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NO. 33.



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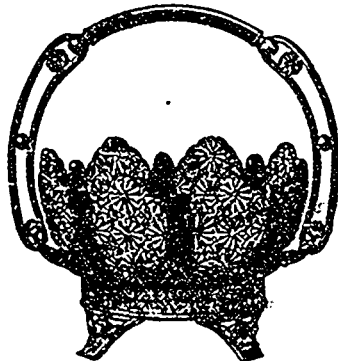
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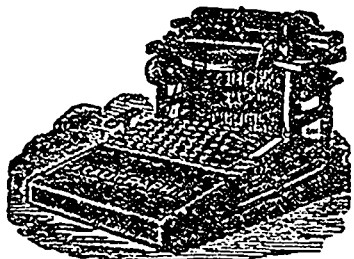
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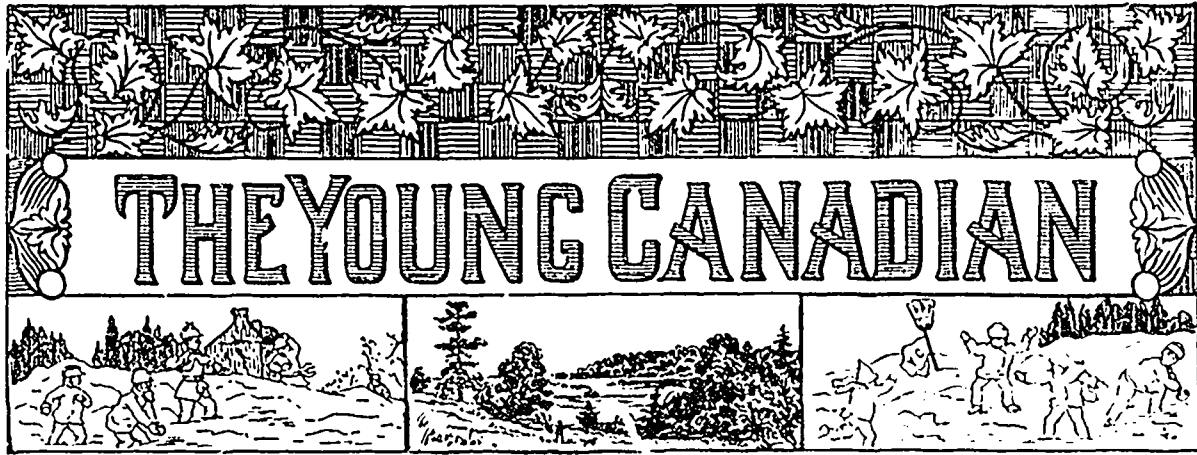
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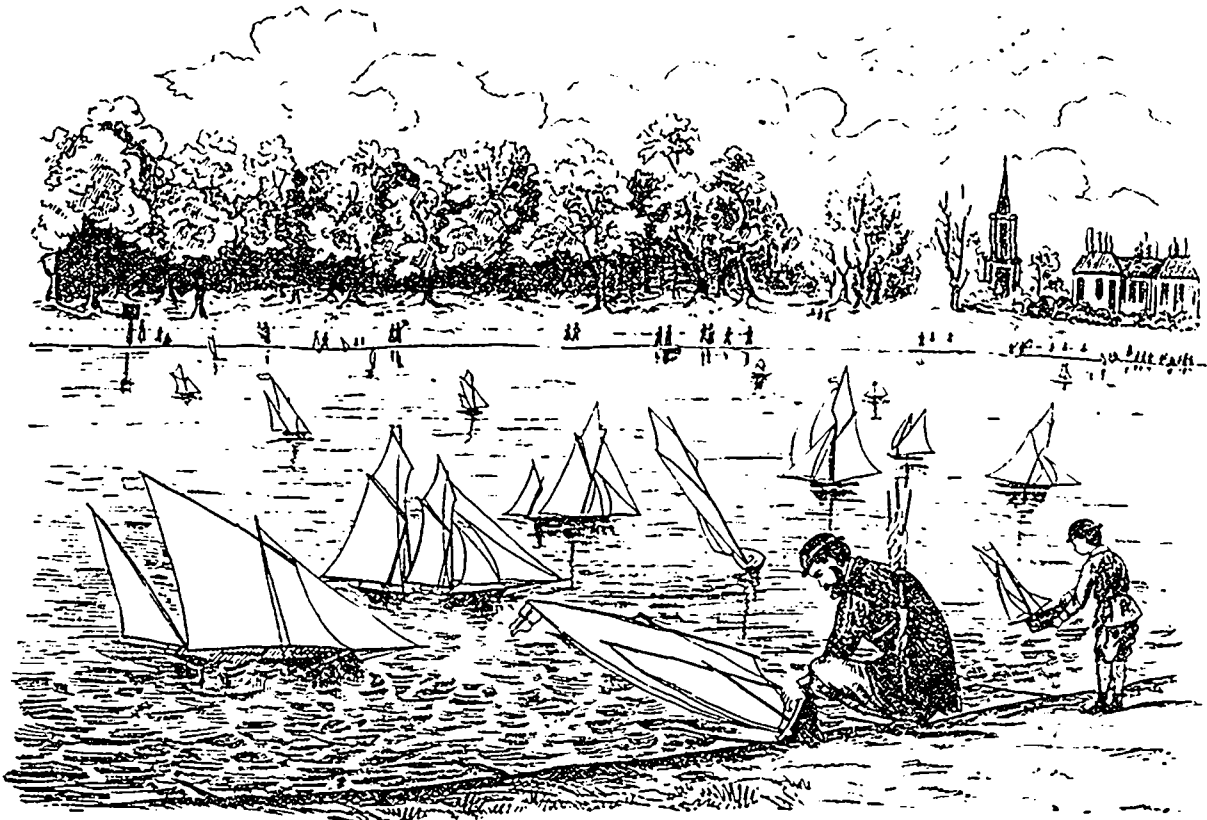


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MODEL YACHTING.

THERE are few sports which have made greater strides within the past ten years in popular favour than miniature yacht sailing. Although, like its more pretentious prototype, model yacht building dates from the time of the Stuarts, it has only lately become a recognized sport in England in the same light as cricket, lacrosse, and lawn-tennis.

At the present time there are over a score regularly constituted clubs scattered throughout the United Kingdom devoted exclusively to the promotion of this very fascinating and scientific amusement. The old idea that nothing could be learnt from the performance of

model ships and boats has been proved fallacious, and much time, labour, and money have been saved in consequence.

Take, as an instance, the controversy carried on in "Hunt's Yachting Magazine" for 1854, in which the London Model Yacht Club was ridiculed by a certain writer for imagining that, to use his identical words, "the toyshop device of a lump of lead for a keel could ever be applied to real yachts." If the author of that expression was alive now he would see that the so-called "toyshop device" is not only now applied to racing yachts, but even cruisers of three hundred to five hundred tons have solid lead keels.

There are numerous other instances which could be brought forward to show how much real yacht-building has learnt from model sailing. In the "Field" for March 18th there appeared the lines of a yacht supposed to illustrate the very latest type of the modern racing cutter. She was seven inches beam, twenty-nine inches long, and twelve inches deep. The ridicule that was cast upon the unlucky individual who had the misfortune to own the boat is fresh even now. "Do you imagine," said a shipbuilder who happened to be present, "that any one would build a vessel deeper than she is wide?" "Why not?" replied the model yachtsman. "Because," answered the shipbuilder, "the thing would be an utter absurdity." There are plenty of real yachts, however, at the present time whose draught of water exceeds the breadth.

At first the press, that powerful organ for good or evil, refused its help to the miniature yachtsman. Reports of club meetings and regattas were regularly forwarded, but, with one or two exceptions, they found their way into the waste-paper basket. At last one of the London daily journals suddenly awoke to the fact that model yacht sailing was an excellent and inviting mode of keeping young England out of mischief, and in a leading article called attention to the great amount of patience and skill necessary, not only to design, but also to sail a model yacht properly. This was some twenty years ago, and since then these papers, which devote a portion of their space to yachting matters, do not disdain to chronicle the sayings and doings of the miniature yacht clubs.

The cut in our present issue represents a model yacht regatta. The boats are divided into two classes. 1st class, 2 feet 6 inches between the perpendiculars (stern and stern-post), with 3½ inches allowed over for counter; 2nd class, 2 feet between perpendiculars, with 2½ inches allowance for counters, or, as it is more frequently called, overhanging stern. A match takes place every month for both classes for club prizes; but there are numerous extra races got up by the members among themselves, the favourite days for sailing being Saturday and Monday. Originally the first-class was confined to vessels with more than one mast in order to exclude cutters, as it was supposed that inasmuch as the "single sticker" will beat to windward much faster than a schooner or yawl, the owners of the latter would not have a fair share of the prizes, and that everybody would adopt the cutter rig eventually, and other rigs would not be experimented with.

This, however, has not been the case. It has been found from experience that the best rig for the water is the lug-balanced yawl, as she is termed. A very fair sample of this type of boat is seen in the foreground of the picture. The rig is a model of simplicity, as the only shift of sails necessary are the jibs, as both lug or mizen can be made to reef. When close-hauled on a long reach these crafts go very fast: care must, however, be taken to have the yard and boom on the lee side of the mast. Of course, with no one to put the helm down when sufficient offing has been obtained to fetch within bounds, some plan must be devised for overcoming this difficulty, and this is done by means of the mizen, or "jigger," as it is familiarly called. A short preventer sheet, called a guy, is attached to the mizen boom, and leads through an eye-bolt on the quarter. When it is required to make a very short tack, the mizen is drawn right over to windward, and the model will almost screw round in her own length.

If it is necessary that an offing, say, of fifty to sixty yards, is wanted, the guy is slacked so that the mizen-boom is only slightly to windward, and the boat will make a long sweeping "fetch" before she come about.

This is termed "guying." A great deal depends upon understanding how to guy properly. A short-keeled boat will require much less "guy" than one with a long, straight keel, and so on. A cutter is "guyed" by tautening in the main-sheet, and a schooner is managed in the same way; but the yawls, of course, have an advantage in this respect, as their most powerful sail is still drawing them ahead, the "jigger" only being "guyed."

We have pleasure in submitting to our youthful aquatics this delightful sport. It is not yet too late to organize for this summer, and the winter will supply time and opportunity to get the dainty little crafts in readiness. Such a sport will form a fresh attraction to our summers, and will not only keep young Canada out of mischief, but should prove one of the manliest pastimes we have.

"Hints to Young Skippers," "Water Polo," etc., will find a fitting companion to-day in "Model Yachting." We quite anticipate that next summer will see more than one of our suggestions adopted by our young sportsmen.

NED DARROW;

OR,

THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE TRAIL.

NED DARROW realized in a very few moments that some beast of prey was in the tree.

His experience with wild animals had heretofore been confined to the trapping of such small game as the woods around the academy afforded, or teasing the pet bear at the inn at Ridgeland.

For a moment or two he was held motionless with a strange feeling of terror. The fascinating glow of those staring eyes revived all he had read of ravenous beasts of prey, and he tried bravely to nerve himself for the encounter he felt sure must ensue.

He had no weapon except the knife he had brought from the camp. As he realized that his weak arm would not wield that with much effect if the animal was a wild cat or animal of still more ferocity, his ingenuity was exercised to devise some means of frightening away this new enemy.

He knew that the fact of the fire being extinguished was a serious circumstance. If he could only ignite it anew! But the leaves were wet with the falling rain.

He slid his hand back of him. The bed of rushes under him was quite dry where he had lain.

"If I could only set it afire!" breathed Ned.

He had brought some matches with him, and, keeping his eyes fixed on the object on the tree, he tremblingly drew the end of the match across his coat.

He could see the animal move, and heard its growlings increase in fierceness. The match spluttered and touched the dry reeds. At that moment, with a snarling cry, the animal sprang towards him.

He dropped the match, and, seizing the knife, raised it. The wild cat, for such it was, grazed his face with its claws, and drove him back flat on the ground.

As it passed over his head he felt the knife meet its furry skin. It uttered a yell of pain and bounded beyond him into the jungle.

The knife was covered with blood, and Ned knew that he had wounded the wild cat. At that moment, too, the rushes sprung into a sudden blaze.

"The danger is past," murmured Ned, fervently. "Ernest! Ernest! wake up!"

He kept the fire going despite the rain, and related what had occurred to his startled companion.

They kept awake the remainder of the night, and were not troubled with any more unpleasant visitors.

Before noon the next day they came to the point where the river had its source.

Here an immense lake, or rather bayou, spread out for miles.

Here the boys devoted an hour to examining the shores of the bayou. At last they found a trace of Ralph Warden's party.

The remains of a camp-fire showed where they had been either the previous evening or the night preceding it.

From here the broken rushes and twigs, and an occasional footstep indicated that the fugitives had gone southerly along the bayou shore.

Yet all that day, the two pursuers did not come up with the objects of their search.

They were about to abandon the quest, when they came across the remains of a second camp-fire.

Here they found one of the guns and some ammunition. Evidently Ralph Warden and his friends had got tired of hunting, and had abandoned one of the weapons as too heavy to carry.

For over an hour a clear trail of the boys showed. But after following it in a circle for some time it diverged through a watery waste.

"The boys have got confused and lost themselves," decided Ned. "We cannot go much farther to-night."

He loaded and fired the gun several times, hoping the reports might reach the ears of the lost boys, but there was no responsive signal.

They found a dry bank near a little branch of the lake, and decided to camp there for the night.

Beyond them lay the bayou with scores of islands, and choked up with trees and rushes. The boys could hardly have penetrated it.

The rain had been falling nearly all day, but stopped after dusk; the moon and stars came out.

"Their trail is covered by the water," said Ned. "And they keep going south, believing they are returning to the camp, I surmise."

They built a fire and took turns at watching, to keep it replenished during the night, and also to look out for any answering glow of their lost comrades' fire in the distance.

The monotony of the hours were unrelieved except by the torments of myriads of insects. About nine the rain began to fall again, first slowly, and then in torrents.

The situation of affairs became so bad that Ned, who was on watch, awoke his companion.

"This deluge will drive us out," he said. "See! the dry spot we crossed here an hour ago is submerged."

Ernest shouldered the gun and Ned slung the knapsack of provisions over his arm. They found a new shelter under some trees, but an hour later the water was over their shoe tops.

The situation, at first cheerless, was becoming serious. Behind them the increasing flood had made a dead level of the way they had come, while, in wading to new spots of shelter, driven from the last one, they were compelled to wade knee-deep in the morass.

They had tried to cross from a place under some large trees to a still safer spot, when Ernest fell into a hole and was nearly drowned.

"We cannot keep floundering around this way," said Ned, in despair, as both, wet through and chilled to the bone, looked gloomily over what seemed now a vast lake dotted here and there with clumps of trees and islands, each moment sinking deeper into the water.

"What can we do, then?"

"Climb the trees and wait for the storm to subside."

They followed the idea at once, and found a comfortable resting-place in the crotch of a tree.

The rain continued to pour down. They had never seen the like. As grey morning dawned it cleared for a time. Far as the eye could reach, except for a few islands as yet unsubmerged, before them and by the track they had come, was a vast watery waste.

Ernest was appalled; Ned, grave and anxious. The latter started from a serious reverie as to the situation, as Ernest cried suddenly:

"Look! Ned. Yonder, through the trees, on the little island!"

"What is it?"

"A fire!"

Both boys peered curiously through the misty dawn in the direction from which a lurid glow emanated.

"It is a fire!" cried Ned, excitedly, "and there are figures around it! Ernest, I guess we have discovered our lost comrades at last."

CHAPTER XXV.

RESCUED.

The little island upon which the fire was visible was not more than two hundred yards distant from the tree in which the rising water had imprisoned Ned and Ernest.

The fire, however, seemed burning in the centre of it, and a view of the same was obscured by intervening trees.

The boys watched the spot in silence for some moments.

"You think it is Ralph and the boys?" inquired Ernest.

"It must be. They are certainly human figures, and they have been cut off from land by the floods just as we are, only more fortunate in securing a dry spot."

"And if the island should be submerged?"

"They must trust to the tree tops as we have done," replied Ned.

"But they have no provisions; they took none from the camp."

"Then we must reach them with some."

Ernest looked curiously at Ned. At that moment, however, the latter began loading the gun.

"I am going to try to arrest their attention," said Ned, and he fired the weapon.

Its echoes sounded harsh and reverberating over the watery solitude. Ned kept his eyes fixed on the island, and a minute later, lighted a piece of paper and waved it aloft.

In the early morning light they saw several forms come to the edge of the distant island.

Ned raised his voice and shouted as loud as he could. The prisoners replied, although no words could be made out.

"It's Ralph and his comrades," said Ned. "I can make out their faces distinctly now."

In fact, in a few minutes the party on the island seemed aware of the location of Ned and Ernest, and signalled them wildly.

"The rain seems to have stopped," said Ernest. "The water may subside."

"Not for many days," replied Ned. "The floods from the mountains will keep the level the same for some time to come. Ernest, we must reach the boys yonder."

"But how?"

"By swimming from tree to tree, if no other way."

Ned bade his companion hold the gun and provision bag, and, divesting himself of his coat, climbed down to the water's edge.

He found that the water was over his head, and that its surface was covered with floating vines, in which he became entangled dangerously.

Then Ned Darrow exercised all his ingenuity to reach the boys imprisoned on the island.

It was a slow and laborious task. He made a strong rope of some thick tough vines, and, attaching a piece of wood, flung it to the nearest tree. Here he would swim or climb his way, secure the rope, and Ernest would follow along this improvised bridge.

This operation the boys repeated for nearly two hours. At the first Ralph Warden and his companions had stood on the edge of the island, but for some reason they had returned to the vicinity of the fire.

At last they reached a clump of trees only a few yards from the island, and boldly swam the distance, undaunted by the presence of turtles, lizards, and snakes, which abounded on every floating piece of dead wood.

"The boys act strangely," said Ernest, as they shook the water from their clothing.

"They are gathered about the fire," replied Ned.

But as they toiled towards the centre of the swampy little island, they found a curious state of affairs.

Of the six boys, three lay prostrate on the ground, pale and groaning as though with some deathly sickness, while the others were wandering blindly about, filling the air with strange, incoherent mutterings, and gesticulating deliriously.

Ernest was quite frightened as Ralph Warden stared at Ned when the latter touched his arm, with the words—

"What's the matter, Ralph?"

Ralph's eyes were glazed, and his face was a white blank. He did not seem to recognize Ned, and continued muttering vaguely.

"What can it mean?" said Ernest. "The boys act as if they were crazy."

"They are, temporarily, at least. See, Ernest, this accounts for their strange condition."

As Ned spoke he picked up a small, round apple, of which there were several on the ground, some of them half-eaten.

"What is it, Ned?"

"A kind of thorn apple, and probably poisonous or narcotic. They have been overcome with hunger, and have eaten recklessly without counting the cost."

"Cannot we do something for them? They may be dying."

"We can try," said Ned. "Get some water in this, Ernest."

Ned handed his companion the tin cup they carried with them, and hurriedly built a small fire of twigs.

He heated the water, brought from the bayou, and then poured its luke-warm contents down the throats of each of the sick boys.

This he continued until they had ejected the fruit they had eaten, and had the satisfaction of seeing them finally recover their natural health, except for a slight pallor and weakness.

The food in the provision bag was ravenously devoured by the hungry boys, whose story of their wanderings and sufferings was briefly given, and their sorrow for running away freely expressed.

The rain continued to fall, ever and anon, all through that day, and the water increased steadily. Ned noted with some alarm that their stock of provisions was entirely gone, and that the chances of obtaining much game were very frail.

He began to scheme for escape from the island, and perfected a plan by the following morning.

An immense log had floated to the island, and he tested its capacity by having his companions get upon it. Its base was heavy, and it neither sank nor turned in the water with their additional weight.

He made a rope of vines, attached a stone, and all announced their willingness to trust themselves to the rudely improvised float.

By paddling and pulling their way by the trees, as also by flinging the stone ahead to a tree and dragging along on the rope, the eight boys managed to navigate the bayou.

Half-starved and woe-begone in appearance they reached the river the next day, and that evening the camp near the coast welcomed them home again.

Their adventures thrilled the twelve boys who had not been with them, but the lesson of Ralph Warden's foolish venture was too powerful to excite any to follow his example.

It was two nights later when a new and startling episode occurred at the camp.

About midnight Ned Darrow, awakening, saw moving towards their camp-fire two stealthy forms.

"Savages," he murmured, as he reached for the loaded gun.

He could make out that the intruders were human beings, and he determined to awaken the camp.

He fired the gun in the air, its echoes reverberating far and wide.

At that moment, however, from the foremost of the two advancing figures came the words, in a gruff, hearty tone of voice—

"Avast there, my hearty! Don't you know me?"

(To be Continued.)

A DOG'S HUMANITY.

A correspondent sends to the London *Spectator* the following anecdote illustrative of a dog's "humanity":—The servant man of one of my friends took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog was with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water the dog sprang in and brought it back safely to land. A second time the man threw it in, and again the dog rescued it; and when, for the third time, the man tried to drown it, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, running all the way home with it, and safely depositing it before the kitchen fire, and ever after they were inseparable, sharing even the same bed!

There are many people in the world who laugh all the way home, and stop as soon as they reach the door.

GIPSIES.

BY FLORENCE GARDNER.

The first appearance of the gipsies in England was about 1512, though they are spoken of in Scotland at a somewhat earlier period. Their leader and king was known as Giles Hather, and a woman of the name of Calot was called the queen. These two rode through the country in strange attire, and with a long train of followers. As in other countries, their character for honesty was not well sustained, and though statute after statute was passed against them, no improvement seems to have taken place in their condition or morals.

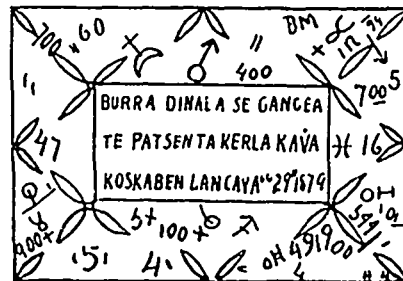
Burnett tells us, in the "History of the Reformation," that in 1549 "a search was made through Sussex for vagabonds, gipsies, conspirators, prophesiers, and such like." Some were executed, others banished to the Continent; while a fine of £.40 was inflicted on any person importing one. A few years later at a single assize in Suffolk, no less than thirteen were executed: but this seems to have been the last sentence inflicting a death penalty on these unfortunate people for only being gipsies. Those who were left divided the country into certain districts, which it was mutually agreed, should be assigned to different bands; but occasionally desperate battles took place if any overstepped their boundaries.

For centuries some of the minor trades have almost exclusively been in their hands. They excel in making horn spoons, wooden trenchers, &c., and as workers in metal. As pedlars of cheap earthenware and wicker-work they are well known; and at many a village entertainment the gipsy fortune-teller and musician are prominent features.

Their method of smelting iron is rude and primitive. A small circle is built of stone, turf, and clay for a furnace, about 3 feet in height and 18 inches in diameter; it is deepened by part of the earth being scooped out from the inside; it is then filled with coal or charred

peat, and the iron laid on the top. Below the fuel an aperture is left for inserting an iron ladle lined with clay, into which the melting metal sinks, and is then ready to pour into various sand-moulds ready to receive it. The materials in the furnace are powerfully heated by the blasts of a large hand-bellows admitted at a small hole just above the ground.

The ancient method of cooking practiced among gipsies, and which, in all probability, they brought with them from the East more than four hundred years ago, is also little known, though it is well adapted to a people travelling over a thinly-inhabited country, in which the usual utensils for this purpose could not be procured or easily carried. In cooking fowls they make use of neither pot, pan, spit, or oven, but twist a strong rope of straw tightly round the bird, immediately after it is killed, without removing entrails or feathers; it is then covered with hot peat ashes, and a slow fire is kept up till it is sufficiently done. When stripped of its shell of half-burned straw it presents a very fine appearance, and is most palatable. In this ingenious way stolen property can be prepared at the moment, and in the place where a search is often going on for the pilfered article.



GIPSY CHARM.

TRANSLATION--

"Great fools are women, to believe that this does them any good."

Meat is rolled in linen and covered over with well-wrought clay, and either burned in ashes or frequently turned before a fierce fire. When finished, the clay mould is broken, the meat separated from its inner covering of burnt rags, and sometimes a little vinegar poured over it.

Though "their hand has been against every man, and every man's hand against them," there are still many traits in the gipsy character to be admired. They are by no means ungrateful to those who show them kindness; and there are numerous instances recorded where they have come forward and assisted in pecuniary difficulties those who have given them shelter or protection.

They are light-hearted and brave; though quick-tempered, their anger is not, as a rule, lasting; and they have a deep and fervent love of kindred. When a child makes its appearance in the world, it is at once accustomed to the utmost extremes of heat and cold. If born in winter, it is rubbed with snow, or takes its first bath in a hole dug in the ground and filled with water. In summer it is anointed with grease and laid in the burning sun. Gipsies are, as a rule, married at a very early age. A girl is generally betrothed at fourteen, and becomes a wife two years later.



ON THE ROAD.

When we consider the great length of time gipsies have preserved their language as a secret in the midst of civilized society all over Europe, while their persons were hunted down in every country like the beasts of the chase, it is not surprising that they retain many of their ancient customs which are so intimately associated with their domestic life. The marriage ceremony is performed by a man wearing a ram's horn as a sign of office; and, as becomes a nomadic race, the four elements of fire, air, earth and water take a prominent position.



GIPSY TENTS.

Their law relating to divorce is equally curious; there again we note its Eastern origin in making the sacrifice of an animal typify the offences committed. Gipsies dissolve their matrimonial alliances by killing a horse without blemish. The hour at which the rite is performed is, if possible, twelve o'clock noon, when the sun is at its height.

Lots are cast for the individual who is to sacrifice the animal, and he is called the priest for the time being. With a long pole he walks around the horse several times. It is then stabbed in the heart, and after life is extinct the husband and wife take their place on either side, and while holding hands repeat certain appropriate sentences in Romany, the gipsy language. They then separate and walk three times round the body, in a contrary direction, crossing each other at certain points. At the hind and fore feet, the shoulders and haunches, head and tail, the parties halt, and, facing each other,



AN ENGLISH GIPSY.

repeat the form. They then shake hands, and finally part, one going north and the other south, never again to be united in this life. The husband may take another wife whenever he pleases, but the woman is never permitted to marry again. A token of divorce is given to her. It is made of iron, about an inch and a half square, with a mark upon it resembling the Roman character 'T'. This must always be about her person; if she loses it, or attempts to pass herself off as a woman never before married, she becomes liable to the punishment of death, which takes the horrible form of being chained to a post and cudgelled till life ceases to exist.

When a gipsy dies naturally, it is usual to hold a wake over the body, which is dressed in white linen and decorated with flowers. Tapers are kept constantly burning till the funeral takes place. Some of the gipsies only put a paper cap on the head and paper round the feet of their dead, leaving the body bare, except they place upon the breast, opposite the heart, a circle made of red and blue ribbon. In England it was customary at one time to burn their dead, but now they burn the clothes and some of the effects of the deceased.

ADVICE.

HERE was once a pretty chicken;
But his friends were very few,
For he thought that there was nothing
In the world but what he knew.

So he always in the farm-yard
Had a very forward way,
Telling all the hens and turkeys
What they ought to do and say.
"Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder
That your goslings you should let
Go out paddling in the water;
It will kill them to get wet."

"And I wish, my old Aunt Dorking,"
He began to her one day,
"That you wouldn't sit all summer
In your nest upon the hay;
Won't you come out to the meadow
Where the grass with seeds is filled?"
"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,
"Then my eggs would get all chilled."
"No, they won't," replied the chicken;
"And no matter if they do.
Eggs are really good for nothing;
What's an egg to me or you?"

"What's an egg?" said Mrs. Dorking,
"Can it be you do not know
You yourself were in an egg-shell
Just one little month ago?
And if kind wings had not warmed you,
You would not be out to-day,
Telling hens, and geese, and turkeys
What they ought to do and say!
To be very wise, and show it,
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt;
But when young folks talk to old folks,
They should know what they're about."

A VILLAGE MYSTERY.

A. W. R.

AMONG some high and rocky mountains that were surrounded by green meadows and rippling brooks, there lived in a small, neat hut, a child of twelve with her old grandfather, Erle Huntingdon.

She was a bonny lass with brown glossy curls hobbing all over her small well shaped head and beautiful dark blue eyes.

The tiny lips were wont to caress the faded cheek of the old grandfather, now sick in bed, with the rheumatism of old age.

He had long been a faithful servant of the railroad that passed his mountain home, and had been the carrier of the mail into the little village, five miles from the railroad that couldn't reach it, ever since it had been found as a pleasant summer resort by the seaside.

A shrill whistle was heard in the distance, awaking the echoes of the quiet place, and old Argus, the large Newfoundland, stretched himself lazily before the bright fire as if there was no such thing as care in the world.

The old man turned over and groaned. "There's the express, Agnes, and no one to take the mail, and there will be a large amount of money, this time, too, on account of Christmas and the holidays. Oh! why am I down at this time!"

Stealing softly to the bed-side, she laid her little brown hand on his and said pleadingly:

Grandpa, *wont* you let me go, I am sure Argus and I can carry it there safe."

"I'll see, I'll see, child. Run along now, to the express, I think it is slowing up."

And as she slipped out of the door, her little face all aglow, and swinging her hat, by one string, he muttered to himself.

"It is a grave responsibility to put on a child, I fear, and yet—she is so brave, and Argus will protect her, as she says." In a few moments she returned with a small mail-pouch and handed it to the grandfather as he held his hands out for it.

"Two hundred dollars and valuable papers," he muttered, "Agnes, do you really think you can carry it safe? It must be got there to-night."

"Yes, yes grandpa, for I can ride old Chester and get back before dark, as it is only eleven o'clock, now. But can you stay by yourself?"—anxiously.

"Yes, little one, go and get ready."

And so with old Argus, and Chester, she set forth on her errand, with the mail-pouch well hid in a basket of lunch.

They had gone about five miles along the shady mountain road, when the horse, generally so gentle, suddenly shied and throwing his young rider among some old lumber lying near, he sped down the road at a break-neck gallop.

She lay trembling and still for a few moments and then, trying to pull herself up by the huge dog, who did not desert her, she sank painfully back, as she discovered that her foot was sprained and tied down by a large, clumsy log that had fallen from the top of the pile.

At last thinking of the money and papers, that ought to be there, she started up, pushing with all her strength the log away, and limped a few steps, when the pain being so intense she swayed and then sank down in a heap at the foot of a friendly tree standing near the roadside.

It was dark when she became conscious of her sur-

roundings, and the first thing she felt was a shaggy hairy object snarling at her side.

"Argus, you know the way, you must go." But being answered only with another snarl, she reached out for the mail and tied it around the beast's neck and throwing a stone down the road for him to follow, (which he assuredly did), she sank back into her old position with a faint painful cry.

She was found in the morning by a man passing and taken to her home, where she told her story, but in the meantime, what had become of the mail? for it had not been seen or heard of, and when a crowd of angry men drove up to the little mountain house, the old grandfather's face was a sight to see.

He told the simple story to the sneering men gathered around the bed and it was met with jeers and sneers as one of them said:

"That will do, Huntingdon, we all know you have it stowed away around here, somewhere, and you'd better hand it out, mighty quick.

"He hasn't got it, you bad men, for I tied it around Argus' head myself."

"O, he hasn't," with another sneer, "well, why hasn't the dog got it now, if you tied it *right*?"

And so saying they left the house with many threats, that they would bring back a policeman.

Three cold bleak days followed and on the third, as the old man was dozing, in his big arm-chair, by the fire, a tall military looking fellow appeared in the doorway.

He strode quickly forward and laying his hand heavily on the old man's arm he asked:

"Are you Erle Huntingdon?"

"Yes," the old man replied.

"Well, you are my prisoner."

"O, grandpa! what does he mean?" the child asked, limping hurriedly forward and throwing herself into Huntingdon's arms.

"It has come at last, little one," stroking her soft brown curls gently, "I will have to go to prison to await my trial. I may be a month, and so you had better run over to—"

"Never mind, my man, she may come with me, if she will, for I have a little girl, too, and besides I am afraid no one will take her in, as nearly the whole village is against you."

"That is true. I have been almost an utter stranger to these people and now—"

"I won't go with him, grandpa, I want to go with you and stay, can't I?"

"No, my habie, he is not such a man as you think him, and will take care of you for me, won't you?"

"Yes, and—by George I am awfully sorry to do this, sir, but you see it can't be helped."

And then to hide his real feelings and not to show how he was touched, he said gruffly:

"Come, get your things ready for it will soon be dark."

And so Erle Huntingdon left his mountain home, leaving his little grandchild in the hands of strangers and going to a dark damp prison, to die within a month without a friend in the world and the mystery still unsolved.

Six years have passed and on a bright spring morning, while a hunting party is out hunting, a small cave or hole is found in the side of a mountain, within which lies the pieces of a skeleton of a wolf with a torn and rain-stained mail pouch lying close beside it. The men looked amazed to see so much money upon opening the bag, and as only one of the party remembers the sad story, so long ago, it is soon told and the men in chorus agree to give this, to the beautiful ward of the old constable, who has never forgotten the brave deed she tried to do and the sad consequences.

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MONTREAL

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

We are now all home again after our summer rest. I hope every one of my dear readers had a nice time. There is no country in the world like Canada for a holiday, with its varied scenery and charming weather. There is no people like the Canadian people for enjoying an outing. I am curious to read the prize descriptions of the holidays of my readers. I know they will be delightful, and they will help us to know where and how to go next summer. I want a whole basketful of them.

While I have so many nice prizes for my young people, here is another—but, this time, it is for our big brothers and sisters, and so, of course, it is a big prize.

\$500.00.

We have no History of our country for our young Canadians—not a book that we can put into their hands, or pick up to read to them, about the land they love so well, and about the wonderful and romantic things that happened before our country was what it is.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN wants to get one for its little favourites, and offers \$500.00 for the MS. that will suit. I have only four instructions, namely:—

1. The History must be from a Dominion and not a Provincial standpoint.
2. In interest, it must rivet the attention, and take a front seat among the most fascinating reading of the day.
3. The judges will be chosen from Professors in our Colleges.
4. MSS. will be received till November, 1892. That is all. The rest lies with the author.

We have added four new departments for the autumn, and have others in store for the winter months. To-day we give the first of The Romance of our History Series, and I know you will all enjoy that.

Then as soon as the weather for boating is over, I have arranged for you a Course of Home Gymnastics, with illustrations, which will enable you all to have in your own homes the most scientific and healthful exercise. Canada can never grow into a great country unless her boys and girls are what Herbert Spencer calls "good animals;" that is, unless they can eat well, and play, and laugh, and sleep well. A regular training is as necessary for this as for anything else, and I am happy to tell you that I have secured for you the very best and most recently improved system.

I will tell you of the other good things next week.

THE EDITOR.

"ALL HANDS BELOW."

A good story is told of a parrot who had always lived on board a ship, but who escaped at one of the southern ports, and took refuge in a church. Soon afterwards the congregation assembled, and the minister began preaching to them in a regular red-hot fashion, saying that there was no virtue in them; that every one of them would go to hell, unless they speedily repented. Just as he spoke the sentence, up spoke the parrot from his hiding-place.

"All hands below."

To say that "all hands" were startled, would be but a mild way of putting it. The peculiar voice, from its unknown source, had much more effect upon them than the parson's voice ever had. He waited a moment and then a shade or two paler, he repeated the warning.

"All hands below!" again rang out from somewhere.

The preacher started from his pulpit, and looked anxiously around inquiring if anybody had spoken.

"All hands below!" was the only reply, at which the entire panic-stricken congregation got up, and a moment after they bolted for the doors, the preacher trying his best to be first, and during the time the mischievous bird kept up his yelling—

"All hands below!"

There was an old woman there who was lame, and could not get out as fast as the rest, and in a very short time she was left alone. Just as she was about to hobble out the parrot flew down, and alighting on her shoulder, again yelled in her ears—

"All hands below!"

"No, no, Mister Devil," shrieked the old woman, "you can't mean me. I don't belong here. I go to the other church across the way!"

A gentleman travelling on a journey, having a light sovereign, which he could not pass, gave it to his servant and desired him to pass it on the road. At night he asked him if he had passed the sovereign. "Yes, sir," he replied, "but I was forced to be very sly; the people refused it at breakfast and dinner, so at a turnpike where I had fourpence to pay, I whipped it in between two halfpence, and the man put it in his pocket and never saw it."

Literary Aspirant:—"I can write about anything."

Dored Publisher:—"Then please right about face."

Topics of the Day

AT HOME.

THE HARVEST.

All nations look with some anxiety to their harvest; and this is specially the case in countries like our own, where the produce, which farmers draw from the soil every year, forms by far the largest part of the national wealth. It is, therefore, a subject on which Canadians may well congratulate themselves, that at the present moment there is every prospect of a harvest that will be not only plentiful, but even unusually large.

The benefit of this is likely to be increased by the fact, that the harvest in Europe is poor, and, therefore, Europeans will be obliged to come to us for the bread-stuffs they want, and will be ready to give larger prices. This is all the more pleasing, because not only have the harvests of the past two or three years been far from abundant, but the farmers are being tried, and are likely to be tried still further, by a change which is revolutionising all the industries of the world.

In former times, trades of all sorts were conducted on a small scale, that required little capital beyond the brain and muscle of the man engaged, who was master and worker in one. Many still living can remember the time when the village weaver and smith, the shoemaker and tailor, did all the work of their trades for the adjoining country, employing only their own sons, with now and then a neighbour-lad, as apprentice. The sturdy type of character, developed by this class of master workmen, is finely pictured in one of the healthiest of American poems "The Village Blacksmith" of Longfellow. But all these homely, independent workers are fast disappearing, have in many places entirely disappeared, before the gigantic factories, in which their productions are turned out at a price with which they cannot compete.

The same fate has begun to stare the farmer in the face. Fifty years ago, and even less, the great writers on Political Economy generally held, that small farms, cultivated carefully by the owners themselves, formed the most economical method of obtaining the riches of the soil. But this idea is being driven out of men's heads by the vast wheat-fields and cattle ranches of the West, in which the work is largely carried on by costly machinery as in the big factories of the East. It seems, therefore, but a question of time, when the independent yeomen of the country will disappear, like the independent master-workmen of the old towns. Meanwhile, it is pleasing to be able to congratulate the farmer, that, if the evil day is to come at last, it has been put off for a time by the present prospect of an abundant harvest.

A New York man visited the family of a relative in the country, where he was not a welcome guest by any manner of means. After the visitor had spent a couple of weeks, his much-disgusted host said, one morning at the breakfast table — "Dear cousin, don't you think your family will miss you painfully? You ought not to leave them alone so much." "By Jove, that's so," exclaimed the New Yorker; "I'll telegraph them to come right on here."

A poet says that a baby is a "new wave on the ocean of life." It strikes us that a "fresh squall" would express the idea better.

THE ROMANCE OF OUR HISTORY.

SIR JOHN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

BY J. JONES BELL, M.A., BROCKVILLE.

A break in the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, during the season of 1890, lasting only a few days, caused such a blockade of vessels as to call attention to the vast proportion, which the traffic upon the upper lakes has assumed. This traffic is the growth of little more than a quarter of a century. So great has it become, that in addition to the two canals on the United States side, the Canadian Government is constructing a canal on the north side to accommodate it. In connection with the development of this trade, an incident occurred which well might have changed the whole current of political events in the history of Canada.

Among the members of a party which assembled one morning in the year 1859 at the station of the Northern Railway in Toronto, on its way to explore the waters of the upper part of Lake Huron, was a gentleman, bright and cheerful, as was his wont, who was for very many years the central figure in Canadian politics. Hon. John A. Macdonald, then Attorney-General of the united provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, afterwards Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of the Dominion of Canada, whose recent death has caused such profound regret. Gathered around him was a group of Cabinet Ministers, with their wives and daughters, members of Parliament, journalists and invited guests, on their way to examine the water route from Collingwood to Sault Ste. Marie.

The route was then little known except to Indians and canoe men. Mr. McLeod, a member of the Canadian Legislature, had interested himself in opening up a water passage to the North-West. It was not then thought that Fort Garry, a trading post of the Hudson Bay Co., would so soon become Winnipeg, the centre of a large and prosperous trade, having its ramifications over well nigh half a continent. Nevertheless, the traffic which was certain to spring up in that direction sooner or later was thought worthy of cultivation.

Hence the trip, which was to combine business with pleasure, and which it was hoped would advertise a route over which a stream of immigration might flow to the fertile regions which were believed to lie beyond. The steamer *Ploughboy*, a staunch and passably equipped boat, though very inferior when contrasted with the boats of the present day, had been placed on the route, and offered, with a little crowding, fairly comfortable accommodation for the forty or fifty persons who formed the party.

The short railway journey from Toronto to Collingwood having been accomplished, the party embarked on the *Ploughboy*, and at sunset she steamed away over the deep waters of Georgian Bay. The sun sank below the horizon in a blaze of beautiful summer light, while all on board was merry as a marriage bell.

Soon after leaving Owen Sound, early the next morning, the wind began to blow fresh from the north, and ere long it was evident that the Storm King had troublesome times in store for the voyagers. The wind increased to a hurricane, and the waters of the bay, lashed into huge waves, beat against the steamer and tossed her about like a cork. Those of the passengers who were not forced by sea-sickness to seek the seclusion of the cabin could not fail to observe the anxiety depicted on the face of the captain.

It soon became evident that the hope that the vessel

would weather the storm was futile, and at last a sudden lurch caused the piston rod to break. Deprived of steerage headway, and without a sail to fall back upon, the *Ploughboy* was like a log in the water. All efforts to repair the machinery and to improvise a sail failed, and, driven by the pitiless storm, it seemed as if destruction on the rocks, towards which they were fast drifting, was inevitable.

The anxious day passed wearily away, and was succeeded by a still more anxious night. As the vessel drew near the rocky shore, the large anchor was dropped, but the strain was so great that the cable parted. Destruction seemed imminent. Wives clung to husbands, children to parents, and sisters to brothers, while many a fervent prayer was uttered, perhaps by some lips unused to pray, that the imminent disaster might be averted. As the frowning cliffs of Cabot's Head loomed up through the darkness, the small anchor was let go, and, oh! joy, it held.

With daylight came reviving hope; the vessel was still afloat, though the danger was by no means past. Two of the party, Cabinet Ministers, one an ex-champion of Toronto Bay, with two of the crew, volunteered to attempt a landing with the jolly-boat, and succeeded in conveying the passengers to the shore, where they were soon engaged in drying their garments, which had been thoroughly wetted while landing in the heavy surf. The scene around the camp fire was like that at a gypsy encampment, and the leaders of society presented a sorry picture as they sought to overcome the discomfort produced by their misfortune.

Although the party had escaped the dangers of shipwreck, the prospect before them was not a pleasant one. The coast was uninhabited, and their supply of provisions was not more than sufficient for twenty-four hours. But the ex-champion of Toronto Bay was equal to the occasion. He, with a passenger from Barrie and two of the crew, fitted up the jolly-boat with a sail and set out for Owen Sound, forty miles distant, the storm having moderated.

The voyage was a hazardous one, but they reached Collfroy's Bay in safety, met a party of friendly Indians, made a portage of the peninsula to save a long detour, and arrived at Owen Sound during church hours, for it was Sunday. The church bells were set ringing, a steamer was got ready, and, willing volunteers having manned her, she was soon on her way to the rescue.

It is needless to picture the joy with which the arrival of the relieving vessel was hailed. The passengers and crew were soon safely on board, and, with the disabled *Ploughboy* in tow, the *Canadian* was soon steaming for Collingwood, where they arrived the same night. The next morning found them in Toronto, where a rumor that they were all drowned had preceded them. Certainly their escape was little short of miraculous.

Of the then Cabinet Ministers who were of the party all are gone—Philip Vankoughnet, John Rose, Sidney Smith, John A. Macdonald, Angus Morrison, M.P., (the ex-champion referred to), and John Hillyard Cameron, M.P., are also numbered with the dead. But how nearly did the memorable trip of the *Ploughboy* come to changing some important facts in Canadian history!

"John, I am going to raise your rent," said a landlord. "Sir, I'm very much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself."

For all he did he had a reason,
For all he said a word in season,
And ready ever was to quote
Authorities for what he wrote. — *Butler*.

HOME TALKS WITH OUR GIRLS.

Do you know what I think the most beautiful sight in the world?

Now, guess. Of course, you look to the foot of this Talk and see my name. You say, "Oh! It is a woman. Let us say a pretty colour, a dainty bonnet, a rich gown, or a sparkling gem. One of these is sure to be right."

No. You have not hit it yet. If I give you five minutes you won't. Being a woman, I ought, I suppose, to confess to a weakness for these things. But if you drive me home into a corner, and say, "Now, dear Aunt Rose, what *do* you like better than these? Is there anything you like better than these?" I should have to pause, put a little thoughtfulness into my eyes as they sought yours, and send a smile to play around my lips, and reply:

Yes, dears. I put pretty colors and becoming dresses in their true place, and that is a very high one. But more than all that tempting list, I *do* like something better to look at, and that is a "rosy, happy young girl." With all my woman's vanity, I would go a long way, and in a very faded gown, to enjoy the pleasure. Few things are so beautiful, all the world over. Poets, painters, sculptors, of all ages and all countries, have bowed down before the ideal.

To be full of life, of easy, natural grace, of buoyant health, of gay heart, of sweet, girlish manners, there is no fonder wish that I have for my young friends. It is rare, but quite attainable. It is delightful when natural, but just as charming when acquired, and happy is the father or mother who has the sight presented to them every day around their own fireside.

Let me ask my young girls to look at the picture with me, to dwell upon it, to realize how very beautiful it is, and let us, now that the summer is nearly over and that the curtains are waiting to be drawn around cosy, let us try, now and then, to get at the bottom of it, to see what it means, to learn how it may be acquired. Let all my fair young readers trust me so far that they will put themselves under my care and guidance, and we shall perchance find out more than we had fancied. If there is anything in life that could make my heart swell with pride and pleasure, it will be, if we succeed, amongst us, in finding out the secret.

I say "amongst us," for I have as much to learn of my young friends as they can expect of me, aye, perhaps more. We are not going to sermonize each other. There is too much preaching in this world of ours. We are going to *talk with* each other, and you know that a conversation needs more than one. Our topic is a very grand one, and a very wide one. I am not sure if the whole winter will suffice for us to get at the bottom of what it means to be a rosy, happy young girl. But sure I am of one thing—that it is a lovely thing to think upon, to write upon, and to talk about. And while we are engaged in gathering rose leaves, somehow or other we get saturated with the perfume. That in my Talks I shall have a long and merry string around me of rosy, happy young girls is my first wish at present.

AUNT ROSE.

The Editor says that, being a woman, I must be allowed my regulation P. S., and it is this, that any matters you may want to write to me upon will reach no eye but mine, and may form, in my own mind, the key to some of my talks.

A. R.

The merchant may know nothing of the pugilist, but he has daily struggles with the price-fighter.

HOW I SAVED MY BAG OF GOLD.

BY CLARENCE KING.

I CONSIDERED it happiness to spend my whole day on the quiet hotel veranda at Visalia, accustoming myself there to such articles as chairs and newspapers, and watching with unexpected pleasure the few village girls who flitted about during the day, and actually found time after sunset to chat with favored fellows beneath the wide oaks of the street-side.

Everybody was of interest to me, not excepting the two Mexican mountaineers who monopolized the agent at Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s office, causing me delay. They were transacting some little item of business, and stood loafing by the counter, mechanically jingling huge spurs and shrugging their shoulders as they chatted in a dull, sleepy way. At the door they paused, keeping up quite a lively dispute, without apparently noticing me as I drew a small bag of gold and put it in my pocket.

There was no especial reason why I should remark the stolid, brutal cast of their countenances, as I thought them not worse than the average Californian greaser. I observed them enough to see that the elder was a man of middle height, of wiry, light figure and thin hawk visage.

He wore an ordinary stiff-brimmed Spanish sombrero, and the inevitable greasy red sash performed its rather difficult task of holding together flannel shirt and buckskin breeches, besides half covering with its folds a long narrow knife.

His companion struck me as a half-breed Indian, somewhere about eighteen years of age, his beardless face showing deep brutal lines, and a mouth which was a mere crease between hideously heavy lips. Blood stained the rowels of his spurs; an old felt hat, crumpled and ragged, slouched forward over his eyes, doing its best to hide the man.

I thought them a hard couple, and summed up their traits as stolidity and utter cruelty.

I was pleased that the stable-man who saddled Kaweah, my horse, was unable to answer their inquiry as to where I was going, and annoyed when I heard the hotel-keeper inform them that I started that day for Millerton.

Leaving behind people and village, Kaweah bore me out under the grateful shade of oaks, among rambling settlements and fields of harvested grain. I saw at the gate many children who looked me out of countenance with their serious, stupid stare; they were the least self-conscious of any human beings I have seen.

Trees and settlements and children were soon behind us, an open plain stretching on in front without visible limit.

It was not pleasant to realize that I had one hundred and twenty miles of this lonely sort of landscape ahead of me, nor that my only companion was Kaweah: for with all his splendid powers and rare qualities of instinct, there was not the slightest evidence of response or affection in his behavior. Friendly toleration was the highest gift he bestowed on me, though I think he had great personal enjoyment in my habits as a rider. The only moments that we ever seemed thoroughly *en rapport* were when I crowded him down to a wild run, using the spur and shouting at him loudly, or when in our friendly races homeward toward camp, through the forest, I put him at a leap where he even doubted his own power. At such times I could communicate ideas to him with absolute certainty. He would stop, or turn, or gather himself for a leap, at my will, as it seemed to me, by

some sort of magnetic communication; but I always paid dearly for this in long, tiresome efforts to calm him.

About dusk we had reached the King's River Ferry.

An ugly, unpainted house, perched upon the bluff, and flanked by barns and outbuildings of disorderly aspect, overlooked the ferry.

Supper was announced by a business-like youth, who came out upon the veranda and vigorously rung a tavern bell, although I was the only auditor, and, likely enough, the only person within twenty miles.

As I walked over to see Kaweah at the corral, I glanced down the river, and saw, perhaps a quarter of a mile below, two horse-men ride down our bank, spur their horses into the stream, swim to the other side, and struggle up a steep bank, disappearing among bunches of cottonwood-trees near the river.

So dangerous and unusual a proceeding could not have been to save the half-dollar ferrriage. There was something about their seat, and the cruel way they drove home their spurs, that, in default of better reasons, made me think them Mexicans.

The whole plain is the home of nomadic ranchers, who, as pasturage changes, drive their herds of horses and cattle from range to range; and as the wolves prowl about for prey, so a class of Mexican highwaymen rob and murder the ranchers from one year's end to the other.

I judged the swimmers were bent on some such errand, and lay down on the ground by Kaweah to guard him, rolling myself in my soldier's greatcoat, and slept with saddle for a pillow.

Once or twice the animal waked me up by stamping restively, but I could perceive no cause for alarm, and slept on comfortably until a little before sunrise, when I rose, took a plunge in the river, and hurriedly dressed myself for the day's ride; the ferryman, who had promised to put me across the river at dawn, was already at his post, and after permitting Kaweah to drink a deep draught, I rode him out on the ferry-boat, and was quickly at the other side.

The road for two or three miles ascends the right bank of the river, approaching in places quite closely to the edge of its bluffs. I greatly enjoyed my ride, watching the Sierra sky-line high and black against a golden circle of dawn, and seeing it mirrored faithfully in still reaches of river, and pleasing myself with the continually changing foreground, as group after group of tall motionless cottonwoods were passed.

Kaweah showed the influence of this in the sensitive play of ears and toss of head, and in his free, spirited stride. I was experimenting on his sensitiveness to sounds, and had found that his ears turned back at the faintest whisper, when suddenly his head rose, he looked sharply forward toward a clump of trees on the river bank, one hundred and fifty yards in front of us, where a quick glance revealed to me a camp-fire and two men hurrying saddles upon their horses,—a gray and a sorrel.

They were Spaniards,—the same who had swum King's River the afternoon before, and, as it flashed on me finally, the two whom I had studied so attentively at Visalia. Then I at once saw their purpose was to waylay me, and made up my mind to give them a lively run. The road followed the bank up to their camp in an easterly direction, and then, turning a sharp right angle to the north, led out upon the open plain, leaving the river finally.

I decided to strike across, and threw Kaweah into a sharp trot.

I glanced at my girth and then at the bright copper upon my pistol, and settled myself firmly in the saddle.

Finding that they could not saddle quickly enough to

attack me mounted, the older villain grabbed a shotgun, and sprung out to head me off, his comrade meantime tightening the cinches.

I turned Kaweah farther off to the left, and tossed him a little more rein, which he understood and sprung out into a gallop.

The robber brought his gun to his shoulder, covered me, and yelled in good English, "Hold on, you . . ." At that instant his companion dashed up leading the other horse. In another moment they were mounted, and after me, yelling, "Hu-hla" to the mustangs, plunging in the spurs, and shouting occasional volleys of oaths.

By this time I had regained the road, which lay before me traced over the blank objectless plain in vanishing perspective. Fifteen miles lay between me and a station; Kaweah and a pistol were my only defence, yet at that moment I felt a thrill of pleasure, a wild moment of inspiration, almost worth the danger to experience.

I glanced over my shoulder and found that the Spaniards were crowding their horses to the fullest speed; their hoofs rattling on the dry plain were accompanied by inarticulate noises, like the cries of bloodhounds. Kaweah comprehended the situation. I could feel his grand legs gather under me, and the iron muscles contract with excitement; he tugged at the bit, shook his bridle-chains, and flung himself impatiently into the air.

It flashed upon me that perhaps they had confederates concealed in some ditch far in advance of me, and that the plan was to crowd me through at full speed, giving up the chase to new men and fresh horses; and I resolved to save Kaweah to the utmost, and only allow him a speed which should keep me out of gunshot. So I held him firmly, and reserved my spur for the last emergency. Still, we fairly flew over the plain.

For the first twenty minutes the road was hard and smooth and level; after that gentle, shallow undulations began, and at last, at brief intervals, were sharp narrow *arroyos* (ditches eight or nine feet wide). I reined Kaweah in, and brought him up sharply on their bottoms, giving him the bit to spring up on the other side; but he quickly taught me better, and gathering, took them easily, without my feeling it in his stride.

The hot sun had arisen. I saw with anxiety that the tremendous speed began to tell painfully on Kaweah. Foam tinged with blood fell from his mouth, and sweat rolled in streams from his whole body, and now and then he drew a deep-heaving breath. I leaned down and felt the cinch to see if it had slipped forward, but, as I had saddled him with great care, it kept its true place, so I had only to fear the greasers behind or a new relay ahead. I was conscious of plenty of reserved speed in Kaweah, whose powerful run was already distancing their fatigued mustangs.

As we bounded down a roll of the plain a cloud of dust sprung from a ravine directly in front of me, and two black objects lifted themselves in the sand. I drew my pistol, cocked it, whirled Kaweah to the left, plunging by and clearing them by about six feet: a thrill of relief came as I saw the long white horns of Spanish cattle gleam above the dust.

Unconsciously I restrained Kaweah too much, and in a moment the Spaniards were crowding down upon me at a fearful rate. On they came, the crash of their spurs and the clatter of their horses' feet distinctly heard; and as I had so often compared the beats of chronometers, I unconsciously noted that while Kaweah's breath, although painful, came with regular power, the mustang's respiration was quick, spasmodic, and irregular.

I compared the intervals of the two mustangs, and found that one breathed better than the other, and then upon counting the best mustang with Kaweah, found that he breathed nine breaths to Kaweah's seven.

In two or three minutes I tried it again, finding the relation ten to seven; then I felt the victory, and I yelled to Kaweah. The thin ears shot back flat upon his neck; lower and lower he lay down to his run; I flung him a loose rein, and gave him a friendly pat on the withers.

It was a glorious burst of speed; the wind rushed by and the plain swept under us with dizzying swiftness. I shouted again, and the thing of nervous life under me bounded on wilder and faster, till I could feel his spine thrill as with shocks from a battery. I managed to look round, a delicate matter at speed, and saw, far behind, the distanced villains, both dismounted, and one horse fallen.

In an instant I drew Kaweah in to a gentle trot, looking around every moment, lest they should come on me unawares. In a half-mile I reached the station, and I was cautiously greeted by a man who sat by the barn door, with a rifle across his knees. He had seen me come over the plain, and had also seen the Spanish horse fall. Not knowing but he might be in league with the robbers, I gave him a careful glance before dismounting, and was completely reassured by an expression of terror which had possession of his countenance.

I sprung to the ground and threw off the saddle, and after a word or two with the man, who proved to be the sole occupant of this station, we fell to work together upon Kaweah, my cocked pistol and his rifle close at hand.

We sponged the creature's mouth, and, throwing a sheet over him, walked him regularly up and down for about three quarters of an hour, and then, taking him upon the open plain, where we could scan the horizon in all directions, gave him a thorough grooming.

I never saw him look so magnificently as when we led him down to the creek to drink: his skin was like satin, and the veins of his head and neck stood out firm and round like whip-cords.

In the excitement of taking care of Kaweah I had scarcely paid any attention to my host, but after two hours, when the horse was quietly munching his hay, I listened attentively to his story.

The two Spaniards had lurked round his station during the night, guns in hand, and made an attempt to steal a pair of stage-horses from the stable, but, as he had watched with his rifle, they finally rode away.

By his account, I knew them to be my pursuers; they had here, however, ridden two black mustangs, and had doubtless changed their mount for the sole purpose of waylaying me.

About eleven o'clock, it being my turn to watch the horizon, I saw two horsemen making a long *détour* round the station, disappearing finally in the direction of Millerton.

By my glass I could only make out that they were men riding in single file on a sorrel and a gray horse; but this, with the fact of the long *détour* which finally brought them back into the road again, convinced me that they were my enemies.

The uncomfortable probability of their raising a band, and returning to make sure of my capture, filled me with disagreeable foreboding, and all day long, whether my turn at sentinel duty or not, I did little else than range my eye over the valley in all directions.

Twice during the day I led Kaweah out and paced him to and fro, for fear his tremendous exertion would cause a stiffening of the legs; but each time he followed close to my shoulder with the same firm, proud step, and I gloried in him.

Shortly after dark I determined to mount and push forward to Millerton, my friend, the station-man, having given me careful directions as to its position; and I knew from the topography of the country, that, by abandoning

the road and travelling by the stars, I could not widely miss my mark; so about nine o'clock I saddled up Kaweah, and, mounting, bade good-by to my friend.

The air was bland, the heavens cloudless and starlit; in the west a low arch of light out of which had faded the last traces of sunset colour; in the east a silver dawn shone mild and pure above the Sierras, brightening as the light in the west faded, till at last one jetty crag was cut upon the disk of the rising moon.

Upon the light gray stone of the plain every object might be seen, and as I rode on the memory of danger passed away, leaving me in full enjoyment of companionship with the hour and with my friend Kaweah, whose sturdy, easy stride was in itself a delight. There is a charm peculiar to these soft, dewless nights. It seems the perfection of darkness, in which you get all the rest of sleep while riding, or lying wide awake on your blankets.

Now and then an object, vague and unrecognized, loomed out of dusky distance, arresting our attention, for Kaweah's quick eye usually found them first: dead carcasses of starved cattle, a blanched skull, or stump of aged oak, were the only things seen, and we gradually got accustomed to these, passing with no more than a glance.

At last we approached a region of low rolling sand-hills, where Kaweah's tread became muffled, and the silence so oppressive that I was glad to arrive at the summit of the zone of hills, and looking out upon the wide, shallow valley of the San Joaquin, a plain dotted with groves, and lighted here and there by open reaches of moonlit river.

I looked up and down searching for lights which should mark Millerton. I had intended to strike the river above the settlement, and should now, if my reckoning was correct, be within half a mile of it.

Riding down to the river bank I dismounted, and allowed Kaweah to quench his thirst. The cool mountain water, fresh from the snow, was delicious to him. He drank, stopped to breathe, and drank again and again.

I allowed him also to feed a half-moment on the grass by the river-bank, and then remounting headed down the river, and rode slowly along under the shadow of trees, following a broad, well-beaten trail which led, as I believed, to the village.

While in a grove of oaks, jingling spurs suddenly sounded ahead, and directly I heard voices.

(To be Continued.)

FIRE IN A COAL-MINE.

BY A MINE INSPECTOR.

It once occurred to me to be in a pit when it was ignited. However long I may live, it is not likely that the recollection of its horrors will be dimmed by the lapse of time.

The pit in question a large one was very dangerous in consequence of the quantity of gas which the coal contained. I had spent one day in it, and had seen reason to be extremely dissatisfied with the manner in which it was managed. Not only was the lifting power at the shaft feeble and insufficient, and of a nature to render the occurrence of an accident highly probable, but the mode of ventilation was of a most unscientific character. I was so impressed with the conviction that a dreadful accident would one day occur, if preventive measures were not adopted, that I had decided on making a

special report on the subject to the owner of the mine as soon as I had finished my inspection, which I determined, therefore, should be more than usually minute.

On the second morning I went down, I insisted on the manager accompanying me, for I had seen instances of neglect in taking ordinary precautions on the preceding day which would, in my opinion, have made him criminally responsible had an accident happened, and these I proposed to point out to him with the view of an immediate remedy being applied. Having called his attention to these, we proceeded to the point where I had ended my inspection on the preceding day, and resumed it.

We must have been in the mine about four hours, and were examining a part of the workings from which a large quantity of coal had been dug, when we heard a loud dull sound, so prolonged by the manner in which it was echoed from point to point, that neither the manager nor either of the overlookers who accompanied us could say in what part of the mine an explosion had taken place, though that an explosion had occurred somewhere they all knew very well.

An immediate move was made in the direction of the mouth of the pit, the overlookers going a few yards in advance. All at once we noticed that our lights were getting dim, and we were conscious of a difficulty in breathing; still we pushed along as fast as it was safe to go, hoping that the gas was merely a small quantity which had been driven here through some of the side openings by the force of the explosion, and that we should find the way beyond it free.

Our hopes in this respect were disappointed, for just as we reached an angle of the works the overlookers met us, and directed us to go back as fast as we could, for there was no possibility of getting to the shaft that way, they having been nearly suffocated before they could get back to us. We retraced our steps rapidly to the place we had just quitted, and which was still free from after-damp. Here a brief consultation was held, the result of which was that an attempt should be made to reach the shaft by a more circuitous route in another direction.

The difficulties we encountered on our way were frightful. In some places the passage was so low that we had to drag ourselves through almost on our bellies; and probably there was not another man employed in the pit besides the overlooker who led the way, who knew that the shaft could be reached from this point. Every now and then we passed through places where our lamps gave us ample evidence of the presence of inflammable gas. Still we kept on, and seemed to have got so far that I hoped we had almost reached a place of safety.

Presently I fancied I could hear a rushing roaring sound not quite unknown to me, and it struck me that the pit was on fire. I suggested as much, but nobody made any reply, and I concluded either that I was mistaken, or that there might be a chance of avoiding the fire. I was not long in doubt, for the air grew warmer and warmer every instant; yet it was not until we could see the flames raging at some distance before us that the man upon whose knowledge we depended told us that escape by that way was cut off.

The horror of our situation could not well be surpassed. Of the two ways of leaving the mine, one was impassable from the amount of carbonic acid generated by the explosion, and the other from the presence of a mass of fire. Our destruction appeared inevitable, and for a time none of us could speak.

Those who are accustomed to see coal only when burning furiously in a grate, and who have never thought of the reasons why combustion under this condition should be so rapid, may suppose that the fury of the flame must be infinitely greater in a mine; but this is

not so. At a distance the sight was terrific, but when, at my request, we approached more closely, with the view of rendering it quite certain that the fire had reached a point which made escape hopeless, we found it dull and sluggish, in consequence of the small quantity of air present to support the flame.

Although this rendered it possible that many hours, or even days, might elapse before the fire reached us, it did not alter the fact that we were enclosed between flame and suffocation. We looked earnestly at each other as if for mutual comfort and support, but every man's face bore an expression of blank despair. After a time, nobody proposing anything, I asked if it would not be better to return to the larger and more open space we had left? This being thought the best thing indeed the only thing—we could do, we turned round and began the same wearisome journey over again.

We had been joined at different points by several men and two boys, who had been forced to retreat from the fire, so that we now numbered eleven or twelve in all. Our advance had been slow; our return was much slower; for we had not now the stimulant of hope.

I was almost worn out with fatigue and excitement when we reached the spot where we had heard the explosion; but, as it was advisable that some attempt should be made to ascertain in what advance, if any, had been made by the after-damp, I requested the overlookers to satisfy themselves on this point, that we might know whether death was likely to be immediate. They reported that they were able to proceed within a few feet of our first advance.

Though there was little hope of our ultimate escape, I thought it best to take every precaution not to allow our situation being made worse by any neglect of our own. I therefore made inquiries of the men if they had any matches in their pockets, explaining to them that I wished to know, not for the purpose of stating it in a report, which there was little likelihood of my living to make, but to ascertain if we possessed the means of relighting our lamp in the event of its going out.

As I expected, every man had got some, though there is a rule that matches shall never be carried into a mine. With the view of economising the oil, I directed all the lamps to be extinguished but one, and this I caused to be placed close to the passage by which the carbonic acid must make its entry into our place of refuge, so that we may not be taken quite unawares. It was also agreed that we should take it in turns to explore the workings as far as we could go, at certain intervals, so that no changes should take place favourable to our escape without our being aware of it.

Nothing else could be done, except to wait the result with all the firmness we could exercise. I made myself as comfortable and secure a seat as I could with the blocks of coal lying about: heaping them up like a throne, so as to raise myself as far above the ground as possible. As nothing was said about food, I concluded that each of us had a little, and wished to keep what he had for himself. For my part, I had a box of sandwiches, and a flask of weak brandy-and-water, without which I never descended into a mine: not from any fear of accidents, but because I found such refreshments necessary, when my stay lasted several hours.

I ate only a very small piece of sandwich, and drank about a spoonful of the brandy-and-water that evening, and then slept for several hours. When I awoke I ceased to have any idea whether it was day or night. Hour after hour passed in what was only in the slightest degree removed from total darkness: and scarcely a word was spoken by anybody, except when the two men, whose turn it was, returned from exploring the workings: when somebody was certain to ask respecting the advance

of the poisonous gas. At first we all felt great interest in these reports, and when it came to my turn to make the expedition, both myself and the miner pushed on as far as possible.

It was our practice to mark the extreme point reached, and the next two who went to examine, made it a point to reach this mark if possible. Sometimes this was attained two or three times in succession, at other times it was never seen again, but surrounding objects were generally sufficient to tell the distance within which we approached it. After a while most of us began to manifest indifference, arising, I imagine, from the weakness consequent on want of food, and the lethargy consequent on breathing an atmosphere largely vitiated by carbonic acid. I believe that the chief reason of my retaining a greater amount of vitality than the rest, arose from my constantly keeping myself as high above the floor of the pit as it was possible to reach.

I do not know how long we had been in the pit when I heard one of the men say, "Tom, Charley's dead!" Charley was one of the boys, and was the first who perished. The manager was the next who passed away from among us. Then, very soon after, one of the miners, who had been to explore the workings, returned alone, and reported that his companion had walked away into the gas before he was aware of his intention, and had disappeared. He called after him several times, but could get no answer. He must have been suffocated almost immediately. Then there came a time when a man, whose turn it was to make the exploration, would call on his companion, and receiving no answer, would find, on holding the lamp close to his face, that he was dead.

The overlooker who accompanied me on each inspection was in appearance a middle-aged man, though in reality but thirty-three years of age; but this aged appearance is common enough among the workers in coal-mines who have gone into the pit when very young. I had conceived a great liking for him. Within a few hours of our imprisonment he had told me of the young wife and the two little children he had left behind him the last time he left home; and when he found that I sympathised with him, which I should have done if he had expressed his feelings in less affecting terms than he did, he often recurred to the subject. When our turn came to make the inspection, he had been for some time silent. I called him, but he did not answer or move. He was sitting just below me, and I stooped and shook his head, and then I fetched the lamp and held it to his face. The eyes were only half shut: his face had the expression of sound sleep. There was nothing indicative of the slightest spasm having occurred at the instant when the change had taken place.

While I was still looking at his face, the blood was sent rushing back to my heart by an extraordinary cry, very piercing, and wholly unlike anything I had ever heard before. The miners lying around seemed galvanised by it, and came pressing round the light I held in my hand. I had thus an opportunity of seeing their faces, and so emaciated were they, and so strongly did their eyes and features express the extremity of terror, that—the cries continuing without cessation—I could scarcely hold the lamp. To one poor fellow, the fright, in his weakened state, was fatal: he fell forward, striking his face against the blocks of coal on which I had been sitting, and never moved afterwards.

One of the miners at last suggested that it might be the pony, and I then remembered that I had, as we were returning from the burning coal, noticed some straw and hay littered about, but I was too much excited by the dangers of our situation to pay any attention to it. We all felt relieved by the suggestion for the moment, but

the reflection which followed was hardly less alarming, for, if it were well founded, they all agreed that the fire must be very close upon us. Indeed, now that our attention was called to it, we all perceived the presence of smoke, though in very small quantity.

We went forward. Passing round a curve at a little distance from our sanctuary, we arrived at the narrowest of the openings through which we had found so much difficulty in making our way on the first day of our imprisonment. It was about four feet high, rather less than that in width, and from fifteen to twenty feet long. Looking through this tunnel, I could see the poor animal's head and shoulders thrust into the other end of it. There the fire evidently had reached. To delay the progress of the fire as much as possible, it was decided to block up this opening as far as was in our power, and this we succeeded in doing with the rubbish which had fallen from the roof.

We were so much exhausted by the labour in our weak condition, that we could scarcely crawl back to the place whence we had started. It will be remembered that I was just about to ascertain the point reached by the gas, when we had been alarmed by the cries we had heard, but though I had not forgotten this, I was unable to move any further just then.

As soon, however, as I felt myself capable of performing my task, I took the light, and rousing the miner whose turn it was to accompany me in place of the poor fellow who had finished his work in this world, we moved slowly along the path I had traversed so many times. We had not gone far, before we began to feel as if we were being suffocated, and we were forced to hurry back with all our might.

The advance made by the gas had been so rapid since our last visit, that I felt that if something were not done to check it, our death was certain within the next two or three hours.

I told the miners of the state of things. They all rose, and we almost instinctively arranged the blocks of coal in the form of a wall in the narrowest part of the workings, and filled up the space between, with dust and rubbish. When we had finished we returned to our den, and, after I had trimmed the lamp and filled it with oil, I knelt down in the place I had been occupying, and sought in prayer for resignation to die. I believe the others did the same. Every now and then, I fell asleep, or, at all events, became unconscious. Then I woke up a little, and tried to prepare myself for the change that was coming. Soon, these intervals of consciousness must have left me altogether, and I must have become totally insensible.

At the first return of sensation, I felt myself going up and up, always upward, seemingly through space. The light which surrounded me was dazzling, as though I was approaching the sun. I have no idea how long this seemed to last; but, when I became sufficiently conscious to note things as they were, I found myself being carried slowly and carefully along on a mattress by four miners. I could not keep my eyes open for more than an instant, on account of the light; but I was able to comprehend that I was once more on the surface of the earth.

By careful nursing I was gradually restored to health. It will not require many words to explain how I came to be rescued from the pit.

At the earliest moment after the explosion, parties of miners descended into the pit. In one place they found it to be on fire, but it was at a point so very distant from the shaft, that they blocked up the passage behind it and left it, to continue their search in other directions.

They, of course, knew that I, and the manager, and others, were in the pit somewhere; and as they had not

found our bodies, they concluded we must be in a part of the pit which was as yet unapproachable.

Workmen were employed night and day, in restoring the apparatus for ventilating the mine; but so great had been the force of the explosion and the amount of damage done, that it was not until the fifth day after the accident that we were found, and then there remained alive, only myself and two others.

♦♦♦

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

THE PRAYING BEETLE.



ONCE, when I was a little girl, I saw a dark beetle standing on its hind pair of legs. It was holding its fore-legs clasped over its head, as you can hold up your hands. An old man who was near said—"That is a holy bug, and shows what man ought to do. It is saying its prayers. People call it the 'praying beetle.'"

I think the old man meant what he said, but of course the beetle was neither holy nor praying. The queer way of standing was only one of the odd ways of beetles. Now I will tell you of another.

Very often on the road you will see a beetle, or a pair of beetles, rolling about a small ball like a marble. The ball is of dirt, or some soft stuff, and is often larger than the beetle. But she rolls it with ease, for she is very strong. The beetle is not playing marbles or base-ball. She has been flying about, looking for a good place in which to lay her eggs, and now she has gone to work with all her might.

She lays her eggs in a morsel of the stuff of which she will make her ball. When the larva comes from the egg, this ball will be its food until it is strong enough to crawl about and seek food for itself.

The beetle moulds the soft stuff over the egg, like a pill. Then, as she rolls it about, it grows larger, as your snowball grows when you roll it about in the snow. When the ball is large enough, Mrs. Beetle does not leave it in the road for wheels to run over or feet to tread upon. She seeks a place where the larva may be safe and feed well when it comes from the egg.

She shows much sense in the choice of a place. She drags the ball along between her hind feet, or she pushes it with her fore-feet or her hind-feet, or rolls it along toward the safe place which she has chosen. If the ground is so rough that she cannot drag her ball, she carries it on her head.

This Mrs. Beetle's head is flat, and has some wee knobs upon it. These knobs hold her load firmly in place as she carries it along.

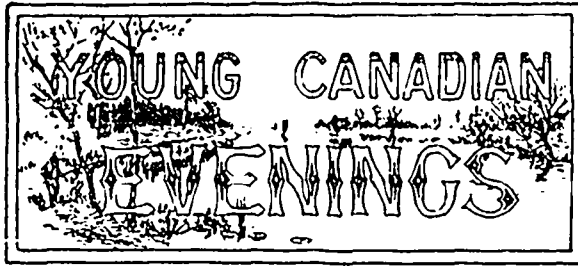
Perhaps Mrs. Beetle finds that she cannot without help take her ball to a good place. Then she flies off, and soon comes back with other beetles of her own kind. They all help her until her ball is where she wishes it.

How does she tell them what she needs? Who knows that? No one. I have seen four or five beetles at work on one ball.

When the ball is in the right spot, Mrs. Beetle digs a hole with her jaws and horny fore-legs. Then she rolls the ball in. She fills up the hole with earth and presses it down flat.

♦♦♦

Legal Fact: The blandest counsel may be a cross-examiner.



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

Tangle Prize for September, "IDUNA," a book of beautiful stories. Competition commences Tangle No. 42 in this number, and closes October 14th, with answer to Tangle No. 57, the last given for September. Competitions must be sent in weekly, and must be mailed before the answers appear.

ED. TANGLES.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 39.—RIDDLE-ME-IF-EE.—Deal.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 40.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1.	2.
A	M
A R T	F A R
A R R O W	M A X I M
T O W	R I M
W	M

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 41.—SINGLE ACROSTIC.

Y ttria. O strich. U rbane. N ook. G ooseberry.	C aterpillar. A bsent. N utmeg. A bb. D enver. I vy. A jile. N ourishing.
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TANGLE No. 45.—MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

When the missing letters have been supplied, the whole will form a well-known verso from a poem by Charles Kingsley.

B g o s o t a d n l t h w l b o o o.
D n b o o d n t r a t o a l a l n.
S m k n l f d a h n t e a t o e c
O e r n s o t o g.

TANGLE No. 46.—BURIED COUNTRIES

1. On his chin a beard grew.
2. The brown mare will be there, I bet.

TANGLE No. 47.—SQUARE WORD.

When we were in Rome we saw a famous building noted for its connection with the Jews. We saw many rare things, besides wonderful bronze works, crabs, and curiosities, and a fine statue of the so called Goddess of Health.

TANGLE No. 48.—FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A colour—a noun.
2. An overgreen—a wine.
3. An adjective—a boy's name.
4. A partition—a blossom.
5. An animal—an article of dress.
6. Anything precise—a flower.

(Answers in No. 35.)



It is always a genuine pleasure for me to hear from my young friends on any point on which they have anything to ask.—ED. POST BAG.

AMY.—Dancing, as an amusement or entertainment, is of very early origin, but of the domestic dances the "Carole," as it was called, is, I think, the earliest. It consisted chiefly of lad's and gentlemen holding alternately each other's hands and dancing in a circle. This mode of dancing became so general that the word "carole" was used as a name for a dance. An illustration from an old French book shows a party dancing this carole, which appears much like the "Grande Ronde" at the beginning of the last figure of our quadrilles.

KATE. The shawls you ask about are from Shetland. A young lady who spent several weeks at Lerwick, the principal town of these islands, tells me that the women while carrying home peat in the "kickies," a kind of basket which they have strapped on their backs, are busily employed knitting these lovely shawls. To me it seemed almost impossible that they were done by hand; but, while at the Glasgow Exhibition in 1888, I saw several Shetland women busily engaged knitting them. They showed me one exquisite shawl. When opened out, it was a large square, yet it was so fine, that it could be pulled through a wedding ring. It was afterwards bought by Queen Victoria, when on her visit to the Exhibition, for one hundred dollars.

J. B., Halifax.—A jinrikshaw is a two-wheeled vehicle. When the cover is pulled up, it looks like a child's perambulator, with shafts, and drawn by a man. It only holds one person comfortably. It is a Japanese invention, but it is now used in China as well. There are double jinrickshaws also, but these are not so common, as they require two men.

A certain eccentric captain spent several years in Japan. When he returned to Scotland, he took his "jinrikshaw" and "coolie" with him, and to this day he seldom goes from his country home into Edinburgh but, much to the amusement of the Scotch lads and lassies, he is trundled there and back in the beloved jinrikshaw, by the faithful and much enduring coolie. The captain's daughters secretly wish that their father may soon ride his hobby to death.

MAGGIE, Ont.—Yes, I have read that, amongst the Egyptians, from most remote periods, the beetle has been considered a sacred insect. It is found represented in many of their hieroglyphic paintings and sculptures, and appears to have been a symbol of the creative power. The sacred beetle of the Egyptians was the emblem of the sun, "from having thirty fingers, equal to the number of days in the month." There is at present in the British Museum a colossal figure of this beetle. The cause which induced the Egyptians to place the beetle among their sacred animals appears to have been its provident habits, and great care for its young.

JAMES H.—The total length of the Forth Bridge, including piers, is 5,296 feet, or a little over one and a half miles. The bridge is taper in plan, each span narrowing from a width of 120 feet. The metal work is of Siemens steel, of which 50,000 tons were used. The contract price was £1,600,000. The trains run across the bridge on heavy longitudinal sleepers, bedded in four steel troughs. Should the train leave the rails, it could therefore run on the sleepers.

C L.—The Guinea Pig does not come from Guinea, but from South America. It is easily tamed. Its food is exclusively vegetable, and while feeding it generally sits on its hind feet, and carries its food to its mouth with its fore-paws.

NELLIE.—Put into a saucepan one pound and three-quarters of sugar, three quarters of a pint of water, and half-teaspoon of cream of tartar. Let it boil until, when you pour a little of the syrup into cold water, it will thicken. Then squeeze in the juice of a lemon. Let it boil again until it becomes brittle when dropped in cold water. Take it off the fire and pour it into a shallow dish which has been greased with a little butter. When the syrup is boiling stir as little as possible, or you will destroy the transparency of the candy. I hope this will turn out well for your birthday party.

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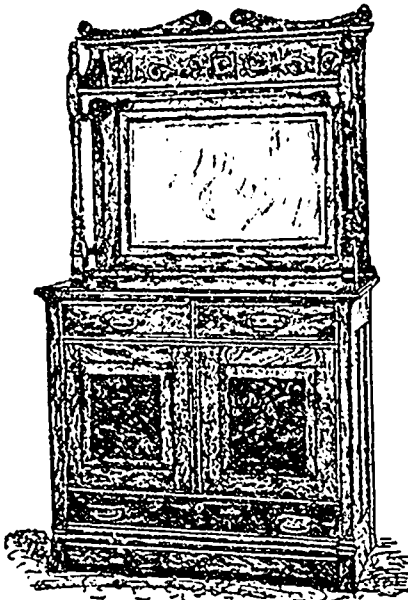
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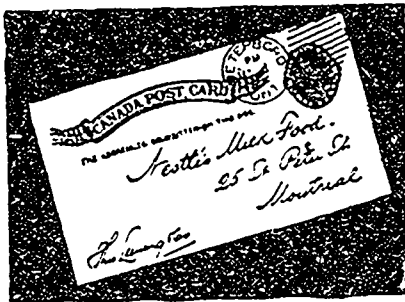
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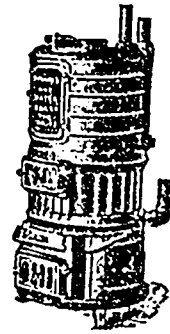
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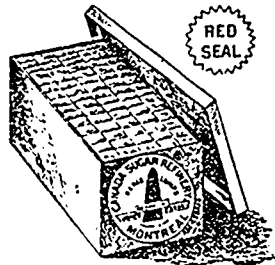
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