Indians. They are much given to boasting of their achievements during the excitement of their midnight dances; but the slayers of young Howard would probably keep absolute silence till they should begin to feel secure, and they would probably do their bragging while ranging at a great distance from Fort Walsh.

So we could do nothing but wait, perhaps for months, perhaps for years, till a rumor should be bruited up there; but the slayers reach our interpreters—a rumor that some savage at a midnight dance had bragged of spilling a redcoat's blood.

Nearly nine months went by before two Blood Indians were arrested on suspicion of the murder, and confined in the guard-house at Fort Walsh. There was little evidence against them. A report had come to the ears of our interpreter that one of the prisoners had told a Piegian named "Man-afraid-of-the-bull" how he and the other prisoner had killed a "Samogian," or red-coated soldier, in the Cypress Hills. Howard was the first and only man of the force who had then fallen by Indian hands.

Now began the search for Man-afraid-of-the-bull. No doubt that he had been scarcely begun before he learned of our anxiety to find him. The Indians pass such news over hundreds of square miles with amazing and mysterious speed.

Man-afraid-of-the-bull was well known to half the force, and should have been easily found if in the country; but we could gain no news of his whereabouts.

It appeared indeed that he had run away to Dakota or Montana for fear of the enemy of the Bloods, who would seek his life were he captured and forced to give evidence likely to hang two of the Blood tribe.

Meantime I had been moved to McLeod, a police fort about one hundred and sixty miles west of the scene of the murder, and quite near the reservations of the Bloods and Piegians. As Vincent Howard had been my dearest comrade, who may conceive my anxiety to come across Man-afraid-of-the-bull.

A strong party galloped out to capture the skulker, while I volunteered to ride to Whooop-up and stop the detachment that had left us in the morning.

My mount was a good-looking colt which I had chosen two days earlier. I was confident of his ability to carry me over the forty miles to Whooop-up before dark; but I very soon discovered that my horse was not a "stayer."

Already he was beginning to lag. In vain I gave him the spur; there was no "go" in him. Is there any labor more exasperating than the effort to get speed out of a lazy, spiritless horse? Neither spur nor voice could get him out of that half-trot, half-canter. No position on the saddle gave me relief from that abominable gait.

Night was creeping on before I had covered half my journey, and I was nearly as much exhausted as the miserable creature I beset. It appeared that I must camp for the night in the Rolling Hills—a great stretch of prairie broken by unnumbered little hills; but at the thought of what would come of my failure to reach Whooop-up before next morning, I determined to push forward on foot when my colt should go down.

If the detachment should get away from Whooop-up without hearing from me, the prisoners at Fort Walsh would be released just when the witness against them had been found.

Twenty miles is no great walk for a fresh man, but I was very tired with the labor of urging that deceptive colt. Moreover, a man who is accustomed to riding detests the idea of walking a long distance.

The evening was exceedingly hot. I was sweaty and out of temper. Still the colt was "lolling" along faster than I could walk. I determined to get the last mile out of his legs before taking to my own. There was no danger of riding him to death—he was of the mean kind that go down with plenty of life in them from pure laziness and cowardice.

Turning suddenly to the left around one of the knolls, my thoughts were distracted from my horse by the sight of a gorgeously blanketed Indian riding parallel with me one hundred yards away. His Winchester barrel lay across his left arm. It butted me in the back. He was not looking at me. But I was sure he had been. He seemed to be skulking round the edge of a knoll as if trying to head me off. In a moment he disappeared behind the elevated ground.

The remembrance of Vincent's lonely death flashed upon me, with a sort of staring wonder what death would bring to me. But above all was the sense of my utter loneliness. No one would know how I died. No one could avenge me. All the world would be blank for me as for Vincent.

These thoughts ran through my brain before any scheme for defending myself. But I was not excited. What I felt was an intensely clear sense of what death implied. In a moment I was calmly considering the situation.

I was certain that the Indian meant to ambush me—that he was skirting the hills to get a close, sure shot when my back should be turned.

Why should he wish to kill me? But why should he have a reason? Had not Vincent been murdered in pure wantonness? The Indian had a repeating rifle. I was sure it was a Winchester. My pistol would be of use against it unless I could get into very close range. But that seemed impossible. What chance was there for escape? How I hated the clumsy horse between my legs!

I tried to spur him into a gallop again, but still he went jog, jog, jog. No chance of riding out of the scrape, thought I. "Well, if the Indians was bound to kill me, I would at least tell my life as dearly as I could. So I whipped out my revolver, and made sure that it was loaded.

If I could but keep my face to the Indian! But where was he? He might have stopped to follow me. He might have outridden me, and be waiting far ahead. He might be on my right side now, though I had seen him on my left.

The edges of the knolls thereabout were sharply angled, the lanes through them in some places very narrow and quick in their turns. I might be within five yards of the Indian before I should see his leveled gun. Or he might shoot me as I passed by, and I never see him at all. The uncertainty as to his whereabouts was the most maddening thing of all.

Was he alone? I had seen but one. Twenty might be near me. No matter how many I must go on. To stop would be to give the enemy an easy shot.

Suddenly I caught a glimpse of the gay blankets again. For but an instant I saw it; the Indian had galloped across the trail about fifty yards ahead of me, and disappeared around the corner of a sharply edged knoll some fifty feet higher.

I instantly surmised that he meant to lie in wait at the farther end of the knoll, and shoot me as I went past. I knew the place well. He could stand concealed there within three yards of where the trail went by.

Now I made my plan in an instant. It would have been a very fine plan indeed if the Indian had not had one quite different from what I presumed. Instead of riding along the trail to the right of the knoll I would dash round to the left, dismount, creep silently up on foot to my Indian's supposed hiding-place fifty yards ahead, and fire upon him while he was wondering what had become of me.

An excellent scheme—if the Indian were waiting where I supposed. But he was not doing anything of the kind. I cocked my revolver. Perhaps the new sound stimulated my pony. Perhaps I dug the spurs into a new place, or deeper than before. At any rate he broke into a decided gallop. Now the evening was becoming dark.

Instead of obeying my rein and turning to the left, my horse plunged on clear past the right side corner of the knoll before I could haul him up and turn him. When I put his head round he went back madly, and turned the corner to the left side of the knoll at a surprising pace. But his speed was not so amazing as its result.

"Smash! Crash!" "Hang it!" I cried. "Ugh! How! How!" yelled the Indian. My horse had dashed into the Indian's horse at full speed on turning the corner. He had been coming at a gallop—to get a shot at me from behind, as I believed at the time. The superior weight of my big colt had rolled his pony over.

As he went down the Indian's Winchester flew from his hand. My left spur had caught on the blanket to which he instinctively clung—clung so strongly that my boot was pulled half off by my colt's forward plunge. My right arm was brought down on the pommel of my saddle with such force as to discharge my revolver. Then we faced each other. He was the only Indian I ever saw dumfounded by surprise. As for me I was nearly as completely surprised. For the Indian was certainly Man-afraid-of-the-bull!

For a moment we gazed at each other. Then he sprang to his feet, and took three

steps toward his rifle. If he had gone farther I should have felt compelled to put a bullet through him. But he stopped as I cocked my pistol and shouted, "Halt!"

At that he surrendered. I ordered him to lie down on his face. Then I searched his rifle, took away his knife, tied his hands behind his back with his own halter, and let him sit up as comfortably as he could.

According to the story he afterward told the interpreter at Whooop-up, he had not seen me at all till we smashed into one another. The poor fellow was deaf, and so had not heard my horse on the soft trail. If he had seen me he would have been more frightened than I was, for he would have supposed I was seeking to capture him.

On learning that news of his presence in the "dead trap" had been carried to the police, he had seized a pony and galloped for refuge to the Rolling Hills, intending to make his way to the States later. He had taken the left of the high knoll to keep clear of the trail, and galloped back simply because he found the road intercepted by a landslide.

What did I do with him? Well, I mounted him on my jaded colt, took his plucky pony for my own riding, and walked him before me into Whooop-up before next morning. Thence he was taken straight to Fort Walsh, and the trial of the two Bloods immediately began.

But the evidence of Man-afraid-of-the-bull sustained though it was by certain particulars, was not sufficient to convict the prisoner, though no one really doubted their guilt. They were released and went their way rejoicing.

Strange to say, both of them were found frozen to death in the Sweet-Grass Hills the following winter; and thus in the opinion of the police, God himself punished them for the murder of my dear young chum.

GOULD CHANGED HIS MIND.

On Second Thought He Didn't Want to Ride Fast on a Texas Road.

Jay Gould once made a trip to Mexico to inspect the International and Great Northern Railway. It was in the autumn of 1878 and, as usual, the millionaire was in a hurry. Meeting the gentleman who had the sale of the road in hand, he said:

"I'm a busy man, and it won't be long before I'll be in New York next week. Rush me through."

A special train was made up and put in charge of Jake Lauer, one of the pioneers in Mexican engineering.

"Kush him" was the order, and Mr. Lauer did some hard thinking. He knew that the road was in a terrible condition, and that to run over twenty miles was taking desperate chances. Lauer had lots of nerve, but he felt the responsibility imposed on him by the officials in placing Gould in his hands. He concluded finally to use his own judgment, take no chances, and stick closely to the schedule time.

Between Marshall and Galveston the schedule called for 325 miles to be made during dark and daylight. Jay Gould did not retire early, and on that night seemed particularly wide awake. He sat reading a newspaper by a dim light, and every once in a while glanced out of the window impatiently. It was evident that the great man was becoming angry. Finally the storm burst. Turning to one of the officials accompanying him, he remarked testily:

"If this were a funeral train it couldn't possibly travel in a more decorous manner. Steam up and let us go along."

The gentleman spoke to was aware that the night ride had been specially arranged in order that the condition of the roadbed could be ascertained. Driving a car horse, much less running an engine, was taking increased speed. The order was given, but the train moved along at the same speed.

"Send the engineer to me," said Gould. "I'll talk to him."

At the next stopping place Lauer was summoned and given to understand that the schedule called for 325 miles to be made during dark and daylight. Jay Gould knew the condition of the roadbed expecting to be hurled into eternity every minute.

Lauer sat at the throttle, watching the rails as they gleamed like silver threads. He was as pale as those in the train behind, but, as he remarked in telling the story the other day: "I'd have gone up with pleasure before I would have given that little cuss the chance to say I was a squealer."

Once he looked back at the swaying train and said: "He won't stand it long."

The engineer was right. At a particularly bad place the bell-cord was jerked and the train brought to a standstill. Jay Gould was picked from under a seat, where he had been thrown, and angrily faced the engineer, who had come back to the car.

"What, in the name of all that is good and holy, do you mean?" he demanded. "Do you want to kill us all?"

"You said you wanted me to pull her open," replied Lauer, quietly.

Gould glared at the man for a moment and his manner changed. "My man," he said, "you go back there and use your own judgment the rest of the trip. I know how to manipulate a railroad, but I guess you know more than I do about running an engine." Then he was assisted to his berth.

BRAZIL'S NEW CAPITAL.

It Will Be Placed in a Federal District on the Great Central Plateau.

WEARING A CONVICT SUIT.

The Singular Conduct of a Wisconsin Man Was Voluntarily Dressed in Striped Prison Garments.

There are few of us, says Harper's Weekly, who in youth escaped being immensely bored by high praise of moral courage. Commemorative lectures on this subject, next to remarks, applauding truth, are, perhaps, the most disagreeable things that a small boy has to face; and when he grows up, he observes that a man can get along very well in Congress without either alleged desirable quality.

It used to be, if we mistake not, that such men as Martin Luther were held up as examples of moral heroism. Later researches seem to confirm the view that Luther did have a fair amount of this commendatory virtue. He did very well for his time, but he wouldn't have cut much of a figure on this threshold of the twentieth century.

A conviction regarding the situation which becomes unavoidable since accounts of Mr. Howard Watson, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin, have begun to come in. The people of Wisconsin propose to send Mr. Watson to the World's Fair, and have him mounted in twin grandeur with the largest monolith ever guarded. But let us come to the point without any further throwing about of ideas.

We do not need to inform the intelligent student of the Badger State that the town of Fox Lake, the home of Mr. Watson, is near Waupun, nor that at Waupun is situated one of the State-prisons. The uniform worn in this institution is the usual one of the black and white endless stripe; indeed, some close observers claim that the Waupun uniform is the stripedest in existence, though it is probably only the standard thing.

At any rate, it is striped enough, and a man could not wear one and mingle in general society much, without sooner or later attracting attention. Now it appears that last October a man named Conley, feeling that he was not treated with that openness and confidence which he liked in Waupun prison, broke out one night and escaped.

Mr. Watson slept the sleep of the innocent. As he thus slumbered, the unconventional Waupun jailbird exchanged clothes with him, and winged his way thence with a lighter heart. In the morning, when the unsuspecting Watson arose and saw the striped costume on the chair where he had left his clothes the night before, he was at first speechless. Then he took in the situation, and made a clear, ringing remark, which we do not find it necessary to set down here. He then started for the closest get his other suit. He paused with his hand on the latch. Then he turned and said in a loud voice: "No. I'll not do it. I'll not be buncoed this way. I'll wear them clothes that the outthroat left if it kills me."

He had nailed his thesis on the door of his chamber. He then slipped on the striped suit, and found it an excellent fit. Mrs. Watson objected, foolishly, like a woman who has no moral courage anyhow—but Mr. Watson put on the suit.

Mr. Watson's business is that of market-gardening. This takes him much about the streets of Fox Lake, as he drives from house to house to dispose of his vegetables. On the eventful morning of which we are speaking, Mr. Watson started out with his load of "truck" as usual. Before nine o'clock he was heard to remark to himself as he made a vicious cut at his horse with the end of the lines, that he never knew that dress made so much difference before.

"They don't look at the man no more," he said, as he threw a potato at the patient animal, "but at the clothes he wears." But no thought of a backward step crossed the mind of Howard Watson. He dealt out half-bushels of onions and small measures of carrots with a calm, unruffled brow. Small boys and personal friends asked foolish questions and made superfluous comments, but he heeded them not. Before noon he was arrested by searching prison officials and taken over to Waupun.

He calmly estimated his innocence, and got back to Fox Lake in time to eat his vegetable rations. His wife made further weak and feminine remarks when he returned home, but he remained unmoved.

From this exciting day to the present time Mr. Watson has continued to wear the highly accented prison garments. Mrs. Watson reports gloomily to the neighbors that there is no prospect of the being wearing out. "There is one thing, though, I will never do," adds Mrs. Watson, firmly: "I will never out them clothes down for Willie." Mr. Watson has been arrested and dragged to Waupun by eager officers eight times. He has been shot at by still more jealous officials five times. Over two hundred times he has had to endure the cheap wit of friends who have asked him why he doesn't get with the ball and chain which naturally go with the suit. But of none of these things has the heroic Watson complained. Daily he goes about his work, and does his duty as he sees it. Some people think that they detect him wince a little at the stare of the stranger in town, and especially when he is exposed to the somewhat-marked observations of the British tourist who may happen to be passing through Fox Lake, but we cannot believe this of him; Howard Watson is not made of this sort of stuff; we would as quick believe that a man wearing a single eye-glass and a double-end cap could have looked inquiringly at Columbus on the quay, and caused him to abandon his voyage and turn back and apply for a position on the Falos police force.

If our teachers want an example of moral courage to hold up before the eyes of youth, let them take that of Howard Watson, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin.

Polly. She didn't shine at college. Has little school-book knowledge, Can't parse or pose in grammar, Can't wield geologic hammer, Knows nothing of astronomy, Political economy, Greek, Latin, mathematics, Still less of social statistics; She's green in Bowringology; Half henish in her theology; She makes sharp criticisms On her higher critics, She never studied botany, Grand fads she hasn't got any, She isn't stuffed with art conceits, Nor puffed up with their counterfeit. In short, she's just a jolly, Modest homopate in my Po; Not a pedant, nor a shocking Brit; Stuck-up frump of a blue stocking. But a clever little woman, Born so gloriously human, And so through me all through life: That's why Polly is my wife.

WINTER WINKLES.

An old-timer—Your great-grandfather's clock. It is the slow man who must set the pace at last.

The earth itself is merely a cold meteoric fragment. It takes something more than cents to run a newspaper.

"What do you do in school, Polly?" asked Polly's aunt. "Wish I was home," said Polly.

Mudge—"Thompson called me an idiot." Yabobey—"You needn't mind that. Thompson always does exaggerate more or less."

He—"Woman, thy name is Heedily." She—"If it wasn't, she'd never consent to change it."

Love at first sight is like a Vain Arab, delicious when hot, but you mustn't let it cool.

Husband—"Didn't you promise to obey me at the altar?" Wife—"Yes; but we're not there now."

Amy—"Why, Mabel, you haven't any mistletoe hung up?" Mabel—"Oh, Fred never seems to need any."

He—"Is that your school friend? Why she isn't so very ugly." She—"Ugly! Who said she was?" He—"You said all the girls loved her."

"Do your girls have chestnuts with your Christmas turkey?" "I should say so," replied the small boy. "As always tries to be funny on holidays."

"My husband doesn't want me to make him a Christmas present." "And will you?" "I must. I need things for company that I can't get any other way."

"Why does Miss Antiquary persist in wearing her hat at all the Christmas balls and with mistletoe?" "She has it trimmed with diamonds."

Colonel Mooney—"I hear that Ned Birds-eye has given up his bachelor apartments." Dan McCoed—"Yes. He has changed his bachelor quarters for a better half."

Hicks—"Your wife, of course, is a lover of the beautiful." Wicks—"Generally speaking, yes; but she doesn't particularly object on the woman I consider beautiful."

Mr. Robinson—"That quartet isn't filling the church the way I thought it would." Dr. Ridgman—"Well, what can you expect? You've got a homely tenor and a married soprano."

It is discouraging to a newly married man to see his conscience praising his bustling little wife's first cake and then tell him that she got it at the baker's when she went down town.

Garden Gates—"Are you really so hard up?" Tramp—"Hard up? Why, boss, if suits of clothes wuz sellin' at a cent apiece, I wouldn't have enough to buy the armhole of a vest!"

Dashaway—"I hear, Bobbie, that you got a train of cars for Christmas and they had an accident. Tell me all about it." Bobbie—"I can't say a word. You see, I am one of the officers of the road."

"This is the first time I've fined you for drunkenness," said the judge. "Yes, your Honor," was the reply. "And I think the court ought to issue commutation tickets for men like me."

PERSIA IS IN A VERY BAD WAY.

The Shah Now Under the Control of a Priestly Oligarchy.

The internal affairs of Persia seem to be proceeding steadily from bad to worse. A correspondent of the London Times, who declares that he has the highest authority for his statements, writes: "The priestly caste, which has always enjoyed greater authority in Persia than in Muslem countries of the Sunni persuasion although humbled by the present ruling dynasty, has exploited to the uttermost the power and content for the furtherance of its own ends and the revival of its own prestige. Mahdist doctrines—i.e., the belief in the speedy advent of the twelfth Imam, who is to sweep the unbelievers off the face of the earth—have always had a strong hold upon Shiite Mohammedans. During the last Muharrem festival the priesthood announced in many mosques that a mahdi and savior upon Persia had risen at Samarra near Bagdad, in the person of Mollah Hajji Mirza Hassan Shirazi, and that he was predestined to rule over the land. This ominous announcement was rendered still more significant by the omission of the khutbeh, the prayer for the shah, which throughout Islam is the most ancient and sacred privilege of royalty. These incidents acquire all the more gravity that the shah feels himself helpless to cope with the impending crisis. Treachery is rampant within the palace itself, and the shah's third son, Prince Naib-es-Sultanh, who is at the same time minister of war, is known to be in secret sympathy with the malcontent leaders. It is no exaggeration to say that the shah rules in little more than name, and, as it were, on sufferance. The power, both in the capital and in the provinces, almost throughout his empire, has passed out of his hands into those of the priestly oligarchy who are the masters of the situation. The grand vizier himself—Emin-es-Sultanh—has been compelled to enter into secret negotiations with the most influential of these holy agitators, the Mollah Mirza Hassan. And any, in the hope, it is alleged, of persuading him that the deposition of the shah would involve the occupation and possible partition of the last great Shah kingdom by the very Europeans whose presence is so loathful to every right-thinking Muslemian."

Fright Subsiding. Latest reports from the nerve-centres of the United States indicate that the national health is recovering from the sore caused by Canada's construction of "three war vessels" on the upper lakes. The frightened population of the upper lakes, and besides, the Senator does not believe there is any intention of our turning the revenue cutters into war vessels. Neither do we. The assurance would have been given before, but the mighty soul of Uncle Sam has been so transfixed with horror and fright that there was little chance of being listened to. Returning sanity and clear perceptions in the public mind warrant the conclusion that the promoters of the scare have either accomplished their purpose of getting some fat contracts out of Congress for lake shipyards, or have given up the effort in despair. It matters little to Canada which. This country is minding its legitimate business of distancing Uncle Sam in the world's markets by its excellent qualities of goods, and will not take to war vessels, except as a last resort, and then for defence and not aggression.

AN OLD REGIMENT. Coming Back to Canada After an Absence of 70 Years. The King's Regiment, the 8th Regiment of Foot, is coming back to Canada after an absence of over 70 years. This regiment was formed in 1685 and in 1768 embarked for Canada. In 1775 the regiment was in Upper Canada, some companies being at Niagara and others at Detroit. In 1776 part of the regiment was sent to Lower Canada, and in 1785 it returned to England. In 1808 the 1st Battalion landed at Halifax and in 1810 it was quartered in Quebec. In the autumn of 1812 five companies proceeded to Fort George. Two companies (the Grenadiers) of 175 men halted east of the Don bridge, on the Kingston road, and then marched up King street to the old Fort, and in April of 1813, the 8th and a first-class company of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment bravely fought the engagement that eventually ended in the capture and burning of the city. This regiment had the first Masonic field warrant issued by the Grand Lodge of England, granted in 1753. It was No. 156 for 1770 to 1780 and No. 124 in 1780. The lodge held meetings in Canada at Niagara, but there is no record of the lodge after 1789. Joseph Clement, the ancestor of Jno. M. Clement of Niagara was made a Mason in this lodge.

Went to Prison for Another. Among the convicts pardoned by the Governor of New Jersey the other day, under the influence of Christian charity was George Beni, a Sicilian, who was sent up seven months ago for five years for stealing a watch. Angelo Milazzo, another Sicilian, and a chum of Beni's, was also suspected, but as it was shown on the trial that Beni had pawned the watch, and he refused to implicate Milazzo, he had to pay the penalty. At the time it was whispered among the Italians here that Beni was not guilty of the theft, but had sacrificed himself to save Milazzo, the real criminal, because the latter had a helpless family dependent upon him. A month ago Milazzo died, and then the whole truth came out. It appeared that Beni had actually done as reported, and after his friend Angelo was beyond the reach of the law he acknowledged that he was suffering wrongfully. A petition for his pardon was instigated by the Governor, signed by the Judge that tried the case, together with the story of Beni's sacrifice, and the other day the pardon was issued.

There is room enough for all in fact, space itself is full of room. "The Queen has been graciously pleased, on the recommendation of the Secretary of State, to approve the appointment of Mr. Robert W. Hite, late 2nd Sergeant of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders (Seventy-ninth Foot), to be her Majesty's Trumpeter in Scotland."

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Boy Who Did His Best.

It is doing his best, that boy of sixteen, stretched out before a bright fire in the tanning shed. Repeating upon an old sheep-skin with book in hand, he is acquiring knowledge as surely as any student at his desk in some favored institution, with all the conveniences and facilities for learning. He is doing his best too—this same boy Claude—as he helps his master to prepare the sheep and lamb's skin for dyeing, so that they can be made into leather. He is doing his best by obedience and by respectful conduct to his master, in endeavoring to do his work well, although he often makes mistakes, as his work is not so well suited to his tastes as the study of Greek and Latin.

"See there, young rascal!" calls out Gaspard Bataillard, the tanner; "how you're mixing up the wool!" For Claude's wife was "wool gathering" sure enough; but he was not sorting the wool aright.

"Aye, aye, air," replied the apprentice, "but I will fix them all right." And he quickly set to work to repair his mistake.

"He'll never make a tanner," said Gaspard to his good wife, "and much I fear he'll never be able to earn his bread."

"Sure enough," replied his wife; "and yet he's good and obedient, and never gives back a word to all your scolding." And in after years, when the aged couple received handsome presents from this distinguished man who had been their apprentice they thought of the words.

One evening there came a stormy, boisterous wind, and the little stream in which the tanner was wont to wash his wool upon the skins was swollen to a torrent. To attempt to cross it by foot at such a time would render one liable to be carried down the stream and dashed to pieces on the rocks.

"We must get all the skins under cover," said Gaspard to his apprentice; "a storm is at hand."

The task was finished, and the tanner was about to return to his cot and Claude to his shed, when the boy exclaimed, "Surely I heard a cry." Some one is trying to cross the ford!

In an instant he darted toward the river, followed by his master carrying the lantern. Some villagers were already there, and a strong rope was tied around the waist of the brave boy, who was about to plunge into the stream, for a man upon horseback was coming down the river both rider and horse much exhausted. Claude succeeded in grasping the rein, and the strong hand of the master that held the rope drew him to the shore, and all were saved. Soon afterwards, the stranger sat by the tanner's cheerful fire, having quite won the hearts of the good man and his wife by his kind and courteous manner.

"What can I do for your brave boy?" he asked.

"He's none of ours, and not much credit will be to any one, we fear. He wastes too much time over useless books," was the blunt reply of the honest tanner, who could not see what possible use Claude's studies would be to him.

"May I see the books?" asked the stranger.

Claude being called, brought the books of the Greek and Latin classics, and stood with downcast face expecting to be rebuked. But instead he received words of commendation from the gentleman, who, after some talk and questions, was astonished at the knowledge the boy had acquired.

A few months later, instead of the old tanning shed as a study, Claude might be seen with his books in a handsome mansion at Paris, in the house of M. de Vallis, whose life he had saved, and who had become his friend and benefactor. The boy that he had only done his duty, and that he was receiving much in return, and he determined to make every effort to meet the expectations of his patron.

He succeeded, Claude Capponier, the boy who did his best, became the most distinguished Greek and Latin scholar of his time. At the age of twenty-five he filled the chair of Greek Professor in the Royal College of Paris. More than this, he became a man who feared God, and was much beloved for his goodness and amiable qualities. He never forgot his former master and wife. Their old age was cheered by many tokens of remembrance in the form of substantial gifts from the man who, when a boy, studied so diligently by the fire of their old shed, but who "would never make a tanner."

In The Australian Bush.

The black man watched the kangaroos intently for a moment, and he seemed to be taking a kind of measurement of their distance from the foot of the palm. Then he drew back, and a second black man took his turn at looking with the bush branches for a screen, and he also drew back. He put down the twigs, and the two seemed to be studying. These two men, who could neither count nor measure as civilized men count and measure, were in reality counting and measuring as accurately as if they had been a pair of surveyors with perfect instruments. They had dropped their spears and sticks before peeping out at the kangaroos, and now they lay flat on their backs, and the two men lay flat in the grass, with their two eyes on their puzzling operation. Neither of them could see any part of a kangaroo through the trunk of the tree. Each stood and balanced himself, leaning forward, with his bit of curved wood held in his right hand by one end. These crooked sticks were not more than two or three inches long at the centre, the widest part, and were made to taper at each end. They were curved on one face and flat on the other and sharp at the edges. You would have said great pains had been taken to shape those sticks so that they would be impossible for anybody to throw them straight or make them hit any object they were thrown at.

Each black man held his dark, heavy-looking wooden weapon with the flat side down until he had finished his balancing and calculating, and then he suddenly drew back and lurched it from him with a peculiar jerking twist of his wrist. Almost at the same moment each of the two stooped and picked another and threw it, and then a third. As the third cast was made each uttered a loud screeching yell, the two harsh cries bursting forth at almost the same second, followed by yells from all the party as they sprang from the grass, seized their spears and sticks, and bounded forward.

Ned and Hugh had had noticed every movement of the green mask, but the kangaroos must have begun to suspect danger, for all of them had ceased feeding, sat upright, and pricked their ears and turned their pretty heads inquiringly. The largest of them was in the very act of rising for forward bound when something struck him upon the neck, just above the shoulder.

There had been a faint whizzing and whirring in the air. It began behind the cabbage palm and went out sideways and upward through the air, while something dimly visible flashed away in a wide sweeping

curve. Up, up, up went the whizz and whir, and then came down, after a strange, mysterious fashion, closely accompanied by another just like it. Then there was a loud thud, and the great kangaroo did not make his leap. He rolled over and over in the grass, for one of those wonderful missiles had actually broken his neck. And another kangaroo had fallen also.—(St. Nicholas.)

Don't.

Stepping one day into a room where a class in cooking had assembled, I stood for a while to hear the bright, capable teacher instruct twenty young girls in the mysteries of bread-making. She was giving them a little lecture on home-made bread, after which the materials were to be divided among them, and each girl was to mix, knead, and set a portion of dough to rise.

The twenty girls looked very neat and pretty, wearing clean white aprons and little white caps. One could imagine them a few years later, each presiding in her own well-ordered household.

But presently I noticed something which I would not wish to mention except with the hope that it may be a hint to some thoughtless girl.

One of the number, a pretty girl of eighteen, stood listening with her fingers pressed against her chin. Presently in an abstract way she tapped her parted lips.

I glanced around the circle. All the other nineteen girls stood with their arms hanging easily at their sides, or lightly crossed, and remained in about the same position, never carrying their hands to their features. But this one girl sometimes played with the buttons of her dress, sometimes fingered her cheek, sometimes put up her hand to see if her hair was all right, and once even thoughtfully rubbed her nose.

When the talk was over the girls all began to make bread. They had washed their hands before gathering around the table, and it was not supposed necessary to do so again.

Now nineteen of those girls, one felt instinctively, would be neat about cooking. But the twentieth—I would not be too fastidious, but I would rather not eat a slice of her loaf. Years ago, when I was a girl myself, I heard a lady say:

"I never like to see any one handling the flour."

A Ghost Story.

After we removed from our plantation in Florida we frequently paid a visit to the place, enjoying a few days' stay where so much of our lives had passed.

It was a lonely spot, several miles from any inhabited dwelling but our old colored servant, George, kept an oversight there, and when we contemplated going thither our habit was to send an announcement to George, and he would make ready for our coming by opening the house and airing it.

But never shall I forget our last visit there. Mamma and myself hastily concluded to take the journey, reasoning thus: "George will be sure to be on the plantation, for it is a busy season now, and he cannot be long absent from his work there."

Much to our dismay, when we arrived at our journey's end we found our dwelling securely locked, and no George to welcome and aid us.

"What can we do?" was our mutual exclamation. "It is evening, and will soon be dark."

"We will have to sleep in the old cottage," I said with a shudder, as I looked toward an old house which had fallen almost to ruins.

"I fear we will," replied mamma, dismally, following my eyes with her own.

We ceased our vain efforts to effect an entrance into the homelike dwelling so lately our place of abode, and wended our way to the old cottage, where we knew we should find some sort of a bed, as George often slept in one of the bare rooms.

As we stepped into the kitchen I joyfully exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, here is a bit of candle and two matches."

"Sure enough," said mamma, as she took the bit of candle from the table and replaced it in the tin candlestick from which it had fallen.

We sat upon a drygoods box, which had doubtless been George's chair at times, and ate our lunch, some biscuits and cheese, which we had with us for refreshment on our way.

After our meal and a drink from the well near by, we went upstairs and prepared, as best we could for the night.

We were full of trepidation, but could only comfort ourselves with the thought that no one would be likely to come near us in such a lonely spot.

We could not lock the doors, nor even wholly close them, so had not that security, and, as mamma said, "could only look to the Lord."

We arranged the bed, extinguished our fast-dying candle, and lay down to try to rest.

We both began to feel more composed when we were fairly reclined, and would probably have fallen asleep had not a strange sound broken the dread stillness of night.

The sound proceeded from below, the door seemed to creak upon its hinges, and then a step fell upon the floor—not a natural step like living man's but a weird step which thumped as it trod, not very loudly but distinctly, and it smote our ears and our hearts, and made our whole frame to shake with fear, and even horror.

It could truly be said, "the hair of our flesh stood up," so great was our trepidation.

We dared not speak, but I grasped mamma tightly and sobbed uncontrollably.

Dear mamma could do nothing to comfort me, and shook with dread as the step came nearer.

At length, to our complete consternation, the creature, whatever it might be, began to ascend the rickety stairs, not swiftly, but deliberately, which gave our fears time to mount up higher, if that were possible.

"Oh, mamma," I moaned, "I shall die! I cannot bear this."

"H-u-s-h!" returned mamma, softly, "you may betray our whereabouts," and her voice trembled as she spoke.

The step upon the stairs came onward, onward, and I, feeling that I could endure no more, covered my head with the one blanket and waited—oh, horrors! waited events; asking myself was I ready for the horrible death before me.

The door was shoved open, and the dread-

INCLOSED IN A RING OF FIRE.

A Party's Thrilling Experience in a Canadian Prairie.

We whipped up the horses and drove toward the upland, thinking thus to escape the greatest danger, says F. H. Kellogg in the St. Nicholas.

We reached the high grass and were meeting any flame, and we were greatly relieved to see that much of the grass was still fairly green here, though thickly strewn with patches of longer grass that was dry.

The fierce flames now approached rushing along with furious speed, crackling and snapping—the sound alone being sufficient to strike terror to the stoutest heart. Galloping along the line of fire the flames were not so high, for the grass was quite green there. We dashed through the line of flame, suffering brief tortures of suffocation and a severe stinging and smarting of our eyes, caused by the intense heat and pungent smoke.

Once through, we congratulated ourselves on the hope that we should yet escape, for going in this direction, right in the line of the wind, we could travel more rapidly than the pursuing flames.

While passing through the fire I recalled the proverb "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," for just in advance of the line of flame clouds of sparrows darted here and there, catching the hosts of insects started up by the heat of the burning grass.

We now heard galloping hoofs and we soon saw two Indians (Osages) approaching through the smoke. "Where are you going?" they asked in their own language.

"To Gray Horse," our driver replied in the same tongue. They told us that the prairie was a mass of flame in that direction and that we must go back. We responded that all was flame in that direction. Notwithstanding the indifference to danger usually ascribed to redskins, these Indians showed unmistakable signs of terror. Some further quick conversation informed us that they, like ourselves, had seized an opportunity to penetrate the line of flame, thinking thus to escape.

We all were now inclosed in a gradually narrowing ring of fire. To clear the space around us by burning off the grass—to start a "back fire," as it is called—was our only chance for safety; and this we attempted. A large space was cleared before the oncoming fire reached us. We hoped to escape with but singed eyebrows and a few moments of suffocation, and this we would have considered a fortunate deliverance. But we found our last chance failing.

The back fire we had started against the wind had burned only the dry grass, and in doing this had served as a furnace to dry the greener grass. Thus the oncoming fire, reaching our burned district, found the greener grass killed and dried, and hence had almost as much fuel as outside.

The fire was now close around us. The varying currents of air heated by the flames which had burned and cleared the prairie in to replace the hot air caused a whirling wind, and a great well of smoke and flame was thus formed. Within this well we stood, as yet unharmed and with a constant supply of cool air, but expecting death.

It was a dreadful moment; the mother and child were crying; the Indians, with clasped arms, were singing upon the Great Spirit in a weird chant.

Suddenly we felt an unusually strong rush of cold air from one side, and, looking up, I saw a strange and welcome sight. A long tongue of flame had run toward and into our circular prison from the main fire, and had burned a lane from the outlying prairie toward the center of our prison, and by walls of fire, came in a current of cold, clear air. This kept the fire blown away, and we saw plainly the path of escape thus providentially afforded us when all hope seemed gone.

HEALTH.

Dress Warm During Winter.

There is no question but that a vast amount of sickness and many deaths are traced directly and indirectly to an insufficient protection of the body from the sudden changes that so frequently occur in all temperate climates, and while it is quite impossible to always be provided with an overcoat or thick wrap to be used at every sudden change of the weather, it is possible for all of us to wear heavy woolen underwear during the first of October until the first of June. At times these heavy garments may appear too warm, but in a day or so we are glad enough to have the protection and comfort they vouchsafe us. With warm woolen garments next the skin we do not so soon feel the sudden changes of temperature and are enabled while in an opinion perspiration to withstand a temperature several degrees lower with little or no inconvenience to comfort or health, whereas if the garments next the skin were of cotton the feeling would be that of chilliness and a clammy, dreaded sensation so detrimental to health and comfort.

Children especially should be provided with warm undergarments. They cost but little more than the thin flimsy affairs, and the activity and life of childhood lead them to violent exercise and its attendant heating of the blood, and they rush from a warm room into the open chilly air in a thoughtless manner, in which case warm underclothing acts as a genuine life preserver.

The feet should also be dressed warm. Some claim they cannot wear woolen stockings as they cause an unpleasant itching sensation. However, if they are worn continuously for several weeks that feeling unconsciously disappears and you feel the better for it. Don't let pride cause you to put on a thin pair of boots or shoes when a thicker and more suitable pair is at hand, and in the matter of overcoats there is nothing equal to the wool-lined arctic; they do not look so neat and trim as the close fitting rubber, but you are not on exhibition, and even if you were have sense enough to dress for health, for the chances are you would like to go again some day.

If you are going for a drive or to work, don't let the, at that moment, pleasant condition of the weather deter you from taking along a suitable wrap or overcoat, for there may be a fall of several degrees in the temperature ere your return, and while your foolishness may not end in calling in the physician or undertaker, yet you may suffer from the inclemency far more than to overbalance the pleasure or other gain from the trip.

We have spoken more particularly regarding underwear and the outer wraps, but the intermediate garments should receive due attention for winter wear. You will prove yourself sensible if you have a brand of cloth that will give you warmth and comfort if not so much style, for who would not rather see a warm, cosy being in a stout gray or blue colored wrap, than a stylish, pinched up face robed in silks and satins.

Health For Babies.

Much depends upon the regularity of an infant's time of taking nourishment, and yet, few seem to realize to all the little niceties included in the process will become after a while second nature. There is something more to be done, let me assure you, beside putting your hair up in paper curls and dabbing a bit of cold cream on your face if you would wake up in the morning looking as fresh as a rose. In the first place do not put off those important preparations until you are so heavily-lidded that you are ready to omit everything belonging to the toilet. And now for the first step. Early in the evening your sleeping apartments should be thoroughly aired by dropping the shades from the top and raising it at the bottom.

Ten minutes will be quite sufficient for clearing the atmosphere. Now close the windows and allow the room to be thoroughly warmed, that you may not experience a chill while taking a rub down. Prepare a big bowl of tepid water, into which you will drop a quantity of borax or boracic acid. Take a Turkish towel, which is much better than a sponge, wring it out dry, and wring it out, and grasping a corner in each hand, give the spine a vigorous rubbing. Have at hand another Turkish towel, and as you bath the body in sections, dry as quickly as possible. Your smooth white skin will glow as you start into action the sluggish circulation.

How to Go to Bed.

What is the correct method to pursue in preparing for a trip into dreamland, for sleep is right as well as a wrong way? The business of disrobing should be so systematized that attending to all the little niceties included in the process will become after a while second nature. There is something more to be done, let me assure you, beside putting your hair up in paper curls and dabbing a bit of cold cream on your face if you would wake up in the morning looking as fresh as a rose. In the first place do not put off those important preparations until you are so heavily-lidded that you are ready to omit everything belonging to the toilet. And now for the first step. Early in the evening your sleeping apartments should be thoroughly aired by dropping the shades from the top and raising it at the bottom.

Apples as Medicine.

Chemically the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water, says Medical Age. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a large percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, leucithin, of the brain and spinal cord.

It is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits whose lives are sluggish in action, those noxious matters which if retained would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles.

Some such an experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich gosses and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear and the plum when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. The vegetable sauces and juices converted into alkaline carbonates which tend to counteract acidity.

WRITING ON THE CLOUDS.

The interesting experiment tried in England.

The feat of "writing on the clouds" has become an accomplished fact. In other words, a successful attempt has been made in England by Capt. Ronald Scott to adapt the "search-light" apparatus to advertising purposes.

A private view was given a short time ago at the Acton Hall electrical works of what, it is expected, will probably be seen all over London. The night for the experiment unfortunately was absolutely clear, and the rays of the search light could not, of course, be thrown on any clouds.

The practicability of the scheme, however, was demonstrated by directing the search-light on a cloud of steam and on other material objects, such as a bank of trees, a house wall, and the grass lawn, and in each case the words stood out clearly and well defined in letters of light. The words even at a distance of fully half a mile did not appear to lose any of their distinctness.

A curious effect was produced on directing the beam of light on a cloud of steam, the letters being repeated again and again, one behind the other, and increasing in size as each puff of steam drifted away.

Sydney Hodges of Ealing, England, has also succeeded in projecting a large and highly luminous letter on the clouds by means of an invention of his own. The application of the electric light for this purpose was witnessed by himself, a Colonel of the Royal Engineers, and an assistant engineer of the electrical works at the Horticultural Exhibition.

BURIED IN SNOW.

Railroad Traffic in Kansas Paralyzed—Thousands of Cattle Dying.

A Wichita, Kan., despatch says: Snow fell again last night, and after a brief respite resumed operations about 10 o'clock today. Railroad men say that traffic in Kansas is badly demoralized. Trains are all pulled by two locomotives, and still many are so far behind time that they have been almost lost sight of. Last night, for the first time for 10 days, a train got in over the Wichita and Western, but to-day the road is again blocked, and Comanche and Clark counties have been shut off from the world. Arrivals from Englewood last night report terrible losses among stock in that section, and on the ranges in No. Man's Land thousands of cattle, they say, have died.

Crowd Poison.

The newest name for bad air is "crowd poison." Two medical men have been endeavoring to determine what it is that makes the air of crowded places poisonous to those who breathe it. Their object was to find out whether the effect was owing to the diminution of oxygen, as generally be-

A FAMOUS FIGHT.

Twelve Swordsmen Slain by One Man in the Presence of 50 Arms.

To give an idea of what a bravo man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly, and but keeps cool and collected in danger, we will relate an historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, of whom we have already spoken as one of the great masters of the beginning of this century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master-at-arms of the 32nd Regiment of French Infantry; the 1st Regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental esprit de corps and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged. After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over 200 French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments in a council of war assembled, decided to give such breaches of order a great blow, and to re-establish discipline; they decreed that the masters-at-arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

Imagine a whole army in battle-array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the centre a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain so that not one of the spectators of this tragic scene—gaily dressed officers, soldiers in line, Spaniards, excited as never a bull fight excited them—will miss one phase of the contest. It is before 10,000 men that the duel of an army is about to be avenged in the blood of thirty bravo men.

The drum is heard. Two men, naked to the waist, step in the ring. The first is tall and strong; his black eyes roll disdainfully upon the gaping crowd; he is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome, and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command; his name is Jean Louis. The seconds take their places on either side of their principals. A death-like silence ensues.

"On guard!"

The two masters cross swords. Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis, but in vain; his every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bid his chance, and carouses and teases his opponent's blade. Jean Louis, calm and watchful, lends himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis—Florentine trick, often successful. But, with extraordinary rapidity, Jean Louis has parried, and reposta quickly in the shoulder.

"It is nothing," cries Giacomo, "a mere scratch," and they again fall on guard. Almost directly he is hit in the breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand, and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

Jean Louis is already in position. He wipes his reeking blade, then, with the point of his sword in the ground, he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the 1st Regiment has just been carried away a corpse; but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a reposte, and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. They want Jean Louis to rest. "I am not tired," he answers, with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian is as tall as the one who lies there a corpse, covered by a military cloak. He has closely watched Jean Louis' play, and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He multiplies his feints and tricks, then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need to relate any more? Ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited yells and roars of an army.

At the request of the 32d Regiment's Colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis, after much pressing, consented to stop the combat; and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by 10,000 men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not the facts above stated still found in the archives of the Ministry of War.—(Lippincott's.)

Sleeping and Disting.

It would be an estimable boon to humanity if doctors could agree in their advice as to what the average man is in a state of nervous bewilderment. Only lately an eminent physician has said that all our ailments arise from overeating and sleeping, and that the golden rule of health is to be sparing of both. Sir James Sawyer now comes forward with almost exactly the opposite advice. In speaking of King George III.'s oft-quoted maxim, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool," he considers that the poor old King—more brain than it secured—had begun at the wrong end. From his own experience of his own calling, Sir James Sawyer is decidedly of opinion that medical men require high hours' sleep if they can get it; and that the "golden rule" is to be sparing of both. The "grand rule" is to go to bed when you can and get up when you must. The bed room should be well ventilated, and the "night cap" in the liquid form should be discarded as alcohol prevents healthy sleep. It may produce a drowsy, stupefying effect, but a refreshing slumber. Most people who have slept with and without the aid of night-caps will probably be inclined to agree with the distinguished physician. His advice as to eating is somewhat optimistic: "If a man would only eat natural, and at the proper time, and not eat too much, he might eat anything he liked."

How to Go to Bed.

What is the correct method to pursue in preparing for a trip into dreamland, for sleep is right as well as a wrong way? The business of disrobing should be so systematized that attending to all the little niceties included in the process will become after a while second nature. There is something more to be done, let me assure you, beside putting your hair up in paper curls and dabbing a bit of cold cream on your face if you would wake up in the morning looking as fresh as a rose. In the first place do not put off those important preparations until you are so heavily-lidded that you are ready to omit everything belonging to the toilet. And now for the first step. Early in the evening your sleeping apartments should be thoroughly aired by dropping the shades from the top and raising it at the bottom.

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A Strange Star.

The new star which made its appearance in the constellation of Arcturus last year has turned out to be a very puzzling object for astronomers. Among the theories that were proposed to account for its sudden appearance was one which ascribed it to the effects of a collision between two or more bodies (or perhaps two or more swarms of meteors) moving in different directions. The heat developed in such a collision would doubtless be sufficient to cause the colliding bodies to glow with a visible light, and the subsequent fading out of the new star seemed to accord with the hypothesis.

It was supposed that after the collision the mysterious bodies separated, travelling on such paths that they could never meet again.

But late last summer, considerably to the surprise of many astronomers, it was found that the new star, after having become faint that even the great Lick telescope was barely able to reveal its continual presence, had increased in brilliance until the smallest telescope could show it. If the theory of its origin just described is correct, then another collision must have taken place, either between the bodies originally concerned, or between one of them and a new body travelling through space in that part of the universe.

The problem is complicated by the fact that recent studies of the spectrum of the new star indicate that it is not a real star but a nebula, that is, a mass of matter in the condition of a glowing gas. The result of a collision of solid bodies might easily be the formation of a nebula, because it would only require a sufficient degree and amount of heat to turn the earth itself into a nebulous cloud; but the puzzling question is, How did it happen that a second collision took place? For the chance of a single collision occurring among celestial bodies out in the wide expanse of interstellar space is exceedingly small.

It might be suggested that streams of meteoric masses are moving through space in the neighborhood of the new star, so that such collisions may be relatively frequent there, but any suggestion of that kind must be purely speculative.

In the meantime, there is no doubt of the reality of the curious fluctuations in the new star. Anybody armed with sufficient telescopic means may see them for himself. Perhaps the discovery of their true cause, when it is effected, will open up to our understanding new laws as well as new wonders in the heavens.

Cooking Recipes.

CORN MEAL MUFFINS.—Scald a pint of meal in a little boiling water, with a little salt, then add one cup of milk, half a cup of sugar, one large cup of flour sifted, and half a cake of Warner's yeast dissolved. Mix all together; set to rest over night in a warm place; in the morning beat up, drop into muffin or gem pans, let it stand for further rising, then bake.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, one of corn starch rubbed smooth in half a cup of cold milk or water; stir this into a pint of boiling milk, adding half a cup of sugar. Let it boil about two minutes, stirring all the time to make it smooth; pour into a bowl, or dish or mold; set it in a cold place or on the ice; serve with a soft boiled custard, or cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

BREAD PUDDING.—One quart of grated bread crumbs, one quart of milk, the yolks of four eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup of sugar; bake. When cool put over the top a thick layer of some fruit jelly, apple, plum or currant; beat the whites of two eggs, put over the jelly, return to the oven to brown the frosting or meringue, or, scorch it with hot stove.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS.—To one pint of buttermilk one even teaspoonful of soda. (If the buttermilk should be very sour a little more will be necessary.) One scant half cup lard, a little salt. Mix rather soft and bake in a very quick oven. In making rice pudding, if too much milk has been used and the pudding does not become sufficiently thick, stir in a little cracker dust, and the effect will be very satisfactory and no one be the wiser for its use.

Getting Ready for Sleigh Riding.

Featherstone—"I wish you would have the right sleeve of this coat made two inches longer than the other."

Tailor—"But it will look all out of proportion, sir."

Featherstone—"It won't in a few weeks, when it has worked up. I expect to do a great deal of sleigh-riding this winter. Probabilities isn't a liar."

WHAT IS HYPNOTISM?

A CLEAR DEFINITION OF THIS MYSTERIOUS FORCE.

The Various Stages of Effects on a Subject—The Optic Nerve First Affected—What an Hypnotic Can Undergo—Needles Inserted in the Cheek.

Hypnotism consists of two things: First, the induction of a psychical condition, in which the subject's mind is made almost a blank and is completely under the operator's will; and, second, the suggestions which the subject receives. These suggestions may be communicated to the subject in different ways, the best of which are by speech, as they are more concise and quickly rendered than suggestions made by motions and other methods.

The subject's susceptibility to suggestion while in the hypnotic state is enormously increased, and his ability to act upon those suggestions is controlled entirely by the operator.

It is a common but erroneous idea that there are seven "degrees" or "stages" of hypnotism, supposed to range from a mild, peaceful slumber to a state where the subject is completely insensible. Charcot, the eminent French theorist and experimenter, claims that there are as many as nine distinct degrees, but if this is true, I have been unable to distinguish the difference between them. During the past week my subject was a young lady, 18 years old, and fairly intelligent; in three days I subjected her to the process of hypnosis seven different times, and from the most careful experiments, in conjunction with Dr. Charles Morell, we found the first degree of hypnotism consisted simply of a mild slumber together with the loss of sight. The loss of the sense of taste soon followed, and quickly after that the sense of smell departed; then the sense of touch, and last of all the sense of hearing.

The third stage of hypnotism, according to Binet and Fere, is that of catalepsy, in which the subject becomes perfectly rigid, and remains in that condition for any length of time. I have found that the subject has a tendency to assume the condition of catalepsy, and that it can be induced between any of the stages before mentioned, i.e., that the subject becomes, according to my will, lethargic or rigid between the loss of any of the two senses.

I have stated that the optic nerve is the first to lose its power under hypnosis, but a curious effect was noticeable before the subject lost all control of sight. While the eyes were still half open a bright red handkerchief was held before them in the line of vision, and at a distance of about fourteen inches. When asked its color the subject pronounced it blue, the contrasting color of red. Again, a blue kerchief was declared to be orange, and a yellow one blue, and so on, each color being called by its complementary color. During this trial it was thought that perhaps the subject was color blind, but this was found to be incorrect, as the subject defined all of the colors accurately while in full possession of the senses.

As the eye became devoid of the power of sight a twenty candle power incandescent electric lamp, with reflector, was set before the subject at a distance of ten inches. This bright light failed to contract or expand the pupils in the slightest degree.

After this I commanded the subject to become rigid, when this state was immediately effected. After releasing her from this stage she resumed the first degree. This was proven by a bottle of the strongest ammonia held directly to the nostrils and the subject commanded to inhale it. This test failed, but a candle and potato were consumed without reluctance, illustrating that the sense of taste followed the loss of sight.

The third degree was then induced. The ammonia was again introduced, while it was suggested that the "perfume" was exquisite. As the subject inhaled the fumes of the ammonia a smile of pleasure played about her lips, the mere suggestion of perfume producing the result as before stated.

After a few more passes the girl lost the sense of touch and several needles were inserted in the cheek and through the lip. The doctor also extracted a decayed tooth, and the tests were over. I released the subject from her insensible state apparently none the worse for her severe tests. I shall conduct from time to time experiments upon each degree of insensibility, treating each separately and exhaustively.—Robert Hardin, Jr., in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dangerous Raindrops.

Of course we all know that it would be an utter impossibility for storm clouds to form and rain to fall were it not for the forty odd miles of atmosphere that rises above our heads. But, supposing it were possible for human beings to exist in an atmosphere that only rose to a level with their mouths, and that storm clouds could form in the region outside such a low grade atmosphere, then every raindrop would prove as fatal to earthly creatures as if it were a steel bullet fired from a dynamite gun.

All falling bodies, whether they be crystal raindrops or meteorites, fall with what philosophers term "a uniform accelerated motion"; in other words, if a body be moving at a certain velocity at the expiration of one second from the beginning of its fall it will be moving with twice that velocity at the expiration of two seconds, gaining in speed at uniform rate throughout the whole course of its fall.

Careful experiments have shown that the rate at which a body acquires velocity in falling through the air is 32 feet per second at the end of the first second from starting. At the end of the next second it is going at the rate of 64 feet per second, and so on through the whole time of falling. Where the velocity is known the space through which the body has fallen may be ascertained by multiplying velocity at that period by the number of seconds during which it has been falling, and dividing the result by two.

This rule applies, however, only to bodies falling through a vacuum. The resistance of our atmosphere materially retards raindrops, hailstones, aerolites and all other bodies which fall through it, and were it not for the resistance it presents every rainstorm would be disastrous to the human race, as each drop would fall with a velocity great enough to penetrate the full length of a full-grown man's body.—(From Nature.)

The Clear Sight of Indians.

An examination of 250 Indian boys resulted in the discovery that two were color blind—a very low percentage when compared with the whites—while none of the Indian girls were thus affected.

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.

The Many Services Rendered by Bacteria in the Laws of Nature.

We are fortunate that only few bacteria are disease producing; the great majority of them are harmless and beneficent objects in nature. They are the principal agents of oxidation of organic matter, and it is to them that we owe the phenomena of fermentation and decay. They are the common scavengers of the earth. Were it not for their constant and beneficent work the world would soon be choked up with decaying animal and vegetable matter and all the higher orders of life would perish.

But the infectious bacteria have the power of elaborating nitrogenous poisons, known as ptomaines, and the question whether zymotic diseases are produced by bacteria themselves or by these ptomaines cannot in our present imperfect state of knowledge, be answered with certainty. In some cases, however, the disease seems to come from organic poison. Thus typhoid fever, which is the alkaloid produced by bacteria in the fermentation of milk, produces a complexus of symptoms in the human system resembling those of cholera infantum, so it is very probable that typhoid fever is the chemical irritant producing the disease. What is true of cholera infantum is perhaps also true of typhoid fever and other filth diseases, but not at the same stage of life.

All bacteria feast upon organic matter, and develop in great numbers in fermenting solutions of it. Their number is generally approximately proportional to the amount of impurity, and therefore may represent the relative danger of potable waters. A water that contains a large number of them should not be used for drinking without first being boiled. By boiling polluted water for half an hour all the infectious (but not the harmless) bacteria in it will be destroyed. If it is then filtered to remove the vegetable substances, and aerated to render it potable such water can be used with perfect safety for drinking. Since the infectious bacteria are the agents of all filth diseases, it should be the aim in all sanitary analysis of water to determine whether they have actual existence in the water, or what answers to that purpose, to determine the conditions favorable for their development. Whenever a chemical analysis reveals the presence of sewage in a water its use should be discontinued for drinking, without an expensive bacteriological examination.—Engineering Magazine.

Relation of Climate to Crime.

Now we have a factor to consider in our study of crime that is an important one, and its bearing upon the heredity view is far from insignificant. Prof. Bosco, who has made a comparative study of the statistics of homicide in Europe, shows that, while in eight principal states in Western Europe—Spain excepted—with a population of 128,500,000 people over ten years of age, there are 2,777 annual trials for murder, Italy, with 25,000,000 individuals of like age, has 3,506 such trials. France, Belgium, England, Scotland, Ireland, Austria, Holland, Germany, with six times the population of Italy, only furnish three-fourths as many murders. The statistical tables of Dr. Bosco place the civilized nations of Europe, Scandinavia and Russia excluded, in the following ascending order of homicidal criminality: Holland, England, Germany, Scotland, France, Belgium, Ireland, Austria, Hungary, Spain and Italy—a scale affording suggestion to the psychologist.

Hippocrates believed that all regions liable to violent changes of climate produced men of fierce and stubborn disposition. Buckle declared that the interruption of work caused by instability of climate leads to instability of character. Quetelet says that the number of crimes against property relatively to the number of crimes against the person increases considerably as we advance toward the North. Another eminent student of French criminal statistics, M. Tarde, confirms the opinion of the latter authority, and admits that high temperature does exercise an indirect influence on the criminal passion. But the most exhaustive investigations in this problem have been recently undertaken in Italy by Signor Ferri, whose criminal statistics of France show that crimes against the person rise with the temperature, those against property do the reverse. Clearly, climate has a great influence, but how about India, which is far less homicidal than any European country? India has not half as many homicides annually as England. With this example before us, then, whatever climate has to do with fostering these crimes may be obviated by a better form of social organization. Here racial distinction comes in, and Prof. Ferri's table gives this sequence of races, namely: First, the Teutons; the Franco-Celt; the mixture of Slav, Latin and Teuton in Austria; then the Magyar; lastly the Latin. Latin-American, accordingly, is more homicidal than the Anglo-Saxon North.—Phrenological Journal.

Showers of Ink.

The meteorological records of the world chronicle several incontestible instances of black rainfalls, to say nothing of the more startling phenomena of "showers of blood, blue snows," &c. Prof. Barker, in April, 1845, laid before the Royal Society of Dublin some observations on a shower of black rain which fell around Carlow and Kilkenny, extending over an area of about 400 square miles.

During the course of his lecture Prof. Barker exhibited to the society a specimen of this uncanny shower which had been sent him by a friend. The specimen shown in the vial was a uniform black color, much resembling common black writing fluid. Dr. Barker found, however, that after allowing it to stand for a short period the black coloring matter separated from the water with which it had mixed, rendering the color of the rain water much lighter, but still dark enough to be called "black rain." The shower which was in broad daylight, was preceded by a darkness so dense as to make it impossible for one to read without the aid of a candle. After this darkness had continued for some time a hail storm set in, attended with vivid lightning, but without the least semblance of thunder. When this hail storm was over the black rain began to fall.

On examination of the rain immediately after the storm was over it was found to have an extremely fetid smell, as well as a very disagreeable taste. All light colored animals and all articles of clothing exposed bore dark spots and stains, and cattle refused to drink the water or eat the grass until after a shower of "real rain" had washed off the black, poisonous matter.—Philadelphia Press.

Where They Are Equal.

A grievance to a man is what a sore heel is to a boy.—Milwaukee Journal.

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 keep 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.

W. S. BEAN.

Montreal House, Gorrie.

B. S. COOK,

Real Estate & Loan

AGENT.

FORDWICH, ONT.

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

GOOD NOTES DISCOUNTED.

Special Attention given to

CONVEYANCING.

B. S. COOK,

North of the Post Office,

FORDWICH

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Roller * Mills.

WILSON BROS., Props.

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

FLOUR.....per cwt. \$1 90 to \$2 00
BRAN.....per ton. 10 00
SHORTS.....per ton. 18 00

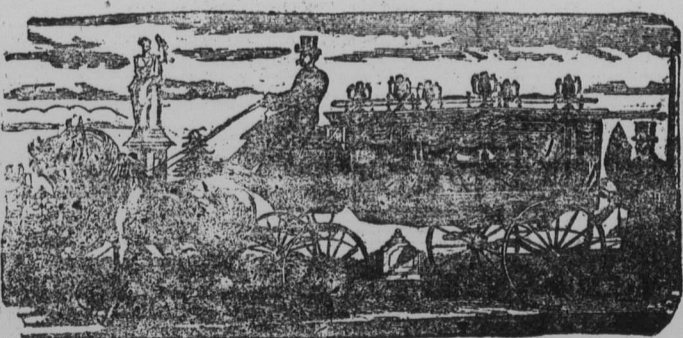
Special attention given to GRISTING, which is done on the shortest possible notice.

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.

PATRONAGE 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 wholesale 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.

J. R. WILLIAMS,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.

East Nuron Gazette.

GORRIE.

Home News, District News.

Miscellany.

The Best Advertising Medium in this section.

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The \$ will be welcome!

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With the Latest Faces of Type, Most Modern Conveniences, Rapid Presses and every facility for turning out first-class work on the shortest notice and at the lowest prices.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

James Simon thinks that France would accept the proposal to disarm with enthusiasm if it were made by another power.

The editor of the Milan, Mo., Republican announces that he will "take possums on subscription."

An address has been presented to Don Caden with 50,000 signatures attached, the list showing the disloyalty of many high officials who have sworn allegiance to the present King of Spain.

The use of petroleum as fuel on torpedo boats has been decided against by the special commission of the French Government, because of the ten cans of petroleum experimented with under the conditions in which they would be placed on board torpedo boats, eight being ignited from combustion after twelve shots had been fired upon the armor plate protecting them.

A big salmon trust is forming in Oregon to control the entire output of the Columbia River canneries. All the packers have reached an agreement, and the final step of organization may be taken this week. The combination resembles the Alaska salmon packing trust formed last year. On the Columbia River some canneries will be closed. The output will probably be limited to 465,000 cases, and possibly prices will be advanced.

A young notary of Bakhmont, Russia, fell in love with a lady's maid and arranged to marry her. His parents opposed the marriage, and the young couple determined to die together. The young man fired a bullet from a revolver into his sweetheart's body and then turned the weapon on himself. Both were badly wounded, but neither fatally, and after spending three months in the same hospital they came out recently and were promptly married. The story had become known and an enormous crowd attended the wedding.

The revival of Sheridan Knowles' "The Hunchback" was a noteworthy event at the Star Theatre last evening. The considerable success of the venture was due to a complete and delightful preservation of that manner of romanticism without which an old comedy misses the mark.

Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, is threatened with a rival in Mrs. Stewart of Fargo, N. D. Mrs. Stewart is a candidate for Alderman from her ward, and she has announced that she means to be a city mother, and will "make it hot" for any man who ventures to oppose her.

A petition written to Parliament in 1643 has, it is said, just been discovered in Maine. It is written in ink on hand-made paper, and the sheets are fastened together with a brass pin. That an enthusiast with a completed petition should have omitted to present it is the only thing that throws doubt on the story.

A man in Walla Walla who had bagged a policeman into insensibility was recommended to mercy by the jury, which could not help but convict him, because he was under the influence of liquor at the time, and "claims that he did not know what he was doing in consequence." In some Eastern communities, where there is not so much glad freedom in the air, the possession even of a sandbag is not likely to recommend an individual to any especial merciful consideration.

A large party of hunters, with a pack of fierce dogs, participated in a coyote drive on the sagebrush plains near Boise, Idaho, last week, which resulted in the killing of over thirty sturdy wolves. Several of the hounds were severely wounded. At one time the hounds cornered four big coyotes in a hollow of a butte, but after a brief, fierce fight, in which five hounds were badly injured, the hunters were glad to give the wolves a chance in the open again. The fine warm fur of the coyote makes an excellent winter coat, and to secure this was one of the objects of the chase.

A case was reported recently of an engineer being killed by a head striking against a sagged telegraph pole as he leaned from his cab window, and several instances are lately noted of brakemen being swept from the roof of cars by bridges. But perhaps the most singular accident of this kind occurred in Missouri last week. An engineer of an Iron Mountain train was leaning out of his cab window passing Williamsville when he was caught by the mail ratches, the iron pole and hook arrangement for catching the mails from moving trains and pulled clean from his engine, through the window, falling beside the track as his train passed on. He was seriously injured.

The peasants of the Russian village of Jagodzintz, in Lithuania, wreaked their vengeance on a suspected horse thief recently by setting fire to his dwelling during the night while he, his wife, mother, and family of five children were within, and burning the whole family to death. The peasants stood around the hut, and when the inmates rushed out they were thrust back into the burning house with pitchforks and sythes. One of the women was murdered outright in the attempt to force her back into the flames. The peasants gave themselves up to the Russian police, and will most probably be imprisoned for a year and then exiled to another part of the empire.

Bull fighting statistics show that the Spanish sport does not decline. Judging from the taure statistics bull fighting is not decreasing in Spain. During the present year the number of first-class bull fights in important cities has been 289, the bulls killed being 1,594. There have also been 307 fights of young bulls (novillos), in which 1,407 were slaughtered. Of the chief fights 25 took place in Madrid, 13 in Sevilla, 12 in Barcelona, and 11 in Valencia. Two men—picadors—were killed of the espadas and banderilleros sixteen were more or less seriously wounded. In each course from six to eight bulls are killed; but recently in Madrid, in a fight which extended two days, eighteen were finished off. On some days a dozen horses, or even more, are gored to death.

M. Gaucher, a business man of Paris, and a Mile. Baron lived together for some years, and then separated by mutual agreement, Gaucher engaging to pay the woman an annuity of \$300 on condition that she should maintain an honorable reputation, do no harm to Gaucher nor any member of the family, remain unmarried, and live out of Paris. The annuity was punctually paid for three years, and then M. Gaucher became tired and stopped it. Mile. Baron brought suit last week before the Paris Civil Tribunal to compel the payment of the yearly allowance. She brought testimony as to her irreproachable life since 1887, and told of the care she had taken to fulfil her part of the contract. But the judges said the contract was "contrary to morality," and nonsuited Mile. Baron, obliging her to pay the case.

A cause celebre, in which a bicyclist was the defendant, has just been ended in Dresden. At Dresden, near Grimma, in Saxony, there is a dirt bridge over the Mulde,

where the drivers of all vehicles must pay toll. Some time ago a bicyclist in attempting to cross this bridge was obliged to pay the usual charge. He protested, but was laughed at; the law should be obeyed. On returning, however, he carried his bicycle, thinking to turn the laugh on the bridge official. The latter, however, became angry and had him promptly arrested. The trial came up before one of the petty civil courts, and the judge decided in favor of the bicyclist. The tollman, backed by all the bridge authorities, appealed, and the case came up again before the Supreme Court, which reversed the decision of the lower court and decided against the bicyclist. But the wheelman, like most of his brothers, was game. He appealed, and the case went to the Court of Appeals, where the Supreme Court decision was torn to pieces and the rights of the bicyclist on the ground that these vehicles whose wheel came directly in contact with the bridge could alone come under the toll.

Some very eerie stories are being told in Paris and London papers about recent hypnotic experiments in the former city. The most remarkable of these plain "accounts of scientific facts" are about certain weird experiments by Dr. Luys, at the Charite Hospital, on the "exteriorization" of the human body. One woman subject's corporeal body was so completely exteriorized that Dr. Luys was able to transfer her sensibility into a tumbler of water. The tumbler was taken out of sight of the hypnotized subject and a reporter present was asked to touch the water. He placed his finger in the water and the woman started as though in pain. The experiment was tried successfully on several subjects. The water retained the sensibility for a considerable time, and if drunk before the sensibility was exhausted the patient fell into a deadly swoon. Dr. Luys, it is further related, was also able to confirm the discovery made by Col. Roche, administrator of the Ecole Polytechnique, that it is possible to transfer the sensibility of a hypnotized subject to the negative of a photograph of the patient. In such experiments the subject not only felt but showed signs of any mark made on the negative. In Col. Roche's experiments the negative was scratched with a pin, and the subject would wince with apparent pain, and almost immediately a mark would show on the hands similar to those made with the pin on the negative. Dr. Luys said to have tried this experiment at the Charite Hospital with considerable success.

John Henry Mack, a young Englishman, at present at Harwich, has had a ten years' experience of life that is worth noting. He left school at 17, enlisted in the British army, and went to India. Five years later he returned to England and became a clergyman's daughter with a fortune of \$80,000. Mack lost all this playing the races in just two years. Then he became a policeman at Watford. A few months after his appointment his wife inherited \$4,500. This lasted Mack five months. Then, on his wife's good credit he opened a saloon. A couple of months later he was running a pork butcher shop at Colchester on his own account. A little later he was travelling for a clothing firm, but but a very little later still he was in business as a trips dresser at Ipswich. He had to atone for part of the indebtedness he acquired here by serving a short term in prison. A similar result followed some business venture, not otherwise referred to, at Malden. His wife died last year and left him \$1,000, with which he set up in business last January as a butcher at Harwich. Nine months later at the age of 23 years, he is in the bankruptcy court with liabilities of \$1,200, and no assets.

A REMARKABLE ACCIDENT.
What Came of a Woman with a Stray Wire Around Her Ankle Entering a Cable Car.

A bundle of tangled telegraph wires lying on the ground at the corner of Division and North Clark Street, Chicago, was the cause of an accident to Mrs. Bertha Mitchell, which may result fatally to her. She was standing at the corner Sunday night waiting for a north-bound cable train, and did not notice that her left foot had become entangled in the wire. As the cable train stopped she entered the last trailer through the rear door and was about to take her seat when her attention was called to the wire, which was still wrapped around her ankle. At the same time the conductor noticed it and made an effort to release her, but the signal for the train to start had been given. With a violent jerk it shot forward and Mrs. Mitchell was torn from her feet. The conductor sounded "four bells" the signal for an instant stop, but there were three trailers to the train and by the time the signal reached the gripman the train had gone forward fifty feet. Several men tried to assist Mrs. Mitchell, but they could not reach her in time. The other end of the wire was attached to a telegraph pole and as it was drawn taut she was thrown forward to the floor of the car with terrible violence. The rear door had not been closed and she was dragged through it and hurled against the end board. The train had not been stopped then it is probable that the first thing to yield to the tension would have been Mrs. Mitchell's ankle. She was lifted from the car and it was thought best to make no effort to remove the wire without the aid of a physician. Accordingly it was cut and the woman was carried into the office of Dr. G. McArthur.

Dr. McArthur realized at once that the wounds were of a serious nature, and with great care he unwound the wire. It was found that on the back of Mrs. Mitchell's leg two deep cuts had been inflicted, one of which laid bare the bone. These were immediately behind the kneecap, as the wire had slipped up when the car first started. Serious spinal injuries resulted from the violence with which Mrs. Mitchell was thrown against the end board of the car, and when she was removed to the residence of her sister she was in a semi-conscious condition.

Be sure you are left and then go ahead. The trade of the auctioneer is a high calling. "You appear to be honest," said the judge to the prisoner. "I guess appearances are against me, your Honor," was the frank response. "I'm a ward politician."

Justice Wright of the English bench told the jury in a murder trial at the Yorkshire Assizes recently that it was his opinion "if one man called another a liar a slight blow in retaliation is justifiable." He added: "This may be new law, but it is common sense." He expressed this opinion in summing up the evidence in the trial of Frederick Claude Vernon Harcourt for killing a man in a quarrel arising out of a dispute regarding the relative merits of the rival candidates at the recent Sheffield election.

IN THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDS.

Sketches About Balmoral—Manners and Customs of the Highlanders.

There is a part of the Scottish Highlands, beyond Balmoral, where the railway stops, that enjoys a comparative immunity from tourists. True, they come, but not in great numbers. Queen Victoria has used all her royal power and influence to keep them out, and has succeeded in a measure. It is this reactionary old lady who is responsible for the railway ceasing at Ballater, which is nine miles from Balmoral Castle. She doesn't want the wild, romantic Dee side profaned any further by the march of improvement, and the Highlanders, who have every reason to respect her whims, are content to wait until Albert Edward is King before they make any changes. And it is by no means certain that the changes will be improvement, or that the reactionary old lady isn't right after all.

If any people in the world have reason to be grateful to the Queen, it is these Scotch Highlanders. In looking at the country with the eyes of one country born and country bred, it is hard to see how a living could be made by the people before that annual Autumn influx took place. There are noble mountains, there are lovely stretches of purple heather, and wild waterfalls rushing madly down into the gloomy fells and glens and valleys full of a solemn and romantic beauty; but nature when she created the Highlands seems to have been in the same mood as the liberal-minded French gentleman who declared if he had the luxuries of life he could easily dispense with the necessities.

For all this beauty there is apparently no provision made for supporting human life, and the land is poor and most of it utterly worthless for cultivation. The thin soil in the valleys is cultivated admirably, but the climate is so severe that only the hardiest cereals and vegetables can exist at all. It is not a good grazing country, but by an almost superhuman thrift and perseverance sheep of fair quality are raised, and a good many of them, too. The Dukes of Buccleugh own much of this romantic and unprofitable region, and the title of these possessions is vaguely set forth by a proverb current in the Highlands:

"If heather bells were corn o' the best, Buccleugh would have a bonny grist."

From a casual glance at the people and the country, one would infer that the Highlanders lived on mists and crags and bagpipes and "leapin' and flingin'." These people claim to be descended from the Greeks, and they point to their hills as the strict application of the Greek spirit to the arrangements of these plains, which is exactly that of Greek drapery, and so their graceful and warlike dance, which they say is the survival of the Pyrrhic dance. Anybody who associates long faces and long prayers and the iron rule of "the kirk" with the Scotch will have to leave these primitive mountain people out. They have a fierce appetite for game, and "the kirk" accommodates itself in various ways so far as to admit of much dancing and fiddling and bagging and unlimited quantities of "whusky."

John Knox and his followers never dominated the Highlands as they did the Lowlands, partly because the Highlanders were intensely loyal to the Stuarts, and partly because they didn't fancy a Calvinistic strictness of their own. The numerous expeditions that have recently disappeared into the interior have drained the east coast of its supply of porters, but Portals has secured all the carriers he needs, and an adequate escort of soldiers from the Sultan of Zanzibar. He will be able to march rapidly to Victoria Nyanza, where he will study the situation and advise the British Government as to the best means to establish order and promote progress in Uganda. In March next the Imperial British East Africa Company will march out of Uganda. English sentiment was so strong against abandoning the country that the Government lost no time in taking steps to assure its control over Uganda. There is every prospect that the railroad to the lake, the surveys for which are now completed, will be built at an early day, and the prospects for Uganda are looking decidedly brighter.

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An Explosion in the Building of the Prefecture of Police.

A Paris despatch says:—An explosion at 1:30 o'clock this morning in the hall leading to the offices between the ground floor and first story of the Prefecture of Police has caused a sensation. An investigation of the premises by experts shows that the affair was undoubtedly the work of Anarchists, who had placed in the entrance a bomb heavily charged with chlorate powder. The result of the investigation has caused considerable excitement in official circles, where it is believed that the Anarchists, taking advantage of the confusion attendant upon the revelations of the Panama Canal, have started to inaugurate a reign of terror similar to that which prevailed when Ravachol and his colleagues caused the explosions here, when many of the wealthy residents of the city hastily packed their household effects and took refuge in the country. The best detectives in Paris have been detailed on the case, and arrests of Anarchists, whether the real culprits or not, are certain to follow.

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Some Results of the Big Scare Over the Dynamite Outrage.

The authorities appear to be so strongly convinced that the Dublin explosion, by which Detective Synnot lost his life, was part of the work of a band of conspirators that they have sent a detective to Biarritz to keep guard over Mr. Gladstone and protect him from outrage. Mr. Gladstone has not been made aware of the precaution taken, as it is known that he would resent any protection of the kind should he be aware of it.

Home Secretary Asquith is also protected when he goes out in public by a detective in civilian attire, who keeps near enough to interfere in the event of an attack upon Mr. Asquith. In view of all the precautions taken the opinion prevails that the authorities are in possession of definite and important information as to the existence of a formidable dynamite conspiracy.

A Bargain Beyond Doubt.
Oppenstrauss—"My front, dot ring is worth five hundred dollars and I let you have it for sixty-five." Jones—"But it has the initial letter 'W' on it." Oppenstrauss—"My front, dot ring is such a bargain it would pay you to haf your name changed."

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came back very promptly: "They will not play it, Sir—not for you, Sir, not for any man, and not for the devil himself!" Another time, at a great house a Frenchman remarked to the head pipe that the bag pipes might be a very fine instrument, but for his part he never could like it. "A weel," responded the pipe, calmly "maybe ye got enou' of the skirlin' at Waterloo an' ye can't forget it!"

A MURDEROUS MARIAGE.
George Barker of Niagara Falls Tries to Kill His Beautiful Daughter.

A Niagara Falls despatch says: George Barker, a prominent resident of this city, suddenly went insane the other night, and in a fit of rage attempted to murder his beautiful daughter, Marie Barker. The tragedy was averted only through Miss Barker's escape during a moment when her father went to secure a weapon to beat her brains out. The particulars of the affair are shrouded in mystery to some extent. At an early hour in the evening the residents of Buffalo avenue, the fashionable thoroughfare of the city, in the vicinity of the Barker residence, were startled by shrieks of a girl for help. The family of Alexander Porter responded to the cries and rescued the girl. Mr. Porter's hostler, named Richardson, a young engineer named Standish and Mr. Porter carried Miss Barker over to the Porter residence. She was badly injured, but told this story of the murderous assault: She was coming down stairs and heard her father storming about the lower rooms of the house. She enquired of him what was the matter and he turned upon her like a demon. He knocked the girl down, kicked and stamped upon her prostrate body and pulled a handful of hair out of her head. She begged him not to kill her, but with a fiendish yell he said he would finish her in a moment, and started towards the back part of the house to secure an axe or club. Miss Barker managed to crawl up to her room, lock the door and raising the window called for help. After the girl was safely housed with the Porter family, Barker secured a revolver and came over to the house, threatening to kill anyone who interfered with him reaching his daughter. Young Porter stood at the door with a rifle and told him to get out or he would shoot him if he dared to cross the threshold. The police were summoned and succeeded in overpowering the man and taking the revolver away from him. Both father and daughter are under medical attendance to-day. The girl's injuries are considered quite serious. Barker is a photographer of national repute and a man of considerable wealth. He is high up in Masonic circles and his friends are surprised at the violence of his insanity. He has been known to have spells at times, but never of a dangerous nature as in the present instance.

WONDERFUL NORTHWESTERN TALE.
An Indian Sucked into a Mountain Maelstrom and Found Two Hundred and Fifty Miles Away.

A despatch from Kootenay, B. C., says: Albert Monson, who has reached here from Montana, tells a wonderful story. He says: Two prospectors, named respectively Phil Barnes and Pierre Leger, a Flathead Indian guide named Kiklat and myself, left Bonner's Ferry on the 7th day of August, and struck out in a northeasterly direction, headed for the peaks and canyons in the extreme northern range of the main divide of the Rockies. The purpose of my two white companions was to prospect for valuable minerals in a section of country which few, if any, white men have ever entered before. My own object was to seek diversion and adventure, and being a newspaper man, to gather facts hitherto unknown and make them public at my leisure. On the 28th day of August—according to the observations taken by me—we were within twenty-five or thirty miles of the Canadian line and at an altitude of 7500 feet. It was noon of the day mentioned above. On our left was a craggy precipice about eighty feet high overhanging a roaring mountain stream and extending fully two miles to the south. But we heard more than the swash of the running stream. There came to our ears a deep, roaring sound, alternating in force, stronger and weaker, at intervals of a few seconds. It came in jarring sounds, with wonderful regularity.

A VOLUME LIKE THUNDER. For some minutes we listened in silence. Then suddenly Kiklat spoke. "Me know what him is," he said, with a pleased air of comprehension. "Him is Big-Hole-in-the-Water. Him heap water run to hell and put out devil's camp fire." "Big hole in the water," I echoed. "What do you mean by that, Kiklat?" "You come look," he said, advancing to the edge of the precipice and throwing himself flat on the rock with his head and shoulders hanging over. "Ugh!" he exclaimed. "Big-Hole-in-the-Water heap mad to-day. Him funny. Water go in ground; never come out." Following Kiklat's example I cautiously approached the edge of the projecting rock, threw myself on the ground face downward, and peered down from the dizzy height. Barnes and Leger did likewise. It was a curious and awe inspiring sight that we beheld. Straight down below there was a deep pool, or lake, about a quarter of an acre in area and enclosed on three sides by high walls of eternal rock, thus forming a perpetual and insurmountable barrier to the passage of the water beyond this spot. The noisy mountain stream poured great volumes of sparkling water into this natural basin and then lost itself. The water in the pool swung rapidly around as on a pivot and constantly drifted in a steadily accelerated tidal current toward the centre. And here was the most startling feature of this wonderful stream. In the very centre of the deep water was a

THE UGANDA EXPEDITION.
It is to Have Soldiers and Porters Supplied by the Sultan of Zanzibar.

LARGE CIRCULAR CAVITY, or depression, tunnel-shaped—a great "suck hole," in fact—fully eight feet across at the surface, the water spinning round and round, rushing downward with lightning speed. A tremendous force of gravity was at work in that awful pit of darkness. In the centre of this funnel was a great mass of snow white foam, dancing and whirling and scattering flakes of itself around the dark blue rim of the vortex. At intervals of fifteen or twenty seconds there would be a greater downward rush of water, the pillar of foam would disappear with the increased speed of the current; then the roar would increase in volume, another pillar of foam would form, only to disappear a few moments later as the previous one had done. It was a grand, a terrible sight. I glanced at my two friends, who like myself were electrified by this mighty freak of nature.

"If I could find a ledge of quartz with color in it anywhere near by," observed Mr. Barnes, "I would erect a stamp mill right here and drop a horizontal wheel into that boiling suck hole. Great Scot! but wouldn't it spin, though?" "I rather thought it would, but at that moment my attention was suddenly attracted and shockingly attracted to Kiklat, who had been lying about eight feet away on my left. There was a low, rumbling sound and then a mass of shelving rock right under Kiklat broke loose and

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A PATAL CHOICE.

Joe and I—on the west side of the Salmon River mountains, and on the banks of a creek falling into the west fork of the Salmon river. Joe was a half-bred boy about 19 years old—an honest, trusty fellow, and a reliable guide—and just that we had nothing to fear from the Indians.

I had been feverish all day, and when I turned in, with my feet to the fire and the stars above me, at about 8 o'clock, I was a little bit febrile. The last I remembered was hearing Joe collecting fuel for the night. His bed had been prepared about six feet from mine, and he had told me that a whisper would awaken him if I needed him during the night.

I awoke about midnight with the fever gone and all my senses peculiarly alert. It seemed as if I could hear better than ever in my life before. Just above us was a rill in the creek, and I heard the waters babbling and causing a splash now and then as the fish ran up or down. I heard a noise in the forest, and knew that a dead bird had fallen. A wolf barked, and I figured it out that he was about half a mile away. There was a rustling among the leaves, and I said to myself that a mole was running about.

Step! Step! Step! If my head had not been in contact with the earth I could not have made out the sound. It was faint and light. The horses were lying down, as I knew by the sound of their breathing, and when I lifted my head a bit I saw that Joe was wrapped in his blanket.

Step! Step! Step! Ah! I have it now! It is the wolf whose bark I heard five minutes ago. The dull glow of our campfire has caught his eye, and he is prowling about to investigate. He is gaunt and shuffling, and at this season of the year his fur is stained and ragged. He skulks and dodges, advances and retreats, and now and then his lip drops down to reveal his fangs. There is no fear of him, even if there were a dozen of them, for an attack. If I were to sit upright this fellow would drop his tail and make a bolt for it and not stop running for a mile.

Did I feel the ear jar beside me? No! If there was any movement at all it was caused by one of the horses raising his head to catch the scent of the wolf. The movement of a horse lying down or getting up can be detected by the position of his ears 100 feet away. Was that noise made by something being dragged along the earth? Of course not! A horse when sound asleep will often move one of his feet with a scarp motion. A bear may be prowling about and his skuff! skuff! skuff! would account for the peculiar sound.

Joe! Joe! The fever has left my throat as dry as tinder, and I suddenly thirsted. It won't take Joe over a minute to fill our coffee pot with ice-cold water at the spring. I don't like to break in on his sleep, but he can make up for it to-morrow when left in charge of the camp.

Joe! Joe! He sleeps as lightly as a fox, and Indian-like, is awake every two hours to see that the fire is all right. I have called twice and yet failed to arouse him. The night is a bit chilly and he may have wrapped his head in the blanket. I will sit up and see. But where is Joe? There is the spot where he made his bed, but he is not there. I can see clear around the fire, but Joe's form is not in sight. He is not after fuel—he is not at the spring.

Joe! Joe! I am on my feet as I call. No answer. He would hear me if a mile away, but there is no response. I go to the spring and drink my fill, and return an I heap fuel on the fire and lie down again. Joe is a queer sort of boy. He may have gone down to the Salmon to set a couple of traps, or he may have seen Indians pass and followed them. There is no cause to worry.

It is sunshine as I open my eyes again. I sit up and look around. Joe is not here. I stand up and shout "Coo-e-e-e!" but there is no reply. I look down upon the spot where he made his bed, and there is a trail as of some burden being dragged. I follow it, and ten rod away I find pieces of his blanket and Kiklat's, and at twenty rods the rest of his blanket, torn and bloody. Through a thicket and on the far side of a log I come upon his dead body, or the ghostly remains of it.

More Victims of the Gambling Craze. From Monte Carlo comes the news of two tragic events, in one of which an American was the victim. The American, who is described as 23 years old and of good appearance, lost \$2,500 belonging to his mother and which she had entrusted to his care. Luck went against him from the first, and he played wildly in the hope of recouping his loss. When the last good piece was gone he walked silently out of the Casino, attracting no more attention than the other unfortunate gamblers. Near Yimtimiglia, about eighteen miles from Nice, the distracted young man threw himself on the railroad track in front of an approaching train and was crushed to death under the wheels.

Another gambler, whose nationality is not given and who had lost nearly everything in the Casino, took the train from Monte Carlo, apparently with the intention of returning home, and shot himself dead with a revolver while on the train. The gambling tables at Monte Carlo are doing a flourishing business.

A Question of Moral Responsibility.
Willie (at breakfast)—"You can't help what you dream, can you, mamma?" His Mother—"No, Willie." "Then if you dream you're havin' a fight you ain't to blame for it, are you?" "No, but if you have been a good boy you are not likely to have such dreams." "Still they ain't wicked, are they, if you can't help it?"

"N-no, I suppose not. Did you dream last night you were doing so wicked a thing as fighting?" "Yep! An' it would a' done you good to see how I licked that yellow-haired, freckle-faced, good-for-nothin' Bob Stapleford till he couldn't stand up, dog-on him!"

A PATAL CHOICE.

Joe and I—on the west side of the Salmon River mountains, and on the banks of a creek falling into the west fork of the Salmon river. Joe was a half-bred boy about 19 years old—an honest, trusty fellow, and a reliable guide—and just that we had nothing to fear from the Indians.

I had been feverish all day, and when I turned in, with my feet to the fire and the stars above me, at about 8 o'clock, I was a little bit febrile. The last I remembered was hearing Joe collecting fuel for the night. His bed had been prepared about six feet from mine, and he had told me that a whisper would awaken him if I needed him during the night.

I awoke about midnight with the fever gone and all my senses peculiarly alert. It seemed as if I could hear better than ever in my life before. Just above us was a rill in the creek, and I heard the waters babbling and causing a splash now and then as the fish ran up or down. I heard a noise in the forest, and knew that a dead bird had fallen. A wolf barked, and I figured it out that he was about half a mile away. There was a rustling among the leaves, and I said to myself that a mole was running about.

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AGRICULTURAL.

Who's God's Hand is Seen.

I like the city 'Stranger, 'tisn't like'y that I would. 'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could. Git accustomed to the flury an' the loud, unearthy noise— Every body in a hurry, men an' wimmin, gals an' boys. All a-rushin' like the Nation 'mid the rumble an' the rattle. Jus' as if their souls' salvation hung upon their gittin' thar.

Roarin' 'alroad trains above you, streets by wakened all defaced. Every body 'tryin' to shove you in the gutter in their haste; Car's an' carts and wazons rumblin' through the streets with deafnin' roar. Drivers yellin', swearin', grumblin', jes' like imps from shoel's shore; Factories 'jinn' in the chorus, helpin' the din to swelled; Auctioneers in tones sonorous lyin' 'bout the goods they sell.

Yes, I love the western border; pine trees wavin' in a rough disorder; birds a-sing in every where; Deer a-playin' in their gladness; elk a-feedin' in the glen; Not a trace o' pain or sadness campin' on the trail o' men; Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin' o'er the rocks an' lovely fowers; In their tinted beauty growin' in the mountain dells and bowers.

Fairer pictur' the Creator Never throw on earthy screen Than this lovely home o' nature! Whar the hand o' God is seen.

A Proposed Dairy Test.

The dairy test at the World's fair in Chicago will undoubtedly be the greatest test of dairy cattle ever held in this or any other country. It was intended to show the relative merit of all the leading dairy breeds. But the Holstein-Friesian association, the Devon and the Ayrshire associations have voted not to exhibit. The great central idea is the obtaining information as to the products yielded by cows of different breeds in comparison with the cost of the food consumed, and to obtain this information from so large a number of cows that the results may be taken fairly to represent the best that the breeds can do and also to have these records made in so public a manner, and the tests conducted so carefully by impartial and expert scientists that no question could possibly arise as to the fairness and correctness of the results. The representatives of the three breeds above mentioned have been unable to enter the contest on account of inability to raise the large amount of money necessary to transport the cows to Chicago and take care of them while there. The result sought is information as to cost of production of a pound of milk, butter or cheese and the three points to be guarded are that cows be officially selected, that the expenses be not too heavy and that the records be so made that their accuracy cannot be called into question.

The first of these is easily done, the second can be obtained by having the cows tested at the home of the owner, and the third by having the records all made under the immediate supervision of some independent and impartial set of judges. The managers of the World's Fair have finally closed in the experiment stations to serve through their representatives as the judges at Chicago, and probably no better judges could be obtained to take charge of a test of dairy cows at their homes. This home test could not of course be under the official charge of the World's Fair, but by conforming closely to the methods used at Chicago the results would be fairly comparable with the Chicago results. Such a test would indeed have one advantage over the Chicago test since it would allow the cows to be tested in their natural surroundings, on the food to which they were accustomed, under the watchful care of those who knew their individual characteristics. It would seem as though the test might be made on somewhat the following lines. Let the cows be selected from all over the Union by the same persons, in the same numbers and in the same way that the selecting would have been done had the cows been sent to Chicago. Let these cows remain on the farms of their owners, and be cared for by the owners, and let the owner to use his own judgment as to the kind and quantity of food to be used, and to put the cow through any preparatory course of feeding he desires. Let the test be for thirty days and be at the same date as the thirty day test in Chicago, i.e., the month of September.

Let the stations, through their regular executive committee or through a special committee, detail a man to watch each cow, and record all food eaten, both as to kind and quantity. Let the owner milk the cow as often as he pleases, and the station representatives weigh the milk and take a small sample for chemical analysis, from which the cheese value of the milk could be calculated with great accuracy. Let the rest of the milk be handled by the owner and made into butter in any way he pleases, and the butter when finished weighed and sampled by the representative of the station for chemical analysis and the weight calculated to eighty per cent butter fat, due allowance being made for the amount of water milk taken for the sample. The station representative should also make weights and take samples of all skim-milks and buttermilks. Analysis

could be made at the farm and duplicate samples sent to the station as a further check, or all analyses could be made at the station. By using the same scale of prices (those used at Chicago) the two sets of tests could be readily compared. The advantages of this test would be the cows would not be exposed to risk of shipment, they would be fed by their regular attendants who know the individual capacity of each cow, and lastly, the expense would be reduced to so small a sum that there should be no trouble in adjusting this part of the matter equitably between the associations and the stations.

Half Breeds.

At the meeting of the Massachusetts board of agriculture Secretary T. S. Gold of the Connecticut board has had with him some interesting experiences which he has had with breeding cattle during the last 50 years. During that time the demands of the market have changed and Mr. Gold has changed his animals to correspond. In the earlier days of his breeding, beef was a profitable article for a farmer to raise. Then there was an increased demand for steers which in turn died away and milk for the New York market was the most advantageous source of farm income. The changing conditions, however, have made the production of cream for the creamery the most desirable source of dairy income to-day. To meet these varying demands Secretary Gold has made few changes in his cows but has from time to time changed the breed of his bull. He began with a Short-horn and produced cows that were half blooded, the three-quarters, then seven-eighths, etc. Next he changed to a Devon bull which he kept till he had a herd of cows all alike, one being hardly distinguishable from another. This animal was in turn replaced by an Ayrshire bull which was kept till his cows were all mottled and spotted with kaleidoscope effects. Next came a Holstein bull and now he is using a Jersey. As a result of all this experience it is his impression that half blood is better animals than higher grades, and that his dairy has always done the best for the first year or two after changing the male head of the herd.

In connection with this discussion Mr. Richards of Marshfield said that the descendants of the famous cow Jersey Belle Saitate have not equalled or approached her wonderful production and that her blood seems to be more or less running out.

Farm Yard Manure.

Manure exerts a physical action upon the soil as well as a chemical agency. It gives stability to light sandy soils, making them more absorbent of moisture; renders tenacious clay soils more open and pliable in their nature, thereby admitting the freer passage of the rain and atmospheric air; as well as promotes the decomposition of those soils, thereby rendering them more fertile. For dung to act mechanically in rendering a soil more open, and in overcoming its tenacious character, the farmer must let the manure retain much of the rigidity of the straw, or in other words, it must not be too rotten.

In using it for very porous soils, which need to be compressed rather than rendered open, the natural toughness of the straw should be entirely overcome, and the dung used in a rotten state. There are many other duties discharged by dung which the manure retain much of the rigidity of the straw, or in other words, it must not be too rotten. In using it for very porous soils, which need to be compressed rather than rendered open, the natural toughness of the straw should be entirely overcome, and the dung used in a rotten state. There are many other duties discharged by dung which the manure retain much of the rigidity of the straw, or in other words, it must not be too rotten.

When fresh dung is used upon stiff land the decay which takes place acts upon the land, and renders the dormant ingredients of the soil active, and thereby converts matters which could not nourish a plant into valuable food for vegetation. It also imparts to the soil a beneficial warmth which is favorable to germination and vegetable growth. In addition to this the absorbent power of the soil seizes and retains the products of this fermentation of the dung, and secures them until required by the growing plant. In the case of a sandy soil the circumstances as well as the powers of the soil, are totally different. The porous character of the soil is decidedly unfavorable to its powers of retaining manure, and consequently we cannot look upon such soils as safe guardians of manure, and for this reason the manure should be added so as to be immediately available for the crop. The manure, consequently, is more suitable grounds as well as upon a consideration of its mechanical character. The same principle is applicable to all the intermediate descriptions of soil, modified by the same rule.

Insect Traps.

Superintendent Forbush of the gypsy moth commission says that a band of burlap tied about the trees has proved an efficient trap for the gypsy moth, and that as many other species of insects injurious to trees were also found in these traps, he urges farmers apply them generally. Among the insects caught were many borers, and the application of this simple trap will be further efficacious in preventing the spread of the borers. The trap consists simply of a piece of burlap a few inches wide tied about the tree, the bark having been first scraped so as to furnish a smooth place to tie it on the tree. The upper part of the burlap is then loosely turned over the string and all those insects which crawl up the trunks of trees to secret themselves in the loose bark or other hiding places, will be found in the burlap if it is put on at the right time. It must be applied at the season when insects are ascending. The trap should be looked after every few days.

Source of Fat in Milk.

Dr. Collier of the Geneva experiment

station has made records of 14 cows during their first entire period of lactation. The results show that there was produced 4,058.7 pounds of fat in the milk from these fourteen cows, and that there was present in the food consumed by them during their entire period of lactation, of pure fat, 4,104.6 pounds. It will thus be seen that there was a little more than one and one quarter per cent of pure fat in the food consumed over and above the quantity found present in the milk.

During the first quarter of lactation the average quantity of pure fat in the food consumed was but 79.4 per cent of that in the milk produced by these animals, while during the last quarter of lactation the pure fat in the food was 22.6 percent in excess of that present in the milk yielded.

Corn Ensilage.

We recommend corn ensilage, in particular, wherever corn can be matured for the reason that we do not know of any crop that will furnish so much feed for the same expense. Any good, sweet ensilage has a tendency to increase the quantity of milk because cows will eat more and digest better. Furthermore, we recommend ensilage because it is the cheapest and surest way of securing and storing fodder. It must be remembered, however, that corn ensilage is not a complete ration. It should have bran, or linseed meal, or cottonseed meal mixed with it.

The World's Annual Coal Output.

The coal pit is not inexhaustible. The blowing may not be in sight, nor its future cleaning up be of any immediate concern, but its eventualities is none the less predetermined fact. It may or it may not be of any appreciable concern when its last contribution to human service is dumped in a coal bin, as in the unseen process of its manufacture and storage it has evidenced a creative design, in which the provision of fuel for man's use was limited by an exhaustive article. The formation of fuel was not arrested when anthracite and bituminous coal became a mineral, but was the process of formulation stopped when what is known as the creative week had its Saturday night. This may qualify, but it does not annul the fact of a limit to future coal supplies.

The world's annual output of coal has, it is estimated, reached a total of 485,000,000 tons, and the countries contributing to that enormous total were as follows, together with the amounts they produced in 1890: Great Britain and Ireland, 128,000,000 tons; America, United States (estimated for 1891) 141,000,000 tons; Germany, 90,000,000 tons; France, 28,000,000 tons; Belgium, 20,000,000 tons; Austria, 9,000,000 tons; Russia (1888), 6,000,000 tons; others 9,000,000 tons. During the last twenty years there has been a marked increase in the consumption of coal, which was, no doubt, commensurate with increased industrial activity. Thus, comparing European countries alone, the average annual output for the period of 1881-80 was upward of 62,000,000 tons, greater than during the previous decade, and that rate of increase bade fair to be maintained, so that the world's consumption of coal would soon reach 500,000,000 tons per annum, if it had not already done so.

In an investigation made by a royal commissioner as to the ascertainable sources of coal in Great Britain it was ascertained that not more than 148,773,000,000 tons were available at depths not exceeding 4,000 feet from the surface, a reserve which, at the present state of increase of population, and of coal consumption, would be practically exhausted in less than 300 years. The law of limit in this, as in all other mineral products, is of course, without exception. It is simply a difference in tonnage. Industrial activity, to which under present conditions the use of coal is indispensable for steam and power purposes, is not only multiplying the demands of consumption, but has a widening area of use, to which the map of the two hemispheres is the only limit.

We cannot add a pound of coal to nature's deposit or build an addition to the planetary cellar, but it is possible to economize a product in the use of which civilization has been ignorantly wasteful.—[Age of Steel.

Black Something of Something. The man was in a brown study when he went into the drug store. "What can we do for you?" inquired the clerk. "I want black something of something," he said. "Have you got any?" "Probably we have," replied the clerk, "but you'll have to be more definite to get it." The customer thought for a moment. "Got any black sheepskin of something?" he asked. "No, we don't keep sheep skins. We have chamois skins, though." "That isn't it, I know," said the customer. "Got any other kind of skins?" "No." "Skins, skins, skins," repeated the man, struggling with his slippery memory. "Calfskin seems to be something like it. Got any black calf skins of anything?" "No, not a one," and the clerk laughed. The customer grew red in the face. "By jove," he said, "if it isn't a skin, what in thunder is it?" "Possibly it is a hide?" suggested the clerk quietly. "That's it! That's it!" exclaimed the man. "Have you got any black hides of something or anything?" "Not that I am aware of," and the customer became thoughtful again. "Hide, hide, hide," he repeated. "Got any rawhide of anything?" The clerk shook his head sadly as the man tramped up and down the store. "Got any black cowhide of anything?" he asked after a minute's thought. The clerk's face showed a gleam of intelligence and then broke into a smile. "Possibly it is black oxide of manganese you want?" he said quietly. The customer almost threw his arms around the clerk's neck. "Of course, that's it," he exclaimed. "I knew there was a skin or something somewhere about the thing," and he calmed down and waited for what he wanted.

I LOVE THE SHADOWS BEST. A thousand voices hath the morn That wake the dreaming light; A thousand shadows hath the eve, The children of the night. Of rapture and of bliss are born, I love the shadows best; For softly floating, meek and brown, They kiss my weary eyelids down, And soothe my heart to rest. —[Samuel Minturn Peck

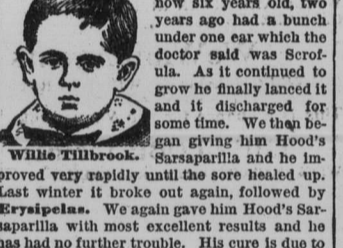
Men sigh for the wings of a dove that they may fly away and be at rest. But flying away will not help us. "The kingdom of God is within you." We aspire to the top to look for rest. It lies at the bottom. Water rests only when it gets to the lowest place. So do men. Hence be lowly.

Praying by machinery is done in parts of Thibet, China, and Japan. A wheel six or eight feet in diameter is covered with rolls of parchment, which is filled with written prayers. The wheel is placed in a temple, the faithful each give it a few whirrs, and the prayer is supposed to be repeated as many times as it is contained on the parchment. Sometimes the wheel is erected over a running stream. This keeps the wheel almost constantly in motion, and the faithful merely gaze at it, bow their heads and thus acknowledge the prayers as theirs.

Member of the Legislature. In addition to the testimony of the Governor of the State of Maryland, U. S. A., a member of the Maryland Legislature, Hon. Wm. C. Harden, testifies as follows: "748 Dolphin St., Balto., Md., U. S. A., Jan. 18, '90. Gentlemen: I met with a severe accident by falling down the back stairs of my residence, in the darkness, and was bruised badly in my hip and side, and suffered severely. One and a half bottles of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me. Wm. C. Harden." Member of State Legislature.

Some people are so prompt that they waste half their time getting there too soon. Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere. GIBSON'S TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists. The only means of knowing one's size is to go out among one's fellows and use men as measures.

Scrofula in the Neck. The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.: "My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."



Hood's Sarsaparilla. He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. 77y them. 25c.

"How are you?" "Nicely, Thank You," "Thank Who?" "Why the inventor of SCOTT'S EMULSION Which cured me of CONSUMPTION." Give thanks for his discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it. Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil. Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer. Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds. Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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SITUATIONS VACANT—For hundreds of smart young men and women who will thoroughly prepare themselves in Shorthand, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Type Writing, etc. Address College of Correspondence, Toronto.

IF YOU WOULD SAVE TIME AND MONEY BUY A NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE Agents everywhere.

DO YOU IMAGINE That people would have been regularly using our Toilet Soaps since the 1817 (thirty-seven years) if they had not been GOOD? The public are not fools and do not continue to buy goods unless they are satisfactory.

HEARLE. CURE FITS! Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address, H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Bad Heard Him Once. Bilks—"Come up and hear our minister to-day." Nobbs—"No, thanks; I heard him once and always regretted it." "Why, I guess you are mistaken." "Not a bit of it; he is the minister who married us." It has been observed that the children of very young parents rarely attain vigor of mind or body, while the children of aged parents are usually old-fashioned and sedate.

"How delicious is the winning Of a kiss, as love's beginning— the poet, and his sentiment is true one possible exception. If either party the catarrh, even love's kiss loses its sweetness. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a sure cure for the repulsive and distressing affliction. By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases. \$500 reward offered for an incurable case. It is well enough that most mortals can not see themselves as others see them. The view which others have of them is quite as far wrong as the picture they see of themselves. Not in the same direction, however.

A.P. 640.

SHILOH'S CURE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest SUFFERING Pleaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50c. This Injector for its successful treatment of Croup, Bronchitis, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

KOFF NO MORE WATSON'S COUGH DROPS WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOICISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM.

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CONSUMPTION. Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address, T. A. SLOCUM & CO., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

WHY BUY a Boot or Shoe that does not fit. Why punish your self in attempting to form your foot to a boot or shoe. We make our Boots and Shoes from two to three different widths.

DR. TAYLOR'S ASTHMA CURE. ASTHMA CURE Gives a Night's Sweet Sleep and so that you need not sit up all night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. On receipt of name and P.O. Address will mail Trial Bottle FREE. DR. TAYLOR'S MEDICINE Co., Rochester, N. Y. Canadian Office, 186 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

CANADA PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY. INCORPORATED A.D. 1855. Subscribed Capital \$5,000,000 Paid up Capital 2,000,000 Reserve Fund 1,500,000 Total Assets 12,000,000 Office, Toronto St., Toronto. SAVINGS BANK BRANCH Sums of \$1 and upwards received at Current Rates of Interest, paid or compounded half yearly.

DEBENTURES. Money received for a fixed term of years for which Debentures are issued, with half yearly interest. Coupons attached. Executed by Trustees are authorized by law to invest in the Debentures of this Company. The capital and assets of the Company being pledged for money thus received. Debenture holders are at all times assured of perfect safety. J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

Have You CATARRH? IF YOU USE DR. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It never fails. IT CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD, THROAT AND NOSE, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILS, RESTORES the sense of smell, and drives away the DULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have Catarrh. One bottle will work wonders. Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Confederation Life. ESTABLISHED 1871. TORONTO. J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director. Insurance at Risk, - - \$22,000,000 Cash Assets, - - - \$4,000,000 Paid Policy-holders, - - \$2,250,000

NEW BUSINESS FOR 1892 IS WELL IN ADVANCE OF THAT FOR 1891 OR ANY PREVIOUS YEAR. POLICIES FREE. Practically, FROM ALL CONDITIONS OF Residence, Travel and Occupation. AFTER TWO YEARS.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia. A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montigny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

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C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

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ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. For Circular Address J. DOAN & SON, 77 Northcote Ave., Toronto.

Most Remarkable in the World. Comparing the analysis with others, St. Leon is the most remarkable in the world. The testimony of those who have cured of disease, my own experience in its use, I am forced to the conclusion that St. Leon is the most remarkable combination of minerals in a water in the world. James Greenham, analytical chemist, Brooklyn, N.Y. St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd., Branch office, 449 Yonge Street.

FILES. CURE GUARANTEED. Why be troubled with FILES, EXTERNAL OR INTERNAL, FISSURES, ULCERATION, ITCHING OR BLEEDING, PILES? THE FILE OINTMENT gives immediate relief. In the hands of F. H. MORRIS it has proved perfectly invaluable. It Never Fails, even in cases of long standing. Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

GET ONLY CHAS. CLUTHE'S TRUSS. IMPROVED THE LAST 20 YEARS NOTHING BETTER UNDER THE SUN.

RUPTURE. SEND FOR QUESTION SHEET. ON RECEIPT OF ANSWER, LET ME SELECT WHAT IS REQUIRED. WILL SEND YOU PRICE. GOODS ARE SENT BY MAIL, REGISTERED, CORRECT AND CHEAP. Send Stamp for Illustrated Book. CHAS. CLUTHE, SURGICAL MACHINIST, 124 KING STREET W., TORONTO.

John Bull Steel Plate Range. FOR COAL AND WOOD. LATEST AND BEST. UNBREAKABLE. Be sure and see the elegant stove before buying any other. Sold by all leading dealers. Made by E. & C. Gurney Co., Toron

Confederation Life. ESTABLISHED 1871. TORONTO. J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director. Insurance at Risk, - - \$22,000,000 Cash Assets, - - - \$4,000,000 Paid Policy-holders, - - \$2,250,000 NEW BUSINESS FOR 1892 IS WELL IN ADVANCE OF THAT FOR 1891 OR ANY PREVIOUS YEAR. POLICIES FREE. Practically, FROM ALL CONDITIONS OF Residence, Travel and Occupation. AFTER TWO YEARS.

ALWAYS TRUE. RHEUMATISM.—COL. DAVID WYLLIE, "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with ST. JACOBS OIL. In the morning I walked without pain." NEURALGIA.—MR. JAMES BONNER, 138 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me." IT IS THE BEST.

Wingham.

One of the wires of the electric lights was broken on Friday last, and consequently the town was in darkness. Mr. S. Gracey's little boy, five years old, died on Saturday morning last, of consumption. A very exciting skating race came off on Friday evening of last week, between Sam Elliot and Hank Bond, on a bet of \$10 that Bond could go 102 1/2 laps while Elliot went 190 laps. Considerable side betting was done, in small bets. The race began by Elliot having a start of half a lap, both dashed off pretty lively, but in the course of about a dozen laps Bond was up to his man, thus gaining half a lap. Now began a very close race, Bond endeavoring repeatedly to gain another lap but he could not shake Elliot off. When he could not squarely win the race he resorted to unfair means, by trying to "body" his man at the corners, the result of which was disastrous to himself, as Elliot dodged him and let him fly into the corner of the rink, then by extra stick-to-it-ism gained a lap on Bond, thus being now a half lap ahead on an even race. They then kept together until about the last half-dozen laps when Elliot made another dash and gained another half lap before the race ended. Thus the race was won by Elliot by about 8 1/2 laps, or one lap on an even race. It is reported that another race is to come off soon. Mr. Walter Green has purchased the old mill site in Lower Wingham from Mr. Hutton, and is having brick laid on the ground for the purpose of erecting a building for the machinery of the electric light plant.

North Howick.

The following is the report of S. S. No. 1 for the month of January, based on regular attendance, punctuality, good conduct, perfect recitation and the result of a written examination, five marks deducted for each offence: Senior Fourth, marks obtainable, 1200. Grace Taylor.....19 1056 Wilbert Ferguson.....12 890 Junior Fourth (obt. 1000.) Wm. Bell.....21 819 Minnie Halladay.....15 744 Susan Bell.....21 736 Martha Cathers.....17 645 Jennie Finlay.....21 638 Fred Rush.....21 635 Wm. Dane.....11 599 Wm. J. Finlay.....21 508 Nellie Lovish.....9 415 Third. (Obt. 960.) Cassie Dano.....21 876 Mary Galloway.....21 752 John Bell.....19 660 Maggie Harvey.....11 618 Geo. Johnson.....21 605 Wesley Tremble.....17 603 Lizzie Cathers.....19 600 Rachel Finlay.....21 592 Tindal T. Ritchie.....21 584 Stewart Finlay.....21 568 Frank Douglas.....21 544 John Finlay.....20 536 Ida Rush.....16 601 Henry Dennis.....21 522 Walter Dennis.....21 509 Archie Stewart.....11 415 James Douglas.....21 426 Second Class. (Obt. 600.) Mary Cathers.....17 525 Geo. Pomeroy.....16 520 Jessie Galloway.....21 502 Thos. Ferguson.....15 485 Wm. Finlay.....21 478 Alex. Stewart.....11 440 Wm. Sangster.....7 445 Annie Rush.....20 440 Bertha Dennis.....9 448 Emma Rush.....20 415 Etta Burns.....17 413 John Pomeroy.....18 246 Second Part. (Obt. 500.) Maggie Finlay.....21 460 Jennie Stewart.....11 417 Chas. Finlay.....21 410 Alex. Sangster.....7 395 Wm. Cathers.....17 390 Lizzie Galloway.....20 351 Geo. Dennis.....21 345 Alex. Finlay.....21 348 Wm. Tremble.....19 338 Wm. Burns.....17 303 Wm. Nichol.....9 300 Robert Nichol.....0 290 ALEX. J. KAINE, Teacher.

Huntingfield.

The rainstorm prevented several of our citizens from attending the open meeting of the Patrons of Industry at Lakelet on Monday night. The trustees have been making some improvements in our school house lately by erecting a shell partition across the room, thus forming ante-rooms and at the same time making it several degrees warmer inside. The Milldam sideroad is opened again. There had been no teams though for four days. It has not been so bad for several years, the snow being in many places four feet deep above the former road. Mr. Gordon, our worthy postmaster and mail carrier, has purchased a new cutter, his old one having caved in last week on his way to Clifford. Mr. Robt. Pomeroy left last week for Belmore, where he intends learning the milling business in the roller mill. Mr. and Mrs. Russell, of Paisley, were guests at the residence of A. Wynn, Esq., last week. Have You? What? Why, paid your subscription to the GAZETTE for 1893.

Second Line Items.

Mr. John Cochrane, of Ayr, is at present visiting his mother. Miss Charlotte Cathers returned home last week from visiting in Logan township. A serious accident happened to Mr. John Cathers last week while he was attending to his stock. While climbing up in the barn to put down some feed his foot slipped and he fell head foremost and broke his collar-bone. Dr. Tuck was sent for and reduced the fracture and Mr. C. is now doing as well as can be expected. Misses Rachel and Lizzie Jacques are at present very ill with the mumps. Dame rumor has it that there was a wedding on this line last week if so they must have been pretty sly about it. The Presbyterians intend holding a box social at the residence of Mr. John Cooper, second con., Howick, on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 15. Proceeds in aid of the fund for building the church sheds. Mr. J. Gedcke's little four-year-old child was buried in the Dunkard cemetery last Thursday. Miss Ella Cooper is at present visiting friends in Toronto. Revival services are being held in the Dunkard Church here by Rev. Mr. Stickley. Mrs. Johnson, of Griswold, Man., has been the guest of Mrs. Hoesy for some time.

SCHOOL REPORT.

The following is the honor roll (the pupils who obtained over 25% of the total number of marks) for the month of January S. S. No. 11. The names are in the order of merit: Fifth Class—Ford Cooper, Levi Snyder. Fourth—Willie Faust, George Faust, Bella Dunlop. Senior Third—Malinda Tilker, Oliver Reichard, Louisa Walker. Junior Third—Robt. Self, Edna Johnston, Priscilla Gedcke. Senior Second—Henry Faust, Malinda Snyder, Fred Hoffert. Junior Second—Lizzie Sanderson, Minerva Tilker, Lewis McDermitt. Part Second—Wellington Self, John Tilker, Chas. Crawford. First Class—Malinda Gedcke, Roy Mitchell. Thos. Hicks, Teacher.

County Council Notes.

The county printing contract was awarded to the Goderich Signal. Reeve Cook made a strenuous effort to get the county to assume a proportion of the cost of maintaining bridges in this township over 100 feet in length. Eight or ten new pauper wards were placed upon the county for support, in sums of from \$80 to \$100 per annum. A large sum of money was voted for the erection of necessary bridges in various parts of the county. Dr. McDermott, of Hensall, was authorized to visit and examine every county waad, and report at next meeting. The discussion of many of the questions were very warm and considerable legislative ability was shown. Warden Griffin is only 43 years of age, yet is a born statesman and gives promise of being one of the best the county has yet had.

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.

Barkwell's Sure Corn Cure will cure any wart, bunion or mole. For sale by N. McLaughlin, druggist, Gorrie.

R. H. FORTUNE.

VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST, WROXETER, ONT. Will visit Fordwich every Monday from 1 to 3 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. 13th, 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 1892 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.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS. A specific monthly medicine for ladies to restore and regulate the menses, relieving from healthy and painless discharge. No aches or pains on approach. Now used by over 2,000,000 ladies. Increased will use again. Investigate these organs. Buy of your druggist only those with our signature across face of label. A gold substitute. Sealed particulars mailed to stamp, \$1.00 per copy. Address, BUREKA CHEMICAL COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

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. Green, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. R. 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 3 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 1892 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 7s, 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 pedestrians 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!!!

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.

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.

Fordwich Hardware Store. Just Received at Hunter & Henry's OUR HARDWARE STOCK has been enlarged to a great extent and is replete in all lines. Having secured the services of Mr. GEO. RUSSEL, of Wingham, as tinmith, we are prepared to do all kinds of REPAIRING on the shortest notice. GIVE US A CALL. (Successors to Darby Bros.)

A. B. Allison, DEALER IN Groceries, Confections, Canned Goods, Pastry, Toys, Notions, Oysters, Biscuits, Notions, Etc.