BAD LUCK TO THE RANCH

It Comes of a Visit of a Pretty Young Woman.

A Wedding Breakfast Spoiled with Gun Powder and a Fatal Shooting that Prevented a Worse Tragedy.

When the cattle raising business was at the zenith of its prosperity in Wyoming, and when Cheyenne was in its glory, there were no more familiar figures at the Cheyenne Club than those of two young English men who were making big money, out of a large ranch some thirty miles from the town, where they not only raised beef, but bred draught horses from Percheron and Clydesdale stallions. Both were under 30. Tailleur, the elder, came of an old family, while Walsopp was the son of a rich manufacturer who had sent him off to the West to keep him from flinging money into the London gutters. It was generally supposed that Walsopp's father had paid for the ranch and stock, but the two appeared to divide the profits, and, at any rate, were on the very best of terms, and, though always guying and laughing at each other, were practically inseparable.

One day a little while after the spring round up, they, in company with a number of other cattlemen from the club, had sauntered down to the station to watch the Pacific express go through, which was one of the day's diversions, when the first overt proof was given to their companions that neither of them bestowed a thought, on the life that they had left behind them, and from which they had apparently

SEPARATED THEMSELVES ENTIRELY,

for they usually went to California when they left the ranch instead of running over to England when they could get the leave, as did most of their compatriots in the cattle country. There came out on the platform of the observation car a young and very beautiful English woman, followed by an elderly man, who was obviously her husband.

Tailleur and Walsopp both caught sight of the pair at the same moment. The blood rushed to their faces and they stepped forward. The English woman started a little as she recognized them, and then held out both her hands. There was an animated handshaking all round, and then a quick interchange of questions and answers, in which the fine-looking old husband joined freely until the train pulled out.

During the short interview the partners had with Mrs. Forbes-Brinton (which may stand for her real name) she must either have given them an address to which they subsequently wrote, or then and there have promised them a visit on her return, for she and her husband appeared again at Cheyenne, going east, in the course of a week or ten days, and stopped off, to be met by her old lovers and carried off to their ranch, where she was royally entertained. Hunting parties were made up for them, and the guides said that she was a good shot and handled a Winchester rifle with ease. Also she took a great interest in the live stock, and that was the beginning of all the difficulty; or rather it was what supplied a focus for the trouble that arose after she had gone away to concentrate itself upon. Those two poor young fellows should have been satisfied with their ill luck in meeting the girl whom they ought to have forgotten. Probably she had no idea she was doing an unwise thing in accepting their hospitality, and never suspected afterward that her visit was anything more than

A CASUAL INCIDENT

of their rather lonely life. Anyhow, Mrs. Forbes-Brinton went away after a few days' stay loaded up with more mementoes of Wyoming life than she could possibly have wanted, and having accepted, after some urging, the promise of a pair of farm horses selected from among the colts which her hosts had foaled on their stock farm. After she had gone both went back to their ranch and drank more than was good for them. And a man can stand a good deal when he is riding all day long.

Drinking did not hurt Walsopp's temper, though it made him inattentive to business, but Tailleur's nerve suffered badly. He became moody, growled, or remained silent when Walsopp tried to joke with him, and gave signs that he needed letting alone. Walsopp, however, was not clever enough to see this, and the moodier Tailleur grew the more he endeavored to rouse him to share his own reckless gayety.

One day the foreman of the ranch rode up to the house to ask for directions on some matter of business. Walsopp talked it over with him, and he was about going away when Tailleur looked up from the easy chair in which he was sitting and said: "Fairbanks, I want you to brand that pair of draught horses which was set aside for Mrs. Forbes-Brinton."

The foreman looked at him in some astonishment, and Walsopp said quickly: "Why, Tailleur, what in the name of goodness do you want this done for?"

"That's my look out," said Tailleur, rising. "I want it done. I mean that she shall know they came from us, do you understand."

"Why, who else would they come from," said Walsopp. "My dear dear boy, are you mad?"

Tailleur turned, and walked away. A day or two later he brought the subject up again and vowed that the branding should be done at once. Walsopp, who in the meantime had been warned by the foreman that Tailleur's mind was not running quite smoothly, and who had had the good sense to shut down at once on his own grog managed to smooth things over for the moment, but Tailleur showed an ugly persistency and insisted on postponing the business only for the brandy bottle. Walsopp consulted with Fairbanks whether it would not be better to humor him the next time and brand the colts, and they decided that this course had better be taken. In the meantime Walsopp wrote to Cheyenne for the doctor, asking him to come out to the the ranch as if for a friendly call.

He came and had a talk with Walsopp, but it was only too evident that Tailleur had been brooding too long. He was heard muttering to himself about Mrs. Forbes-Brinton, and had apparently come to a determinationth at the unlucky colts should make some sort of vicarious sacrifice

FOR HER REFUSAL

of himself and Walsopp and subsequent marriage. He did not again speak of branding them, however, and in his excited condition the doctor deemed it best to allow his mind to follow its bent of the moment, whatever that might be.

At this juncture Fairbanks proposed that he should cut at the root of the matter by driving the colts across country to a neighboring ranch, where they could be kept out of Tailleur's way until he recovered his usual health or until they could be sold. He was to be told that they had strayed away or had been stolen by rustlers. Unfortunately this expedient, the wisdom of which was entirely superficial, was adopted, and after the colts had been spirited off the natural result followed. On learning of their loss, Tailleur flew into a great passion, abused everybody for incompetence and carelessness, and insisted on advertising in all the Wyoming papers and on notifying all the stockmen. Of course the colts were not found, and Tailleur, who now asserted with frantic and painful vehemence that his sole remaining interest in life was to place them in the hands of Mrs. Forbes-Brinton, took to mounting a horse and riding all day in search of them or the gaolers who had carried them off. This was a good thing in one way, for constant life in the saddle again might have begun a cure, but Walsopp became alarmed, and in his fear that Tailleur would come to some harm on these long solitary rides on which he would allow no one to accompany him, ordered Fairbanks to bring the colts back at once and cook up any story that would satisfy Tailleur. And now the last piece of bad luck was yet to come, for it so happened that Fairbanks, who slipped off after the colts one day when it was thought that Tailleur had gone on one of his protracted journeys, rode out of a little wood into his arms with the colts in halter.

Tailleur rode at Fairbanks and the cowboy who was with him like a madman, and in a hoarse voice demanded to know where he had found the colts. Fairbanks stammered over his reply, and Tailleur instantly accused him of having

ATTEMPTED TO STEAL THEM.

Fairbanks recovered his presence of mind at once and began an explanation, but it was too late. Tailleur would not listen. He drew his revolver and ordered Fairbanks to ride home with him at once, and have the matter settled at the ranch. Fairbanks asserted his readiness to comply, and threwing the halters to the cowboy drove his spurs into his horse. Tailleur wheeled to accompany him, and they had gone but a few paces when the madman perceived that the colts were being left behind. He reined in and shouted angrily to the cowboy to follow at top speed. This left Fairbanks a little in advance. Tailleur, thinking that he was trying to escape, fired at him and missed him.

The foreman seeing that it was a madman with whom he had to deal, drew his own revolver. Tailleur overtook him as they rode on side by side, firing at each other with their revolvers. The cowboy turned the colts loose and followed them. For miles they rode on thus together, the horses galloping at breakneck speed, Fairbanks expecting that every moment would be his last, and yet, by sheer force of will, restraining himself from firing. The madman's burning eyes were glaring into his, and that their fierce threatenings of instant death did not once unnerve him during that long and awful ride is the highest tribute to his powers of self-control. He felt, however, that unless Tailleur again suspected him of trying to escape he would be satisfied with the impression that he was driving his prisoner to the ranch. So he did not pull the trigger.

They had been riding for over an hour when they passed the first line of wire fences, which, as they were a little out off the track, their horses took on the gallop, leaping them side by side. As they settled down into their stride again Tailleur seemed to notice that they were nearing home, and looked forward as if to see if the house was in sight. Fairbanks made a sudden lunge and knocked the pistol from his hand, Tailleur turned in fury. At the same moment his horse stumbled and threw him. He was picked up dead, his neck having been broken. Walsopp sold the ranch shortly afterward and went home to England. Nothing more has been heard of him in Wyoming.

TAKEN CAPTIVE BY CANNIBALS.

A Missionary's Description of a Region Where He Was a Prisoner.

In May of last year an English missionary, Dr. Montague, who occupied a station near the coast in the western part of British New Guinea, suddenly disappeared, and for some time nothing was known as to his fate. It was discovered finally that white out in the forests beyond his station he had been captured by the Tungere cannibals, a tribe living further west in Dutch New Guinea, that had never before been known to venture so far east. The savages carried Dr. Montague off to their own country, a land that was practically unknown to white people. There he lived until February of this year, when he was rescued by a Dutch steamer. Very little news has yet been received with regard to Dr. Montague's experiences. We know only that as a captive he had nothing seriously to complain of, except the poor quality of the food served to him. He modestly refrains from saying much about himself in the brief report he has made of his sojourn.

AMONG THE CANNIBALS

and devotes most of his paper, which has recently appeared in Globus and other German geographical publications, to the discoveries he made in the land of the Tungere cannibals. As they did not harm the doctor, perhaps the world owes something to, making a prisoner of him for a while. His involuntary sojourn has certainly been productive of some very interesting facts.

The people who captured him still live in the stone age. The eastern limit of their country begins about twenty miles west of the Dutch-British boundary and extends westward to Prince Frederik Hendrik Island. Along this extensive coast live a number of warlike branches of this tribe, and the region is thickly populated. They inhabit large villages both on the coast and inland, and on the coast the towns are so numerous that the whole shore seems to be lined with unbroken rows of huts. In their intellectual and physical development, these people belong to the finest of the New Guinea tribes. The men are handsome, muscular, well-built fellows,

WITH HIGH FOREHEADS,

and many of them are light yellow in color. Although they wear no clothing whatever, they lavishly paint and adorn their bodies. They wear nose rings, and their weapons consist of bows and arrows and stone clubs. Their arrow tips are poisoned. They build rude canoes from thirty to forty feet in length, which they propel with paddles. All the subdivisions of this large family maintain with one another the friendliest relations.

Among their house animals are pigs and dogs, both of which are esteemed as table delicacies. The dogs are used on kangaroo hunts, which are a favorite diversion with the natives. Sago, yams, and sugar cane are cultivated. Food is in great abundance and the fruits of harvest are stored away for future use. Along the coasts and at some places in the interior cocoa palms thrive finely, and the lowlands are very rich and fruitful. The improved area is very extensive. The fields are kept in excellent condition, and the natives have quite advanced ideas of irrigation, which they practice to some extent in their agriculture. The plains are specially adapted for raising large crops of rice and sugar cane, and Dr. Montague believes that portions of this new region could be turned into profitable plantations under European management.

The forests swarm with butterflies, birds of paradise, and various kinds of pigeons, and abound also with the most valuable sorts of wood, such as cedar, sandal wood, and other kinds. The rivers and the lagoons along the coast are full of fish and water fowl. The climate, says Dr. Montague, is as good as can be found anywhere

IN TROPICAL COUNTRIES,

and is far more healthful than most other parts of New Guinea. The reason is because the territory lying on and near the south and west coast has the benefit for eight months in the year of the south monsoon, while during the remaining four months the northwest monsoon prevails.

Dr. Montague lived in the country nine months, and, although his food was bad, he enjoyed excellent health. Only one language, with some dialectic differences, is spoken along the whole coast, and the missionary is now engaged upon the preparation of a dictionary of the language.

He found that the people are afflicted to some extent with leprosy. They are very fond of eating the bodies of people they take in battle, but only those who are killed or captured on their war expeditions go into the cannibal pot. Unlike most other savage peoples, child murder is unknown.

Dr. Montague believes that a very profitable trade could be developed. There are, however, hardly any good harbors, though there is good anchorage in the river mouths for vessels of light draught.

Going to Law.

Two Dutchmen, who had built and used for years in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning repairs which it required, one of them positively refusing to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of a few planks.

Finally, the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing two five-dollar notes in his hand, said: "I'll give you all dish monish if you'll make Hans do justice mid de bridge."

"How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer.

"Not more than five tollar," said the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other, "take this and go and get the bridge repaired; its the best course you can follow."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "yaas, dat ish much better than to quarrel mit Hans."

But as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained anything by "Going to law."

A Hopeful View.

He (despondently)—"Our marriage will have to be postponed. I have lost my situation, and haven't any income at all."

She (hopefully)—"That doesn't matter now, my dear. We won't need any. I've earned how to trim my own hats."

A Merchant's Test.

Merchant (who has advertised for a boy, to tenth applicant): "Well, my little man, which would you prefer to do—work or eat?"

Tenth Applicant (earnestly): "I'd rather eat, sir, any time."

Merchant (approvingly): "That's right, my lad; you'd be a fool if you wouldn't; and you may have the situation. I offer, as you are the first lad who has applied for it that has told the truth."

A Delicate Point.

Cholly: "Do you think, my love, that your father will consent to our marriage?"

Angel: "Of course papa will be very sorry to lose me, darling."

Cholly: "But I will say to him that instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son."

Angel: "I wouldn't do that, love, if you really want me. Papa has three such sons staying here now, and he's a little touchy on those points."

AGRICULTURAL.

Old-Time Haying.

Oh! the haying, sweetest haying!
With swinging scythes a-gleam;
Its merry mowers all afield
With morning's rosy beam.
Its clover scents and bobolinks,
Its dewy beds of clover!
The haying time the best, methinks,
In all the goodly year.

When wheeling up the purple east
The gorgeous sun has lit,
The yellow bee to flowery feast,
The grass-green minaret—
The haystack, cone-like, giving out
A world of perfume its bones;
Through many meads, a fairy route
To fields of shining corn.

When flashing 'mid the grass, lush green,
The gleaming fork and scythe,
And eyes as keenly bright, I ween,
As any orbs alive:
When floating up from stainless lips
The farmer's song rings clear,
Oh! what can haying time eclipse,
In all the happy year!

The haying time's so beautiful
With labor's romance fine,
When heart-embrace the dutiful,
And water flows for wine;
When sloop, too sweet for idle king,
Is won by toil-rough hands,
And, scorning fashion's tinsel things,
The honest yeoman stands.

A monarch of the blessed soil,
A knight of high degree!
Who only owes to happy toil,
Tribute and fealty.
God bless the world! its autumn prime,
Its winter, cold and dreary,
And bless ten-fold, the haying time,
The glory of the year.

—Helen Hindale Rice.

Dairies and Creameries.

From the Department of Agriculture of the Province of Ontario has been received over "Annual Reports of the Dairymen's and Creameries' Associations of the Province and Ontario" for the year 1891. It contains over 200 pages octavo, filled with matters of interest and value to Canadian dairymen. Among the subjects discussed at the meetings of these associations was that of testing the milk of the individual cows and of the combined dairy in order to ascertain the real value of the milk for butter and cheese. It is a very common custom for the managers of cheese and butter factories to pay each patron the same price per pound for his milk as is paid to all other patrons. Of this it seems just to pay the same price per pound to all patrons, there is more or less dissatisfaction because some farmer feed their cows so well, in order to get all the milk possible, that their milk is evidently richer; that is contains more butter in a given quantity than does the milk from the half-starved cows of another patron. Milk contains three constituents—fat, caseine and water. In the right proportion these will make a perfect cheese. Poor milk from ill-fed cows, has too much water and too little of the other substances. It is found that the fat and caseine are generally proportionate to each other, and the water is the variable constituent. The difference in value between poor and good milk was illustrated by Prof. Robertson by instancing the case of two farmers by buying each a fat steer to market. One of the steers was a slab-sided, coarse animal, fairly fattened, and weighed 1,000 pounds. He was 4 years old, having been stunted when young. Such an animal would be sold at 3 cents per pound, bringing $30. The other steer was a 2-year old, which had always been well fed, and also weighed 1,000 pounds. This steer would sell at 5 cents per pound quicker than the other would at 3 cents, and would therefore bring $50. Together the steers would bring $80, and if the money should be divided according to the weight of the steers, butterfactory style, one farmer would get $10 less than belonged to him, and the other $10 more. Prof. Robertson gave tests of milk each month at a dairy-room creamery, which receives the milk from 700 dairies. The milk here is paid for according to the amount of butter-fat in it. In June the poorest dairy received 56 cents per 100 pounds of milk, and the best one got 81 cents. The difference increased rapidly month after month until in October the poorest milk brought 92 cents, and the best $1.56 per 100 pounds. Prof. Robertson advised every creamery and cheese factory to get a Babcock milk-tester, and use it constantly. Dairymen who make their own butter would find the tester useful in pointing out the poor and unprofitable cows in the herd. The Babcock tester is sold by dealers in dairy utensils, and those who have tried it find it accurate, and it is not expensive. It does not pay to keep poor cows in a dairy, and judging from the discussions at the Ontario conventions, the Babcock tester affords an easy and cheap method of detecting the useless cows.

Canadian-bred Clydesdales.

Canadian-bred Clydesdales are not, as might be supposed, those bred and foaled in Canada, but in the horse shows of that country they are a class limited to those animals which do not trace on the side of the dam to an imported mare. At the Provincial Spring Stallion Show, held at Toronto, in March, the winner of the first prize in the aged class was Pride of Dollar (962) who was also the winner a year ago. He is stated to be by Pride of Perth (282) out of a mare by Sir William Wallace (123). The winner of first in three-year-old class was Oliver Yet (1838) who is by Oliver Twist (873) out of a mare by Boydston Boy (2.01.) These examples will illustrate to the reader the defects, from an American standpoint, in the breeding of what are known as Canadian-bred Clydesdales, and indicate why they are denied importation duty free as pure breed. As the breeding shows, they are merely high grades.—[Western Farm Journal.

Paying Points of Cows.

Professor Robertson, the well-known Canadian dairy authority, specifies five points for judging a cow that will prove profitable, and properly holds that uncomfortable conditions of keeping, as to stable or defective feed, will neutralize even the best equipment. The points are as follows: "A long udder lengthwise of her body; and it should be very elastic in quality; the elastic quality means room to make milk. A soft skin—a mellow skin covered with mossy, silky hair; a cow has only one skin—one skin, around her body and clear through by way of her stomach. The skin, if coarse or harsh, means sluggish digestion inside and that means an expensive cow that does not digest her food or thrive well. Then, a cow should have a large roomy barrel with broad ribs wide apart, for holding plenty of good, rough, bulky, cheap feed; it should be filled up twice a day. See that the milk-veins under the cow's belly are prominent; prominence is a far more important indication than actual size would be. Firm muscles in the abdomen mean good constitution; they are one of the best evidences of endurance and thrift that you can find in a cow, and endurance to stand the strain of giving milk continuously is what you want. A cow should have broad loins with long rump. A rather long, lean neck, with clean-cut face and prominent eyes. These points indicate enduring power to stand the strain of a long milking season. If a cow has these five points she will usually have the power of serving a man well."

Poultry for Women of Small Capital.

Some one has said that "there is nothing which a woman can do so well as a man except to shoe a horse and be out of the garden." It is certain that there is nothing which a woman can do at home which will yield so much health, pleasure and "hard cash" as the care of poultry, for the same outlay. Even the poor, frozen, lice-eaten fowls (I had almost written it fouls) which one usually sees, on a farm take heart when warm weather comes and yield eggs and stolen brood of chickens enough to keep the family in groceries, and if the season is very favorable there may be money enough left to buy the mistress a new gown. The master says it would be cheaper to get rid of the troublesome things and have enough vegetables left in the garden for family use instead of keeping a pack of lazy hens to scratch up every seed and eat the currants and tomatoes, never thinking that if he treated his cows and pigs as he does his hens, letting them run as fancy dictated, they would work even greater harm, while yielding little if any more money. The first thing to consider in starting into a poultry business is a house for their comfort. It may be very cheap and ungainly, but it must be warm in winter and admit no drafts or it will not be a success. If money is scarce a very cheap house for ten or fifteen hens may be made, by setting two forked sticks in the ground ten feet apart, having them seven feet high when set, lay a strong pole across the sticks and put brush or rails along the side, resting one end on the ground, and the other on the pole. Cover one end, like the sides but the other, which should face the south, must be boarded up and supplied with a wide door, the upper half of which is glazed with cheap window glass. Cover with straw, coarse weeds or other refuse, holding it in place with earth. This makes a warm, light roof of the sort which used to be made to store potatoes and apples in when cellars were not so plentiful. If unmatched boards are used for the front the cracks should be battened with lath and the inside covered with paper. Strong wrapping paper pasted on smoothly will do very well if it is not desired to spend money for tarred paper.

In selecting fowls the beginner must decide whether she intends to keep specially for eggs or dressed poultry. If for eggs, the small breeds are no doubt best, though there are few of the best known breeds which will not respond to the proper kind of care. I have pure bred Brown Leghorns and a mixture of Light Brahmas and Wyandottes in my flock, and while the Leghorns take the lead when the circumstances are all favorable, they feel a chance chill more than the large fowls, and they are such opinionated little wretches that they sometimes insist upon leaving their snug quarters for some cold corner, if given their liberty, and the result is disastrous to their egg record for a few days.

Fowls should be kept under perfect control in winter and not allowed to wander. But their evident enjoyment tempts me to let them run out on sunshiny days and it is often the case that one pays for the pleasure in a loss of eggs.

Most poultrymen agree that the Wyandotte, or Plymouth Rock is the farmer's fowl, and no doubt they are as near "general-purpose fowls" as one can find. But whatever breed is chosen select pure bred stock from a good strain. It is wise for a novice to begin her work with poultry in the spring, all the conditions are favorable and nature provides a great deal of substance for the hen at little or no cost. If the fowls have unlimited range, as they usually do on a farm, they will do well and be not undeservedly mischievous if they have one good feed each day, with plenty of pure water and a pan of sweet milk, if obtainable, as a reserve supply. If the morning feed is made much so much the better, as variety can be obtained much easier than in the winter when grain is fed whole. Dry beans, turnips, carrots, small potatoes, and even the litter from the hay mow may be boiled and thickened with buckwheat, barley or other grain ground and mixed with wheat bran or shipstuff. Fresh meat should be given in some form. If a bone cutter is accessible there is nothing better than green bones. Any one can pound small bones into available shape with a small sledge hammer and a big stone. Oyster and clam shells may be reduced in the same way. If the bones are large and tough roast them in the oven until crisp, and there will be no trouble with them, and the fowls like the change. Raw beets are much relished by hens and keep them in good condition, but a hen must be very hungry before she will eat raw turnip unless it is chopped fine. The worst enemies with which fowls have to contend are lice and moisture. Their houses should be kept clean and dry, and kerosene in some form, should be used freely so long as a louse is left in their quarters. The easiest and safest way is to use kerosene emulsion with a force pump such as is used to spray fruit trees. The mixture should be used very strong and care should be taken to make it reach every crevice in the building. This should be done in the morning soon after the hens have left their perches, as the lice are then on the roosts and fall easy victims. After two or three hours, throw dry lime around the roosts and fall which will absorb moisture and purify the air. Hens cannot be made profitable if lice abound.

DEPLORABLE LOSS OF LIFE.

A San Shipwreck off Yarmouth N.S.

Fourteen Lives Lost Out of a Total of Twenty-seven on Board—The Captain's Wife and Child Among the Lost—Terrying Experience of the Rescued—The Vessel Owned in London.

A Yarmouth despatch says—A sad shipwreck, involving the loss of 14 lives, occurred off Yarmouth harbor last night. At 9 o'clock this morning a great quantity of deals drifted ashore north of Chebogue point and then a damaged life boat with thirteen exhausted sailors was washed ashore in the surf, and the men were helped up to the house and cared for. They proved to be Capt. Henry Hughes, his first mate and 11 of the crew of the Liverpool iron ship Peter Stuart, bound from St. John for Liverpool with deals. The second mate and 13 others, including the captain's wife and child, were drowned. The Stuart was towed in as far as Briar Island on Saturday morning, and the captain, after getting within 10 miles of the lighter to Digby, ran 15 miles west, and then headed down the bay, although he thought he had made allowance to carry him far off land and ledges. They brought up at 8 o'clock Sunday evening on some rock off Chebogue Point, supposed to be Gannet rock ledge.

THE SHIP BROKE UP

and all the boats but the life boat were smashed. In cutting away the life-boat she capsized. The captain's wife and child were never seen again. Some of the crew, who were thrown on the floating deals from the broken-up vessel, managed to right the boat and found the captain still alive underneath. All who could be seen were picked up, and the boat stood by till daylight, when the first mate and some of the others were picked up. With 18 out of the 27 lives the boat started away from the scene of the wreck, not a vistage of the vessel remaining. The boat had been damaged, and filling, was again capsized, but they got her righted and steered towards land. Four more had, however, been lost, and before they got to land it was found a dead body named Alexander Troop was washing about in the almost submerged boat and the corpse was pushed off. This body drifted ashore, and so far has been the only one recovered. The captain, mate and several of the crew were badly bruised, and the sailmaker had his leg broken. The vessel was loaded by Alexander Gibson, and the cargo was probably insured. The vessel was insured. She was owned by Thomas Stevens & Son, London.

SADNESS IN ST. JOHN.

St. John, July 4.—The wreck of the Peter Stuart, with its terrible loss of life, caused sad feelings here, though none of the dead belong to this province. Several of the men shipped at this port, but they were foreigners. Captain Hughes, during his stay here, made many friends. His wife formed a circle of pleasant acquaintances by whom she was much liked. The child was about 5 years old. The lumber cargo of the Peter Stuart was furnished by Alexander Gibson, and, like her vessel, was insured in England.

Electric Light on Battlefields.

The ubiquity of electricity is becoming almost proverbial. From the "brightest spot on earth" to the blood-stained battlefields is rather a far cry, but there is no end to the application of electricity. A recent telegram from Austria described some experiments of great interest which have recently been carried out successfully there. The difficulty of searching for the wounded on the night after a great battle has been one which has long occupied the attention of military reformers, and the army medical service in Austria has been endeavoring to determine how far the electric light may be utilized for this humane end. The value of powerful searchlights with reflectors has been proved in naval affairs, and at Suakim and elsewhere soldiers have found them very effective on open ground. They would be equally effective, under similar conditions, for assisting in picking up the wounded, but when the battle has raged over a wide extent of country, or when the fighting has occurred amidst woods and brushwood, the use of this class of light is attended with difficulty. The need for a special form of light for this purpose having been recognized, the Austrian medical service have been experimenting with portable electric lanterns fed by secondary batteries contained in the knapsacks of the men who carry them. These experiments, concludes the Electrical Review, have been carried out under conditions as nearly as possible similar to those which would occur in actual warfare, and the results were so encouraging that it is highly probable that the portable "search-light" will be taken up in earnest by the military authorities in other countries.

Charlie's Dodge.

Mrs. B.: "You seem to be very fond of reading, Charlie, for every time I come here you have a book in your hand. What are you reading now?"

Charlie: "Don't know, ma'am."

Mrs. B.: "What, don't you know?"

Charlie: "No, ma'am. I always have a book in my hands, because then mother will say to father, 'Don't interrupt the lad in his studies.' He'll be a great professor one of these days. Let him read in peace, and just you go and chop the firewood instead."

AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION.

Sufferings and Failure of the Lindsay Party.

The Expedition was to Complete the Exploration of Australia, But it was Relatively Organized—The Use of Camels.

Dismal failure has been the lot of the large party, led by David Lindsay, that was fitted out at great cost over a year ago to complete the exploration of inner Australia. The terrible heat and the parched desert areas, where hardly a drop of water could be found, are the primary causes of the disaster. The highest hopes had been aroused by the enterprise. The scheme of exploration had been formulated by the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia. The money required, amounting to thousands of dollars, had been provided by one man—Sir Thomas Elder—the wealthiest and most enthusiastic promoter in Australia of science and discovery. Everything looked bright for the expedition when in April last year David Lindsay, a tried and successful explorer, started from Adelaide with twelve comrades, including a scientific staff of nine men and forty-two camels to complete the map of Australia.

The work of exploring inner Australia had, in the past, devolved chiefly upon nine men, of whom Lindsay was one. Our map shows the most important routes of these travellers.

THREE GREAT TRACKS

of which nothing was known, were to be brought by the tenth expedition to the knowledge of the world. All of them are west of the overland telegraph. The first unknown area to be visited was that between the southern track of Giles and that of J. Forrest, and was about 1,300 miles long from east to west and 350 miles wide. After crossing this strip Lindsay was to turn north to the head waters of the Murchison River, and then work his way back east through the unknown region between the routes of Giles and Warburton, estimated to be 900 miles long and 200 miles wide. The third unexplored district, where Lindsay was to end his labors, lies in what is known as the Northern Territory, mostly between the overland telegraph and the Victoria River, and is a region of some 400 by 300 miles.

The routes across the great interior which the map shows could never have been followed if it had not been for the introduction of the camel. Early explorers used horses as baggage animals, and their success was poor because water is a scarce commodity in the great wastes. No Arctic enthusiast, no explorer of tropical Africa, has ever endured more terrible suffering than has fallen to the lot of Australian travellers. "The History of Australian Exploration," says Reclus, "gives the highest idea of the grandeur and fortitude of man." Steam brought in a new era of Arctic exploration. Camels introduced into Australia from Arabia, in 1846, made long and successful journeys in inner Australia. The camels Lindsay took with him were in charge of their Arabian drivers. They had been in the country three years, and, having become accustomed to the changed conditions of our climate, could be depended upon for good service.

After leaving the land of the overland telegraph, Lindsay's real work began at the Everard range of high hills. He soon discovered that his arduous enterprise had fallen upon evil times. In all that region

NOT A DROP OF WATER

had fallen in two years. Sources of water that had been discovered earlier were wholly dried up. At the start, however, the party were able to fill their water bags, and they set out bravely for the unknown west. Over the parched plain they toiled, past Blyth Range, and on to Borrow Range. At the Blyth hills they obtained a small supply of water, but by the time they reached Borrow Range the situation had become very serious. They decided wisely that it was futile into the unknown regions beyond would probably cost the lives of all. It became now a hunt not for geographical discoveries, but for water.

Over 400 miles southwest was a remarkable little oasis, discovered by E. Giles in 1875. He reported that thousands of cattle and sheep could be raised in the verdant place. There was abundant animal life and a fine growth of grass in the little area a few square miles in extent, and Giles called the water he found there Queen Victoria Springs. The Lindsay party struck out straight for these springs. What was their horror, when they arrived there with their camels in a perishing condition, to find that the terrible heat and long drought had turned the green oasis into a scorched and barren desert. Not a drop of water could be seen, and yet they must have water or die. With the frantic energy of despair they began to dig in one of the hollows, and at the depth of twenty feet they reached water so impregnated with alkali as to be almost undrinkable, but, bad as it was, neither man nor beast refused it. The party filled their water bags and advanced 150 miles further south before they came to a fairly good water supply.

It had been one of the most terrible marches in the history of exploration. For thirty-five days the party had marched

UNDER THE BLAZING SUN

and had found only a few quarts of water. For twenty-four days the camels had not a drop to drink, and the thirteen men had an allowance of only three pints each a day. It is surprising that only three of the camels died, but when they reached the coast at Esperance Bay on Oct. 14 last they were scarcely able to stand. Two weeks rest was necessary before the party could start north again in the hope of saving their expedition from utter failure.

He learned that one could not count on a drop of water to the north of Hampton plains. Turning to the west and then to the northwest he struck out for the upper Murchison river, his camels becoming rapidly weaker on account of their great sufferings from thirst.

At last the long latent dissensions in his party burst into flame. The entire scientific staff accused Lindsay of unkind and arbitrary conduct and of gross mismanagement. They resigned together, and, making their way to the west coast, left Lindsay to struggle on with his brother and camel drivers. Though for a short time his camels were so far gone with thirst that they could not eat, the plucky explorer made fair progress until he reached Cruikshank's ranch, not far south of the Murchison. Lindsay now thought his troubles were nearly over, and he had high hopes of accomplishing something after all. What was his dismay, therefore, to find at a ranch a telegram from the geographical society calling him back. The news of the desertion of his scientific comrades had reached Adelaide, and the expedition which all Australia had watched with the deepest interest had been pronounced a failure. Lindsay left his camels and baggage to return by easy stages. He hastened to Adelaide and at once proposed to the geographical society to explore at least the central part of West Australia. He was confident that he would find running water there. Sir Thomas Elder, however, while expressing great confidence in Lindsay, declined to refit the expedition for the present. The whole enterprise was therefore abandoned.

The expedition added nothing whatever to geographical knowledge except the discovery and naming of four mountains. Geographers are agreed that its failure was not due to inefficiency on the part of its leader. He is responsible, however, for mistakes in organizing the party. It was a blunder to take thirteen men and forty-two camels for a journey of many hundreds of miles through regions where scarcity of water was to be expected. Large as his party was Lindsay says he would have pulled through had he obtained 2,000 gallons of water. In places where water ordinarily was to be expected, by digging three or four feet he found at a depth of fifteen feet small quantities that would have helped a small party, but were hardly a thimbleful a piece for his large force. In 1887-8, this experienced explorer crossed Australia from Port Darwin to Adelaide, accompanied only by a native boy and four baggage animals. If he had started on his latest journey

WITH A FLYING COLUMN

of four experienced bushmen and eight camels, the result might have been different. As it was his unwieldly party of scientific experts had no knowledge of bush or desert travel, but their appetites were good and they needed plenty of water.

It should not be inferred that all these inland regions are permanently unfit for human enterprises. Lindsay saw them last when they were suffering from an unusually prolonged period of drought, but much of this region needs only rain to vivify it. Natives inhabit certain districts, and Lindsay saw them drawing their water supply from the roots of small trees called the mallee tree. He says they can tell by the appearance of the trees which will yield a supply of pure water. Mr. Charles Chewings and other authorities assert that immense expanses of inner Australia, once believed to be nothing but useless desert, contain large numbers of natural artesian springs. They believe that by artesian irrigation many hundreds of thousands of acres will yet be reclaimed for man.

Australia and Africa have this striking difference among others. Africa is like an inverted saucer, the interior being higher than the rim of the continent. Australia is the saucer in its usual position, the inner plateau being lower than the more or less mountainous outer portions. When the early travellers saw the country beyond the highlands of the southeast coast descending to lower levels they imagined their must be some great Caspian sea within which received all running waters. In place of this central, imaginary sea, however, there exist only comparatively small basins without exterior drainage; and it is the utter lack of rivers available as highways to the far interior that has made the exploration of inner Australia so difficult.

The history of Australian discovery is more crowded, in proportion, with tragical incidents than that of any other continent. Many explorers have succumbed, some killed by the natives and others

OVERCOME BY FATIGUE,

thirst and hunger. Friends have separated, appointing a rendezvous at some lake or eminence in the trackless wilderness, visible in the distance, and have never met again. Many a record of travel tells a story of intense suffering amid far spread sand dunes, of floundering through saline marshes or thorny spinifed, the terror of all Australian explorers, with heat intolerable by day and freezing temperature at night. The botanist Cunningham was murdered by the natives of the Bogan River in 1835. The savant Leichardt, after his first great journey, attempted in 1847 to cross the continent from east to west, and disappeared with his entire party from human ken, leaving no trace that has ever been discovered. Burke and Willis perished of their privations in 1860 not far from Lake Eyre, and the only survivor of their party was King, who was rescued by a relief expedition.

These are only the most conspicuous of the tragedies of Australian exploration. Geographers began to think it was impossible to cross Australia through its centre. Finally South Australia offered a reward of $50,000 to the first man who should traverse the continent from south to north. Stuart made two attempts, and failed. He tried again in 1862, and won the rich prize, following the route that is now occupied by the overland telegraph; and it has been said that he stood upon the verge of the Indian Ocean, "gazing upon it with as much delight as Balboa when he had crossed the Isthmus of Darien from the Atlantic to the Pacific." Natives are now established along the telegraph route, and in recent years they have been the base of operations of all expeditions that have pioneered the way into various parts of western Australia.

In view of the disastrous collapse of the Lindsay expedition it may be some time before the last inner region of Australia is completed, but the present failure is not at all likely to be regarded as final.

Why Do Boys Throw Stones?

As soon as a boy is old enough to be trusted out of doors by himself he begins to throw stones.

He takes to it as naturally as a duck takes to water.

He throws them at anything and everything which offers; though, of course, he has his preferences.

Board fences, pot shade trees, and pumps, and telegraph poles will do when there is nothing better; but he dotes on cats, and lame dogs, and horses turned out on the common to eat grass and die; and schoolhouses, and unoccupied buildings of any description, are his especial delight.

He likes to break panes of glass, and to knock the insulators off the telegraph poles, and to make the white horse of old Robinson's go on three legs; and if he can hit the weathercock on anybody's barn he is in ecstasy! And why? We think nobody knows.

Girls never throw stones. We have watched scores of them together, and we never saw one of them throw a stone. Boys like to do it, and it is fun for them, why is it not fun for the girls?

In the country, where space is plentier than anything else, throwing stones is the principal amusement which offers itself to our young masculine friends. Everything animate and inanimate, has to suffer. Fruit trees and flower beds—hens, pigs, cows, horses, sheep, cats, dogs, birds and birds' nests, all come in for their share. We never yet saw a boy attempt to drive a cow anywhere without stoning her, and we never expect to. We have given up the fond hope.

And we do believe most of the young rascals would stone their own grandmother if nothing better offered and they were sure it would never be found out.

We have asked a good many youngsters of our acquaintance the question which heads this article, and nine-tenths of them have very satisfactorily assumed, "I dunno" while the remainder have told us "It was such fun!"

When a boy is going to throw a stone, considerable preparation is necessary. He selects his missile as carefully as were a told did David in that little duel of his with Goliath, and having satisfied himself that it is just what he requires—he sets his hat well back on his head, braces himself—left leg forward like the pitcher of a base-ball club—drops his under jaw—flings his right arm well behind his back and throws! When it is well done you will notice that the little fellow almost turns his jacket inside out; he is so animated, and the very buttons on his trousers, and the strings in his shoes, seem to bristle with excitement.

If he has made a shot—he slaps his knee and chuckles, and maybe throws up his hat; and if he sees his Sunday-school teacher coming about that time he picks up his slate, and tries to whistle a mild tune, and his shining schoolboy face looks so innocent and so guileless that you refrain from asking him who threw the stone that broke that pane of glass in your office window—feeling