THE SPIPE OF CAMERON PASS.

A Weird & le from the Wild West. "Tie Wild Joman of the Rickies ; or the Spirit of Cheron Pass," should be the litle of this story, but with the marked perverseness of inanimate things the types won't stand it. They may not object right out in meeting, but unless filed down they will | vessel was a floating wreck and surrounded steadfastly refuse to enter the headlines in by sharks, which were expecting ev ry the order indicated. But to the story, which | moment to receive their prey. The J. S. is related by that amiable and veracious fund | Moulton had previously lost her captain and of reminiscence, W. C Hart, the geologist,

other enthusiastic collectors of specimens were encamped near the lava beds between the headwaters of the Cache de la Poudre River and North Park. It was a rough, broken region, and

THE DESOLATE WEIRDNESS

was heightened by the preximity of the crater of an extinct volcano, while bare rocks and dead timber were everywhere. The hope of securing rare formations for their cabinets attracted the gentlemen to the uncanny spot, for every one averred that Cameron pass was haunted by the spirit of an emigrant's daughter. The poor girl had been driven from camp by her enraged father because she loved not wisely but too well.

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. He said the spirit was a thief and frequently stole food and furniture from the camps of hunters who ventured within the precincts of her uninviting domain.

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. The marauder came to within 500 yards of the men, and, seizing a haunch of venison which had been placed on a stone, started away with it on a dead run.

Hart picked up hisrifle, 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 closepressed, the hunted creature dropped the meat and sped onward to the opening of a the heels of the strange robber and foundthe 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. Her hair was very long, and she was sunburnt and barefooted. The remains were buried decently.

An exploration of the cave disclosed the fact that it had for some time been used as a habitation by the alleged spirit. The ground was covered with bones, and although there were cooking utensils about, it was evident that they had never been used.

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 minute, or rather more than one for every beat of the clock. With the one a minute calculation every reader is familar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. And it will probably, therefore, startle a good many persons to find on the authority of a writer in the hospital that could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles seven deep they would go round the globe. We have the ingenious conclusion also that supposing the little ones to grow up and the sexes to be about equally divided, we would | edged with an ever moving fringe of white have an army a hundred times as large as the forces of the British Empire, with a wife | face or sullenly rolls in among the caverns in addition to every soldier. The same writer at their base. Marvelously fertile, too, are looks at the matter in a still more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mothers charge one by one, and the procession being kept up continuously night and day until the last comer in the twelvementh has passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate of speed is allowed, but even with these babies inarms going past twenty a minute, the reviewing ar would only have seen a sixth part of the infantine host file onward by the time he had been a year at his post. In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the work began would be able to waddle onward itself when a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the saluting post; and when the year's supply of babies was tapering to a close, there would be a rear guard not of infants, but of romping boys and girls. They would have passed, in fact, out of the maternal arms into the hands of the school teacher. Every moment of nearly seven years would be required to complete this grand parade of those little ones that, in the course of a twelvemonth. begin to play their part in the first age of man. -[Leeds Mercury.

Marriage by Surprise.

An extraordinary occurrence has taken place in one of the principal churches of Madrid, in the parish of Santa Cruz A priest had nearly finished his mass, and was in the act of pronouncing the sacramental words, Ite, missa est," when a young man, aged twenty-one, and a beautiful girl of twenty suddenly approached the alter railing with three middle-aged men, and the young couple cried aloud. "We wish to be husband and wife. Here are our three witnesses." Now, it seems that under the canonical laws still regulating marriages in Spain, Roman Catholics can thus claim to be considered married by surprise if they are skilful enough to do so just after the priest has uttered the benediction at the close of mass. Formerly this stratagem was, as in the present case, resorted to by young people whose parents opposed their union. When this oc curred in the Church of Santa Cruz a scene of confusion ensued. The priest retired to the sacristy, and sent for the police, who conducted the offenders and witnesses into the presence of the municipal judge. | little girl's eyes were the first to catch sight He declared the marriage valid, much to the of him, but she wasn't to be fooled so easily good." delight of the young couple, and to the in- this time. "Oh, papa," she cried, "look tense disgust of the parents of both sides, at that scarecrow!" Papa did look, and has who had resisted the union.

Mignonette green, violet and deep orange were combined in a costly Parisian teagown.

ON A FLOATING WRECK.

The Terrible Experiences of the Crew . 1 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 be a sailor who were washed overboard. The In the summer of 882 Mr. Hart and two J. S. Moulton was going from Jamaics, and when 120 miles off Cape Hatteras a teri fic gale was encountered. The seas were running mountains high. The captain and mate were on deck when the man at the wheel called to them to "look out." Jist

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. Both were never seen again. The mate was afterwards found with his head entangled in the rigging, where he had been hurled by the sea. A rope was then tightly round the poor fellow's neck and he was being gradually strangled. The J. S. Moulton was left a floating wreck, and for four days she went dirfting about. Most of the crew were in an injured condition, but they could do nothing to modify their sufferings. The fresh water had gone, and the only food that the min had were a few biscuits soaked in the salt water. They had practically

GIVEN UP HOPE

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 lifebuoys attached to ropes. By these means the survivors, five in number, were rescued. The shipwrecked people, before the abandonment, could see numerous sharks swimming about in the water. The decks at that time were a wash, and the ferocious monsters threatened at any moment to go on the deck cave. The pursuers entered the cavern on | The deck, it is said, could not have remained afloat more than 12 hours longer, so that had the rescue not been effected the poor fellows whould have been food for the sharks the next day. The passengers and crew of the The old year fades in the far-off mist-the Claribel were most kind to the shipwrecked people, who were left at Fortune Island. The Atlas Line steamer Alvena subsequent. ly took them from the Island to New York.

THE AZORES.

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

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. They are all very small places; a very good walker might almost go round the biggest of them in a day. Every inch of them, with the exception of a carious little bit of St. Mary's, has been fused and burned and charred out of all resemblance to anything we have in this part of the world save a forge heap or a slag hill. Each little island presents a solid front of hard black lava against the ravages of the great ocean which thunders at the base of cliffs and precipices hundreds of feet high. Even | The old year melts in the sea of time, the on the stillest day the black rocks are surf, which leaps up against their obdurate these islands; Almost anything will grow there if it can but manage to get shelter from the violence of the Winter winds. The hills of pumice and cinders are green to their very tops with cedar and juniper and treeheath; the lower lands and less exposed places grow rich crops of maize and grain, beans, tobacco, and sweet potatoes; in every Mr. William P. Blake in 1836 According little glen may be seen the bright green to him, "there are four large glaciers and shield-shaped leaves of "enhamo," together | several smaller ones visible within a distance with enormous pendent fronds, six and eight of sixty or seventy miles from the mouth " of feet long, of the Woodwardia fern, springing | the river. The second of these larger ones from a carpet ankle deep, of the deusest and has attracted most attention. This "sweeps greenest lycopodium. The lava walls which | grandly out into the valley from an opening line the roads and mark off the fields are between high mountains from a source that green and gray with moss and lichen. Here is not visible. It ends at the level of a river and there are broad banana leaves and the in an irregular bluff of ice, a mile and a half crumpled leaves of " nispera" peer above or two miles in length, and about one waving rows of cane stalks. The islands are hundred and fifty feet high. Two or more rich in all .nanner of kindly fruits. The terminal moraines protect it from the direct vine and fig tree straggle in all directions action of the stream. What at first appearover the stony sides of Pico; there are ed as a range of ordinary hills along the rivpumpkins and pine apples, passion flower er, proved on landing to be an ancient terfruit and pomegranates; the peaches are as | minal moraine, crescent shaped and covered plentiful as the blackberries, and oranges with a forest. It extends the full length of and apricots are to be had for the asking.

"Paradise and groves Eysian Fortunate Fields-like those of old Sought in the Atlantic main."

What He Heard.

In Chicago: Stranger: "Can you tell me slightly deaf, and don't hear it. What is it the valley to the higher land it rises in pre- police of the Sixth district have "protectlike ?" Swanger: "Like a drove of horses on a trot, but 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. As the two drove along the country road, the little one spied a scarectow in a field, and exclaimed: "Ob, papa, there's Uncle Walsh." Papa laughed gists 50 cents. nugely at the joke, but told her that she was mistaken; that what she saw was only a scarecrow. A little further along and Uncle Walsh's farm was reached, and way out in the field was Uncle Walsh at work. The not got through laughing yet.

stained ivory, intermingled in spiral pat-

Canada.

Now joyfully our voices we With gladsome 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 mused. 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.

-T. ROWLEY.

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 leve thee, O thou sunset sea: All glimmering with gold: Thy glorious hue, is like the view The pearly 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.

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 fisshes past through the halls of

night and illuminates the skies. The islands extend in an oblique line from | But the light of friendship still endures, as lives within the ocean The steadfast flow of the Gulf Stream's

> 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

course, whose progress never dies.

soul keeps on repeating, As a harp once touched will yibrate still though the minstrel's song is done.

30 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.

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

upon the cross. new years swiftly follow. As a billow sinks in the Spanish main

with billows in its wake. earth that is false and frail and hollow, days to six months." 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 the glacier."

This glacier has never been fully explored. A number of years since, a party of Russian offi ers 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 of a Chinese gambler? These queries are out in the valley is so covered with bowlders, gravel, and mud that it is difficult to tell what that sound is?" Policeman: "I'm where the glacier really ends. But from have made affidavits to the effect that the cipitous, irregular, stair-like b'ocks, with ed" them on payment of a weekly stipend smooth sides, and so large that it was im. of \$5 for each table. In this way the police possible to surmount them with the ordin- have been pocketing in that district about ary equipment or explorers. The glacier is \$100 a week, and it is believed that the unestimated to be about forty miles long .-[Popular Science Monthly.

> Right now is the time to use a good Blood Purifying Medicine. Lose no time in get. ting a bottle of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bit-

The "Cristian Inquirer" thinks that one police. 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

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, etc., when you can get collapse do not think so," remarked the in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine | Horse Edicor. that moves the bowels gently, cleansing all Stylish parasol handles are of silver and impurities from the system and rendering though." the Blood pure and cool. Sold by all Drug.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Albany correspondent of the New York "Herald" bids an affectionate farewell to the State Legislature in the following York can breathe easier. The Legislature of 1889 is no more. It adjourned to day at | taste it when it begins slowly to diffuse itnoon after a session unexampled for the number of little miserable private steals, scheme for plunder was successful, but the ever." The State deserves hearty congratulations upon the fact that a new Legislature is to be elected next fall.

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 damagedestroying the herbage in all probabilityor it would not be necessary to set the cats upon them. It is not difficult to foreses what will happen in the near future. The cats will take possession of the island, and the Marine Department will have to send out dogs to worry the cats that killed the rabbits that ate the herbage.

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. Tae 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 result of the present case will probably be a conflict of medical testimony, and where doctors differ there is proverbially no court of appeal.

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 los drift-is the same that Rae and Pullen endeavoured in vain for many weeks to accomplish when engaged in the Franklin search. Tae "San" says: "Really it is one of the most remarkable voyages since the Datch 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 adven-

Michigan 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 | husband died two years ago, a white-haired by the Detroit "Free Press" will prove interesting: "Residents of any country desiring | five years old. "Need I add," said the to test the question of local option must procure from each township and ward in the | Her story is that of Annie Chapman, one of county patitions signed by not less than onefourth 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 polllists 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 And though there is much on the broad to \$200, with imprisonment from twenty

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, 1889, within tas 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 | criminally, robbing ourselves and others of was "cruel and unusual," and therefore forbidden by a clause of the United States Canstitution, 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 pet value of the affi lavit of a Chinese? And if the affidavit of a Chinese in general is good, what is the value of that suggested by a despatch from New York, which states that four Chinese gamblers earthing of this poculiar 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 Londen of the police ters. It will do you good. Sold by all drug arresting gamblers notwithstanding their aristocratic titles; but in New York it ap pears that the gamblers want to arrest the

An Innocent Metal.

"Copper is the most harmless of metals," observed the Snake Editor.

"The people who got caught in the recent

"I am speaking on general principles, "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 terms :- "The people of the State of New | find, no doubt to your great surprise, that it produces no effect of any sort; you only self, and reaches the true tasting region in the middle distance. But if you put a little strikes, and jobs introduced and sent to the | cayenne or mustard on the same part, you Governor. It is true that no very large | will find that it bites you immediately-the experiment should be tried sparinglypetty pilferings were more numerous than | 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 incautious 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 persuit of science lead the modern psychologist.

A Whitechapel Victim.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: -In his speech at the Presbyrerian 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 themseveral brothers and two sisters—the children of intemperate parents. Her sister had unfortunately inherited the craving, and before she was fourteen had aken to drink. The others became converted 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 and broken-hearted man, though only fortysister in her letters, "what became of her? the recent Wnitechapel victims. Toat 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 unhappyness of the other half.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We need never take another jot on credit. In borrowing trouble, natural laws are reversed; mere mole hills of annoyance become mountains when viewed at a distance ahead. Some persons never take actual The sentence pronounced the other day 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 flags 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 the happiness rightfully belonging to us and to them.

"Berrowing trouble" is sometimes only another name for selfishness, for the one berrowing 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 realy don't know what to get for dinner today." Batcher: "Why not try some of these matton chops? Good, healthy food; 18 cents a pound." Young Boston wife (puts hand to forehead): "Lat 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,