CAPTIVES IN SIBERIA.

The Adventures of the Crew of a Sealing Schooner.

After a year of absence, four months of it spent in a Siberian prison, the crew of the sealing schooner James Hamilton Lewis, that was captured by a Russian man-of-war, have returned to their native land. One of the unfortunate men, H. D. Stephens, is now in Seattle, Wash. In 1890 he went on a successful sealing expedition, and because the work is more exciting than that on an ordinary vessel, he decided to ship again, and on March 7, 1891, he sailed from San Francisco, with fifteen others, on the James Hamilton Lewis, Capt. McLean.

The schooner, having followed the coast past the Strait of Juan de Fuca, past the Island of Vancouver, skirted the shores of Alaska out to Seventy-Six Pass. Crossing through Behring Sea, she sailed to the Russian side, off Siberia, to avoid the American man-of-war. On July 2, 1891, she was about twenty-five miles east of Copper Island. The cruise had been fairly successful, four hundred skins had been taken. During the last four days of June and the 1st of July a storm had prevailed, but the morning of the 2d broke clear and calm. The water was smooth enough to allow the taking of sea eggs, and preparations were under way for setting out with the boats toward Copper Island. Just before the start, the man on the look-out

NOTICED ON THE HORIZON

at the south end of the island a faint smoke, like that from a steam vessel. The boats were lowered, but before they had gone very far Capt. McLean saw with his glass that the cloud was from a Russian man-of-war, and he flew an signal for them to return. The Russian, which proved to be the Alaute, soon overhauled the schooner. Her commander ordered the Lewis to heave to, but Capt. McLean's blood was up, and he bellowed back that he would do nothing of the kind, for he was in neutral water, and neither the Russians nor anyone else had a right to board him.

That show of resistance was useless for the sailors should only their sealing rifles and a few shotguns. The Russian turned, steamed away for a short distance, and fired several shots, intending evidently to scare the sealers. Five or six small shells were thrown. One burst just as it passed from the cannon's mouth, and fell on the deck of the Lewis. Stephens tossed one of them overboard, and the first mate the other. After that demonstration, the Alaute steamed around the schooner, and, running close to her bow, tore away her forerigging. Then the Russian swung alongside, and a boarding party swarmed over the deck of the Lewis, cut the ropes and took possession of everything. The sailors were put on the man-of-war, which towed the schooner to the port of Petropaulovski, the capital of Kamchatka.

The schooner was fitted out again with sails and ropes in place of those which had been destroyed. A crew of nine Russians and six of the crew were put on her, and she started for Vladivostock, Russia's chief naval station on the Pacific. The Alaute accompanied her, and delivered the rest of the crew to the authorities there. In a day or two the Alaute left, and the prisoners were informed that she would return soon. Their case would be tried, and the matter settled. The Alaute, however, met with an accident, and did not come back for four months. Meanwhile the sailors were confined in a Vladivostock prison.

Stephens describes the building they occupied as a one-story log house, covering a space about thirty feet by forty. It was well lighted, although the windows were heavily barred. Part of the floor was of wood and part of earth trodden hard by hundreds of feet. Heat was furnished by a primitive stove built of brick, and while

TO THE CLIMATE WAS SEVERE

fuel was provided. A long, wide bench, or table, along one of the walls was the bed for all. The sailors had the apartment for themselves, and it was as clean as they chose to make it. Considering the fact that they were unused to roughing it, they had no bitter complaints to make of the accommodations, which were better than those on the schooner. But the food, Stephens declared, was detestable. Twice a day they had the regular prison fare served to them—soup and black bread. The bread was, according to the account, "a heavy hard loaf made of wretched black flour, and almost always stale and full of worms."

During the day the sailors had their liberty and were allowed to stroll through the part of the town close to the prison and along the beach. "They let us out," Stephens added, "only after they realized that we could not escape from Vladivostock, even if we wanted to. At first our jackknives were taken away, and we had nothing with which to cut our tobacco. We were let out in the morning at 8 o'clock, after a week or two of good behavior had convinced the authorities that we were not desperadoes. The rule was that we must be back at 8 in the evening; and if a man stayed later or, while out, went beyond bounds, he was put in a dungeon for punishment. Nevertheless, we took our chances, and during the day saw most that was to be seen in the neighborhood. At all times the prison was guarded by Cossacks, of whom there were several thousand at the garrison. The worst of it was that we had no money, and consequently we were able to get little besides the prison food to eat."

Vladivostock, although visited rarely by tourists, is an interesting place of about 20,000 inhabitants, including a large number of Cossacks and sailors in the Russian navy. The city is to be the terminus of the military railroad that the Government is building across Siberia. In the summers the population is increased by the advent of hundreds of Japanese, who cultivate the gardens. These vanish when winters drive them away in the fall.

"A sailor," Stephens said, "could appreciate Vladivostock, for it lies at the head of a long bay, as a beautiful a harbor as I have ever seen. For miles and miles on every side of the town are heavily fortified with long stone ramparts, behind which are hundreds of guns. The town stands on a bench between the mountains and the sea. Were it in America we should say it was a pretty tough place; for the thousands of Cossacks and sailors have brought in a train of gamblers and women as desperate as any you can find in the world. We spent four months there, amusing ourselves as best we could. One of us played the fiddle, and we had a concert now and then; but at best our days were horribly dull. We had no trial, but in January we were told that our passage was paid on a ship bound for Corea. We jumped at the chance to get away. At Corea we were transferred to a Russian vessel, which took us to Nagasaki. The American Consul there sent us to Yokohama, where another Consul arranged for our passage back to this country."

Local Advertising in Country Weeklies.

I never pick up a country weekly without thinking of the possibilities some editor of such a medium has to win a reputation for himself by reforming his local advertising. I do not preterd in this article to do more than point out the idea. I can do this best, perhaps, by giving a little personal experience.

About ten years ago, and before I had any practical knowledge of advertising, I was asked to edit a country weekly during a warm political campaign. I had never had anything to do with a newspaper, and did not feel inclined to do more than contribute a couple of columns of editorials each week. One day, before leaving the office, the foreman said to me that Mr. Jones (who had a store up street) wanted a local notice written up and asked me if I would not do it for him. I called on Jones, and introduced myself, and said if I could help him in any way I would do so, though I was thinking all the while that he ought to be able to express himself about his goods better than I could. This he either could not do, or thought he could not. I wrote for him a reading-matter notice of perhaps 300 or 400 words. It would, I presume, compare favorably with the average of such notices. It did not suit me, and yet I could see nothing wrong about it. I handed it to the foreman and went home.

Somehow, I could not banish the matter from my mind. The paper did not go to press for a couple of days, and before morning I had made up my mind that it was all wrong.

I said to myself: Here is a man that has a general store; he has received a few hundred dollars' worth of new goods; he wants to sell them; to sell them he must attract people to his store; after getting them there, he and his clerks must sell the goods. He is willing to pay for the space in this paper; if it attracts new customers he will pay for more space; others will see what he is doing and will do the same. To do him good, any statements he makes in the paper must be truthful. I want the paper to increase its circulation, but just as important is it that its advertisers should be satisfied with results from it. Very few local advertisers have attractive advertisements, or well written; if I can help them in this respect they will be pleased, and spend more money with the paper.

I called on him the next day, and gave him my views, looked over his stock and helped him to formulate a campaign which proved to be highly successful. This man was paying $50 a year for a display advertisement that was changed every month or so, and was spending $2 or $3 occasionally for reading notices. After the first week's advertising under my management he was looking us up, and cheerfully spending $15 and $20 each week, at least, for a time.

I went to other advertisers and gave them my views, and offered to help and give them the foreman's assistance.

My views at that time were somewhat crude, but I still believe I had the right idea.

It seems to me, then, that the editor of a country weekly should be an advertising expert; he usually is something of a politican, and why not add the former calling to his other accomplishments. Local advertisers are not, as a rule, educated up to the proper standard in the science and art of advertising. The editor should be the expert, to advise and counsel them. If this is properly done, they will solicit him for space; no need to solicit them and use the argument that they must "help along their local paper." Two-thirds of local advertising is now given grudgingly. Why not make it so that advertisers will want it, and want it bad. Let the editor not only write their advertisements for them, but study carefully the probable results. The writing of an advertisement belongs to the science and art of advertising. There is also an editing and results. Study the latter with even more care than the former.

* * * * * *

And this suggests speaking of editing advertisements. Advertisement writers are now common. All of them, no doubt, can write good advertisements, but few of them realize the actual needs of their customers.

I believe it will be more important to those needing the services of an advertising manager in the future, that such a one shall be competent to edit rather than write their advertisements. The latter is important, of course, but often the manager can secure excellent advertisements from the many writers and advertisement designers, if he is left free to edit rather than write them. A man capable of editing advertisements can write them, but the editing quality is more important than the writing.

It is not difficult to prepare an advertisement that will be seen, nor difficult to write one that will be read; but to know the "drawing power" of the advertisement is much more difficult.

To take a good advertisement—one that will give good results—add a word which may, perhaps, deteriorate it in a literary or grammatical sense, or an illustration which may lessen its artistic merit, but will in its entirety improve its drawing quality and give better results—this is an inherent faculty that makes the editor of an advertisement invaluable.

There's Magic in it.

What must be the satisfaction and gratification, at so small a cost, of one who writes like this? Mr. W. Mason, editor of the Retford and Gainsborough News, Retford, Eng., says: "I had suffered from a sprained knee for twelve months, without being able to obtain relief from the pain, when I rubbed the knee thoroughly for twenty minutes with St. Jacobs Oil. That night I traveled 200 miles by railway, the next day I walked 25 miles, and the pain had entirely disappeared. I have never had the slightest return of it since."

Editor—I think I write better than I used to. Editor's wife—You write less, that's better.

"Man wants but little here below," and when he patronizes a church fair he generally gets it.

The majority of fellows who attempt to make fun of a mother-in-law were never blessed with one.

MORE TERRIBLE THAN THE SHARK.

The Killer-Whale of the North Seas—Also Some Facts from a Competent Observer To Show Sharks Really are Terrible.

The shark of the lower latitudes is still often honored with such names as the "sea tiger," or the "terror of the ocean." The Spitzbergen fishermen would find a more appropriate use for the latter epithet. Seals, porpoises, and even white whales have been known to spring out of the water and run ashore to avoid the attacks of a creature, which, in proportion to its size, is certainly the most voracious of all marine beasts of prey. It is the orca or killer-whale (orca gladiator), a close relation of the delphinidæ, but as superior in strength to the Southern porpoise as a walrus is to a seal. The orca reaches a length of twenty-five feet, and its jaws are bristling with teeth from four to six inches long and as sharp as a dirk knife. Single specimens have been seen of thirty (Capt. Ross says thirty-five) feet, and fully able to devour a sea lion with a few quick snaps. Its digestive power is proportioned to the tremendous efficacy of its jaws. Prof. Eschricht examined a specimen that had been killed in shallow water, and found in its stomach thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals, and "the atrocious glutton," he adds, "seemed to have got choked in the attempt to swallow a fifteenth," since its gullet proved to be obstructed by an intertwisted mass of seal bones. Capt. Wickes describes a battle between a Baleen whale and a swarm of orcas that jerked the big monster about as a pack of dogs would worry a fat sow. They flew at its flanks, snapped big pieces out of its lips, and finally hauled it under, while a surge of blood-stained foam bespoke the consummation of the sub-marine butchery.

These demons will attack their largest relatives, and pursue them like raging hounds," says Dr. James Murie, who founds his study of the whale family on years of personal observation. "In one instance they assaulted a California gray whale and her young. The orcas killed the latter and sprang on the mother, tearing away large pieces, which they greedily devoured. Orcas have been known to attack a white-painted herring boat, mistaken it for a beluga, and they will not hesitate to lay hold of harpooned whales and drag them perforce under water.

The orca is also known as the Greenland grampus, and a good deal of controversy about its murderous propensities has been caused by the fact that some writers have confounded it with its small relatives, known as Rino's grampus (Phocena grisea), a comparatively harmless creature, found all along the east shores of the Atlantic from St. Helena to Scotland, while the orca is seldom seen south of the fortieth parallel, and is found in shoals only near Spitzbergen and the east coast of Greenland.

Compared with that marine werewolf even the shark is a rather sluggish brute, though he is apt to offset his lack of speed by cunning and patience. The white shark of the tropics will hang about wharves for days and haunt bathing places, rarely betraying his presence by premature gambols. Near Singapore, boats manned with lancers and kettledrums cruise about before the bathers venture to enter the water, and in the harbor of Havana a man was nipped up a year ago under circumstances which seem to prove that ordinary precautions do not always avail against the cunning of a veteran "maneater." A stout mestizo, employed in a down-town livery stable, came to the beach with a couple of horses, and after letting them splash about the shallow water for a minute or two, rode in deeper to give them a chance to cool off. A number of promenaders on the beach were watching the horses, when suddenly, to their horror, they saw a big shark rise out of the water, seize the rider's leg, and drag him down before he had time to utter more than a single shriek. The water near the scene of the tragedy was not more than waist deep, but the whole thing was done so quickly that attempts at rescue were unavailing, though the witnesses instantly rushed in the water, swinging their sticks and yelling away with might and main.

Like most sluggish creatures, sharks are extremely tenacious of life. Tortoises of several species will live for hours after being beheaded, but show the effects of the operation by sitting almost perfectly still or slowly moving their forelegs as if trying to ward off an unseen foe. Decapitated sharks on the other hand, will continue to use their tale muscles with destructive force, and in the water have been known to swim about as if nothing unusual had happened, till their vitality becomes exhausted by loss of blood. Sir Emerson Tennent describes a rather inhuman experiment of that sort in the offing of Trincomale, Ceylon, where a crew of enraged sailors lashed a white shark to the gunwales, amputated its head and flung it overboard. The water was perfectly clear and not very deep, and the headless sinner was seen to swim slowly about for nearly two hours, when its movements gradually became imperceptible, and it settled on the gravelly bottom, its tail limp or stirred only by the rolling of the breakers.

A large shark can snap off the leg of a horse as easily as a carrot, its biting apparatus being entirely different from that of a wolf or a crocodile. The white shark of the Indian Ocean, for instance, has six rows of teeth in the upper jaw and five in the lower, each tooth about two inches wide at the base and jagged along the edges like a triangular saw. Besides being as flexible as the best steel, these teeth are always sharp for the same reason that a cat's claws are sharper than those of a dog.

Dr. Goodwin, professor of chemistry in Queen's University, Kingston, speaking to workingmen in that city recently, drew attention to the fact that of all people Canadians can least afford to tamper with intoxicating beverages. "There is quite enough champagne in our climate. The climate," said he, "has a great deal to do with the ease with which the tippling habit is acquired. There is no question in my own mind of the truth of that as a general statement. What is comparatively safe in one climate is positively dangerous in another; and I believe that our Canadian climate is particularly perilous in this respect. I have come to the conclusion that while moderate drinking may be indulged in to a certain extent in European countries without a degree of danger, in Canada at any rate, moderate drinking is to the born Canadian, as a rule, an impossibility. If that conclusion is the result of much observation I am glad." There help to you, I shall [illegible] reflection in this declaration is much food for [illegible] tion by a learned investigator.

Affairs in Egypt.

Last week attention was again directed to Egypt by the reading of the Sultan's firman at Cairo and the formal investiture of the new ruler with the Khedival title and authority. It is understood that in deference to the protest of England, backed by the three central powers, the Sultan has changed his original purpose of excluding the Sinaitic peninsula from the territory recognized as belonging to his vassal. Tewfik's son, therefore, will rule over all of his father's possessions, and will succeed to the latter's pretensions to vast tracts in the Soudan, including the equatorial province to which Emin Pasha has returned. Reports of an attempt to reoccupy the Soudan have been current since the accession of the new sovereign at Cairo, and the execution of such a project is pronounced indispensable by Mr. Henry Norman, who has made a careful study of the Nile country and has published the results of his observations in the April number of the *Contemporary Review*. Unlike most of his countrymen, this writer, while bearing witness to the economical and social benefits conferred upon Egypt by the English occupation, acknowledges that the present state of things cannot last, and that evacuation cannot be postponed a moment after it is plain that the reorganized Egyptian army is qualified to maintain internal order and to defend the country against foreign enemies. The only foreign enemy which Egypt has cause to dread is the Khalifa Abdullah, who still keeps at Omdurman a remnant of the power acquired by the Mahdi Mohammed Ahmed. It should be remembered that the native troops under their English officers have already beaten the Mahdists twice, namely, at Tokar, where most of Osman Digma's fierce Jaellin levies were killed, and at Toski, where Nejumi, the ablest and bravest of the emirs who have fought for the Khalifa, lost his life. Those two engagements proved that the native army, as at present organized and officered, are capable of protecting Egypt against the Mahdists, and it is probably a recognition of the fact that has caused the Khalifa to announce, as we learn from the Austrian priest Ohrwalder, that he will not attack the Khedive so long as the British remain at Cairo. It is because the efficiency of the Egyptian army wholly depends on the English officers, who have converted into trustworthy soldiers just such seemingly worthless levies as Hicks Pasha led to the shambles, that the gradual recovery of the Soudan is pronounced by Mr. Norman a condition precedent to the evacuation of Egypt by Great Britain. The secret of the influence and authority exercised by the English officers over the native recruits is the knowledge that behind them stands the British army of occupation in Cairo. If that army were withdrawn, the plans and orders of the Englishmen commanding the native troops would no longer be sure of being sustained by the Khedive: and the officers, instead of being all English, would soon be of various European nationalities, as was the case in the Egyptian army of which Arabi Pasha gained control, and which was subsequently dissolved by Tewfik. A division of authority in the army would no doubt result as it did formerly, in intrigue, jealousy, and corruption; and the soldiers, who at present are regularly paid, well clothed and well fed, would be left without pay and often without food or clothing. Fallen into its former unorganized condition, the native Egyptian army would be entirely incompetent to defend Egypt against the Khalifa, and that is why Mr. Norman would have the Egyptians in their hour of strength forestall danger and disable the Mahdists for future aggression by an immediate advance into the Soudan

He Ate Stones.

There are several accounts on record in out-of-the-way works in natural history of animals and birds which live wholly or partially on stones and earth of various kinds, but to the writer's knowledge, there has been but two human beings that ate stones with a relish and digested them with ease. One of these, the famous "Stone Eating Wild Man," was first exhibited at Avignon, France, in 1760.

This real wild masticator of stones was a native of a small island lying between Iceland and Sweden. He not only swallowed whole flints an inch or more in length, but reduced marbles, small pebbles, and other rocks to a powder with his powerful teeth. Royal Society physicians of both France and England examined this strange being, and found that his gullet was abnormally large and his saliva thick, strong, and corrosive. He would occasionally eat raw flesh with his regular luncheon of stones, but could not be prevailed upon to swallow bread or other victuals.

He had a natural aversion to drinking water, and would never taste it as long as his supply of brandy and rum held out. When not given the usual allowance of brandy, less than one-half the ordinary amount of stones were consumed by the strange creature. Volume VII, Page 173, of English Philosophical Transactions winds up an account of the "Wonderful Wild Stone Eater" with the following concerning his habits:—

"When not eating or sleeping he smoked continually, sitting with one leg over the other, giving no heed to those passing around him. * * * The flints he swallowed were, when voided, corroded and much diminished in weight, the remainder of the excrement resembling mortar made of sand and lime in the usual way. He lived less than two years in capitivity, seemed to have no language of his own, and learned to pronounce but few words, either in French or English."

Speaking of the coal business, let us keep cool. It is quite easy and much cheaper.

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, and every other form of blood disease have yielded to the powerful effects of this medicine. Try it

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Wrong Card.

The gallant captain was going out in his carriage to make some calls with his wife, when, discovering that he had left his visiting cards at home, he ordered his footman, recently come into the service, to return home and go to the mantlepiece in the sitting room, and bring the cards that he should see there.

The servant did as he was directed, and off started the gallant captain, sending in his footman whenever the "not at home" occurred.

As these were numerous he turned to the servant with the question: "How many cards have you left?"

"Well, sir," said the footman, very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts, and the ace of clubs."

"The deuce!" exclaimed his master.

"That's gone," said John. "I left it at he Bishop's."

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

The suggestion of a Department of Railways for the British Columbia government shows that the railway interest of the Province is growing in importance. The *Mail* thinks, however, that this interest is not likely to continue. That so soon as the local companies make sure of provincial subsidies they may ask to be declared for the general advantage of Canada, in order that they may get like concessions from the Dominion. In the meantime Hon. Mr. Robson, who is now Premier, Provincial Secretary, Minister of Mines, and Minister of Education, might in his spare moments take charge of the new department. An extra portfolio or two would be of little consequence to him.

It must not be forgotten when we talk of a vigorous immigration policy that the Canadian Pacific railway authorities, on their own account, are prosecuting a lively campaign. Mr. J. P. Haslett has been giving The Calgary Herald some interesting particulars of his work in England. Mr. Haslett has had the superintendence of the C.P.R.'s exhibition vans with samples of products and literature, and these are moved from village to village in rural England. He has just come out with 1,000 immigrants all of whom, with the exception of about 75, are settling in Manitoba and the Territories. They are all of an excellent class, with money. A number of delegates also came out and, having left their families in Winnipeg, are travelling through the country with a view to settling and reporting to their friends in England. The company have at least fifty agents out in England, Scotland and Ireland working vigorously. They have, all told, at least 5,000 steamship agents in all the towns and ports of Europe. They are sending out an enormous quantity of literature in all the principal languages.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March [illegible]
"I was troubled [illegible] years with [illegible], which increased and pain became very bad. I used [illegible] WM. RYDER.
ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."
and it completely cured [illegible]
"ALL [illegible]