nlated for many years, talked fr
ith them.

cording to the story of the
she was stolen by the Indi
she was about 13 years of
her parents, who were amo
irst white people to settle in
Francis country. She had bee
before the chief, then a you
who, infatuated with her beau
laimed her as his wife. To th
born one child, the young wom
now sat beside her, and at th
of the chief, several years befor
idow had become the ruler of
which, driven North by the Sioux
settled in this rich gold-bearin
ry.

e and his companions could
ttle hope for themselves, espec
they had admitted they were
h of gold. The fact that th
placed under a heavy guard a
heir interview with the Que
ot tend to raise their spirits, an
felt sure that death was but
ays away, at the most. However
was full of resource and was ver
tive.

will leave here to-night," call
nounced Dale one evening, aft
d spent most of the day in wal
bout the village with Nita, th
's daughter. "Fact is, I hav
an impression on Nita, and she
to elope with me. You boys are
to be shown the way out abou
ght, after which Nita and I wil
he treasure cave, take what gold
n carry and then join you."
preparations of the three me
eir departure were soon made
ey silently stole out into th

Guided by a figure wrapped
s they started for the mountains
ey began the upward journe
ell behind, and they saw no
nto the night with the guide
they knew was Nita.

r a hard journey through th
ness the two men arrived safely
Francis, where, they told the
they were laughed at as m
ad been temporarily crazed b
rdships they had undergone.

THEIR STORY DERIDED.

rty of men were gathered about
h later in the barroom of th
an House, the two-story log
re which passes as a hotel in
Lake City, when the door opened
walked Dale, somewhat th
for wear, and accompanied by
ian girl, who was cared for by
e of the proprietor of the hotel
Dale and she were married in
Minn., by one of the Roman
priests who periodically visit
ction of the country.

or three weeks after their mar
he Indian girl began to fre
home in the far North, an
she declared she was goin
Dale tried in vain to persuad
remain in civilization, but she
not listen to it, and at last he
d decided to return with her t
gava country. Since then he ha
been heard from until the In
nner brought the news of th
n of Mrs. Dale to the position
n."

FRENCH FINANCES.

**ernment Has Gone Into the Ad
ng Business to Help Its Treasury.**

e, whose national debt has been
every day since it paid its
s of redemption money to Ger
after exhausting apparently
onceivable means of taxation,
ly taken to advertising as a
f money making. This method
eady been seized upon by num
unicipalities which have sold
ce on certain public buildings
rtisers. As the railway sta
ndarmeries, custom houses, en
barracks and numerous other
uildings, as well as the pack
which several kinds of mono
ods are sold, are entirely under
rol of the Government, it is
that it has advertising facili
its command which entirely
n extent and value anything
vate advertisers can offer. The
these may be greatly enhanc
gal restrictions upon the own
ivate property, preventing the
space for similar purposes.
test device of this sort is the
nnonces," or advertising post
er sheet. One half the sheet,
ry letter size paper and rath
uality, is devoted to advertis
ept a space about 4 1-4 by 5
s, reserved for the address, on
printed a fifteen-centime post
p. The letter is written on
half of the sheet, which is
eniously folded and held by
d flap. The whole thing is
0 centimes; that is, two thirds
rice of single letter postage,
ly the same as a postal

s means the publisher saves
the postage and gets his pap
nvelope for nothing. Nomin
scheme is worked by a corpor
iete Anonyme; but, as it sells
t one third off and has its
sale at the postoffices and
nt tobacco shops, it is prac
Government enterprise. The
em will evidently take the
the postal card; it will de
e sale of postage stamps, but
ts from the advertising will
e Government to make a sub
profit out of the project.

"TOMMY ATKINS."

y Atkins," has become the
of the British soldier from
that the printed forms used
my have the name "Thomas"
printed to indicate where the
ld write his name.

MATTER OF MANAGEMENT.

ter to laugh than to cry, said
girl, brightly.
you're trying to manage a
said the woman.

Mystery of Shaft No. 13.

CHAPTER I.

long, long, is the winter nicht,
slowly dawns the day,
is a slain knight in my bower,
I wish he were away."

light grew stronger, and crept
the lowered blinds that hid
gay flowers on the balcony, yet
their sweet smell to enter
the open windows, spread it-
ly over the carpet, and show-
woman's gold thimble lying there
stole toward the shut folding-
from the other side of which
sound or movement had come
ours. Here it seemed to pause
as if afraid, then stealthily
underneath them, and travers-
oddly-shaped apartment that
in a place not much bigger than
recess, and partly hidden by
pink muslin drapery, now push-
roughly on one side and held there
something that had fallen heavily
them.

ly seemed the light to touch

re it lay, a strong figure lying
downward, with sunny crown
and brows pressed to the cov-
of a wide couch, upon which a
was lying in a deep sleep, her
pillowed on her outstretched arm,
picture of perfect innocence and

ith the smooth coverlid drawn to
chin, and her air of happy dreams
she securely slept, she looked as
she had not stirred since she laid
down—as if, indeed, she would not
now, did not some one come
wake her, though the light kept
ever widening, and growing, till
pink hung room was full of a soft,
atmosphere fit for such a prin-
as she, yet was strong enough
to rouse the man who lay with
doubled up beneath him in atti-
unnatural and strange.

Slowly the clock ticked away the
ents and the minutes to hours, the
en china shepherds and shep-
esses on the mantel-piece had long
nodded each other good-morrow,
pictures on the wall exchanged
es, first of amaze, then of in-
y, as to who was the new-comer
distributed their privacy, and
, alas, in such woeful and uncourt-
guise!

The white mouse, looking perchance
his absent little master, popped
pink nose out of the cage that
never very far from the prin-
s, and, aghast at what he saw, went
again.

In the street without, in the house
hin, the cheerful noises of every-
life began, and swelled each mo-
louder, so that when a footstep
the next room caused a vibration
the floor, she opened her eyes, and
listening and broad awake. The
th was so low that what lay at
foot did not come within her range
sion, as she fixed her glance on
folding-doors, watching for them
open, and her maid with the tea
in; and as she looked, one swung
k, and through it came Rose, er-
pimpante, in her smart cap and
n, smiling too, as if she had some
cial cause for satisfaction that
ning. But as she came forward,
ething—something between her
tress and her, arrested Rose's at-
tion; the cups on the tray in her
d rattled violently with the tre-
r that shook her, and shuddering,
ging she backed away, with star-
eyes fixed on that—backed till
came to the door, and escaping
ough it, shrieked—such a shriek as
e through walls and window, and
e the passers-by stand still in the
et, with that heart-quake which
n know when tragedy stalks red-
ded through their mist.

Meanwhile her mistress, guided by
woman's eyes, had raised herself,
d by some dreadful instinct born of
rage, felt herself drawn toward in-
ct of away from it—so that on
nds and knees she crawled toward
still figure, which dumbly spoke
own eloquent message of eternal
aration from her and all living
ings.

A hand's-breadth away from it she
sed, looking down at the tossed,
lky, fair hair set in a wide halo of
ood—blood that had soaked and well-
t and ebbed for many an hour
ough the long summer night into
coverlid at her feet.

One arm was doubled beneath his
dest just as he had fallen, the oth-
r lay stretched out to its full length
pale palm uppermost—a hand that
would never sew or reap any more,
never help or hurt any one any more,
never be filled with those gifts that
the prime of a man's life well-spent
may reasonably be hoped to bring.

Steps were coming, people were com-
ing, with a thundering, rushing sound,
all hastening madly to that horror
in the house, that smell of blood in
the air that we call "murder!" and
that we stand agape to look on, even
while our flesh recoils at it.

The master of the house came first
so that terrified wave of struggling
humanity—came in to see the mur-
dered man lying there, and his wife
on her knees beside him—across the
body their eyes met, and oh! what a
look was there!

The glance of horror, wonder, and
pity with which she had first gazed
down at the murdered man, had been
swiftly followed by one of dawning
comprehension, changing into one of
passionate loathing and contempt,
This, too, was gone, when her husband
came, and their eyes leaped togeth-
er.

"He thought me guilty, and he kill-
ed that hound—and he did well," she
thought, with a wild sense of exul-
tation that brought a strange light
to her eyes, and a heave to her breast,
and in that moment he saw her not
as the Elizabeth he knew, but—

Breathless they gazed, in one light-
ning moment engraving on each soul
the likeness of its fellow's guilt, then,
without a sound, the woman shrank
down, hiding her face and shudder-
ing, away from him, and from life,
alone, as it were, with herself and
the dead.

Up they came, those people, surg-
ing up from without, who had set the
house-door wide? bearing the officers
of the law with them into the dainty
drawing-room, and through the fold-
ing-doors, that would hardly open far
enough to admit them, pausing in the
second room as in the auditorium of
a theatre, the last room of all ap-
pearing a stage, with its two in-
mates posed in a silent and terrible
tableau.

Outside it, stood the husband, white,
rigid, his arms folded on his breast,
apparently as incapable of movement
or of speech, as what was laying at
his feet.

Rose, the maid, recovered herself
first. Pushing her way through the
throng, and casting a look of con-
tempt on her master, she stepped over
the dead body of the man with a shud-
der, then snatched up a silk dressing-
gown that hung over the back of a
chair, which, with a small table and
the couch, completed the furniture of
the recess, and threw it round the
lonely figure that crouched on the
bed.

Her mistress did not move while be-
ing wrapped in it, nor when she felt
the slippers put on her naked feet;
but when Rose tried to raise her, she
got up with a quick, defiant move-
ment, and sat down with the wide
folds of silk, draping her loyally, look-
ing past her husband at the rout be-
yond, as Marie Antoinette may have
done at the crowd that surrounded
her tumbril.

Yet her lips quivered—not for that
poor dead man—her heart was hard
as a stone toward him, and she had
no thought of the suddenly arrested
life, or of the pity of it, but because
he had let the sin of blood-guiltiness
hold him back from clasping her in
his arms—because he could see her
there alone, nor move one step to take
his rightful place beside her.

"Let us bear it together!" was the
anguished cry of her heart; then the
pain passed and a cold feeling of an-
ger grew in her breast. If she could
forgive him, what quarrel had he then
with her? In that moment she de-
spised him—as a woman despises a
man who does not rise to the occa-
sion, as she herself has done, ay, and
higher yet, for however magnificent
a woman's pluck may be, a man's
should always be able to soar above
it.

One of the policemen kneeled down
and turned that quiet figure at the
foot of the bed over, revealing a calm
and handsome face, marred only by a
small hole in the forehead, through
which a bullet had passed, and out of
which the life-blood had ebbed quietly
away during the night.

Barry Ross had been a good-looking
enough fellow in life, but in death his
face took on a sweetness and majes-
ty that brought tears to the eyes of
many who looked down on him that
day, bitterly resenting the foul injus-
tice that had robbed him of his
birthright—life. Rose, who stood with
her back to the walls, glanced swiftly
from mistress to master, and back
again. Their faces told nothing; in fact,
so unnatural to the onlookers seemed
their stony acceptance of the situa-
tion, without any of that display of
amazement and horror which might
have been naturally expected, that the
conviction gained ground that both
were "in the swim," and knew all
about the night's work, and each oth-
er's share in it.

To Elizabeth St. George it seemed
afterward that she sat for hours in
that alcove, facing the mouthing,
staring multitude; but she could not
remember what any one had said, or
what answer she had given to the
question put to her, for at her heart's
tribunal was standing the man, once
her lover, now her husband, who thus
openly by his silence and his deser-
tion, accused her.

All things have an end, and at last
the moment came when Rose was free
to take her mistress away.

Gathering her robes around her,
Elizabeth rose, and swerving a little to
one side lest they should step on the
body, and the crowd dividing for
them, the two women passed through
the rooms, and up the staircase, and
out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

"Whaur shall I gae, whaur shall I
run,
Whaur shall I gae to lay me?
For I hae killed a gallant squire,
And his friends they seek to slay
me."

It was Rose who locked her mistress
into her bedroom, who got the house
cleared of its uninvited guests, the
body of poor Barry laid upon the bed
that had not been slept in that night,
and who, then, leaving her master still
stupefied and alone in the place where
he had stood throughout, returned to
her mistress, and shut herself in with
her.

Apparently he had not moved yet,
when Mr. Skewton, who had been tele-
graphed for from Scotland Yard, ar-
rived, and found him there, aged and
lined in the space of one hour to such
a likeness as his own mother would
have found it hard to recognize.

Was it only last night that Eliza-
beth had said to him, "It is so close
and hot up stairs, Jack, that Rose
thinks I had better sleep down stairs
to-night, do you mind?" and then she
had rung for her maid, and Rose had
made up the Chesterfield couch in
the recess off the second drawing-
room, and she had said in joke how
easy it would be for any one to come
in and murder her, walking over the
leads of the great library built out
at the back.

He had proposed that he should come
down, too, but this she would not al-
low.

She knew it was all fancy disliking
her room at the top of the house so
much, but he should not be allowed to
suffer for it, and then she had gone
gayly up stairs to undress, coming
down presently in her dressing-gown,
and with Rose in attendance, who
placed on the table beside her bed the
night-cap Mrs. St. George usually
took the last thing at night. Jack al-
ways laughed at her for taking it—
but take it she did, with the utmost
regularity. It consisted of a tea-
spoonful of Jamaica ginger in hot
water, with sugar, and on that par-
ticular evening there was barely
enough for her usual dose in the bot-
tle, and she told Rose to be sure and
get some more next day. When the
girl had gone to bed, Elizabeth had
done some dancing steps in her flow-
ing robe before a long glass, had
frolicked around generally, cut some
jokes, reviewed the events of the day,
and finally, after kissing Jack, had
drunk her nightcap and retired to
bed.

"I shall come down in the night and
see how you are," he had said, as he
tucked her up, and then she had asked
him to leave the windows open in the
second room, and the room beyond,
and to close the folding-doors between.
This he had done, returning to his
books, but going in again to look at
her later, and by the glimmer of the
light, under the snow-white silk shade,
he saw her lying there, lovely in her
sleep, framed in the delicate pink with
with which the recess was hung, and
he had kneeled down to kiss her pretty
hair, and bless her with all his heart.
and then—he still seemed to see her
lying there, the house hushed in sil-
ence, and presently the stealthy sound
of a man's step on the stair. He saw
the outer door open, seemed to feel the
pause before the folding-doors yield-
ed to the midnight intruder's touch—
saw Barry Ross standing there on the
threshold, his sunny looks gone, his
likeness changed from the man of hon-
or to the renegade against his friend,
and the brute in intenioin, he saw—
O God! what more did he see as he
turned away his eyes, shuddering?
Presently he came nearer to the bed,
now tossed and disordered, that had
been so smooth when Elizabeth awoke
that morning. He stooped over it—
what business had he with it, and why
did his hand steal to his breast as he
arose again, starting violently at sight
of the man who at that moment came
through the folding-door with swift,
silent tread, and eyes that said, "You
are mine—you have done murder, and
I am here to prove it."

Jack's calm had broken at last, and
with a vengeance. He sat down, or
he must have fallen from excessive
agitation, and if ever a man wore the
livery of guilt, he wore it then.

The quiet, keen-eyed man laid his
hand on Jack's trembling one, hidden
in the breast pocket of his coat, and
drew it out, with what it held.

"It" was a toy pistol of beautiful
make and quality, and looked innocent
as a child's plaything, lying in the de-
tective's hand.

The shiver in Jack's limbs had pass-
ed, he looked afraid of nothing as he
said:

"I don't deny it. I shot the man
with that. Now do your duty."

Mr. Skewton's eyes narrowed.

He felt that he would have cheer-
fully paid a good deal to have entered
the room three seconds sooner than he
had done.

"Is this pistol yours?" he asked.

"See for yourself," said Jack, and
Mr. Skewton looked, and found a name
and date inscribed on the barrel of
the pistol, and the name was Jack St.
George and the date over a year old.

"The sooner you take me away the
better," said Jack curtly, and turned
on his heel and went into the outer
room.

Mr Skewton, left alone, shook his
head. There was a good deal more in
this business than met the eye. He
had naturally only an imperfect know-
ledge of the circumstances of the case,
and the account of the enterprising
constable who had sent for him, had
pointed to a woman in the case, whose
absence from the scene puzzled him.

He followed Jack into the other
room, where he stood looking out on
the balcony with the sweet breath of
stocks and mignonette in his nostrils,
so that ever after the sight of those
homely flowers turned him faint and
sick.

"There is a lady in the case?" said
Mr. Skewton.

"My wife," said Jack, briefly.

Mr. Skewton paused, and before the
pause had grown wearying, Jack filled
it up.

"My wife sometimes sleeps down
stairs," he said, his face calm and
resolute, "the weather has been
very hot lately, and she was brought
up in the country, and feels the poor
accommodation upstairs very much."

"Why poor?" said Mr. Skewton,
looking round, "these rooms are a very
fair size. I imagine those above are
the same."

"The rooms above are not ours,"
said Jack abruptly. "They belong to
Mr. Barry Ross—who is dead."

"He was your lodger?" said Skew-
ton.

"My lodger," said Jack, proudly,
"why not?"

Probably no man ever looked less
like a lodging-house keeper than Jack
St. George did then, but then nobody
surely was ever so little like a traitor
and a hound as Barry Ross, and
yet—

To be Continued.

TYPEWRITER TACTICS.

Miss Spellum wears all her best
clothes down to the office.

Is she in love with anybody
there?

No, but she says it scares her em-
ployer so he doesn't give her much
work to do.

HE HAS CAUSE TO WORRY

CECIL RHODES MAY BE CAPTURED BY KRUGER'S FORCES.

International Law Will Not Avail Him Then—Rhodes Was Sent to Kimberley to Die, But Lived to Become Oom Paul's Most Hated Enemy.

Oom Paul would rather have the scalp of Cecil Rhodes for a Christmas present, than the Kimberley diamond mines, though he is after both with all the fervor of an intense nature. A man of Kruger's strength can hate 24 hours a day and have some left to lap over on the next week, and he may allow it to warp his judgment to a certain extent.

When Kruger can bring himself to speak of Rhodes at all he invariably calls him "that murderer" with a choke of passion and a slight twitch of his muscular fingers, as if he could not repress a desire to shoke him then and there if he but had the diamond king within reach. Next to his religious fervor there is no sentiment so strong in the breast of the powerful Dutch President as his hatred of the giant of England. These two are the cyclopean figures of the closing century, and the battle between Briton and Boer is nothing more nor less than a combat between these two self-confident giants.

KIMBERLEY THE OBJECTIVE POINT.

Rhodes has perhaps made the mistake of his life in settling himself in Kimberley on the very eve of the conflict, for by this act alone he has made Kimberley the objective center of the war. Already the Boers campaign is directed against this place, which has strong strategic inducements for its military occupation aside from the fact that it is the residence of the diamond king, the gold king, the railroad king, the king of multi-millionaires, the "old lion" whose escape Kruger bewailed when Jameson and his band were caught and characterized as "only the cubs." All these detested personages are bound up in one stalwart body, and the names of that body is Rhodes, who possibly does not realize how completely he incarnates to the Boer mind everything that excites its animosity towards England, and he may also put too strong a faith in the defensibleness of the place he is said to have pronounced as "safe as Piccadilly.

WHAT RHODES WOULD GET.

If the price set upon the head of the Colossus should lead to his capture alive there is no doubt whatever about his ultimate fate, for he would have the "benefit" of an immediate military trial, and if he should be lucky enough to be shot instead of hanged that would be the best he would get.

Twenty-eight years ago Rhodes was a lanky, thin-faced boy of 18, whom his doctor declared could not live six months, even in the milder climate of South Africa, making a footnote of this prediction in his memorandum book To-day for relentless force and sheer personal power he is counted a statesman second to none, since the death of Gladstone, in all the vast British dominions.

He was a youth of big ideas, with a will power that dominated even his physical nature, and he needed a limitless fortune to carry out his dreams of power. That was his dominant idea from the very moment he set foot on the Dark Continent. The rounding of his physique into its present sturdy form was but an incident, a matter he attended to as being a necessary detail of his career. His one dream was to found an enormous United States of Africa. In every act of which he has been the manipulator this has been the dominant idea, and his continued cries of "No taxation without representation!" "No rule of an oligarchical ring!" were so insistent throughout South Africa that they at last culminated in the throwing down of the gauntlet by that other mighty power, Oom Paul Kruger

HIS WEALTH.

One hundred million dollars probably expresses the wealth Rhodes has accumulated by the most brilliant manipulations of modern finance. During the period when success first perched upon his coffers he was fond of money for the sake of possession, and used often, it is said, to fill a pail full of diamonds from the Kimberly mines, pouring out the glittering heap again and again with almost childish pleasure. To-day money to him is but a tool with which he expects to carve his way to higher ambitions, whose high-topping summit perhaps he himself cannot clearly see.

His greatest reproach against himself is that of all ambitious men whose restless energy resents any moment snatched for rest or recreation. He calls himself lazy! Yet he has fought many fierce wars with natives, he has built railroads and telegraph lines, he has conducted vast and successful enterprises, and has founded an empire. And he is but 46 years old.

It is impossible to conceive that this heavy, muscular man, six feet one in his shoes, was ever a weakling sent abroad to die. His appetite is a wonder. Chief Lobengula called him "the man who eats a whole country for his dinner."

VOTING IN BAVARIA.

Only 21 per cent. of the population of Bavaria are entitled to vote, and of these 21 per cent only 19 per cent took the trouble to vote at the last elections for the Landtag.

The Salvation Army.

THE LIFE OF THESE SELF-SACRIFICING WORKERS OFTEN ONE OF HARDSHIP.

While on Duty Capt. Ben. Bryan Was Stricken With a Supposed Incurable Disease and Forced to Relinquish the Work—He Has Now Recovered His Health.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont.

The life of a Salvation Army worker is very far from being a sinecure. Their duties are not only arduous, but they are called upon by the regulations of the Army to conduct out-of-door meetings at all seasons and in all kinds of weather. This being the case, it is little wonder that the health of these self-sacrificing

workers frequently gives way. Capt. Ben. Bryan, whose home is at Maxville, Ont., is well known through his former connection with the Army, having been stationed at such important points as Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Guelph and Brockville, in Canada, and at Schenectady, Troy, and other points in the United States. While on duty he was attacked by a so-called incurable disease, but having been restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, a representative of the Alexandria News thought it worth while to procure from his own lips a statement of his illness and recovery. He found Mr. Bryan at work, a healthy, robust man, his appearance giving no indication of his recent sufferings.

The story of his illness and subsequent cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reads like a miracle, and is given in his own words as follows:—"While stationed at Deseronto, in July, 1897, I was attacked with what the doctors called "Chronic Spinal Meningitis." The symptoms were somewhat similar to those preceding a pleuratic attack, but were accompanied by spasms, which, when the pain became too severe. rendered me unconscious. The length of these unconscious spells increased as the disease advanced. After spending four months in the Kingston General Hospital, and on the Salvation farm, Toronto, I regained some of my former strength and returned to my work. The second attack occurred when I was stationed at Schenectady, N.Y., in October, 1898, and was more severe than the first. The symptoms of the second attack were very similar to those which preceded the first, the only apparent difference being that they were more severe and the after effects were of longer duration. Owing to the precarious state of my health, I was compelled to resign my position after the second attack and return to my home at Maxville. While there a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using them in March, 1899. I have used only a dozen boxes and am once more enjoying perfect health, I feel that I am perfectly well, and can cheerfully say that I attribute my persent state of health to the effects produced by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Bryan has also used the pills and has benefited very much thereby."

FOR BRIDES-TO-BE.

Not long ago a young lady living in a small town was about to be married. About two weeks before the time the wedding was to take place this young lady visited the various stores in the place. At each of the jewelry shops she called the proprietor aside and told him of her approaching marriage and then said:

"Now, it is very probable that some of my friends may come in here and select me a present. It's horrid to get something you don't like, so I want you to look out for me, and if you can satisfy yourself that a present is about to be purchased for me induce the purchaser to buy something I will now select."

The proprietor could see nothing wrong in granting such a request, and the young lady selected a number of pieces of jewelry which suited her taste. They were marked and the assistants notified. From all that can be learned the scheme worked well.

LATEST IS THE "PATHOMETER."

Of the inventing of long-felt cycling wants there seems to be no end. The latest of these is an instrument by which it is easy to record automatically, not only the distance traveled by a bicycle, but also the various directions followed during the journey and the hills ascended and descended, The record of directions is obtained by means of a compass. The needle is suspended at the top of the "pathometer," as the apparatus is called, directly above the tape on which the records are taken.

DELICIOUS ESKIMOAN DISH.

A favorite dish with the Eskimo is an ice cream made of seal oil, into which snow is stirred until the desired consistency has been obtained; then frozen berries of different kinds are added, with a little of the fish egg for flavoring.