

The above paper is printed and published
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
at Lachute, County of Argenteuil, Province
of Quebec, Can., by SIMPSON & KERR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—ONE DOL-
LAR, paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR
FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year.
Announcements or Notices of a personal
or business nature, in the Editorial, Local
or Correspondence columns, Twenty-five
cents per line for the first insertion, and
Twelve and a half cents for each subsequent
insertion.

Advertisements of situations Wanted,
Fifty cents the first insertion, and Twenty-
five cents each subsequent insertion.
Special arrangements at an advantageous
character made with merchants for the Year,
Half-Year or Quarter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications intended for inser-
tion should be written on one side of the
paper only.
We cannot undertake to return rejected
communications.

Correspondents must invariably send us,
confidentially, their names and address, but
not necessarily for publication.

Professional and Business Cards.
A. BERTHELOT
NOTARY PUBLIC, LACHUTE, Q.
JAMES DUDDERIDGE,
Provincial Land Surveyor, and Civil Engineer.
Lachute, P. Q.
No. 44 Geo.

CHAS. S. BURROUGHS, Esq.
Advocate, has his residence and office in
Lachute, P. Q.

G. E. BAMPTON, B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE, &c.
Office in Wm. Pollock's Building, Lachute
P. Q.
Attends all Courts in the Districts of Ot-
tawa and Terrebonne.
Titles examined and contracts drafted un-
der personal supervision.

ABBOTT, TAIT & ABBOTT
ADVOCATES, ETC.,
No. 11 Hospital street (first floor), Montreal.
Hon. J. C. Abbott, Q. C., D. C.
Melbourne M. Tait, B. C.
John Betham Abbott.
Harry Abbott, B. C.
Oct. 8

NOTICE!
The undersigned having had several
years' experience as an auctioneer in Mon-
real and elsewhere, would now inform the
people of Argenteuil that he is prepared to
take charge of auction sales, and guarantee
to give entire satisfaction.
J. PATENAUD.

A. J. PERIARD
Has removed his Tailoring Establishment from
Ouellet's Block to the new premises opened
at the Carriage Manufactory, Main Street,
Lachute.
Work done in first-class style.

J. Malcolm McDougall, B.O.L.
(Late of Three Rivers.)
ADVOCATE, ETC.,
AYLMER AND OTTAWA.
Will attend Courts of the Counties of
Argenteuil, Ottawa and Pontiac.
Please address correspondence to Aylmer.

DR. STACKHOUSE
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be at ST. ANDREWS from the 9th to
the 14th, and at LACHUTE on the 15th,
16th, 17th and 18th of every month.

INSECT-EATING MEN.
Whole Nations Who Greedily Devour Creep-
ing Insects.
The insect-eaters here referred to are
not occasional persons of depraved tastes,
but whole nations, who consume insects
on so large a scale as to raise them to a
regular article of trade. Locusts are an
article of food in parts of Africa, Arabia,
and Persia, of such importance that the
price of provisions is influenced by the
quantity of the dried insects in hand. The
Turks of Africa esteem them highly, and
a single individual will eat as many as
three hundred of them—raw, roasted, or
stewed—at a meal. Cakes of crushed
locusts are a delicacy. Baked locusts are
appreciated in Burmah. To mites and
ants are the next most important food in-
sects. The egg-laden bodies of the fe-
males of *Althia cephalotes* are industriously
collected by Indians in South America,
and the taste of their roasted and salted
bodies has been appreciated even by Eu-
ropeans. The African negroes can hard-
ly get enough of termites, which are eaten
fried at the Cape, and in other regions
are made into cakes. Roasted termites
taste somewhat like marrow or sweet
cream. The seventeen-year locust has been
eaten in North America, and is said to
have been used in soap-making. Cakes
are made in Mexico with the eggs of two
kinds of water-bugs. A cake made in
Feyzan of insects eggs is described as hav-
ing the taste of caviar. The Romans were
fond of larvae which they called *cus-
sus*. A favorite dish is prepared in Ja-
maica from the larvae of a beetle that lives
in the trunks of palm-trees. Another
wood insect is preserved in sugar by the
Chinese and Malays, and a liquor is made
with the addition of some water from a
bottle in Mexico. Caterpillars are eaten
in Australia and at the Cape at the risk
of painful pains in the stomach, and even
epilepsy, ascribed by every other race,
are eaten by the Hotentots and New
Guineans, with the same liability.

Worms are accepted as food by very few
people. A kind of grub is collected and
eaten in Brazil, a mermaid worm in Samoa,
and a reed-worm by the Amos of Japan. The
Australians around Port Adelaide are
said to have lived exclusively on
worms and mollusks, while they abhorred
beef. Some persons in Naples eat a tape-
worm, a parasite of the carp, fried in oil,
and call it by the name of macaroni piatti.
Sea-urchins form a quite important item
in the cookery of some lands, and are
popular in some of the Mediterranean
districts of Europe. Vestiges of them
are found among the remains of fossils of
Pompeii, and 100,000 dozen of them are
still sold in the markets of Marseilles
every year. They, with holothurians,
form important items in the food con-
sumption of China and Japan, where the
people rarely see our butcher's meat.

The holothurian fishery is carried on ex-
tensively in Japan from April to August.
The "caviar" is consumed fresh on the
spot, or is prepared and packed for the
Chinese market. Even the Medusa, which
no other animal, so far as known,
will eat, is sought for by the Chinese,
and used as a dried and salted meat.

If you hit the mark you must aim a little
above it.

THE WATCHMAN, And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VIII

LACHUTE, QUE. FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1885.

NO. 35

FOR THE FARMER

Effect of Cold Water.

A farmer sends the following: "A
neighbor of mine (who, by the way, owns
and milks the finest Jersey herd in our
section) was about to erect a building in
which to do his dairy work. It was neces-
sary to have some arrangement with
put to heat water, instead of an ordi-
nary boiler or stove; he purchased and
put in position a common steam boiler of
four-horse capacity and arranged steam-
pipe connection with the water-trough in
the barn-yard. The construction was not
completed until about Christmas, 1884,
after the cows had been a considerable
time on winter rations, and the weather
cold, also the water. Upon turning the
steam into the water in the morning, and
warming it less than new milk tempera-
ture, the cows would plunge their noses
deep into the water and fill themselves
full, and go away happy. They seemed
to drink more, and did not leave the trough
in a humped-up condition, shaking their
heads as is sometimes seen, but really
seemed to appreciate the change. Now
for the result. The mass of milk given
from a herd of twenty-five was increased
twenty quarts a day the first week and
continued at that rate thereafter upon
the same feed ration. Thus we see that
warming the water was equivalent to
enough feed to produce twenty quarts of
milk per day, or, in other words, it took
feed enough to warm the cold water in
the cows' stomachs to produce the extra
yield, which, at the rate per quart at
which pure Jersey milk sells, produced a
handsome return for the amount of extra
investment over the ordinary boiler.

Soils for Fruits.

The best soil for the production of the
apple is a deep, rich, moist loam with a
sandy subsoil, although it succeeds moder-
ately well upon any soil not too dry.
The pear delights in a deep, rich, warm
loam, with a clay subsoil.
The plum requires a deep, moist soil,
but there must be no stagnant water in it.
The cherry grows best in a rich, warm,
sandy loam. If a mulch of leaves, straw,
or brush is put around them they will be
very much benefited by it.
The quince should be planted in a very
moist, clayey soil, but one free from stag-
nant water.
The peach produces fruit of much finer
quality when planted upon light, high land,
with a southern exposure. It is also
much more hardy and longer lived than
upon a stronger soil and a more northern
exposure.
The grape delights in a high, light,
rich, stony soil, and produces its sweetest
fruit in the driest parts. On very dry
soils, a mulch of old hay, leaves, brush,
etc., during the months of July and
August will be found very beneficial, but
should be removed in September to allow
the vines to more fully mature wood and
roots before very severe weather.
Currants and gooseberries succeed best
in the soil advised for the quince.
Raspberries and blackberries are more
hardy if planted upon light, sandy loam,
but if large berries are desired a mulch
must be used in July. On more moist
land mulching is not needed, but the
cane is more liable to be winter-killed.

Early Pease.

There are some vegetables which we
can buy in market as good as we can grow
at home. Pease are not one of them. We
can get pease from the south, and they are
very fair, but lack the delicacy of those
from our own garden. It is desirable,
therefore, to get pease as early as possible.
The sweet, wrinkled pease are not, and
never will be, as hardy as the smooth
varieties. The same is true of sweet corn;
the extra early kinds are not as sweet as
the later varieties; but, like the pease,
they are very good until we get something
better. The small, hardy varieties of
pease, like the Early Kent, will stand
rough treatment. They can be sown the
moment the frost is out of the surface
soil, and after they are up it is seldom, if
ever, that they are seriously injured by
frost. A warm, sandy soil is desirable,
with a southern exposure, and if on the
eastern or southern side of a wall or
other structure, or building, so much the better.
The soil can hardly be too rich. It
is a mistake to spare deep, light, sandy
land deep for early pease. The surface
soil, which has been exposed to the sun is
many degrees warmer than the soil below,
which has only just thawed. The later
varieties, planted when the soil is dry and
warm, can be covered with two, three,
four, or even five inches of soil, deeper or
shallower as the soil is heavy or light; but
the small, early pease should rarely be
covered over two inches deep, and if the
soil is wet and cold an inch is sufficient.
As soon as the pease appear, draw some
earth up to the row with a hoe or rake,
and if the soil is dry and light, half an
inch or so of soil may be pulled between
rows or over the pease. If the soil is moist
and heavy, it may be well to scatter a lit-
tle stable manure on the side and on the
top of the row. A board placed edgewise
on the north side of the row will reflect
the rays of the sun.

Farmers and Their Wives.

Farmers' wives are human beings as
well as the men. They are confined too
closely to the house and largely deprived
of outdoor air and sunshine. The farmer,
who is interested so much in his farm and
making money that he thinks little about
his wife, should remember that her work
is hard and very monotonous, and when
he comes in from his work at night he
should have a pleasant word for her. If
she has a good supper, and things look
neat and tidy about the house, he should
take notice of it. If your wife is a lover
of flowers, don't hoe them all up, or let
the stock into the yard. But take an in-
terest in their welfare; spare up the
flower beds; buy her seed; set the plants
out, and when you see the chickens in
the flower bed drive them out. Also let
your wife have her own way just a little,
and don't try to run the farm and the
house too. When house cleaning time
comes, don't scold, but take hold, help
her to put down the carpets, and see to it
that she doesn't overwork herself, and
when blue Monday comes around, help
her to become dinner is late on Monday,
but whistle, or sing, or read the papers,
and compose yourself; you will feel a

great deal better than if you scolded your
wife and made her feel unhappy all the
rest of the day. If you want any advice,
don't run over to a neighbor, but go to
your wife. See that she has plenty of
wood or coal, not half a mile away, but
near the house. It will save her a great
many steps; and when you feel lazy,
bring in water and wood, and it will re-
vive your spirits and you will have a clear
conscience. Let her have the butter
money if you can't afford to give her cash
out of your own pocket. See that your
wife has good magazines and papers to
read, and don't be afraid to make it pleas-
ant for her.

India's Hot Months.

Up country the heat is especially try-
ing, and there are a few months when to
venture out in the sunshine, even with a
solatoppe for a hat, and an umbrella also,
would be nothing short of suicide. Every
summer a good many people die just from
riding on the railway in carriages cooled
by all kinds of artificial appliances. In
looking over the government weather sta-
tistics I find that the thermometer fre-
quently goes up to one hundred and fifty de-
grees in the shade during the hot months,
and to one hundred and eighty in the sun.
Think of that, ye that complain of the
heat which occasionally befalls the state
at home. This climate seems to be the
one thing which is fatal to the high-
est development of this wonderful coun-
try. I have been interested in examin-
ing some of the make-shifts which
human ingenuity has devised to render
life tolerable during the blistering days
of an Indian summer. First of all, there
are the punkahs, which are kept afloat
with considerable effort. Then there are
porous mats, called kuss-kuss tatties,
which usually contain some fragrant
roots. They are kept saturated with
cold water, and placed where the wind
will blow through them as it enters the
house. In the absence of wind, punkahs
are so placed as to furnish a breeze to
pass through them. These tatties are
then placed in the windows of the rail-
way carriages. Most of the ice used here
is now manufactured. Up to four or five
years ago it was brought on ships from
Boston and sold for from four to six cents
per pound. Although the manufactured
ice only lasts half as long as the natural
ice, it can be made so much cheaper now
that it has driven the Boston ice out of
the market. Some of the thermometers,
as they are called, are quite ingenious and
successful. A very popular one consists
of a winnowing machine placed in the
window, surrounded by mats which are
kept constantly wet by an endless suc-
cession of small tubs. The evaporation
of the water cools the breeze, so that it is
alleged that sometimes people take cold by
sitting in the draught on a scorching hot
day. However, all these plans are but
make-shifts at the best, and the man who
can construct a tunnel through here to
the north pole has both fame and for-
tune awaiting him. Such a climate forces
the traveller to practically reverse the
ordinary methods of procedure in the
matter of sleep, diet and other natural
requirements. We rise early, eat chote-
hadjerie, or little breakfast, consisting
of a cup of coffee and a slice of toast, and
then go night-seeing. At half past ten
o'clock comes hadjerie, or big breakfast.
The heat of the day has by this time set
in, and a nap of a couple of hours is in order.
At two o'clockiffin is served, a lunch
consisting of bread and butter (the latter
without a particle of salt in it) fruit, cheese
and jam. Dinner is served at seven
o'clock in the evening, and is the most
substantial meal of the day. Tea is dis-
tributed at all seemingly and unseemly
hours of the day "between times."

The Use of Artillery.

Bombardier C. E. Long, of A Battery,
speaking of the use of field guns in fight-
ing Indians, said to a reporter: "It is a
mistake to suppose the guns will be no
use against people who fight under cover
and are all said to be sharpshooters. In
the first place the very sight of field guns
is enough to strike terror into the In-
dians. Besides, it is reported that the
half-breeds have six guns, which will be
the smoothbore. Suppose they were to
bring them to bear on a company of in-
fantry! They could hold the infantry at
bay in spite of themselves, whereas, with
our guns the latter would have nothing to
fear. All the men in both the mounted
and garrison divisions are well trained
—in fact we do nothing else—and a well
directed shot from one of our Armstrong
nine-pounders at a distance of 300 yards,
with common shell, would completely
shatter any of their gun carriages and dis-
able them from further action, at the same
time covering a retreat or breaking a
charge on our infantry. We have one
board gun, a muzzle-loading rifle gun of
the Armstrong make; it has the shape of
a common shell and case shot. The com-
mon shell is used for breaking the
gun's carriage, storming stockades,
stone forts, or fighting men under cover
or in the brush or woods; shrapnell shell
is used against a body of men advancing,
and is arranged to burst about twenty
yards in front of a column, causing great
destruction. Case shot is brought into
quadrant when troops are within 350
yards; it consists of a tin case, contain-
ing 110 bullets, which bursts in the bar-
rel of the gun and scatters the bullets.
No infantry is ever going to get any near-
er than 350 yards without being cut to
pieces. Each gun is manned with nine
men. The garrison division is armed
with short Snayder rifles, and the mounted
division with carbines and cavalry swords.

McSpell's Dud.

Prince Bismarck, like Frederick, has
converted his ministers and ambassadors
into mere clerks, and once he is gone the
whole machinery of his government and
policy will fall into utter and hopeless
confusion. The crown prince is a mere
"dud," and Prince Herbert Bismarck is
simply the puppet of his father, who gets a
well enough when he is darning his
piper, but he would come to woful grief
if he were himself the director of the
foreign policy of the empire. The mili-
tary despotism under which Germany has
groined for the last twenty years can not
possibly last much longer, and it would
not have lasted till the present day but
for the sensation which is universally felt
for the aged Kaiser. There will be a
crash in Bismarck before long, and in
1848, the infection will at once spread to
Germany, which has long been ripe for
a revolution. [London Truth.]

IMMERSION IN MIDWINTER.

Women the Most Courageous.

The Rev. J. B. Musselman, pastor
of the Mennonite Brethren of Reading,
Pa., has achieved quite a reputation for
baptizing converts in the icy waters of the
Schuylkill river. He was asked
whether he ever took cold in wading
westward into the water and standing
there until as many as a dozen converts
had been baptized. He replied that he
not only never took cold, but never ex-
perienced any symptoms of rheumatism
or other injurious effects therefrom. Mr.
Musselman is a handsome and intelligent
young man, nearly six feet tall, with rosy
cheeks and long brown hair, parted in the
middle.

"When I enter the water," he said,
"I have no thought upon its condition.
That is dismissed from my mind, be-
cause my entire attention is fixed upon
the convert and our faith. Our converts
are not to think of the ice cold water in
the sense that it is ice cold. They are to
think of it only as water and baptism, and
the form of immersion which our faith
requires. It makes no difference whether
the water is cold or warm. All the peni-
tent need know is that it is water. Con-
verts who postpone their baptism un-
til summer are not very strong in their
faith. If men or women profess conver-
sion in winter and ask that their baptism
be put off until the water is warm, we
have not much faith in that conversion. Our
soldiers of the cross have got to face
the music, be it summer or winter. The
women folks are generally the most coura-
geous. They will come to the river bank
unmindful of the floating ice cakes, and
stand in apparently thin apparel, will con-
fidently walk into the stream waist-deep
and enter into the full spirit of the bap-
tismal service unmindful of the cold. They
will walk out and frequently remain on
the river bank until all have been bap-
tized, and then walk to the nearest house
and change their clothing. Of course, I
am not superstitious, nor do I claim for
baptism anything unnatural, but I will
relate an incident that happened in my
circuit in Bucks county not long ago.

"A young lady professed conversion
in midwinter. She was ill, and many be-
lieved she would die from an affection of
the lungs. She expressed a desire to be
baptized in a neighboring stream, along
whose banks she had played as a child.
The water was covered with ice six
inches thick and was some distance
away. Her friends protested, saying she
would take cold and surely die, possibly
before she could reach home. She, how-
ever, insisted, and would listen to nothing
but our consent that she should be bap-
tized. She had her own way. The Sab-
bath was piercing cold, the ice was out,
and a passage made into the stream.
She walked bravely into the cold water,
and immersed her backward three times
completely covering her frail form, and
she went through the services heroically.
She reached home safely, experienced no
ill effects, took no cold, but, on the con-
trary, she at once regained strength, her
lungs healed, her weight increased, and
to-day she is one of the healthiest and
loveliest young women in that county.
Many supposed that such an ice-cold bap-
tism as that in the open air of winter
would kill her, but it had the opposite
effect. There are many who say she'd
have died had she not been baptized. I
don't say so; but it's a remarkable case,
that's all, showing that our baptism is
not hurting anyone. I never knew of a
single cold ever contracted in that way.
On very cold days I put on tall rubber
boots, especially if I have many converts
who compel me to remain in the water,
deep, for an hour or more. Our
faith does not require us to take un-
necessary risks. But where the ceremony is
not too long I do not use any extra ap-
parel."

Soldiers' Pay in China.

The economical habits of the heathen
Chinese are notorious, and they are well
illustrated by a correspondent, who
writing from Tien-tsin, says: "The Chinese
infantry soldier is paid once a month,
when he receives 34 taels of silver. This
sum, which is equal to about 19 shillings
of English money, is given to him in scrap
bullion; and during the night preceding
each pay day the paymasters are busily
engaged in weighing out silver and mak-
ing it up into neat little packages for
distribution. As soon as he has obtained
his share the soldier takes it to the near-
est shopkeeper or money-changer, who,
in return for it, hands him 3,500 copper
cash, the aggregate weight of which
amounts to about 150 pounds. The soldier
must immediately carry off this silver
out of the soldier's hands to keep him-
self in food and clothing; and the pay
cannot, therefore, be called excessive. A
Chinaman, however, lives almost exclu-
sively upon rice, a month's supply of
which costs a good deal less than 1,000
cash, and many a private not only sup-
ports a family upon the balance of his
earnings, but puts by a few hundred cash
every month. One fellow here is said
to wear several thousand cash strung on
silk and concealed beneath his uniform;
and I am told that he has a wife and three
children who never want. Seeing that
the small change for a tael weighs about
five pounds, I feel sorry for this model
paterfamilias."

A Successful Lady Speculator.

Mr. Jay Gould has, it seems, a female
rival in Wall street, whose success will
furnish another argument to the advo-
cates of women's rights. This is Mrs.
Harriet Green, who is said to be worth at
the present time \$35,000,000 or \$40,000,000.
She inherited from her father, E. R.
McRobinson, a large shipowner and specu-
lator, the very respectable sum of \$9,000,000,
and further secured by law an-
other nice little property of \$4,000,000 at
the death of her aunt. But she inherited
with these fortunes other still more valu-
able matters—a really extraordinary facu-
lty for speculation and a passion for
economy. Mrs. Green is, in fact, an ac-
cumulator of the old school. No palaces
in Fifth Avenue, no Miramonte pictures,
no \$250,000 steam yachts for her. Even
now she never spends more than 5,000
a year out of an income of upwards of
\$1,000,000. When she was already worth \$20,000,000, but Mr. and Mrs. Green both
had their own ways of carrying on busi-
ness, which they did separately. But
the husband was not so successful as the
wife, for he lost money in his speculations,
and ended by getting into debt for \$800,000.

BREAKFAST RECEIPTS.

Tea.

One teaspoonful of tea is al-
lowed for each person; pour on a little
hot water, and let come to a boil; add as
much hot water as is necessary.

JOHNNY CAKE.—Two cups of butter-
milk, one egg; place of butter size of an
egg, teaspoonful of saleratus, one
pint of meal and one heaping spoonful
of flour, a little salt and a spoonful of
sugar.

CORN BREAD.—One quart of butter-
milk, one quart of Indian meal, one quart
of flour, one small teacup of molasses,
teaspoons of soda, a little salt; then
make a loaf in a small milk pan. Bake
one hour.

SLAPJACKS.—One quart of milk, one
pint of Indian meal, seven spoonfuls of
flour, a little salt, four eggs; beat the
eggs light, add milk, flour and meal, and
bake on griddle or "spider." Eat with
syrup.

INDIAN MEAL.—Wet up two cups of
Indian meal and two spoonfuls of flour
with a little cold water; stir them into
one quart of boiling water; boil half an
hour, or more, stirring constantly; put
in about a teaspoonful of salt in the meal.
Eat with cream milk or syrup.

GRAHAM PUFFS.—One teacup of Gra-
ham flour, one teacup of milk or water;
beat for a few minutes, add a little salt;
have your cups for baking in the oven
heated; take them out and grease them;
fill on the top of the stove as quickly as
you can; bake in a hot oven.

WHEAT MUFFINS.—One quart of flour,
one pint of sweet milk, two eggs well
beaten, two spoonfuls baking powder,
large tablespoon of butter, to be melted
and put in the milk; a little salt; add
the milk and melted butter to well beaten
eggs; lastly, add the flour; bake in
muffin tins.

CHOCOLATE.—Put into a pan set in
boiling water, one pint of new milk and
one pint of boiling water; stir into it
three heaping tablespoonfuls of grated choco-
late, mixed to a paste with cold milk;
boil fifteen minutes, taking off the
scum as it rises, and serve with sugar and
cream.

HOMINY AND FARINA.—As a change
a dish of hominy or farina is very palatable.
Farina should be mixed thin—about like
meal mush—and boiled about an hour
(over hot water). Hominy should be
soaked in cold water over night, and
boiled for an hour, with a little salt, in
the morning. Eat with sugar and milk,
or butter and sugar.

FRUIT.—If possible have some kind of
fresh fruit for breakfast—whatever is in
season—berries, melons, peaches, pears,
grapes or any ripe fruit. In winter
oranges are very nice. If these are un-
obtainable have baked apples, apple sauce,
stewed prunes or some kind of canned
fruit, only never banish the fruit dish
from the breakfast table.

COFFEE.—Wash and brown the coffee
carefully, grind coarsely and allow for
each cup one tablespoonful of ground
coffee. Moisten with egg and cold water
and pour over it boiling water, cover
closely and place on the back of the stove
until just before serving, then bring to a
boil and add a little cold water to settle.
Always put on the coffee the first thing
in the morning.

Lady Doctors in India.

Of all the booms which England confer
upon India, lady doctors are, probably,
the most needed. It is to be hoped,
therefore, that the Medical Women for
India association will receive a liberal
support from the benevolent public.
This society collects funds for bringing
out lady doctors to India, starts dispen-
saries, and is at present building a large
hospital at Bombay, which is superintend-
ed by women, and open to female
patients only. The Grand Medical college
of India has thrown its doors open to
female students, and the Bombay univer-
sity has admitted all female students to
compete for degrees on the same terms as
male students. The good work was
originated by Mr. Kettledge, an Ameri-
can resident in Bombay, and Mr. Sorabji
Shapurji, a Parsee gentleman. Dr.
Edith Peckey, the first English woman
doctor in India, had nine patients on the
first day she arrived at Bombay, in De-
cember, 1883. Before a fortnight had
passed there were three hundred, and the
average number has ever since then re-
mained one hundred a day. As "there
is work for twenty lady doctors at Bom-
bay alone" although at the London
school for medicine, in Henrietta street,
two thirds of the students are preparing
for India, the demand will not soon be
supplied.

RECOVERED RELICS.

Ordinance Sunk at the Siege of Gibraltar
Taken from the Deep and to be Pres-
erved as Mementoes.

Some interesting mementoes of the
siege of Gibraltar have just been landed
at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, from
the steamship Wye. They consist of
three guns and a mortar which have been
recovered from the French and Spanish
ships sunk in the bed of the Mediterranean.
These vessels were no doubt sunk by the
fire of the British under General
Elliott, between the years 1779 and 1783.
They are in a very fair state of preserva-
tion. Two of the guns, which are about
nine feet long and of six and eight inch
bore respectively, have on the breech a
shield bearing a cross, the whole sur-
rounded by a wreath of laurel leaves. On
the escabe of one of the guns is a Griffin
with extended wings and claws, there be-
ing a band of ornamental griffin round
the muzzle and an eight pointed star on
the chase. On the breech is a representa-
tion of a man's face with a large mous-
tache, the mouth forming the touch-hole.
These guns bear no inscription. The
third gun is a long brass nine-pounder,
and has the words "Le Flambeau" on the
chase, and round the breech is a partly
effaced inscription of which the words
"Strasbourg le 17 Xbre 1797 par J. Bis-
dardien, Commande des forces de" re-
main legible. The mortar is of brass and
is highly ornamented. On the breech is
a shield surrounded by a crown and sur-
rounded by field pieces and trophies of
war. The wreath of laurel leaves, thus
recovered after a great lapse of time have
been brought home by order of Her Ma-
jesty's government to be preserved as mementoes
of one of the greatest sieges on
record.

THE CAZAR'S BASTILE.

Horror of the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

But first of all something about this bas-
tile of the czar, this inferno of despotism,
a building of terrible memories, defiled by
more horrors even than its famous proto-
type which the populace of Paris, nearly
a century ago, levelled with the ground.
It is huge, hideous, and alab-sided, and
surmounted by a thin and tapering spire
that looks like the end of a Brobdingnagian
syringe. The fortress is in the centre of
the city and faces the imperial palace.
During the day it is in part a public thor-
oughfare, and people pass through a nar-
row defile of gloomy and tortuous vaults,
where heavily-armed sentinels march to
and fro, and stone sentinels in niches hold
aloft burning tapers. But at nightfall all
is closed, and when darkness covers the
capital and the quays of the Neva are all
aglow with gas lights the prison here de-
dicated to St. Peter and St. Paul remains
shrouded in gloom, like some huge maw,
ever ready to swallow up all that is best
and noblest of the unhappy land which is
cursed by its presence. Round the fort-
ress reigns a deep silence; but four times
in every hour the big clock in the syringe-
shaped chapel spires a psalm tune in
praise of God and the czar.

The casemates are cells, five paces long
and three wide, equal to about seven and
a half feet by four and a half—open into
which a little light struggles through a
strongly-barred slit. The walls are damp
with moisture. For furniture the inhabi-
tants have a straw mattress and a thin quilt,
a jug, the image of a saint, and a pall
which serves to all purposes and remains
there day and night. The air of such a
place, surely one of the dark places of the
earth, besides being cold and damp, must
be unappealingly foul. But even worse than
dampness, and foulness, and gloom is the
solitude to which the prisoners are con-
demned, for the fortress is organized on
the strictest cellular system. Every pos-
sible precaution is taken to prevent them
from communicating with each other. They
never meet, never speak to each other,
are not even allowed to exchange a
word with their jailers. A warden is for-
bidden under severe penalties to answer a
question, however meaningless or inno-
cent. To prevent him from obtaining
favors or information, either by cajolery
or collusion, the turnkeys are made to
visit the cells in couples, and to prevent
prisoners from communicating with each
other by knocking on the walls, every al-
ternate cell is either altogether un-occu-
pied or occupied by a gadzander.

Once a day the door is opened and the
wardens signify to the inhabitants by a
siren that it is the hour for exercise. Sil-
ently he rises from his little bed and fol-
lows his custodians into a narrow yard, so
hemmed in by high walls as to seem like
the bottom of a well. Here he paces to
and fro for the allotted time, like a wild
beast in a cage, and is then led back to
his den as silently as he was brought out.
The prison is full of people, yet for every
inhabitant of its casemates, its bastions,
its ravellings, and its curtains there is
the isolation of death. No books are allowed
in this dismal solitude, not even the Bible.
If a prisoner wants religious consolation he
may look at his saint and raise his thoughts
heavenward, if he can. It is no wonder
that men die in these dark places
sometimes go mad. But in spite of every
precaution prisoners do occasionally con-
trive to communicate with their friends.
A little money in Russia goes a long way,

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Transient advertisements 10 cents per line each insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion, solid nonpareil measure. One square, 24 lines nonpareil, per year, \$15.00. One-half square, 12 lines nonpareil, per year, \$7.50. One-quarter square, 6 lines nonpareil, per year, \$3.75. Three-fourths of a column, per year, \$45.00. One-half column, per year, \$22.50. One-quarter column, per year, \$11.25. Professional cards, if not more than six lines, per year, \$4.00. Liberal discounts made on yearly advertising. Transitory advertisements must be paid for in advance. Advertisements without written instructions will be inserted until ordered and charged accordingly. Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1885.

Through the kindness of Mr. Larmonth and Mr. Campbell, who magnanimously offered us room for the present to put up our presses, we are enabled to issue this week as usual THE WATCHMAN.

LACHUTE FLOODS.

The long prophesied fire has not yet come to devour us, but the unexpected flood has come to our way. Friday last was a day of excitement around and near Fish's bridge. In the early part of the day people began to gather on the bridge. The ice came down thick and swift. It would strike the western pier and shake it so the whole bridge trembled. Ropes were got and the bridge tied up to trees. At one time the great 3-inch rope broke, the bridge vibrated, the pier rose half a foot but settled down again. News came that St. Andrews bridge was gone—that Earl's mill dam was gone—that White's bridge was gone, and a general flutter of intense excitement spread through the crowds, while women and children were looking on with curious solicitude at the constantly rising waters. The West River bridge was tied up to trees, the flooring removed and left in an impassable condition as the ice thumped against its beams until all hope of its continuance was gone.

About noon Mr. James Barley, who was active in his exertions to do and save all he could, slipped into the surging, boiling, foaming waters and was so near being carried away that it was with difficulty that he was pulled to shore. Hundreds of men were either looking on or assisting during the day. Every one seemed to forget his own personal interest and worked to save property that was floating away. The water continued to rise until one hour after another that had been considered the highest that the high water ever reached soon became covered, and on and on the water rolled and rose hour after hour until swift running streams of several feet deep and from ten to forty feet wide were to be seen. One of these was on the street opposite the WATCHMAN office. Another was across the street east of Fish's bridge, so that planks had to be nailed on to trussels to make a passage for people to get across.

The greatest damage to property on Friday was the loss of saw logs, timber and the injury to the bridges. Mr. McNico's tin shop and dwelling were so completely flooded that his family had to remove to another house the floor being covered nearly a foot deep with water. There were stables, store houses, collars, sheds and out-houses so completely flooded that everything had to be removed or left to ruin. The pier in front of the Lachute saw mill was covered and the water actually running into the saw mill on the working floor. The flume of Mr. Bannerman's rope factory was carried away and some thirty hands thrown out of employment while the press of work was great and numerous orders waiting execution.

Towards evening the water rose so high that at Barton's bridge there remained only a few inches space for the ice to get under, and as one great block of ice after another struck the piers of that bridge many thought it could not stand if the water rose much higher as then the ice would dam up and cover the bridge.

We noticed among the interested persons present several from the center who worked with a good and willing heart to help to save property. We also noticed Mayor Dunbar with coat off and apron slung taking the lead for half a day or more in unselfish interest to save property. As the day was closing, and the gentle rain falling, and the darkness settling down on a few scores of tired weary workers and watchers, there was all of a sudden a new burst of excitement as part of a building was seen going down near Fish's bridge. This was the rear part of the WATCHMAN office. As this important institution "THE WATCHMAN OFFICE" was situated on an island out in the river, there had been some considerable interest shown in its welfare, and as part of it was now gone, and the water still rising, it was predicted by some who were present that the WATCHMAN office and all the buildings on the river side would have to go before long. At nine o'clock P.M. as we left the scene we left scores of anxious, curious watchers on the banks. The falls below the dam were like the

Chaudiere at Ottawa and were well worth seeing. The rain abated, the sky grew clear, the moon shone out brightly as a lower temperature set in about ten o'clock which gave a prospect of receding waters before the morning. On Saturday morning the water had receded about an inch and every body was hopeful until about ten o'clock it took a sudden rise and continued until it became evident that several families would have to move. The WATCHMAN office was the first to make a move. The whole of the plant was removed, and while a double team was engaged in hauling it to a higher and dryer building the wagon was up to the axels in water opposite Mr. Leggo's stone house. Mr. Isadore Belaire's house was completely surrounded and the family removed. Mr. Leggo's house was flooded. Mr. McNico's house seemed to be on the float, his family having left the day before. Mr. Mark Patenaude had to remove from the house under Olivet Hall. Kettley's confectionery shop was deserted. Mr. Bertrand's store during the day had to be closed as the water was over the floor. The stables in rear of all the houses along the river bank from the saw-mill to the WATCHMAN office were flooded, the horses and cows being removed. Towards evening the road from Fish's bridge to the new steam saw-mill was part of the river, and a boat was the best way of navigating that busy thoroughfare. A gondola would have done good service had it been available.

On Saturday and Sunday the streets and sidewalks were impassable except for a short distance in front of Mr. Tullie's store. There was great excitement about four o'clock as a field of ice came against Barron's bridge which removed it from its piers in the center and left it floating helplessly on the surging surface of the river. It was thought now that another ice jam would take that bridge against the railway bridge a few hundred feet below and remove it, when everything below would be swept away. This catastrophe was however averted by roping the fallen bridge to great trees so that it could not jam against the railway bridge.

Fish's bridge stood the ice jams without any perceptible damage, except to the western pier which became badly broken up, but the bridge was stayed by great timbers bound with chains so secure that should the damaged pier give way the bridge would hold together and not go off. One of the peculiar features of the flood was the removal of a dwelling by the water where no river was ever known to exist before. This was just north of the West river bridge, where the water took a short cut across the field west of Mrs. Clunie's stone house and made a channel through Madame Fournier's house, which on Sunday morning toppled over while the people inside were engaged at their breakfast, and furniture, bedding, &c. were soon seen drifting down the river. Another special feature was the inconvenience the people on the west side of the river found in getting over to the post office and mills, as the only way was by the railway track up to near the station and then through Mr. Barron's sugar bush and across the fields to the mills. This was owing to the deep water at the end of Fish's bridge and on the street near the Windsor Hotel.

The unusual height of the water may be imagined by those at a distance when they hear that the Court House was unapproachable and the water several inches deep on the floor of the Registry office. The vaults were flooded and all in front and around these buildings was a sea of water upon which a boat could easily sail. Another feature of the flood was an accident to the principal dome of this town, who while attempting to climb a fence to get over to a friend who had suddenly become isolated, the fence gave way and "splash" went our professor into the water, but to great damage was done. Again on Saturday evening while a professor of the forge was passing round the corner of the WATCHMAN office on the elevated side walk one pipe gave way and "splash" went the blacksmith into the water up to his elbows in pits.

Sunday morning came with signs of receding waters, but before noon a blinding snow storm set in from the east which helped to drive the water down faster. In the afternoon it rained, but still the waters continued to abate all day. Some excitement was caused in the evening by word from St. Jerome that Rolland's boom had broken and 10,000 saw logs were coming with seventeen bridges from St. Saviour's Des Montagnes to Lachute. The new bridge at St. Jerome just built and taken off the Contractor's hands last week was clean gone, as well as the other two bridges which the town had recently taken from the municipality corporation. The ice continued to scrape under Barron's bridge which remained floating on the water. On Sunday night at ten o'clock the measurements showed a fall of fourteen inches during the day and things looked more cheerful. On Monday morning there were signs of business again around the flooded district. There were parts of the road

clear of water while in other parts the water had made great holes which were very dangerous. About eight o'clock Monday morning a load of National Foods was seen to upset in front of Mr. Leggo's in one of these deep water holes and the greater part of the load was made into porridge so quickly that it had to be conveyed back to the mill and emptied among the pig feed. A road was opened up around through the fields in the rear of Barron's West End Cash Store for loads to be taken to the station and eastern parts of the town. There soon came out brightly and the people put on a more cheerful aspect. Fish's bridge stood remarkably well, and the western entrance became so much dryer that people could pass on foot by means of the elevated foot path.

There were some serious and many amusing incidents occurred besides those already mentioned. Our Mayor, Mr. Dunbar, while assisting to put on a boom up the river to prevent the ice jam, got into the water and had a narrow escape. While two men were assisting in a boat above Barron's bridge the boat suddenly became unmanageable and was nearly the bridge, the men saved themselves by catching the bridge while the boat went under and was broken to pieces. On Wednesday the Railway men assisted by a large number of citizens commenced an effort to replace Barron's bridge, and all rejoiced on the evening of that day to see the bridge again on its piers and traffic restored, many thanks to the Railway authorities for their timely assistance and suitable machinery for raising the bridge.

We have our office now partly in our own dwelling and partly in Mr. Larmonth's machine shop, but hope soon to be settled down again in a more convenient place.

THE FLOOD ELSEWHERE.

Lachute is a highly favored spot after all, for the floods we have had are quite insignificant when compared with other places, such as St. Andrews, where all their bridges are taken away, and Joliette where the bridges and mill dams are gone, and Montreal where the damages are up among the hundreds of thousands of dollars. St. Andrews has sustained a great loss, and many other places. The cause of so many bridges having been taken away seems to be owing to the piers not having been built high enough to allow the ice to get away. In rebuilding this evil can be remedied, and no doubt will be.

WAR with Russia is no longer problematical. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, announced in the House of Commons on the 29th inst. that the Government had received definite and reliable information to the effect that the Russians were now in full advance on Herat. He also announced that the report of the occupation of Maruchuk had been confirmed. The announcement had created a profound sensation, and much bitterness was expressed by the members. The Khan of Bokhara has warned the Ameer of Russian designs on Cabul and Balkh, and adds "I know for certain that the Russians intend not to march beyond Herat, but will cut off your line of retreat to Cabul and England's line of retreat to Candahar." A St. Petersburg despatch confirms the statement of the *Independence Belge* that in a recent engagement with the Afghans the Russians were defeated with heavy loss.

The latest news from the Northwest is that the half-breeds a Qu'Appelle are threatening the Sioux because they refuse to join Riel. Both sides of the river are occupied by the rebels, and they have 900 crack shots in their rifle pits at Gabriel's crossing. They are armed with Winchester, and from their secure position will be able to pick off our volunteers without being themselves exposed to fire. Scouts sent out to examine the rebel position at that point have returned, and report that it is very strongly fortified. The place is surrounded by a ridge of rocks from forty to fifty feet high, covered with small scrub, which will protect the half-breeds from our artillery. Further back at Batoche there are rows of rifle pits. From these strongholds a small force of rebels would be able to withstand a very large besieging force, and in view of the fact that an assault upon them may result in the almost total annihilation of our little army. To make the storming of his position still more difficult, Riel has stationed his prisoners in the half-breeds houses on the river bank at Batoche, so that if Middleton's men bring their cannon to play upon the pits in order to dislodge the rebels, the prisoners will be killed. Rifle pits have been dug all along both banks of the river from Gabriel's up. Messages from Gen. Middleton are to the effect that the steamer Northote has been stranded on a sandbar, 85 miles south of Clarke's Crossing, and the troops and supplies aboard of her will have to be taken overland, as the troops at the front will not move from their present camp until they arrive with the galling guns which are to be used in the apprehended bush warfare on the route to Batoche. The steamer Minnow of Light draught and barges which left Medicine Hat on Wednesday are expected to successfully navigate the stream, which the Northote will be unable to do until the water rises.

The hand worked man of business, told us that he had seen a man for the first time since he was captured by the rebels. He would take occasion to Robinson's Photo-graphed Emotions as a live activity to the brain and to the constitution, and thereby prevent the attack of fever and other destroying diseases.

THE FIRST BATTLE WITH THE REBELS.

The Volunteers Victorious.
HEAVY LOSS IN KILLED AND WOUNDED.

On Friday last General Middleton and the troops under his command had entrenched themselves in a strong position on the right bank of the Saskatchewan river, fifteen miles south of Batoche's crossing. The rebels to the number of four hundred advanced from a coulee near the river opened fire upon the scouts led by Mayor Boulton. The latter returned the fire, when the rebels mounted and retired to a place of ambush. From the ambush they rose each time of firing. General Middleton at once deployed the troops in skirmishing order. "A" battery could not at first feel the enemy with their guns, so good was their shelter. Eventually, however, the battery got a better view and opened a raking fire among them. Two houses in which the rebel reserves were secluded were demolished. The rebels next made a dash and forced the 90th at close quarters, but a severe fire from the left wing forced the rebels to retire. The fight was in Indian style on the part of the rebels, who were always either concealed behind trees or in bluffs. Their fire was hot and very effective. Capt. Clark with the sharpshooters first advanced in skirmishing order after the scouts signalled danger, and closely following were the Toronto School of Infantry, the latter taking the right flank. The conflict now became general and terribly severe. The Indians were exceedingly combative and the war whoop yell could be heard distinctly for some distance off. They rallied time and again, keeping up an incessant fire for fully an hour. Subsequently the fire slackened on the part of the enemy, but was again resumed. Shortly after noon the prairie was set on fire as a result of the rebels, but a heavy rain which fell in about noon quenched it.

The fighting began at 9 o'clock in the morning and was kept up to 3 in the afternoon, when about sixty of the rebels rode off and were soon out of range of rifle fire, the artillery, however, gave them a parting round or two, which caused them to accelerate their speed. The rest of the half-breeds and Indians were evidently unable to leave the field, their horses being shot or captured. Six Indians were taken prisoners. During the night the remainder of the rebels made good their escape. The troops behaved splendidly, though the number of killed (ninety and wounded (fifty) is very great. Both of General Middleton's aides, Capt. Wain and Lieut. Doucet, were wounded early in the day. General Middleton had also a narrow escape, a bullet passing through the cap on his head. The troops bivouaced on the battle field during the night, and in the morning, on the reconnoitering the rebel position, they found the ravine empty the rebels having retired during the darkness of the night. General Middleton will push on as quickly as possible. He is said to be of opinion that the battle of Friday was fought at an advance post held by the rebels. Three or four miles further down the river they have a number of rifle pits and low stockades, and to these they retreated, doubtless with the expectation that General Middleton's force would follow. About ten miles from this latter point is Batoche's where it is expected the rebels will make their final stand. It is estimated that their total force consists of 800 half-breeds and nearly as many Indians.

OTTAWA, April 27.—Mr. Wallace, M. P. for York, has just received a letter from Mr. Jas. Armstrong, manager of the York colony, stating that he and Major Watson had arrived at Yorktown with the hundred stand of arms furnished for the protection of the colony by the Minister of Militia. The colonists are now well armed and are drilling daily. The stone mill has been transformed into a barracks and fort. There is therefore no fear of the results of an attack should such be decided upon. Despite the troubles, new settlers are entering the colony. This is the result of the defensive measures which have been taken. At a meeting of colonists on the 18th inst. votes of the York colony were given to the Government for the aid it had lent, and to Messrs. Wallace and Armstrong for securing the assistance.

RECRUITING MOUNTED POLICE. TORONTO, Ont., April 27.—To-day 150 applicants for enrolment in the mounted police force were received at the recruiting office, 63 being passed and sworn in by a justice of the peace. Several of them are ex-members of the Irish constabulary and cavalry regiments of the British army. They will not leave for the Northwest till Thursday. Recruiting will continue till Wednesday night.

WINNIPEG, April 27.—A squad of mounted police under Captain Norman is guarding the magazine and stores at Fort Osborne. The men are all recruits, of whom as many as possible are being recruited. Recruiting for the mounted police is now going on at many important points along the Canadian Pacific Railway, and considerable numbers are being received.

WINNIPEG, April 28.—A despatch just received from Qu'Appelle says some excitement occurred at the camp at 2 o'clock this morning, as it was thought an attack had been made by Indians or half-breeds. Several shots were fired at our sentries, who at once gave the alarm. Two companies of Col. O'Brien's battalion (the Sinoeco Foresters and York Rangers) were immediately put under arms and remained in readiness if their services were required. Fires were burning on the hills in the distance. It is supposed they were started as signals by the half-breeds provoking northward of Riel and his band of rebels at Batoche's. Scouts were sent from the camp to reconnoitre in the neighborhood for traces of the rebels, and it was found that several houses of settlers near there had been plundered yesterday by half-breeds.

A despatch from Moosejaw announces that the transport department are sending from there 500 head of beef cattle for the use of the troops at Clarke's Crossing and Prince Albert. A long train of wagons and horses for the use of the transport corps passed through Moosejaw last night with about forty men, who have been engaged at Fargo, Dak., at \$4.50 per day.

There is a rumor current that the steamer Northote, with supplies for Gen. Middleton, is aground on a sand bar about fifteen miles south of the mouth of Current Creek. The water is very low. The hope is expressed that the recent rains may have raised the water sufficiently to enable her to navigate the stream.

The total force now in the Northwest, including mounted police, is over five thousand, and with those engaged in the transport service would make in round numbers five thousand five hundred men, with about two thousand horses. Captain French, in charge of the scouts, reports 120 rebels encamped three miles north, in a ravine similar to that at Fish Creek. The rebels are fortified at Batoche's.

Mr. C. G. Henty, correspondent of the London (England) Standard, arrived in the city this morning and will join Gen. Middleton at the earliest possible moment.

SEARCHING THE RAVINE. The Mail's special, dated Fish Creek camp, April 26th, via Clarke's Crossing, says:—At one o'clock this afternoon the 90th battalion, supported by the Winnipeg Field Battery, moved from camp to the ravine where the fight took place. The scouts constituted the advance guard and deployed so as to completely surround the gully. It was suspected, however, that the ravine was entrenched. By 2 p.m. it had been thoroughly explored by our troops, Gen. Middleton and others riding through. There were no rebels. The place is almost impenetrable. Rifle pits in rows of three to five were hollowed out of a steep bank, and could not be reached by artillery or small arms. Two dead Indians were near the crest of the hill opposite the centre, and in three of the small pits tracks of blood were seen. We have no idea of the number of the enemy killed, but it probably reached four or five. Fifty-five horses, many of them handsome, valuable animals, lie dead in the woods and along the ravine. In some spots, safely sheltered from our fire, oxen had been killed and various camp fires showed the debris of the cook. Two shot guns and a good deal of savage toggery were found in the ravine. It seems certain that, despite their bravery, the Indians left the battle field in a hurry. Most of the horses were killed by the artillery fire, and in some places the trees look as if a cyclone had been through them.

THE DANGER OF BLOOD POISONING. Since the death of President Garfield, there seems to have been an increase in the number of recorded cases of blood poisoning.

A few weeks ago the Rev. Noah Scheuch, D. D., of Brooklyn, had an operation performed on his foot, inflammation set in and death ensued. If a man be in good health, a wound heals rapidly; if the blood is corrupt, it is slow to heal. Impure blood irritates and inflames the whole system. It follows then, if the blood purifying organs are deranged—since every particle of blood courses through these organs over one hundred times a hour—it is very slow to heal. The blood poison must destroy all vitality.

In the winter season Nature demands heat-making food; in the spring she sets up a cooling process; and, to accomplish this, she ordains that the change from winter to summer be gradual; if her laws were never violated, the privation would be sufficient; if they are violated, therefore, we must furnish her help in this spring house-cleaning time; otherwise the seeds of disease remain within us.

Blood is made in the stomach; it is purified by the skin, lungs, liver and kidneys. During a long, cold winter, the liver and kidneys are overworked; the consequence is that in the spring these organs are prostrated; the prostration is indicated by extremely dull heavy feelings and a weariness which seems to go to the bone; headache, furred tongue, lack of appetite, itching and discolored skin, mental irritability, depression of spirits, neuralgia, pains, convulsions, clitic and fever, "malaria." These little irregularities of feeling are Nature's warnings; if neglected, disease may get the upper hand. If you introduce into the blood a little kidney and liver poison, you can artificially produce the above symptoms; it follows, therefore, that to remedy the blood, it must be restored to those blood purifying organs. If they cannot perform their work no amount of medicine taken for other organs can have any permanent effect in the system.

Brigadier-General D. H. Bryce, business manager of the *Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal* in 1853, found that he was not coming through the spring in good form; he was not sick, but only out of condition; to this timely use of a few bottles of Warner's safe cure, however, he attributed recovery of constitutional vigor, and undoubtedly would not have been able to do his business of thousands have used it and commended it.

The ill-feelings of spring time are caused by a more or less poisoned condition of the blood; a condition which grows worse by neglect, and finally may lead one to the grave. One day a young physician discovered on his nose what turned out to be a malignant ulceration; the blood virus attacked his brain and killed him.

A prominent merchant of apparently average health died suddenly the other day; an examination showed that one kidney, entirely decayed, had poisoned the blood terribly! Had this condition been recognized in time, he might have lived to the full—three score and ten.

Every day we neglect to take such precautions as health indicates, we may be said to drive a nail into our coffin. The blood is poisoned every day; if it is not purified every day, untimely death is inevitable.

THE SUEZ CANAL COMMISSION. PARIS, April 28.—The Suez Canal Commission has to place prices captured in naval warfare traveling to the Suez canal upon the same footing as men of war. The work of the commission is progressing favorably.

EVACUATING THE SOUDAN. SUDAN, April 28.—The British troops here are preparing to move, only having been received to withdraw from the Sudan.

CANADIAN VOYAGEURS. PORTSMOUTH, April 28.—A detachment of Canadian voyageurs, to the number of eighty-one men, who were engaged in the Moosejaw last night with about forty men, who have been engaged at Fargo, Dak., at \$4.50 per day.

Agricultural Implement Warehouse.

CELEBRATED
WILKINSON STEEL PLOWS.

1st prizes & 12nd at Toronto Exhibition, 1880—1st prize at Montreal Dominion Exhibition, 1881—1st prize at Montreal Dominion Exhibition, 1882—1st prize at St. John, N.B., 1883—1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes at Montreal Exhibition, 1884—1st & 2nd prizes at Dominion Exhibition, Ottawa, 1884.

BEAVER COMBINED SEEDER AND DRILL. OVER 13,000 in use—American and Canadian experts say that the BEAVER is the best in use. At a moderate estimate the drill will save a peck of seed per acre; this would be 25 bushels to every 100 acres—thus a farmer sowing 20 acres of wheat, would save 5 bushels of grain or more than enough to make a barrel of flour. This is a low estimate. Practical farmers have testified to an increase of three, five and even ten bushels per acre as the result of drilling in the seed. Take the lowest figure and on a field of 20 acres of wheat, it would give 60 bushels increase in the crop. This at the average price of wheat, with addition of the seed saved, would furnish the price of a drill in a single season. The U. S. department of Agriculture not long since collected statistics of the subject, and in connection with their publication, remarked, that "grain drills are deserving of all favor," for this among other reasons, that "their universal introduction and use would result in the saving of twelve million bushels of grain annually. Farmers of the County of Argenteuil, advance with the times and use labor saving and money making Agricultural Implements."

MOWERS, Reapers, Rakes, Hay Forks, Threshing Mills, Circular Sawing Machines, Iron Harrows, Cultivators, Steel Scrapers, Pumps, Wringers &c., &c.

Repairs can be supplied promptly in the case of breakages by accidents or long usage—a very important consideration when purchasing Agricultural Implements.

Catalogues sent upon application, and all enquiries by mail cheerfully replied to. A CALL SOLICITED.

A. LARMONTH,

Foundry St., Lachute.

THE DOMINION HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Of the 211 representatives of the people composing the present House of Commons 91 are married, 12 are widowers, and 118 have hitherto maintained a state of single blessedness. The professions or occupations of the members are as follows:—Architects 1, bankers 2, brokers 3, builders 12, contractors 2, doctors 16, engineers 1, farmers 31, factory proprietors and brewers 4, journalists 3, lawyers 54, merchants 33, millowners 1, notaries 2, professors 1, stock holders 14.

As regards nationality the figures are:—Of American (U. S.) descent, 20; of English birth, 58; of French parentage, 49; Germans, 4; Danes, 1; Irishmen, 41; Scotchmen, 35.



E. LEONARD & SONS, LONDON, ONT.

ESTABLISHED 1834. Engines and Boilers for all duties—Brick and Tile Machines. Saw Mills a specialty. Represented in Montreal by H. E. P. A. T. St. Andrews, 1885. Send for 1885 Catalogue. Mention this paper. 35-36.

BARGAINS

A VERY choice lot of new Groceries just received and offered at the following low prices:

- 19 lbs. good Sugar.....\$1.00
- 13 " Granulated Sugar.....1.00
- 10 " Square Lard ".....1.00
- 8 " Pulverized ".....1.00
- 13 " Dried Apples.....1.00
- 5 Quarts Mixed Pickles.....1.00
- 5 " Oysters (Decalcified).....1.00
- 6 Cans Sugar Corn.....1.00
- 12 Cans Tomatoes.....1.00
- 6 " Salmon.....1.00
- 4 " Baked Beans.....1.00
- 5 " Peaches.....1.00
- 1 doz. Oatmeal Toilet Soap.....1.00
- 40 lbs. Split Peas.....1.00
- 40 " Pot Barley.....1.00
- 7 " Good Leaf Tobacco.....1.00
- 4 " Choice Coffee.....1.00
- 4 " Good Japan Tea.....1.00
- 3 " Extra ".....1.00
- 30 " Choice Graham Flour.....1.00

FRESH COCOA, LUNCH JONGUE, MARMALADE.

CHOCOLATE, CORNED BEEF, JOHNSON'S Desiccated OYSTERS, and a general assortment of STAPLE and Fancy GROCERIES, TABLE LUXURIES &c.

J. E. IRELAND.

Lachute Mills, 15th April, 1885.

NOTICE

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

A GENTLEMAN wishing to introduce a light and profitable business, in his native country, in the *Jeux d'Écarte* Box and also wooden and metal Baccarat Boxes, 15 years experience in that business will put his talents against Capital or go on third party. He will also furnish samples of some of the finest Boxes made in the United States. This is a business that is PROFITABLE, and would be an interest to any town or city in Canada, as wooden Baccarat Boxes has a large Trade in England at the present time. Will also furnish old Baccarat who has had years experience in the business. Any person or persons who feel interested can write for me for information. Address, ORLANDO K. JACKSON, Brunswick, Maine, U. S. A.

HAYARDS' YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effective destroyer of worms in C. P. or Adults.

NOTICE.

WE DESIRE TO INFORM THE PUBLIC that we are about commencing business in the old Post Office and store owned by Mrs. Melville, St. Andrews, where we hope by attention to business and correct prices to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.

D. McCREGOR & CO.

St. Andrews, April 24th, 1885.

WANTED.

MARRIED couple, middle-aged and without young family, for really first-class farm in Eastern Townships. Woman must be thorough in dairy. Apply to C. S. BURROUGHS, Lachute.

Furniture Store
West End,
LACHUTE.

R. T. MANLEY has considerably added to his already LARGE STOCK.

ALL KINDS OF PARLOR AND BED-ROOM FURNITURE, IRON and WOOD BEDSTEADS, Wire, Flock & Fibre MATTRESSES.

ALSO an assortment of the latest styles of

BABY CARRIAGES.

All the above articles at an exceptionally low figure.

R. T. MANLEY.

Lachute Mills, April 24th, 1885.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

A FIRST-CLASS FARM, in excellent condition, Locality, Front of Chatham Title by. Apply to JAMES B. CUSHING, Lachute, P. Q.

Lachute Marble Works,

MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES in American Marble and Scotch and Canadian Granite. Parties wanting work done in this line will find it to their advantage to call and see samples. Good work, moderate prices. Lettering done on standing monuments and headstones.

GEORGE L. MOIR, Proprietor

Lachute, April 23, 1884.

C. T. WALES & Co's

ADVERTISEMENT.

A QUANTITY OF CARRIAGE, WOODWORK, BULL'S (Horns and Bent Stags) AXLES and SPRINGS, bought direct from Manufacturers.

FOR SALE LOW.

SPRING GOODS RECEIVED.

Assortment complete in all departments.

C. T. WALES & Co. Agents for the sale of the "WANZER" Sewing Machine.

St. Andrews, March 30th, 1885.

New Furniture
WAREHOUSE.

THE undersigned beg to announce to the people of Lachute and district that he will open on or about the 1st of May, in the west wing of

HOPE'S BLOCK,

Market Square, opposite Railway Station.

WHERE HE WILL KEEP

A FIRST CLASS ASSORTMENT OF LATEST STYLES OF PARLOR AND BED-ROOM FURNITURE.

MATTRESSES MADE,

Furniture repaired and all kinds of upholstery done on the premises.

Pianos and Organs Tuned and Repaired and satisfaction guaranteed.

He will also keep an assortment of Fancy Goods and Crockery.

GEO. J. BROWN,

PRACTICAL CABINET MAKER,

MARKET SQUARE, LACHUTE.

What is it that determines a girl's popu-
larity in society? Is it a question of an
heard in these days of social strife and
aggrandizement, and a question that one
is quite able to answer in a word. It is
not because she is well dressed, or even
pretty; it is not that her fairy godmother
bestowed a witty tongue to amuse the dulle-
ards; it is not because she is rarely intelli-
gent or highly educated or "so amiable";
no, none of these desirable qualities would
render the popular girl more popular than
she is, though perhaps she is fortunate
enough to possess one or more of them
for her stock in trade. The girl every-
body likes is neither mother
nor beauty, which, in the world's esti-
mation, constitutes social power; but
she must have and does have a
gracious manner, a certain graceful
bearing, decided intelligence, instinctive
generosity, and, above all, the greatest
gift, ever awarded to women—personal
magnetism. Beauty is called the fatal
gift, but personal magnetism, which is
independent of beauty, is the gift of
power, and, though scarcely recognized at
first, only rarely quiescent, it holds its
death knell. The popular girl always
has this fascination in more or less degree,
and, if with it go the other attractions of
happy circumstances, she rules the indis-
putable queen of her small sphere. Her
friends do not analyze the effect she has
on them; they simply like her, and love
her, and later on when the time comes,
adore her.

It came at first sight incredibly that an
occurrence of the 31st of March could be re-
ported with but one link between the
person who tells you and the actual witness.
Such, however, is the fact. The
narrator in question was the venerable
rector of Bushey (the Rev. Mr. Falconer),
just deceased at the age of 84. He had
heard his grandfather (the celebrated Dr.
Falconer of Bth) say that he had been
told by his grandmother that she could
remember being held up to the window
to see Halley's comet, which appeared in
1699. She was then 6 years old. Dr.
Falconer, the intervener, was born in 1744
and died 1834. Assuming him to have
been at least 20 years of age when this story
was told him, his grandmother must have
been 90. But the wonder might be in-
creased, for if Dr. Falconer told the story
in the last year of his life (1834) to a child
6 years it might be passed on to the next
century with only one link between the
witness and the narrator. After all, we
are not so dependent on writing as we
sometimes assume ourselves to be.

Swimming birds, which constitute
about one-fourteenth of the entire class,
form one-half the whole number in Green-
land. As we approach the tropics the
variety and numbers of land birds in-
crease. Those of the torrid zone are noted
for their brilliant plumage, and the
temperate zones for their more sober
hues but sweeter voices. India and
South America are the richest regions.
Hemmers, tanagers and orioles are re-
served to the New World. Parrots are
found in every continent except Europe,
and woodpeckers occur everywhere save
in Australia.

NEWSY ITEMS.

Miss Isabella Oates has been appointed
vaccination officer at Fortingbridge, Eng-
land.

Texas will soon abound with cotton
mills, says a San Antonio paper, which
also chronicles the erection of a mill at
Riverdale at a cost of \$30,000.

The famous old English watering place
of Bath has not been so crowded since
the days of Jane Austin, fashionable doc-
tors having again discovered the virtues
of its waters.

At Castle Howard, Lord Carlisle's seat
in Yorkshire, there is a guest house in
the park where a month's rest, with good
living, is provided each month for four
hard-working women from large towns.

A small piece of what looked to him
like glass was picked up in Mason, Ga.,
recently by a citizen of that place, who
took it to a jeweller, by whom it was
pronounced a diamond, and worth from
\$800 to \$1,000.

The Journal Official presents figures to
show that Paris is regaining its former
prestige as a centre of medical instruction.
In 1876 the number of students was
1,927, and in 1884 had increased to
4,647.

The question of again opening the New
Orleans Exposition on Nov. 1 is being
agitated. Notwithstanding the expense
that would be entailed during the five
months intervening between the closing
and reopening of the building, in the
way of insurance, repairs, and police, it
is believed that the enterprise may be
made to pay.

Last year's income of the Girard estate
in Philadelphia was \$960,000. Its real
estate alone is valued at \$7,349,000, be-
sides the college buildings and grounds.
The colleries of the estate produce
1,400,000 tons of coal during the year.

The offices of the London Times have
been so altered and rebuilt that it is un-
recognizable by anyone who saw it a few
years ago. The circulation is not thought
to be now over 50,000, but the advertise-
ments show no decline.

Gum arabic is rapidly rising in price.
The average annual consumption is 9,
000,000 pounds; the amount in market
is only 4,000,000 pounds, and even if the
war in the Sudan should be over in a
few months, no part of the new crop
could be received in Alexandria until next
December.

At a wedding in Cork lately the bride's
youngest brother, just out of a jacket,
rose after the breakfast and said: "Lad-
ies and gentlemen, I have to propose a
toast, which must be drunk standing." The
guests rose accordingly. "Now," said the
young hopeful, "if you will kindly
keep on your legs for a few minutes, I
will find out who has been sitting on my
new hat."

The Union Militaire is greatly pleased
with a gigantic skeleton of the meridianal
elephant in the new gallery of paleontol-
ogy in the Paris Museum. It is said to
surpass in size the skeletons of the great-
est mammoths and mastodons, and the
fossil is exceptionally interesting in many
ways. But the intense satisfaction of the
French editor seems to arise chiefly from
the fact that his countrymen need no
longer envy the British Museum its col-
lection of skeletons, "which," says the
writer, "is a great point indeed."

The Family Doctor is the latest spec-
imen of English medical literature, and
is published weekly at a penny a copy.
Such a journal might do great harm if its
public could comprehend it, but anxious
mothers and fathers will not be likely to
look up such phrases as "diffuse bronchi-
tis," "divergent strabismus," &c., which
occur in it. It has an amusing
way of telling us what to do in (emergence
cases, e. g., "When there is any difficulty
judging betwixt arterial and venous
hemorrhage, there may be both. Treat
accordingly."

The Statue of Memnon.

At a place called Koum-el-Sultan, sit-
uated on the plains of Thebes, on the
western bank of the river Nile, there
stand two gigantic statues, or colossi, re-
presenting the Egyptian monarch Amen-
ophis III., of the eighteenth dynasty,
seated on his throne, his name and titles
being inscribed upon them. The north-
ernmost of these statues—such it is
said to have been originally 60 feet
high—instead of being associated with the
sovereign whose name it bore, came to be
called by the ancient Greeks the statue of
Memnon—said to have been a celebrated
hero who fought bravely at Troy, and
who was slain by either Ajax or Achilles—
and as such it is still known. A re-
markable peculiarity of this statue in for-
mer days was that at certain times, when
it was first struck by the rays of the rising
sun, sounds were emitted from it, which
appeared to resemble the breaking of a
harp-string or a metallic ring. There
have been various suppositions formed to
account for these curious noises, but no
satisfactory explanation can be found in
regard to them. The celebrated traveller
Herodotus stated that in certain gales
the rocks on the banks of the River Or-
cus, in South America, emitted notes
produced at sunrise, owing to the escape of
confined air from their numerous crevices,
and the sounds from the statue, which is
also composed of granite, may have origi-
nated from the same cause; another
authority suggests that the sounds may
have been produced by a mechanical ar-
rangement which was acted upon by the
rays of the sun; but, beyond the fact that
the notes were really heard, nothing is
known. "It is many hundreds of years,
however, since the time to which we re-
fer the strange sounds are now only a
phenomenon of the far distant past."

A Girl's Fight with Mountain
Lions.

One evening lately a herd of Angora
goats herded by Miss Teresa Tallent on
Little Lake River, Idaho, came home early,
rushed for the corral, a heavy log concern-
ing eight feet high, and were shut in.
In the night Miss Tallent was aroused by her
dog whining at her ear, and getting up found
four mountain lions in the corral. With-
out a moment's hesitation she attacked
them with an ax. Two of the lions jumped
the corral and fled. The other two rushed
toward her, and she dealt one a blow
with the ax, saying to herself as she did
this: "Both of the beasts then fled. The
next morning five of the valuable goats
were found dead and thirty wounded.
Fourteen of the latter have died."

Indian Warriors.

The Indians with Iron Horse came di-
rectly to headquarters and asked for a
council. As many as could get into the
General's room entered. There was time
while they were preparing, to send for
the ladies, and a few of us were tucked
away on the lounge with instructions not
to move or whisper, for my husband
treated these Indians with as much con-
sideration as if they had been crowned
heads. The Indians turned a surprised,
rather scornful glance into the "ladies
gallery," for their women are always kept
in the background. In return for this
did not hesitate to criticize their toilets.
They were gorgeous in full dress. Iron
Horse wore an elaborately beaded and
painted buckskin shirt, with masses of
solid embroidery of porcupine quills.
The sleeves and shoulders were ornamented
with a fringe of eagle locks. Some of
the hair we saw with a shudder was light
and wavy. I could not but picture the
little head "running over with curls"
from which it had been taken, for all the
Indian locks I have ever seen were straight
and black.

The chief wore on his shoulders a sort
of cape, trimmed with a fringe of snowy
ermine. His leggings were a mass of
bead work. He wore a cap of otter with-
out a crown, though, for it is their custom
to leave the top of the head uncovered.
Three eagle feathers that denote the num-
ber of warriors killed, were so fastened
to their steeled erect. There were sev-
eral perforations in each ear from which
depended bead ear rings. He had ac-
cumbent of beaded brass; then round
him was a beaded blanket. The red clay
pipe held the wooden stem inlaid with
silver, and was embellished with the
bead feathers of brilliantly plumaged
birds. The tobacco bag, about two feet
long, had not an inch that was not de-
corated. The costume was simply superb.

The Key of India.

The state of Herat as a fortress is
abominable. There is more dirt and de-
cay in and about it, just because it is big-
ger than the other places, like Kusan or
Benjool. But in the opinion of the few
Englishmen who have visited Herat in
the course of the present century, it might
be made capable of offering the most stub-
born resistance even to European besiegers.
It has never yet been besieged by a
European army, though European officers
have assisted in its defence and its
assault. Russian officers were pitted
against an Englishman—the brave Eldred
Pottinger—in 1837. They accomplished the
Persian army of 35,000 men, which
besieged Herat at that period, and which,
after ten months, gave up the attempt.
The Persians proposed to the town with
fifty pieces of artillery. The success of the
resistance was entirely owing to the
genius and the personal influence of
the young British soldier. If
ever there is another siege of Herat, the
assault will be much more formidable
than the last. "The King of Kings,"
Mahomed Shah, was in 1837. Pottinger
found the fortifications of Herat in a
ruinous condition, and little or nothing
has been done since his day to repair them.

Herat is fortified by "outworks and
wall round the town." The outworks,
however, are very few. The main line of
fortifications may be described as a wall
about 25 feet high, built on high earth-
works, and surrounded by a ditch about
40 feet wide and sixteen deep. The whole
enclosure is in the form of a square, or
rather oblong—about 1,600 yards long by
1,500 yards wide. The ditch is, or may
be, flooded from the Heri Rud River,
which flows westwards to Kisan, and
thence northwards past Sarakha, and on-
wards to the Turcoman fort. But
though strongly built, the quadrangle
earthworks, with their superabundant
wall, are, in a military sense, extremely
weak. Each side of the quadrangle is
straight—in other words there are no
outtrunning angles for flank firing pur-
poses. There are no outworks at the
corners of the quadrangle. The north-
ern side, however, is more strongly de-
fended than the eastern, southern, or western.
An enemy in possession of the surrounding
country would soon starve out the
garrison, and, by intercepting the Heri
Rud, would cut off the town from the
centre of the town there are vast dis-
tances, in which it has been alleged water
may be stored up in sufficient quantity to
supply the civil population and the garri-
son, for twelve months. But it appears,
too, that the water stores might be
destroyed with the greatest ease by
cannonade from the elevated ground on
the northern side of the city.

A Clergyman's Ghost Story.

There is a tolerably good ghost story.
Here is a certain real, plain, coun-
try house in a certain English county, which
has the advantage, or the disadvantage, of
being haunted. Late in the house was
rather full, and a visitor—a London
clergyman, was put into this famous
haunted room. His host did not tell him
of the fact that the room was haunted,
thinking, no doubt, that his religious
character would be a sufficient guarantee
against any disturbance of his slumbers
during visits from the spirit world. At
the same time he felt a little anxious, and
was greatly relieved the next morning to
find the reverend gentleman at breakfast
with as cheerful an air of successful slumber
as possible. The next morning, and the
next, he came down with that same
light-hearted aspect which only those who
have enjoyed peaceful dreams can wear.
At last the host thought he might safely
mention to his clerical visitor that he had
been sleeping in a haunted room, and
congratulated him on having seen nothing
of the common "seen nothing"
reply the visitor, "Oh, yes, a bit, though;
I did see something. There was a grave
silence round the breakfast table; all clear-
ly was hushed, and every eye was turned
upon the speaker. "Yes, yes, of course,"
the clergyman resumed; "on the very first
night which I passed here I was awakened
in the middle of the night by what seemed
like a touch upon my shoulder, and, on
looking up, I saw the figure of a man in
the room. Here, to the intense horror
of the whole company, the clergyman gave
a very correct description of the particu-
lar apparition which always haunted this
room with his wand." "He was a tall
man, with a long white beard, and a
grave, almost morose expression. He
was dressed in a black robe, and he
replied the clergyman, "Why, I asked
him for a subscription to my next Sunday
school picnic, and the specter vanished
immediately."

Pronunciation of Afghan Words

The Pall Mall Gazette supplies the fol-
lowing information: Of the Afghan
proper the following are the most impor-
tant tribes: The Durranis (pronounced
durrahny), who occupy the whole of the
south and southwest of the Afghan plat-
eau; the Ghilzais, a brave and strong
people, who at one time held sway in
Persia and who are now located in a high
plateau north of Candahar; the Yusufzais,
whose home lies north of Peshawar
and the Kakars, holding the region to the
southwest, bordering on Beluchistan.
The Pathans are a people of doubtful
origin, who inhabit the spurs of the Sul-
tman mountains. The Kuzilbash are a
Persian tribe, speaking pure Persian,
and who when not soldiers, are scattered
throughout the towns and villages as
doctors, scribes, etc., forming the better-
educated portion of the population.

The language of the country is Pushtu
belonging to the Aryan or Indo-European
stock; but the educated Afghans all
speak Persian. All tribes are alike in
their characteristics: brave, independent,
but of a turbulent, vindictive character;
they are very happy when fighting. Since
they have been known in history they
have lived in a state of chronic warfare.
Revenge is a virtue among them; as
with the Corsican vendetta, retribution
passes from father to son, and murder
becomes a solemn duty. An Afghan is
either a soldier, a farmer on a small scale
or a shepherd; never a trader; trade is
left for the Hindus or other aliens.

These mountaineers have certainly
nothing of the cheerful, hospitable and
lively disposition, typical of the Afghans;
a stranger is always welcomed, and
even a deadly enemy is safe under an
Afghan's roof.

Cabul is pronounced Kahl, Merv is
pronounced Mahree; Herat is pronounced
Herah, Kurraheh is pronounced K'rah-
by; Peshawar is pronounced Peshawer.
The accent on Afghanistan is on the
second syllable. In such words as Bolan,
Robert, etc., the accent is on the second
syllable, and the "a" is pronounced
broad, like "ah."

Two Boot-Blacks.

A few days ago, during a lull in busi-
ness, two little boot blacks, one white and
the other black, were standing at a street
corner doing nothing, when the white
boot black agreed to black the black boot
black's boots. The black boot black was
of course willing to have his boots blacked
by his fellow boot black, and the boot
black who had agreed to black the black
boot black's boots went to work. When
the boot black had blacked one of the
black boot black's boots, he did so in the
manner that would make any boot-black
proud, this boot-black who had agreed
to black the black boot black's boots, re-
fused to black the other boot of the black
boot black until the black boot black had
consented to have the white boot
black's boots blacked. The white boot-
black then consented to have his boots
blackened, and the black boot-black had
made blacking other people's boots.

Herat is fortified by "outworks and
wall round the town." The outworks,
however, are very few. The main line of
fortifications may be described as a wall
about 25 feet high, built on high earth-
works, and surrounded by a ditch about
40 feet wide and sixteen deep. The whole
enclosure is in the form of a square, or
rather oblong—about 1,600 yards long by
1,500 yards wide. The ditch is, or may
be, flooded from the Heri Rud River,
which flows westwards to Kisan, and
thence northwards past Sarakha, and on-
wards to the Turcoman fort. But
though strongly built, the quadrangle
earthworks, with their superabundant
wall, are, in a military sense, extremely
weak. Each side of the quadrangle is
straight—in other words there are no
outtrunning angles for flank firing pur-
poses. There are no outworks at the
corners of the quadrangle. The north-
ern side, however, is more strongly de-
fended than the eastern, southern, or western.
An enemy in possession of the surrounding
country would soon starve out the
garrison, and, by intercepting the Heri
Rud, would cut off the town from the
centre of the town there are vast dis-
tances, in which it has been alleged water
may be stored up in sufficient quantity to
supply the civil population and the garri-
son, for twelve months. But it appears,
too, that the water stores might be
destroyed with the greatest ease by
cannonade from the elevated ground on
the northern side of the city.

The Fishing Industry.

Advised from St. John's indicate that
the seal fishery this year has been unusu-
ally successful. Many steamers returned
to port laden. The Newfoundland fleet
have been extraordinarily lucky, but the
risk to human life has been criminal.
The steamer Ranger, with over 250 men
on board, returned to St. John's with the
largest catch for her tonnage ever taken
in any port in the world. Thousands of
seals were killed, and the catch was
brought into the harbor. She had a heavy list
to port and was compelled to steam slowly,
and had to creep home inch by inch.
Fortunately, the sea was calm all the way.
Her deck, covered to the top of the rails
with 7,100 seals, was a novel sight never
before seen in St. John's. The carcasses
between 750 and 250 were stowed under
the bunks in which the men slept. Eight
punches were filled with oil, and the rest
was stored in the hold. Two hundred and
fifty seals were killed on the voyage, and
being short of coal, sharks were used
as fuel for the engines. Had this ship
encountered the slightest rough weather
she must have foundered, and all on board
would have been lost, as she carried no
life boats. It is understood that Halifax
will be made the headquarters of the Dominion
fleet which will after July 1 patrol the
Canadian coast and seize all the American vessels
fishing within a three-mile limit or putting
into harbors for bait or supplies. Canada
and Newfoundland will likely act in con-
junction in this matter. The fleet will
comprise fast schooners and steamers arm-
ed with two or three light guns and be
commanded by British officers. All
American vessels captured in Dominion
waters will be brought to Halifax and sold
as prizes.

A Trial of Iron-Clads.

If the reports of the naval preparations
Russia is making are true it is possible
that, in the event of war between that
country and England, an opportunity will
be afforded, for the first time, of testing
the merits of modern iron-clads. Hith-
erto these movements of naval architecture
have been built upon purely theoretical
grounds. It is impossible to say what
would be the result of a conflict between
two fleets of iron-clads. Such a trial
might prove that they were defective in
wholly unexpected particulars, and that
all of the great navies of the world needed
to be rebuilt as thoroughly as they have
been since the battle between the Mer-
man and Monitor. Indeed, the only trial
that has been put upon the modern iron-
clad is in the contests that took place be-
tween the Chillo and Peru, and for a num-
ber of reasons, naval experts have not con-
sidered these contests as test cases.

England's Eight Marine Giants.

The Inflexible is the largest and most
powerful ship of the British navy, and
leaving out of account Italy's four huge
conclads, which have never yet been
tested, it is the most formidable war ship in
the world. Each of the four guns of the
Inflexible carries a shot that weighs 1,700
pounds, and all four can be fired at once
and in the same direction. The vessel is
simply an armored citadel, with unprotec-
ted ends lying beneath the surface of the
water to keep her aloft. Although 320
feet in length, the armor protected por-
tion, in the centre, extends only 110 feet,
but as the Inflexible is seventy-five feet
wide the citadel thus enclosed is of gener-
ous dimensions. It rises ten feet above
the surface of the water, and is six feet
below the surface; but as the vessel is
sunk by water ballast a foot in going into
action, the protection beneath the surface
of the water is increased to that extent.

The Ajax and Agamemnon are exact
reproductions of the Inflexible in every re-
spect except size. They are forty feet
shorter, fourteen feet narrower, and draw
twenty-three and a half feet of water.
Their displacement is 5,000 tons and their
speed thirty knots. In these vessels
the citadel is 104 feet long and the armor
port is eighteen inches thick. The armor
deck over the submerged hull is six feet
below the water level, and the height
of the citadel above the water is nine and
a half feet. The turrets are arranged in
the same manner as those of the Inflexible
and they are armed with four thirty-eight
ton guns carrying a 760 pound shot.

The Devastation, Thunderer and Dread-
naught are of the same class, although
they differ in minor points of detail, and
may be described as mastless monitors.
The Devastation is 255 feet long, sixty-
two feet wide, and draws twenty-six feet
of water. Her hull, engines, boiler and
machinery are protected by twelve inches
of armor at the sides, and her deck by
three inches. She has two turrets, plated
with fourteen inch armor, and carries in
them four thirty-five ton guns, capable
of sending a projectile weighing 700
pounds. These turrets are enclosed in a
central armored citadel, the deck in front
of it being given up wholly to the waves in
rough weather, but a narrow deckhouse,
running between the two turrets, is open-
ed out at the top so as to form a hurricane
deck twenty-four feet above the water.
The Devastation has a speed of nearly
fourteen knots and can carry 1,600 tons
of coal—enough to take her a distance of
9,000 miles. She is a very handy vessel,
and can make a complete circle in full
speed in a diameter of 330 yards in four
minutes and thirty-four seconds.

The Thunderer is similar to the Devas-
tation in every respect except that her
four guns are of thirty-eight tons and are
worked by hydraulic machinery. She is
about half a knot slower than the Devas-
tation, her speed being 12 knots. The
Dreadnaught, on the other hand, is
more than half a knot faster than the
Devastation and is a bigger ship, being
about 1,500 tons larger. She carries
heavier armor on her sides (fourteen inch
instead of twelve inch), and her arma-
ment, like that of the Thunderer, is four
thirty-eight ton guns.

The Colossus and Edinburgh, which
were launched in 1882, are now about
to be placed in commission, and are like
the Inflexible, but of different dimensions.
The latter, with a length of 330 feet, had
a width of seventy-five feet, so that it was
difficult to obtain much speed without a
great waste of power. The new ships are
325 feet long and only sixty-eight feet
wide, and their displacement is 9,150
tons. They are very fast, the Colossus
having a speed of sixteen and one-half
knots, and the Edinburgh of sixteen knots.
Their armor is eighteen inches thick and
steel-faced, and they each carry four
thirty-three ton guns in their turrets and
four six-inch breech loaders. The forty-
three ton guns are also breech loaders,
and the latter, in halves, giving one of
them to the port and the other to the star-
board. He was a gentleman, even if he was
white. "Thanks," he responded, "may
you retain your present beauty for a
thousand years." "Dat's twice too
much," said Matilda, blushing. "Well,
if it's twice too much, fair lady, give me
the other half of the pie to make up
even." He got it.

Characteristic Female Theft.

A pale, refined-looking girl, out of a
situation, was taken into a family, the
other day, out of pity, till she could get
a place. "What is your name?" asked
the lady. "My name is Jane. The third
day she disappeared with the eldest
daughter's cherished bangles and a pair of
\$14 boots, made to order, and sent home
for the mother. The theory was a too
rapid development of taste. Had she
been a practiced thief it was thought she
would have carried off also some heavy and
ugly old hand bracelet, which were equal-
ly within her reach. But her tastes were
aesthetic, and she took those things that
appealed to them. It is said that male
thieves complain that the "liking" of wo-
men for special things that appeal to their
tastes, or their fancy, impairs their
efficiency as conductors.

In other words, few women are found
who really steal for their own sake, or with
a single eye to what can be made by melt-
ing down or "turning over" the property
thus acquired. They are tempted by the
"latest thing," which is often worth little
intrinsically, or by something of fine and
elaborate workmanship, well enough as a
possession but worth little to sell, and
dangerous to sell or to keep. Experienced
thieves, it is said, avoid these highly
individualized articles, which cost so much
and sell for so little, and prefer solid gold
or silver, in which the value is put into
weight, not into workmanship.

Nora's Balance.

Last summer, during the excitement
owing to bank failures, I was watching
the anxious crowd besieging the doors
of a bank that was supposed to be in dan-
ger, when I overheard the following dia-
logue between an Irish woman and her
husband: "Nora, draw yer money out."
"An' shure, Patrick, I won't."
"But, Nora, you must draw it out."
"Faith an' I won't draw me money
out at all."
"Nora, an' don't you know they'll
lose yer money for ye if you don't
draw it out?"
"An' shure, Patrick, an' they better
lose it than we are!"
Patrick was evidently overpowered with
this last astonishing and unanswerable
argument, and they both left the scene
apparently satisfied. Fortunately the
bank survived the pressure, and its ability
to lose Nora's balance was not practi-
cally tested.

FUNNYGRAMS.

Stern parent—"Here, my son, what is
this? You were not at school all last
week." Astonished boy—"How do you
know?" Indignant father—"Your
teacher told me so." Wary boy—"Did
he see me?" Wrathful papa—"No, not
once." Triumphant boy—"Then how
does he know I wasn't there?"

Dentist (after extracting the tooth)—
"Fifty cents, please." Patient—"Beg
pardon, sir; it was only a month ago
that you put \$5 worth of

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DO.

Lachute Furniture Warehouse—G. J. Brown.
Farm for sale by Tenders—W. Byrd.
House Furnishing—C. Carley.

LOCAL.

Drunkness, or the Liquor Habit, can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Suffering Pills. The pills are a powerful cathartic, and will cure the habit of drinking, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic. Thousands of drunkards have been cured by this medicine, and the Golden Suffering Pills are now the only reliable cure for the habit of drinking. The pills are sold by all druggists, and the price is 25 cents per bottle. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Address, GOLDEN SUFFERING PILLS CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O., U.S.A.

Dr. Stackhouse, dentist of St. Andrews, is taking up his residence at Lachute and intends building this summer.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

New dwellings are going up like magic all over the town.

A Wide Spread Evil. The great scourge of consumption and of all sorts of pulmonary diseases, is now being cured by Shiloh's Cure. This medicine is a powerful cathartic, and will cure the habit of drinking, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic. Thousands of drunkards have been cured by this medicine, and the Golden Suffering Pills are now the only reliable cure for the habit of drinking. The pills are sold by all druggists, and the price is 25 cents per bottle. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Address, GOLDEN SUFFERING PILLS CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O., U.S.A.

The Office formerly occupied by the Watchman is now being fitted up for dwelling.

Sleepless Nights made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—A student from Montreal officiates now in the Episcopal Church the Rev. Mr. Brown having resigned.

A Golden Opinion. Mrs. Wm. Allen, of Acton, declares that Hays' Yellow Oil is the best household remedy in the world for colds, croup, whooping cough, and all other pulmonary complaints. Her opinion is well founded.

A New Epoch.—Events are now referred to as having taken place before the flood or since the flood.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

It seems a most unaccountable thing that the Schools were not all closed on Arbor Day in Lachute and the children and young people taught something concerning tree-planting.

A Sad Neglect. Neglecting a constipated condition of the bowels is sure to bring ill health and great suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the bowels in a natural manner, purifying the blood and promoting a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

ARBOR DAY.—There were hundreds of trees planted on Tuesday last in Lachute.

Will You Suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

Look out next week for an advertisement of an extensive sale by public Auction of real estate at Lachute.

A Throat Cure. A cure for Croup. There is no better remedy for Croup than Hays' Yellow Oil taken internally and used for all throat, bronchitis, and all other pulmonary complaints. This is the best household panacea for rheumatism, stiff joints, p. in, inflammation, etc.

Several young men formerly of Lachute are off to the front with the Montreal Garrison Artillery.

Easily Caught. It is very easy to catch cold, but not so easy to cure unless you use Hays' Yellow Oil. This is the best remedy for all throat, bronchitis, and all other pulmonary complaints. This is the best household panacea for rheumatism, stiff joints, p. in, inflammation, etc.

Barron's bridge has been repaired and securely fastened, so that crossing it now is perfectly safe.

Said a noted man of 60 years, "my mother gave me Burdock's Elixir for coughs and colds when I was a boy."

Drive it Away. Drive away all poisonous humor from the blood before it develops in scrofula or some chronic form of disease. Burdock Blood Bitters will do it.

We notice men at work putting pieces of square timber on each side of the railway track on the bridge spanning the river close to the sides for the purpose of strengthening the bridges.

Cataracts Cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Cure for all throat, bronchitis, and all other pulmonary complaints. This is the best household panacea for rheumatism, stiff joints, p. in, inflammation, etc.

The first of May is a busy day in all the towns and cities of Canada. In Lachute quite a number have changed their place of residence. Our streets are crowded with Vans full of furniture moving from the East to the West, and vice versa.

Forecast.—Our local weather prophet says we will have frost about the 20th of this month.

We notice that Mr. Berthelot, Notary, has moved to his old premises, which he recently purchased from Mr. Robert Bena of Montreal, where he will be found for the future.

For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, 50 Cents.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

The weather still continues very cold for the month of May.

"Our Little Ones" for May has been received. All the articles and illustrations are equal to any previous numbers of this very popular paper for our young folks.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 25 cents per bottle.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

A desideratum long felt in Lachute is now supplied. We direct attention to the advertisement of Mr. Geo. J. Brown, Practical Cabinet Maker, in another column. Mr. Brown not only has on hand some very choice furniture, equal to what can be procured in the best establishments in Montreal, but he is prepared to repair and upholster old or damaged furniture.

That Knocking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.—For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Globe of Toronto and the Free Press of Ottawa are likely to get themselves into trouble for libelling Rev. Dr. Fottis of Montreal, who has been under-stand instructed Messrs McLaren, Lees, Smith and Rogers to bring an action against the Globe for libel. These papers grossly and maliciously libelled Dr. Fottis, because the Governor in a sermon he preached about two weeks ago alluded to the bad taste displayed by a portion of the press in unfairly censuring the Government and in condoning rebellion.

Constipation is the primary cause of much disease. Dr. Henry's cathartic Bitters will permanently cure constipation. Every bottle warranted.

"A stitch in time" often saves consumption. Down's Elixir used in time saves life.

Our Quebec letter and Uncle Sam's communication are obliged to say over till next week.

In Henry's Johnson's Article and Oil Liniment is combined the curative properties of the different oils, with the healing qualities of the various herbs and animal. Every bottle guaranteed.

LACHUTE COUNCIL.

Monday, May 4th, 1885.

Present Patrick Dunbar, Esq., Mayor, and Councillors Desjardins, Fish, Dunderidge, Smith and McQuat.

The minutes of the previous meeting of the Council were read and adopted. The Mayor stated that he had telegraphed Mr. Baker, General Superintendent of the C. P. Railway in reference to allowing the men employed on the railway bridge here to go up to repair the bridge known as Power's bridge, and that he had received a favorable reply from Mr. Baker that the necessary help would be given.

A great many of the ratepayers bound to Power's bridge were present, and the Mayor advised them that if they were willing to pay the expenses of reconstructing the said bridge, he would instruct the railway men to go on with the work. They made reply that they were willing. It was moved by Coun. McQuat, and seconded by Coun. Smith, and resolved that the Mayor be instructed to have said bridge repaired with as little delay as possible.

Councillor Dunderidge then spoke in glowing terms of the energy displayed by the Mayor, working hard for days in trying to secure the bridges from being wholly carried away and working with his own hands—he therefore moved, seconded by Coun. Fish, that the thanks of this Council are due, and are hereby tendered to Mayor Dunbar for his indefatigable exertions in trying to save property during the late floods. Carried unanimously.

Moved by Coun. Fish, seconded by Coun. Dunderidge, and resolved that a vote of thanks be tendered to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, for their kind assistance in giving the use of their trucks, ropes, etc., for the repairing of Barron's bridge and for the use of their men and foreman Mr. Paquet and Mr. Woods, Inspector of Railway bridges, to help the repairing of said bridge, and that the secretary be instructed to send a copy of this resolution to the C. P. R. Company and Mr. Inspector Woods.

Moved by Coun. Dunderidge, seconded by Coun. Fish, that a vote of thanks be tendered by this Council to Messrs R. A. Campbell and Joseph Sleas for their valuable services in aiding to save the different bridges, and for the use of their boats.

The Secretary presented the following accounts. One from Mr. Wm. Charland for lumber amounting to \$8.25 which was ordered by the Council. The other from Mr. Alexander McCallum for ropes, work of himself and boy in trying to save bridges, amounting to \$77.60. Mr. Barron having paid \$4.75 on this account leaving a balance of \$72.85. The Mayor objected to the charge for labor of Mr. McCallum and boy, contending that every person who assisted at these bridges might as well apply to the Corporation for remuneration of services as Mr. McCallum. After considerable discussion it was moved by Coun. McQuat, seconded by Coun. Smith, and resolved that this account be left over until next meeting of Council for approval—and that Councillors Dunderidge and Fish be appointed as a committee to wait on Mr. McCallum and have a talk with him and see what arrangements can be made with him in reference to said account, and to report to this Council at its next session.—Carried.

Mr. Berthelot appeared before the Council stating that the flood had destroyed the road opposite his property very much and asked the Council to assist him in the work of repairing the road. The Council considered that they had no right to assist him in making of a front road, and therefore could grant him no relief. (We think the Council might very fairly have acceded to Mr. Berthelot's request, and granted him the aid he asked for—even if there were no provision in the municipal code to meet the exigencies of the case. It is too much to expect Mr. Berthelot to fill up the large gulch which the overflowing of the river has made in the road opposite his property for the benefit of the public at large—therefore help should be given him.)

Moved by Coun. Desjardins, seconded by Coun. McQuat, that Mr. Raitt be requested to give a detailed statement of the account of \$4.00 handed in by him against the Council which he states was not included in his annual account paid by this Council.—Carried.

The Council then adjourned.

An informal Vestry Meeting was held in St. Simon's church on Wednesday evening, May 6th, Rev. J. A. Kavanagh in the chair. Meeting was opened with prayer.

Rev. Mr. Evans stated his mission to Lachute was to know what amount the congregation could raise towards the present incumbent, Mr. Saunders. It was suggested that a Wardens visit to the Rev. Mr. Evans at their earliest convenience. Capt. Smith, kindly volunteered to go and visit the people of Wentworth, and find out what can be raised from them and report the same.

Moved by Mr. Simpson, seconded by Mr. Hills, that a vote of thanks be tendered to Mrs. Brown, for the efficient manner in which she conducted the musical portion of the services during the past year.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Simpson seconded by Mr. Francis, and carried unanimously, that a vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. Francis, for his kindness in fulfilling the duties of Organist at various times.

Moved by Mr. Simpson, seconded by Mr. Bishop, that Mr. Francis be given the entire management of the choir.—Carried.

There being no other business the meeting closed with prayer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

POINT FORTUNE, May 4th 1885.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR.—Have the lunatics who meet to misgovern us as Quebec, entirely forgot that this Dominion of ours is a British possession, and not under the Pope of Rome, but that we are all subjects of a Protestant sovereign. How they shout and how they measure in brought into the Commons when they imagine they are working for their rights, in the oppression of the minority. See their action on the bill for the better observance of the Sabbath. But when it is provincial or municipal matters, we are told by the same men, who in the minority you must submit. But surely they are the same men, so that it is impossible to raise the requisite funds among the congregation.

NEURALGIA. From Mr. C. E. Shiloh, Druggist, Portland, Me. I have used GRABER'S PAIN EXTRACTOR in a severe attack of neuralgia, and believe it to be the best remedy I have ever used. Since I have used it I have recommended it to others, and in every case it has given the greatest relief. I have recommended it to others, and in every case it has given the greatest relief. I have recommended it to others, and in every case it has given the greatest relief.

HORSE SHOW. The Annual spring exhibition of Standard Horses, held under the auspices of the Board of Directors of the Agricultural Society of Quebec, was held this year on the 1st May instant at the village of St. Andrews. On account of the condition of the roads the attendance was not as large as in former years.

Quite a number of fine horses were exhibited in all classes.

The Judges were John Kirby, William Armstrong and William John Christie, Jr. The following prizes were awarded.

Heavy Draught.—John Hay, 1st; Phineas Lane, 2nd; William Manser, 3rd.

Light Draught.—Donald McQuat, 1st; William Wilson, 2nd; Samuel Veitch, 3rd.

Saddle.—Evan Brothers, 1st; Pierre Leclerc, 2nd; James Parrot, 3rd.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held after the exhibition, it was decided to give prizes on Grand Calves the same as in former years.

BUY.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

At S. CARLEY'S.

This Department at S. CARLEY'S

displays the choicest assortment of

Floor Cloths,

Linoleums,

Wool Carpets.

Tapestry Carpets,

Brussels Carpets,

Milton Carpets,

Axminster Carpets.

Hearth Rugs,

Sofa Rugs.

Door Mats,

Cocoa Matting,

Fancy Matting.

China Matting.

An important fact connected with this

Department is that the goods here are

selected from the latest designs, and

makers of the highest repute.

S. CARLEY'S

and see them, together with an unlimited

stock of

CURTAINS.

Tapestry Curtains.

MAGNIFICENT SPECIMENS OF

Irish Point,

Carrick na Cross,

Swiss and

Gaulpore d'Art

CURTAINS.

S. CARLEY'S.

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777.

NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

DEATH OF COL. KENNEDY.

The Leader of the Nile Voyagers dies

in London of Smallpox.

WINNIPEG, May 3.—A gloom was cast

over this city this evening by the announce-

ment by cable of the Imperial war office

through the Governor-General of the death

of Col. Kennedy, of the 90th Battalion Rifles,

now on service with General Middleton at

Fish Creek. Touching reference was made

to the sad event in several of the city

harbors. The gallant officer recruited the

Manitoba contingent of the Canadian voya-

geurs who did such signal service in the So-

dah. He had just returned to England with

eighty voyagers who gave extended service

in Egypt, and expected to join his regiment

in the Northwest about the 20th of May.

He and several men were seized with small-

pox on the train en route to London, and

London, where they have been in hospital

for some days, with the sad result above

stated. Col. Kennedy was the first major

of Winnipeg, and one of the most respected

citizens. He leaves a widow and large fam-

ily to mourn his sad demise. He has two sons

at the front in the 90th Battalion and one in

the Light Battery and another is attached to

the Kingston military school and not yet 21

years of age.

ANOTHER PRIEST KILLED.—Archbishop

Tache has received a telegram that Father

Fournand has been killed by half-breeds at

Butoche's, and also that the news of the

massacre of the priests has been confirmed.

He has wired for particulars. The priest

whose death is reported has since 1868 been

carried priest at Butoche's. In that year he

passed through Winnipeg en route to his mis-

sion, and stopped with the archbishop. He

has never been seen since, however, and ne-

ther has he since been seen by His Grace.

He is a Frenchman by birth, and joined

the Oblate Order in 1869. Archbishop

Tache has decided not to observe the anni-

versary festivities usually held at St. Boni-

face to-morrow on account of the death of

three priests.

PROBABLE EXEMPTION OF MR. GLAD-

STONE. It is understood that if war with

Russia takes place Mr. Gladstone will

retire from the Premier's ship. With the

passing of the Seats Bill he regards his

political work accomplished, and he feels

that the responsibilities and labours of

office with a gigantic war to carry on

would be too much for him. This does

not mean that Mr. Gladstone has any

doubts as to the justice or policy of the

war, if war there be. No man in the

Government of the country is more dis-

tinguished than the Prime Minister with

the later proceedings of Russia in

Central Asia. Mr. Gladstone feels that

her acts are in direct contradiction to

her utterances, and that she is now

working to get within striking distance

of the Indian frontier. He has been

slowly brought to the conviction that

Russia means sooner or later to force a

struggle with England, and he is there-

fore conscious that war, whether it comes

now or two or three years hence, is

absolutely unavoidable.

THE CANADIAN VOYAGEURS.

TORONTO, Ont., May 2.—The Globe's

London cable says: The Canadian voya-

gers, who have lately returned from service at

Egypt, will not be sent home in a special

vessel, but will return independently as their

own private property. The British and

provided the men with special tickets, good

till used, so that they can see the Old Coun-

try before they return home, or sail at once

if they please. The contingent now here

numbers eighty men, under Colonel Ken-

nedy.

Rev. S. Belcher, rector of Grace Church

Point St. Charles, writes appealing for

assistance in raising a fund which has

suffered great damage by the flood. The

flood has been lifted up bodily and the

beams broken, while the organ is seriously

damaged. The people in the neighborhood

are suffering from the flood themselves, and

many of them are daily working on shore

times, so that it will be impossible to raise

the requisite funds among the congregation.

From Mr. C. E. Shiloh, Druggist, Port-

land, Me. I have used GRABER'S PAIN

EXTRACTOR in a severe attack of neuralgia,

"Maryland, My Maryland."

"Pretty Wives,

Lovely daughters and noble men."

"My farm lies in a rather low and mis-

erious situation, and

"My wife!"

"Was a very pretty blonde!"

Twenty years ago, became

"Sallow!"

"Hollow-eyed!"

"Withered and aged!"

Before her time, from

"Malarial vapors, though she made no

particular complaint, not being of the

grumpy kind, yet causing me great

uneasiness.

"A short time ago I purchased your

remedy for one of the children, who had

a very severe attack of biliousness, and

it occurred to me that the remedy might

help my wife, as I found that our little

girl, upon recovery had

"Lost!"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh

as a new blown daisy. Well the story is

soon told. My wife, to day, has gained

her old-time beauty with compound

interest, and is now as handsome a

maiden (if I do not myself as can be

found in this county, which is noted for

pretty women. And I have only Hop

Bitters to thank for it.

The above paper is printed and published
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
at Lachute, County of Argenteuil, Province
of Quebec, Can., by SIMPSON & KERR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—ONE DOL-
LAR, paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR
FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year.
Announcements or Notices of a personal
or business nature, in the Editorial, Local
or Correspondence columns, Twenty-five
cents per line for the first insertion, and
Twelve and a half cents for each subsequent
insertion.

Advertisements of situations Wanted,
Fifty cents for the first insertion, and Twenty-
five cents for each subsequent insertion.

Special arrangements of an advantageous
character made with merchants for the Year,
Half-Year or Quarter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications intended for insertion
should be written on one side of the
paper only.

We cannot undertake to return rejected
communications.

Correspondents must invariably send us,
confidentially, their name and address, but
not necessarily for publication.

Professional and Business Cards.

A. BERTHELOT
NOTARY PUBLIC, LACHUTE, Q.

JAMES DUDDERIDGE,
Provincial Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer.

CHAS. S. BURROUGHS, Esq.,
Advocate, has his residence and office in
Lachute, P. Q.

G. E. BAMPTON, B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE, &c.,
Office in Wm. Pollock's Building, Lachute
P. Q.

Attends all Courts in the Districts of Ot-
tawa and Terrebonne.

Titles examined and contracts drafted un-
der personal supervision.

ABBOTT, TAIT & ABBOTT
ADVOCATES, ETC.,
No. 11 Hospital street (first floor), Montreal.
Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Q. C., D. C.
Melbourne M. Tait, B.
John B. Abbott, Esq.

Oct. 8

NOTICE!
The undersigned having had several
years' experience as an auctioneer in Mon-
treal and elsewhere, would now inform the
people of Argenteuil that he is prepared to
take charge of auction sales, and guarantee
to give entire satisfaction.

J. PATENAUD

A. J. PERIARD
Has removed his Tailoring Establishment from
Clarendon Block to his new residence opposite
Bedard's Carriage Manufactory, Main Street,
Lachute.

Work done in first-class style.

J. Malcolm McDougall, B.O.L.
(Late of Three Rivers.)

ADVOCATE, Etc.,
AYLMER AND OTTAWA.

Will attend Courts of the Counties of
Argenteuil, Ottawa and Pontiac.

Please address correspondence to Aylmer.

DR. STACKHOUSE
SURGEON-DENTIST.

Will be at ST. ANDREWS from the 9th to
the 14th, and at LACHUTE on the 15th,
16th, 17th and 18th of every month.

German Designs on Africa.

The Manchester Guardian's London cor-
respondent writes that from intelligence
which has been received in this country
from Germany and Austria, there seems
good reason to believe that the Germans
mediate fresh annexations in Eastern
Equatorial Africa on a much larger scale
than has hitherto been attempted. It has
already been announced that Dr. Oscar
Lenz is about to proceed from Berlin to
the Congo at the head of one of the most
important geographical expeditions ever
sent from Germany. At the same time
Dr. Fischer, who preceded Mr. Joseph
Thomson in his exploration of the Masai
country, is to go to the regions between
the Congo and the Nile, approaching it
through Uganda, and thence down the
Nile. The travellers are to meet, but
before they do so, it is understood that
Dr. Fischer will hold the flag of the Father-
land in the region on the south side of
Kilimanjaro, and which Mr. H. H. John-
ston has recently described as one of the
most fascinating, fertile, and in every way
promising portions of Africa. Dr. Fischer
has been already concerned in the recent
German acquisitions in the vicinity of
Zanzibar, the territorial area of which has
been, however, very much exaggerated,
as it does not amount to more than 2,500
square miles. The importance attached
to the German designs on Africa, and the
enterprise of Dr. Lenz and Fischer points,
however, to a much more formidable ex-
pansion on the part of Germany in the
region mentioned than is implied even in
the acquisition of the Kilimanjaro terri-
tory. It is considered not impossible that
the German explorers may be able to re-
cover Lupton Bay, Emir Bey, and the
other foreigners in the Egyptian service,
who, as no authentic news of their being
killed by emissaries of the Mahdi has
arrived, are believed to be still holding out
in the Sudan.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

THE WATCHMAN, And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VIII

LACHUTE QUE. FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1885.

NO. 37

FOR THE FARMER.

Butter Making.

It may not be generally known that the
DeLaval cream separator was used last
season by Mr. Sprague, at his creamery
at Ameliasburg, and was an entire success.
This machine obviates the necessity of
placing the milk to stand, for the cream to
rise. The milk is put at once into the
machine which revolves with such rapidity
that the cream being the lightest particles,
is thrown to the top, and is drawn off.
The following is a description of Mr.
Sprague's factory. His present building
is only small in comparison to many fac-
tories, but all the space is profitably uti-
lized. The whole building is only 32 by 32
feet, and is 14 stories high; the engine
room is 8 by 16; butter room, 15 by 20;
dairy room, 16 by 25; drying room 15 by
20; driveway, \$750. The building cost
\$800; the implements, including the
DeLaval separator, \$750. The farmer
having leased the factory, puts the milk
he has brought into the receiving can,
where the milk is examined and weighed.
From the receiving can a conductor leads
to the feeding can; from the latter it is
drawn into the separator. The velocity
of the separator is such that it revo-
lutes at the rate of four miles a
minute. This rapid motion throws the
milk to the outside edge of the separator,
and the cream being the lightest, rises to
the top, and is discharged. The cream
runs into the cream can standing on the
floor, the milk pouring into the conduct
or to be made into cheese. From the
receiving can a second conducting through
runs from the bottom of the can into the
cheese factory. The cans containing the
cream are placed in a cooling vat, which is
24 by 7 feet, and contains 12 cans; the
cans are 19 inches high by 9 inches across.
When the proper temperature is obtained,
it is placed in the churn. The churning
is not such a rapid process as gathering
the cream, for a slow motion is required to
obtain good butter. The churn will hold
80 gallons, but 60 is the working capacity.
When churned, the butter is taken out,
properly cleaned, salted and packed.

Substitutes for Hay.

In procuring a regular rotation of
crops on the farm, it often happens that
the farmer has too small an area of land
for pasturage and the production of a
winter supply of hay to carry his stock
through. The rotation usually goes by
fields, of which the size and qualities
vary considerably. Then, too, the sup-
ply of hay is largely dependent upon the
favorableness of the season. Owing to
these and other causes the hay will some-
times vary several tons from one year to
another.

This shortage in the hay crop often in-
duces the farmer to cut down his stock
proportionally. While it might some-
times be advisable to do this rather than
cramp other interests by taking capital to
buy hay, it is certainly a bad thing to
lessen the manufacture of manure, and do
away with the home market for the pro-
duct of the farm. This would be the re-
sult if the stock were cut down.

It is much better to devote a few acres to
the production of substitutes for hay.
We have several resources for such an
emergency. There are several forage
plants that may be sown late in the sea-
son, when we will be able to determine
almost to a certainty what the shortage
will be.

Prominent among these may be men-
tioned corn, millet, rye and Hungarian.
Of these I am very much in favor of the
corn. It may be sown any time up to
the 1st of July in an ordinary season
with a pretty positive assurance that it
will bring forth a heavy crop of forage.
It will stand the dry, hot weather that
usually comes in August better than most
other plants. It bountifully repays the
extra expense can well be afforded.
Three bushels to the acre is hardly enough
unless it be sown early in the season on
very rich land. If sown toward the last
of June four bushels to the acre is none
too much.

Potato Notes.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Mr. Monroe Moore, a lively ob-
servant farmer, says that after trying many
of the "new kinds" of potatoes, he finds
nothing to take the place of the Early
Rose. Other kinds seem to do well one year,
and then fail, but the Early Rose is
perfectly reliable. Several of the new
varieties are but old sorts under a new
name, or new sorts so nearly like the old
one that no one can separate them if
mixed in a heap. His kind, No. 1, and
early Vermont can not be distinguished
from the Early Rose, nor can the Early
White Elephant, though there are two or three
kinds of Beauty of Hebron. The best
time and place to select seed potatoes is,
when digging in the field, at harvest time;
select seed from the best hills.

Jumping Down A Canyon.

A frightful accident occurred on the
western division of the Canadian
Pacific Railroad, fifty miles above
Yale, one night some weeks ago,
no account of which has hitherto
been printed. An engine, drawing
twenty lumber-laden cars and a caboose,
was bowling rapidly down the winding
along the Fraser River. On one side
were cliffs reaching to a height of 3,000
feet, occasionally cut through by frown-
ing canyons, spanned by high trestles. A
huge boulder, loosened by the storm, had
dropped from its heights at the entrance
of one of these trestles, and Engineer
Evans did not see it in time to prevent a
collision. The engine, after striking the
boulder, shot from the trestle, followed
by the tender and four cars. The engine
described a great arc, landing across the
gorge, 100 feet away, and then slipping
150 feet down the sloping granite wall to
the brink of the river, where it stopped.
Engineer Evans remained in the en-
gine, and, strange to say, was uninjured,
though both the cylinders were broken,
and the engine was otherwise badly
wrecked. Fireman Gascoigne, who leaped
from the tender down the side of the
gorge, was seriously injured, though he
is now fast recovering. The four lum-
ber-laden cars were reduced to a mass of
splinters on the rocks below, while ten
passengers in the caboose in the rear,
which remained on the track, were unin-
jured, save a few bruises.

The Annoyances of Princely Travel.

I cannot suppose that any rational be-
lief would deny the fact that when they
are travelling officially. The Prince of Wales
and Duke of Edinburgh left London for
the other night for Berlin, and, having tra-
velled without stopping, they arrived there
after a journey of twenty-seven
hours. When the Prince left, Charles
Cross they were dressed comfortably in
shooting suits; but next morning they
were obliged to change their costumes
in the railway carriage, for the rigor of
etiquette would have been outraged if they
had not been arrayed in Prussian uniforms
on arriving at Cologne. After a long
night journey it must be a right pleasant
thing to have to travel all day buckled
up in stiff uniform. This, however, was
not the end of the botherations exacted
by German usage. A uniform which is
quite correct for the Rhine provinces is
by no means the right thing for Berlin;
in the evening, after passing Magde-
burg, it was necessary for the Prince
again to change their attire; and when
they arrived at the capital the Prince of
Wales wore the uniform of the Blucher
Hussars, of which he is nominally Colonel,
and the Duke of Edinburgh that of the
Thauringian Regiment. Prince Albert
Victor was the best off of the party, as he
has never received a German commission;
so he was able to travel in comfort in his
ordinary garb.

Playful Russian Soldiers.

Now that Russian and Afghan outposts
are face to face, an incident which oc-
curred when the Russians were before Con-
stantinople in 1878 may be worth record-
ing, to show that the moujik soldier is not
entirely without a certain sense of humor.
One day a party of Russian infantry soldiers
of Skobeleff's division started a game of foot-
ball from the Russian lines; and, curious
enough, the game was followed by the
whole day, and was not over till the
evening, held by the Turks, notwith-
standing the frantic yappings of the unfor-
tunate sentry. The playful soldiers re-
fused to turn out of the work; and, in-
stead, Skobeleff sent up a large armed de-
tachment to bring off his men, but all to
no purpose. The Turks meanwhile had
telegraphed into Constantinople; and
soon all the resources of diplomacy were
brought into play; with the result that
the Russians, after having remained in
possession of the captured province for a
whole day, graciously consented to evacu-
ate it. With the tendency on the part
of the Russians to indulge in such "little
games," as "artillery moments," it would
be surprising to hear that Afghans and
Russians had come into collision over some
such act of playfulness on the part of
some of Altkhanoff's gulest troops.

Get Up and Dust.

"Cleanliness is certainly 'next to
Godliness,' but the model housekeeper
who dwells on the crowded thoroughfare
of a city, or near a dry, dusty country
road, if he be a true devotee of mind,
can find but little satisfaction in the
saying, 'I will try in the face of Provi-
dence.' 'I will try to be clean,' and in
hand, was carefully going over her best
room for the third time that day. 'Be-
cause I must!' she answered, with a for-
lorn smile, as she sadly wiped a speck from
a choice bit of rare china.
'I had to have to pack away the thou-
sand and one pretty trifle that make a
room look home-like, but if there are to
be too many, the sooner we dispense with
them the better.' Some people are cer-
tainly too busy to be tidy, and are con-
tented with a room thoroughly swept and
scented as a pin, but the majority of work-
ing daughters is a painful pleasure. Given
inexpensive, a bright feather duster,
and you arm her with a sure weapon of
destruction. A damp cloth is for almost
all purposes to be preferred to any other
duster, as otherwise the fine particles are
flung into the air only to rest again 'on
the spot where they originally fell.'
There is a best way to do everything,
and those families that are rich in girls
but have not the wherewithal to send
them to college to gain a thorough dis-
cipline, can at least train them at home
in an art which requires ability, patience
and long suffering.

A Georgia farmer leased some land last
year to a colored man for a third of the
crop. A severe drought cut the crops
short, and the negro gathered only two
bales of cotton and two wagon loads of
corn. The latter was stored and the cot-
ton sold. When the landlord called for
his share he was told that there was none
left. He asked, in surprise, 'Didn't I
rent you any land for a third of the
crop?' 'Yes, boss,' said the dorky,
'but you see there was no third. There
was only two bales of cotton and two
loads of corn; all mine, and nothing for
you to do contract.'

Women and Horses.

It is not a little remarkable that hand-
some women and handsome horses gen-
erally go together! But it is a fact. Take
the blue grass region of Kentucky,
for instance. There you will find the
women remarkable for their beauty and
fine physical points. The same is the case with their horses,
which are widely celebrated. Take, also,
Baltimore. That city is said to be one of
the most remarkable in the world for the
beauty of its women. It is equally notice-
able for its splendid horses. Take, also,
Arabia. The Arab man is not a 'beauty
spot,' but many of the women are of such
wondrous beauty that they are called
'houris,' that is to say, angels that live
on earth. The Arab horse is as distinguish-
ed for beauty and fine points as the Arab
woman. And so you can go on indefinitely,
finding beautiful women the rule wherever
you find fine horses the rule. The only ex-
ception probably is the island of Jersey,
which is somewhat remarkable for the
beauty of its women, while its horses are
not remarkable for fine points. Its
women, though, though they do not top
the world for milkers and thus for a certain
quintessence of beauty in the eyes of cow
farmers. Its ladies, therefore, seem to
run more after the cow than the horse.
It seems to be well established, then, that
if a community would improve the beauty
of its women it must begin the good work
with its horses and in some localities with
its cows. It would be easy to explain
this, but I am only calling attention to
facts, and not explaining anything.

The Poison in Tobacco.

If smoking is really

It is Friday evening—the evening of the Rolleston's dance.

I have heard and seen nothing of "the Count" since yesterday; nobody has mentioned him, nobody has seen him. Whether he is in the house or not I know not, nor whether he has been in since I changed his dead calls for my bunch of purple Woodhays yesterday. I have been fully occupied between my stinging lessons and my visits to Dexter Square—so fully that such a person as Mrs. Wauchop's handsome ill-tempered lodger could certainly find no room in my thoughts. If I am thinking of any one now, as I lean back in my comfortable hammock-chair, with my buckled shoes on the fender, it is of Gus Deane. Poor Gus is devoted to me—has been devoted to me since we were children. And Gus is not a bad-looking fellow by any means. He is a little fair man, but he is not like little fair men as a rule. But then he is a Captain in the "Bines," and I believe he really likes me. I do not care for him, of course, but he is fun to have a lover. I have had a good many lovers—at least they tell me so. But I have up to this time walked "in maiden meditation, fancy-free." I am not a flirt—my worst enemy—if I have any enemies—could not accuse me of flirting. It is an amusement which I both dislike and despise. And I do not flirt with Gus, though he is and has always been my "chum." He does not care to be called my chum now so much as he used. Olive says it is because he thinks "sweetheart" a prettier word. I do not care about sweethearts. I shall never be so foolish as to fall in love with any one. I think love is all nonsense. And most of the men who have wanted to marry me—I do not mention poor Gus, of course—said, besides, never asked me to marry him—were in love with Woodhays, and not with Allie Scott. If I had no money I might believe in love—a little; but, as it is, I do not believe in it at all.

"Shall I light the candles on your dressing-table, ma'am?"

Mary Anne's voice wakes me out of what was perhaps as much a dream as a reverie.

"What a clock is it?" I ask, yawning.

"It is half-past seven, ma'am. This your dress? I'll unpack it for you and lay it on the bed."

The back-drawing-room is a better bedroom. I leave my chair reluctantly—it is a cold night even for March, sharp and frosty—and follow Mary Anne into the inner room, where a newly lighted fire burns in the grate.

"Why didn't you light that before?" I ask, shivering.

"The Count—he came in unexpectedly, wanting his dinner," Mary Anne answers, kneeling down to put some little into the fire by means of a rapid fanning with her apron, "and I had to attend to him. He's just like that always—walking in when he's least expected. Gentlemen are a bother—you never know when they'll be in, and when they come they'll be in a hurry to get out. I'll unpack it for you and lay it on the bed."

I take out my dress from its past-board box, my eyes unwilling to trust it to the tender ministrations of Mary Anne's frosty fingers. There is a note from Aunt Rosa in the box, and another bunch of my dear Woodhays. Aunt Rosa tells me no news—they are all well at Yattendon, and have had very cold weather. I lay down her note and take up the violet, thinking, as I place the dewy, fragrant purple blossom to my lips, of the dear old trees at Woodhays about whose mossy roots they grew.

"Send Mrs. Wauchop up to me," I say to the maid-of-all-work, when she does what she can for my sulky fire.

Mrs. Wauchop will make a better attempt at getting into my dress than she could and will not perhaps have such traces of the stain she must necessarily put upon my sky-blue lace. I have arranged my hair in its usual simple fashion before my landlady comes up, gathered closely round my head into a loop of close plaits at the back, and curling in a slight natural fringe about my forehead. And before the Deane's carriage comes for me I am ready, standing before the dirty old-fashioned glass and wondering what Olive will think of me and of my dress.

What I see in the glass is a tall girl, in a long, closely fitting, outside body of blue silk, ending in a train of the same color, and with a billowy blue skirt lying along the carpet like the crisping waves of a summer sea—a girl with a pretty white neck and arms, with hair neither fair nor dark, but of a curious ash-color, with eyes neither blue nor gray, but a mixture of both, with a nose neither long nor short, a mouth neither large nor small—a face that denies all laws of beauty, yet a face which Olive says she would never be tired of looking at—but then Olive is my friend, and prejudiced. I do not set much store by her verdict. What I know myself to be is a girl with a swinging gait, a well-poised head, with long, dark hair, developed muscle and straight limbs, and who, oddly enough, has a pair of eyes which have not looked out of the family face since my great-grandmother died, about a hundred years ago.

While I consider myself, gravely and disapprovingly, as though my reflection in Mrs. Wauchop's depressing greenish-glass mirror were another person, I hear the Count's voice upstairs, talking to my landlady. My heart beats quicker for a moment. Can he have discovered the theft of the dead "button-hole"? But no; he goes in and shuts the door. Mrs. Wauchop comes down stairs, passes my door, and I breathe freely again. I gather up my gloves and fan, leaving my violet nestled near my heart, the only spot of darker color in my sky-blue dress, and walking into the drawing-room, I find, as I have expected, a ghostly light of a jolly, I sit down to the piano and begin to sing "The Voice in the Wilderness." I do not think my voice is audible in the attic. I feel even the words are not distinguishable, and even if they were, who could tell what silly freak led me to sing them?

"What word I seem to hear," I say, "is 'button-hole'."

"No, I have been telling her," says Gus, who has been my partner in the waltz which has just come to an end.

"Don't talk nonsense! Who is that gentleman who has just come into the room?"

We are standing near a doorway. Gus and Olive look at their heads.

"Which gentleman?" Olive asks, blinking through her spectacles.

"Oh, he has moved on now—you can't see him with the crowd!"

"Why did you ask him?" Gus says, "Was there anything remarkable about him?"

"He was remarkably handsome, that was all."

"Oh!" says Gus, screwing his glass into his eye.

"I know everybody here," Olive remarks, looking round the room. "If you

see him again when I am in your neighborhood, point him out to me, and I am almost sure to know who he is. Allie, you look jolly; I hope you are enjoying yourself as much as you seem to be doing."

"Oh, quite as much!"

"I am having such fun with him," Olive says, glancing after her late partner, with a world of mischief in her sunny dimpled face. "He is so silly—you've no idea what a donkey he makes of me!"

"You'd better not make a donkey of yourself," Gus remarks severely.

"Oh, he doesn't know I'm laughing at him! Men are so vain, they would think anything sooner than that you were making fun of them."

"You know a lot about them!" says Gus, with a glance of brotherly scorn directed downward at his pretty little sister.

"I know enough to know that, here is Captain Cathcart coming for me. And there is the 'Welt von Dir.' Oh, Allie, don't waste a note of that delicious waltz!"

Ten minutes later I am in Olive's neighborhood again, this time waiting for Fred to bring me an air.

"There is the man I mean, Olive—standing with his back to the wall—the tall dark one talking to Colonel Rolleston."

"Yes; I observed him just now. I thought I knew everybody here; but I don't know who he is, nor does Captain Cathcart. Let's see his splendid hands, Allie; I don't think I ever saw such a handsome face in my life."

"He is very handsome," I answer, glancing at the grand-looking boy—for he scarcely seems more than that—as he stands talking to Colonel Rolleston, and looking with splendid careless eyes about the room. His face is dark, almost foreign looking, with a straight nose, a slight dark moustache, and a pair of the most beautiful, fierce, tender, laughing, long-lashed eyes I have ever seen.

"I shall get Katie Rolleston to tell me his name," Olive promises, as she passes him her way; and Fred returning with his air, that and the waltz put everything else out of my head.

It is nearly half an hour later when somebody introduced me to a partner for the coming waltz whose name I do not catch; and, looking round carelessly, still talking to young Rolleston, I find the unknown standing before me with his eyes fixed inquiringly on my face.

I accept him, of course, and walk away with him, wishing I had caught his name. He is a rather silent partner, appearing to be more anxious to study me than to make himself agreeable; but whatever he does say is clever and amusing, and so joyful without being in the least refreshing after the "society" talk to which I have been compelled to listen for the last two hours. He dances well, and knows how to take care of his partner. Once, when somebody by accident steps on my dress, he turns round with a wicked flash of the eye which brings Mrs. Wauchop's ill-tempered lodger into my mind. And once or twice I find him looking at me with an expression which puzzles me a little. It is not admiration, nor criticism, nor depreciation; but it is easier to say what it is not than what it is—rather a mixture of amusement and curiosity, as if trying to read some riddle in my face.

When the music is over he sends me to Gus, having just put down his name opposite to the only disengaged dance on my programme, a mazurka. I can make nothing of the hieroglyphic scrawled in pencil; but I fancy the last letter of the initials looks like "B."

"Is that your handsome man?" Gus asks, looking after him as he makes his way slowly through the crowd.

"Yes," I answer at once. "Do you know his name?"

"Don't you know it?"

"No; I could not catch it when he was introduced to me."

"Why, that is Baxter—Gerard Baxter, the painter, a clever fellow, but 'not a bit in the way' of a dancer. He would have made a name for himself long ago."

"He looks a mere boy."

"He is one-and-twenty. He could paint pictures if he liked; but he won't take the trouble. Jack Rolleston knows him well. He's only met him once or twice. He has been away in Scotland for the last month or two, sketching; I don't consider him so very handsome."

I think Gus is a little jealous, or I would think so if I had time to think of anything but my own astonishment. So this is Mrs. Wauchop's lodger! This is the Count; this is the whilom glazier, the man whom I christened "Gus's baby." It is strange, it is astonishing, it is not to be believed! The episode of the violet rushes into my recollection—the words I had so imprudently sung this very evening—sung to him! It is well for me that he has no idea who I am—would never dream of identifying me with Mrs. Wauchop's spinster tenant "of a certain age." Aunt Rosa would have good reason to be ashamed of me if she knew what pranks I have been playing—good reason to say that she was right and I was wrong about the advisability of my coming up alone to Carlton Street. I shall never be so foolish again. I ought to have had more sense—a girl of my nearly one-and-twenty! It has been a lesson to me not to be carried away by the wild spirits which have been my muse always, the love of adventure which has urged me to have often tried to slip in the back of the door to Mrs. Wauchop's "four-pair-back" was a person like this, I should not have dared to play what my legend sense of propriety now stigmatizes as a silly practical joke, all the more silly because the victim would never know who perpetrated it. Standing with Gus near the upper end of the room, I wish devoutly that I had not promised him a second dance. What if I should be foolish enough to betray my identity with Mrs. Wauchop's "drawing-room?" What if he should ask me where I am staying in London? I shall be very cool to him, very reserved and distant, so that the idea of asking such a question shall never enter into his head. I am sorry now that I got myself into this scrape—I should like to have known my fellow-lodger who is so poor and so proud. But I have made any further acquaintance impossible, all through that wretched little bunch of violets!

I avoid him for the rest of the evening, though more than once I am conscious that he is quietly studying me. Gus seems rather annoyed at my absence of mind. Once or twice he has offered me a penny for thoughts which I certainly would not have communicated to him for a great many pounds. Retribution has not been long in following on the heels of my offence; but I hope the lesson will be a salutary one, and congratulate myself that no worse mischief has befallen me.

The dance I have begun to dread has come at last—the dance for which I am engaged to Mrs. Baxter. He comes up as the first note of the mazurka.

"This is mine, I think!"

I take his arm; and as I take it, my heart gives a sudden bound of dismay. In the vision hole of his amber evening coat he wears a bunch of half-withered violets!

"This has been a pleasant evening,"

he says, when we have taken a couple of circuits of the room.

"Yes," I answer vaguely, my heart beating fast.

"Small dances like this are much more enjoyable than the gigantic crushes—don't you think so?"

"Yes."

After the first glance at the violet, I do not dare to look at them. Any one might wear violets—almost every one wears violets in March. But these are my violets—I know it intuitively, though why he should care to wear them, having no clue to the giver, puzzles me more than the name of the giver can have puzzled him.

"You do not go out much?"

"No," I answer, wondering if the remark is a question or an assertion. If it is an assertion, how does he know?

"Shall we take another turn, or are you tired?"

"I am not tired," I say, thinking what an amusing companion he must find me.

We take a few more turns, and then come to a standstill. Mr. Baxter seems to prefer to talk.

"You are fond of violets?" glancing at the bouquet in my dress.

A rush of foolish guilty crimson dyes my cheeks which I would have given worlds to have kept out of them. But it comes there, and it stays, while my partner lowers his dark imperial head to look into my half-frightened, half-defiant eyes.

"Very fond," I answer glibly. "I think every one is fond of violets."

"I am," he says, smiling a little.

"You must be to wear so poor a bunch."

"You would not call them poor, unless?"

"No matter," he returns, laughing. "But it is not very polite of you to disparage my violets."

"It is not indeed. I hope you will forgive me," I say, conscious that, unless he is on an entirely wrong scent, I have stupidly betrayed myself.

"Certainly. There is nothing to forgive. You only spoke the truth when you said my violets were a little faded—they were badly treated—poor little flowers!"

"How was that?" I ask innocently.

"Well," he says, deliberately looking not at me now, but at the violets, "they were given to me by a lady who named I did not know. And, if I had not fortunately discovered them in time, they would have died for want of water in a dusty glass."

"Indeed!" I observe quietly, looking past him at the dancers.

"It was kind of her, was it not—to me—not to the violets?"

"So much depends upon her motive," I answer carelessly, wondering if he knows.

"She could have had but one motive."

"And that?"

"Well," he says, smiling, "I do not think that I ought to tell you what I think."

"You think to body of her?" I exclaim, the troublesome crimson rushing to my cheeks again.

"If I thought badly of her, should I wear her violets?"

"She never meant you to know who she was, or for you probably."

"Probably."

"You say you do not know her name?"

"I did not know her name."

"But you know it now?"

"Yes, I know it now."

"And it is?"

"I know you do not think so badly of me as to suppose I would answer that question."

I breathe a great sigh of relief. He does not know then—he does not connect me with the suspected party, whoever she may be. Perhaps he thinks it was the younger Miss Pryce! Mary Anne told me they sometimes got flowers up from the country.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Woman at the Switch.

In Moscow, Ga, there is living one of the most remarkable women in the world, Mary Carroll by name, whose occupation for fifteen years past has been that of a switch tender at the junction of the Southern and Central railroads. She lives in a house in the junction, in the centre of which is a large switch with crank and windlass. Her duty is to change the rails for different trains by this windlass. She saw the first bar of iron laid on the road in 1838, and has been personally acquainted with every engineer on the road since that time. Her work may be watched thus: Here comes the train from Atlanta. She puts aside her pipe and knitting, removes the pin from the windlass, grasps the handle, throws herself forward and, with a grunt, puts the switch in position when the train comes by. Away down the Southwestern track is seen a train delayed, and in another direction there is the Central train on time. It looks as if there is to be a collision. The woman stands, cool, with a strange glitter in her eye, her quick perception of danger causing her to be watchful. The switch is set, and, seizing the red flag, she gives the signal to the engineers and the trains pass by safely, the passengers little dreaming that their safety has been due to the hand of a woman. Her life story is romantic. She has had three husbands and is the mother of five children. One of her husbands, named John Carroll, was a switchman at that point in 1869. When he died, Mrs. Carroll's name was put on the roll, and during the time she has held the place twenty night brakemen have been discharged. She has never had any accidents.

The Balloon Corps in the Sudan.

For the first time in British warfare balloons are being utilized in the Sudan campaign. The balloon and telegraph corps is a distinct branch of the expeditionary force, and it has under its care three balloons with all the necessary appliances for taking observations of the enemy's position. The whole outfit was made up of the school of engineering. Nameless this descriptive of the appliances, and how they will be turned to account: Compressed hydrogen, for inflating the balloon is carried in iron cylinders 12 feet long by 1 foot in diameter, but these are only for a reserve supply, and, weighing half a ton each, will be left behind at the base of operations, where also a gas factory and pumping machine will be put up. Materials for this purpose are on board the ship, including a small gas holder, and all the necessary chemicals for making more gas are provided. About a hundred lighter cylinders, easily carried by men, form part of the equipment. Each of these, which are nine feet long, contain 120 cubic feet of hydrogen in a compressed state, and, as they are emptied, they will be taken back to be recharged at the Station, where, containing one ton of stores, will enable for a balloon ascent. Captive balloons only will be made, in which the balloons will be tethered by rope or wire. Communication by telephone will be established between the car and the ground, and the chief employment of the balloons will be to take observations of the enemy's movements.

THE RUSSO-AFGHAN DIFFICULTY.



Map of the Probable Seat of War.

A glance at the district outlined around Peshawar will show the relative position of Russia and Afghanistan before the engagement. K. Marzoff's attack on Peshawar may possibly have been provoked by the Afghan garrison. But it is in suspicious consonance with the spirit that has animated the eastern movement of the Czar's armies. When Russia began her eastward march from the Caspian Sea it was known that she would not stop until she reached the gate of India. Khiva, Bokhara, Balkh, Merv fell into her hands, and her troops went southward from Merv toward Herat. Herat was admittedly Afghan, and therefore under British protection. But just to the north of Herat, in the valley of the Rivers Murghab and Heri-Rud, there were many places which, as some said, belonged to Afghanistan, and as others said, belonged to Turkestan. If they belonged to Afghanistan, then England claimed their protectorate. If they belonged to Turkestan, then Russia claimed their possession. A commission was appointed to determine the ownership of these places, and Sir Peter Lumden, an Anglo-Indian official, represented English interests in this body. While it was preparing to survey the ground the Afghans seized and occupied Peshawar, one of the disputed posts, and the Russians seized and occupied Pul-i-Khatun, another of the disputed posts indicated on the map. A loud cry was raised in England concerning the actions of the Russians, and just when it reached its loudest pitch General Komaroff, the Russian commander, fought an engagement with the Afghans. Whereupon England demanded an explanation, and that his troops should withdraw from the debatable region. The objective point of both English and Russians will be Herat, the "Key to India." The topographical features of the district surrounding this city show that the appellation "Hill of the Herat" is not unwarranted. The Rohat Pass between the Barikhet mountains to the south-east of Peshawar, is a narrow defile through which the Russian armies must reach Herat. The latest cables announce that Sir Peter Lumden is actively engaged fortifying this point. If this be true there is little danger of a Russian coup de main, as this defile, walled in by unscalable precipices, could be held against an army by a handful of men. If the Afghans are as friendly to England as Abdurrahman, their answer, asserts, then Sir Peter Lumden, the British Commissioner, will have no difficulty in occupying this strong position and preparing to stand a siege within its walls. He will then wait for reinforcements from India.

A Prosperous Communistic Township.

Every one knows something of the prosperity of Swiss townships, where so many things are in common, but a more remarkable instance still of a thriving commune is given by M. de Laveleye in this month's Contemporary Review. It is the township of Freudenstadt, at the foot of the Kneblis, in Baden. There are 1,420 inhabitants, each of whom has as much wood for building purposes and firing as he wishes, while he can send his cattle out to pasture on the common land during the summer. Schools, churches, thoroughfares, and fountains are all maintained by the commune, and every year considerable improvements are made. Twenty-five thousand dollars was spent in 1883, for instance, on establishing a new water supply in iron pipes. A hospital, too, has been built, and a pavilion in the marketplace, where the communal band plays on festive days. The villagers have never paid a single farthing in taxes, but, on the contrary, each year a distribution of surplus revenue is made among them, and each family usually obtains from \$12.50 to \$15. All this is done with about five thousand acres of pine forest and meadow land belonging to the township, a fact which seems to show that communism is not always unfavorable to the production of wealth.

It is no secret that Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is composed of best genuine French Brandy, distilled Extract of Smart-Weed and Jamaica Ginger Root, with Camphor Essence, and constitutes, therefore, the best remedy yet known for colic or cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody flux, or to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks. 50 cents. By Druggists.

It's the man with the big head who has no room for a brick in his hat.

The express distillation, whose effect has been so long and so widely known, is the natural gas and alloys of the body, and causes the skin to become "barked about" most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust. Such are the effects of a diseased and morbid bile, the only antidote for which is to cleanse and regulate the liver—an office admirably performed by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

Miss-fortunes come to some men when they get married, and they don't mind it a bit.

Young men or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three letter stamps for illustrated book suggesting same means of cure. Address: World's Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

Barkeepers should bear in mind, says some one, that when a man is loaded he should be fired. That is possibly true, but if the "popular barkeeper" charges him too heavily the chances are that he will "kick."

What's the Use?

Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's Nervine, the great pain cure? Nervine has never been known to fail. Try a 10-cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps headache, and all similar complaints disappear as if by magic when Nervine is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Small bottles 10 cents, at druggists and country dealers.

A couch of the lightest down may support a heart as heavy as home-made bread.

FARMERS FOR SALE—All kinds—Send for list.
JOHN J. DALEY, Guelph.
THOS. GALLAGHER & Co., Guelph, Wexford, Ont.
Get and West Middle Market, Des Moines, Ia.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
IMPERIAL FRENCH SHOE BLACKING
PURE BAKED ADHESIVES for sale, two casks, one pasting, half and one full. Write for descriptive circular and reduced to 1/2 price. Trial order. WANTED—Partner with \$10,000, to start wholesale and retail timber and manufacturing business. (Go to investment.) Address: MANAGER ADVERTISING AGENCY, 37, 39 & 41 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada.

FARM FOR SALE—100 ACRES—\$50 IMPROVED—
In the County of Lambton; well, claylands and the surrounding 1000 fruit trees, barn, sheds, cowhouse, other out buildings. Orchard, over 300 fruit trees, and about 500 ornamental trees. Very fertile stream running through farm. Mostly all barbed fence. Within three miles of town on railway. Will be very cheap on most favorable terms. Apply, Box 102, London.

AGENTS WANTED Male and female—used in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Canada. For a full list of agents, send for circular. Address: F. STEVENSON, room "H," Arcade, Toronto, Canada.

"COLD WATER DIP?"
Used in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Canada. For a full list of agents, send for circular. Address: F. STEVENSON, room "H," Arcade, Toronto, Canada.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.
The most convenient meat for farmers in their households. These sausages are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers throughout the Dominion. Send for list to W. CLARK P. O. Box 343 Montreal.

R. W. PRITTY,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Commissioner, Valuator, Trustee & Financial Agent.
Room C, Arcade, Yonge Street, Toronto. Money to Loan, Estates Managed, Property is Bought and Sold, and United States lands taken in payment for city property.

F. E. DIXON & CO.
Manufacturers of Star Hives.
LEATHER BELTING,
To King Street East, Toronto.
Large double Drive Belts, specialty. Send for Price Lists and Descriptions.

TRY PURE BAKING POWDER
PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO.
31 FRONT ST. EAST

Allen Line Royal Mail Steamships.
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and to London and other ports. For full particulars, apply to the Agents, Messrs. Allen & Co., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. For freight, passage, or other information apply to the Agents, Messrs. Allen & Co., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. For freight, passage, or other information apply to the Agents, Messrs. Allen & Co., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

DOMINION LINE OF STEAMSHIPS
Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and calling at all the principal ports of the Atlantic coast, and from Montreal every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from
SARNA, May 16, June 1, Aug. 8, Sept. 15.
VANCOUVER, May 20, July 1, Aug. 22, Oct. 3.
BARNABY, June 1, July 15, Sept. 1, Oct. 15.
Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool, \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$55, \$60, \$65, \$70, \$75, \$80, \$85, \$90, \$95, \$100, \$105, \$110, \$115, \$120, \$125, \$130, \$135, \$140, \$145, \$150, \$155, \$160, \$165, \$170, \$175, \$180, \$185, \$190, \$195, \$200, \$205, \$210, \$215, \$220, \$225, \$230, \$235, \$240, \$245, \$250, \$255, \$260, \$265, \$270, \$275, \$280, \$285, \$290, \$295, \$300, \$305, \$310, \$315, \$320, \$325, \$330, \$335, \$340, \$345, \$350, \$355, \$360, \$365, \$370, \$375, \$380, \$385, \$390, \$395, \$400, \$405, \$410, \$415, \$420, \$425, \$430, \$435, \$440, \$445, \$450, \$455, \$460, \$465, \$470, \$475, \$480, \$485, \$490, \$495, \$500, \$505, \$510, \$515, \$520, \$525, \$530, \$535, \$540, \$545, \$550, \$555, \$560, \$565, \$570, \$575, \$580, \$585, \$590, \$595, \$600, \$605, \$610, \$615, \$620, \$625, \$630, \$635, \$640, \$645, \$650, \$655, \$660, \$665, \$670, \$675, \$680, \$685, \$690, \$695, \$700, \$705, \$710, \$715, \$720, \$725, \$730, \$735, \$740, \$745, \$750, \$755, \$760, \$765, \$770, \$775, \$780, \$785, \$790, \$795, \$800, \$805, \$810, \$815, \$820, \$825, \$830, \$835, \$840, \$845, \$850, \$855, \$860, \$865, \$870, \$875, \$880, \$885, \$890, \$895, \$900, \$905, \$910, \$915, \$920, \$925, \$930, \$935, \$940, \$945, \$950, \$955, \$960, \$965, \$970, \$975, \$980, \$985, \$990, \$995, \$1000, \$1005, \$1010, \$1015, \$1020, \$1025, \$1030, \$1035, \$1040, \$1045, \$1050, \$1055, \$1060, \$1065, \$1070, \$1075, \$1080, \$1085, \$1090, \$1095, \$1100, \$1105, \$1110, \$1115, \$1120, \$1125, \$1130, \$1135, \$1140, \$1145, \$1150, \$1155, \$1160, \$1165, \$1170, \$1175, \$1180, \$1185, \$1190, \$1195, \$1200, \$1205, \$1210, \$1215, \$1220, \$1225, \$1230, \$1235, \$1240, \$1245, \$1250, \$1255, \$1260, \$1265, \$1270, \$1275, \$1280, \$1285, \$1290, \$1295, \$1300, \$1305, \$1310, \$1315, \$1320, \$1325, \$1330, \$1335, \$1340, \$1345, \$1350, \$1355, \$1360, \$1365, \$1370, \$1375, \$1380, \$1385, \$1390, \$1395, \$1400, \$1405, \$1410, \$1415, \$1420, \$1425, \$1430, \$1435, \$1440, \$1445, \$1450, \$1455, \$1460, \$1465, \$1470, \$1475, \$1480, \$1485, \$1490, \$1495, \$1500, \$1505, \$1510, \$1515, \$1520, \$1525, \$1530, \$1535, \$1540, \$1545, \$1550, \$1555, \$1560, \$1565, \$1570, \$1575, \$1580, \$1585, \$1590, \$1595, \$1600, \$1605, \$1610, \$1615, \$1620, \$1625, \$1630, \$1635, \$1640, \$1645, \$1650, \$1655, \$1660, \$1665, \$1670, \$1675, \$1680, \$1685, \$1690, \$1695, \$1700, \$1705, \$1710, \$1715, \$1720, \$1725, \$1730, \$1735, \$1740, \$1745, \$1750, \$1755, \$1760, \$1765, \$1770, \$1775, \$1780, \$1785, \$1790, \$1795, \$1800, \$1805, \$1810, \$1815, \$1820, \$1825, \$1830, \$1835, \$1840, \$1845, \$1850, \$1855, \$1860, \$1865, \$1870, \$1875, \$1880, \$1885, \$1890, \$1895, \$1900, \$1905, \$1910, \$1915, \$1920, \$1925, \$1930, \$1935, \$1940, \$1945, \$1950, \$1955, \$1960, \$1965, \$1970, \$1975, \$1980, \$1985, \$1990, \$1995, \$2000, \$2005, \$2010, \$2015, \$2020, \$2025, \$2030, \$2035, \$2040, \$2045, \$2050, \$2055, \$2060, \$2065, \$2070, \$2075, \$2080, \$2085, \$2090, \$2095, \$2100, \$2105, \$2110, \$2115, \$2120, \$2125, \$2130, \$2135, \$2140, \$2145, \$2150, \$2155, \$2160, \$2165, \$2170, \$2175, \$2180, \$2185, \$2190, \$2195, \$2200, \$2205, \$2210, \$2215, \$2220, \$2225, \$2230, \$2235, \$2240, \$2245, \$2250, \$2255, \$2260, \$2265, \$2270, \$2275, \$2280, \$2285, \$2290, \$2295, \$2300, \$2305, \$2310, \$2315, \$2320, \$2325, \$2330, \$2335, \$2340, \$2345, \$2350, \$2355, \$2360, \$2365, \$2370, \$2375, \$2380, \$2385, \$2390, \$2395, \$2400, \$2405, \$2410, \$2415, \$2420, \$2425, \$2430, \$2435, \$2440, \$2445, \$2450, \$2455, \$2460, \$2465, \$2470, \$2475, \$2480, \$2485, \$2490, \$2495, \$2500, \$2505, \$2510, \$2515, \$2520, \$2525, \$2530, \$2535, \$2540, \$2545, \$2550, \$2555, \$2560, \$2565, \$2570, \$2575, \$2580, \$2585, \$2590, \$2595, \$2600, \$2605, \$2610, \$2615, \$2620, \$2625, \$2630, \$2635, \$2640, \$2645, \$2650, \$2655, \$2660, \$2665, \$2670, \$2675, \$2680, \$2685, \$2690, \$2695, \$2700, \$2705, \$2710, \$2715, \$2720, \$2725, \$2730, \$2735, \$2740, \$2745, \$2750, \$2755, \$2760, \$2765, \$2770, \$2775, \$2780, \$2785, \$2790, \$2795, \$2800, \$2805, \$2810, \$2815, \$2820, \$2825, \$2830, \$2835, \$2840, \$2845, \$2850, \$2855, \$2860, \$2865, \$2870, \$2875, \$2880, \$2885, \$2890, \$2895, \$2900, \$2905, \$2910, \$2915, \$2920, \$2925, \$2930, \$2935, \$2940, \$2945, \$2950, \$2955, \$2960, \$2965, \$2970, \$2975, \$2980, \$2985, \$2990, \$2995, \$3000, \$3005, \$3010, \$3015, \$3020, \$3025, \$3030, \$3035, \$3040, \$3045, \$3050, \$3055, \$3060, \$3065, \$3070, \$3075, \$3080, \$3085, \$3090, \$3095, \$3100, \$3105, \$3110, \$3115, \$3120, \$3125, \$3130, \$3135, \$3140, \$3145, \$3150, \$3155, \$3160, \$3165, \$3170, \$3175, \$3180, \$3185, \$3190, \$3195, \$3200, \$3205, \$3210, \$3215, \$3220, \$3225, \$3230, \$3235, \$3240, \$3245, \$3250, \$3255, \$3260, \$3265, \$3270, \$3275, \$3280, \$3285, \$3290, \$3295, \$3300, \$3305, \$3310, \$3315, \$3320, \$3325, \$3330, \$3335, \$3340, \$3345, \$3350, \$3355, \$3360, \$3365, \$3370, \$3375, \$3380, \$3385, \$3390, \$3395, \$3400, \$3405, \$3410, \$3415, \$3420, \$3425, \$3430, \$3435, \$3440, \$3445, \$3450, \$3455, \$3460, \$3465, \$3470, \$3475, \$3480, \$3485, \$3490, \$3495, \$3500, \$3505, \$3510, \$3515, \$3520, \$3525, \$3530, \$3535, \$3540, \$3545, \$3550, \$3555, \$3560, \$3565, \$3570, \$3575, \$3580, \$3585, \$3590, \$3595, \$3600, \$3605, \$3610, \$3615, \$3620, \$3625, \$3630, \$3635, \$3640, \$3645, \$3650, \$3655, \$3660, \$3665, \$3670, \$3675, \$3680, \$3685, \$3690, \$3695, \$3700, \$3705, \$3710, \$3715, \$3720, \$3725, \$3730, \$3735, \$3740, \$3745, \$3750, \$3755, \$3760, \$3765, \$3770, \$3775, \$3780, \$3785, \$3790, \$3795, \$3800, \$3805, \$3810, \$3815, \$3820, \$3825, \$3830, \$3835, \$3840, \$3845, \$3850, \$3855, \$3860, \$3865, \$3870, \$3875, \$3880, \$3885, \$3890, \$3895, \$3900, \$3905, \$3910, \$3915, \$3920, \$3925, \$3930, \$3935, \$3940, \$3945, \$3950, \$3955, \$3960, \$3965, \$3970, \$3975, \$3980, \$3985, \$3990, \$3995,

THE WATCHMAN

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

The above paper is printed and published EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, at Lachute, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Can., by SIMPSON & KERR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—ONE DOLLAR, paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year. Announcements or Notices of a personal or business nature, in the Editorial, Local or Correspondence columns, Twenty-five cents per line for the first insertion, and Twelve and a half cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of situations Wanted, Fifty cents the first insertion, and Twenty-five cents each subsequent insertion.

Special arrangements of an advantageous character made with merchants for the Year, Half-Year or Quarter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. All communications intended for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Correspondents must invariably send us, confidentially, their name and address, but not necessarily for publication.

Professional and Business Cards.

A. BERTHELOT, Notary Public, LACHUTE, Q.

JAMES DUDDERIDGE, Provincial Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer.

CHAS. S. BURROUGHS, Esq., Advocate, has his residence and office in Lachute, P. Q.

G. E. BAMPTON, B. C. L., Advocate, &c., Office in Wm. Pollock's Building, Lachute, P. Q.

ABBO IT, TAIT & ABBOTT, ADVOCATES, ETC., No. 11 Hospital street (first floor), Montreal.

Hon. J. C. Abbott, Q. C., D. C. Melbourne M. Tait, B. John Betham Abbott, Harry Abbott, B.

NOTICE: The undersigned having had several years' experience as an auctioneer in Montreal and elsewhere, would now inform the people of Argenteuil that he is prepared to take charge of auction sales, and guarantee to give entire satisfaction.

J. PATENAUD, A. J. PERIARD, Attorney at Law, Lachute, P. Q.

J. Malcolm McDougall, B. C. L., (Late of Three Rivers), ADVOCATE, ETC., AYLMER AND OTTAWA.

DR. STACKHOUSE, Surgeon-Dentist, Will be at ST. ANDREWS from the 9th to the 14th, and at LACHUTE on the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of every month.

"Worth While." Prince Albert Victor, the prospective heir to the throne of England, made his maiden speech the other day, to a assembly of lords of his own age. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing accurately," he said; "whether you sharpen a pencil or black your eye, do it to the hilt, or well."

A young lad who was a pupil at Rugby school was noted for his bad penmanship. When his teachers remonstrated, he replied, "Many men of great use have written words, scraps that I do, it is not worth while to worry about so trifling a fault."

Ten years later, this lad was a officer in the English army, doing service in the Crimean war. An order he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given indirectly to the troops, and the result was the loss of a great many brave men.

Two years ago, the keeper of a life-saving station on the Atlantic coast found that his supply of powder had given out. The nearest village was two or three miles distant, and the weather was inclement. He concluded that as it "was not worth while to go so far expressly for such a trifle," he would wait for a few days before sending for a supply.

That night a vessel was wrecked within sight of the station. A life could have been given to the crew if he had been able to use the mortar, but he had no powder. He saw the drowning men perish one by one in his sight, knowing that his alone was to blame. A few days afterward he was dismissed from the service.

The experience of every man will suggest similar instances that confirm the truth of the young prince's advice to the lords of his own age.

Whatever is right to do should be done with our best care, strength and faithfulness of purpose. We have no scales by which we can weigh our duties or determine their relative importance in God's eyes. That which seems a trifle to us may be this secret spring which shall move the issues of life and death.

"Independent Firing." Apropos of our Russo-Afghan difficulty, a good story is told of the last Afghan war. At one of the battles the British line, represented by one English regiment, some artillery, and some native corps, was assailed by hordes of "Ghazis," who came down fast and furious. The firing was of the nature known as independent, very much so indeed for the times, and our officers were moving about striving to maintain discipline. Rebelled somewhat to the right rear of the British regiment, one of the native battalions was also firing at the advancing foe, now close at hand, and their bullets seemed to pass unaccountably near our men. Suddenly an officer, one of his soldiers turn round and deliberately fire into the native battalion. "What the deuce are you about, man?" said the officer. "You're firing right into our own men."

"Well, sir," said the man, not in the least put out, and continuing firing, "the beggars is a firing into us."

The success of a church choir singer is, after all, a matter of chance.

THE WATCHMAN,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VII

LACHUTE QUE. FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1885.

NO. 39

BATOCHÉ.

Graphic Description of Its Capture—Carried at the Point of the Bayonet—A Brilliant Charge.

Each battery had two nine-pounders and "A" Battery, in addition, a Gatling gun, which was taken into action by Captain Howard, United States Army, and Lieutenant Rivers. As the column approached Batoché's I was riding along with the artillery. Captain Freer, A. D. C., galloped up, and asked to have the guns sent forward at once. The order was promptly obeyed, and we went forward with the guns at a gallop. After proceeding a short distance we found Boulton's men, with the General and his staff, halted about five hundred yards from a large house, said to belong to one Osron, from which we saw some men running.

No. 8 gun of "A" battery was immediately prepared for action, and fired on the house, successfully shelling it. We then advanced, a Gatling gun being ordered to proceed with the muzzle scouts. At this juncture some persons were seen to emerge from a house next to a church, and the Gatling was turned on to the building. After firing a few rounds a man in the garb of a priest appeared at the door of the house which was being attacked.

BEARING A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF. The General and his staff advanced and asked the priest to come forward. After a short time, during which the door was shut, the priest, accompanied by three others and five Sisters of the Faith and Compassion of Jesus, advanced and explained that they had gathered here from all parts of the country to obtain the rebels' protection from the Indians, who were committing depredations and threatening the whites in all directions. While this conference was proceeding, Boulton's scouts, on the right, engaged a score or so of Indians, who retired to shelter in a ravine. The priests explained to the General the lay of the land, and we proceeded at once to the height of land on the left of the person, from whom we could see the village of Batoché. The guns of "A" Battery had meanwhile been busy shelling the houses on both sides of the river, a number of rebels being seen retreating from them as soon as the firing commenced. From the position we now occupied, it was seen that opposite the village proper a large camp of tents and Indian tepees, some of them grandly painted, was established, and some shells were thrown from our guns into its midst. When about to timber up the guns a couple of shots were fired from the bush down the slope, and a strong fusillade began on both sides of us. The Gatling was immediately brought into action on the place vacated by the Battery guns, and a couple of hundred shots were poured into the bush in almost as many rounds. The rebels did not seem to relish

THE WARINESS OF OUR ATTACK. For many of them were seen in the distance breaking cover, and taking to the bush on the banks of the river.

This all occurred on our extreme left, on the height of land overlooking the steep wooded river banks, and as the rebels were seen advancing along the banks it was feared an attempt would be made to attack our flank. The garrison detachment of "A" Battery was immediately extended on the brink of the hill, from the advance line towards the rear. The Gatling gun was also turned to check the rebel advance and many shots were dropped to the rear. While the Gatling was engaged in this work, Dr. Carpenter, of "A" Battery, was shot in the legs. On reaching a point directly opposite our flank, the rebels took shelter in the heavy brush, and opened a heavy fire, cut of reach of the Gatling, which was returned to its former position. The Battery guns then advanced to shell the village. "A" and "B" companies of the Royal Grenadiers, who formed the advance guard, extended, and advanced through the bluffs until the guns were reached, when they halted in line with the guns. The 90th, which formed the support, followed, while the Midland Battalion and with the Winnipeg Field Battery acted as a reserve force.

Soon after the Gatling had retired, heavy firing was heard in the centre, and the Gatling was at once sent there. The Grenadiers at this time were maintaining a heavy attack on the rebels, who were in the brush on the slope of the hill, and who made strenuous and desperate efforts to turn our flank. The Gatling and the nine-pounders were immediately brought up in support of the Grenadiers, and

THE REBELS BROKE COVER and made a dash for liberty. While this fight was in progress, Captain Mason, of the Grenadiers, while at the head of his company, was wounded in the hip, and had to be carried to the rear. After the artillery fire had ceased, the sharpshooters continued the action, and kept up a fire with skirmishers all the afternoon. About noon the rebels fired a thunderous burst along the whole front, but the skirmishers were not interrupted to any extent, as the fire burned out. Great inconvenience was, however, given by some of the rebel marksmen, who maintained a regular fusillade from across the river. The guns of "A" Battery were ordered to silence this rebel fire, and shelled the house in which the enemy were concealed. This house was about two hundred yards from the position occupied by the guns, and three shots in succession were successfully planted through the roof.

About one o'clock the garrison division of "A" Battery, with a detachment of French scouts, made an effort to clear the short coulees from the river, running parallel to the large coulees at our front. There were a number of rifle pits here, which were filled with rebels, and after firing away for an hour, the men had to abandon the task and return. Gunner Phillips was left wounded behind, and the Battery had to make a second rush to bring him out of the coulees. Dr. Coed, of the Winnipeg Battery, assisted the ambulance bearers, and went down the coulees with them. Captain French, commander of the scouts, performed

fire from the rebel sharpshooters. The Midland Battalion subsequently made another effort to clear the coulees, but like the previous ones, it was unsuccessful. After this the firing slackened, and not a shot was fired for half an hour at a time.

CHARGE OF THE GRENADIERS. About one o'clock the Tenth Royal Grenadiers, under Col. Straubenzee, extended in front of the camp, the Midland Battalion extended on the extreme left, along the edge of the cliff, and the troops advanced with loud cheers, which were the first notification that the left camp had that any advance other than the usual daily advance of the skirmishers was to occur. The Grenadiers made a magnificent advance across the open above the church in a "B" line toward Batoché. The rebels were driven out of the large pits on the top of the ridge without a check in our advance. Here the fire of the rebels fell off a trifle, and the men halted some minutes. Meantime the Midland Battalion had wheeled round the edge of the plateau, where "A" Battery guns had bombarded Batoché on Friday, and were in line with them on the right, making a complete line from the river. "Come on, Grenadiers," said Col. Straubenzee, "I am proud to command you; keep steady, and we shall clear them out; and with loud cheers, which were replied to by the force in camp and the Midland regiment below, the men made a dash down towards the rebels, who had retreated into the bush, firing as they went through.

HOW BRAVE OFFICERS FELL. Captain French, the commander of the scouts, was killed by the rebels firing from one of the houses of Batoché. His last words were—"Boys, I did my duty; remember I loved you." Captain Pitch, of the Grenadiers, died while charging down the slope at the head of his company, and Captain Brown, of Boulton's Horse, was directing his men to take over when he was shot.

SMELLING AN EARTHQUAKE

A Sailor's Note That Was Better Than Any Barometer Ever Made.

"We was anchored in the harbor of Manila," said a broker and weather-beaten sailor as he stretched his legs under the table and looked meditatively at a glass of beer which had been placed before him. "Is in the ship, Albert, as I shipped into the voyage, and our old man's name was Cole. The old man was the best I ever see at scenting a blow. Why, bless you, that nose of his was better than any barometer that ever was made. Many a time I've seen him walking up and down the poop with the sky as blue and wind as fair as anything. Suddenly he'd stop, cock up his nose, and give a sort of sniff like. Then he'd sniff all around the compass, and sing out to shorten sail and get ready for a blow. And the blow came, too. The old man used to tell us that sometimes lied, but he never made a mistake."

"Well as I was saying, we was anchored in the harbor of Manila. It was the most beautiful day you ever see. Not enough wind to ripple the water, and not a cloud in the sky. The old man went ashore. Bimby he come aboard. As he stepped over the side he stopped and gave a great sniff. Then he sniffed harder and harder all round the compass. Then he looked scared like and rushed below to look at his barometer. He brought the barometer up on deck and placed it where he could keep his eye on it, and began to get all ready for a typhoon, for that was what he thought was a-comin'. The barometer didn't go down a bit, but that didn't fool the old man. He sent down the sky-sail and royal yards, bent on purrventer back-stays, put double gaskets on all the sails, cepting the fore and main t'w'p's, and did everything he could think of to get the ship in condition for a typhoon. We overhauled the sheets, halyards, buntlines, clewlines, and braces of the fore and main t'w'p's, and fixed the gaskets so as we could get our m'f in about two shakes of a lamb's tail, for you see we wanted to be able to get sail on her quick to keep her off shore if so be she drag her anchor. We put out both anchors, and all the chain we had, and it was a powerful lot I can tell you."

"Well, that night there was any sign of a blow—just as calm and pleasant as it had been and there was the old man walking up and down the deck purring much all night a-lookin' at that barometer which never moved an inch. The next morning the barometer did go down a little and the old man looked set to lay a good bet on it. He said he'd be a bet on it, for you see he'd rather be a bet on a mistake in small than a wound. Well about noon that day, while we were at anchor, there came a dull, rumbling sound, and the ship began to tremble all over like as if she had struck a rock. Then she began to go up and we rushed out of the fo'ble to see a great tidal wave sweeping into the harbor, and on shore the dust and debris and trees was flying round in great shape. We was all pretty well scared, but fortunately we had out so much chain that we rode the wave in safety. In the midst of the confusion I saw the old man dinking for dear life to the fiercest and heard him shout: 'A earthquake by thunder! I thought 'twas a typhoon.'"

Captain is not Free.

There was a curious old fellow, the reversion of church living in England, which holds. These living number about twelve thousand in all, about one-half of them belonging to the crown or to the church and the other half to private persons. The person owning a church living has a right to appoint a successor on the death or removal of an incumbent, and this power of appointment called an advowson, is still a marketable commodity, to be bought and sold in the auction-room. English papers give accounts of these sales under such a heading as this, which appears in a late number of the London Telegraph: "Advowsons going cheap." At the sale, the age of the incumbent is mentioned and considered, and the buyer beforehand calculates his chance of long or short life, just as the gentleman in the navy keep lists of superior officers which they frequently consult to note their chances of promotion.

A Vermont husband got wind of the proposed elopement of his wife, and frustrated it by keeping guard over her trunk. She wouldn't run away in a calico gown, and he knew it.

The Russian Soldier.

The Russian soldier in the field is a man of many virtues. At home in peace, indeed, he has but one vice to speak of. He will get drunk when he can, and keep drunk as long as he can.

Drink does not make him dangerous, but simply adds to his child-like amiability. He tumbles about badly, but quietly picks himself up, and staggers on until the next tumble sets in. He is eager to hug every one he meets, and his enthusiasm for kissing and calling all the world brother when he is in his cups, would be grotesque were it not degrading.

The Russian soldier needs no iron-handed discipline to keep him in order. He is docile by nature; and he obeys his officer, whom, indeed, he addresses as "little father" as if he were a child. He is contented in hardship; heat takes no effect on him, and he has become well imbued to cold. His weakest point in campaigning is his susceptibility to homesickness.

When the Russian army was lying in front of Constantinople, in the long weary inaction between the treaty of San Stefano and the treaty of Berlin, thousands of soldiers actually died of nostalgia, or homesickness. Dependancy of mind lowered the bodily tone, and they seemed simply to fade away.

The Russian soldier, when the homesickness is not upon him, is a right merry-hearted fellow. All day long the camp echoes to the voice of song. Russian vocal music is real singing, not the horrible croak, alternated by ear-splitting falsetto, which the Servians and Bulgarians insanely regard as vocal harmony.

The Russian comic songs are full of a "warlike" and "warlike" and "warlike" in hearing; while the other songs are full of the strains of his chorus with a ludicrously fantastic breakdown, in which he seems to dislocate every joint in his body. The plaintive melodies vibrate with a strange pathos, that awells the heart of the listener, even though he may understand nothing of the words.

The grand chant with which the massive columns move forward into the battle glows with the transfusion of fighting ardor. There is a legend of a battle-song so heart-stirring, that it inspired Menonites to violate their temple, and fight like men possessed.

The Russian soldiers are almost wholly without book-learning. Not above twenty-five per cent. can read, and a still smaller percentage have any knowledge of writing. Their religion, which is fervent, is mixed with superstition. But their external docility is unerring.

They live chiefly on soup, thickened with a little meat, much meal, and anything that fortune may offer on the march in the way of vegetables. This soup is made in large camp-kettles, one of which cooks for each company; and when the soup is ready, the company marches up to the camp-kettle, and every man takes with his panikin his share, into which the cook bales a ladleful.

When all are supplied, the company reforms, and there is sung a long grace before meat, which I never knew omitted or curtailed, even when, as on the Shipka Pass, the enemy's bullets would be whistling over the cooking-place, and occasionally rattling against the kettles.

Throughout every regiment is a sprinkling of foreigners, whose loyalty is not to be relied on, but with this exception, the Russian soldier is a whole-souled, devoted soldier of the Czar. The expression constantly in his mouth as regards the future, such as "Gods are with us," "If God and the Czar will," "They are to him the arbiters of his destiny," "If God and the Czar will," "I have heard a Russian soldier say, 'that I return home, oh, how happy I should be, but if they decree that I must die here in a foreign land, there will be done!'"

The bravery of the Russian soldier admits of no question. He is stupid, poor fellow, and requires to be shown what is wished that he should do; he has no idea of initiative or of acting for himself on a pinch; but he may be relied on to go forward when he is ordered to stand up, and he will hold his ground till he falls.

He may be relied on against falling a victim to panic; he is too stupid and unimpressible for that. If one-half of a Russian army were slaughtered in the morning, the other half would silently rally and be ready to confront the prospect of being slaughtered that same afternoon. In the bloodiest battles of the old world: Borodino, Eylau, Friedland, and the Plevna combats of July and September, 1877, Russian troops had been combatants.

But the spectator of a battle in which Russian soldiers are participants always has a half story for them, half angry with them. They have no fighting versatility or individual ingenuity; if their rank is turned, well, "God and the Czar" has willed the misfortune, and they endure it passively till the manoeuvre sweeps away all who have not fallen.

Unless there are officers to order him, the Russian soldier has no more idea of helping to form a new front in such an emergency than he has of carrying the crown of the Great White Bear. He has not even that appreciation of the situation that would move him to run away.

THE YOUNGEST VOLUNTEER in the engagement at Wab Creek, a young bugler of the 90th, named Buchanan, who looks no more than 14 years of age, is much praised for the coolness he displayed during the whole action. He rendered good service by carrying a reserve of ammunition from the wagons to the skirmishers. The ammunition, and about given out when the plucky youngster appeared on the scene, dragging along a box of Baker ammunition in one hand and a ball of Martini-Henry cartridges in the other. Deploring the rebel fire he ran along the line shouting, "This way for Martini-Henry ammunition." "Who wants Baker cartridges?" and only retired to the rear when he was required to assist with some of the wounded at the hospital.

A girl with three arms is one of the attractions of a Louisiana side show. This young lady, ought to be sought for by every marriageable young man in the neighborhood. She could put two arms around a man's neck, while she turned panache with the other.

Disasters may be a blessing, for it appears that in Philadelphia "interesting cases" here themselves out to clinical lecturers at 25 cents to \$2, according to the "intricacies" of his malady.

On the Saskatchewan.

(Correspondence of the N. Y. Sun.)

The sun began to sink, and evening came on. Not a head of game had been seen, and I sat in my tent, and glass in hand, discovering nothing but a few wild fowls in the distance. Buffalo trails continued to be numerous, and the bleached bones of that now almost extinct animal dotted every few yards of the way. Then the sun went down, and we entered a country which, by its character, we knew bordered a stream. Creek canons seemed the earth and deep ravines and gullies were passed. We descended a steep decline, and passed through groves of stunted poplar and scrub. We guessed the river to be close at hand, and, after some twisting and turning, we reached a point which we knew came from the steamer Northpole and a detachment of the regiment which was guarding the crossing. We were soon on board, after having made one of the most remarkable marches that have been made in modern times, thirty-three miles in thirteen hours. Only two men were taken on the baggage wagons during the day, and they answered to their names when they paraded on the banks of the Saskatchewan before marching on board.

There was a good deal of confusion on the Northpole that night. The cabin was full of baggage, arms, ordnance, and flocks. There were 300 men on board, and there was sleeping accommodation for about 200. Many of the officers and all the assistant surgeons of the ambulance corps that were going to join Gen. Middleton's command were obliged to sleep on the floor. Col. Straubenzee, D. A. C., being senior officer, was to take command, and as I was, like him, ordered to report to the General, I was fortunate enough to secure a stateroom. I went to bed, and only awoke when the reveille sounded sharp on the morning air. With a barge lashed to each side of the steamer, and taking 120 tons of supplies to the front, we steamed away on Thursday the 23d. The detachment on shore, left to guard the crossing, observed us on our way. No steamer had ever gone down the river, and we had 200 miles to go; speculation was dumb as to our fate. A squadron of the Intelligence Corps had followed the trail along the river to a place called the Elbow, 75 miles from our starting point, and if we failed to make that point they were to scout the river and try to find us. With good luck we should reach the Elbow in two days, and the General in five; but "six days sure, twelve probable," I heard a voice say beside me, and turning around I saw a closer dressed in the uniform of a Captain of artillery in the American army calmly looking over the side. His name is Howard, and he hails from New Haven, Conn. His services had been secured by the Canadian Government to take charge of two Gatling guns they bought for service in this expedition. He had seen service on the frontier and was familiar with Indian warfare. There was a business-like air in the way he took the covering of his gun, as we swung into the stream, and then hung the ammunition case ready for action.

Ther was wide but shallow. Guards were mounted, and the men were told off to their stations, while the bags of oats and bales of hay we carried on the barges were arranged as breastworks, behind which they could, if required, fire with safety. The sunlight flashed along the waters and the air was still. The men improvised huts and tents out of sail cloth, while everything was put shipshape. Gen. Middleton was waiting for our reinforcements and supplies. The tortuous stream bent its way every mile of the course, and the "zigzags" were more than once set at work to spare us over the sand banks on which we grounded. But I made fair progress, and the crew was of the usual robust character, high Westerners, who refused to take the trip for a less consideration than \$50 a month, sleeping accommodation in the cabin, and all their meals in the saloon.

A Pyramid of Serpents.

Humboldt, the great German traveller and naturalist, describes a spectacle he once witnessed in the Savannahs of Iacuba, in Guiana, which he well characterized as "the most wonderful and terrible" that he had ever seen.

We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passage, while I preferred to skirt the great forest. One of the blacks who formed the vanguard returned full gallop, and called to me—

"Here, sir, come and see the serpents in a pile!"

He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the savannah, which appeared like a pile of arms. One of my company then said—

"This is certainly one of these assemblages of serpents which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest. I have seen them here, but have never seen any lot as proceed cautiously, and not go too near."

When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which, however, none of us were inclined. Suddenly the pyramidal mass became agitated; horrible hissing issued from it; thousands of serpents, rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of the circle their hideous heads, presenting their venomous fangs and fiery eyes to us.

I own I was one of the first to draw back; but when I saw this formidable phalanx remain at its post, and appeared to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack, I rode around in order to view its order of battle, which took the form of an oval.

I then sought what could be the design of this numerous assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded some colossal enemy, which might be the great serpent, or the cayman, and that they reunite themselves after having seen their enemy, in order to resist or attack him in a mass.

There are next to no signs of any reptation either in England or in India of the phalanx remain at its post, and appeared to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack, I rode around in order to view its order of battle, which took the form of an oval.

I then sought what could be the design of this numerous assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded some colossal enemy, which might be the great serpent, or the cayman, and that they reunite themselves after having seen their enemy, in order to resist or attack him in a mass.

NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

What Captain Kervan Tells the Americans About Them.

Writing from Swift Current, Captain Kervan says: "Squaws are lounging about the fringe of the camp. They are of mixed tribes, the Cree and Chipewyan, and the few picked up refuse with which to make their moccasins. They are gaunt, big boned, and hungry looking. Their faces are painted red and their blankets are of many hues. The old and middle aged carry papooses on their backs, and they are not good looking in our eyes. Even the children are not fair to the eye. As the men are dismissed the squaws squat around the camp kitchens and look at the cooks preparing breakfast as dogs look at their masters, while waiting for a bone. At this season of the year they cook and eat the fat and scraps, while the squaws collect while the bucks lounge about their tepees pitched on a neighboring hill. The fingers of the squaws are covered with beads, rings, and the lower part of their legs are encased in buck skin and often ornamented with bead work about the ankle. They all smoke, and as they open their 'fire bags,' which are usually nearly empty, they look at us and grin. This we interpret as a plea for tobacco, and an odd piece of plug or some fine cut is thrown to them by the soldiers. Some of their boys are amusing a group by shooting at a tin can with bows and arrows. At twenty paces they knock the mark over with an expertness born of practice. They never ask for presents, but they appear to like the things men around them. Of 'kiddie traps' or fire water they know little or nothing, for the sale of liquor is prohibited. An odd one among them may be found doing a little work around the village, and occasionally a buck will carry water for a small consideration. In winter they shoot black-tailed deer and antelope, and trade the meat and skins for groceries and knick-knacks. The faces of some of them are striped diagonally with black, and their heads are ornamented with the feathers of birds of many plumes."

There are nine canvas lodges in all, stained a dirty copper color by the smoke, and the squaws struggle through the open crown. Thin just in time to see two more families arrive in Red River carts. No iron is used in their construction. They are rough hewn and small. The squaws are walking and guiding the ponies. The papooses are seated on piles of furs within the carts. Two bucks follow with pipes in their mouths. As the carts reach the encampment the squaws unharness the ponies and take about a dozen light poles from each cart. They throw them on the ground where they intend to erect their tepees. As the last containing the treasures of the family are taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown is fastened to a pole that is on the ground. Unaided the canvas is taken out, and the buck sits down. The light poles are cut and stuck in a circle with one end stuck in the ground. The other ends intermingle at the open. A cord hangs from the upper end of one of the poles, and a squaw, taking the rope in her hand, walks around the circle, and thus gets the rope to bind the upper end of the poles together. When the lower end of the rope is tied to one of the poles the skeleton of the tepee is made, and it is ready for the canvas. Then the squaws drag the tent covering from the cart. The crown

STRONGER THAN LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

It is the evening of Madame Ornelheim's concert, which is indeed more of a conversation than a concert, the performers mixing among the audience when not actually required on the raised platform at the upper end of the room, where the grand piano and violins and violoncello are seated, and a hum of talk filling up the intervals between the songs and concerted pieces. We all go to it, having so many friends among both performers and audience, and though most of Madame Ornelheim's pupils take part in the choruses only, they are pleased to appear in public in any capacity—so exclusive a reputation can be called public at all.

My "Jewel" song is among the first on the programme; and, when I have sung it, and when Herr von Konig has complimented me on what he is pleased to call the delicate grace of my vocalism, and called my voice "truly celestial," I make my way down to the Rolleston, whom I see grouped at a little distance from the blaze of light which makes a dazzling centre of the stage. But, before I can reach them, moving away slowly through the dense crowd, with my long black satin skirt in one hand and my fan in the other, Gerard Baxter appears. I know not from what coin of vantage, and offers me his arm.

"Allow me to make way for you," he says, smiling, "and allow me to congratulate you on having brought down the house."

"Oh don't you flatter me!" I laugh, shrugging my shoulders.

"Because it seems unnatural for you to say compliments," he says more gravely. "Perhaps I may find some safer road to your favor than that. Have you forgotten me yet for my stupidity?"

"Long ago," I answer frankly. "Let us forget all about a piece of folly for which I am sorry, and of which I am heartily ashamed."

"I am ready to forget all you do not wish me to remember," he rejoins at once.

And then, instead of finding myself nearer to the Rollestons, I find myself sitting on a chair near a cool bank of ferns and exotics with Mr. Baxter standing behind me, listening to a girl with a magnificent contralto voice singing the "Song of the Wooden Shoem."

I listen like one in a dream. I know that he is there, standing near me in his sombre evening raiment, and that I am happy, with a strange unaccountable sense of happiness, which I could not analyze even if I would.

"Do you like her singing?" he asks, when the song is ended.

"She has a very pure contralto. Her voice is better than her method of singing. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," I have heard people say that she is standing for the stage, that she is going to Italy to finish her musical education.

"So I have heard. I think she is quite right. Such a voice as hers was never meant to rust unburnished, not to shine in use."

"Or yours?" he questions a little wistfully. "They tell me you are studying for public exhibition too."

Who would have told him so! The idea amuses me so much that I do not immediately advise him to the contrary.

"And if I am," I say, laughing, "do you think that I am right in putting the talent which has been given me to some practical use?"

"If you have no other means of livelihood—yes."

"You do not approve of singing on the stage?"

"I do not care to think of your doing it."

"But one can do it, and yet not be interrupted with mere passion, that is the question seems to warrant."

"I hope to Heaven you will never do it!"

"But if I must do it?" I say wistfully, encouraging the idea which he somehow or other seems to have taken into his head.

"If my daily bread depends upon it, what am I to do?"

"Can't you teach, or something?" he says boyishly. "You could teach other girls, couldn't you?"

"But fancy teaching—fancy wearing oneself out with a troop of idle girls, as Madame Ornelheim does, when one might be bowing to a delighted audience behind the foot-lights, with one's arms full of bouquets!"

"That's just what I hate," he retorts savagely. "That is just what no girl should consent to do—she should never debase herself by doing it. How do you think a man who loved you for instance—would like to see other men level their opera-glasses at you, and perhaps—indeed certainly—make comments on your personal appearance?"

"If they were complimentary, I don't suppose she would mind very much."

"But he would mind. If he were her brother or her husband, he would rather see her in her coffin than subject her to such degradation."

"How delightfully selfish!" I laugh, shrugging my shoulders.

"Oh, we are all so very selfish!" Mr. Baxter allows, and then the overture to Tannhäuser commencing, we find it impossible to talk any more for the present.

I amuse myself by looking for my own particular friends in the crowd. Olive is in a corner sitting with Jack Rolleston, Poppy is sitting calmly beside her, looking as lately handsome as ever, Katie Rolleston is looking at me. I wonder if she would like very much to change places with me, and if half at least of Olive's suspicion about her and Gerard Baxter is true? Perhaps Katie has lost her heart to this artist-friend of her brother's, though, according to Mrs. Wanchope, Mr. Baxter does not care for young ladies. I am pushing over Katie's shoulder look, and wondering how it has happened that, among all our common friends, nobody has told Gerard Baxter who I am, when Tannhäuser comes to an end, and I rise from my seat, Blumen-thal's "Band of the River" being next on the programme.

"You practise a great deal?" Mr. Baxter observes, as he offers me his arm again.

"Yes," I answer, smiling, as I meet his splendid dark eyes. "I hope it does not annoy you."

"No," Mr. Wanchope will tell you that I have never been so industrious as since you came to Oxford Street."

"I shall go to bed," I venture, somewhat soberly. "If I had your talent, I should certainly not let it lie idle."

"I mean to work very hard, now," he says quickly. "Before, I did not care very much whether I made a name for myself or not. But now—I do!"

CHAPTER V.

"So he thinks I spend my time drumming on this unimportant instrument with the ultimate object of earning my livelihood?" I laugh, sitting before the piano in Mrs. Wanchope's drawing-room, the morning after Madame Ornelheim's concert.

"He thinks I am a penniless art-student like himself, bound to earn my bread by whatever talent I possess, unless I prefer to sit and starve. What a joke it is, and how Olive will enjoy it!" And how Aunt Rosa's stiff gray curls would bristle with horror if she knew her niece, Allie Somers Scott, of Woodhay was taken for a poor young man from the country who had come up to these cheap furnished lodgings for the purpose of study; vocal music for the purpose of study; vocal music for the purpose of study!

The idea is too delicious! I laugh to myself with such frantic enjoyment that, if Mary Anne had chanced to come into the room, she would have set me down either as an idiot or as some harmless kind of lunatic. I shall not tell Mr. Baxter the mistake he has made—since no one has thought of telling him before, I hope they will not tell him now. They must take it for granted that I know who I am, and must have thought no questions necessary, seeing for myself my mode of life. As for Mrs. Wanchope, she still labors under the delusion that the Count and the "drawing rooms" have never yet encountered each other here or anywhere else.

Mr. Baxter must think the Deanes and Rollestons have been very kind in taking me up; but then he knows them to be fond of art and artistic people, especially the Rollestons, and likely enough to make much of me for the sake of my voice. What fun it is to think of myself working for my living! What fun it is to be kept up the domain with the help of my scampish friend Olive, who loves nothing so much as a practical joke!

But my fun is put a stop to in a very summary manner. While I am sitting here at the piano, a note from Olive is put into my hand to say that Ellnor has a fever, and that I am not to come near the house. All the others have had it, and are not afraid; but Mrs. Deane will not allow them to come near me. I must not expect even to see Olive as Madame Ornelheim's today, as her mother does not think it would be right to allow her to go there out of an infected house.

I am very sorry, not only for my own sake, but for Ellnor and all of them. I write a note to Olive, and have just made up my mind not to go out at all this morning, when Ada Rolleston comes running in with an urgent request that I would come over and spend the day in Berkeley Street, which I am rather unwilling to do, but which Ada persuades me into doing in the end.

During the next five or six days I spend most of my time with the Rollestons. Ada pets and spoils me very much, in the fashion of Olive Deane who has "fagged" for me since we were children together. The house in Berkeley Street is a very pleasant one—there are always visitors coming and going—clever people, poets, painters, artists, and literary men and women. We are never at a loss for amusement, between the preparations for the fancy-ball, Jack's amateur studio, and the great music-room where their musical friends would willingly play symphonies and fantasies all day long, if they could find any one to listen to them.

I meet Mr. Baxter there very often—in fact, I may say every day. I do not think he can be working very hard—unless he paints by lamplight—he is always with Jack Rolleston, smoking in his studio or chatting to us in the drawing-room. He even stays to dinner sometimes—I know it because they insisted upon my dining there once or twice, and when I dine there, he dines there too. They laugh at each other for my little—no, call him my handsome sweetheart. But I do not first with him, though he knows somehow to be always in my neighborhood, and I cannot help knowing that he is almost always looking at me.

I am going home on the second of April, to come up to town again for Poppy's wedding, unless it is postponed on account of Ellnor's illness. Olive who writes to me almost every day, says they are thinking of going to Brighton as soon as Ellnor is strong enough to travel, and I should not be surprised if Poppy's wedding took place from there.

The prospect of seeing Woodhay so soon does not fill me with unmixed delight. Something has thrown a gloom over Mrs. Wanchope's shabby furnished lodgings, which my own beautiful Manor has never known—a light that never was on land or sea—illumines these dusty rooms, a "glory and a freshness and a dream," in which I walk like one who "on a mountain takes the dawn." I am so happy, and yet I cannot say what has made me happy.

One day the Rollestons take me to see the studio of an artist of whose pictures I have heard—a man who very often comes to Berkeley Street, and who, gaunt and gray and dishevelled as he is, is one of the "lions" of the day. As I go up the stairs leading to the studio, we meet a girl coming down—a young girl, poorly dressed, but with a face of such extraordinary beauty that it absolutely dazzles me. I had never dreamed that a human face could be so lovely, and Mrs. Rolleston, who has also been struck by it, makes the same remark to the great painter himself.

"Oh that," he says, laying down his palette and brushes, "is a poor child who sits to me as a model—her name is White! Her mother is a wretched woman, always begging—sometimes drunk. Here is her picture—yes it is a lovely face."

He has turned a canvas which has been standing with its face to the wall, and we are looking again at the girl we met on the stairs. There are the pure Greek outlines which Phidias might have worshipped—the tanned red-gold hair tossed back from the white forehead, glittering like a halo round the angelic head, the dark blue velvet eyes, the exquisite smiling lips. The great artist had painted her in rage, telling violets—she is holding out a bunch in one small slender hand, as she leans against the pillar of some great portico, looking out of the canvas with those innocent wistful eyes. I stand before the picture for a long time, studying that girl's face. I envy her, though she is in rags and is wearing a dress of steel-gray velvet with a bonnet of the same, whose coat I sorely covet to remember. How happy she ought to be with a face like that! What matter about old and hungry and ragged? One could smile on the beholder with those ethereal eyes, with those exquisite childish lips! So I think, looking down at the lifeless canvas. And as I look a shiver runs through my veins, as though a door had opened somewhere, letting in a breath of some cold outer air. It is a curious sensation—I have heard of people feeling like this when some one walked over their grave that was to be. Yet why should this girl's face make me shiver? It is as beautiful as the face of an angel, and as innocent—it is not very likely that it should ever do me any harm!

I (This evening the Rollestons insist upon sending their carriage to take me back to Berkeley Street to dinner. I should have spent a lovely evening if I had not come, and yet I go rather unwillingly, feeling like a pile of letters from Wood-

hay and Yattendon in the morning, which I have not yet had time to read. But the temptation to spend the evening in that pleasant house is too strong to resist—against my better judgment I allow myself to be persuaded, and seven o'clock finds me in the drawing-room at Berkeley Street, and, as usual, I find Mr. Baxter there before me.

"I don't think you are working very hard," I say to him in the course of the evening.

"I think we have both been rather idle lately," he retorts, with his boyish smile.

"I have been here every day—I have no time to practise."

"And I have been here every day—I have no time to paint."

"But how are you to make this great name for yourself if you do not work?"

"And you?" he suggests, laughing.

"Oh, I am not in any great hurry to make a name for myself!"

"I am glad to hear it. I hope you will never make a name for yourself at all."

"Thank you!"

"I mean that I hope you will never make that voice of yours public property."

"What then is to become of me?" I ask, with laudable gravity.

"Let some man work for you," he says hurriedly, his boyish face flushing like a girl's.

"Give some man the chance of making a name—for himself—for your sake!"

I shake my head gravely, looking out into the twilight. We are standing in an open window, as the upper end of a long music-room. All the rest of the party are clustered round the piano at the lower end, where some music-master friend of Cranford's is playing Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*. These are all in a warm glow of candle-light from the lights on the piano, but we, standing at this distant window, are illumined only by the low glimmer from a faint clear apple-green light against which the house stands up picture-equally dark and indistinct, and in which, just above the shadowy chimney-tops, burns one great red lovely star.

"Miss Scott, do you think the man you marry will ever allow you to sing on the stage?"

His voice starts me, low and quiet as the words are spoken. I look up at the tall dark figure, indistinct in the twilight; and suddenly this boy, with his beautiful eyes, his desperate poverty, his passionate pride, seems to take me by the hand and lead me into some "fair-land-forlorn" of which I have never dreamed in all my life before.

"I do not think about it," I answer with truth.

"Miss Scott will you marry me?"

The question takes me so entirely by surprise that it conveys no meaning to my mind.

"Allie, will you marry me, and give me the right to work for you?"

I look up into the eager dark eyes of the lad who is so eager to work for me, but who cannot or will not work for himself.

"You with a wife?" I exclaim, with a cruel smile. "It seems to me to be as much as you can compass—"

"To live myself. You are very better; I think you take a pleasure in hurting me. I think you always did!"

"Forgive me," I say, holding out my hand, "I look very white and slim in the half light, and am sure I look myself in my faint white clinging gown." "It was kind of you to wish to help me in the only way you could—"

"Kind!" he interrupts passionately, taking the hand I have offered to him and daring to press his warm young lips against it. "I am kind to you, Allie, if you think it kind to love you with all the strength of my heart and soul!"

"But you have only known me for so short a time," I say, drawing my hand away coldly. "You can know nothing about me."

"I know that I love you—I know that I have loved you since the very first evening I met you here. I believe I fall in love with you before I ever saw you, though Mrs. Wanchope thought she snipped away danger of that kind so cleverly in the bud," and he laughs a little—the old boyish laugh.

I think of the violets and am silent, looking at that great solitary star, at the houses standing up black against the gold-green sky. The faint fantastic music of the *Symphonie* fills the room, the group about the piano listens to it eagerly, with the light fall on all our preoccupied faces; only we two are alone together in the twilight window, two tall shadows against the faint clear sadness of the sky.

We should be poor, Allie; but, if we cared for each other, that would not matter. And I would work so hard for you—I would work day and night to become famous for you sake—nothing would be too hard for me with such a hope as that."

He looks at me as he could "pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved," as he stands there, so young and strong and full of life and hope.

"But what fools people would think us!" I say, smiling, and wondering what he will say when he hears the truth about me.

"Should we care for that?" he exclaims, with scornful dark eyes. "If we were happy, we should care very little what other people said. We are both poor, and if we choose to be poor together, it is nobody's business but our own."

Perhaps my silence says "what I would never swear," for he comes nearer to me, bending his dark head to look into my eyes as he did once before in this very room, when we quarrelled about a bunch of withered violets.

"Allie, couldn't you care for me enough to 'love' your sweet hands in mine and trust me to it?"

Could I? Can I? He takes me in his arms, kisses me passionately, and I, Allie Somers Scott of Woodhay, submit to it, with an amazed docility which I could not have believed possible a fortnight ago. And so we stand for "one vast moment" of intolerable happiness; and then, with a laugh which ends in a sigh, I push him away from me.

"The coffin is carried to the church tomorrow," he says, and the man who may have been to meet it in the street may have a last glimpse of their friend's face. The lid is carried before. The coffin is followed, even in the day-time, by a band of torch-bearers, with broad cocked hats, and enveloped in long black mantles.

"All those who meet the funeral procession take off their hats, and offer up a prayer to heaven for the dead; and so earnest are their devotions that they do not replace their hats until the catafalque has disappeared from sight. This mark of respect is shown to every corpse—to Romans as well as to Protestants and Catholics. In the church the corpse is again set out in state, and the priest, clad in black and white, and holding in his hands wax-lights enveloped in crape, supply the dead with everything they need for the journey. On his forehead is placed a fillet ornamented with holy 'taw' and images. In his hand is stuck a cross of wax or other substance. He then receives the psalter."

"Even a plate of food is placed near the coffin. This funeral dish is termed *supper*, and generally consists of rice



Fig. 1.—This costume, made of blue cloth in a blue gray and trimmed with "Korahed's" Standard silver-spangled braid, is exceedingly stylish and thoroughly practical. The "Idonea" blouse is united with the "Chryseid" skirt to form the costume, which is appropriate for calling, church or street wear. The blouse is curved over the hips, and the plaits at the back make it a trifle longer than the front. Braid is arranged on the front of this, and on the wide box-plait in the middle of the front of the skirt. The short drapery, which is only at the back of the skirt, is beautiful and stylish, and can be easily arranged. The hat is of alternate rows of silver braid and straw, matching the dress in color, and is trimmed with a full bow of green velvet ribbon, the numerous loops being set high against the crown. All woolen and silk materials and some cotton fabrics can be made in this way, and the costume should always harmonize with the goods. The blouse and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere, and the quantity of material required is stated in connection with each. Price of blouse pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

Fig. 2.—This gives the front view of the

Transatlantic Balloon Travel.

Dr. R. G. Wells, now in Cincinnati, tells an Enquirer reporter that he wishes to organize a balloon company to make a balloon big enough to carry 100 persons.

"I think," he says, "that it would prove very profitable to the company operating. It would be attached to a cable which could be paid out to any length desired. Prices for the ascension would vary according to the distance, which would be from 1,000 feet to a mile. Should the people here fall to patronize it, it could easily be transferred to Louisville and other cities, where for a time it would undoubtedly prove a great attraction."

"What about long-distance trips?"

"That is just what I should like. If the car were properly equipped, there is no reason in the world why we could not make San Francisco, the City of Mexico, or even cross the ocean. An electric motor steering and propelling apparatus is practicable now, and I should not feel the least hesitancy in undertaking the voyage across the Atlantic. Of course a lifeboat could live in any sea, but would be attached to the car. We would also have a parachute, which, in the case of the captive balloon, would prove a great additional attraction, as descents from high distances could be made before large crowds of spectators."

"Balloon travelling is fast becoming practicable, then?"

"I think so, and have no doubt but that before long some adventurous aeronaut will make the north pole in his air ship, and even sail completely around the world. I should like nothing better than to make the attempt, and think that an American should be the first to accomplish this great undertaking."

"What other projects have you on hand, Doctor?"

"Well, sir, I am at present working on some apparatus in which to pass over Niagara Falls. I think that some time this summer I shall go over the falls in a large hollow ball fifteen feet in diameter, or else attempt the same in a parachute. Then, again, if Russia and England make war, I shall ally myself with Russia, and use a war kite, which I have lately invented and will have patented. It will be in the form of an ordinary kite, made of steel plates, and will be large enough to carry two or more men, and will be used to inspect English camps and equipments from above."

Russian Funerals.

We learn, from Khol's work on St. Petersburg, that black coffins are seldom used in Russia; coffins are generally brown, but children have pink, grown-up unmarried girls sky-blue, while other females are indulged with a violet color. Among the poorer classes the coffin is adorned with pine branches; while among the rich, the whole way from the habitation to the church is strewn with flowers.

The coffin is carried to the church under the same circumstances as in our country, but the man who may have been to meet it in the street may have a last glimpse of their friend's face. The lid is carried before. The coffin is followed, even in the day-time, by a band of torch-bearers, with broad cocked hats, and enveloped in long black mantles.

"All those who meet the funeral procession take off their hats, and offer up a prayer to heaven for the dead; and so earnest are their devotions that they do not replace their hats until the catafalque has disappeared from sight. This mark of respect is shown to every corpse—to Romans as well as to Protestants and Catholics. In the church the corpse is again set out in state, and the priest, clad in black and white, and holding in his hands wax-lights enveloped in crape, supply the dead with everything they need for the journey. On his forehead is placed a fillet ornamented with holy 'taw' and images. In his hand is stuck a cross of wax or other substance. He then receives the psalter."

"Even a plate of food is placed near the coffin. This funeral dish is termed *supper*, and generally consists of rice



Fig. 1.—This costume, made of blue cloth in a blue gray and trimmed with "Korahed's" Standard silver-spangled braid, is exceedingly stylish and thoroughly practical. The "Idonea" blouse is united with the "Chryseid" skirt to form the costume, which is appropriate for calling, church or street wear. The blouse is curved over the hips, and the plaits at the back make it a trifle longer than the front. Braid is arranged on the front of this, and on the wide box-plait in the middle of the front of the skirt. The short drapery, which is only at the back of the skirt, is beautiful and stylish, and can be easily arranged. The hat is of alternate rows of silver braid and straw, matching the dress in color, and is trimmed with a full bow of green velvet ribbon, the numerous loops being set high against the crown. All woolen and silk materials and some cotton fabrics can be made in this way, and the costume should always harmonize with the goods. The blouse and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere, and the quantity of material required is stated in connection with each. Price of blouse pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

Fig. 2.—This gives the front view of the

Transatlantic Balloon Travel.

Dr. R. G. Wells, now in Cincinnati, tells an Enquirer reporter that he wishes to organize a balloon company to make a balloon big enough to carry 100 persons.

"I think," he says, "that it would prove very profitable to the company operating. It would be attached to a cable which could be paid out to any length desired. Prices for the ascension would vary according to the distance, which would be from 1,000 feet to a mile. Should the people here fall to patronize it, it could easily be transferred to Louisville and other cities, where for a time it would undoubtedly prove a great attraction."

"What about long-distance trips?"

"That is just what I should like. If the car were properly equipped, there is no reason in the world why we could not make San Francisco, the City of Mexico, or even cross the ocean. An electric motor steering and propelling apparatus is practicable now, and I should not feel the least hesitancy in undertaking the voyage across the Atlantic. Of course a lifeboat could live in any sea, but would be attached to the car. We would also have a parachute, which, in the case of the captive balloon, would prove a great additional attraction, as descents from high distances could be made before large crowds of spectators."

"Balloon travelling is fast becoming practicable, then?"

"I think so, and have no doubt but that before long some adventurous aeronaut will make the north pole in his air ship, and even sail completely around the world. I should like nothing better than to make the attempt, and think that an American should be the first to accomplish this great undertaking."

"What other projects have you on hand, Doctor?"

"Well, sir, I am at present working on some apparatus in which to pass over Niagara Falls. I think that some time this summer I shall go over the falls in a large hollow ball fifteen feet in diameter, or else attempt the same in a parachute. Then, again, if Russia and England make war, I shall ally myself with Russia, and use a war kite, which I have lately invented and will have patented. It will be in the form of an ordinary kite, made of steel plates, and will be large enough to carry two or more men, and will be used to inspect English camps and equipments from above."

Russian Funerals.

We learn, from Khol's work on St. Petersburg, that black coffins are seldom used in Russia; coffins are generally brown, but children have pink, grown-up unmarried girls sky-blue, while other females are indulged with a violet color. Among the poorer classes the coffin is adorned with pine branches; while among the rich, the whole way from the habitation to the church is strewn with flowers.

The coffin is carried to the church under the same circumstances as in our country, but the man who may have been to meet it in the street may have a last glimpse of their friend's face. The lid is carried before. The coffin is followed, even in the day-time, by a band of torch-bearers, with broad cocked hats, and enveloped in long black mantles.

"All those who meet the funeral procession take off their hats, and offer up a prayer to heaven for the dead; and so earnest are their devotions that they do not replace their hats until the catafalque has disappeared from sight. This mark of respect is shown to every corpse—to Romans as well as to Protestants and Catholics. In the church the corpse is again set out in state, and the priest, clad in black and white, and holding in his hands wax-lights enveloped in crape, supply the dead with everything they need for the journey. On his forehead is placed a fillet ornamented with holy 'taw' and images. In his hand is stuck a cross of wax or other substance. He then receives the psalter."

"Even a plate of food is placed near the coffin. This funeral dish is termed *supper*, and generally consists of rice

Will You Try Nerviline?

For all kinds of pain. Polson's NERVILINE is the most efficient and prompt remedy in existence for neuralgia, lumbago, and headache. For internal use it has no equal. Relief in five minutes may be obtained from Nerviline in any of the following complaints, viz: Stomachic, the stomach, chill, flatulents pain. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline at any drug store and test the great remedy. Large bottle 55 cents.

A Court House—The home of marriageable daughters.

Personal. This paper makes a practice to examine closely and reject all matters of such a character as could be in any way objectionable to our readers, but the following, drawing as it does to your notice the name of an article of sterling merit, known throughout the land as the only sure and non-poisonous remedy for corns, is welcome to a place in our columns. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor now finds its way to nearly every part of the world, which is in itself a guarantee of its merit. We advise our readers to buy it, and also to make sure when purchasing to get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

The men who see snakes are the kind who see serpents.

Cataract—A New Treatment. Perhaps the most successful success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Electric Treatment of cataract. Out of 2500 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is not the least startling when it is considered that at five per cent of the patients presenting in practically all cases the regular practice as benefited while the patient's eyes were under the treatment of the electric current. The electric current is the most powerful agent believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues of the eye. At once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the cataract is practically removed, and the patient is unquestionably, as cured effected by him four years ago are cured still. No one else has ever achieved such a success. The electric current is the most powerful agent believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues of the eye. At once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the cataract is practically removed, and the patient is unquestionably, as cured effected by him four years ago are cured still. No one else has ever achieved such a success. The electric current is the most powerful agent believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues of the eye. At once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the cataract is practically removed, and the patient is unquestionably, as cured effected by him four years ago are cured still. No one else has ever achieved such a success. The electric current is the most powerful agent believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues of the eye. At once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the cataract is practically removed, and the patient is unquestionably, as cured effected by him four years ago are cured still. No one else has ever achieved such a success. The electric current is the most powerful agent believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues of the eye. At once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the cataract is practically removed, and the patient is unquestionably, as cured effected by him four years ago are cured still. No one else has ever achieved such a success