

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

As I mused for a moment after my discomfort, the singular construction of the roof, as they appeared to me on my first view of them, recurred to me. "The very thing!" I said to myself. "It will be very odd if I don't manage to get into that house again."

With me to resolve was an act; and I immediately dived into the shrubbery, in order to work my way quietly and unseen to the back of the premises. It was well that I did so; for scarcely was I concealed by the foliage, when the front-door was again opened, and George Wintock and Benetti—the former bearing a light—stepped out upon the gravel-walk, and commenced making a circuit of the premises. Holding my breath, and crawling upon hands and knees into deeper shade, I contrived to avoid them. At length, apparently satisfied, after their scrutiny, that I had made off, they retired into the house. I overheard enough of their conversation, however, to inform me that it was Benetti's hand which had struck me to the earth.

I watched the window of George Wintock's bedroom till I saw by his shadow on the window-blind that he had entered. After a while, the light was extinguished, and I concluded that he had retired to rest. I knew that he, his father, and the Italian were heavy sleepers, as they were accustomed to indulge in deep potations at night. How it came about that Benetti had discovered and frustrated my scheme, I never was able to fathom.

Having reached that part of the premises which I judged most convenient for my attempt—a low abutment, used as a wood-house—I lost no time in cautiously climbing on to its roof, which I was able to do very easily, as its lowest edge was not more than seven feet from the ground. Fortunately, none of the rooms in which the inmates slept looked out upon that particular angle, so that I did not much fear detection; if I could only make progress noiselessly, and attain the higher roof before daylight, I could then hide behind its high parapet. Dark as was the night, or rather morning, it was sufficiently light for me to see what I was about. Slowly and with some difficulty, I dragged myself from roof to roof till I reached a stack of chimneys that rose by side a few feet from the parapet, and which had been bolted with an iron girdle, and fastened with thick iron rods to the wall just below it. By the aid of the rod, I managed to reach the parapet just as the dawn began to break. Here I was compelled, from sheer exhaustion, to lie down a short time and rest in the leaden gutter inside. Truly, I was but in a sorry plight—my apparel soiled from crawling in the shrubbery, and from clambering over the dirty roofs, and saturated with the blood that had flowed freely from the blow I had received. I began also to feel extremely faint from exertion, loss of blood, and excitement. What would become of me, if strength failed me? I might lie and die and rot on the summit of this old mansion, before any one discovered me. Yet not for one moment did a thought cross my mind of showing the white-feather and giving up the adventure; my feelings were indeed too overwrought for this, partly by an almost blind infatuation for the hapless Miss Wintock, and partly by that longing desire to retaliate, which, whether rightly or wrongly, is generally felt by any one who has been put *hors-de-combat* at an unfair advantage.

A little rest and the cool fresh morning air somewhat revived me, and I commenced creeping along the gutter. With my pocket-knife I loosened the leaden frame of a pane in one of the garret windows and extracted the glass; inserting my hand, I was able to undo the catch and obtain ingress. Finding the coast clear, I glided softly down to my room, locked myself in, bathed my head and face, and taking a pull at my flask of creature comfort, laid myself down awhile to rest my weary bones and head. I was much bruised, yet could not help inwardly chuckling at the surprise the Wintocks and their swartly coadjutor would experience during the course of the day, when they found that, in spite of his summary ejection, Jack Meredith was once more the Man in Possession.

And great indeed was the consternation of Benetti, when, on waking about midday and feeling urgent need of refreshment, I walked down into the kitchen, where he and Martha were sitting at dinner. Neither heard me approach, as I purposely trod softly. Martha had just helped the Italian to a slice of mutton, when, slipping in, I coolly took a chair and seated myself at the table. Both of them started and stared as if I had been a ghost.

"Very fine joint of mutton, indeed, Martha—capital! and so delightfully cooked—not overdone. I should so like a taste just where it's so nicely browned on the under-side," pointing as I spoke. "Ah! you haven't a third plate. Never mind; I'll reach you one." And accordingly rose and handed her one from the dresser. The Italian muttered something in his own language, which if translated would, I suspect, have been anything but complimentary. "Extremely happy to see me at your social meal, no doubt you are, friend Benetti! I reciprocate the sentiment most warmly. Here's to your very good health"—taking up the ale-jug from the table and filling myself a glass.—"Admirable! Right good stuff"—smacking my lips.—"Pray, Martha, don't let the mutton get cold;" seeing that she had not complied with my request. "There's nothing in the world I dislike so much as cold mutton."

I could see that both were for the moment thunderstruck; and as I took up my plate and held it imploringly, Martha proceeded to cut me the coveted slice.

"Now, a couple of potatoes and a few greens, with just a dash of gravy.—Thank you, Martha. You are a good soul. I think, in future I will always take my meals with you and Benetti, instead of giving you the trouble of waiting upon me up-stairs. It will save you a great many steps, and be so much more comfortable for us all; for it's rather lonely sitting up there by one's self so much."

My companions were at first disposed to be rather plump; but seeing that I was determined to be on good terms with myself and them, they at last gave in, and we con-

versed amicably, though reservedly. I could see, however, by their occasional sly glances at my physiognomy, that both, and especially the Italian, derived considerable gratification in noting how severely I had been punished.

Acting up to my promise, I did not, during the remainder of the time I stayed at Briteleigh Hall, trouble Martha to wait upon me, having one object in view, namely, the discovery of Miss Wintock's whereabouts. I did not think it probable that she still occupied the same room above my sleeping apartment, or she would have devised some method of giving me at least a hint of it. Every night I was at my old post, the window. In vain I hummed and whistled every tune I was acquainted with. In vain I looked up to catch some slight token of her presence. I felt that she was *not* there. She knew her case to be desperate; and if the window were fastened, failing other means, would doubtless have shivered a pane of glass as a signal. Yet I was convinced that she was confined somewhere in the upper part of the mansion; and for the following reasons. Firstly, when I essayed to go up into the lumber-room on the following morning after I had effected my second entrance, I found the door at the top of the staircase locked, thus precluding all communication with the upper suite of apartments except by the back or servants' staircase. It was not so on the previous morning, when the inmates thought me safely shut out, as I had passed through it on getting down to my chamber. Hence there must be a motive for endeavouring to prevent me exploring them. How I wished that I had made the circuit of the roof, and peeped into every attic through its window, before descending to my own room; and yet I felt that perhaps I had acted for the best, as my strength would not have held out much longer. Secondly, I took occasion to observe that old Martha, when she thought herself unperceived, often put aside some of the best portions of her viands, as if for some other person. With these she would suddenly disappear, but always in the evening. I contrived to ascertain that she invariably made for the back staircase; and arranged my plan, desperate as it was, accordingly. It was destined to be put into execution much earlier than I had anticipated.

The fifth morning after my clamber over the roofs, Mr. Wintock sent for me into his room. As I entered, I fancied that a smile of suppressed triumph flushed his countenance. Addressing me in a grandiloquent, sneering style, he said: "Good-morning, Mr. Meredith. I am sorry that your stay at Briteleigh has been so protracted. But what cannot be helped, must be endured. I have been able to arrange my little affair with your principal, and consequently your presence here can now be dispensed with. I shall be glad if you will leave the premises at once."

Taken aback, I was at a loss for a moment or two for words to answer, as, from what I had heard previous to my coming to Briteleigh, I had not the remotest idea that Mr. Wintock would be able to liquidate the heavy demand upon him. Had Miss Wintock at last, thoroughly crushed and broken in spirit, acceded to one of his propositions, and either consented to become the bride of his son, or signed some document which gave him absolute power over her property? The thought was horrible. Yet it might be so; for as I had not been able to effect any communication with her since that unfortunate night, her energies, physical and mental, might have collapsed in despair.

Mr. Wintock, seeing that I was dumfounded, at once felled me up his advantage. "I wish to make one observation before you go. You have interfered most unwarrantably and impertinently in the domestic arrangements of my family since you have been in the house, both in intruding yourself upon the privacy of a young lady resident here, and in endeavouring to facilitate her escape from her natural guardians. Possibly, you may not be aware that the young lady in question is a dangerous lunatic, and that a degree of wholesome restraint is absolutely necessary for her well-being and safety, though at times she may have apparently lucid intervals. I have no doubt you were misled by the craft peculiar to that sad affliction; hence, I am disposed to make due allowance for your extraordinary conduct. Otherwise, I should feel justified in communicating the circumstances to your employer, which would probably result in no very agreeable consequences to yourself. I may add for your satisfaction, that the young lady will shortly be placed in a suitable establishment, where she will be properly cared for. I hope, however, as you are a young man, that a due consideration of the extremely absurd manner in which you have acted, and the slight inconvenience you have suffered"—here, with a bland smile, he passed his hand significantly over the upper part of his face—"may prove a warning to you to conduct yourself more discreetly in future." He looked me full in the face and waved his hand towards the door.

How I repressed the fierce tempest of passion that inwardly shook me, I cannot tell. "Sir," I replied as calmly as I was able, "I am not in a position to doubt your word; but"

"But what?" he angrily demanded. "I tell you, man, that I posted a cheque for the amount last evening, and that I expect a discharge and receipt by to-morrow's post. Will that satisfy you?"

"Then no doubt, sir, the same post will bring me from my principal the usual release, without which I am not justified in deserting my post. Immediately upon its arrival, I will comply with your wishes."

"You were ready enough, however, to leave it to suit your own insolent purpose!" he hotly spat out. "But one day will not make much difference, I daresay; therefore, to-morrow be it."

I bowed, and withdrew to the kitchen, indignant, bewildered, and with a sickening sensation at the heart. "The last night I shall be here—your young lady mad—confined in a madhouse—tell my employer—slight inconvenience," kept echoing through my brain, till I felt dizzy with the whirl of confused thought, and mechanically passed my hand over my face as Mr. Wintock had done. The remembrance of the indignity enraged me beyond endurance; and I determined, if human craft could accomplish it, that I would trace out Miss Wintock that very night, and ascertain from her own lips whether, when I left the house, I could do anything for her. Might not a solicitor,

upon proper representation, take her case in hand, and forcibly obtain the release of her person from the fiends who now held her in confinement? Doubtless, much energy and skill would be required; but the strong arm of the law was, or ought to be, all-powerful. Yes! I would see her. Old Wintock might storm and rave as he liked. I should bid him farewell on the morrow; and if he tried to injure me with my employer, I hoped my statement would be believed; and if not—supposing I got my discharge and was thrown out of work—the world was wide, and I should be a kind of martyr in a good cause—the cause of beauty in distress.

Putting a good face on matters, I told old Martha and Benetti that I was to depart on the morrow, as Mr. Wintock had settled all claims upon him. It was evident that the covert smile on the face of each that the intelligence gave them great satisfaction. In the course of the evening, I sauntered out of the kitchen as if to go to my room; and no doubt, as I bade them good-evening, they concluded that I had retired for the night. Instead of doing so, I quietly slipped up the back staircase. Here, as in the other, there was a door at the top, which shut the upper range of apartments from the lower. The staircase itself, however, was much darker. This door was also locked, confirming my suspicion that Miss Wintock was above-stairs. As is often the case in ancient mansions, there were several nooks and recesses in this old circular staircase. Within one of these, on the landing, I ensconced myself and waited patiently. I did not much fear discovery, as old Martha's sight was none of the quickest, and she usually wore a bonnet and shawl on an evening, as she suffered somewhat from rheumatism. At length I saw her coming, hobbling slowly up the stairs, and bearing a lighted candle and a covered dish.

"All right, Jack, my boy; you're on the right scent," said I to myself. "Lie close!" And close I did lie as ever weasel in a hole. Old Martha reached the landing, put down her dish and candle, drew the key from her pocket, and proceeded to unlock the door. Then entering with her burden—which she again put down for a minute inside—was about to relock it, when I emerged from my hiding-place and stepped in also, shutting the door after me. The old dame turned deadly pale and would have screamed, but my hand was on her mouth. I learned that trick from Benetti the night Miss Wintock was forcibly carried back from my room.

"Now, my dear soul, don't make a riot, because there's no need for it. I mean you no harm, and would not hurt a hair of your old gray head for the world. I only want a little private conversation with you.—There, now"—taking the key from her trembling hand, and transferring it to my pocket, after locking the door—"we can have it all quietly to ourselves without fear of interruption.—It's no use, Martha," I added sternly, seeing that she was about to remonstrate. "It's my turn for a little while now. What is the use of your calling out? No one can possibly hear you."

Martha's teeth chattered and her knees trembled. "What is it you want with me, man?" she asked.

"Now, be civil, old lady. No 'manning,' if you please. Just take up the dish and candle, and I will bear you company. I want a few minutes' speech with your young lady."

"I cannot! I dare not! Mr. Wintock would kill me."

"Stuff! He'll do nothing of the kind. Besides, he is not obliged to know anything about it, unless you are silly enough to inform him."

Old Martha bent as if to pick up the dish and candle. There was a slight noise below. Possible Benetti had returned for a moment into the house for something. In an instant her mouth was at the keyhole; she was about to shriek for assistance; but I was too quick for her.

"You treacherous old beldam," I whispered, "if you try that dodge again, I'll gag you.—Now, just listen to me. I know all about the rascally doings in this house. I know that Miss Wintock is fearfully confined somewhere in one of these attics. She is no more insane than I am; so that tale will not serve Mr. Wintock's purpose. To-morrow, I'm off to London; and I'll move earth, sea, and sky, till I set the authorities on the right track to find and release her. I know Mr. Wintock's motive—her property. He won't have a feather of it to fly with; he is more likely to land in jail. You shall come in for your share of punishment in illegally confining her. Let me see her for a few moments, and I promise you, on the word of a man, that whatever transpires, you shall be held free from blame."

After some further expostulation on her part, and renewed threats and promises on mine, Martha took her dish and candle and proceeded to Miss Wintock's apartment. I kept close to her, eyeing keenly every movement; for I felt that if only a chance occurred, she would play me false.

Never shall I forget the sight that presented itself on my entering Miss Wintock's wretched garret. Stretched on a miserably narrow pallet lay the beautiful but haggard girl, dressed as I last saw her, but with a stout leather girdle belt tightly round her waist, and which, fastened with a thick strong cord passing round one of the bed-posts, effectually prevented her from moving except within a very limited area. The casement was strongly barred on the inside, and the catch securely fastened. In this remote room, at the very top of the house, there was not the slightest opportunity of communicating with the world without.

Old Martha noticed the start I gave on first entering the room, and commenced a hypocritical whimpering. "Indeed, Mr. Meredith, it's no fault of mine, nor could I help it. 'Tis all master's doing and Mr. George's, and I am too old and too feeble to do anything but obey orders."

"Silence, woman!" I sternly retorted, and thrust her into the only chair in the room, and advanced to the side of the poor suffering and ill-used young lady.

The death-like pallor of her countenance, the drooping of the long dark eyelashes, and the listless rolling of the languid eyes, evinced the intense mental anguish that racked her. The instant her eyes rested on me, a sharp faint cry of joyful recognition escaped her, and she stretched out her hand, seized it and pressed it warmly to my lips. A deep flush came rushing into her neck and face until she crimsoned to the temples. The next instant she was, as if possible, even

paler than before, and her short, rapid breathing told of the excitement under which she labored.

"O Mr. Meredith—I was afraid that—I thought—I hoped you would not desert me," she gasped.

"Not while I have life, dear Miss Wintock," was the prompt reply. While I spoke, my pocket-knife was out, and I was sawing like a maniac at the cord to sever it.

Old Martha began to wring her hands and to remonstrate, but her remonstrances I speedily checked.

The cord was speedily cut through; and gently raising Miss Wintock to a sitting posture, I asked: "Are you able to stand?"

"Yes; thank you very much. At least I'll try. She gave me one glance of appalling trustfulness, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping. "Oh, take me away with you from this horrid place! I shall go really mad; I know I shall! I am so now, almost. O my poor brain!"

I tried my utmost to soothe her. Even old Martha aided me. Perhaps her womanly feeling was touched; for I believe she was more the unlucky victim and tool of circumstances than of an intrinsically bad and hardened nature. She produced her old-fashioned smelling-bottle, bathed Miss Wintock's hands and face, and induced her to eat some of the food she had brought; and I persuaded her, with some difficulty, to take a sip or two from my spirit flask, which I had previously put in my pocket in case of emergency.

At length the young lady became calmer. But I saw that it would be necessary to use extreme caution, or she would suffer a relapse, as she continued to entreat me, in the most pathetic language, not to leave her again in the power of the Wintocks. I looked at my watch; it wanted about twenty minutes to nine. Precisely at nine, in readiness for the evening ride, Mr. Wintock's gig and mare would be in the yard near the side-door, and Mr. George's horse shortly afterwards. Mr. Wintock would probably, as he often did, keep his gig waiting for him till a quarter past. George Wintock would be off shortly afterwards. Though I had spoken so confidently to Martha, I was not at all sure that some unlucky accident might not intervene if I remained where I was. Benetti might miss Martha. In fact, I was terrible uneasy and in a sad dilemma. Stay where I was for any length of time, I dared not. Leave Miss Wintock in her present state of mind, I could not. In fact, I think she would have attempted to force her way with me, had I shown any indication of leaving her. A hasty and perhaps rash resolve took possession of me. If I could only get Miss Wintock below and conceal her till after the departure of the Wintocks, we might succeed in getting away unseen down to the village, where I hoped to house her safely and obtain assistance in protecting her; for surely none who knew her would refuse to aid; and even if discovered, I should then only have the Italian to deal with. Our time had been singularly ill-chosen before. We had waited till both Mr. Wintock and his son had returned home before making our attempt.

I again bent over Miss Wintock, and asked: "Do you think you could walk a little?"—at the same time giving her a meaning look.

The rapid glance of intelligence with which she replied reassured me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Omnibus Drivers in London.

The life of an omnibus driver is somewhat hard. Every one sees him plodding along on his unobstructed course in Piccadilly or Oxford street, but few realize the great distances over which he travels. Here, for instance, are the salient facts in regard to a particular instance with which I lately became acquainted. It appears that 11 horses are needed for the omnibus in question; of these 8 go out every day. The course of the vehicle is 15 miles, $\frac{2}{3}$ in to the city and of course the same distance back to the stables in one of the suburbs. This journey is performed 4 times in each day, making a daily journey of 60 miles for the vehicle and driver, and of 15 miles for each horse on 8 days out of every 11. Though, however, the horse gets on the average 3 days in the stable out of every 11, the driver gets no rest at all. He drives his 60 miles a day, Sundays not excepted, which is equivalent to 420 miles a week, or 21,840 miles per annum. For this he gets 6s. per diem, paid daily. He is subject to a notice of 24 hours. He is liable for one-third of the cost of any damage from accident. He has to provide his own personal equipment, including top-coat, gloves and driving whips, the gloves especially being a surprisingly large item of expense. A whip costs 7s. 6d., and it is extraordinary how soon the handle wears through when it is held for 10 hours per day. So much for the duties of the situation. The consolations are the society of the various passengers and the study of the temperaments and peculiarities of the 11 horses who share the driver's toils. These have all their names and histories; the names being mostly comic, their histories sometimes tragic enough. On the whole they are well treated, and with steady, easy driving often do their work for years together without a day's illness. The companies might do well if they provided for their drivers having one week's holiday per year, and if they could supply them with a uniform top coat, or whip, or pair of gloves, warrant the expenditure, the effect upon the men would be good. The 24 hours' notice seems also short for men in positions so important. On the other hand, the pay is good, and it is satisfactory to think that whenever we behold an omnibus driver we behold an individual who is probably in the receipt of more than £100 a year.

Shadowned by a Woman.

Major John R. Throckmorton was buried in the family vault at Louisville in the other day. He died some time ago in a lonely hut on a Mississippi plantation. His last moments were haunted by the thought that Ellen Goodwin was still shadowing him. For 25 years the woman followed him, and was known in Louisville as Throckmorton's ghost. The reason for this was never known. It was the popular belief that Throckmorton had wronged her in her youth. In storm and sunshine, at home and abroad, the silent figure in black hovered about him and blighted his life. She died some years ago, and ordered the history of her heart secret buried with her.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.*

Painted Diamonds.

BY H. C. HOVEY.

The latest fraud in precious stones is a curious confirmation of the illustration of Shakespeare's saying:

To gold refined gold, to paint the truth is to break up of the ice, breaking up of the ice has been accompanied by dangerous waters, is fast falling.

About six months ago the owner of a magnificent gem, which he had supposed suddenly found it reduced to about fifth its value by being accidentally washed with soap-suds. This simple process revealed its true character as a yellow diamond of inferior grade. The gem, which was originally played in Paris since been reproduced in this country. It is rumored that a single firm on St. et was thus swindled out of thousands of dollars without being able to detect the perpetrator of the fraud.

A case of the sort is now in the New York courts being tried by Judge Deming, of the particulars of which may be seen against what is really an ingenious impostor.

Jacob Nepel, a manufacturing jeweler of that city, had several diamonds, supposed of great value, which he disposed of to a broker of seventeen years' experience. The gems were faultless, but the low price on them awoke suspicion that they were either stolen or spurious. Several dealers examined them, using a microscope for the purpose, and pronounced them old mine diamonds and worth five times their price. Mr. Engel then took them to New York and exhibited them to Messrs. Heller & Barber, importers of dealers in precious stones, who were deceived by the appearance of the gems until the owner mentioned the subject to Mr. Heller, remembering to have had a new process of painting diamonds, known as the studs, estimated to be worth \$1,000 to \$1,500, washed it in soap-suds and found it to be a cheap African diamond worth perhaps \$140. The rest of the gems proved to have been tampered with in a similar manner. On returning to New Haven, Mr. Engel sought redress through the courts, and probably will get it.

The explanation is as follows: The common African diamonds are naturally yellow. On dipping one of them for a few minutes in an aqueous solution of potassium violet, and then letting it dry, it is found that, while the lustre remains, the color is changed from yellow to the best stones. The two colors, yellow and violet, it will be noticed, are complementary, and on blending produce a brilliant result described. The color is easily removed by the application of suds, the water being tinged, not blue but green, while the diamond retains its original yellow hue.—*Scientific American.*

A Japanese Wedding.

On Monday last the marriage of Inouye and Mr. Katsunosuke Inouye, celebrated at the official residence of the celloccy Inouye, minister for Foreign Affairs. The ceremony was conducted in the fashion, and attended only by the best and intimate friends of the bride and groom. The wedding presents were displayed in the up-stairs room, and of course attracted attention. With a few exceptions, the presents were intended to express a sentiment rather than be any useful purpose. Most of them was a mountain formed of rolls of silk white and crimson. Each roll was with strands of parti-colored twine, and not brought round into a bow as usual, but tied in hard knots, emblematic of the indissolubility of the marriage tie. The silk was intended to typify gentleness during constancy, the strength of the offering a noted contrast to their own flexibility. Round the base of the presents were deposited a number of ornamental fresh rice straw, plaited into the form of storks and tortoises, of longevity, of bamboo, and plum, of perpetual bloom, into the loops of the plaits were strung dried bonito, a favorite accompaniment of wedding presents. Its name (katsunosuke) being a homonym of the three characters signifying victorious, brave.—*Japan Weekly Mail.*

What is Work?

I may perhaps be allowed to put a question, What is Work? The reply is, "Any pursuit by which a man or attempt to earn a livelihood and to accumulate wealth." This definition is more regretted because it cherishes, or rather gets, the vulgar error that all persons do not aim at the accumulation of wealth "idlers." In point of fact such men do the most diligent and successful work in trade or profession. Darwin having a patent, was therewith content. To many of others of kindred minds, the opportunity of devoting his whole life to the search of scientific truth was a boon immeasurably higher than any conceivable amount of wealth. Shall we call him an idler? Science the only field which opens special prospects to men of independent means. Literature, philanthropy, have all their point of view, or at least not directly wanted. Therefore, reversing the usual given by routine moralists, I would say that wealthy young men of ability: "Do not up any trade, business, or profession, but some of the world's unpaid work. Let money-making to those who have no option, and be searchers for truth and beauty. Every one who follows this world's work, tribute something to show the world that race for wealth is not the only pursuit of a rational being. I should define work as the conscious systematic application of or body to any definite purpose.

Ravages of the Spruce Tree Worm.
The ravages of some insects on the spruce trees in northern Maine, says the *Commercial*, is becoming a serious matter to the owners of timber lands. A gentleman well acquainted with the woods that in the vicinity of Rangely says that if the extent of devastation goes on five years more he has for five years past, it will destroy all spruce trees in that section. The larva, which state the insect does the mischief, is green worm about an inch long.

ORTH-WEST

is coming on in the vince.

plasterers of Winnipeg for the formation of the ice breaking up of the ice has been accompanied by dangerous waters, is fast falling.

all full of new potatoes in Winnipeg. The cellar of a farmer's from Winnipeg.

business at Brandon present it is too good for merchants with heavy stand some improvement.

business is a little quiet in the present. Lumbering camps the season, and navigation not being open yet, trade

breaking up of the river in Winnipeg so far, on of carrying away being to J. K. Suttner.

Prince Albert Times I certify that a weekly line established between the Rapids, which will portion every week.

portion of the dam at Manitoba contracted for a water away by the recent of damage will not the work will be kept by

sub-contractors on the commenced work, and progress. If there is any spring they will have ready for track laying by

Marquette Review thus public: The trees in flowering are blooming, and nature's everlastings that ethereal spruce all its redolent beauties.

Portage, Westbourne, are building a spur to the head of the Manitoba, near the mouth, to connect with the McArthur is building the

Winnipeg Commercial fires have been reported surrounding districts. Hay stacks were destroyed by that commodity. It leaves no fears for any

migrants who appear to be arriving at Manitoba, and proceed from there to Southern Manitoba, going to Rock Lake and Tupper. Some who have returned their homesteads are families to live with them.

The excitement about the River at Emerson has all been once more down to own affairs. The arrival of Alscop put an end to all bridge, which is still standing breaker in front of the bridge. For some days the river slowly down, and all de-

Winnipeg Commercial says: The all important supply for Regina has been well which was put down and the Town Commission had a great success. About was struck at a depth of 67 minutes the water rose 67

Following morning the Winnipeg papers arrived, with the well was down 200 feet. No was expended, and no sign in the article was written. It been little or no signs of a writer must have known that the report was incorrect. The of Winnipeg have gone of their way to malign Regina

false statements about the land, and quantity of water on other matters; but they are another to publish corrections here by citizens who have the town was started. This kind of journalism.

The Antiquity of Dentistry.
The early history of the art of dentistry is obscure, but one thing is that that good dental surgeon in the palm days of Pompeii; in fact almost every science and mechanics, among the ruins of ancient instruments have been found. A great many of the tools patterned after those discovered at Pompeii, which were of the best steel of modern times. On plates were also found gold and cement, can be seen of Naples, Paris and London. The Egyptian behind the Roman, and some of the latter by Dr. Schliemann show that science, was well understood. The mummies found in the tombs had been required at that world's history—three thousand years ago, the first surgeon dentists, among the ancients, and still be seen in some cities. Teeth were made of sheep, ox, hippopotamus, and the osseous substance later. In the sixteenth century gradually passed out of regular surgeons to the dentists.

The teeth and plates of bone has for five years past, it will destroy all spruce trees in that section. The larva, which state the insect does the mischief, is green worm about an inch long.

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