

THE SPIRIT OF CAMERON PASS.

A Weird Tale from the Wild West. This Wild Man of the Rockies; or the Spirit of Cameron Pass, should be the title of this story...

THE DESOLATE WILDERNESS was heightened by the proximity of the crater of an extinct volcano, while bare rocks and dead timber were everywhere.

Joe Shepler, a well-known mountaineer, who was piloting the party through the hills, had often seen the ghost, and promised his companions that they should view the strange apparition before returning to their homes.

At dinner, August 12, 1882, Shepler, who was a brave man on every occasion, calmly announced that the spirit of Cameron Pass was approaching, and pointed to a strange being which was swiftly moving toward the camp.

Hart picked up his rifle, and calling upon his mates to follow, started in pursuit of the thief. She—they were sure it was a woman

LED THEM A LIVELY RACE directly toward the lava beds. Being close-pressed, the hunted creature dropped the meat and sped onward to the opening of a cave.

The pursuers entered the cavern on the heels of the strange robber and found—the warm body of a dead woman. The fright and exertion had killed her.

The corpse was that of a girl perhaps 25 years of age. Her only clothing was a rude gown fashioned of skins.

An exploration of the cave disclosed the fact that it had for some time been used as a habitation by the alleged spirit.

The unfortunate girl had subsisted on stolen meat and roots and leaves. She had dried meat for winter use.

For several years the wild girl was thought to be a veritable spirit. Usually she visited camps at the close of a long summer day, and it is small wonder that hunters fled at her approach.

Babies of the World.

It has been computed that between 36,000,000 and 37,000,000 of babies are born into the world each year. The rate of production is therefore, about seventy a minute, or rather more than one for every beat of the clock.

Paradise and groves Elysian Fortunate Fields—like those of old Sought in the Atlantic main.

What He Heard. In Chicago: Stranger: "Can you tell me what that sound is?" Policeman: "I'm slightly deaf, and don't hear it. What is it like?" Stranger: "Like a drove of horses on a trot, but I don't see any." Policeman: "It's the Young Ladies' seminary out walking. Here they come 'round the corner."

Two of a Kind. A bright little girl was taken by her father out into the country to visit an uncle whom she called Walsh.

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Stylish parasol handles are of silver and stained ivory, intermingled in spiral pattern.

ON A FLOATING WRECK.

The Terrible Experiences of the Crew of a Wrecked Vessel.

The Atlas Line steamer Claribel, on her last voyage to New York, saved part of the crew of the vessel J. S. Moulton, while the vessel was a floating wreck and surrounded by sharks, which were expecting every moment to receive their prey.

A TREMENDOUS WAVE came over the ship, carrying away the only boat the vessel then had, the quarter rail and the steering gear. Before the men could properly recover from the wave another struck the vessel from the opposite direction, carrying overboard Captain Cole and a seaman named Thompson.

of ever reaching land alive, when the Claribel was seen bearing down to their help. The Claribel had herself been in the storm and had lost all her boats. The captain therefore took his steamer as near to the floating wreck as he could with safety, and then sent life-boys attached to ropes. By these means the survivors, five in number, were rescued.

THE AZORES.

Description of the Islands upon which Brave Captain Murrill Landed His Shipwrecked Passengers.

The islands extend in an oblique line from northwest to southeast, between the parallels of 37 degrees and 40 degrees north latitude, and between 25 degrees and 31 degrees west longitude. Geographically they may be divided into three groups; the first or easterly group comprises St. Michael's and St. Mary's; the second or central group contains Terceira, Graciosa, St. George, Pico, and Fayal; while the third or westerly group consists of the lonely little islands of Flores and Corvo.

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Canada.

Now joyfully our voices we With gladness hearts unite, A strain to pour with sweetness o'er Our loved Canadian life.

We love our dear Canadian home, Its hills and valleys green, Its boundless wealth in hidden store, And each romantic scene.

The glassy lakes, clear rolling stream, And mountains towering high, The valleys green that stoop between Delight the wandering eye.

Amidst these varied noble scenes Of nature's grandeur oft I muse, My swelling soul would form a theme Which in expression all diffused.

Ye woods and hills, sweet flowery dells, For you my heart doth leap for joy, And wealth with independency We must retain, and not alloy.

What beauty in thy scenes appear As scattered homes among them shine, Outstretching landscapes far and dear With fertile fields and wealthy mine.

Then let us all devoted be And pledge the oath to our back-bone, That as Canadians we will prove True to our own Canadian home.

I Love Thee, O Thou Stormy Sea. ERNEST E. LEIGH. I love thee, O thou stormy sea: Thou'rt like my troubled heart; Where waves of care dash everywhere And wrack and ache and smart!

I love thee, O thou gem-set sea: Thou'rt like a woman's heart; Where beauties glow far down below, Hid in the deepest part!

I love thee, O thou sunset sea; All glittering with gold; Thy glorious hue, is like the view The peary gates unfold.

I love thee, O thou moonlit sea; Dim, glassy and serene; Thy tranquil grace is like the face Of memory, I ween.

My Friend. BY ERNEST M'GAFFEY. The old year fades in the far-off mist—the new year follows it quickly—As a billow sinks in the Spanish main, with a billow in its wake.

The old days die and are buried deep by new days covered thickly; And never a hope was born that lived except for friendship's sake.

For love flames out in a blaze of light like a comet's transient motion As it flashes past through the halls of night and illuminates the skies. But the light of friendship still endures, as lives within the ocean.

The steadfast flow of the Gulf Stream's course, whose progress never dies. No music sounds like a true friend's voice, no words like his words of greeting, For they come to the heart as welcome guests, and are treasured one by one: And their cadence sweet in after days the soul keeps on repeating.

As a harp once touched will vibrate still, though the minstrel's song is done. So I turn to you, dear friend of mine, 'mid the changes ever thronging, For friendship lasts through the old and new, as gold in the midst of dross.

I ask not love with its bitter-sweet and its hopeless voice of longing, That echoes back the forsaken cry of Christ upon the cross.

The old year melts in the sea of time, the new years swiftly follow, As a billow sinks in the Spanish main with billows in its wake.

And though there is much on the broad earth that is false and frail and hollow, There are men and women living yet who would die for friendship's sake.

An Alaskan Glacier. The most accurate information yet obtained concerning these glaciers is that gathered by Mr. William P. Blake in 1836.

According to him, "there are four large glaciers and several smaller ones visible within a distance of sixty or seventy miles from the mouth" of the river. The second of these larger ones has attracted most attention. This "sweeps grandly out into the valley from an opening between high mountains from a source that is not visible. It ends at the level of a river in an irregular bluff of ice, a mile and a half or two miles in length, and about one hundred and fifty feet high.

This glacier has never been fully explored. A number of years since, a party of Russian officers attempted its exploration, and were never heard from again. Mr. Blake reports that as usual with receding glaciers, a considerable portion of the front as it spreads out in the valley is so covered with bowlders, gravel, and mud that it is difficult to tell where the glacier really ends.

Right now is the time to use a good Blood Purifying Medicine. Lose no time in getting a bottle of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It will do you good. Sold by all druggists 50 cents.

The "Cristian Inquirer" thinks that one of the latest proofs of the "indefiniteness" of the term "Christian" is seen in Poonah. The natives say of the total abstaining soldiers: "They cannot be Christians; they are so good."

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, etc., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Sold by all Druggists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Albany correspondent of the New York "Herald" bids an affectionate farewell to the State Legislature in the following terms:—"The people of the State of New York can breathe easier. The Legislature of 1883 is no more. It adjourned to day at noon after a session unexampled for the number of little miserable private steals, strikes, and jobs introduced and sent to the Governor. It is true that no very large scheme for plunder was successful, but the petty pilferings were more numerous than ever."

The Government has just sent a cargo of cats to Sable Island. The consignment is highly suggestive of Dick Whittington; but the cats are designed to kill rabbits, not rats. It seems that the island is suffering from a rabbit plague, just as Australia is. How the little animals reached the place is a mystery; but there they are, and it is presumed they are doing some damage—destroying the herbage in all probability—or it would not be necessary to set the cats upon them.

There is something horrible in the idea put forward by the relatives of mind-readers Bishop that he was carved up by the surgeons while alive, although in a trance so complete as to elude scientific skill. The reasons for supposing that this condition was mistaken for actual death are that Bishop's mother and sister were both subject to cataleptic trances, and his mother in one of them heard preparations being made for her own funeral, but fortunately recovered sensibility in time to prevent being buried alive. Bishop himself has been known to go into one of these trances, so that there is a horrid possibility of the autopsy having been held too hastily.

The New York "Sun," which pays a good deal of attention to scientific matters, still refuses to believe Lord Lonsdale's story that with one body servant and four Eskimos he crossed Banks' strait in an open boat in 36 hours. It was in the ice of this strait, it says, that Parry was imprisoned for ten months. Here also McClure was held fast for three years. Moreover, the journey which Lord Lonsdale says he made from Cape Bathurst to Melville island—400 miles in 27 days, through ice drift—is the same that Rae and Pullen endeavoured in vain for many weeks to accomplish when engaged in the Franklin search. The "Sun" says: "Really it is one of the most remarkable voyages since the Dutch skippers two centuries ago sailed to the North pole without seeing ice, hardly a cake of it. Let envious British critics laugh if they will. It is reasonably safe to assert that not one of them can repeat Lord Lonsdale's adventure."

Mohigan has just placed a local option law upon the statute book, and as more may be heard of it when it is adopted by some localities, the outline of its provisions given by the Detroit "Free Press" will prove interesting: "Residents of any county desiring to test the question of local option must procure from each township and ward in the county petitions signed by not less than one-fourth of the legal voters of each town or ward, or if not of one-fourth of all the voters of the county, as authenticated by the poll-lists of the last preceding election. The county clerk receiving these petitions is to call a special meeting of the Board of Supervisors, and that body may order an election. If local option carries by a vote of the people the Board of Supervisors may declare it a law of the county. In that case no liquor of any kind is to be made or sold in that county, except by druggists and registered pharmacists. The penalties range from \$50 to \$200, with imprisonment from twenty days to six months."

The sentence pronounced the other day upon the Buffalo murderer, who is expected to be the first legal victim of the electric current, was as follows: "The sentence is that for the crime of murder for which you stand convicted, within the week commencing Monday, June 24, 1883, within the walls of Auburn State prison, or within the yard or inclosure thereof, you suffer the death punishment by being executed by electricity, as provided by the Code of Criminal Procedure of the State of New York, and that you be removed to and kept in confinement in Auburn State prison until that time. May God have mercy on your soul!"

Exception was taken to this sentence by the prisoner's counsel on the ground that it was "cruel and unusual," and therefore forbidden by a clause of the United States Constitution, which says that "excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted." This point will probably be fought out in the courts, though it is difficult to see how death by electricity could be considered more cruel than hanging.

What is the net value of the affidavit of a Chinese? And if the affidavit of a Chinese in general is good, what is the value of that of a Chinese gambler? These queries are suggested by a despatch from New York, which states that four Chinese gamblers have made affidavits to the effect that the police of the Sixth district have "protected" them on payment of a weekly stipend of \$5 for each table. In this way the police have been pocketing in that district about \$100 a week, and it is believed that the unearthing of this peculiar means of amassing money will be the beginning of a vast exposure of blackmail and extortion. The question therefore as to the value of a Mongolian's oath becomes important. The habits of indifferent hemispheres seem to vary; we hear from London of the police arresting gamblers notwithstanding their aristocratic titles; but in New York it appears that the gamblers want to arrest the police.

An Innocent Metal. "Copper is the most harmless of metals," observed the Snake Editor. "The people who got caught in the recent collapse do not think so," remarked the Horse Editor. "I am speaking on general principles, though."

"Then why is it the least harmful?" "Because it's in a cent."

How We Taste.

Strictly speaking, with the tip of the tongue one can't really taste at all. If you put a small drop of honey or oil of bitter almonds on that part of the mouth you will find, no doubt to your great surprise, that it produces no effect of any sort; you only taste it when it begins slowly to diffuse itself, and reaches the true tasting region in the middle distance. But if you put a little cayenne or mustard on the same part, you will find that it bites you immediately—the experiment should be tried sparingly—while if you put it lower down in the mouth you will swallow it almost without noticing the pungency of the stimulant. The reason is that the tip of the tongue is supplied only with nerves which are really nerves of taste; proper; they belong to a totally different main branch, and they go to a different centre in the brain together with the very similar threads which supply the nerve of smell for mustard and pepper. That is why the smell and taste of these pungent substances are so much alike, as everybody must have noticed; a good sniff at a mustard pot producing almost the same irritating effects as an incoercible mouthful.

When one is trying deliberate experiments on the subject, in order to test the varying sensitiveness of the different parts to different substances, it is necessary to keep the tongue quite dry in order to isolate the thing you are experimenting with and prevent its spreading to all parts of the mouth together. In actual practice this result is obtained in a rather ludicrous manner—by blowing upon the tongue between each experiment with a pair of bellows. To such seemingly foolish and undignified expedients does the pursuit of science lead the modern psychologist.

A Whitechapel Victim.

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—In his speech at the Presbyterian Synod the other evening the Rev. John MacNeill created quite a sensation by telling the following tale: He was speaking of temperance, and said that last Sunday, when he preached a temperance sermon at the Tabernacle, he received a letter that had been written by a lady on the danger of the use at communion of fermented wine. The lady in her letter told a sad story of an inherited passion for drink. There were four or five of them—several brothers and two sisters—the children of intemperate parents. Her sister had unfortunately inherited the craving, and before she was fourteen had taken to drink. The others became conversant and did all in their power to cure their sister, but it was of no use. The sister at length married comfortably and children were born. But the craving for drink grew greater and greater, and at length she was sent to a home for inebriates, where she stayed a year. She left apparently, said the sister, a changed woman. Soon after, however, her husband caught a severe cold, and before going out one morning drank a glass of hot whiskey—taking care, however, not to do so in the presence of his wife. Then as was his custom before leaving he kissed his wife. At once the fumes of alcohol passed into her and in an hour she was a drunk and roaring woman. She went from worse to worse and at last, left her husband and her children, one of them a cripple, through her drunkenness. The husband died two years ago, a white-haired and broken-hearted man, though only forty-five years old. "Need I add," said the sister in her letters, "what became of her? Her story is that of Annie Chapman, one of the recent Whitechapel victims. That was my sister!"

Borrowing Trouble.

It is uncomfortably true that there is almost as much distress of mind experienced in the anticipation as in the realization. About half of our unhappy days are occasioned by our looking forward to the unhappiness of the other half.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We need never take another job on credit. In borrowing trouble, natural laws are reversed; mere mole hills of annoyances become mountains when viewed at a distance ahead. Some persons never take actual comfort. In tranquil times the dread of a coming change is always in the way of their enjoyment.

I know of a family who were forever expecting to move, consequently neglecting to make garden, repair the house or permanently arrange the furniture. At the latest advices this family had lived in the same house eleven years.

If we take things as they come we shall usually find that they come much better than we have any right to expect. Our anticipatory fogs of distress may have been inviting compassion and flinging patches of darkness over many a bright scene for months, only for us to find at last that we have been guilty of needlessly, we might say criminally, robbing ourselves and others of the happiness rightfully belonging to us and to them.

"Borrowing trouble" is sometimes only another name for selfishness, for the one borrowing trouble is seldom satisfied, unless all within his or her influence are inveigled into the toils. It is holding a dangerous serpent in our hearts, which grows with what it feeds upon. It is sinful, for it is an abiding distrust of God's goodness.

A Bit of Bad Luck.

"What's the matter, Bromley?" "I've recovered my valise." "I don't see why you should swear in that way about it." "Oh, you don't, eh? The darned thing isn't worth \$3, and it had to turn up just when the company was about to allow me \$50 for it. It's just my luck."

What She Was Thinking.

Young Boston wife (at meat stall): "I really don't know what to get for dinner today." Butcher: "Why not try some of those matton chops? Good, healthy food; 18 cents a pound." Young Boston wife (puts hand to forehead): "Let me see." Butcher: "What—the chops? Here they are." Young Boston wife: "No; I was thinking." Butcher: "About the price?" Young Boston wife: "No; I was thinking whether you ought not to have said wholesome instead of healthy."—[Yankee Blade.]

Just Sudden Enough.

Fond Lover (after a long delayed proposal)—"Perhaps I've been too sudden, darling. Darling Girl (regaining her composure with a mighty effort)—"Yes, George, it is very, very sudden, but (and here she became faint again)—it is not too sudden."