HOUSEHOLD.

Swinging to Dreamland.

Swing, baby, swing to dreamland;
There, sweet, in slumber go;
My song will blend in seemland
With songs the angels know;
Thy hammock will be golden
And like the crescent moon,
And in its hollow holden
Thou will be sailing soon.

Go swinging, swaying, swinging,
High up among the stars;
A mother's wish uplinging
Shall sleep let down the bars;
Altho' thy hammock golden
Is like the crescent moon,
Thou will, in my arms holden,
Wake bright and laughing soon.

Tale of the Seal in Sacque.

It seems a paradox to say that the woman with a sealskin sacque is to be pitied this season. She has been envied heretofore. But the woman with a sealskin sacque has a bad way. She has been run up against the balloon and leg-o'-mutton sleeves. She has been confronted with the alternative of no shoulders or no sealskin sacque. For that sacque has never yet been made, that will comfortably cover to a feet of shoulders and six inches additional frill and leave the latter intact. In the ordinary course of fashion it has usually been only necessary for the woman with a sealskin sacque to get her treasure out of camphor upon the approach of cold weather and take a promenade. She was considered always ready for winter. The sealskin was always in the style, and covered a multitude of deficiencies. The woman with the sealskin sacque was always sure of being helped across a crowded street by the police, was always asked out to supper after the play, always got a seat in the cars, received the general good attention of the world at large. She was the envied of her sex. All this is now changed. The unexpected draught of the sealskin season required prompt measures on the part of the latter. And they took them. They began a campaign of education last summer. They sneaked in on the enemy with the dreadful balloon sleeve. The balloon sleeve sent the sealskin sacque up higher in a kite. It is true some obstinate women will try and combine the two, but it comes hard. Some of them take out the old original sleeve of the seal and put in a balloon that shows worn, and feel satisfied that they have beaten the game. Others recklessly crush the inflated shoulders and groan in spirit. Others still, with an affected contempt for any fashion which clashes with the rights of the sealskin sacque, stick to the old style of coming everything shoulders, and let or go at that. But the antiseal-skin contingent is in the ascendancy and the sealskin sacque as an article of wearing apparel must go.

A Word of Advice.

So much depends upon the arrangement of the sideboard and table that housekeepers are constantly on the lookout for dainty pieces of china and glassware whereewith to replenish the articles that are broken by careless domestics.

It takes so little time to make the table neat and attractive, that there is positively no reason why careless methods should be practiced in so many households.

The morning meal, which should be the most enjoyable repast of the day, is placed on the table hurriedly and without regard to a careful arrangement of the various dishes.

The father is absorbed in the newspaper, and the mother, fretted by the shortcomings of the cook, has only words of reproof for the children, whose childish prattle disturbs their father and adds additional fuel to her own vexation.

This of the greatest importance that the eating room should be made neat and cheerful, and, above all, it should be made attractively; it will tend to dispel the clouds that hover across the domestic horizon, and prove a better aid to digestion than all the nostrums in the universe.

To decorate our dining room it is by no means necessary to choose expensive articles. A pair of plain, red earthenware vases, with an artistic model on each side, will help to brighten the room and also furnish suggestions that may prove valuable in selecting a varied assortment of bric-a-brac.

Art is applied to such common things in these days of machinery and useful inventions, that good shapes and tasteful designs cost no more than ugly ones, and yet people will fill their houses with china and glassware that are glaring deformities in both shape and ornament.

A plain tint in china is generally preferable for common use. If many breakages occur, plain white dishes will be more satisfactory than those that are decorated, as they can easily be replaced.

A housekeeper who possesses superior judgment will carefully avoid purchasing imitations and cheap articles of a fanciful description.

A simple wreath or geometrical pattern is much in vogue, and is used to decorate the cheaper ware. The gilding which is so freely applied to ordinary wares gives to the article a tawdry appearance which is very irritating to the artistic eye.

In choosing glassware, heavy shapes and showy cutting should be avoided. There is no stronger evidence of vulgar taste than a propensity to select articles that are elaborately decorated. There is a favorite style at present, without a particle of ornament, the delicate quality, slender stems and graceful shape being sufficiently elegant without ornamentation.

Some Puddings.

Steamed Raisin Pudding.—One pint flour two teaspoonfuls baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, two eggs, half a cupful sugar, one cupful raisins. Sift together the salt, baking powder and flour, add the milk, melted butter, yolks well beaten with sugar, the whites of the eggs beaten stiff, and the raisins, stoned and halved and rolled in flour. Pour into a bowl or mold, and steam two hours.

Poor Man's Pudding.—Three cupfuls flour, one cupful beef-suet, one cupful molasses, one cupful milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, half a teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls mixed powdered spice. Chop the suet very fine, and mix with the flour that has been sifted with the baking powder, salt and spice. Add the milk, molasses, and well beaten eggs. Pour into a well-buttered bowl or mould, and steam three hours.

Paradise Pudding.—One cupful raisins, one cupful chopped apples, one and a half cupfuls nice light bread crumbs, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls sugar, a pinch of salt, flavoring of grated nutmeg and powdered cinnamon. Stone and tear the raisins in half, and beat the eggs very thoroughly. Put all the ingredients together, and when well mixed, pour into a small buttered bowl or mould, and steam three hours.

Rice and Apple Pudding.—Three tablespoonfuls of rice, three tablespoonfuls of sugar one quart of milk, three sour apples a pinch of salt. Core and quarter the apples, mix all the ingredients together, pour into a well-buttered pudding-dish, cover, and bake slowly four or five hours, when the milk should be all absorbed and the rice a red color. Serve cold.

Cabinet Pudding.—Butter a plain round or oval mould; line the bottom with raisins and with citron cut into fancy shapes; cover this with pieces of stale sponge cake, then more raisins and citron, alternating with the cake until the mould is full to within an inch and a half of the top. Beat together the yolks of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar until extremely light, then mix in slowly a pint of milk just brought to the boiling point. Pour this over the cake, etc., in the mould. Put the mould into a pan of cold water, so that the water may cover one-third of the mould. Set it over the fire until the water boils, then put the whole into the oven to bake one hour. Turn out the mould and serve hot.

Baked Indian and Apple Pudding.—One cupful Indian meal, one cupful molasses, two quarts of milk, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, or one tablespoonful of finely chopped beef suet, one quart of pared and quartered apples, half a teaspoonful each of ginger and grated nutmeg. Bring the milk to the boiling point in the double boiler, pour it gradually on the meal, return to the boiler, and cook half an hour, stirring frequently. Add the remaining ingredients, pour into buttered pudding-dish and bake slowly three hours.

Scalloped Apple Pudding.—Half a cupful sugar, half a cupful butter, two pints light bread crumbs, three pints of sliced apples, flavoring of powdered cinnamon or grated lemon rind. Melt the butter and stir it into the bread crumbs, and mix the flavoring with the sugar. Butter a pudding-dish, put in a layer of the buttered bread crumbs, then sliced apple, and sprinkle with sugar; repeat the layers until the materials are used, having a thick layer of crumbs on the top. If the apples are not juicy, and have little flavor, add half a cupful of cold water and the juice of half a lemon before putting on the top layer of crumbs. Bake about one hour.

Pudding in Haste.

Have you ever been surprised by having company come in just as dinner was ready on a day when you had not provided a dessert? I was so surprised the other day, and I hastily made a pudding sauce, then put the pudding on to boil while we were at dinner.

Split a few crackers and put raisins between the halves—I happened to have seedless raisins which I used—sprinkle a little sugar over them, tie them closely in a cloth, or put them in your pudding-bag, and boil fifteen minutes in milk and water.

For the sauce I used one cupful sugar, one-half cup of butter, yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful of corn starch; stir the ingredients thoroughly, and add boiling water enough to make it the consistency of thick cream. Flavor with wine, brandy, or any of the extract flavorings if preferred.

Four Good Recipes.

Delicious Spring Chicken.—Dress and joint the chicken; wash and drain; place in a dripping pan and just cover with sweet cream; season with a little salt, pepper and butter; let them cook until the cream is almost cooked away, and the chicken will be done.

Eggs in the Nest.—Beat to a froth the whites of six eggs; add a little pepper and salt; pour in a round, buttered tin, dip upon it six tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, one spoonful in a place; upon each spoonful of cream place one of the yolks whole, being careful not to break it; place in a moderately hot oven, cook and serve hot.

Baked Beans.—Boil until very tender season with salt, pepper and sugar; slice pieces of pork, place over the top and bake.

Lemon Custard Pie.—Sweet milk, 1 pint; 3 eggs, 1 lemon, 1 cup of sugar; mix the beaten eggs, sugar and milk together, as for a custard; remove spots, stem and flower end from lemon, chop very fine, stir into the custard and bake.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

An Interesting House Inhabited by an Interesting Family—One Branch is Now in Nova Scotia.

Longfellow's Way-side Inn is in the town of Sudbury, Massachusetts, about twenty-five miles west of Boston, on the main road between Boston and Worcester. It was built by John Howe early in the 17th century for a country seat, and it declined with the fortunes of the family from a stately mansion to an inn, but never a humble one. It was first licensed under the name of "The Red Horse Inn," September 14th, 1666. When Sudbury was burned by the Indians in 1676 it was the only house in town that escaped destruction. It is a great plain colonial mansion, built of solid oak, and made picturesque by its gambrel roof, moonstone chimneys, and its original tiny windows (eighty in number,) with its leaden sashes. And strange enough it looks in this country of to-morrows with no yesterdays. No wonder its picturesque image lingered in Longfellow's mind until he used it as a connecting link in a chain of poems.

Longfellow first saw the inn when at the age of nineteen, he was on his way to New York, to sail for Europe. It was then a coaching station. Later in life when the inn still called the Red Horse inn, became a favorite resort of some of his friends, he visited them and took observations for the poems afterwards written at Craigie house and Nahant.

Longfellow's description of Lyman Howe, the landlord, is said to be true to life. He was "justice of peace, proud of his name and race, and coat of arms, as known everywhere as 'The Squire.'" One old man in Sudbury said to me, "I'd a know he meant Squire Howe if he hadn't put his name there; it sounds just like him." He was very proud of the family silver brought from England, all bearing the Howe crest. And their rare and choice china would delight the heart of a connoisseur.

These Howes were descended from the noble family of that name in Britain, and showed their pure ancestry by their refined speech and manner. The grandsire, whose sword is mentioned in the poems, was Colonel Howe, who was appointed a member of Lafayette's staff because of his knowledge of French, and that accounts for Lafayette's visits to the inn. Colonel Howe died of smallpox, which he caught from a traveller, in 1786.

The inn came to Lyman in direct descent from the founder, John Howe, but at his death it passed away from the Howes, and became the property of his mother's sister, Rebecca Balcom, wife of Daniel Puffer, of Sudbury, grand-aunt of the writer. Since that time it has been a peaceful farmhouse.

John Howe, a cousin of Col. Howe, the "Sudbury," whose sword hung peacefully in the parlor, was engaged in newspaper work in Boston when the Revolutionary war began. He remained loyal to the King of England and emigrated with his family to Nova Scotia. When the British Government rewarded the U. E. Loyalists, for their patriotism, with grants of land, John Howe received a grant of land about two miles from Halifax. Here his son Joseph was born in 1804. He was the Hon. Joseph Howe, who is considered one of the greatest orators the Dominion of Canada ever produced. He died in 1873, a few weeks after his appointment as lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia.—Canadian Magazine

The Distress in Chicago.

Towards the close of the World's Fair staily meetings of the unemployed were held around the Columbus Monument on the Lake Front. One day a riot at the very portal of the City Hall was quelled by the police. Then work was given to all of the unemployed who would accept it, or could accept it, on the big drainage canal. After the fair closed thousands of idle men emerged from somewhere—sprang up from under the granite streets, it seemed; poured into the city from neighboring towns on the south, north, west, and east. These men had no place to sleep, nothing to eat. In sheer humanity the City Hall was given up to them, and night after night, since the middle of November, the great corridors of the building and its stairways of iron and stone were turned into dormitories—hard beds, but pillows, at least. The homeless, the hungry, cried aloud, and the peace of the city was disturbed. The churches discussed the advisability of throwing open their edifices to those who had not whereon to lay their heads, but this movement was abandoned. Why, no one seemed to know. Then a crank in a suburban town issued a printed circular calling for twelve thousand armed unemployed men to meet at a certain hour at the Columbus Monument, go up into the city and take what they thought they wanted.

This odd and highly impracticable suggestion crystallized the movement for the relief of the poor, and a general committee of the richmen, called the Central Relief Association, was formed. The churches and their representatives in the ministry got together, and set to work at once in organizing societies and committees for investigation and relief. At that time the City Hall was the public dormitory, and a visit there at night was like a walk through a potter's field of unburied dead. The air of the main corridors became corrupt and has not yet been purified, although the lodgers were forbidden to enter a fortnight ago. The Central Relief Association worked hard, and soon had a great soup-kitchen on the Lake Front at the foot of Randolph Street. Here are fed daily about four thousand persons. The establishment does not undertake to lodge the poor, but it feeds them. No restrictions are placed on the applicant. He may fill himself there once, twice, or thrice a day as he wishes. And its fires are burning incessantly. In other parts of the city are seven establishments in which the needy are fed and lodged. All the outlying feeding stations have dormitories attached and the work is growing.

A Candid Hearer.

The following conversation is given as having occurred between a plain-spoken Scotch woman and her pastor:

"Good morning, Janet. I am sorry to hear you didn't like my preaching on Sunday. What was the reason?"

Janet—"I had three verra guid reasons, sir. Firstly, ye read the sermon; secondly, ye didna' read it well; and thirdly, it wasna' worth readin' at a'!"

Equal to the Occasion.

"Who is that woman over there? She looks as if she were painted."

"Sir, that 'woman' is my wife!"

"Pardon me, I had not finished my sentence. She looks as if she were painted by Raphael, and had just stepped out of the frame."

IN THE MAW OF THE LION.

THE DOCTRINE OF LIFE FOR LIFE VIVIDLY EXEMPLIFIED.

Execution of a Brave Man in the African Wilds—He Had Pushed His Victim Into the Pit with the Wild Beast, and He Chose the Same Death for Himself—To the Answered Lion Both Men Were But a Morsel—The Fearless Savage Facing Death.

We had our camp at the big bend of the Zonga river, where it approaches nearest the great desert of the Hottentot country, and one morning word was brought in that we had captured a large lion in a pit which had been dug for that purpose. Among the natives who went out in advance of us were two fellows who had been threatening each other with personal violence ever since we left the Vaal river. Both were tall, strong men, and each had his following, as is always the case, even in civilized communities. They had been restrained only by threats of the colonel to turn them out of the camp. They met at the lion pit, and by accident or otherwise one jostled the other. It was the spark leading to an explosion. Tom-Tom, as we had nicknamed one of them, seized the other, whose title was Joo-Joo, and with a twist and a wrench threw him into the pit upon the lion. It was a terrible thing to do, and neither the colonel nor I believed that Tom-Tom really had meant to do it, though he would not have hesitated to the hatchet or knife.

We met the natives coming back with the murderer in custody, and they demanded that his life should pay the forfeit. The pair of us ran on to the pit in hopes to save Joo-Joo, but we were too late. The lion was not only hungry but in a terrible temper over his capture, and he had killed the man as soon as he could get him. Had the victim lost his life in a fair fight nothing would have been done. Had he been stabbed to death in camp the murderer would have had to give his widow or other relatives about 50 cents worth of beads. As it was the men would hear of no punishment short of death.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

About 10 o'clock in the forenoon, having exhausted every effort and the men beginning to threaten loudly, we turned Tom-Tom over to them. He had been very quiet all the morning, and when told that he had to die he exhibited no emotion. He was in his prime and had a wife and three children at home, but he was too brave and proud-spirited to break down. He was given his choice of death—that is, they would strip and leave him bound hand and foot on an anthill or he should be flung to the lion, who had by that time eaten the last morsel of poor Joo-Joo. He would rather have been shot or clubbed to death, but they thought that would be getting off too easy. After thinking it over for awhile he said to us: "I have seen men left to the ants, and it was sometimes a whole day before they died. If I am thrown into the pit, the lion will kill me within a minute, and there will be no suffering. And, too, the man who is killed by a lion dies a proud death, and his wife and children need not be ashamed to say how he died. Yes, I will die that way. The lion will not be hungry again before to-morrow, but I wish the men to annoy him until he raves with anger. Then we will finish me at once, and you can get the cage up and secure him."

Tom-Tom talked the matter over as calmly as if speaking of an ox gone astray. We doubled our offer only to have it promptly rejected, and then turned him over to the escort and saddled up and rode away. What followed was told to us on our return.

A portion of the natives armed themselves with long poles and sticks and stones and angered the lion until he was positively furious. Tom-Tom was then led forward by his guards.

AS THE BRAVE MAN DIES.

All agreed that he was the least excited of the crowd. Two strong fellows had been appointed to fling him into the pit, but when he was brought forward he said:

"I am to die for causing the death of a man who thirsted for my life. I do not complain of that, but I wish to die like a man. Unbind me and stand back! I know what a lion can do. He can kill an ox with a blow of his paw, and he can crush the largest bone at one bite. He will kill me before you can count twenty, but he would afterward be ashamed that he had killed a man who was helpless. Job him with your poles and make his furious. That's the way! Hear his words of rage! See how he leaps up in hopes to get out! You are now going to see how a brave man dies. Look sharply for you will never see the like again. When you return home you will tell everybody that I threw Joo-Joo to the lion, but you will also say that I was killed by the same beast. Now I am going—good-by, all!"

He stepped to the edge of the pit, which was about twelve feet deep, and dived head first down upon the lion, who was standing on his hind feet. There was a fierce roar, muffled growls, a struggle lasting a few seconds, and the men looked down and knew that Tom-Tom was dead. The lion was so thoroughly aroused that it was not until the next day we could make a move to cage him, and it took us over a half a day to bring him out of the pit and make him a secure prisoner. After he was out of the pit I looked into it, but there was very little to be found to tell of the double tragedy. Then I closely inspected the caged beast, but he had licked himself clean and was hungry for another victim.

A GREAT YEAR FOR GOLD.

The Production in 1893 the Largest Ever Known.

A Washington, D.C., despatch says:—A production of gold throughout the world amounting to nearly $150,000,000 is the latest estimate of the U.S. Treasury officials for the calendar year 1893. This is $5,000,000 more than the estimate made late in November and published late in these despatches, which attracted so much attention in England and on the continent, and is very nearly the largest production for any single year in the history of the world. The great increase is in the Witwatersrandt region of South Africa, which has advanced by leaps and bounds from a production of less than $15,000,000 in 1891 to $25,000,000 in 1892 and $31,000,000 for 1893. Mr. Preston, the acting director of the mint, has requested a special report, through our consular representative in Africa, on this remarkable output.

The United States will show an increase of nearly $2,000,000, according to the best figures which have yet been received, an advance in the product for the year from $33,000,000 to $35,000,000. Several of the large states have not yet been heard from as to the exact details of production, but the deposits at the refineries have been much greater than last year and justify the estimate of an increased production.

Colorado reports an increase of 99,000 ounces, or about $1,800,000; Montana shows a gain of 11,000 ounces, or $220,000; Arizona shows a gain of $61,000, and New Mexico of $50,000. These gains are partially offset by the loss of 19,000 ounces or about $380,000 in Nevada, but will be increased by the returns from California, Oregon and Washington, which have not yet come in.

At Home and Abroad.

An old gentleman, crossing the road with his wife, saw a lady slip and fall. He went to her assistance, and helped her up. When he went back to his wife she shook her fist at him.

"It's all right, my dear, it's all right," he said.

"Oh yes! of course it's all right. When you see a strange woman tumble down, you can go and help her, but the other day when I tumbled down stairs you could only laugh at me! and ask if I was practising for a circus!"

Taming a Scold.

A village schoolmaster had done some thing to displease the parents of one of his pupils. On the following morning, the angry mother of the lad entered the school room during lesson time, and began to scold! The teacher knew what was coming, and called out, in a tone of command, "Children, the multiplication table!"

At once the whole school began to repeat the table in chorus. The woman stormed and raved, while the scholars only shouted the harder, and the master quietly laughed to himself. Utterly speechless with anger and surprise, the woman at last went away and the teacher was left master of the field.

Revolutionary.

Spigg—"Isn't Vomder's one of the revolutionary families?"

Twig—"I should say so; they're always in some sort of disturbance!"

A CANADIAN AFTER AMERICAN GOLD.

An Estate Involving Millions.

A Toronto Man Interested—An Entrancing Story of an Old English Sea Captain's Money.

John H. Hill, of 76 Woolsley street, Toronto, a poor man, is in a fair way to become a multi-millionaire. The story is an entrancing one.

"Money alone sets all the world in motion," wrote a philosopher. Money, oceans of it, has at least set the small world composed of between 200 and 300 heirs to the Robert Edwards estate in New York in motion, and they are "moving heaven and earth" to corral it. As the matter stands at present, the expectant heirs, or at least those of them who have proved their claims to be bona fide, stand a fair show to have their wildest expectations realized. Canada will be some millions of dollars richer if the Canadian heirs to this almost fabulous wealth succeed in establishing their claims, and there is every reason to believe they will.

The story of this immense inheritance, the plotting and counter-plotting to get possession of it, and the many years of working and waiting of the expectant heirs, reads like the veriest Arabian Nights tale.

In Toronto there resides one of the heirs to this estate in the person of Mr. John H. Hill, of 76 Woolsley street.

For a number of years he has been working quietly and patiently to get his lawful portion of the estate, and, as he has given indubitable proof of his close relationship to the wealthy New Yorker, he looks forward with confidence to an early realization of his dream of riches.

MR. HILL'S STORY.

Mr. Hill was seen at his house by an Empire reporter yesterday and without exhibiting any of that exuberance of spirits which might be looked for in an heir expectant to immense wealth, gave the facts of the case. Mr. Hill is a carter in the employ of Jolliffe & Co., the Queen street west furniture dealers. He is 53 years old and has a family of five children, several of whom are grown up. About four years ago he came to this city from Collingwood. For nearly three years he has spent his spare time and cash in trying to establish his claim as an heir to the Robert Edwards estate, and is confident that he has not wasted either in so doing. His several trips to New York for this purpose, and by enthusiasm other Canadian heirs in the matter has got the affair in good shape for a successful termination.

HE WAS A SEA CAPTAIN.

Robert Edwards, whose estate is being so carefully looked after now, was, as Mr. Hill says, his great-grandmother's father. He was a sea captain of a speculative turn of mind, and at the close of the eighteenth century, when New York was, if not a howling wilderness, at least a place where town lots could be purchased at a low figure, bought 62 acres of land in a place where now 62 feet would be worth a fortune. The estate in question lies in Broadway between Trinity church and the battery. In 1778 this estate was leased by the owner to the Trinity church corporation of New York for 99 years. The lease expired 16 years ago, and up to the present time the heirs have not succeeded in establishing their claims. Sixteen years ago Mr. Hill's father would have been a wealthy man by reason of his share in the inheritance but for one little but very important hitch in establishing his claim. The lease mysteriously disappeared. Two years ago this lease was found, and with this discovery hope revived in the bosoms of some 300 heirs spread all over the continent.

A TREASURE HUNTING ASSOCIATION.

One of the Canadian heirs, Mr. A. Edwards, of Milton, Ont., has been untiring in his efforts since then to get the matter settled. He has travelled over the States and Canada hunting up heirs, and the matter took tangible shape in Ontario was one of the foremost workers for an organized effort to establish claims and get at the wealth.

There was a grand rally of the Canadian heirs at London, Ont., on November 21 last. A circular had previously been sent out to all supposed heirs living in Canada, it proposed that all having bona fide claims on the Robert Edwards estate, of New York, meet in London "for the purpose of establishing a permanent association, with a proper constitution and by-laws, to elect officers thereof, to appoint committees with power, and to do all other necessary acts in out matters in shape to carry the undertaking commenced." The circular was signed, "Capt. Henry Edwards, Komoka; W. D. Edwards, assistant secretary, London; P. McPhillips, solicitor for claimants, London." The meeting lasted two days. Many spurious claims were struck off the list and lawyer McPhillips and Mr. W. D. Edwards were appointed to go to New York to investigate the matter.

TWO OPINIONS BY NEW YORKERS

in regard to the disposition of the estate were considered. The first was from a lawyer who claims to have possession of the expired lease. He wanted $25,000 from the heirs and one-third of the estate; all expenses until the matter was settled to be paid by him. This was not favorably considered.

The second offer was made by Mr. Frank Dubois, of the banking firm of Dubois & Ballou, of New York. He guaranteed to get possession of the lease, establish the claims of all the lawful heirs, fight the matter out until the estate was rightfully disposed of, and bear all expenses in doing so. For this he wanted one-half of the estate. The assembled heirs at London decided to take his offer. Several trips to New York have recently been made by lawyer McPhillips, and the matter is now in a fair way to being settled at least so says Mr. Hill.

THE TIME LIMIT.

"We have only a little over three years now to fight this matter," said Mr. Hill to the reporter, "as I understand solicitor that after 21 years from the expiration of the lease our claims are not valid. The lease, you see, expired about 16 years ago. I am confident, however, that the matter will be settled before that."

"What is the estate valued at?"

"I would not dare to make an estimate. It must be worth many millions of dollars, however, as it is situated in the centre of New York, where a few feet of land means a small fortune."

"How did you establish your claim?"

THE FAMILY BIBLE DID IT.

"Well, when I first went to New York some two years ago I took with me our family Bible, which has descended to me from generations. It is 107 years old, and contains the names of the family since then. They never disputed my claim at all, and there were many people in New York who wanted to take up my cause. The Bible is now in the possession of Mr. McPhillips."

"Do you know any of the other Canadian heirs?"

"Yes. There are several away up in Muskoka, Joseph and John Cooper, of Bracebridge, and Mr. Robert Hill of Gravenhurst. The latter is an amateur mine, and the former are cousins. Mr. Joseph Cooper accompanied me on my first trip to New York. Mrs. Rachel Cameron, of Collingwood, is also a bona fide heir."

Mr. Hill says that his attention was drawn to the matter of the inheritance some years before the lease expired, or about 20 years ago. An uncle of his, Mr. J. Nazworth, of Detroit, was even at that time working to establish a claim to the property. He had frequent talks with him and

HAS NEVER LOST HOPE

that he would ultimately get his lawful share of the estate. His uncle, he says, is as sanguine over the matter to-day as he was 20 years ago. He is well acquainted with the technicalities of the case and has spent a deal of money in establishing his claim. Mr. Hill says his own father never bothered himself about the matter.

At the meeting of heirs at London on November 21 last a copy of the expired lease was shown. It was sent over by the New York lawyer, whose name Mr. Hill could not call to mind, but who possesses the original document. Should the matter terminate successfully, as Mr. Hill seems confident it will, Uncle Sam's already depleted exchequer will suffer considerable, for 16 years of uncollected taxes will have to be paid to the heirs and their successors.

Real estate agent—"Why do you pay rent?" To upkins—"If you knew my landlord you'd never ask that question."

Words learned by rote a parrot may repeat; but talking is not always to converse,—no more than music from harmony divine, the constant creaking of a country sign.

THE FIGHT AT BATOCHE.

Some of the Incidents Connected With It Described by Gen. Middleton—Riel Depicted as a Coward at the Best.

General Sir Frederick Middleton gives in the United Service Magazine for January the third instalment of his account of the suppression of the Riel rising of 1885. The instalment is chiefly concerned with the engagement between Gen. Middleton and Riel at Batoche. On one occasion, after the enemy had retired for the night, and the general was quietly shaving himself, two long range shots struck the camp. One killed a horse, and the other, "oddly enough," says the general, "struck a waggon on which was my looking-glass before which I was shaving." The other incident is related thus by the general:—

"I now proposed to retire, first pouring in a heavy fire with some dismounted men and the Gatling, while the gun and the mounted men withdrew covered from the enemy's sight by the ridge. The dismounted men held on for a short time, unfortunately losing one of their number, Lieutenant Kippen, of the Land Surveyor's Scouts. When the whole party was mounted we went as rapidly as possible back to our camp. Then I found, to my intense surprise and annoyance, that owing to a strong wind blowing towards us our firing had not been heard and the infantry had not moved out of camp. I am afraid on that occasion I lost both my temper and my head. I hurried off alone to the church to try and see what the enemy was about. Just as I got near it a fire was opened on me from the ravine, which soon pulled me up. I saw I was in a fix and turned about to walk back, but the fire grew so hot that I had to run for it, the bullets whistling about me in grand style. Luckily I managed to reach one of our rifle pits, into which I thankfully dropped. The Brigade-Major, Captain Young, who had luckily seen the affair, advanced with some men, and I got back safe and sound."

Riel is depicted by General Middleton as a coward at the best. He evidently had little of the fire of a rebel in him, as these incidents show:—

"I took the same route as yesterday, and on reaching the plain dismounted some of the scouts, and with them, the gun, and the Gatling, engaged the rifle pits, which were soon filled with the enemy. In the middle of all this we saw a man riding furiously towards us, waving something white. I rode forward to meet him, and found it was one of Riel's white prisoners, Mr. Ashby, a civil surveyor. He handed me a letter, which he said Riel had written and sent to me. I opened it, and found it was to the effect that if I massacred his women and children, he would massacre the prisoners. As I supposed he referred to our shelling the houses, I at once wrote in answer that we were most averse to injuring women and children, and that if he would put them all in one place, or house, and let me know its exact locality, no shot or shell should be fired at it.

"About this another prisoner, a Mr. Jack Short, came up on foot, having been sent by Riel with a duplicate of the letter brought by Ashby. The latter, in a few hurried words, told me that the prisoners were all, at that moment, in a dark cellar in one of the houses, the trap-door of which was kept closed by heavy weights, and that Jackson and himself had been taken out specially to carry the letter, and that they were being further roughly treated. He then described the position of the houses, and honorably and gallantly went back with my answer, fearing, if he did not, his comrades in misfortune might suffer. The other man declined to return.

"The guns were now up, and commenced firing from their old position on the village and on the ferry, by which some of the enemy were escaping. The 90th were now quickly extended on the right of the Grenadiers, the extreme right being taken by the scouts, dismounted. About this time Ashby again appeared, having run the gauntlet of the fire of both sides to bring another letter from Riel—who, by the way, he said was thanking me for my courteous reply, etc., but outside the envelope was written: 'I don't like war. If you don't cease firing, the question will remain the same as regards the prisoners.' Of course, no answer was sent, and soon, with the officers well to the front, a general advance of the whole line was made, with rousing cheers, the place was captured, the prisoners released, and the fight was over, except for some desultory long range firing, which was soon put down by two or three parties sent in different directions."

The General seems to have had several little differences with his officers. We noted in speaking of a previous instalment the differences with Colonel Irvine, which caused him to leave the Prince Albert force out of his calculations, and in this instalment we have similar indications. Lord Melgund did not always approve of the General's plan. Lieut.-Colonel Otter's engagement with Poundmaker and his Indians at Cut Knife creek was, the General says, "made with that my orders, though Lieut.-Colonel Otter had the approval of Lieut.-Governor Dewdney, to whom, however, he should not have applied on such a purely military matter." Again, the General and his senior officers differed as to the plan of action immediately prior to the engagement at Batoche. They wished to retire and await reinforcements. The General determined to advance, and events proved the wisdom of the step. It is to be noted that the General speaks of the aid rendered to him by "the gallant and excellent and valuable institution," the Royal Military College at Kingston.

PERFIDIOUS ENGLAND.

Lo, Lational Has Another Bad Attack of Anglophobia.

The current issue of the National contains an article headed "French and English," recalling the exaggerated tone of the Nelson series which had such an unfortunate outcome. The writer begins by remarking on recent reports of unfriendly relations between France and England, and says that France has forgiven Russia for the humiliation of the retreat from Moscow, and will forgive Germany for the defeat of 1870, but she will never forgive England for Waterloo. The reason is very simple. France is just; she is frank, and she has the defects of her qualities; she detests perfidy. England has been a disloyal enemy; she has fought France like a marauder, like a prowling camp follower after the battle. During the combats of half a century she has been the motive power of all the coalitions. She made mischief every time there was a chance of peace and the accomplishment of the great reforms that the Emperor dreamt of in his powerful genius for administration. After all the nations had given the best of their blood to undermine the giant who had astonished the world, England stepped in, and without even gaining a victory, but thanks to the perfidy of a traitor, reaped the glory of the final defeat of the great Napoleon. The battle of Waterloo remains unpardoned, because the English had done nothing to gain it. Then followed the unworthy conduct of England towards Napoleon, his cowardly imprisonment, and his martyrdom under that true British brute, Hudson Lowe. France never pardons the cowards who martyrise a beaten enemy, the traitors who make a pretence of "fair play" to stab a man in the back. This is one reason of the enmity between France and England; others are conflicting interests and different characteristics. The Frenchman is open, frank, joyous and frivolous. The Englishmen is reserved, hypocritical, grave and melancholy. The Frenchman loves art and pleasure; the Englishman money and trade. The Frenchman is generous; the Englishman selfish and egotistical. The Frenchman is brave, the Englishman calculating, and so on.

A Bright Light.

Pharaoh—"Say, Moses, what do you do in this Egyptian darkness?"

Moses—"We're all right. We turn on the Israelites."

Spilled Milk.

"Don't weep, dear friend,
For the milk that is spilled
There's a pump where the pail
May be easily filled."

"O brother, forbear,
There is need that I cry
For the milk that is spilled,
For the pump has gone dry."

Nerve Pain Cure.

Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, and spasms. Nerviline cures vomiting, diarrhœa, cholera, and dysentery. Nerviline cures headache, sea sickness and summer complaint. Nerviline cures neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, and sciatica. Nerviline cures sprains, bruises, cuts, &c. Polson's Nerviline is the best remedy in the world, and only costs 10 cents, 25 cents to try it. Sample and large bottle at any drug store. Try Polson's Nerviline.

ANOTHER MONO MIRACLE

How a Bright Little Girl's Life Was Saved.

A Terrible Sufferer From St. Vitus' Dance—Could Not Feed Herself and Had to be Closely Watched—A Public Acknowledgment by the Grateful Parents.

From the Shelburne Economist.

Many of the readers of the Economist have doubtless been impressed to a certain extent by the reports of miraculous cures effected in various parts of the country by the intelligent use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and yet in the minds of a few there may linger just the shadow of a doubt regarding the veracity of these reports. To be candid, the writer of this article, confesses to have had in the past a doubt of the miracle columns of the papers, but now he admits that were the cases anything like that which came under his personal observation a few days ago, the proprietors cannot say too much concerning these pills and their curative powers in the many diseases to which flesh is heir.

One day last week the reporter waited upon Mr. and Mrs. John Lindsay at their home, Lot 31, Con. 1, E.H.S., township of Mono, and listened to the words of grateful acknowledgment which fell from their lips while describing the terrible malady from which one of their children had been suffering, and of the complete restoration to health effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It appears that during the winter of 1891-2 the child, Persian Ella May by name, and now aged about seven years, contracted la grippe. One night during her illness her father heard her scream and ran to her bed. The child appeared to be in a terrible fright and for some time could not be pacified, and although she apparently recovered from the usual symptoms of la grippe, she was never the same in health and strength. Her nervous system seemed to have become deranged, and at time passed the terrible symptoms of St. Anthony's or St. Vitus' dance were noticed by the parents. Doctors did all they could for her, but instead of getting better she became worse, until the parents had given up all hope. She could not feed herself, nor could she take hold of a cup when handed to her. She would frequently fall down when attempting to walk across the floor, had to be closely watched for fear she might at some time fall on the stove. Nor could she sit on a chair. It seemed as though she had completely lost control of her limbs. Prior to her illness she had usually assisted in dressing herself—now her parents had to hold her limbs when putting on her clothing. She could not turn herself in bed and her parents had to turn her. She was perfectly helpless and had almost lost the power of speech. When she did speak it was with difficulty she was understood, as her tongue was drawn to one side and she had lost control of it. She had a strange, demented look that foreboded the loss of reason. The condition of the poor child was pitiable in the extreme. One day about the end of January last the father read of the case of little Ernest Dake, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he secured a box from Mr. Brown, druggist, of Shelburne. They commenced the treatment by giving the child three pills a day—one after each meal—and never varied from that treatment to the end. Before the first box had been used used they noticed that the little girl's appetite was improving; and by the time three boxes were used she had improved to a marvellous extent. In April last, the child having fully recovered, no more pills were given her. Several months have passed since then and there has been no relapse and no sign of a return of the terrible malady. The cure seems to be complete and no further medicine has been required. The parents state emphatically that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved the life of their little girl.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an improverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink.) Bear in mind that they are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred; and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealers for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A Japanese Tailor.

A gentleman now in Japan writing home says: "The first gentle