

John Guy Vassar's Will.

The will of the late John Guy Vassar, the nephew of the founder of Vassar College, has been admitted to probate. He says in the instrument that, having no lineal heirs, his desire and aim in the disposition of his property is "to do the most good and to forward the cause of humanity."

He gives these churches at Poughkeepsie, viz: the First Reformed Church, the Second Reformed Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Washington Street Methodist Church, the Cannon Street Methodist Church, the Universalist Church of Lafayette place, the Friends' Society of Lafayette place, the Israelite Synagogue of Vassar street, St. Peter's Catholic Church, St. Mary's Catholic Church, the German Catholic Church, and Zion Colored Church each \$500, the interest to be applied to the purchase of books, tracts, and papers for the use of their Sunday schools.

He gives to Vassar Brothers Hospital \$200,000 to form part of the maintenance fund of the hospital; to the Vassar Brothers Home for Aged Men, \$25,000 for the same institution, his two brick houses and lots, 224 and 226 Mill street; to the same institution \$5,000, to be known as the John Guy Vassar poor widows' coal fund; to Vassar Brothers Institute, \$15,000, the interest to be applied toward the enlargement and support of the museum and for scientific and art work in the institute.

He gives to Vassar College \$40,000 for the purpose of founding a chair of natural history; \$40,000 for the purpose of founding a chair of modern languages; \$10,000, the interest to be applied toward the purchase of materials and apparatus for the department known as Vassar Brothers Laboratory, in that college; \$20,000, to be known as the "John Guy Vassar Music Fund," the interest to be applied toward the payment of the expenses of the music department; \$20,000, to be known as the "John Guy Vassar Art Fund," the interest to be applied toward the payment of the expenses of the art department.

He directs his executors, within six months, practicable, to purchase suitable grounds in Poughkeepsie for an orphan asylum, to be known as the "John Guy Vassar Orphan Asylum," for poor legitimate orphan children, free of charge, born in the county of Dutchess, and open alike to all creeds and color and free from all sectarian influence. For the purchase of such grounds and erecting a building he authorizes his executors to expend \$81,000. He directs his executors to procure an act passed by the Legislature in incorporating the asylum \$1,000,000 for a permanent fund for its maintenance.

In the event of Vassar College being in need of money to meet obligations, he authorizes his executors to loan the college \$25,000, to be repaid out of its share as one of the residuary legatees.

He gives all the rest of his estate to the "John Guy Vassar Orphan Asylum," when incorporated, the Vassar Brothers Hospital and Vassar College equally, share and share alike. He appoints James H. Weeks, Olive H. Booth, and Edward Van Kleeck, all of Poughkeepsie, his executors, revoking all former wills made by him. The will was drawn on Feb. 7, 1885.

In a codicil dated Oct. 4, 1888, he says that he has purchased the College Hill property, and he directs his executors to devote it to property to the purposes of the Orphan Asylum. He gives all his right and interest in the plates and copyrights of his book of travels entitled, "Twenty Years Around the World," to Vassar College.

Perchance to Dream.

The young man dreams of the young girl, and the young girl dreams of the young man. The old maid dreams of the man who once loved her, and her imagination fills up to date the vacuum in her heart and her life. It must be awfully comfortable to dream of a husband who will be true to her, but to dream of one who has been is one of the consoling prerogatives of the old maid. I fancy the crustiest old bachelor dreams sometimes of that girl he came near proposing to twenty years ago, and he knows now she would have accepted him. He was afraid she wouldn't then, and so he didn't ask her; but it is a consolation to reflect in his growing age that she most certainly would have married him. But there are so few old bachelors now-a-days. Divorce is so easy that every body risks things and gets married. And I suppose there are men and women who dream of divorce, and fashion bright fancies of freedom to solace the sufferings from the chains of matrimony. It is sad. There are not many things in the world so touching, so heroic, so grand as a woman holding nobly to the marriage vow and her motherhood in the face of neglect, cruelty, maltreatment on the part of the husband. But, after all, a woman is never really brought out except by suffering by herself, or of those she loves. But that has nothing to do with the dreaming. We all dream; we all like to dream, and it is a happy dispensation of Providence that our disappointment does not prevent our dreaming again. [San Francisco Chronicle.]

It is folly to believe that one can faithfully love, who does not love faithfully. You can not dream yourself into character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

How to be Interesting.

Most persons, it may be admitted, cannot become interesting without an effort. The writer knew a man of an inquisitive but not primarily an original mind who was always a most entertaining companion on account of his information, upon which he drew modestly, and without boring anybody, whenever it was needed. And having the habit, he kept himself filled up by reading and observation. The society of a man of this sort never palls, if, of course, he has been well enough brought up to be personally agreeable. While it is not possible to prescribe a rule by following which girls may become entertaining and always desired members of society, it is safe to say that a person will never be interesting unless she is interested. To be interested in something outside of one's self is a necessity of the situation. That always with any companion makes a point of interest. There has been a growing complaint this season—and it is one of many seasons' standing—of the scarcity of young men at the resorts, and it has also been hinted that the young men who did appear were uninteresting. This is the fault of the young men, for the young women have been as attractive as ever. But it must be kept in mind that however devoid of entertaining qualities men may be at a certain age, from lack of experience and of any actual raking hold of life (or from the idea that they know it all), they will soon plunge into work, either business or a profession, that will interest them, teach them a knowledge of human nature and of affairs, and then they will become, in one degree and another, interesting persons. Where will the young women be then who have been content to rely upon the charms of youth and beauty, and have cultivated no interest in anything beyond the more or less artificialities of being agreeable in a conventional society? No partnership goes well unless all the parties contribute something to it. Marriage is no exception to this, as a great many people have discovered, even those who do not accept the cynic's definition that marriage is intended for discipline. Love being, of course, the attraction in marriage, good comradeship is the working capital, and good comradeship between uninteresting people is an impossibility, unless each is too stupid to find out what the other lacks.

This goes upon the assumption—perhaps it is a strained one in these days—that getting married ought to be an object to be considered in preparation for life. But the argument for a girl to make herself interesting by gaining information and by throwing herself enthusiastically into some sort of pursuit is still stronger if she intends to remain single, or remains so by chance. For to be destined to one's own company when one is uninteresting and devoid of external interests is a dreary outlook. On the other hand, it is feared that modern education will be pushed so far, and girls will become so interesting, that they can find no equal mates? There sometimes seems to be this danger. But it can at worst only be temporary. Boys are very quick to "catch on" (it is their own phrase) to a new idea, and whatever course girls take, they are reasonably certain to draw all men after them. The world has been so arranged.—Harper's Magazine.

Some Simple Remedies.

When stung by a bee or a wasp, make a paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth.

For a cold on the chest, a flannel rag wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine, laid on the chest gives the greatest relief.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite; for this beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar, and season with nutmeg. Drink half an hour before eating.

For a turn or scald, make a paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken, apply the white of an egg with a feather; this gives instant relief as it keeps the air from the flesh.

At the first signs of ring round, take a cupful of woodashes, put in a pan with a quart of cold water, put the pan on the stove, put your finger in the pan, keep it there until the water begins to boil, or as long as it can be borne. Repeat once or twice if necessary.

Queer Toys.

Each year we hear of some new toy, meant to furnish pleasure to those who are able to pay for such things. Music boxes are among the commonest of these.

A cut-glass decanter with a musical box concealed in the bottom is the latest novelty in the line of fancy articles with musical attachments. The decanters are tinted in a variety of delicate colors, which serve to conceal the false bottom under which the mechanism is placed. Clear glass bottles are also made, and when partly filled with wine or colored liquid conceal the works still more effectually. The musical box is wound by means of a button under the bottom, and plays only when the decanter is placed on the table. Musical plates are made in a similar manner, but the mechanism in them does not play when the plate is on the table, but when it is lifted to be passed around. A concealed spring underneath starts and stops the works. The plates and decanters cost \$7.50 each. The most elegant fancy article that emits musical sounds is a gold snuff box. It is elegantly wrought and is marvellous in its working. Pressure upon a small disc causes a circular lid about the size of a silver dollar to fly open, and a little bird pops into view. The feathered songster warbles in exact imitation of a canary.

No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.

It will be a source of congratulation to philanthropists all the world over should the coolness existing between England and Germany be removed by the combination of the two powers for the suppression of slavery in Africa. England has so far been allowed to do most of the police work in restricting the horrible traffic in slaves, but it is now stated that Germany has expressed her willingness to co-operate in the good work; and if an agreement is arrived at, the allied naval squadrons will no doubt be strong enough to stamp out the slave trade altogether.

HERE AND THERE.

California seems to be a good place to stay away from. The daily press of letters from the States is receiving scores of letters from mechanics and others who have been induced by false representations to seek work in Californian towns. It is stated that thousands of men are out of employment, that wages are consequently low, and that board rates are very high.

Hanlan's failures have suggested the desirability of his retirement from the aquatic profession. In very nearly every department of human endeavor men who climb to the top of the tree find the descent swift and certain. Particularly in this case where proficiency rests upon muscular development. Hanlan at his prime would have done well to have rested on his laurels. His case has a moral. It teaches the lesson of thrift.

A body was taken from France to Italy to be cremated, and the Italians levied a duty of \$70 upon it. When the ashes were returned to France the French proceeded to collect another Customs duty upon them. But we cannot afford to laugh at this. A few weeks ago the Customs authorities levied a Customs duty upon a live missionary. He was a Chinese Christian, brought to Victoria by the Methodists to evangelize the Chinese there.

A simple and novel scheme of graduated taxation is suggested in the *Rostrum*, a new journal published in New York. Its plan is that if \$100 worth of property is taxed ten cents, \$1,000 should pay \$1, \$10,000 should pay \$10, and \$100,000 should pay \$5,000. On estates valued at over \$100,000 the taxation it is proposed should be five per cent. The *Rostrum* thinks that this method of taxation would discourage the accumulation of great fortunes, and would tend to relieve the burdens of the poor and equalize the wealth of the community. The principal difficulty in connection with any such system of taxation would be to convince property owners and wealthy men that it would be equitable.

The citizens of Quebec are apparently somewhat exercised over the action of the ocean steamship companies in carrying immigrants through to Montreal by water. One suggestion which has been made is that the Canadian Pacific railway and Grand Trunk railway should combine and refuse their specially low through rates to all immigrants carried by water past Quebec. It seems to us that the wishes of the immigrants themselves ought to be considered. In a large number of cases it must be a great convenience to the immigrant to be carried through to Montreal without leaving the ship in which he crossed the ocean. Under the present system the immigrant can, no doubt, disembark at Quebec if he so chooses.

The decoy letter industry will be remembered as a striking feature of the Presidential campaign of 1888. The baits were prepared with care, but Lord Sackville was the only person taken in. The prohibitionist candidate, General Fisk, received one. It was signed John L. Hoover, and professed to be the enquiry of a staunch prohibitionist who wanted to vote for Cleveland, and asked if that course would not be effective in helping the cause. The answer was that the prohibitionists must poll a strong vote regardless of the effect produced on other parties. If General Fisk had shown any signs of weakening, no doubt the Republicans would have used it as a pretext for bringing back prohibition voters to the Republican ranks.

In England the stage is being attacked from various quarters. The *British Universal Review* in a recent issue published a very bitter article reflecting upon the morality of the stage. Its editor in some subsequent comments expressed his opinion that the present social worship of the stage is a bad thing, and that the dramatic profession is, generally speaking, a dangerous one for women, an undesirable one for men; and, moreover, it is not one entitled to rank equally with those great professions which are concerned with the serious matters of life instead of its amusements. The *London Lancet* attacks the blood-and-thunder drama and the ultra-realistic school in general, and claims that "the highly-wrought scenes produced at nearly all the theatres not only direct the thoughts, but actively stir the passions in such a way as to familiarize the average mind with murder in all its forms," and that these representations are a species of "murder culture."

Birds Losing Their Way.

The migration of birds is beset with many perils and many difficulties. Birds often lose their way; a contrary wind or a spell of dark, cloudy weather appears to disorganize their movements, and, like mariners without a compass, they are at a loss which direction to take. Many wonderful scenes are witnessed at the lighthouse on some parts of the British coast during the season of migration. Sometimes when the moon is suddenly hidden by a bank of clouds the lanterns of the lighthouse are the point to which the stream of migrants hasten, and where in a confused fluttering throng they beat against the glass like moths round a candle and fly to and fro, utterly bewildered and completely lost. They seem to have no idea of their true course, and fly aimlessly about, many killing themselves against the glass, others falling into the water below. The lightmen are alert on these occasions, and capture numbers of the poor lost travelers with hand nets.

General Gordon on Marriage.

In connection with the controversy on the question "Is marriage a failure?" it may be interesting to quote the following extracts from Gordon's letters:—"Moogie, 29th August 1875.—I think that, happen what will, a husband ought to take his wife and children with him wherever he goes, and trust God with the result; the separation is unnatural, and shows how little we trust God. It is not the climate, it is not the fever, but it is He who snaps the thread, for whose purpose of His own. Bridges, the grave side of it, and these very temporary separations will lose their sting. Married people with families cannot possibly hold the same views as single people. I say 'cannot possibly' but I mean that it is unlikely they should. What a blessing it is one was never married! Marriage spoils human beings, I think; if the wife is willing the husband is not, and vice versa; how often one sees that! Somehow one feels hurt at one's jewels not being appreciated."

There is said to be a scarcity of \$100 bills, but we must confess we had not noticed it.

Runaway Horses.

A Boston correspondent of the *Woods-Patriot* tells how a young policeman, Charles Maynes, stops a runaway horse:—"When you see a runaway coming do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction or the side, for you will be immediately knocked flat by the collision, but instead prepare yourself for a short run with the horse. Measure with your eye the distance, and start for the run while he is yet some way off, perhaps ten feet in the case of fair to medium runaways. You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind and would not veer for a steam engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something. So do you get close to the line on which he is rushing, and as he passes you grab the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly, and then, leaning backward as you run, give them a powerful yank. You may be able to brace yourself as you give this yank, half alighting on your feet. The strong jerk on the bit tells the horse that he again has a master and prepares him for the final struggle. A step or two forward after the first yank, do it again. This is the finishing stroke. It never fails when given by a determined man. The horse is on its haunches. Keep a firm pull on the reins till you grab the horse by the nostrils and hold him so till he is pacified."

In stopping a span of horses Maynes tries to get on the side of the wilder one, as, if pulled to its senses, the other one can be managed. The task is easier if the horse has a curb bit. A runaway may also be stopped by the driver in the same manner. "If you pull steadily with all your strength on a curb bit," says Maynes, "the effect on the horse's jaw is just what it is if you tie a cord tightly about your finger. The blood doesn't flow, and the finger becomes numb. After a firm pull has been maintained on the horse's mouth for a while it ceases to have any effect. You cannot then force him out of a run if he is frightened. But give him his head a little till the mouth recovers from its numbness, lash him with the whip if you have a free road, and then give him a sudden yank. He will come down. If the first yank isn't enough give him one more. There isn't a horse on earth which can run away with a competent driver if the harness holds." Maynes has risked his life a number of times, and has had some perilous encounters before subduing frightened animals. He has received a medal from the Humane Society and \$50 from the Cab Society.

A New Niagara.

Glenwood Springs, Col., Nov. 2.—A hunting party returned from the mountains north of the Grand river yesterday, and reported the discovery of a wonderful waterfall hitherto unknown. Though not equal to Niagara in volume, it was thought to exceed it in beauty. The place is on Life Creek, 25 miles from here, and is supposed to have never been visited by white men before. The stream spreads out to a width of 300 feet at the brink, and the water glides over the rock edge, spreading out into a thin sheet as it falls, a distance of 150 feet to the bottom of the canon directly underneath. The party dismounted, and carefully creeping along the base of the perpendicular wall passed behind the aquatic tapestry into nooks and caverns beneath the overhanging ledges. The walls and arches were thickly studded with stalactite and stalagmite formations of rare beauty.

Not on the Play-Bill.

The audience at the Palmyra (Mo.) Opera house an evening or two ago were startled by a shower of plaster, and looking up beheld a pair of legs dangling forty feet above them. In a moment the legs disappeared. A policeman captured the cause of the unusual disturbance, which proved to be a youth who wanted to see the performance without buying a ticket. He had reached a space between the ceiling and the roof through a skylight in the latter.

Sudden Change of Base.

Husband (impatiently): Is it possible, my dear, that you cannot keep those children quiet for a moment?

Wife (soothingly): Now, John, don't be harsh with the poor little innocent things; it is natural for them to be full of spirit, and they're doing the best they can.

Husband: Well, if I could have a moment's peace I would sit down and write that check for fifty dollars that you've been bothering me for.

Wife (sternly): Children, go upstairs at once! and if I hear another word from you to-night I'll punish you severely.

A Long-Lived President.

Irish guide to American tourist: "And there is no king nor queen neither in America, they're tellin' me, sur?"

Indifferent Tourist: "No; we've a President there."

"And how long have you bin havin' a President, might I ax, sur?"

I. T.: "Oh, something over a hundred years."

Irishman, stopping paralyzed with astonishment: "Howly saints! And do they live that long beyant there?"

Extenuating Circumstances.

Wife: I was so annoyed, my dear, today, to find one of my pictures displayed in a photograph's show-window.

Husband: Why didn't you go upstairs and tell him to take it out?

Wife: I declare I didn't think of that—and, besides, the picture is a very good one!

Not Low Enough for That.

Woman (to tramp, kindly): How would you like a pair of my husband's old shoes? Yours seem to be dropping of your feet.

Tramp: I do need shoes, ma'am; what business is your husband in?

Woman: He's water at Delmonico's.

Tramp (promptly): No, ma'am; I would look more genteel barefoot. I may be a tramp, but I have still some respect for my personal appearance.

Positive Bankrupt.

Parson: I am astonished to hear a man with three married daughters say "marriage is a failure."

Citizen: Well, sir, when you have three families beside your own to support, you will learn that marriage is positive bankruptcy.

Millions of Rabbits.

"A pair of rabbits will produce 2,000,000 rabbits in two years in Australia," is a statement that at first seems incredible, and when James Watson, of Victoria, made it thought he was joking, says the *Philadelphia Press*. Yet it is as true as gospel. Mr. Watson is one of the largest rabbit owners in 30,000 acres. The problem of how to exterminate rabbits is the greatest question that confronts the people of Australia to-day, as their entire prosperity depends upon it. It is in hope that Yankee ingenuity might be able to solve this important problem that Mr. Watson now visits America.

"You can imagine what a terrible plague the rabbits are," said Mr. Watson, "when the Australian Government is now building a fence of wire netting which, when completed, will be 8,000 miles long, and which will divide New South Wales and Queensland over there."

"We have tried hundreds of ways to get rid of the rabbits, but so far nothing has been successful. We are only able to check the increase. About the best means of doing this is to scatter fruit with arsenic over the ground, but this is very expensive. In this way I have killed 600 rabbits with ten bushels of sliced apples. Then we used phosphate of oats, but the trouble with this is that the phosphate soon loses its effect. I think the best method in use is the ordinary rat trap, but all these methods are very expensive. For instance, it costs the Government of Victoria \$125,000 a year to keep the rabbits down on the Crown (Government) lands. The Government now pays ten cents a pair for all rabbits killed on their lands. A good man can make \$40 per week killing rabbits. These men use traps, and one man can work 100 traps."

A law has recently been passed that compels the owner of lands to keep the rabbits down. If he should fail to do this he is fined \$50 for the first offence, \$100 for the second, and upon the third offence the Government employs men to attend to the rabbits at the expense of the land owner. In many instances owners are compelled to give up their land, as the expense is so great. The owner of 10,000 acres is obliged to employ 100 men for killing rabbits alone, and as a result land that a few years ago was worth \$50 an acre is now only worth \$4.

"I have found a way by which I can keep the rabbits down and make money by it, but, of course, every ranchman cannot do this. I have started a rabbit canning factory. We can the rabbits much the same way that beef is canned here, and our principal market is in England. At present I am canning 50,000 rabbits a year, all of which are killed on my ranch, and still this number does not keep the pest down as the Government requires. I put a rabbit and a half in a can, and at present I make 37 cents profit on a dozen cans. They are retailed in England at 12 cents a pound, and considering the high price of beef it would be supposed rabbits would become a favorite dish with the poor of England, yet the rabbits are now only purchased by the higher class, who consider them a great dainty."

"How long have you been bothered with the rabbit? About ten years. Rabbits were brought to Australia about twenty years ago from England for sporting purposes. A pair will usually produce four does and two bucks. The does breed when two months old, and they have on an average four litters a year. You can calculate from this, and you will find that the statement that a pair of rabbits will produce 2,000,000 in two years is not so preposterous as it at first appears. I brought a man over from South America just before I left, and he firmly believes that the South American skunk would get rid of the rabbits. Anyway, the Australian Government offers a reward of \$100,000 for the best plan for their extermination."

An Astonished Drummer.

The Rev. A. E. Dunning, D. D., the manager of the Congregationalist publishing house and Sabbath school work, and one of the busiest men in Boston, is an off-hand approachable man with a bright, winning face, easy manner and personal magnetism, that contribute much to his success. He has none of the outward signs of the clerical calling, but looks more like a business man. He travels nearly all of the time, and he says that in the cars he generally passes as a drummer and is recognized by the fraternity as one of their number. On going into Minneapolis one Saturday evening, a smart young fellow approached in a free and easy way:

"Going to stop over Sunday?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor.

"Stop at the Blank Hotel, I suppose?"

"No, I am going to stop with a friend."

"Come around to the hotel to-morrow afternoon and we'll have a racket. Quite a number of the boys will be there."

"But to-morrow is Sunday."

"I know it, and that's why we can have such a good time."

"Oh, I think that we fellows who are travelling all the time ought to keep Sunday," said the Doctor.

"Yes," assented the drummer, good naturedly, "but I'll bet you won't!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll go to church to-morrow if you will!"

"I'll do it. Where shall we go?"

"To the First Congregational. It's the best church in town."

"All right. I'll be there, but I'll bet you won't!"

The drummer was there according to his promise, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his friend of the night before seated to the pulpit. Dr. Dunning tried to find him after the service, but he had fled.

He Couldn't Afford it.

o Dumley (to Brown)—I say, Brown, did you hip in five dollars with the rest of the boys for the charity fund?

Brown—No, I can't afford to give away five dollars.

Dumley—Well, that's the way I feel. By the way, Brown, can you lend me a V for a few days?

Brown—Can't do it possibly, Dumley. Didn't I just tell you I can't afford to give away five dollars?

Not Guilty.

Teacher—"Who was Christopher Columbus?"

Frits—"I dunno."

"Who discovered America?"

"Well, I never did it. You can't lay the blame to me."

An Adventure in British Columbia.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

In British Columbia we have recently, made much account of Thanksgiving as a holiday; for, as Dominion people have always been accustomed upon it as a kind of Yankee feast on a level with the Fourth of being festivals peculiar to the Republic.

Within the last few years, however, Canadians have evinced a disposition to make a Thanksgiving dinner, as we neighbors across the border. This also grown in popularity among the Indians.

At my father's place (in the upper Fraser River) we had a grand Thanksgiving dinner upon this subject three years ago. My brothers were in favor of making a Thanksgiving and of gathering to it all our family of the neighboring settlers and persuade to come.

We planned a shooting match of skill, like the Scotch, in the then a right royal dinner, with different courses of meat, fish including elk, deer, bear and but to wind up the day, a grand ball and dancing.

But father was conservative and ennobled the whole scheme. In fact he never approved of these Americanisms, but we finally compromised, and consented to the Scotch games and while we gave up the shooting and the dance.

As I shall not again mention the for my story is of an adventure I while elk-hunting a few days ago, I may here say of the dinner the occasion generally, that it was a success, and proved so enjoyable have kept Thanksgiving ever since.

On the seventh day of November Wallace and I, accompanied by young Englishman named Wil Jake Sonnet, a half breed in my play as a cattleman, set off up the two small skills to hunt for a wild Thanksgiving.

The Fraser had not yet frozen down went up the river, "carrying" a rapids, one day's paddling, and on let Creek, a small tributary of swift water, which we followed afternoon of the second day, our ing to reach two little lakes a mountains, where we expected to more abundant. That night we ourselves a comfortable camp on bank, a little below the first of the of which the creek is the outlet had a good dinner and rested an two, we re-embarked and paddled the lake.

It was probably the first time the "light" hunting had ever been there; we had brought up a lantern reflector for the purpose. The with the lantern in front of it, the nose of the skiff, and while I sled slowly and without noise of the wooded shores, the rest of us our double-barrels in the shadow the light shield, and watched for

We had not proceeded far when heard the brush crackle, and a shot "blew," stamped his feet, and he Winston caught sight of the light gray of his antlers, and, rising alertly, fired at short range, with struck the animal's shoulder, and forward into the lake, directly the skiff, when a second ball from left barrel put a moment only to elk ashore, we went on, and with hour I had the satisfaction of second elk, which stood with its planted on a log in the edge of staring so intently at the lan though it did not move, I saw reflected from its great bulging eye

We had no further success however, and, after an hour more back, and having buoyed the two each with a drift-log, towed the camp. The elk were fat and healthy.

Next night—having resolved our jack-light and do no other we went out again on the same shot a third elk, a black-tail "red-cud"; but the weather turned and cold during the night. As we sure that a storm was impending, and I thought it best to get out of the creek should freeze over, for satisfied with the bag we had m

Wallace, however, declared that not leave till he had tried the on the upper lake. So, after a cussion, next morning the young and myself loaded out skiff with the venison, and set off for home after a hard day's work paddling portages, we arrived at ten evening, having the current and in our favor.

The event showed that very wisely, for during that very came on one of the coldest and fieriest gales of the entire season. steadily for thirty-six hours, of snow was full four feet. It d too, in some places to a depth feet.

We felt not a little anxiety for hunters left in the mountains, and have felt far more had we known they were encountering. We however, that they were merely and as they had eight or ten d ions, we anticipated no greater than that is usual from extrem possibly, snow-slides. As the had kept the river open, we ex after the storm was over they down in their skiff.

Late in the evening of the thir our arrival home, they came in so nearly exhausted as to be scarcely speak or to stand.

Some warm porridge was given we never gave spirits in such they were put into bed and allowed uninterceptedly till the next when they got up to dinner though somewhat stiff.

Besides their own guns, they had with a Winchester carbine and cartridges in two highly loaded bags, they were bundled over a log to the Indian moose and deer skins. How they

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