YOUNG FOLKS.

Grandpap's Dilemma.

I know that little rascal Jake's
Go's swimming down to Johnson's lake,
An' likes as not he'll come home drowned,
Or else, his body never found,
But I don't like to tell.

His gra'ma said he shouldn't go;
We loved the little fellow
We couldn't bear to think 'at he
Should go where danger's like to be,
I 'spose I ought to tell.

If gra'ma knew, she'd whop him good,
She'd haf' to, for I never could;
'Cause I done jes' the same as him,
When I's a boy agin an' 'gin,
So how'm I goin' to tell?

I seen the little rascal once,
He didn't know, the foolish dunce!
A sittin' round the corner there,
A dryin' out his yaller hair.
I 'spose I'll haf' to tell.

Expect he'll do the same as me
(Fer seed ull grow jes' like the tree)
An' swim about the same as tho'
His gra'ma never told him "no,"
Unless I up an' tell.

His father's dead an' mother, too,
An' fore he gets this old world thro',
He's shore to hev enough to bear;
So let him dry his yaller hair,
Fer I ain't goin' to tell.

A Perilous Passage.

Prince Edward Island is peculiarly inaccessible in winter on account of the formation of ice around its coast. In very cold and stormy weather iceboats are its only means of communication with the mainland.

They are so constructed that they can either skim over the ice or sail through the water. This is necessary because the ice, constantly subject to the tides and currents, may break up suddenly and leave large spaces of open water between the fields.

Prince Edward Island is well known for its fine draught-horses, so superior in size and strength that buyers go there from the New England States.

In the fall of 188- I went to the island to buy some Clydesdales for a firm in Boston. Being barely eighteen years old, I was very young to be sent on such an errand, but I had earned the confidence which the mission implied.

While making my purchase I stumbled over an opportunity to buy a large quantity of oats cheap, and decided to do a little speculating on my own account.

The buying and the shipping of the horses and the attention my own venture required detained me much longer than I expected, and by the time all was completed the weather had become very cold and boisterous. Owing to this the steamboat service from Shediac and Pictou suddenly ceased, and I found that I would have to stay weeks on the island, or get over to the mainland on the ice-boat which carried the mail in such contingencies.

Passengers are taken by the mail-carriers, but are always informed of the dangers they are likely to encounter, and warned that no responsibility for any mishaps or delays will be assumed by the owners of the boats. Many lives have been lost on these trips, and many limbs frozen.

"We'll take you all right, sir," the captain of the hybrid craft assured me, "if you're bound to go, but we don't ensure no passenger that he'll get there, and in case of trouble all passengers has got to turn in and work their passage."

"What trouble do you usually have?" I asked.

"Well, ordinarily we don't have any, but we might chance on a snow-storm when we got about half-way acrost, and lose our way, and drift round on the strait till we were all froze or starved to death. Two boat-loads were 'most wiped out that way 'twixt here and Cape Tormentine inside the recollections of some of the old folks round here, so we always 'low it might happen again. We don't start unless the chances are reasonable good, but once we're off, every man's got to look out."

These conditions did not shake my resolve to get away by the only route open to me, and on the spot I paid my passage money.

The next morning I found three other travellers ready to brave the dangers of a passage across the strait. They were all Canadian "drummers," who, like myself, had been shut up by Jack Frost in "P.E.I." They were stout, athletic fellows, and proved to be most agreeable companions.

The morning was very cold, but the sky was cloudless and the wind in the right quarter—for ice-boats carry a sail, and a fair wind is of great importance. Without one, the crew have to push their ice-boat over the ice with great exertion.

At the breakfast table of the inn at Summerside, near our embanking-place, Captain Hawkins informed us that the chances were "reasonable good," and that as soon as we had provisioned ourselves for the trip we must go on board.

"Eat hearty, gents," he advised between huge bites of buckwheat-cakes and sausages, "eat hearty. It's hungry work a-crossin' the strait. There's some beef and hardtack aboard in case of accidents, but ye won't get a good square meal again until we're at the cape. So ye'd best eat hearty, gents."

We "ate hearty" accordingly, and provided to the best of our ability against a a resort to the beef and hardtack.

When we got under way about eleven o'clock, the sky was perfectly clear and the wind fair, and there was every prospect that in about three or four hours we should reach our destination. Ice-boats travel with great velocity when the wind is with them, and the distance from the point of departure to Cape Tormentine, our objective point on the New Brunswick side is only about twenty miles.

With a clear sky, a fair day and plenty of wraps, commend me to an ice-boat as the most agreeable method of progress in the whole wide world. No pen could do justice to the delight of being the only living things on a great wide expanse of clear, glassy ice and of skimming over it at the rate of ten miles an hour.

The bracing wind that blew in our faces made every nerve tingle, and gave such vigor and tenseness to every muscle that when we were half an hour on our way we were all declaring that we felt as if we could "whip our weight in wildcats," or something to that effect. Before we reached the snowbanks on the opposite shore we had ample opportunity to show what we really could do.

When we were something less than half-way across, the steering-gear broke loose. In order to repair the damage the Wolverin had to be unloaded, and her bow slightly raised.

We all took hold and worked, as we had been told we must if anything went amiss; but there was much to do, and we were only amateur carpenters. So much time was lost by our inexperience that when the repairs were at last completed the short winter day was nearly done. Now, too, the snow had begun to fall in great thick flakes, and we could not see the shore on either side. Our situation, which was so pleasing a few hours before, had grown decidedly dangerous.

Captain Hawkins proved himself to be a brave navigator, and the cheerfulness with which he faced this emergency kept us all in good spirits.

"We'll sample the Wolverine's stores, boys," he said, when she was in sailing trim once more, "and then we'll put her nose to the cape and keep it there till she drives it ashore."

But even while he was speaking he discovered that the wind was veering round, and the prospects were that in a few moments it would be blowing through the strait instead of across it, which would oblige us to turn out and haul our boat, instead of having our boat carry us.

Coffee was made over an alcohol lamp by one of the boat's crew, and pannikins of it with sandwiches of beef and hardtack were distributed. Once more Captain Hawkins adjured us to "eat hearty."

"I don't conceal from ye gents," he added, "that we're a-goin' to have a rough time. The lighthouse on Jourimain Island lies thereaway," he continued, thrusting out his arm. "It can't be many miles off and soon as we hear the gong we're all right, but if the wind keeps like this it'll be a steady pull until we fetch it, and every one on ye'll have to take his spell. I'm sorry for ye, gents, but ye was told, ye know."

Yes, we knew we "was told," but we were beginning to be sorry for ourselves, for it was very plain to the least weather-wise amongst us that a big storm originally brewed on the Atlantic Ocean was rushing through the strait toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and that if there was not muscle enough amongst us to pull the Wolverine against the wind until the shore could be reached we should be swept out into the gulf.

We drank our coffee and ate our rations hastily, and then started in on as stout a struggle for life as ever eight men engaged in.

These boats are the merest cockle-shells, but even so their weight is not a trifle, and ours was loaded heavily with the mail matter that had been delayed by the recent storms.

Two pushed at the back. Two got into a sort of harness rigged at the bow and pulled. So we "spelled" it as the captain had warned us we should have to do.

Icy blasts drove down against us, and swirled the snow around so that we were literally enveloped in clouds of it. It chilled us to the very heart, and in spite of our severe exertions frost-bite became imminent.

The first man to give out was "Jim," one of the crew. He fell face downward in the snow, and was unable to raise himself, so benumbed were his legs and feet. We were obliged to place him in the boat, and as the terrible haul was beginning to tell on all of us the mail matter had to be taken out and left in the snow.

We covered Jim up carefully with everything that we could spare from our own necessities, but we could hear his teeth chattering like castanets all the time. Every few moments we had to stop for some one to rub his frost-bitten hands or feet with snow, and we were all beginning to feel more or less numbness in our feet and legs.

Another of the crew succumbed. They were not so warmly clothed as we who were passengers. He, too, had to be placed in the boat, and then we noticed for the first time that Jim's teeth had ceased chattering. The poor fellow was dead.

We lifted him out, and laid him in the snow. It seemed heartless, and the captain muttered something about "not being able to face his folks," but we could do nothing more for him, and our own chances would have been materially lessened by not leaving him behind.

Next one of my drummer friends gave out. He stumbled and fell at every step, and two of us had to drag him along by the arms.

The captain now decided to abandon the boat, as the struggle had narrowed right down to a fight for dear life, and we had only stuck to it so far in order to have the means of carrying those who gave out. It wrung our hearts to desert the poor fellow in it, but he had already sunk into the fatal stupor that precedes death by freezing.

We filled our pockets with beef and biscuit, and started once more to plow wearily through the driving snow.

Now we were completely lost. The captain had been steering us by a pocket compass, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could now and then keep a match lighted long enough for him to tell in which direction it pointed. At last there was not a match left, and nothing to do but blunder around until daylight broke.

Everything depended on our powers of endurance. That the poor fellow whom we were assisting along by turns, could not hold out until daylight was only too evident. We were all utterly benumbed and exhausted, and but for the captain's frequent assurances that we might stumble up against the base of Jourimain Island lighthouse any moment, would have sunk into the snow and given up the struggle.

"It's hereaway, gents,—it's hereaway," he declared every few moments. "I've lived round here, boy and man, fer twenty years, and fetched it hundreds o' times and can't have made no mistake"—but it struck me now and then that he talked like one who was trying to convince himself.

At last he stopped—stopped so suddenly that the sole survivor of his crew who was plodding along right behind him was sent head over heels into the snow. We could not see the captain's face, but the moment he spoke we knew we were saved.

"Do you hear it?" he asked.

At first we could hear nothing above the wild howling of the gale. Then a sound like the tolling of a bell came across the snowy wastes.

"It's the lighthouse gong," he briefly observed, and turning started on again. We followed in his wake with feelings that can only be entered into fully by those who have come suddenly out of a great and prolonged peril.

In less than an hour we were in safety and at a comfortable little inn, not a stone's throw from the lighthouse, were receiving every attention that our exhausted and benumbed condition required.

As soon as day broke, a party was organized to go in search of the boat and the bodies of those whom we were obliged to abandon. They were the sons of farmers who lived in the neighborhood.

A melancholy procession it was that came off the ice that afternoon, and wound over and around the great snow drifts in which the storm had almost buried the neighboring hamlets. We, who had so barely escaped a place in its sorrowful ranks, watched it out of sight with bared heads and thankful hearts.

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This is a true story. It was told to me last summer by the horse-buyer who escaped.

CLARA A. HARPER.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The Story of a British Columbia Crime—The Verdict of the Jury Vindicated by a Murderer's Confession.

Albert Stroebel, the British Columbia murderer, who was recently convicted on purely circumstantial evidence, has vindicated the verdict of the jury by confessing that he did the deed for which he is to hang on January 30th. He alleges, however, that it was done in self-defence, but this explanation, though it will no doubt receive consideration, is made late in the day. Stroebel has been twice tried for the crime which, veiled in much mystery, has with exceedingly great difficulty been brought home to him. Now, after every endeavor, including some doubtful swearing, has failed to prevent a conviction. Stroebel seeks to give an entirely new version of the affair. If the deed was done in self-defence, it was a sad blunder not to make that plea before, and a blunder which will now be hard to remedy. The story of the crime was laid bare at the trial just concluded. On the evening of the 19th of April last an old man named John Marshall, a farmer living alone near Huntingdon, B.C.,

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WAS FOUND DEAD

on the threshold of his home, death having been caused by shooting. There was no trace by which the detectives could form any idea as to who did the deed. It was evident, however, from the fact that a table had been set for two, that Marshall had entertained a visitor on the last evening of his life. The pair had eaten the meal together before the foul deed had been done. A mystery it was, and a mystery it would have remained had not Mrs. Bartlet, a boarding-house keeper, found a revolver between the quilt and mattress of the bed occupied by a lodger, Albert Stroebel, who was shortly to be married to her daughter Lizzie. She notified the police of the discovery, though she afterwards regretted having done so and tried to shield the murderer. With the revolver, a rusty old 32 calibre Smith & Wesson weapon, were found two empty cartridges, which corresponded in size and make with the bullets extracted from the dead man's body. Expert testimony showed that the missiles were discharged from a rusty weapon, so that in three particulars—make, size, and condition—the revolver found corresponded with the one used by the murderer. This was the

MOST DAMAGING EVIDENCE

against Stroebel. The motive which prompted the deed was alleged to be robbery. A few days before Marshall was killed he boastingly and foolishly exhibited to a crowd of boys a handful of $20 gold pieces. The fact undoubtedly reached the ears of Stroebel, who at that time was specially in want of money. He was to be married in two weeks to the girl of his choice, provided he established himself in some reputable business. From time to time he had assured Mrs. Bartlet, his prospective mother-in-law, that he was expecting to receive money with which he hoped to buy the local barber shop, where he would be able to provide amply for future needs. That he got any of the murdered man's money was not proven, because it was impossible to show that anything had been stolen. The pockets of the deceased had been rifled, but whether they contained anything of value at the time may never be known. Marshall's dog

SET UP SUCH A HOWL

that the murderer fled without searching the premises, and the neighbors grew very angry at the noisy canine. It was from the barking of the dog that the prosecution fixed the hour at which the old man was killed. All the neighbours agreed that the dog barked about 9 p. m., and consequently, to clear himself, Stroebel was asked to give an account of what he was doing at that time. The explanation offered was that he was quietly fishing when Marshall was murdered. This was an unlucky blunder, as to be fishing at that hour he must have been angling in the dark. The effort to establish an alibi, therefore, proved a failure, and the conviction on circumstantial evidence, which now appears to be fully justified, followed. In the Huntingdon case, the folly of the practice often pursued by country people in keeping large sums of money by them, sometimes boastfully, is made clear, for Marshall would have been alive to-day if he had exercised ordinary caution. The value of circumstantial evidence, which very often is the only proof that can be obtained

AGAINST A MURDERER,

is also emphasized if the necessity for carefully weighing it is not lessened. Stroebel now admits that he shot Marshall, though he says he did it in self-defence. According to his story, Marshall told him at the supper table that he wanted to marry Lizzie Bartlet, who, it appears, is young enough to be his daughter. Stroebel replied that he was engaged to the girl. Thereupon the old man jumped up, says Stroebel, in a state of fury, and tried to kill him with an axe, and in self-defense fired the fatal shots. This story may or may not be worthy of credence, but if it proves anything it proves that the jury was right in determining that Stroebel killed Marshall. It has, in fact, materially strengthened the chain of circumstantial evidence. In this case, as in many another, a mere thread has drawn the murderer's head into the noose.

Ships and Whales.

The steamship Petersburg of the Russian volunteer fleet had a unique experience near Minicoy, in the South Indian Ocean. A sharp shock was felt by all on board, and she stopped as though gripped in a vise. The sea was found to be coloured with the life-blood of two huge whales, which lay floating in their last agony. One was cut through by the steamer's sharp stem and the other killed by repeated blows of the screw propeller.

The German steamship Waesland, bound from Antwerp to New York, ran into and killed a sleeping whale. A smaller steamer, the Kelloe, collided with a whale near Seaham Harbour, and wounded it badly. The celebrated yacht Genesta narrowly avoided collision with a dead cetacean during the jubilee race around our islands. In 1889 a Shields steamship, the James Turnpie, nearly cut a whale in two one starlight night. The schooner O. M. Marrett was almost wrecked by passing whales in the North Atlantic. Many of the school struck her repeatedly with such violence that her whole hull shook and articles in the officers' rooms were thrown to the floor.

In 1890 a small sailing vessel, the Ocean Spray, bound from Galveston to England, struck a sleeping whale and received damage. On the morning of the 17th of July, a whale fifty feet long made his appearance close alongside the steamship Port Adelaide, Capt. C. M. Hepworth, R.N.R., in 42 degrees south, 75 degrees east. He followed the vessel for four days, never more than seventy yards away, and generally close astern, much to the edification of numerous passengers. He threw up the sponge in 41 degrees south, 97 degrees east, after travelling 980 statute miles, certainly without resting, and apparently fasting.

In November the ship Earncock, Capt. Parson, was under sail in 29 degrees south, 21 degrees west, when a large whale lashed the sea into foam with his tail so near the ship that the chief officer, who happened to be below forward, came quickly on deck to see what had happened. He actually felt the impact of water against her bows.

In June 1891, while her Majesty's ship Immortalite was steaming from Arosa Bay to Gibraltar at the rate of 12 knots an hour, she stopped short as though a submerged danger had been located. It was presently found that she had cut deeply into a whale, and it had become necessary to go astern in order to get rid of the incumbrance. Four months later the Anchor line steamship Ethiopia collided with a whale when about 800 miles from New York.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

An Incident Which is Causing Some Disquietude in Paris.

Two insignificant looking items of news were cabled from Paris yesterday, but with a word of explanation added to them they may be made to show very clearly the ill-temper France is in at the present moment with England. The Figaro is reported as protesting against what it calls "the formation of a British colony" at Tamaris. This is perhaps the most irritating manner in which public reference could be made to a matter that has already created some local feeling in Toulon. The fact is that an English company has purchased Tamaris, near Toulon, a circumstance that in ordinary times would probably pass unnoticed. But Toulon happens to be the base of French naval strength on the Mediterranean, and whatever preparations may be going on there for defence or

AGGRESSIVE WAR

the authorities are extremely jealous of their secrecy. This question has been for some time under the consideration of the Ministry of Marine as well as of the Municipal Council of Toulon, and at most all that could be legally done would be the passing of a law preventing the sale to foreigners of land situated within the defence radius of Toulon and other naval ports and fortified places. But it is not unlikely that if a public outcry should be made against the English company now some irresponsible act of violence might come of it. That The Figaro should prefer to state the case in the manner quoted above is not a pleasant circumstance, either as indicating the local feeling or the official view of so small an affair.

At the same time a French military expert of some repute urges upon the Government the advisability of siding with the Spaniards at the present stage of the Melilla dispute. It is to be hoped that this advice will not be listened to. Leaving out of consideration altogether the more or less generally known facts which make the Sultanate of Morocco the

MOST FERTILE TERRITORY

in the world for European complications to break out in, the interference of France just now with the operations of Spain would simply mean that Britain could not quietly look on while a move was being made to destroy her commerce and her influence in Africa. The statistics for the past year show a considerable increase in the volume of British trade with Morocco. Exports to Britain have risen in value from £191,262, to £213,000, while the imports in British trade show an increase of 15½ per cent. The total value of British imports is put down at £565,622. The statistics further testify that the commercial

INTERESTS OF BRITAIN

largely predominate in Morocco, and under these circumstances any step prejudicially taken to those interests, whether by France or Spain, could not fail to produce friction. That France is liable to be led by any clamor into such an error need not now be considered, but when, as the cable states, the views of Col. de Polignac have attracted considerable attention it certainly denotes an extreme popular susceptibility to every cry that may be raised against the English. It is very unfortunate that a position should be apparent on the part of the French press to feed the dangerous temper of the hour in their country so assiduously as these things would imply.

Probably there is no quality more efficient in dispelling ignorance than the courage which dares to confess it.

The function of culture is not merely to train the powers for enjoyment, but first and supremely for helpful service.

Let us have courage about these ordinary lives of ours nor fret ourselves about their conditions, but put the utmost that we can into them.

If you separate yourselves from everyone that you think can do any harm to you, you separate yourselves from everyone to whom you can do any good.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

CHINESE PENAL PAINS.

Hospitals and Prisons are alike a Disgrace to the Celestial Land.

National Ignorance Governs All the Chinese Institutions, and Neither Decency Nor Humanity Have a Place in the Treatment the Sick or Sinful Receive at the Hands of their Nurses and Jailers.

The Chinese people are lawabiding. With those of their own number who are lawbreakers they have but little sympathy and the government has none at all. I like China. I like the Chinese. Moreover,

MEN IN THE "BOARDS."

respect them. But in two details of their national life they merit unqualified condemnation. Their hospitals and their prisons are unmitigated national disgraces. On second thoughts, I withdraw the word unmitigated. The Chinese hospitals through which I went were almost everything that hospitals should not be. But the patients themselves would most strenuously have resented any improvements along the line of their own comfort. The savants of China are held back by the taut ropes of public opinion they are enchained by the general ignorance, as are their prototypes every where else.

The deplorable condition of the Chinese prisons is justified in the national philosophy. To the Chinese mind a law is a thing to be obeyed. A law concerns the millions and conserves the welfare of millions. It must be held inviolate by the individual, be his whim—his personal bent—whatever it may. The Chinaman who disregards any item of the Chinese law becomes a social leper. Individual tendency, moral ill health, inherited traits—they are taken into account not at all. This is cruel; Yes But it renders existence possible in the overdensity of Chinese population, a writer in the Pall Mall Budget says:

A Chinaman is forgiven nothing because of his ancestry, nor does he suffer for that ancestry. From the moment of his birth each Chinaman has an equal chance with every other Chinaman. Rank is nowhere more venerated than in China. Nowhere does it secure to its possessor more benefits, more privileges, but it is not inherited. It is conferred by the emperor—conferred for personal merit or for personal achievement. No Chinaman is "noble" except through personal fitness. There are two exceptions to this rule—two only. The direct descendants of Confucius have a rank of their own. It is a high rank. It is respected. But it gives them no power of interference with national affairs. The descendants of an emperor are never less than royal. But they have no necessary power. In brief, then, in China "every man is served according to his deserts," and it is greatly to the national credit that they who do not "'scape whipping" are so very few.

A Chinese prison is called a "cangue." Its outer door is barred with bamboo, and is guarded by petty soldiers or policemen.

The "cangue" contains two rooms and two yards. One room and one yard are for men. The other room and yard are for women. The space set apart for women is very much smaller than that for men. But the women's quarters and the men's quarters are alike in being entirely devoid of any provision for personal comfort, or for personal decency.

Chinese prisoners are by the government

WOMEN IN THE "BOARD" PUNISHMENT.

provided with absolutely nothing but the space beyond which they may not pass. If their friends thrust food to them through the bars of the prison fence the law does not interpose. Otherwise the prisoners may starve. The law does not interpose.

I used to take food to the Shanghai prison yards. I was not jeered at. A Chinese crowd is, I believe, incapable of jeering at a woman. But I was condemned for it. And a high Chinese official remonstrated with my husband. I used to buy Chinese food at a cheap chow-chow shop and when I reached a prison fence hire a coolie to feed the poor starving wretches. I did not quite care to feed them myself. And it was quite impossible for them to feed themselves. No Chinese prisoner can reach his own mouth, for his neck is invariably locked into a board which is about three feet square. It is very heavy and galls the neck. It blisters or ossifies the shoulders. The "pig-tail" drags heavily over it, and pulls the poor enlocked head uncomfortably to one side. It prevents the hands from lifting rice or water to the craving mouth, and from brushing from the tingling nose one of the myriad insects that infest the prisons and the prison yards of China.

Mr. McBride—"They say that poor Winnebiddle is dying by inches." Mrs. McBride (with deep concern)—"Is he? And he is such a tall young man, too!"

Doctor—"How is the baby?" Mrs. Jinks—"Offal bad sir. Last night the poor little thing was took dreffle. First she would clinch her hands, and then she would say 'A-h-h!' just like a human being."