ROUND ABOUT THE BAHAMAS.

BY A RESIDENT.

Whilst the fashionables of our cities crowd one gaiety on another through the winter season, dwellers in remote and quiet countries have to make amusement for themselves of equally pleasant if less exciting kind; and the winter is also our "season" in the Bahamas. On pleasure bent, we—that is, three ladies, two children and nurse—proposed to ourselves a trip to Harbour Island, one of the nearest and prettiest of the "out islands" such being the lofty way in which New Providence talks of its neighbors, although, as a rule, larger and more fertile than itself. But then Nassau is our metropolis. The sea was our highway, a schooner our train. We think no more of stepping on board a ship than do our Canadian sisters of getting upon a C. P. R. or Grand Trunk train. Monday was mail-day. Once a fortnight in winter, once a month in summer, each of the larger islands sends a mail schooner to convey their letters to the Post-office at Nassau, announcing their arrival and marking their distinction by firing a gun. On Tuesday they disperse again for their various bournes, carrying with them the English mail, and usually stores of all sorts for island use. Our letters secured, we boarded the *Duet* of Harbour Island, a clean, trim, little vessel of thirty-five tons; the swiftest, steadiest, little ship in the service, manned almost entirely by a white crew of kindly, steady, church-goers. Long may she run!

The sea was not altogether amiable. It had worked itself up into a sudden gale on Sunday; the glass had sunk to sixty degrees, and had not yet recovered itself; moreover, the R[illegible] yacht had stolen a march on us, and it always carries bad weather. These were all factors against us. Still, at 4 p.m. we started up the harbor, a significant fact; as,

IN SMOOTH WEATHER,

boats generally refer to cross the bar and catch the breeze of the ocean. At five [illegible] office—without milk—and excellent bread and butter were served to us. We needed all our wraps as we sat long on deck watching the brilliant stars. The Great Bear in these latitudes stands on its tail, like a huge mark of interrogation. Our interest in astronomy was great; in vain the captain suggested the cabin might be warmer. Who that has once slept in the cabin of an island schooner is ever in haste to repeat the experience! Nevertheless, at nine o'clock we withdrew. Over the miseries of night we draw a veil; yet, in justice to the *Duet*, be it said her berths are large, clean, and as comfortable as can be expected.

The sea is a good school for early rising. We were on deck betimes; the breakfast of fried ham, coffee, and bread and butter, was excellent for the happy ones who could eat. In a few hours we were off Spanish Wells, a

PRETTY LITTLE SETTLEMENT,

where we try to, to land the mails, and where, alas, we also ran aground on a sandbank in the white water (that is, shallow sea). Here we were hailed by a New Yorker, who having passed the former winter in Nassau, conceived the idea of spending the present one amidst the equally beautiful, if in temperature some what different, waters of the Bahamas. He looked saving only the complete one somewhat like one of the boatmen, poddling his own canoe, and darting widely here and there.

Ten minutes to proceed, the captain had the anchor put on the ship's boat, and conveyed for a neighbouring rock, trying by means of the hawsers to move ourselves off. The change of tide came to our aid, and we were once more afloat. So numerous are the islets scattered about the Eleuthera sailing to Harbour Island one needs to be sight of land. As we passed Spanish Wells, the large island of Eleuthera was directly on our right. We passed "Ridley's Face," a [illegible] which, as you recede [illegible] the form of a man's [illegible] home. Leaving the white [illegible] we come to a rough piece of deep [illegible] wind being too strong to allow us to [illegible] and shelter ourselves by the land. At last we rounded a corner, making our [illegible] and found ourselves in the spacious harbour [illegible] land takes its name, and was [illegible] easily. Harbour Island is a narrow, crescent strip of land, [illegible] other "cays" to the west. [illegible] of the inhabitants was of course on the little pier for the great event of the city of the *Duet*. A rose cockatoo [illegible] was enthusiastic, which had already visited Harbour Island, was received as an old friend, and we were not sorry to find our [illegible] and our hired house.

We fa[illegible] the last [illegible] ceremonially [illegible] opportunity to find the stores of Nassau [illegible] to them [illegible] Of course we need [illegible] but when an reckon [illegible] cooking [illegible] company [illegible] shop. [illegible] of island [illegible] time of root beef [illegible] a bottle of pickle [illegible] we turned home [illegible] for her [illegible] finally, we had dinner, [illegible] Eleuthera; that day, we had to [illegible] a bucket. Excitement was [illegible] and the happy possessor of wells inside for time. Bathing machines have not yet escaped, indeed a bathing in the Bahamas, an enterprising P. Secretary once planted two on the beach of Fort Montagu, Nassau; but they stuck high and dry on the sand, and finally fell to pieces from lack of neglect. Our bathing costumes were threatened with the same fate; and our daily ablutions had to be performed in a thimbleful of water.

It is a pretty sight in the early morning to see all the little boats hoist sail and skim over the harbour to the neighboring mainland of Eleuthera. The soil of Harbour Island is simple sand; nothing but cocoa-nuts can grow in it. All cultivation of vegetables and fruit is carried on at Eleuthera, where, by old legislation, a grant of land was made to the inhabitants of Harbour Island. Three thousand acres of this land they are now desirous of selling to some English capitalist for growing manila. I said only cocoa-nuts throve on Harbour Island: I withdraw those words. We never saw finer or more healthy-looking sisal than here, where the sandy soil exactly suits it; and where, after being abused, ill-treated, cut and burnt, young plants are now sold at sixpence, ninepence, and a shilling a dozen.

Harbour Island looks a large place from the sea; its gray wooden houses are clustered along the southern shore, raised on posts two feet from the ground, the vacant space a shelter for fowls and goats. The church shows well on a rising ground with its pretty bell tower pointing upwards. The tasteful carving, painting, and arrangement of the sanctuary are entirely the handiwork of the rector of St. John's Church. Above the church three casuarina trees shelter the rectory; a long narrow wooden building alongside is the Sunday School; and two smaller ones at a little distance are day schools for boys and girls. We have now reached the middle of the island—just a quarter of a mile—and hear the booming of the ocean on the northern beach. We dip down a manila-lined path, filling our shoes with sand, toil

UP A SHORT ASCENT,

and are on some hummocks covered with seabeat; before us, a vast stretch of firm dry sands, the racecourse of the island, with the loveliest of seas and the most refreshing of breezes.

At this season of the year (March) the beach is generally covered with masses of gulf-weed, unpleasant for walking; but there is compensation in all things; so at least thought a man who had the luck to light on a piece of ambergris entangled therein—a *find* of some thirty pounds value.

But though only half a mile wide, Harbour Island extends from east to west three miles. Its chief feature is the abundance of cocoa-nut groves, cool shady retreats, the sunlight glinting on the rich coloured, glossy, drooping leaves; tempting one to lounge book in hand many a sultry hour. We took a pleasant walk to one westward along the hummocks, the hollows of which were carpeted with the wild white ribbon lily. Two ends of a rainbow were visible over the sea; by degrees the perfect arch disclosed itself, and behind it an advancing shower. The rainbow had the appearance of quickly walking over the water, and as it touched the shore, down came the rain. Fortunately, we were not far from shelter; a little shed, to which distance had lent the appearance of a chalet, was our goal. To this we hastened; and though raised at least three feet from the ground, and guiltless of steps, we vaulted into it with an agility which surprised ourselves. The rain over, we descended into the cocoa-nut grove, at the foot of a steep sandbank. Had we possessed a sledge we might have done some toboganing. As it was, we looked about for Alpenstocks. It was almost too cold and damp to enjoy the coca-nut water with which our guide supplied us, robbing our host with his own tools, for we had brought down his machete (bush-knife) from our shelter. A cocoa-nut grove dripping with rain is not so captivating as the same grove on a hot sunny day, the long leaves swaying with every breath of wind, and a soft subdued green light, making it look like the fairy tales of childhood. To sit in the cocoa nut groves on a fallen trunk or on the soft dry grass is enjoyment indeed.

This is only one of many pleasant walks which this small but pretty island affords. Barrack Hill, with its winding walks and clumps of bush, like an English common; Spit Sands, with its white, sandy, cliff-like banks, a miniature Dover; and the Tract, with groves of sappadillo, laden with fruit for passing hand to pluck. Life might be spent in worse places than Harbour Island by those who can recognize in their neighbour "a man and a brother." The library, an excellent one for

SO REMOTE A PLACE,

can help on many a leisure hour; and of excursions there are plenty by sea, for which the kindly inhabitants are always ready to lend a boat.

Three Islands is the popular spot for picnics, an easy distance for a hot country. Just twenty minutes' sail over the harbour to another cocoa-nut grove and shell-strewn shore, with the bluest of water and greenest of islets, surrounded with depths of mangrove. Coming back "c'est autrechose." It took two hours to tack back—the sea like glass, the wind in puffs, and the wrong way. Still we slipped along. What did it signify? Life glides easily in the Bahamas, and no one is in a hurry except some newly-arrived Englishman.

The Glass Window is the great sight of Eleuthera. One of the clergy was going to the Cove hard by, and kindly combined duty and pleasure by taking us in tow. The sail is the quickest part of the expedition, followed on landing by a two-mile walk over honeycomb rock which defies every effort of the road-maker. But the sight repays the labour. The Glass Window is a large rectangular span worn by the action of the sea through a mass of honeycomb rock, giving the effect of a large window. There is some amount of danger at the place, as a sudden wave sometimes surges up

BOILING AND RUSHING

through the window from the chasms below. But as you look at the dark-blue waters of the outer sea, and the light blue of the inner basin, you forget that the sea is treacherous, and associations come to you of Toronto Bay and the old-time boat-races, of Canadian crowds and eager shouts and eager faces. But no. This hot sun cannot belong to an Canadian March, nor was ever Canadian footpath at its roughest guilty of such wear and tear to shoe-leather as left one of our party almost soleless on her return home.

Eleuthera boasts also extensive caves, which are said to rival those of Matanzas, with stalactites and stalagmites for curious eyes, and guano for avaricious ones; but the writer's only view of them was from the stern of the homeward-bound schooner *City of Nassau*. With no wind and a chopping tide, scenery and blue waters soon lost their charm. On and on we glided, scarcely moving, with sails full set, "a painted ship on a painted ocean," till, at four o'clock a.m.—twelve hours later than our reckoning—the schooner crossed the bar, and the stillness of early dawn dropped anchor once more in Nassau harbour.

Getting Even With the Bagg Family.

"Now, madam," said the attorney for the defendant to a little, wiry, black-eyed, fidgety woman who had been summoned as a witness in a breach of peace case, "you will please give in your testimony in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?"

"Know who?"

"The defendant—Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Jos Bagg—I guess I do know him, and I knowed his daddy afore him, and I don't know nothing to the credit of either of 'em and I don't think."

"We don't want to know what you think, madam. Please say 'yes' or 'no' to my questions."

"What questions?"

"Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Don't I know 'im, though? Well, I should smile! You ask Josh Bagg if he knows me. Ask him if he knows anything 'bout tryin' to cheat a pore widder like me out of a two year old steer, ask

"Madam, I—

"Ask him whose land he got his cord wood off of last Spring and why he hauled it in the night. Ask his wife, Betsey Bagg, if she knows anything about shippin into a neighbor's pasture lot and milking three cows on the sly. Ask—

"See here, madam—

"Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of his that died in the penitentiary out West. Ask him about lettin' his sore old mother die in the poorhouse. Ask Betsey about putting a big brick into a lot of butter she sold last fall—

"Madam, I tell you—

"See if Josh Bagg knows anything about feeding ten head of cattle all the salt they would eat and then letting them swill down all the water they could hold jest fore he drove them into town and sold 'em. See what he's got to say to that—

"That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to—

"Then there was old Azariah Bagg, own uncle to Josh, got rid out of his native town on a rail twenty two days, and Betsey Bagg's own brother got ketched in a neighbor's hen house at midnight. Ask Josh—

"Madam, what do you know about this case?"

"I don't know the first livin' thing 'bout it, but I'll bet Josh Bagg is guilty, whatever it is. The fact is, I've owed them Baggses a grudge for the last fifteen year and I got myself called up as a witness on purpose to get even with 'em, and I feel I've done it. Good-bye." [Detroit Free Press.

Chinese Newspapers.

A funny, turned-around, and twisted kind of people are the Chinamen, somany of whom live on the western shores of our great country. They seem to be our opposites in almost everything, and whenever they do copy one of our customs, they do it in such an upside-down way that it is as queer as ever.

What should you think a Chinese newspaper would be like? It seems odd, doesn't it, that people who are two or three hundred years behind us in everything else should care anything about so modern a thing as a newspaper? But they have them and funny affairs they are. There are two of them published in San Francisco. One of them is called the Wa-Kee, the other the Ton-Fon-Son-Bo. But if you think they are printed with type and big roller presses, you are decidedly mistaken. Such a process would be made too quick and American for John Chinamen. Tee Jen, the editor of Wa-Kee, works from daylight till long after dark painting the funny Chinese characters on sheets of thin paper about the size of foolscap. These are given to a lithographer, who transfers them to stone by means of acids, etc., and when four of them have been thus prepared, they are put into a queer wooden press that works with a screw, something like a letter-press, and runs entirely by man power, something like the first printing presses invented, and used in Europe four hundred years ago. The name of the paper appears on the last page, and the readers start from that and read toward the front. Neither of the papers are either agricultural, political, or religious, but each has a Letter and Answer department, and the rest of the space is given up to news. John Chinaman is so economical that he had a great deal rather borrow his neighbor's paper than subscribe for one of his own, and for this reason the circulation of the Chinese newspapers isn't very large. One of them prints 750 copies, which it takes the printer three days to print. Many of the great city daily papers print a hundred thousand and more in an hour. This is the way we beat Chinamen in everything, and still they think their way is the best.

Measurements taken in the crypt of Westminster Abbey show that there still remain unoccupied resting places for at least 90 distinguished persons. Probably the next to go beneath the honored slabs will be Alfred Tennyson. The poet laureate is sure of that distinction, unless by his own wish, he chooses to be buried elsewhere. Whether room for William E. Gladstone would be reserved by the governing body, it is conjecture to say in the light of the present state of feeling toward the great commoner, whose espousal of the cause of home rule has alienated the favor of the aristocratic elements for his countrymen. Should he survive a few years, however, he will probably have won them all over to his side of this momentous question and will be laid in Westminster Abbey by the general desire of the whole people.

The Floating Island.

BY PAYSIE.

A long time ago, when dense, wild forests stood where we now find busy cities, there lived, as a steward, in an old, dilapidated hunting castle, an old man with his wife and son, little Fridolin. The father of the Count to whom the castle belonged had been very fond of the chase, and every autumn he spent several weeks hunting deer and other wild game; but the present Count did not enjoy such sport, and left the castle entirely to the care of the steward and an old hunter.

The thought of this island was seldom absent from Fridolin's mind, and he spent many hours on the shore of the lake, vainly hoping to gain a view of this image of beauty. When not on the shore, Fridolin could almost always be found on the balcony of the tower, where he had a wide view of both the forest and the water. As he sat here one warm July day, allowing his gaze to wander over the lake, he saw in the distance what, at first sight, seemed to be a fisher's boat; but as the object came nearer, it glittered and shone as if made of gold and jewels. Fridolin hastily left the tower and ran to the shore, and having untied his boat was soon rowing with all speed toward the tiny craft, which rocked so gently in the waves, and was constantly coming nearer.

But no one was to be seen in the strange boat, and when but a few steps away Fridolin rose to his feet to gain a better view, he saw lying fast asleep in a boat made of mother-of-pearl and bordered with costly gems, a little girl with long, golden hair and wearing a rich dress adorned with the finest embroidery. As the boy gazed wonderingly and breathlessly at the little sleeper she awoke and started up in a frightened manner. She looked at the bow of the boat as if in search of something. Then she held her hands imploringly to Fridolin as if begging his protection. But to all the eager questions of the boy the only replies he received were sighs and tears. Fridolin knew that the little stranger was in great trouble and he wanted much to help her. But he discovered that his language was new to her; for when he asked her name and how he might aid her she shook her head sadly as if to say: "I cannot understand you; but I know that you are kind and will help me."

Fridolin then led the little fairy, as he called her, to his parents who were greatly astonished, and took every care of the little stranger. The old hunter, who was present said: "She is from the Floating Island, and has been carried by the waves to our shore."

Fridolin was delighted with his new companion, and in every way tried to banish the look of sorrow, which was seldom absent from her fair face. He showed her where the sweetest strawberries grew, gathered for her the choicest flowers, and spent many hours with her rowing about in his little boat. Although Fairy, as everyone now called her, ceased weeping and seemed grateful for the kindness of her friends, yet she never spoke, except in a strange tongue, and seemed always to have a great grief. She was not contented when on the shore with Fridolin, or up in the castle tower overlooking the water. One day, when the two children had climbed the dark, narrow stairs and were standing on the ivy-covered balcony they heard a loud clapping sound, and saw, flying near them, a large black stork, which seemed anxious to attract their attention. The little girl clapped her hands for joy and, stretched her arms toward the bird, which flew nearer and hovered about as if awaiting some commands. Fairy took a fine gold chain from her neck and held it to the stork, which took it in its bill, and, having watched attentively the strange signs which the little girl made, it flew away across the lake.

Fridolin looked on in wonder, and was delighted to see the change in his companion's face. There was no longer any trace of sorrow to be seen, her large blue eyes beamed with hope, and a bright smile played over her beautiful face. In the meantime a great storm arose, the wind blew furiously, and the waves rolled higher and higher, while the rain fell in torrents.

"We must go down," said Fridolin, "or we shall be drenched, and then mother will scold."

But Fairy paid no heed to his entreaties, and remained standing with her gaze fixed on the water. Suddenly through the storm and rain a white cloud was seen, which proved to be a silver veil carried by the stork. The bird flew swiftly toward the tower and dropped the veil on the balcony. Hastily seizing it, the little girl ran down the stairs so quickly that Fridolin could scarcely follow, and running to the shore sprang into her little boat, and, having spread the silvery gauze over the bow, she was carried by the waves out into the lake. Fridolin looked on as one bewitched, and it was not until she waved good-by that he thought of detaining her, and then he called and begged that she would return, but in vain. For a long time the boy stood on the shore and watched the little boat gliding over the waves. He could see the long, golden hair floating in the wind, and the fair, white hand waving farewell.

And now Fridolin's quiet life seemed more lonely than before, and he wept bitterly at the thought of never again seeing the beautiful fairy. Yet he still hoped that the Floating Island would approach their shore, and that Fairy would come to his home. But the months came and went, and although Fridolin spent all his leisure hours on or near the water, he gained no sight of the fairy boat, nor of the Island. Great trouble now came to the boy. His dear parents, who loved him so devotedly, sickened and died, and the charge of the castle was given to another. The old hunter to o was taken away, and Fridolin was left almost without friends. An uncle, living in a distant city, far from the beautiful lake, took the orphan to his home; but Fridolin was not happy here, for he pined for the old, free life in the forest and for his home in the castle.

After several years, the uncle took Fridolin for a visit to his old home. The delighted boy sought again the old tower, and as he looked once more over the water, he was sure that he saw the little pearl boat, and in it the little girl, whom he had called Fairy. Running to the shore, he cried:

"Fairy, Fairy, come quickly; for I have but a short time to stay. My uncle will soon come for me, and then I must go away again."

In a moment the boat had touched the sandy shore, the little girl sprang out, and in a language which Fridolin could perfectly understand, said:

"When the cruel wind carried away the silver veil, which served as a guide to my boat, and I was lost on your shore, you heeded my cry for help, and cared for me until the black stork found the veil, and I was able to return to my home and friends. I have now come to take you to my father's beautiful castle on the Floating Island, where you will be happy, and all troubles will be forgotten."

The silver veil was again spread over the bow of the boat, and the vessel glided away, carrying the orphan to a land of flowers and music.

The Lady and the Mysterious Parcel.

On Saturday afternoon a young St. Helens lady paid a visit to Liverpool, in company with a male friend, and after visiting one of the drapery establishments for which the city is so famous, she returned to Lime Street Station and deposited in the cloak-room a small brown paper parcel, which contained several yards of cretonne. The couple then went to "look round" the city, and on reaching Lime Street in time to catch the 10.50 train to St. Helens, Mr——took the ticket, and presenting it at the cloak-room window received what he then believed to be the parcel deposited by the young lady earlier in the day. The parcel was placed in the carriage, and duly carried to the home of the young lady in Duke Street, St. Helens. When she came to look at the exterior of the parcel she became apprehensive that there was something wrong, and on taking the brown paper partially off she came upon an old Liverpool newspaper, dated 1888. This being removed, a dirty cotton pocket handkerchief was exposed to view. Too disgusted to proceed further she dropped the parcel on the floor, and, rumour says, gave it a hearty kick, and sent it flying into a corner. A little later the parcel was again looked at, and a coloured union shirt, like those worn by sailors, became the next object of observation, and no little additional disgust. This, however, soon gave way to surprise, for in the centre she found three small leather bags, two of which contained 20 sovereigns each and the other contained 10 sovereigns. With commendable promptitude the young lady informed Chief-Constable Wood, and that gentleman at once placed himself in communication with the Lime Street Station officials. Inquiries were made, and on Tuesday afternoon the £50 and the mysterious wrapper reached Lime Street Station, and the parcel belonging to the young lady was despatched to her at St. Helens.

In Texas now they track a horse-thief on the hoss-trail-ian system.

How to be a Good Shot.

A boy, if he amounts to anything, wants to do well at whatever he goes into. Most boys want to do more than that, they want to be first, but are not always willing to work for it. There is nothing that most boys are more anxious to do well than to handle a gun. Now, if some of our boys are anxious to be among the best shots in the country, there is no better way than to find out how some men have become good shots and to follow their advice to the letter. Mr Zimmerman, one of the greatest modern riflemen, a man whose breast is covered with medals won in two continents, was talking with a reporter the other day and said many things that will be helpful to beginners:

"The first thing for a man to learn when he begins rifle shooting is caution. Next he must learn how to stand. This is one of the most important things connected with the art. I always stand squarely on my legs. I brace myself with my feet about twenty inches apart. I stand as I would if I expected a man was going to run into me and try and throw me to the ground. I do not face the target, but stand so that my left side is nearest to the bull's eye. When I take aim I turn my body above the waist. That is all.

"After having got a good style in standing the beginner must next learn how to hold the rifle.

"Every man has his own way of holding the rifle when he takes aim. Some men support the barrel almost at arm's length. Others hunch their backs up and screw themselves into a double knot. I found early in my practice that I could do the best work by keeping myself close together. I keep my right arm as close to the body as possible, elevating the elbow as little as I can, and I support the barrel with my right hand, guiding the barrel with the forefinger. In some galleries the beginners are taught to support the barrel with the thumb and forefinger. This is very nice for indoor work, but when a man is in the open air and faces a stiff wind he will find that he needs more support than that. Never practice in the gallery what you do not intend to follow out of doors. That is a rule that you will do well to cut out and paste in your hat.

"After you have taken aim, pull the trigger. Don't give it a jerk. Don't think that you have a twenty pound weight to move and put all your muscle into the movement. Make a steady, continuous pressure, no harder at the beginning than at the end. After a while you will find that you can throw your rifle directly in range without a conscious effort and can shoot for hours together without getting tired. When you have reached this point shooting becomes a pleasure.

"Now as to the way to shoot. You go into a shooting gallery and you can tell at a glance who among the men who are there are experienced shots. You will see a man pick his gun up carelessly and load it and cock it and point it at some other man, to try the sight and show his ownidiocy. You may put it down as a fact that that man doesn't know the first thing about shooting. An old shot is careful. He knows that it is the 'unloaded' gun that always kills some one. He never points an empty rifle even at a man. The muzzle of his gun never points at any one. He never loads until he faces the target. He never aims his gun at anything but the bull's-eye.

"At the beginning don't try to do too much. You will only tire yourself out and lose your nerve. Besides that, looking at the target over the sights will injure your eyes if you try to do more work than you are able to get through with comfortably. I would not advise a man to shoot over five scores (fifty shots) two or more times a week. That is enough for the ordinary man.

"In early practice a rifle of .22 caliber is heavy enough. Later on a man can take up the .38 Ballard or Winchester. As to sights, the peep and globe is the easiest for long range, say 200 yards. With that sight the marksman has only the bull's eye and the pin head in the globe to watch.

After shooting, the rifle should be carefully cleaned, first with a wet piece of canton flannel, then with a dry piece until it comes out as clean as when it went into the barrel. Then an oiled rag should be used both inside the barrel and around the lock. Too much oil, however, should not be used.

Relics of Slavery In Canada.

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the "peculiar institution," negro slavery, had a foothold in Canada as late as 1834. The little town of Amherstburg, on the Detroit River, was one of the spots where it flourished longest. Still standing are to be seen the buildings known as the slave quarters of Col. Elliot.

This gentleman had a stirring history. He was a native of Ireland, who settled in Virginia, where he owned a plantation in the early colonial days. During the revolution he joined the British forces, served faithfully, and was several times wounded. On the recognition of American independence, he came, in 1784, to Upper Canada, took up a large tract of land, bordering on the Detroit River, one mile below Amherstburg, and transplanted the Virginia institution, slavery and its accompaniments to Canadian soil. He was the first superintendent of Indian affairs in the western district, retaining his rank of colonel and serving in the war of 1812. An intimate friend of Gen. Proctor, he saved the life of the latter at Moravian-town by throwing up the rifle of Tecumseh, who, exasperated at Proctor's contemplated retreat, accused him of treachery, and would have shot him on the spot but for the intervention of Matthew Elliot. Col. Elliot was also a friend of Commodore Barclay, whom he tried to dissuade—in the unprepared condition of his fleet—from sailing to his disastrous meeting with Commodore Perry in the famous battle at Put-in-Bay.

As member for Essex, Col. Elliot was returned for three Parliaments extending from 1801 to 1812, and dying shortly after the battle of Queenstown heights, was buried at that place. Col. Elliot found the tract which he took up along the Detroit River an unreclaimed wilderness. With the slaves, about sixty in number, that he brought from "ole Virginny," he cleared the land, tilled it, and taught his small black army how to raise something beside cotton in the new soil and climate which demanded other crops than that of the Virginia product.

After the emancipation proclamation, many of the black people still preferred to remain at the old quarters, Elliot's Point, with Mrs. Elliot, who survived her husband for several years. A grandson of the colonel's remembers how, in 1859, a negro came one day inquiring if Mrs. Col. Elliot was still living, and on being informed that she was, begged to be allowed to see her. He was given an interview and turned out to be one of the former slaves, who had taken advantage of the emancipation act and gone out in the world to seek his fortune, but the memory of the old plantation still haunted him through the years, and he drifted back to beg that he might end his days there. His prayer was granted, and the old man remained with Mrs. Elliot till he died.

The old buildings at the "Point," where labored and sang the slaves, are fast falling into decay, and becoming but picturesque memories of the past; but yet, at nightfall, when the river is calm and placid, and even the twitter of the birds is still, it seems one can yet hear, floating over the old quarters, the weird strains of plantation melodies, or see the wraith of the brave, clear-headed colonel, with erect, military bearing, looking over his domain, or dreamily watching ghostly fleets of departing vessels, which he had warned of impending disaster.

A wandering Spaniard arrived in Odessa from Constantinople late one afternoon about three weeks ago, and at midnight left the city by train. On the following day he returned, hurried through the streets and squares like mad, and at midnight again departed. He repeated this curious behavior once more, and has not been seen in Odessa since. At Moscow and St. Petersburg he did as he had done in Odessa, and in response to inquiries of the suspicious police in both cities, laid before them, with proofs, the details of his recent life. He is Don Doreal Assento, a Spanish grandee and millionaire, who began suffering from insomnia seven years ago. After trying all other remedies, he was advised by his physician to travel. He began and has not been able to stop. Only in railway carriages, in omnibuses, or in steamships can he find rest. He has not been in an ordinary bed under ordinary circumstances for six years. Every night he charters a railway compartment, or a cab, or drifts about at sea in a yacht or steamship. He has been almost everywhere on the Continent, and purposes passing this winter in Siberia.

Guest—I admit that in your restaurant one does not have to wait as long as in the rival establishment across the way, but over there you get twice as much for your money.

Proprietor—Perhaps so, but remember the proverb—he who gives quickly gives double.

ACTION OF LIGHTNING.

How it is said to Operate on the Human Organism.

A Vienna paper states that Prof. Nothnagel, in one of his clinical lectures, exhibited to his hearers a young woman, aged 20, Josepha Schlessler, who had been recently struck by lightning in Styria, and had come to Vienna for treatment in Prof. Nothnagel's hospital. The patient suffered from a derangement of the nervous system. To his remarks on the case the lecturer added a discourse on the effects of lightning, substantially as follows: Formerly it was known merely that the burns occasioned by lightning had a zigzag figure, and that the further consequences might be paralysis or death. During the last ten years the lecturer had made comprehensive experiments upon rabbits, with the electric spark of a huge Leyden jar, and had thrown a new light upon the question. The action of lightning upon the brain, the spinal column and the peripheric nerves is shown by the loss of consciousness, the disturbance of the intellect and the extended phenomena of lameness, the latter of which have a tendency to disappear. On the other hand, there are intense nervous phenomena, which strongly resemble those produced by railway accidents and other concussions, and which dominate the patient for a long time. Disturbances of sight and speech often occur, and may remain for life or may in part disappear. In other cases there may be observed in the person struck a childish frame of mind, which may incline either to reckless merriment or to sadness and melancholy. Experience proves that lightning produces its chief effects only at the points of its entrance and exist. Thus, a flash which entered a school-room injured only the first and last child on the form, those between escaping unhurt. Prof. Nothnagel pointed out that in the treatment of lameness and other constitutional perturbations due to lightning, metallotherapy is most efficient, a large horse-shoe magnet being applied alternately to the head, trunk and the limbs. This process led to better results than the electric treatment recently adopted. In case of a quite recent stroke, the clothing should be unfastened, the patient laid with the head high, quietness and fresh air should be secured, and, if consciousness does not return, the head should be exposed to a stream of cold water.

No Encouragement for Twins.

"Don't you give any premiums for twins?" asked the anxious looking man who had edged his way through the crowd in front of the railing behind which sat the judges at the baby show.

"No my friend," replied one of them. "We thought it best not to offer premiums for twins. Here is the premium list. You can see for yourself."

"I didn't know but you might have a consolation purse to offer," said the anxious looking inquirer, edging his way out of the crowd again.

Husband—"Why, what in the world did you get such a bit of a bonnet as that for?"

Wife—"Well, now, don't go to making such a fuss about its size; just wait till the bill comes in."

"Answer me, Clara," he said in a moment of passion; "I can bear this suspense no longer—"

"Answer him, Clara," echoed the old man in the hall, thinking of the gas and coal bills "I can bear this expense no longer."

The children of Israel thought it a great hardship to be compelled to make bricks without straw, but no one thinks of putting straw in bricks nowadays.

An Italian barber in Montreal having married a Polish girl now makes her to stand in front of his shop all day as a sign. She is the barber's Pole, you see.

That man only has learned to live rightly who takes with a smile the world's praise or blame, and with steady head and hand goes straight on with the work he has in hand.—[Sarah K. Bolton.

LADIES' JOURNAL, Bible Competition!

NO. 26.

The Old Reliable again to the fore. A splendid list of Rewards.

Don't Delay! Send at Once!

Competition Number Twenty Six opens now at the solicitation of thousands of the old friends and competitors in former contests. The Editor of THE LADIES' JOURNAL has nearly forty thousand testimonials as to the fairness with which these Bible Competitions have been conducted.

This competition is to be short and decisive. It will remain open only till the 15th day of December inclusive.

The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found. 1 HEM. 2 ROBE, 3 GARMENT.

To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the Piano. To the next person, the $100.00 in cash, and so on till all these rewards are given away.

FIRST REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano by celebrated Canadian Firm	$500
Second one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	100
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Teachers Bible, $3	45
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement $60	420
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet	55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash	20
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces	150
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works, bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15	75
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Open Face or Hunting Case Watch, $30	210

MIDDLE REWARDS.

To the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given the fifty dollars in cash. To the sender of the next correct answer following the middle will be given one of the ten dollar amounts, and so on till all the middle rewards are distributed.

First, Fifty dollars in cash	$50
Next five, each $10 in cash	50
Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine, $50	150
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50	250
Next ten, each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set, (4 pieces) $50	400
Next twenty-one, each a set of Dickens' Works, Beautifully bound in Cloth, 10 vols., $20	420
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Hanley, England	250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service, of 68 pieces, specially imported, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15	75
Next eighteen, each a handsome Silver Plated Sugar Bowl, $5	90
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50	250
Next fifty-five, each a handsome long Silver Plated Button Hook	55

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

For those who are too late for any of the above rewards the following special list is offered, as far as they will go. To the sender of the last correct answer received at LADIES' JOURNAL office postmarked 15th December or earlier, will be given number one of these consolation prizes, to the next to the last, number two, and so on till these rewards are all given away.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	$100
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements $60	420
Next nineteen, each a Set of a Dozen Tea Knives, heavily plated, $10	190
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch $50	250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair $2	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols., $20	80
Next twenty-one, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet new design	5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five, a Teachers' Fine, Well Bound Bible with concordance	100

Each person competing must send One Dollar with their answers, for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been greatly enlarged and improved and is in every way equal at this price to any of the publications issued for ladies on this continent. You, therefore, pay nothing at all for the privilege of competing for these prizes.

The prizes will be distributed in time for Christmas Presents to friends, if you wish to use them in that way.

The distribution will be in the hands of disinterested parties and the prizes given strictly in the order letters arrive at the LADIES' JOURNAL office. Over 255,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

Little Things That Tell.

It is the little things that tell—little brothers for instance, who hide away in the parlor while sister entertains her beau, etc. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are little things that tell. They tell on the liver and tone up the system. So small and yet so effectual, they are rapidly supplanting the old-style pill. An infallible remedy for Sick and Bilious Headaches, Biliousness and Constipation. Put up in vials, convenient to carry. Their use attended with no discomfort.

How much did the man owe who robbed Peter to pay up all?

Wun Lung.

This is the queer name of a Chinese laundryman in Hartford, but he has probably two lungs, like most of us. Some crying babies seem to have a dozen. Lungs should be sound, or the voice will have a weakly *sound*. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes strong lungs, drives the cough away, generates good blood, tones the nerves, builds up the human wreck and makes "another man" of him. Night-sweats, blood-spitting, short breath, bronchitis, asthma, and all alarming forerunners of Consumption, are positively cured by this unapproachable remedy. If taken in time, Consumption itself can be baffled.

The great perpetual battle of life is the warfare waged against self.—[G. M. Valtour.

The Handsomest of all Coins.

This proud distinction is generally conceded to the United States' twenty-dollar gold piece, a marvel of beauty in design and finish. The loveliest of God's handiwork is a handsome woman, if in the bloom of health if she is not, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore her. Ladies who use this peerless remedy are unanimous in its praise, for it cures those countless ills which are the bane of their sex—irregularities, dragging-down pains, inflammation, hysteria, sleeplessness, and the "all-gone sensations which burden their daily lives. A tonic and nervine, without alcohol.

One Dose of Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine will instantly stop a severe fit of coughing.

No young man cares to keep his countenance after his girl has sent back his photograph.

Recommended to Sufferers.
Gibbons' Toothache Gum Price 15 cents.

Pure Cod Liver Oil and Emulsions properly made from it are undoubtedly the best remedies for pulmonary complaints. Many emulsions have been placed on the market but none seem to have met with the success accorded to SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. Their Laboratory at 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., is kept constantly going and every druggist in the country is supplied with the famous remedy.

The Head Surgeon

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all