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THE TROUBLESOME LADY.

CHAPTER I.

The steady rain of the fall afternoon had obliterated the mountains and sunk the trail, at best narrow and dangerous, into the bed of an erratic brook. Down this Craig Oliver's fine mare slipped hopelessly, while his shepherd dog, a mass of disconsolate wetness, trotted sullenly behind, his nose close to the horse's heels. Oliver's corduroys were soaking, from his sombrero a stream of water dripped down his back, and the damp carcass of a defunct antelope swung to his saddle became painfully odoriferous. That very antelope had lured him to the top of Sixty Peak and had taken revenge for the first shot which had brought its demise.

Craig, naturally hot-tempered and impatient, swore audibly. He wondered why a man should want to go hunting in the Rockies; why, if he did, he could not tell when it was going to rain,—or did anybody ever know Colorado weather? why, if a man knew enough to go to the top of a peak, he could not find his way down. He had no idea where he was, and night was near at hand; under the aspens that slapped him merrily with wet branches as he passed, it was already dark.

He wondered where Doctor John was. That was would make a jest of the matter; he was offensively personal in his jokes. He would not think of going to look for a comrade,—not he, the laziest man in the world. Why, then, should Craig Oliver take meat to Doctor John, antelope steak he so favored, brought from the summit of a cloud-reaching peak? Yet that invidious doubt of Doctor John's! there must be evidence, or he would tell the story of an imaginary antelope and imaginary shot.

It grew darker,—if possible, wetter. The sodden antelope flounced about, and the dog whined dolefully.

"Confound you, Mac," cried Oliver, "if you are bored, what must I be? Do you think I'm doing this for pleasure? Besides, you can shake the rain off your coat, and it soaks into mine. If I stay outside to-night it means rheumatism, sure. I'll bet the doctor is huddling over the fire now with that infernal pipe of his, and Mike is cleaning his boots,—the doctor's boots. I pay Mike, but he cleans the doctor's boots first, last, and all the time. Some men have a faculty of imposition."

The more uncomfortable Oliver became, the more he thought of his guest snugly ensconced in his hunting-cabin, miles away on the Troublesome, an untrustworthy little stream that meandered through the mountain park, irrigating the crops bountifully in the spring, but often annihilating them in midsummer.

"He's toasting his thin shanks at my hearth, smoking my tobacco, ordering my servant about, and he would leave me out here to perish. He knew it was going to rain; that is why he said he had the toothache. I swear he hasn't one of his own left. I believe it is gout ails him. And Mike hasn't sense enough to go out with a light. Ha! there's one!"

The trees more widely scattered showed him a sudden glimmer of light across the murk below, like a fallen star. He urged the mare forward down a steep hill,—and found from her quickened pace he was on a travelled road. Then she shied and stopped, and he was close to a shut gate. He dismounted, opened it, and, mindful of cattle, closed it after him. After a short walk he saw the dark outlines of buildings, a house with corrals and barns; from the last came the savage baying of dogs and the clank of their stretching chains as they leaned from their kennels. Mac, in duty bound, set up a challenging uproar, silenced only by his master's whip. From the lighted windows Craig saw the house proper was built of logs and raised considerably from the ground, with a wide veranda approached by a long flight of steps. A door at the side, that was on a level with the ground, suddenly opened, and a man came out with a lantern,—an under-sized man, with a white face, deep-sunken black eyes, and a scrubby beard around his chin of such a blue-black color his face looked deadly pale.

"What a State's prison mug!" Craig thought; but he said politely: "I have lost my way."

"Well, this is not it," said the man, holding his lantern rudely near Oliver's face.

"I do not need your assurance of that, my civil friend; but, if I insulted you with a bribe could you put up my horse and give me shelter for the night?"

"No."

"Western hospitality is evidently out of your line. I fancy New York or the accident islands are more to your taste than a ranch in the mountains. Perhaps you could direct me to Lord Morris's shooting box; it's on the Troublesome, about five miles from Parkville. I am a stranger here, as I only bought the lodge this spring."

"I don't know where it is."

"And a stranger too. You own this place?"

"I don't see that that is your affair."

"I might make it mine if the odds were not so against me," Oliver muttered, turning and tightening his saddle-girths. A door in the house suddenly opened, and in the flood of light streaming out Oliver saw a slight girlish figure peering into the darkness.

"What is it, Louis? Not Monsieur de Restaud? Is—is he hurt?"

"Only a tramp," [illegible] back into the house," called the man rudely.

A fat little woman in a cap ran out, seized the girl's arm, and tried to drag her in the door; but the young woman defended her rights vigorously, and, freeing herself, ran down the steps.

"I have entered a romance," thought Craig, advancing to the steps. "After travelling in extremely beaten paths for forty years, I have suddenly achieved an adventure." "I have lost my way," he said, lifting his hat. "I am not a tramp at all, but a neighbor,—even a landed proprietor. I did hope for shelter, but I will only ask a direction—"

"But I don't know any directions, sir, and I wouldn't trust Louis; he'd like to get any one into trouble. I am thankfully ignorant of this horrid country: I want to be; I hate it! But you must come in and get dry and have your horse rubbed down. What a lovely dog!"

The fat woman, who had descended the steps unobserved, here interposed an objection, clutching the girl's arm tightly, and talking hastily in whispered French that sounded like a prolonged hiss, so great was her agitation.

"Hush up, hag!" said the singular young woman, again freeing herself. "And now do come in for a little while."

She was bareheaded, and wore some kind of a sleazy gown. As the rain was speedily wetting her shoulders, Oliver was forced to go up under the roof of the veranda.

"You needn't be shocked," she went on, merrily, "at what I said to her: she does not know a word of English, and she's gone and won't come any more. Half the fun I have is calling her names and saying things to her she would so like to know,—Louis, take the gentleman's horse and give her good care. None of your tricks, for Monsieur might this once like to be friendly: you never can tell: he and Lord Morris were. Monsieur can be agreeable, quite lovely to strangers, if he wants to be."

The man, grumbling to himself, led the mare to the barn.

"I don't fancy leaving her to his mercies," said Oliver, uneasily, as he watched man and horse from the porch. "Somehow I have not overmuch confidence in your servant."

"Isn't he evil looking? Annette, though, thinks he is beautiful. But Louis will be good to your horse: he is fond of them, and a thoroughbred, too, like that one, will delight him. His liking for horses is the only human trait he has. Do come in, just a little while: we're not robbers or Benders, though things are funny. Bring your lovely dog. Will he fight a little mite of one?"

"If he did I'd disown him," smiled Craig.

She stooped and picked up a fluffy Skye terrier, and, holding it in her arms, led the way into a luxuriously-furnished room with piano and fine pictures, a bright open fire, and evidences of travel and culture in bric-a-brac. It was strangely at variance with the wild and lonely country outside, but oddly natural in Colorado. In the Rockies the unexpected is always happening: a day-laborer is often a college graduate waiting for a stake, or a cowboy may be the son of an earl acquiring experience.

"I was tried to snare travellers," said the young lady, coolly; "Louis would rather hurt our business, his manners are so bad. This is the den of Monsieur de Restaud, who came here to avoid the war with Prussia: he was only a young lad then, but a born coward; and his brother is a colonel in the French army, his father a general. He daren't go back to France. Sit down. Here's a chair for your coat; you will feel better dry. I'll excuse your shirt-sleeves."

Talking all the while, she set a chair for his coat, one for himself near the hearth, and then, kneeling down by the big dog, she put the little one on the floor and proceeded to make them acquainted. Skye instantly became a fluff of growl and fight; but Mac, with an ennuyeed sigh, stretched himself and lay down to rest. He realized he was intruding, but meant to make the best of it in peace. She jumped up, the dog under her arm, and flung a log on the fire.

"There, are you comfortable?" she asked, standing and smiling on him, a lovely flush on her face.

"Delightfully so."

Oliver looked at her in wonder. Was she child or woman? A slight, girlish figure, but beautifully formed, tiny hands and feet, a mass of short reddish curls around her neck, parted smoothly in the middle, hazel eyes with dark lashes, a nose retroussé, piquantly so, and a rose-bud mouth that showed small white teeth of dazzling brilliancy. Her skin was almost unnaturally pale, and a dimple in the left cheek drew attention to its soft roundness. Her gown of yellow china silk clung to her beautiful curves, and the wide ruffle of the yellow around her throat was like the petals of a flower. He looked at her left hand: there was no ring; in fact all the jewelry she wore was a bunch of silver bangles on her right arm.

"Do you live here?" he asked, lamely, as she knelt again on the rug to pat his dog, Skye in her arms.

Instead of replying, she made her dog sit up on its hind legs and beg,—an accomplishment Skye disliked showing, as he desired to get acquainted with the new dog, and this circus business seemed derogatory to his dignity.

"See!" said the young woman, breathlessly; "isn't he cunning? But he does it much better when there is not company: he never will show off. Can your dog give his paw?"

"I don't think I ever asked him," stammered Oliver, who was thinking what a pretty picture the girl made.

"Well, he is too tired to tease now. Oh," jumping up and standing by the fire, "you asked who I was."

"No: if you lived here."

"Do you think," half sadly, "a person could live here?"

"I—I don't know."

"I do," said the young woman, emphatically. "I have tried it two years and winters, all the long shut-in months. I eat, sleep, breathe, but I don't live. I am called Minny,—christened Minerva, after my father's ship,—a funny name, that does not suit me. Children ought to be allowed to name themselves: don't you think so?"

"It might be better, but Minny is a pretty name, and," with a smiling glance of admiration, for Oliver liked a pretty woman, "suits delightfully. I was named Peter,—think of that!—but luckily had a middle name. Allow me to introduce myself: Craig Oliver, of Denver, and your neighbor in the valley of the Troublesome."

"I am"—she hesitated a moment and looked at him defiantly—"Mrs. de Restaud. I know you'd have to know: I put it off on purpose. Now please don't look at me out of the corner of your eye and wonder I am not more dignified and stop being pleasant to me because I am married."

"I don't see," said Oliver, unconsciously becoming more distant, "that your being married makes any difference."

"I am glad; for up here they daren't talk politely to me because of Monsieur: in fact, for weeks I only have Skye to talk to. I know I run on foolishly; but I am like an exile meeting a neighbour from the home country. No gentlemen come here: Lord Morris was not: he might have been once, but liquor changes everybody. Since Aunt Hannah was sent away, six months ago, there has not been a living soul here I even endured. By the way," smiling again, "are you hungry?"

"I breakfasted this morning," answered Oliver.

"Well, I'll get you something to eat. Please let me: it's such fun to have a visitor. And don't you mind if you hear growls from the kitchen."

She ran out before Oliver could object; so he sat and watched his steaming coat, wondering if the proprietor would shoot on sight. He remembered now seeing the "crazy Frenchman," as he was called in the valley, a small, wizened creature, looking as if he took morphine, from his strange color and the unnatural brightness of his eyes. The pity of it! the girl—a child, almost—was his wife. "This is odd," he thought, "an adventure, and Doctor John will never believe a word of it." Unfortunately, Mrs. de Restaud had left the door ajar, and Oliver became painfully aware of her conversation:

"Annette dear,—how I wish the Utes would carry you off! how tired they'd be, though, of their bargain!—let me get that tea. Don't you touch me. Witch! they'd hung you in Salem days. I am getting this for the stranger who looks like a hero out of a book,—a big, broad-shouldered man; not a little, evil thing, like your dear Monsieur or your own pet Louis with his Sing Sing manners. Such a charming stranger, with the kindest smile, and eyes that smile too, and a gentleman like I used to know before I was shut up here. Can let the waiter alone! I hate your Monsieur! his own father called him a coward. Oh, wait, my love, until I practise shooting: some day I will put a little round bullet-hole in your lovely cap-frill."

A crash of crockery, the slam of a door, and Mrs. de Restaud came back; flushed and triumphant, with a loaded waiter and a conquering air.

"Cold ham, fresh bread, and tea," she said, setting it on the table. "It is better than nothing. I have been on a foraging expedition and outgeneralled the enemy. Now do eat. Perhaps you ought to have whiskey; but Monsieur has the keys."

"I have a flask," smiled Oliver, "but this tea is much better."

"I think so. And are things nice, truly?"

"The very best, and how good you can imagine to a man who has fasted since seven this morning. You see, I was bound to have that antelope: I was on his trail the whole day."

"It seems cruel to kill the poor little things," she said, wistfully, "they have such a hard time in the winter, and the elk are so starved they come down to the corral to eat hay with the cattle. I would like to put hay out for them, but I am not allowed; and just think, my money has bought this ranch: it was mortgaged for all it was worth,—Monsieur spent everything, you know; but you don't know, and think I am dreadful." She ran to the window and looked out. "You would not mind," she said, anxiously, "hurrying a little? Monsieur ought to be back any moment. If he and his friends have been drinking very much, they are ugly, especially Monsieur. Oh, I did not mean you should stop."

"I am through," said Oliver, uneasily. "It was very nice indeed; but I am afraid I have made you trouble, will do you harm by being here. You must know where Morris's place is."

"Down the road here somewhere, but I don't know just where. I never was there: it was not a fit place. Don't you think," she went on, feeding his dog scraps from the waiter while she spoke, "that it is funny of me to talk of my husband to strangers?"

"I don't want to be a stranger," said Oliver, gently, "and you know, one could not live here without hearing something of—of—"

"The crazy Frenchman."

Oliver put on his coat in silence. The big shepherd dog leaned his beautiful head against the girl's knee while she fed him, and little Skye, quite content with a stray bite now and then, looked on in approval. Oliver thought he would like to take her in his arms, as if she were the child she looked. That pretty little yellow gown, the bright girl's face, with its saddened look, touched him sorely. He was not want to be inter[illegible] of two classes, and this child was of neither class,—a different being,—a pathetic, haunting one: a child in years, and yet two years a wife, and of such a man. She glanced up and saw his grave face. Her lips quivered.

"Don't think me dreadful," she said, piteously. "I am so lonely, so forsaken, and you brought back the old days. You look so kind, the words just came: I could not help it. Suppose you were me shut up here, my father lost at sea, my mother dead two years ago, and my only friend, my only relation, saying it was my duty" (a sob) "to live here for ever and ever. I wish that you would try to like me, and that I could feel there was somewhere in the world a good man who would be a friend to me and pity me."

He took her little hand in his big one and looked down on her sunny head.

"You are a little child," he said, softly. "I know your life must be hard; I cannot bear to think of it. I shall be proud and happy to be your friend: I haven't many. When one has lived long in the world he has sorted the wheat from the chaff; and I can count my friends on my fingers,—on one hand, indeed."

"Then let me be the little finger," she said, shyly.

The sound of horses' hoofs outside made her withdraw her hand suddenly, and a frightened look came over her face. Oliver picked up his riding-whip, bit his lower lip, and waited. Mac, with a growl, slunk up to his master's heels. The door was flung rudely open, and a man stepped into the room, so overcome with anger he could at first form no word,—a little man with a dark evil face, sunken eyes, and long black beard. His corduroy suit was dripping, and the hat he flung on the table soaking wet. He had the air of one who has ridden fast in an evil mood.

"Are you keeping a hotel, Madame de Restaud?" he hissed. "Truly this is a very pleasant surprise for a man."

"The gentleman asked shelter, Henri," the girl said, trembling. "He lost his way, and Louis would not tell him how to find Lord Morris's place."

"You can of course give me the direction," Oliver said, courteously, though his hand clinched the whip-handle tighter. "Lord Morris told me of your hunting-exploits. I thought we should have met before this; but Doctor John and I are unsociable sort of men and don't go about much."

"The road you came, straight down two miles, turn to the left," said De Restaud, coldly. "My man has your mare ready."

"Thanks.—Mrs. de Restaud, you have shown true Western hospitality. I shall always remember it. Good-night."

He could not look at that shrinking figure, with its frightened eyes.

"Good-by," she said, sadly. "I hope you will find your road."

As he closed the door he heard her give a cry of pain, as if she had been rudely seized, and he almost stopped, then went hastily down the steps. He wished one of the ruffians dismounting before the porch would speak to him: he would have liked to silence him. No one spoke, however. Even Louis led the mare up in silence. Oliver looked her over as he mounted, tossed the man a dollar, and said, as he cantered off,—

"I trust you and I will meet again, my civil friend."

The gate was open, so he went easily past all pitfalls, and, the mare being rested, in a short time he saw the light from his own cabin, and with an odd sense of comfort, too. A lost, homeless man is a pitiful object the world over. Mike rushed out to take the mare; he was just going to look for him; the doctor had worried. But Oliver, without a word, went into the house. He went to his cigar-box, lit a cigar, then stood before his own hearth with a queer air of possession. It was just as he thought. There sat Doctor John in that ridiculous flowered dressing-gown and embroidered cap, with his eternal pipe, as unconcerned as possible.

"Back at last, old man?" said Doctor John, cheerily. "We were getting worried about you."

"Thanks," growled Oliver.

"We waited supper," continued the other, a little, elderly man, with bright blue eyes, close-cut grey hair, and long gray beard. "Mike was bound to go for you."

"And you to prevent him," sneered Oliver.

"Well, I did think it nonsense. Where could he look? Let's eat."

"I am not hungry; I had supper."

"Where?"

"At a house," Oliver answered, briefly, as Mike entered with the supper-things. However, he sat down, and found himself eating heartily.

Neither man spoke, Doctor John being used to Oliver's moods. The meal, over, they sat before the fire. Oliver took a cigar, while Doctor John lit his pipe.

"I was at the summit of Sixty Peak to-day," said Oliver, after a long silence.

"Ah?" interrogatively from Doctor John.

"I followed an antelope,—a splendid shot, the best I've had; a big buck."

"Too bad you did not bring it. We're out of meat."

"But I did. I know you." Oliver smiled. "The evidence is on my saddle."

"There's a butcher-shop at Parkville," said Doctor John, meditatively.

"Is there?" said Oliver, indifferently. "I was not that way. I had supper at De Restaud's."

"The crazy Frenchman's? Honestly, Craig?"

"I give you my word. His wife is a sweet little woman."

"They are all to you, my boy. Your weakness. You don't say!—at De Restaud's!" Doctor John smoked a while over it; "actually got in his house! Why, they say he is the very devil. You were lucky you didn't lose your life, instead of your way."

Craig looked into the fire. He thought of the little girl in the yellow gown. How plainly he remembered even the bangles, the Skye terrier, the dimple in her cheek! perhaps he had lost his heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

Have You Room for One?—Do you Know Where There is Room?

The Children's Aid Society of Toronto is desirous of finding homes, throughout the Province of Ontario and elsewhere, in which to place out children under the control of the Society. Those children have either been deserted by their parents, or by reason of their parents' neglect, have been committed by the Courts to the care of this Society, which by the Children's Protection Act, passed at the last Session of the Provincial Legislature, is constituted their guardian until they become of age. The Society places not no child which on the order of a Judge has not been certified by a regular medical practitioner to be free from all chronic or contagious disease. The ages of these children are from three to sixteen years and they are bright, robust and intelligent, needing only a chance in life to become useful and respected citizens.

Reader—have you room for one in your home?

They are placed out under regulations issued by the Provincial Government, and those who desire one or more of them should send their applications, addressed—"The Children's Aid Society, 32 Confederation Life Buildings, Toronto, Ont." The applications should be accompanied by three references. One from a minister and two from people of known standing in the neighbourhood.

Frequently the Society has children for adoption, and at present has in its shelter under its control, six boys from 6 mos. to 3½ and one of 7 years of age. Perhaps the readers of this article could inform the Society of likely homes for some of these children. Newspaper proprietors and editors who see this article can very materially assist by making known through the columns of their publication the fact that the Society is desirous of finding homes for these children.

Indeed every one can help. The expense of carrying on this work, which is necessarily heavy, falls entirely on the Society. No collectors are employed. Its funds are supplied solely by voluntary contributions, and readers of this article who cannot take children to their hearts and homes can aid the Society by forwarding generous contributions towards its work. Its officers are: J. K. Macdonald, Esq., the Managing Director of the Confederation Life Assurance Company, President; Rev. J. E. Starr, Secretary and Agent; J. Stuart Coleman, Assistant Secretary and Agent; A. M. Campbell, Treasurer; and it is in fact pratically the Agent of the Provincial Government. The Society is Non-Sectarian.

"Did you know that Miss Bjones was going to marry young Smith?" "I know it; but I cannot understand how a girl as intelligent as she is can consent to marry a man stupid enough to want to marry her."

UNDER AN AVALANCHE

A Whole Troop Smothered by a Snowslide in the Mountains.

Shots at a Stray Deer Start the Destructive Mass in Motion—Terrible Manifestation of Nature's Relentless Forces on a Triple Mountain Slope.

We had gone out from Fort Owen to open the pass in the Big Hole mountains to enable the wood choppers to get a supply of fuel for the post. It had snowed for seventy hours without a break, and at several points in the pass there were drifts twenty feet high. There were twenty-five of us, under command of a lieutenant, and about noon we had dug our way half through the pass. The mountain slopes on each side were rough and rocky, but the snow lay so deep that each slope looked as level as a floor, though the slant was much sharper than the ordinary house roof. It was a good 1,000 feet to the cedars growing on the ridge, and it made one dizzy to look up and realize the distance.

"We are liable to meet with a disaster here," the officer had said as we began work with our snow shovels in the morning. "There must be no shooting with your revolvers, no horse play, no shouting. If the snow gets started up there not a man of us will ever be found before next June."

The pass ran east and west for a distance of 200 feet and then made a sharp turn to the north. At the turn we had what might be called a third mountain in front of us. The slope was as high as others and pitched to the west, or down the pass. We thus had three slopes, two pitching across the pass and the other lengthwise of it. For the first hour every man was nervous and afraid. Then the feeling began to wear off, and some of the men expressed their contempt of the peril. At the end of two hours the officer had to repeat his words of caution. At about 11 o'clock a fall of snow from the left-hand slope revealed the mouth of a cave about thirty feet above our heads. It was believed by all to be the lair of a bear or panther, and at noon, when the men sat down in the pass to eat their pork and hard tack, the officer started to go up and investigate. Without a word on his part I followed him. The fall of snow had left the rocks bare and revealed three or four small trees, but it was a hard climb to reach the cave. It wasn't a cave at all, but only an indentation in a cliff, with a shelf of rock overhanging it. This overhang extended out for perhaps four feet.

STARTING THE DESTRUCTIVE STREAM.

The men were not all in a bunch, but some of them were even out of sight around the bend. After discovering that we had been duped about the cave we stood looking down and across, and were just moving to get down when one of the men below us jumped up and shouted:

"A deer! A deer! Hurrah, boys! Venison for supper!"

The deer was above us, but we could not see it on account of the overhang. All the men had their revolvers, and as they began to flourish them and prepare to fire the officer called out a command and a warning. If they heard him they did not heed him. He was still speaking when three or four shots were fired almost simultaneously and some one cried out that the deer had been hit. It was the concussion that started the snow and it started from the very top of the slope, where the warm sun had softened it soonest. I felt a trembling of the mountain and leaned back under the overhang and as the lieutenant and I stood side by side the avalanche swept over us. Daylight was blotted out in an instant and the grinding, roaring, and crushing were something terrific.

It seemed as if the mountain rocked and pitched like a steamer at sea, and the noise was louder than any clap of thunder you ever heard. It couldn't have lasted over sixty seconds, though the time seemed ten times as long. Then we looked down to find the pass at the soles of our feet. In other words, it had filled up to a height of thirty feet with snow, bowlders, trees, and earth. Two hundred feet to the west of us was the lower mouth or opening beyond that a plain. The snow had not only fallen from our slope, but from the one opposite. We were struck dumb for the moment, and as we stood gazing blankly the snow started on the third slope. Away up near the crest a ball started rolling, and ten seconds later the snow on a space 300 feet long was moving. Instead of piling up in the ravine it struck and forced the snow down there to the west and followed after.

DISCIPLINE UNTO DEATH.

It was a great river of snow sweeping past us. Logs, trees, and bowlders which weighed tons of tons were borne along like straws and so swiftly that the eye caught no second glance. All at once there was a check, and right before us a soldier was shot to the surface. It was Corporal Herts, who was probably farther up the pass than any other man. He popped out of the snow head first and at full length, and for perhaps live seconds was within ten feet of us and looking squarely into our faces. He was bareheaded, his overcoat gone, and his face bleeding. He knew what had happened, and no doubt realized his peril, but as he stood there, saved for the instant, up went his hand in a salute to the lieutenant. As his arm dropped he disappeared from sight. It was discipline in the face of death—an instance that will never have its counterpart.

Out of that narrow, rocky pass poured the tide with a fury which scraped it as bare as a floor and tore great rocks from its sides. At the west mouth the snow filled a ravine fifty feet deep and then poured out on the plain for a quarter of a mile. It was no use to look for the bodies. Five hundred men could not have moved that mass in a fortnight. Twenty four men were buried there. It was idle to hope that any of them still lived. Along in the last days of June we found them, one after another, and even then we had to dig. The snow would have smothered them as it rushed down, but with the snow came rocks which crushed some of them to pulp. The corporal who had saluted as he looked into the eyes of death was the last one found. He was at the bottom of the ravine, the body without a shred of clothing, and the arm he had raised had been torn from its socket as he was whirled along with that grinding mass.—[M. Quad.

THE TELEGRAPH IN AFRICA.

A Line to be Constructed Fifteen Hundred Miles up the Congo.

The Congo State has decided to construct a telegraph line fifteen hundred miles up the Congo River to Kasongo, and then two hundred and fifty miles east to Lake Tanganyika. It is not at all likely that so great an undertaking will be carried out very rapidly, but it is a sign of the times that the authorities of the Congo State have voted to build the line to its eastern boundary on the lake that has the distinction of being

THE LONGEST LAKE

in the world. The line is now building at its western end along the track of the Congo Railroad.

Perhaps ten years will elapse before the telegraph station is built on the borders of the great lake. By that time the Germans and the British will have carried out their plan to join the east coast by wire with Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza. In a moment news will be flashed across the continent, along the very routes which the pioneers of discovery used to follow for two or three years before they could come again into touch with civilization.

There is nothing visionary, to-day, about such schemes as these. Twelve years ago Stanley's idea of a telegraph line to Uganda was condemned as chimerical, but to-day a hard-headed capitalist like Cecil Rhodes pins his faith to the practicability of an inland telegraph line from South Africa to Cairo. The wire already stretches from Cape Town four fifths of the way to the Zambesi. From the delta of that river

MESSAGES ARE FLASHED

more than half the way to Lake Nyassa. No obstacle has yet appeared that cannot be overcome. There are and will be unfavorable prognostications. When our own first transcontinental line was strung there were people who, with the eye of prophecy, saw Indians cutting the wire and buffaloes playing the mischief by using the poles as rubbing posts. But the Indians and the buffaloes were merely bugaboos.

The development of the telegraph service in Africa will come gradually, and it will be of immense advantage to the various enterprises there. Egypt, among the civilized lands, bids fair to profit most; for the day is surely coming when she will be notified many weeks in advance of the amount of the Nile floods that are on the way, and those statistics and warnings will be of the greatest practical value to the densely populated lower valley of the Nile.

Times are so hard that even Jack Frost doesn't seem to have a bite left.

PROFESSIONS AND TRADES.

How Labor is Paid in all Branches of Industry—Wages Received by the Toilers in Many Countries.

His Majesty of Portugal, in consideration of the small size of his kingdom, contents himself with $634,440 a year.

The food of German miners consists of bread and vegetables. It is very seldom they can afford a bit of meat.

Bank clerks in Germany receive from $142 to $1100 salary. For the first three or four years they serve without pay.

Clerks in wholesale and retail stores in Dusseldorf receive from $9 to $14 a month; women clerks, from $7 to $10.

On many railroads of Germany the station agents are permitted to keep bees which thus form a small source of income.

Station laborers on the German railroads are required to be on duty from 5.30 a. m. to 10.30 p. m. seven days a week.

The laborers in every occupation are paid from two to five times as much in the United States as in any country in Europe.

An Italian miner receives 5 shillings a week; a cotton mill hand, 10; a dyer, 12; a stone-cutter, 13; a mason, 14; a tailor, 12.

German editors receive an average of $6.71 salary per week; proof-readers, $5.22; compositors, $3.96; the devil gets $1.42.

An Italian laborer has soup in the morning, soup, bread and potatoes at dinner, bread, wine and macaroni for supper.

The food of working people in Holland is mainly potatoes, vegetables, beans and peas. With the exception of horse flesh, fresh meat is a rarity.

The tip to a conductor on the cars in Germany is from 5c to 20c, for which he secures the passenger a good seat and sees that he is not crowded.

Dressmakers in France in 1870 averaged 10 pence a day in wages; flower-makers, embroiderers, lacemakers and laundresses averaged 23 pence.

In the fifteenth century the salary of the French King's doctor was £15 a month; of his huntsman £30; of his chaplain £15; of his butler £15.

Plowmen and reapers in Bohemia are paid 30c a day, females employed at the same labour receive 20c, neither board nor lodging being furnished.

The little King of Greece is paid by his own subjects $260,000 a year. To help him to pull through, England, France and Russia each contribute $20,000.

In the English woolen mills female employes, though doing the same kind of work as the men, and often doing it better, receive only one-half.

The annual salary of the Queen of England is $1,925,000; the Prince of Wales gets $200,000, and the rest of the royal family somewhat smaller amounts.

Farm laborers in most parts of Germany are engaged by the year, and have a cottage with a bit of land. They receive 9c a day in winter and 10c in summer.

The King of Prussia has a salary of only $3,852,000, but then he is very rich in his own right, so does not expect his people to pay him as they ought.

The wages of farm laborers in England in 1850 were 9 shillings a week, in 1880, 17; in Germany, at the same dates, the wages were respectively 8 and 12 shillings.

In the German Empire children under 12 years of age must not be employed in labor; under 14 not more than six hours a day; under 16 not more than ten hours.

In the Middle Ages the value of a count as a fighting man was £2 per month; of a baron, £1.1; of a knight, 10 shillings; of a man-at-arms, 3 shillings; of an archer, 6 pence.

A German female farm hand, employed in hoeing the fields, receives 12c to 17c a day, with schnapps at 9 o'clock, potatoes and coffee at noon and black bread and beer at 4.

The wages of seamen in sailing vessels are about the same all over the world, averaging 69 shillings a month, with food; seamen employed on steamers receiving about 10 per cent. more.

In 1835 the rate of wages in Europe was very low. Day laborers in Italy received 8c per day; in Russia, 12c; in Holland, 18c; in France, 30c; in England, 40c; in the United States, 81c.

In 1880 English printers received 32 shillings per week, painters the same, plumbers 33, tailors 25, shoemakers 31, carpenters 23, masons 35, smiths 31, tinsmiths 28, bakers 27, colliers 24.

The Czar of Russia receives no salary. His income arises from 1,600,000 square miles of land that he owns, comprising farms, forests, mines and other resources. He is estimated to be worth $12,000,000 a year.

During the summer season Krupp supplies his workmen with cold coffee and vinegar at intervals through the day, and such of the men employed in connection with the pudding works receive one-eighth of a quart of brandy.

A German artisan's breakfast consists of coffee and bread; his dinner, soup made of water, slices of bread, slices of onion and a little butter, meat once or twice a week; soup, cheese, potatoes and bread, with sausage and beer.

In the British army a colonel receives £1000 per annum; the French Government pays £280, the Italian the same. An English captain receives £212, a lieutenant £148, a private £18. The French and Italians of the same grades receive from one-third to one-half as much.

In many parts of Germany the hardest outdoor work falls to the lot of women. They plow and spade the fields, follow the coal carts through the cities and put the coal in the cellars while the male driver sits on the wagon, and draws the milk wagons into the towns, a woman and a dog generally making a team for the milk cart.

In 1887 Levi estimated that the earnings of English agricultural laborers were £75,000,000 per annum; of those engaged in textile manufactures, £47,000,000; building trades, £13,000,000; metals, £32,000,000; ships and railways, £32,000,000; servants, £69,000,000; showing that agriculture was still the most remunerative business for the laborer.

The earliest known scale of wages is that fixed for the whole Roman Empire by the Emperor Diocletian in A. D. 303. A shepherd was to be paid 20c a day; a day laborer and a mule driver received the same as the shepherd; a baker got 40c, and the same was paid to the masons and carpenters and smiths; stonecutters got 50c and painters, 69c. A brickmaker got 2½ per 100 bricks; a sheepshearer got $1.60 per 100 pounds. A common school master received 60c. a month for each pupil; one who taught Greek or geometry, $2 per month. A lawyer's fee was $12.

STRANGE SOMNAMBULISTIC FREAK.

Girl's Midnight Trip Which Led to Suspicion of a Terrible Crime.

A dreadful crime was reported from Toledo, Oregon, ten days or so ago, about an outrage perpetrated upon a little girl by two tramps. The account is as follows:

"Miss Cora Mays, the 16-year-old daughter of Mrs. Sam Dogan, resides with her family on the south side of the Yaquina River, six miles east of Toledo. Between 1 and 2 o'clock Friday night during her sleep, and clad only in a night robe, she arose from her bed and walked out on the back porch. There she secured an old oilcloth coat and, after wrapping it around her, picked up a piece of rope and started for the river, 100 yards distant. At the boat landing she entered a boat, rowed herself up the river about 400 yards and landed on the opposite bank. After setting the boat adrift she climbed a steep bank on the railroad track, where with the rope she tied her lower limbs together, passed the rope around her body twice, over her shoulder, and then tied her hands behind her body. Then she hobbled up the railroad track for a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, and suddenly fell. She was awakened by the fall, and, although paralyzed by cold and fright, started to retrace her steps. Her cries of distress soon alarmed the occupants of a house near by, who came to her rescue and found her, still tied, nervous, chilled and in the saddest of very sad plights. She was taken home at once, and then her family learned for the first time that she had been absent from the house, and, of course, accepted her condition as the evidence that she had been the victim of an abduction. This was the news that first reached the community, and enraged men scoured the vicinity for the supposed guilty parties. Two tramps were arrested at Summit on suspicion, and after staring destruction in the face for several hours were finally released after establishing an alibi. A good sleep restored the young girl to her normal condition, and thus what appeared at first to be a shocking crime was only the queer escapade of a sleep walker.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

He is a Jaunty Fellow Who Leads a Hard Life.

IN SPITE OF THIS DRAWBACK HE FIGHTS WELL.

The standing army of Great Britain dates its rise from the restoration of King Charles II., and regiments of seasoned and experienced British subjects in the service of foreign states, from the time even of Queen Elizabeth, were being molded into a nucleus for the British army that has won for itself renown in every quarter of the globe. Daniel Webster in alluding to the British soldier, paid the following glowing and appropriate apostrophe to "the power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts—whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

The trim, well-built English soldier is met with at every known corner of the earth, and one is simply a counterpart of another. Outside of barracks, on the promenade and mingling with the passing throng—the English soldier is a marked and prominent figure. Erect and easy of carriage, chin-strap down, natty forage cap widely raking to one side, hair nicely done, chest like a peacock's, waist tightly belted, and boots shining clear as a mirror, not a trace of discontent is discernible on his sunburned features. His scarlet jacket fits like a glove, with trousers strapped, setting clean and smooth with scarcely a wrinkle, while in his sinewy right hand, a light bamboo stick is deftly twirled, which indeed forms the inseparable companion of the English soldier.

He gets four shillings a week—clear money—but out of that he has to provide butter for breakfast and tea, and something for supper, and all his underclothing and cleaning materials. If he becomes a sergeant, he will receive seventeen shillings and sixpence a week—married quarters—coal and gas, and two shillings will buy from the regimental stores enough provision to supply a family for a fortnight.

He has about one chance in forty to become a sergeant-major, and one in eighty to be appointed quartermaster. If he has aptitude for "drill," he may get the position of adjutant in some shattered, obscure regiment serving in deadly climates of the East or West Indies. But the soldier is out of place, discontented, and although treated civilly by his brother officers, cannot hope to be received in their circle on terms of social equality. As an officer he receives ten shillings per day, deriving far less comfort from his increased allowance than when he served in the ranks.

After serving twenty-one years the English soldier is supposed to be entitled to a pension of one shilling per diem for life, and a sergeant to two shillings.

Every soldier in the English army must go to school until he has mastered to a certain degree the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic, which largely transforms him from the slouchy, illiterate clodhopper into the trim, smart-appearing soldier. But despite the fact that England's prestige, at home and abroad, has been gained largely through the deeds and prowess of the English soldier, he has no standing with the trades people or the masses generally in civil life. There are those who will drink and carouse with him at the public house, but he is never invited to the homes and family circles of those whose interests he defends. He is excluded from all such influences, is made to feel, whether he be sergeant or private, upright or besotted, that for him outside of the barracks, there is a certain taint enveloping his scarlet coat and trappings that stamps him as coming from the dregs of the great city's drifting overplus of human beings, with whom there can be no social communion.

But the English soldier, despite all his failings and uncertain position in times of peace amongst the taxpayers, stands prominently forth upon the field of battle, and has won at the point of the bayonet upon many an historic battleground, a reputation for bravery and gallantry that will go down the annals of time forever.

In looking over the records of the British army there is scarcely a regiment that has not contributed its part to the general glory of the whole, with incident covering every battle of note from Flanders, in 1672, to the Nile and Abu Klea in 1885. For example, the reply of the grenadiers at Golden Rock in 1753, when the regiment faltered on the death of their leader, and Capt. Kilpatrick called upon them "to avenge their beloved captain," whereupon the grenadiers, roused in a moment, swore after their fashion, "we will follow him to the gates of hell!" The reply of the Highlander of the Ninety-third at the battle of Balaclava (1856): "There is no retreat for you here," said the general. "You must die where you stand." Whereupon they shouted: "Ay, ay, Sir Colin, and needs be, we'll do that."

At the battle of Fontenoy, the story goes that the French politely invited the English to "fire first." The reverse was the case. In the middle of the battle, according to the Duc de Broglie, a strong force of English and French having been unexpectedly brought face to face within fifty paces of each other, Lord Charles Hay, a captain in the guards, called out to the French: "Fire, gentlemen."

"No, messieurs," is said to have replied the Comte d'Anteroche, a lieutenant in the grenadiers of the Gardes Francaise: "we never fire first. Fire yourselves."

Carlyle, however, in his "Life of Frederick the Great," quotes the letter of Lord Charles Hay himself, as the true version: "It was our regiment that attacked the French guards, and when we came within twenty or thirty paces of them, I advanced towards them, drank to them, and told them we were the English guards, and hoped that they would stand still till we came quite up to them, and not swim the Scheldt, as they did the Maine at Dettingen."—[American Paper.

AN ARTIST'S TRIALS.

His Size.

Young Wife—I want to buy a sealskin cap for my husband.

Hatter—What size does he wear?

Young Wife—I declare I forgot to find out! I know the size of collar he wears, though. It's 15. He'd want about size 19 or 20 for a cap, wouldn't he?

FUNNY MOMENTS.

Figg—"[illegible] you know I'm not the fool you think." Fogg—"Possibly not; which one are [illegible]?"

Prisoner—"[illegible] dollars for stealing a pair of shoes. [illegible]"—"That's what I said." "Why, [illegible] didn't fit."

Fweddy—"[illegible] Miss Ginevra, could you [illegible]?" Miss Ginevra—"Yes, but not [illegible]."

Blair—"[illegible] are you going to give [illegible] married?" Harpagon—"My [illegible] Babette."

Jones—"[illegible] you gave me is a vile cigar [illegible]." "You don't know a good cigar [illegible]." Jones—"Perhaps not [illegible] know a bad one."

Briggs—"[illegible] severe cold your landlady has [illegible]." "Yes. She sat in my room for [illegible] yesterday."

"[illegible] a man to drink quicker than a [illegible] woman?" "Did you ever try [illegible] mackerel?"

Hungry [illegible]—"[illegible] right nowadays—[illegible] Weary Watkins—"I [illegible] us about right."

"[illegible] here," said the editor, "I [illegible] to my 'name.' And [illegible] show!" "The name!"

Doctor—"[illegible] treatment I have given you [illegible]." Patient—"Yes; but [illegible] you charge high rent."

Tom—"[illegible] why Nettie [illegible] screamed [illegible] kissed her. Extreme [illegible]." Dick—"No; force of habit."

"I'm [illegible] about my St. Bernard dog. [illegible] he's losing his appetite." [illegible] about mine, too."

"Why [illegible]"

Judge—"[illegible] fined $10 for contempt of court." [illegible] "I say, judge, seeing as [illegible] mutual, why not call it a draw?"

Gre[illegible]—"What do you girls do at your Conversation Club?" [illegible] sit round and stare at each other [illegible] talk." Clara—"No, indeed. We play whist."

He (a [illegible])—"I cannot refrain without [illegible] some guiding star." She [illegible] "You wouldn't if you were not [illegible] night."

He—"What would you do if I were to kiss you?" [illegible] "Are you very curious to know?" He—"Very." She—"Well, you [illegible] see."

Relief [illegible] The tide has turned; The [illegible] dreadful doubt is past, Through [illegible] struggles we have learned To [illegible] last.

Tuttle—"[illegible] Miss Nubbins in?" Servant—"No, [illegible] She's gone out walking with another [illegible]." "All right. Tell her I [illegible]."

Auntie—"[illegible] good form to hold your fork in [illegible] way." Little niece—"Auntie, do you think [illegible] a good form to stare at folks while they are eating?"

"[illegible] my little man! I know those [illegible] would pull you round. What [illegible] water, or raspberry jam [illegible]." "[illegible] in my pea shooter."

"[illegible] the sad fate of the novelist [illegible] He committed suicide from [illegible] because the heroine of his latest [illegible] married another man."

He [illegible] written winter poems For [illegible] and days together, [illegible] along in May time [illegible] the weather.

"[illegible] what you would call a fine singer? [illegible] near [illegible]." "Didn't you ask [illegible]? [illegible] I didn't think to ask the price of the ticket was."

Customer—"[illegible] number two that will [illegible]." Shopman—"Yes, ma'am; we have that very size [illegible]."

There [illegible] in the church fair [illegible].

For [illegible] poke, 'Twas [illegible] pining for [illegible] joke.

Host—"[illegible] Good land! Why don't [illegible] clock so that will [illegible] bedtime?" Wife—"The [illegible] me that it's time to wind it [illegible]."

Nellie—"[illegible] you let your husband poke [illegible] new hats?" [illegible] think [illegible] 'May—' 'Why, my dear, I have [illegible] something in return for his [illegible]."

"Have [illegible] new house insured, Mr. Dwight?" "[illegible] Your husband is afraid of fire, [illegible]" "Yes; he will leave the house [illegible] before he will make one."

[illegible] of water, [illegible] night, [illegible] then [illegible] delight.

Miss [illegible] wonder why they're introducing [illegible] old-fashioned dances? I can't [illegible] them." Miss Caustique—"[illegible] will all come back to you by [illegible]."

Cholly—"[illegible] may be all wight, you know, [illegible] doosed hard to believe [illegible] descended from—aw—monkey." Miss Sharpe (after looking him over)—"[illegible]."

Algy (in [illegible])—"Do you—always [illegible] along when you go to the [illegible]?" Miss de Pink—"My, no! [illegible] with a man. Two seats [illegible]."

The [illegible]—"Jack, I don't know what to [illegible] of bills, and I haven't [illegible] you suggest some way to [illegible]." Jack—"How would [illegible]?"

"Be hewin' [illegible] I'll whang the knob off ye! Charge [illegible] four dollars yesterday to insure the [illegible] woman against accidents, an' the furst [illegible] this mornin' she falls down the cellar [illegible] wid a bucket o' coal, an' now would [illegible] look at her!"

Woman's Curiosity.

A funny thing happened not long ago during one of the country-house visits of the Duke and Duchess of York. A servant maid, in her anxiety to peep through the dining-room window at the royal pair, lost her balance and came head foremost through the window, to the consternation of the guests around the table.

Impossible Conditions.

Miss Bright—Let's play "Portrait Gallery."

Mr. Adore—What sort of a game is that?

Miss Bright—It's very simple. The materials are a collection of newspaper portraits of bishops and burglars. The gentleman who can tell one from the other can marry the [illegible] is playing with.

Mr. Adore (sadly)—At last I see there is no hope. [illegible] not love me.

NOW A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Virginia City, Nev., Once Gay and Prosperous, Rapidly Falling to Ruins.

A post [illegible] writes on "The Deserted Village" [illegible] Virginia City as a subject and surpass [illegible] a dismal production on the same [illegible] says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "The first time that I was ever there [illegible] population of Virginia City was greater than that of the entire state now. [illegible] wide open. Magnificent [illegible] opera halls, palatial residences [illegible] that would have done credit to New York; millionaires who spent money freely maintaining a society that for brilliancy and gayety could not be equaled in the United States. I was there a short time ago. [illegible] and opera houses are closed, the residences empty, the stores removed to other and more prosperous places. Dwellings that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars are given over to the bats, and the broken panes of glass, the shutters hanging upon a single hinge or flapping in the wind give a gruesome sense of loneliness. In years to come it will afford magnificent spectacles of ruins, and even now in some sections of the town there is a sense to the beholder of being in a city of the past. Millions were made and lost, and the history of Virginia City would be one of the most thrilling stories ever written."

LANDS ACROSS THE SEA

Foreign Facts and Fancies.

Old World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Deaths from yellow fever in Rio Janeiro average six a day.

The Antwerp Jesuit College was destroyed by fire. Loss $200,000.

Murders, suicide and burglaries occur with shocking frequency in Australia.

Coffee palaces are a feature of Melbourne life, no less than $10,500,000 being invested in them.

Lord Roberts says he has under his command in India 14,000 British soldiers pledged to total abstinence.

Bulgaria recently sent 20 common school teachers to Switzerland to investigate educational methods.

The guards at Laroquette, the prison in which bomb-thrower Vaillant is confined, have been doubled.

Labor men are organizing throughout Australia and nominating candidates for the coming elections.

The Duchess of York has set up a swing for the amusement of her guests in wet weather.

The German Reichstag has ratified Germany's adherence to the international sanitary convention concluded last year.

The Norman German Lloyd and Hamburg-American Steamship Companies intend to pool their Mediterranean business.

The Emperor of Austria, although a devout Catholic, has finally given his sanction to the introduction of a law to require civil marriages.

Empress Eugenie has decided [illegible] to spend the whole winter at [illegible] Villa of the Cap, near Mentone, on the Mediterranean shore.

Through the agency of [illegible] Seaman's Society over a [illegible] has been [illegible] as total abstainers in Cork harbor alone.

Temperance societies [illegible] formed among the mujiks of Russia [illegible] undertaking to abstain for [illegible] 12 months.

The Young Abstainers' Union [illegible] numbers in its several branches at Shanghai, Foo Chow and other cities [illegible] members.

The United States consul at Palermo denies the report that [illegible] have been sent to the Spanish [illegible].

A Persian [illegible] the dynamite cruiser [illegible] to serve unless their [illegible] advance.

It is denied that [illegible] the Sicilian bishops [illegible] to act as peacemakers in the [illegible] Sicily.

The subscription in Rome to the fund to relieve relatives of Italian workingmen killed in the Aigues-Mortes massacre last summer amounted to [illegible].

A Congregational Temperance Association for Ireland has been [illegible] with Rev. W. Newman Hall, [illegible] Newman Hall, as its [illegible].

Italy gives the world [illegible] 2,500,000,000 oranges [illegible] Portugal, [illegible] 900 [illegible].

It is said that the K[illegible] he is practically [illegible] wreck.

Premier Crispi [illegible] Finance Minister Sonnino [illegible] expediency of a fording [illegible] the use of the [illegible] island.

A Frenchman [illegible] leased after undergoing [illegible] prisonment, in Gerhard[illegible] very [illegible] prisons.

The whole [illegible] possessed by the [illegible] few of 27,000 [illegible] 11,000 [illegible] India, and the remainder [illegible].

Pietro [illegible] the British parliament [illegible] ago in the attitude [illegible] was a learned man [illegible] border of lunacy.

The light of the [illegible] London has hitherto [illegible] reading. It is now [illegible] 2,500 penny-in-the [illegible] light for those desiring [illegible].

A despatch from W[illegible] postal official in [illegible] work state arrested [illegible] circulars which emanated [illegible] revolutionary society at [illegible] sum amounting to [illegible] have been [illegible] before the Chilian [illegible] the Chilian Claims [illegible] Italy, and very [illegible] balance against [illegible].

The Socialist party [illegible] by the independent [illegible] leaders calling upon the [illegible] Workingmen to [illegible] at Lindsbrewery for the [illegible] the social and political [illegible].

A. W. H. Horton, [illegible] fined £50 for refusing [illegible] who notice he was [illegible]. The ex-Mayor was [illegible] again, and in response [illegible] town from the [illegible] in [illegible] would do so.

Queen Victoria [illegible] height, and [illegible] make any attempt [illegible] by artificial means [illegible] passed since the [illegible] services of her [illegible].

The bark Trafalgar [illegible] Australia [illegible] from Batavia [illegible] by 10 boy [illegible] her captain, two [illegible] by fever.

There are some very [illegible] Victoria's service. [illegible] badger, Wheeler [illegible] the Royal Horse Artillery [illegible] feet eight inches in [illegible] is a private of the [illegible] who is six feet five [illegible].

The Consistory [illegible] Rome in March [illegible] six new Cardinals [illegible] Jacobini, the Papal Nuncio at Lisbon; Mgr. Nocella, secretary of the Consistorial congregation; Mgr. Satolli, the Papal delegate to the United States; Mgr. [illegible] the Papal auditor; Mgr. Savelli, secretary of the Congregation [illegible] Steinhuber, the Jesuit.

Another Flying Machine.

A Russian inventor named [illegible] has submitted a mathematical formula relative to the problem of flying in the air, which has been considered by high terrestrial authorities. The [illegible] his idea is that birds have great [illegible] power and their wings because [illegible] broken up into many [illegible] so that the interstices between the feathers are really helps to flight. [illegible] would not be able to carry a heavy object if the wings presented a solid surface to the air, but the combination of separate curved, and separately divided surfaces enable it to do so. The difficulty with flying machines up to the present time has been that they will not fly, and it will be interesting to learn whether M. Tchernoff can successfully apply his formula.

Canada Imports Butter.

It is cited as a remarkable fact that Canada is to-day importing butter from England, but that is not a new thing, nor is it a reflection upon this country. Indeed, the excellence of the Canadian product is responsible for the fact that for an inferior and cheaper article Canadians are sometimes compelled to look elsewhere. Exclusive of the British Columbian purchases, we import about 17,000 pounds of butter annually at prices ranging from eight to ten cents per pound. But we export from five to six million pounds, which brings eighteen or twenty cents a pound. When both sides of the ledger are thus taken into account the balance is overwhelmingly in favour of this country.

The Dog Owners.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has decided that the owner of a dog is responsible in damages for injuries caused by the barking of the animal. A dog barked suddenly and viciously at a horse ridden on the public highway. The rider of the horse was, in consequence, thrown and injured, and suing for damages, recovered from the owner of the dog. This judgment the supreme court of Iowa has affirmed.