

The Gleaner

NO. 1537

HUNTINGDON, Q., THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1893.

\$1.50 A-YEAR

Marshall, Pringle & Co.

SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!

WE have added to our stock already in, a full line of CHOICE SEEDS. Parties wishing to get the very best Seeds should give us a call. We did not carry over any old seeds. We handle only the best quality of seeds. Give us a call or send for prices.

BARBED OR PLAIN WIRE on hand, at bottom prices. Remember, we will not be undersold in any line we carry, for cash.

PAY SPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR TEAS. Once bought, always used. Prices, 25, 30, 35, and 40c. Try our Golden Seal Brand Black Tea. You cannot keep house without it.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED MORE NEW PRINTS. Prices from 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12c.

Our Grey Cottons are Very Cheap.

DRESS GOODS and Flannelettes, all wool; Spot Delaines—a full line.

HATS! HATS! HATS!

We can suit every person in price and style.

FOR WET WEATHER, try our Men's Rubber Boots. Wet has no effect on them. Price only \$2.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

New Tweeds

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

CALL and examine our stock. Suits to please every person. Prices very low.

EGGS, Butter, and Calves taken in exchange.

ORDERS for Advertising and Job Work left with James Anderson, Ormstown, who is agent for the Gleaner, will be attended to.

DR. CLOUSTON,

Physician and Surgeon,
Princeton, Huntingdon

Telephone No. 33.

Office days: Tuesdays and Fridays

from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DR. CHAS. MARSHALL,

Physician and Surgeon,
Huntingdon, Que.

Office hours: 8 to 12 Wednesday morning

and 8 to 12 Saturday morning.

A. MITCHELL, B.C.L.,

Advocate,
Huntingdon, Que.

Next door to Eastern Townships bank.

Prompt collections and returns

guaranteed.

R. L. MURCHISON,

Advocate, Barrister, &c.,
(Gold Medalist of McGill University in 1887.)

181 St. James-st., Montreal.

Will attend all Courts in the Dis-

tricts of Beauharnois, Bedford, and St. Hyacinthe.

M. McGOUGH & ENGLAND,

Advocates,
181 St. James-st., Montreal.

ARCH. MCGOWAN, M.A., B.C.L.,

Advocate,
181 St. James-st., Montreal.

Mr. McGowan will visit Huntingdon

regularly. Claims will be received, ap-

pointments made, and all information

furnished, by Mr. William D. McCallum,

Central Telephone Office, Huntingdon.

MACLAUREN, LEET, SMITH & SMITH

Advocates, &c.,
Temple Building, 185 St. James-st.,

Montreal.

Claims may be left with Wm. S.

MACLAUREN, Huntingdon.

D. MCCORMICK, Q.C.,

Room 70, Imperial Building,
No 107 St. James-st., Montreal.

Will attend all Courts in the District

of Beauharnois, and will be at the Cen-

tral Hotel, Huntingdon, on Friday

of every month, barring un-

foreseen circumstances.

Telephone No. 2497.

J. C. BRUCE,

General Insurance Agent,
Huntingdon, P. Q.

Fire, Life, and Accident Insurance.

Money to Lend on Farm Property. 10

CASKETS AND COFFINS.

The subscriber keeps constantly on hand

a large stock of Caskets and Coffins of all

sizes, styles and prices. Coffin plates,

burial robes, and other trimmings always

in stock. Prices reasonable.

A HANDSOME HEARSE KEPT.

Orders promptly attended to.

Mrs. A. HENDERSON

Huntingdon.

NOTARIAL.

The undersigned begs leave to in-

form the public that he will be in at-

tendance, in the office of R. Hyndman, Secy.

Treas. of the Municipal Council of the

County of Huntingdon, in the Court

Building in the village of Huntingdon,

BRAULT & LABERGE

St. LOUIS De GONZAGUE

In thanking their numerous customers and the general public for the liberal encouragement granted them in the past, have pleasure in announcing that, having decided to sell in future for

Cash Only

They have reduced their prices 15 per

cent. on all merchandise.

A single visit to their store will

convince all that no where else can such

low prices be found!

We have just received our SPRING

GOODS, comprising: Tweeds, Serges,

Dress Goods, Cashmeres, Calicoes, Cot-

tons, Flannelettes, &c.

Our assortment of Boots, Groceries,

Hardware, is very complete.

Everything sold at greatly reduced

prices. A visit is respectfully solicited.

BRAULT & LABERGE

St. Louis de Gonzague.

GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY

Latest patterns and best

quality of

SILVERWARE.

White Metal Spoons and Forks.

Gold & Silver Watches

BEST TIME-KEEPING CLOCKS.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired

in the best possible manner.

The Place to buy Birthday, Wedding

and other Presents is the Store of

W. B. SAUNDERS

Opposite Post-Office.

MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS

Huntingdon, Que.

R. BRUNET would inform the public

that he is prepared to do all kinds of

monumental and cut-stone work in

the best style and at prices as low as

any. He imports all kinds of Granite,

making a specialty of Scotch Granite.

On all orders for Granite Monuments

from now until 1st May he will allow a

discount of 5 per cent. on all marble

monuments and tablets 10 per cent.

Work entrusted to him will be care-

fully executed and a first-class job guar-

anteed.

FOR SALE one purebred Ayrshire

Bull rising one-year old.

Apply to JOHN HENDERSON,

St. Louis de Gonzague, Que.

Or, at the premises, Third Concession

North Georgetown.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

A valuable farm of 100 acres in

Hinchinbrook, P.Q., situated near the

frontier, about 1 1/2 miles southeast of

Beauharnois, with a good stone house

and buildings in good repair. Also a good

orchard and sugar bush with sugar

house and convenient to churches and

schools. Adapted for a dairy and near

factories. The farm is on the 2nd range

and east half of No. 28. For particulars

apply on the premises, or to EDWARD

COY, East Concession, N.Y., by letter.

TO RENT.

A commodious Store, with storehouse,

in the village of Atholstan. A first-class

opening for anyone wishing to begin

business in the centre of a good agricul-

tural district. For particulars apply or

write.

J. CAMERON & Co.

Atholstan, March 15, 1893.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

A valuable farm situated on the

front of Lancaster about two miles from

the village, containing about 105 acres,

75 acres clear and in a good state of

cultivation, the remaining portion is

well wooded. A first-class new barn and

stables and a good dwelling house. This

farm will be sold on easy terms. For

particulars apply to Mr. Alexander Mac-

KINGDOM OF WOMAN.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS CONCERNING

CROUPS AND COLDS.

Croup no Longer a Bugbear—Simple and

Efficient Treatment—Cold Water Colds

For Croup—Hot Water Remedies for Colds

Read, Mark and Learn.

Croup is a word which strikes terror

to the heart of every mother. Whoever

has heard the clanging cough, the choked

breathing, and seen the flushed face of

the little sufferer will never forget the

experience nor fail to recognize the

symptoms.

For a long time croup was one of the

biggest dangers of childhood. My children

are all predisposed to it and the least re-

laxation of vigilance on my part meant

a night of disturbed rest. A fire must

be kindled, a water heater must be

fired, and I usually sat up from one

to three hours with the child's feet to the

fire. I could look back and laugh at the

remembrance if it was not for the suf-

fering of the child.

In the first place I have learned to not

let the children, housed too closely.

They are warmly dressed as soon as the

first cold days come; then, unless it is

damp or stormy, they are turned out to

play every day. Thus they are accus-

tomed to exposure, and do not readily

catch cold.

If one of them wakes with the croup I

light the night lamp, fold a soft cloth so

it will make four or six thicknesses

around the neck, then dip it into the

coldest water in the house. Unfasten

the child's clothes, wring the cloth as

dry as possible and place it around the

child's neck, covering with a thick dry

cloth and a piece of oleothin. In five

minutes from the time I heard the

cough, I am back to bed with the little

one tucked down between Ted and me,

to avoid any possibility of its losing the

pack. The child will seldom cough the

second time.

In using this treatment, several things

are imperative. The water must be

cold, the water is best, and the cloth

wring dry. The child must be kept

warm, for the pack soon grows steaming

and a child then moved a fraction

cold. In the morning when the pack is

removed, rub the skin with a towel un-

til it burns, or use a brisk application

of salt and vinegar. The child must be

kept warm, and the cure is com-

plete. Care must be taken for a few

days, however, that the child takes no

more cold. I have found this method

to cure more rapidly than all the alum

and sugar, hive syrup and fried onions I

ever heard of. The most severe cases

will yield at once.

For a cold in either children or adults,

the hot-water treatment is excellent.

Just before going to bed immerse the

feet in hot water and fill the towel with

the full of very hot water. Close the

lid and take the nozzle in your mouth.

Inhale the steam and exhale through

your nostrils. Continue until the head

and throat have become loosened, dry

the feet, then go quickly to bed and

sweat away your cold. These are tried

remedies in our family, never known to

fail.—The Housekeeper.

Attractiveness Created by Good Reading.

It is born in every woman to wish to

be as attractive as possible. Men call it

vanity, but that term is erroneous, for

it is a sentiment which is fostered by

the compliments of others the flattering

minor and the one hundred and one in-

crease of daily life. The desire to be

SPRING GOODS!

JOHN HUNTER

I daily receiving his stock of goods

for the Spring trade, which will be

found to be varied and full in the fol-

lowing lines:

Staple Dry Goods and Fancy Goods,

Boots and Shoes, Hosiery,

Hardware, Wallpapers, Carpets,

Hats and Caps,

and Ready-made Clothing.

Also, I would remind the farmers and

all requiring FINE DRESS SEEDS that

I keep a very full stock and will be

pleased to quote prices to those at a

distance.

WANTED to live, a Farmer; also

Hostler for Hivery stable.

J. HUNTER.

TOLD OF BEN BUTLER.

SOME CHARACTER STORIES OF THE

DEAD GENERAL.

A Wonderful Personality—His Quizzes

Dress—Witty and Sarcastically Quick—

A New Story of the Spoons—His Great

Nerve and Phenomenal Memory.

It is queer how Death treats public

men. On the same night that Senator

Kenna died on Capitol Hill in Wash-

ington, another statesman passed away.

His death bed was located not a stone's

throw from that of the young Senator

and like Kenna he had kept his life work

in the public eye. He was born in

Massachusetts and was a member of

the House of Representatives for many

years. He was a man of great energy

and was a man of great energy and

was a man of great energy and was a

THE Dominion parliament will be prorogued on Saturday—the shortest session on record. Many members have already gone home and the business this week has been of the winding-up character. Mr. Turton on Tuesday ventilated the standing of the judges of this province. In the discussion Mr. Laurier said—

No one supposed that Mr. Turton had attacked the judges, but it was absurd to say that the judiciary of Quebec today commanded the respect that they did some years ago. Some of the appointments of late had been political. The government had appointed men to judgeships who had no other qualification than their being mere political hacks. The rule of appointments to the senate under this government was the rule for the appointment of judges in Quebec. He believed it could be proved that Quebec judges had contributed to the Conservative funds during the last election.

Monday next is a legal holiday—Easter Monday—so that the usual council meetings will be held on Tuesday. It is a great pity the legislature did not class it with the holidays which it abolished last session. It is a holiday without significance to either Protestant or Catholic and there is no excuse for recognizing it.

No announcement has been made since the session opened that will be so welcome to the taxpayers, as that the deficit on the Intercolonial railway is decreasing so rapidly that in another year it will have disappeared. This has been effected by reducing the staff and the train-service, which was far beyond what the traffic required. Mr. Haggart deserves all the credit for this important reform.

INCREASING attention is drawn to events in Germany. The legislature has adjourned for the Easter holidays and is almost certain, on re-assembling, to reject the bill for increasing the army. To make it appear that a greater force is necessary, there are alarmist reports of Russia concentrating more troops within striking distance of the German and Austrian frontiers. In one sense it would be well for the continent of Europe if a collision was precipitated, as it would lead to the destruction of the system of militarism which is stifling it like a nightmare. It is doubtful if the horrors of a short war would exceed the prolonged pain and vicissitudes caused by tearing young men from their families to undergo compulsory service in a brutalizing occupation. To add to the difficulties of the German government, a demagogue named Ahlwardt has roused deep feeling among the populace by denunciation of the Jews as robbers of the state and the enemies of society. It is never hard to get up a cry against money-lenders.

THE usual motion to reduce the postage on letters from 3 to 2 cents was made on Saturday. Postmaster-general Caron stated that the reduction would cause a deficit of \$750,000 a year which would have to be made up out of the general revenue, which was not to be thought of. There was one way in which the postage on letters could be reduced, he said, and that was

By re-imposing the postage on newspapers and other printed matter, and I am free to express the opinion that this ought to be done. I believe that the state is put to considerable expense in carrying this class of matter without postage. Not only do we lose the postage rates upon it, but the post office department is put to a very large enhanced outlay to provide the increased postal capacity necessary to carry this bulky class of matter; and notwithstanding all our regulations, the result of our experience is that it is absolutely impossible to prevent a large quantity of postal matter, which is not entitled to free carriage, being unloaded upon the matter which is properly exempt from payment.

There is no reason why the government should carry newspapers for nothing. When letters are charged for conveyance from one part of the country to another, so ought newspapers. From Sir A. Caron's statement it appears newspapers are actually conveyed at the cost of the writers of letters, for if newspapers were made to pay for transmission the postage on letters could be reduced to two cents, so that everybody who now posts a letter pays a cent more than he ought. No publisher of a newspaper who endeavors to conduct it on business principles would object to a fair rate of postage. The old plan of weighing the papers per pound being made, was convenient and not onerous. Probably to justify a reduction on letter postage, the rate on papers would need to be higher than it was formerly.

A strong reason for re-imposing postage on newspapers is that it

would increase the remuneration of the country postmasters. Just now they are paid a commission on the business done, free matter, which includes newspapers, of course not counting. The commission in the case of nine-tenths of country offices is so small that were it not to accommodate the neighborhood, few would take them. Were newspapers charged, the commission would be increased and a body of men and women who do a great deal for the community would not be mocked by the tender of \$10 a year and even less for their services. It is unjust to expect that the keepers of post-offices should handle newspapers for nothing, seeing they give them much more trouble than letters.

We hope that at next session Sir Adolphe will submit a measure imposing postage on newspapers and so do what is right by letter writers and postmasters. The fact that the U.S. letter-rate is 2 cents, makes it desirable that the Canadian rate be equalized.

HEMINGFORD.

During the fortnight that has elapsed since last notes to the Gleaner were written, very little of interest has transpired here. The state of the roads—the north and south ones especially—has been such as to prevent much stir or movement. The wheeling on the east and west roads has been good for some days past but the snow banks, still lying on the north and south roads, make them well nigh impassable in many places, for vehicles of any kind. In consequence of this state of things, trade has been very quiet in the village of late. The season so far, has been very unfavorable for sugar making. Though we have had sharp frosts at nights and bright sunshiny days during the past ten days, a cold north wind prevailing much of the time, has kept the temperature at a point too low to permit the sap to flow. A good many orchards were tapped last week, but with no satisfactory result thus far. Should a change not come soon the sugar season this year will prove, as it did last year, short and unsatisfactory. Such a condition of things would prove a real misfortune to the people in this part of the country as the preparations for sugar-making have been greater this year, perhaps, than in any previous one and the money usually obtained from this industry is sadly needed hereabout.

A considerable number of horses have been taken across the line from this part of the country of late. Most of them have been sold to Mr. E. M. Fitch of Moers, N.Y., one of the largest dealers in horses in northern New York. The prices paid, recently, have not, as a rule, been any higher than they were at any time during the past winter. Good, sound animals, well broken, six to ten years old and weighing 1000 to 1200 lb., have been sold at from \$65 to \$75—the purchaser paying the duty. John Merlin of this place, took 35 horses, last week, to Boston or some town in its neighborhood. They were a lot of good serviceable animals and should command a ready sale, if there is any demand at all, in that part of the country for medium-sized work horses. Notwithstanding the general dullness in the business during the past few months, Mr. Merlin has bought and sold a considerable number of horses and in this way has been a public benefactor.

The farmers resident in the northern part of this township and in the adjoining part of Sherrington are to be congratulated on the fact that Mr. Thomas Boyes is fitting up—a view to carry it on the coming season—the creamery at Barrington. It has not been operated for several years past. Mr. Boyes is putting a separator of the most improved description in it and will supply it with all other requisites to enable him to deal satisfactorily with the milk that may be supplied to him. It is to be hoped that his enterprise will meet with good encouragement at the hands of the farmers of Barrington and its neighborhood. Mr. Boyes has also acquired recently, the cheese factory in Odelltown, formerly belonging to the late Arthur Roberts and the Messrs. Kenny. This factory has not been in operation for several years past. Mr. Boyes is giving it a thorough overhauling and expects soon to have it prepared for business. If the Odelltown people are wise they will give Mr. Boyes every possible encouragement in his undertaking.

The lecture given by the Rev. Dr. T. G. Williams under the auspices of the Royal Templars in the town hall, on the evening of the 14th inst., was fairly well attended, though the evening was, both in the condition of the roads and the weather, a very unfavorable one for such a gathering. It is not necessary to say for the information of any of the readers of the Gleaner who have been privileged to hear Dr. Williams' public utterances on the subject of temperance, that his lecture here on the 14th inst. on the text of "Who owns the Ox?" was interesting, forcible and instructive. The only regret that your correspondent feels in connection with it, is that the larger proportion of the Dr.'s hearers needed not to be convinced by his logic and his eloquence of the truth and reasonableness of the views which he presented. Should Dr. Williams visit Hemmingford again, on a similar mission to his recent one (as I trust he will do

so at no distant period) I hope that his audience will be more largely composed than the last one was of persons not members of the Royal Templars association and their friends and sympathizers. No charge for admission to the lecture was made, but a sum of \$10 was obtained from the sale of refreshments, which was added to the organ fund of the society. A fine new organ has been lately bought by the society, and is now substantially paid.

The annual missionary sermon in connection with the Methodist church here was preached on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stillwell of Lacolle. The sermon was an appropriate and eloquent one and was listened to by a large and most attentive congregation. The collection taken up on the occasion, for the benefit of the educational fund of the Methodist church, was a very liberal one. Your correspondent had the pleasure in the evening of the same day, of hearing Mr. Stillwell preach an excellent discourse on Sabbath observance. Mr. S.'s treatment of the subject, was logical, practical and forcible.

FRANKLIN CENTRE.

The changeable chilly weather has had the effect of retarding sugar making and very little has been done in that line as yet, although tapping is general. The dairy interests of the coming season are already receiving attention. Messrs. Humphrey held a meeting on Friday, 17th, in connection with their butter factory, which was largely attended. Some dissatisfaction was expressed with the returns of last season, but the proprietors explained the cause, which exonerated them from all blame, and confidence was fully restored. Messrs. Humphrey are to supply the creamery this season with a Babcock tester, the absence of which, last year, proved detrimental to careful feeders. It is expected that the supply of milk will be fully equal to that of last year. An attempt has been made to revive the cheese factory (two meetings for that purpose having been held) but without apparent success.

Franklin's death-roll continues to increase. The mortality for the last two months has been far in excess of that of previous years, particularly during the month of March. The mother of Connelton McMillan is to be interred today (Wednesday) she having been another victim of pneumonia.

Henry Blair met with a severe accident about ten days ago. He was chopping in the woods—some distance from home—when the axe accidentally slipped from his hand and made a terrible gash in his left leg above the ankle. With great difficulty he managed to reach his brother Arthur's house half a mile distant and was much exhausted from loss of blood. Dr. Monk was speedily in attendance and found several arteries cut. One of the main arteries was completely bared, little less than a miracle preserved it intact. Had it opened the young man would have bled to death. The bone was also injured. The Dr. is hopeful that the injury sustained can be overcome.

ELGIN.

In Charles McFaul the township has lost its most aged inhabitant and oldest settler. He was much respected by all classes and deservedly so, for he was inoffensive and obliging. He was a native of Antrim, Ireland, and emigrated to Canada in 1824. After spending a few years in Montreal he moved to Elgin, where, with his wife, he has since resided. He was married when 28 years old on the 28th of April, 1828, so that, had he lived another month the aged couple could have celebrated the 65th anniversary of their marriage. His wife survives him. Despite his great age, he retained his faculties and was able to go about until a few days before his death, in his 93rd year. He was buried in St. Joseph cemetery on Tuesday.

ST. ANICET.

Crossing on the lake is now dangerous, although teams continue to pass (20th). Several horses got in at the crack between Dupuis' point and Lancaster, but were got out.

DUNDAS.

The post-office at St. Agnes will be kept at the old place. Two young ladies, daughters of Denis C. Dinneen of this place, having started in the dressmaking business will also keep the post-office, which will be much more convenient than at a private house, some distance from the corner, where it was going to be located at one time.

Water was up again on the 25th, but not quite so high as the first time. The ice must be wearing away but it looks strong yet (28th).

Edward McCaffrey, who died last week, was an old member of the municipal council, having been first elected in 1858, and held the office for four years. Was again elected in 1874 and continued until he resigned just after the election in 1883, as he did not feel like attending to the duties thereof. He was a good and much respected citizen.

VALLEYFIELD.

A meeting of the committee named to confer with railway managers regarding a central depot, was held in the town hall on Tuesday evening, when Geo. M. Loy was elected president and Uziel St. Onge secretary. After some discussion, it was decided to communicate with the different

railway companies, advising them of the desire of our people for a union station and requesting the railway people to arrange for an interview, when each road and the people of Valleyfield can be represented and there discuss on what terms a union station can be got.

Alex. Buntin, senr., whose illness was reported in last week's issue, died Thursday last in Bath, England, whether he had gone in search of health. Mr. Buntin was the proprietor of the Valleyfield paper mills, and perhaps the largest individual property owner in Valleyfield. His only son, Alexander, who was associated with him in the business here, was absent in the west at the time of his father's death. He arrived back in Montreal Saturday.

It is estimated that Mr. Buntin, sr., left property worth a million and a quarter.

It is said that the society's horse, Laird O'Ballagh, bought by Laberge, is to be sent with the provincial exhibit to the World's Fair at Chicago.

Some maple syrup was offered for sale on Tuesday's market. The quality indicated that the reserves of last year's harvest were yet unsold.

The annual meeting of the Valleyfield Amateur Athletic association takes place this Thursday evening in the town hall, when the annual report will be submitted and the election of officers for the ensuing year take place.

A few horses have been picked up in this section at prices ranging from \$75 to \$125 each.

Clothes-line thieves have been again at work. Last week a number of people complained to the police of this petty thieving.

BEAUHARNOIS.

On the 17th of March Wm. Goodfellow sold to Mr. Ducas, advocate, of Montreal, for \$2,600 cash, fifteen acres of land close to his residence at Chateaugay Basin, two miles west of Nun's Island. His neighbor, Mrs. David, also sold to Mr. Ducas, for the same figure, about 14 acres of land adjoining Mr. Goodfellow's. The second mound (pain de sucre) from the Nun's Island is on these two properties. It is said Mr. Ducas has bought for a Montreal syndicate, of which he forms one. A wharf is to be built in the spring and a boat will run daily from Dorval to the above. No doubt cottages will be built on that beautiful spot, which faces Lake St. Francis.

On Monday the costly residence of C. Bergevin, ex-M.L.A., was sold at sheriff's sale, and after keen bidding was knocked down to Jas. W. Wilson, of J. W. Kilgour & Bro., at \$3,800. It is considered a good bargain. The house and outbuildings are first-class and were built without regard to expense. The lot extends from Ellice street to near the court house, and the young orchard is a valuable one. Mr. Wilson will probably occupy these premises on the 1st of May, though he has already a very handsome residence of his own. Captain S. Filgate, a creditor, attended the sale.

HOWICK.

This dwelling house of William Oulmet, in this village, had a narrow escape from being burned to the ground on Friday. During the absence of the inmates from the kitchen, the wood-work near the pipes caught fire, and, before it was noticed, it had made such headway that flames were issuing from the doors, making it difficult to reach the origin of the fire with water. As it occurred in the forenoon and water was abundant, the flames were subdued and prevented from entering the main building. The kitchen was badly gutted and the walls of the house proper blackened with smoke and flame.

Mr. Ness ships another lot of horses across the ocean next week via Boston.

Heavy horses bring a fair price, but medium and light horses can be purchased at low figures.

The result of the ballot on the use of the organ in the church at Riverfield, resulted in favor of it by a majority of four to one.

Large quantities of ties are being distributed along the Canada Atlantic road to replace the old ones. There has been an unusually large number of freight cars going East, for some weeks back, over this route.

ORMSTOWN.

Potatoes have been a scarce commodity this winter. The want has begun to be supplied as they are again coming by rail. Thos. Baird has received a car load, one kind he sells at \$1.10 and another kind at \$1.15 per bag.

Cattle are selling at a high price, making beef 10 and 12 cents per lb. Eggs are 12 cents per dozen; oats 37 to 38c. Little maple syrup has been made yet owing to the cold weather and strong east winds that have prevailed.

The auction sale of Mrs. Carruthers realized \$1637. Cows went very high, ranging from \$28 to \$48. 2-year old heifers sold from \$34 to \$37.50 per head. Horses and colts brought good figures.

On Monday night the building in which the Montreal Herald has its office was burned down. The flames spread so rapidly that nothing was saved. The loss is put at \$50,000, with \$26,000 insurance. The paper will continue to be issued without interruption. The other occupants of the building fared badly. This is the 4th time the Herald has suffered from fire.

DEATH OF ALEX. BUNTIN.

ALEX. BUNTIN of the Valleyfield paper mills died on the 24th March at Bath, England, where he had gone on the advice of his doctor for the sake of his health. He enjoyed good health until the last two years, when he met with an accident while crossing the Atlantic. The accident was a somewhat serious one. He was standing on the deck when it was swept by a high wave. He was knocked down and so injured that he was confined to his bed for months. Last fall, in accordance with medical advice, he decided to try a course of baths at Bath, England, where he remained until his death, which occurred Friday morning at eight o'clock. The deceased was accompanied by his wife. He only took his daughter, the Marchioness Uggueconi, and her husband were summoned from Florence, Italy, where they reside, and remained to assist Mrs. Buntin.

Born at Renton, Dumfriesshire, on October 21, 1822, he spent the first fifteen years of his life around his native place. He then seems to have taken a notion for the sea, and was apprenticed on a Greenock brig named the Terra Nova, under command of Captain Slater, formerly port warden of Montreal. She was bound for St. John's, Newfoundland; but the life did not suit young Buntin, and he left the brig at St. John's and came up to Quebec. He there entered the employment of the firm of McDonald & Logan, paper manufacturers, now defunct. He commenced at the bottom rung of the ladder in that establishment and after a short time came to Montreal where he was first employed by Weir & Dunn, and then by William Miller & Company. Ambitious to commence business on his own account he moved to Hamilton, Ont., where he opened a small stationery establishment. After spending some time there he returned to Montreal to re-enter the employ of Wm. Miller, who was then completing the paper mill at Valleyfield. In 1857 Miller dropped out of the concern and Buntin became proprietor. Under him the mills were extended and did a most profitable business for over 20 years, when the N. P. caused mills to start. He was a director of many of the large business institutions of Montreal, and it is said always invested his money in Canadian enterprises. He was one of the largest holders of stock in the Canada Shipping company and the Paton Manufacturing company of Sherbrooke. His wealth is variously estimated at from a half to 1½ million dollars. He leaves a son, Alex. Buntin, associated with him in the management of the business, and four daughters, the Marchioness Uggueconi, Mrs. Dr. Imrie, Mrs. Dr. Lapthorne Smith, and Mrs. R. B. Hart.

HOME RULE ITEMS.

London, March 18.—The following manifesto has been issued by the members of the Ulster Conservative party to their countrymen in Canada in response to the offers made at public meetings at Toronto and elsewhere to send practical assistance to enable the Irish Loyalists to resist a home rule parliament.—We, the majority of the parliamentary representatives of Ulster, representing a majority of the people of that province, cordially thank our friends in Canada for their recent expressions of sympathy and offers of assistance in the event of any attempt being made to coerce our people into submission to a rebel parliament. We hope that such an emergency may never arise, as we cannot believe that such unparalleled political infamy could ever be perpetrated as to attempt to force a hateful yoke upon a loyal and peaceful population against their will, and against the will of the majority of the people of Great Britain. If such tyranny be ever attempted, we are rejoiced to know that we can confidently rely in the hour of our need upon the sympathy and help of our friends and kinsmen in Canada. Signed (on behalf of the Ulster members of parliament). E. SAUNDERS, Chairman.

London, March 24.—A manifesto has been signed by leading Irish Roman Catholic laymen in Irish communities, which is self-explanatory: To our fellow Roman Catholics in Ireland: As a false impression has been created that the contest upon the Home Rule bill is, in reality, only a contest between a Roman Catholic majority and a Protestant minority, we have thought it right, in order to make their position clear, that the Irish Roman Catholic Unionists should have an opportunity of joining in a separate and distinct petition of parliament against the bill. While deprecating certain anti-Catholic utterances to which the excitement of the moment may have given rise, we are, so far as our objections to Home Rule rest upon purely secular considerations, heartily in accord with our fellow Unionists. More than this, we believe that Home Rule, if imposed upon Ireland, would, under the peculiar conditions of the country, foster a revolutionary spirit disastrous to the true interests of our religion. We therefore invite our fellow Roman Catholics in Ireland to join us in signing the petition, a copy of which is appended to this letter. The text of the petition is as follows: To the honorable the commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in parliament assembled. The humble petition of Roman Catholics in Ireland sheweth, that ye enter-

tain unshaken allegiance and devotion to the Crown and constitution under which we live and enjoy full civil and religious liberty. That we regard the maintenance of the Union between England and Ireland as a necessary safeguard of that liberty. That we believe the establishment in Ireland of a separate legislature and executive in the manner proposed in the government of Ireland bill recently introduced into your honorable house would be most prejudicial to our religion and disastrous to the best interests of Ireland. We beseech your honorable house to reject the said bill. And your petitioners will ever pray.

The following prayer in regard to the Irish crisis is in general use in churches in Ulster:—O, most powerful and glorious Lord God, the Lord of Hosts, that rulest and commandest all things, Thou sittest on a throne judging right, and therefore we make our address to Thy Divine Majesty in this our necessity, that Thou wouldst take the cause into Thine own hand, and judge between us and our enemies. Stir up Thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us, for Thou givest not always victory to the strong, but canst save by many or by few. Let not our sins cry against us for vengeance, but hear us, Thy poor servants, begging mercy and imploring Thy help, and grant that the course of this world may be so peacefully ordered by Thy governance that Thy Church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

UNITED STATES.

Special treasury agent Silas W. Day and deputy U.S. marshal W. J. McCaffery, arrived here Saturday night with 15 horses, a wagon and two sleighs, seized at Bensons Mines. They also brought with them Levi Ducey and Dominant Monchamp who are charged with smuggling horses into this country from Canada. The horses are quartered at Chatterton's livery stable and will probably be sold at auction next week. The horses were all brought across the border in the vicinity of Chateaugay and Malone.—Ogdensburg News, March 21.

Henry Ashland, a young man 18 years of age, who resided with his widowed mother one and one-half miles west of Malone, met with a terrible death last Friday. He had been employed cutting wood at Geo. Badore's and having broken his axe-head started, after having taken supper at his employer's, to return home. Near the house he slipped on some ice and fell heavily upon the blade of the axe which he had slipped into his coat pocket. The result was a terrible gash in his side which extended through the ribs to the lungs, entering the diaphragm. Dr. R. J. Wilding was summoned as quickly as possible but the unfortunate young man was beyond human help and died within a few hours after the accident.—Gazette.

Warren D. Walker, who was smuggled into Canada some time ago by a Canadian and Franklin county officer on the charge of defrauding a Canadian bank, without being extradited according to law, was taken to New Brunswick, tried and acquitted and has returned to Malone. The case is an aggravated one and those who were implicated in it stand in a most unenviable position. It seems that Walker resided with his family in Malone and was working at Ringville when the Canadian officer came here after him. It was not a Burke officer who made the arrest but a Malone officer, we understand. Walker was taken in custody at Ringville and brought to Malone. He was brought to the jail office where the Canadian official held him till a team was secured and he was then taken across the Canada line and re-arrested on the Canadian warrant. Mr. Walker has engaged the services of Hon. J. P. Badger to investigate the case. Mr. Walker now talks of extradition and the Canadian officer who seized him and trying him in Malone.—Farmer.

B. C. Bort will soon commence the erection of a new black on the site of the old one burned in our recent fire. It is his intention to erect a larger building than the one destroyed, running it back the full depth of his lot—105 feet. The building will be of brick, plate glass front and contain all the modern improvements of a first-class store. With this as a starter we hope others will follow, and ere another winter comes around Chateaugay will present a better appearance than before the fire.—Potatoes here are selling at 70c per bushel.—Record.

The horse and other articles stolen at Clinton Mills have been found. The thief was captured at South Ellenburgh by Higgins and Ransom and the property secured. The culprit's name is Pelkey. On his examination matters leaked out showing that he caused the recent fire at Clinton Mills, that quantities of goods were stolen from the store before the fire and concealed in the vicinity and carried off when the horse was stolen. The goods were recovered. Pelkey was sent to jail at Plattsburg to await the action of the grand jury.

New York, March 25.—Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau of Quebec, who sailed for Paris, laughed when a reporter asked him what the latest status of the annexation sentiment was in Canada. "There is no such sentiment," he replied, "absolutely none. Some people talk about union with the United States occasionally, but nobody wants it except, perhaps,

a few odd characters. I do not say this because I am an old Liberal Conservative, but because anybody from Quebec would say the same thing. Canada has no idea of becoming a part of the States, but is anxious for some sort of commercial union or better trade relations than those existing at present, and is willing to make all advances and do her share in securing them. The McKinley bill has been a Chinese wall between the two countries. We hope that soon the tariff will be lowered, so that we can exchange markets, but if it is not, Canada will never give herself to Uncle Sam to secure his trade."

Utica, March 27.—An Adirondack and St. Lawrence passenger train was derailed four miles north of Herkimer tonight, and Engineer Chas. Bassett badly injured.

SHOPPERS ARE BUYING.

Suede gloves for all drowsy wear. Doylies shaped like a scallop shell. Black goods having colorful figures. Curious and handsome metal buckles. Gros grain for handsome dress linings. Evening bonnets of gold, passementerie. More and more pure woolen underwear. Black crepons having silk ribbon stripes. Silk and linen batiste in figures and lines. Locket bracelets for engagement presents. Face veils of all styles colors and meshes. Navy blue serges having colored silk dots. Narrow ribbon for edging tiny silk ties. Cotton Crepons in plain and striped effects. Many silk and wool mixtures in dress goods. Shaded metal and pearl buttons of every size. Diagonal French flannels in two contrasting colors. Striped silks in tiny hairlines of changeable effects. Short capes of various kinds, colors and fabrics. Handsome mixed silk and wool underwear for men. Umbre velvets and silks for parts of elegant costumes. Gauze and feather fans for bride's gifts to bridesmaids.—Dry Goods Economist.

STUBS END OF THOUGHT.

Put out your hand before you put up your prayer. Angels' crowns are made of the souls of good women. The colder the winter the warmer our hearts should be. Don't wait for somebody else to show you how to do right. Let your right hand know what your left is doing and pull together. How many more of us sorrow for what we have not done than rejoice for what we have done. The man who thinks he is good is really not much better than the man who thinks he is bad. No man ever brought his way into Heaven by leaving his money to the needy after he had started that way. The highest church steeple on earth is not as poor as Heaven as a sack of flour left in a poor woman's cellar. There are sermons in books, prayers in potatoes, benedictions in bread, consolation in cold, hallenjahs in hams, Christianity in clothes and salvation in soap for the newly and suffering in the freezing cold of winter.

HISTORY REPEATED.

The Romans built the first dikes in Holland. In Shakespeare's time wits, critics and noblemen were given seats on the stage. Alcohol distilled from wine was first mentioned as a vile vice, water of life, by Villeneuve, who died in 1815. The queen of Henry IV., of France, on one occasion wore a dress sewn with 32,000 pearls and 3,000 diamonds. The colony of Maryland was one of the thirteen states of the union, and was first settled by Capt. William Claiborne with a party of men from Virginia, in 1631. Twenty years ago Five Points, New York, was notorious as being the most wicked and uncontrollable of human society's lairs. Through the efforts of missionaries and schoolmasters, it is now one of the brightest and most peaceful quarters of the United States. On October 1, 1890, a treaty was concluded at St. Ildefonso between France and Spain, by which certain conditions, the sovereignty and property of Louisiana were ceded to France by Spain, when the republic of France re-entered into possession of that American province.

THE SIGHTS OF EUROPE.

The lily grows wild in South Italy, and was taken to North Europe in 1400. The new steamship of Lill, France, cost \$2,000,000, but it has been found that damp has badly damaged the Van Dyck, Rubens, Delacroix (his "Medea") and other old paintings. A portable sun dial is not an uncommon object in Spanish shops, and it is still in current use in Spain. At Burgos no less than three different kinds are offered for sale at prices varying from nine to seventeen cents. It is customary throughout Spain for the waiters of cafes to fill a glass of wine or liquor so that it overflows upon the sages. This custom, in which it is desired to show an appearance of liberality, is called "the foot bath." Little alligators, sent to France from Florida, are very popular pets with fashionable society. Through the efforts of a constant gorging of bits of raw meat to amuse their mistresses. A growing alligator, even if very small, would make a nice thing to have about a drawing-room.

ALL ABOUT TREES.

As southern part of Europe 38,000 oranges have been picked from one tree. The hardest known wood is said to be coccol wood. It turns the edge of any axe, however well tempered, so it is claimed. India rubber trees grow wild all over Louisiana. At Fort Meyers they are the chief source of commercial trees. In spite of its ice and severe cold Labrador possesses 900 species of flowering plants, 39 ferns, and over 250 species of insects and lichens. There is a tree in Jamaica known as the "life tree," on account of its leaves growing even after being severed from the plant. Only by fire can it be entirely destroyed. Horticulturists tell us that the orange was originally a peach shaped fruit about the size of a common wild cherry. Its evolution is due to twelve hundred years of cultivation. ABOUT THE STAGE. Mr. Irving is said to have found "Henry VIII." one of the most profitable of his productions. Augustin Daly, the world-renowned theatrical manager, is a southerner by birth, but of Irish descent. Mrs. Samabai Wallis, an East India woman, is about to seek fame as a comedienne on the London stage. Fannie Kemble was always dramatic. Once when she was in a shop buying a piece of calico she asked: "Will it wash?" in a tone so thrilling that it frightened the shopman out of his wits.

NEWS TOPICS OF A WEEK

ANARCHISTIC.
Six bombs were thrown in Rome Thursday, and general alarm is felt. No arrests have been made.

The police of Moscow are firm in their belief that the shooting of the mayor was the result of an Anarchist plot.

ROYALTY.
The pope gave audience to the princess of Wales, princesses Victoria and Maud and prince George.

Queen Victoria sailed from Portsmouth Thursday for Italy. She will spend the spring season near Florence.

AMONG THE RAILROADS.
The Texas legislature has passed a bill requiring the railroads to provide separate coaches for whites and negroes.

A bill has passed the New York State Legislature making the railway fare on the Delaware and Hudson two cents a mile.

CROWDERS QUESTS.
The jury on the Kennedy inquest met at Kemptville Thursday, but owing to the unavailability of the case was further adjourned until Tuesday, April 4.

The Fortin inquest at Quebec resulted in a verdict of death from inflammation of the lungs. Mrs. Fortin, who was suspected of having poisoned her husband, has been set at liberty.

TEMPERANCE.
The Brantford City Council decided to endorse the Dominion Alliance petition asking the Ontario Legislature to name a day for voting on prohibition.

The temperance people of Fort Scott, Kansas, are fighting the liquor sellers with much vigor. 30 saloon keepers were arrested by order of Governor Llewellyn, and are being held in prison bars and the town is greatly excited.

IN LABOR'S DOMAIN.
The great cotton strike in England has been settled.

Chicago boilermakers have decided to demand ten hours' pay for eight hours' work.

Big Four Switchmen's strike has ended in an unconditional surrender by the men.

It is said that non-union men are running the Toledo and Ann Arbor railroad successfully.

EPIDEMICA.
Troy, N.Y., is agitated over a case of smallpox.

Rome, N.Y., is suffering from an epidemic of measles.

The Spanish steamer Malaga has reached Malaga from Hamburg with a case of Cholera on board.

The grip is spreading in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. During the past four days there have been twelve deaths from the disease in New York.

SPORTS.
Winnipeg canoeists have organized a canoe club with Mr. Hugh John MacDonald, M.P., as president.

The Winnipeg Cricket Club has engaged a professional coach for next year. He is on his way from England.

From defeated Cambridge in the university boat race in the fastest time on record.

John J. Ryan of Toronto, amateur champion of America, has entered for the Grand National at Henley, England.

The second deposit of \$200 a side was made in the Gaucha-Hanlan match Thursday and Orilla was decided on as the place of the race.

AGRICULTURE.

Canadian horses are being shipped to the West Indies.

Much alarm is manifested by grain men at Omaha on account of the terrible blizzard which is prevailing in Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, with wheat fields entirely unprotected.

United States Secretary Carlisle has issued a circular in regard to the importation of animals for breeding purposes which modifies the existing regulations by making them in some respects less stringent.

MILITARY SHOTS.

The troopship Jelunga arrived from Bermuda Thursday morning with the new regiment for Haiti.

A new plot against President Hipolyto and in favor of the exiled General Manigat has been discovered in Hayti.

The Chinese government has despatched 15,000 repeating rifles to the troops at

CONNORS.

['Connors,' the Lieutenant had said during their memorable interview, 'have you never known any one who was always interested in what you did, who was sorry when you got into trouble, and glad when you behaved yourself?'

'No, sir,' he had replied; 'I ain't had friends. I don't seem to make friends easy. I had a good pal once in Chicago, but he didn't give a—he didn't care anything about my getting into trouble.'

'Connors,' said the Lieutenant, and he looked thoughtfully at a silver-framed photograph on his desk, that Connors saw was a picture of a little girl with long tresses of wavy hair, 'I've a little daughter back in St. Paul. I hope she will come out here sometime. More than anything else I should like to leave to her the memory of her father as an upright and, I hope, a brave soldier, and if I have any aspirations for great deeds in this profession of ours, it is because I want her to be proud of me when she grows older. I think it helps us to do right if we sometimes think of the sorrow we bring to those who love us and to our friends when we do wrong, and if you've no objections, Connors, I should like you to think of me as your friend, if you will, for I take more of an interest in you than in most men I've known in the ranks, and nothing would do me more good than to see you bring credit on yourself and your regiment, and hardly anything would grieve me more than to see you go to the devil, as you will if you don't stop now. But I think you will stop, and if you will let me, I should like to shake hands with you.'

Connors had suddenly found the picture of the little girl grow rather dim before his eyes, and something felt unpleasant in his throat, but he managed to mutter a 'Thank ye, sir,' and since that time he had been drunk only once, and the feelings he had known when he found that the Lieutenant had heard of that he had never experienced before.

And now he was standing on the edge of the parade-ground looking out on the brown prairie over which the cool autumn wind was steadily sweeping, and wishing he had been a better man. Far away the curious peaks and rocks of the Bad Lands rose like the citadels of some ancient city. The scene was a picture of dreariness, not a living or moving object in sight. If Connors had been imaginative he might have fancied here was a lonely mortal looking out on the primordial world. But his weary familiarity with these surroundings prevented their arousing any unusual feelings. He was thinking of his wretched boyhood and youth, and of the vice and crime he had seen and taken part in, of the year's sentence he had served, and how he had enlisted under an assumed name to escape capture for shooting Sandy Peters in Fagan's saloon in Chicago. It was true that if he had not shot Sandy, Sandy would have shot him, but he knew very well that the plea of self-defense would have availed him little with his past record, and with any number of Sandy's friends ready to testify against him. He had sometimes wished since then that he had not dodged the rough's pistol, but had stood still and made a fitting end to his youthful but precocious career in the appropriate setting of the vilest den in Chicago, and gone into the history of that city's crime as a terror to the police and an object of worthy emulation to every young tough. What made this all the more pitiable was that Connors, with all his knowledge of evil and unhappiness, was little more than a boy in years, the time when hope should seem brightest and life most full of promise. But of late, since that talk with the Lieutenant, and especially since the little girl had come out to join her father, he had seemed more hopeful somehow—he could not exactly tell why. 'They're the only friends I've ever had—him an' the little 'un,' said Connors to himself, 'and I won't go back on 'em; I'll be a credit to 'em yet—if I can.'

A great intimacy had arisen between the little girl and Connors from the moment when the Lieutenant had introduced them and the child had said, in a polite little grown-up manner, 'I'm very happy to meet you, Mr. Connors, and had insisted on shaking hands with the orderly, much to his confusion, for he did not know exactly what to do with the soft little hand she held out to him, and his sensations were curious as he looked into the great brown eyes she smilingly raised to his.

'I think Connors will excuse you calling him mister,' said the Lieutenant, with a smile.

She had at once taken a great fancy for her father's orderly, and whenever she explored the environs of the fort insisted on having him with her to explain things and answer questions. She was passionately fond of horses, and would always watch the drill with great interest, sitting beside Connors on the steps of the quarters on the occasions when he was excused on account of his extra duties, and getting him to explain to her the movements. His charger was a great favorite with her. The great bay horse learned always to expect an apple or a bit of sugar whenever he saw his master, holding the little girl's hand, appear at the door of the stables.

As Connors looked out on the prairie and thought in his way about

all these things, he was conscious that he had changed very much in the last few weeks. If he could have analyzed his feelings he would have said that he had more self-respect than ever before, for he had been living straighter, as he would have expressed it. He had a distinct longing to do something in the world, and to bring some happiness to those who were kind to him—matters he had never taken much interest in hitherto; but he may not have been greatly to blame, perhaps, for he had never known any one who was kind to him. As he stood there he heard his name called behind him, and turning, saw the little girl running toward him across the parade-ground, without her hat, the wind waving her brown hair back from her forehead. When she came up to him she caught his hand in one of her own, resting the other confidently on his coat sleeve, and as she looked up at him, Connors saw that her eyes were brimming over with tears, and a frightened little quaver sounded in her voice as she said:

'Connors, they're—they're going off to fight the Indians. Papa will have to leave me, won't he? and he may be killed. Oh, Connors, do you think he'll be killed? and she bent her head over Connors's blue sleeve and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Connors felt strangely. He had never tried to comfort any one before, and did not know how to begin. He looked back toward the buildings of the fort, and saw that his meditations had led him to forget his surroundings; for near headquarters stood two horses covered with foam, the steam rising from them in the cool air, and on one of them sat a lean sinewy man dressed in buckskins, his hat pushed far back on his head, wiping his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt as he talked to some of the men standing around him. Unusual activity was noticeable everywhere. Men were hurrying in and out of the barracks, and a belated officer was running toward headquarters.

'Don't cry, miss,' said Connors. 'Killed? Why, he couldn't get killed if he wanted to. Poor! he continued, grandly; 'Injuns is all cowards—didn't run if you waved your hand at 'em.' He knew that, not to put too fine a point upon it, he was lying outright; but he told himself that he was used to it, and ought not to mind it now.

'Do you think, Connors, you could take care of him some, and not let him get shot?' said the little girl.

'Why, certainly, miss,' answered Connors, promptly.

'You see, I'd feel more comfortable if I knew you were looking out for him.'

'I'll take care of him all right, miss,' said Connors. 'Don't you worry. Why, in a few days he'll be back here same as today.'

'Connors,' said the little girl, brokenly, in a rush of childish gratitude, 'you're—you're so good.'

'Me good?' groaned Connors, inwardly, as they turned back toward the fort.

Four days afterward all that was left of a detachment of twenty officers and men from X Troop, Tenth United States Cavalry, were grouped in an irregular circle on a small hillock in Devil's Creek Canon, huddling their remaining cartridges, and sometimes wondering whether they would ever see the familiar buildings of the fort again—a hypothesis that seemed extremely improbable even to the most sanguine. They knew that two of their number had been killed when the led-horses were captured, and the bodies of two more were lying side by side in the centre of the group, while three were wounded, one of whom was slowly dying behind a protecting rock. The rest were crouching or lying behind the rocks and rubbish they had hurriedly heaped up as a breast-work, watching for stray shots at the dusky figures that were occasionally seen darting from rock to rock or leaping up suddenly to fire into the little circle.

They knew that there had been some mistake in the information they had received. No one had imagined that there were such numbers of hostiles so near them. They had been entrapped, cut off from their horses, and surrounded before they fairly knew what had happened. The regiment was doubtless expecting their return, but could have had no news of their danger or of the proximity of the Indians, unless the Redskins had been bold and numerous enough to attack the whole force sent against them. The small supply of water was going fast, and the number of cartridges was becoming smaller and smaller. They knew very well what to expect; in a few hours there would be the yell, the rush of the hostiles, the hand-to-hand fight, and all that would be left would be the heap of bodies on and about those forms already in the centre, but the discipline of the regular service was strong even in this crisis, and the love of fighting for its own sake, that makes good soldiers, was still apparent in the gleam that shone in a man's eye when he saw through the smoke of his carbine one of those dark figures throw up its arms and fall back. Most of the men felt in some way that there was something heroic in this position; they understood they would die as true soldiers should, fighting to the last. But the Lieutenant wondered, as he steadily watched a rock from

behind which two Indians were trying to get a shot, why the inspiration supposed to accompany such scenes was wanting. The whole affair seemed brutal to him. Perhaps it was because he could not help thinking of a little girl back at the fort, and that she would never see him again. And in this hour of their extremity they took grim comfort in thinking that when the regiment heard of this would be mourning in the Sioux wigwams. Surely, surely the old regiment would avenge them tenfold.

'—ye red devils!' said one of the men, a wild Irishman, shaking his fist in the direction of the enemy. 'When the Tintin knows this, ye'll rue the day ye ever lifted a finger against one of us. Your squaws will be weepin', your wigwams will be blaze, and iv'ry mother's son of your dirty tribe will be food for coyotes!'

In another part of the circle Connors had been meditating a plan for the last hour, and as night approached it became a determination. Near his position, outside of the circle, was quite a large number of bowlders piled together, around which the sage-brush had sprung up rather thickly. On this side the Indians were fewer, and he thought that perhaps it might be possible for a man to get through them in the dark. If the scene had been changed to the slums of Chicago, and the Indians to policemen, he felt quite sure he could do it easily. But he reflected that Indians and policemen differed. Still, there was a bare chance, better, at least, than waiting to be butchered, and he determined to try it.

When the stars began to appear, and the enemy commenced to fire more rapidly, he turned to the man next to him. 'Look a-here, Jim,' he said; 'I'm—'

There was a crash of two or three shots from the Indians, and Jim rolled over on his side, his legs and arms contracted, then stiffly extended, while his face turned a ghastly white, and Connors saw that he was stone-dead. They dragged the body into the centre, and laid it beside the others. Connors thought better of speaking to any one about his project, and in the slight confusion occasioned by moving the man who had just been killed, stepped suddenly into the darkness, over the low protection, among the sage-brush and rocks, and disappeared. The men in the circle watched at a sudden fring and a few yells among the enemy, and as Connors's absence was not noticed in the excitement, a faint hope of relief was raised; but the noise soon subsided, and all was as before.

In the camp of the regiment the men were sitting about the fires singing and telling stories, while the officers were gathered together smoking, and occasionally wondering where that detail of X Troop could be. Still there was no real anxiety, as no hostiles were supposed to be in the neighborhood. The prairie stretched away lonely and white in the moonlight, and the voices of the regimental singers sounded sweet and plaintive on the night air.

On a sudden there was a shout from the sentinels on the western side of the camp, the singing stopped, and two or three of the officers ran toward the western outposts, while some confusion arose in the camp. Soon there were cries for the surgeon, and that officer, who had been interrupted by the noise at the height of one of his best stories, grumblingly arose and walked over to the spot where a group of men had gathered, bending forward to look at something in the centre of the crowd. As the surgeon approached, he was surprised to see an unmistakable Indian pony standing perfectly blown near the knot of men, its legs wide apart and head down, while the steam rose from its wet skin. 'Here's the doctor,' said one, and the surgeon made his way into the centre of the group.

Connors was on the ground, his head and shoulders supported by one of the men. He was trying to say something, but could hardly whisper. 'Get back here and give him air!' said the surgeon, authoritatively, and he bent down and took Connors's head in the hollow of his arm, as he loosened his shirt and felt for the wound.

'The detail's up in Devil's Canon—eight miles—east side. Injuns all around 'em—shootin' 'em like gods—may be all dead now. For God's sake, hurry!' whispered Connors, weakly, and then fainted.

In the circle in the canon a little flicker of hope had arisen when Connors was missed, and the shots and yells of the enemy thus accounted for; but the probabilities were so much against any man being able to get through alive, that it was a very small flame of hope indeed. The heap in the centre was larger, and the grim certainty that that fatal rush would come, and the wish in all that it might come soon, were stronger every minute. It was quite clear moonlight now. The shots of the enemy came faster, and had closed in perceptibly in the last hour. The men fired slowly, and the order was given for each man to use his last two cartridges on no account till the end. They could not see the Indians, but fired at the flashes. The faces of the men were set and stern; pale, one with a bloody shirt sleeve bound tightly around his head looked particularly ghastly. The wildest rumors were entertained by the most

hopeful, but the determination of despair had settled on most. One poor wretch, mortally wounded, lay near the centre, talking loudly in his delirium. He thought he was back at the fort with his chum, Tom Gordon, one of the trumpeters. He rambled on brokenly of having served his time, and of going back East to marry a girl who had been waiting for him a long time—a long time. It was hard to listen to such ravings, and the lieutenant groaned under his breath, and prayed that the man would die soon, for his own sake as well as for the sake of the living.

Suddenly the shots came faster, and the flashes drew quite close, especially on the side where the defence was lowest.

'They're coming in a minute,' said some one.

The men massed somewhat on the weakest side. They had stopped firing entirely. They all knew that in a moment they would be lying in a heap, every one of them dead; but there is a certain fierceness that comes to men sometimes, and it could be seen in the set of the jaws and the look of the eyes that every man there would die hard.

In an instant there was a harsh yell of a single voice from the savages, and immediately the cry was taken up by the creatures hidden behind rock and sage-brush, till the whole canon seemed to be full of devils.

'Here they come, boys! Give 'em hell!' shouted the sergeant. He was an older man than most of them, and his stern white face looked steady and cool as he raised his carbine for those last two shots.

But there was a pause among the savages. Most of the men thought it was the stillness that came before the rush. In the lull in the firing the voice of the wounded man could be heard.

'Hark!' he said, in a hoarse whisper, and raised his hand warningly. 'There's the bugle! It's Tommy. I'd know that bugle anywhere.' But they thought he was raving, and he lapsed again into his fever, thinking he was at some great review. 'See the old regiment! He went on. 'There's the feller for drill. Not another regiment in it with 'em in the service. Look at those sabres shine!'

But the lieutenant bent forward and listened. 'Keep quiet,' he said. 'Listen!' And up the canon, through the heavy smoke of the rifles, came the notes of a bugle, clear and distinct in the sudden silence. It was the 'Gallop.' They had heard it every day in the drills on the far-away parade-ground of the fort, and it brought memories of what they knew as home and of their comrades.

It was rather a choking, feeble cheer they gave, but it reached the regiment.

'There they come!' yelled the sergeant, excitedly. And they dimly saw a dark mass in perfect order come around a projecting crag of the canon and move swiftly and steadily up the great gulch. A few shots met the advancing column. The Indians around the circle were slipping away.

'Look at 'em!' cried the dying man. 'They could lick any soldiers in the world!' His voice grew thick, and he said, with a sob, 'Tommy, I knew you'd come.' He raised himself to his full height, tried weakly to wave his hands, and lurching heavily forward, died.

In a few moments the colonel stepped over the low breast-work, went up to the lieutenant, who was leaning dizzily against a rock, and took his hand. The colonel did not say anything, for he was not a demonstrative man, and perhaps he thought no words were needed. But he stood silent for several minutes, and the men came up and stood about, looking with half-smothered curses and wild faces on the debris-strewn bit of ground, on the cartridge shells, on the pathetic heap in the centre. Gordon, the trumpeter, had one of the bodies in his arms, and with his back to the moonlight, was crying like a boy.

Connors woke at last, with a rather luxurious sense of weakness, with a dim recollection of some horrible dream, but with a feeling that it was all over now, and that he was rather happy and contented than otherwise. His head felt cool, and though when he tried to raise his hands he found that they were so heavy he could not lift them six inches, the discovery somehow did not cause him much anxiety, but rather amused him.

He must have slept again, for the next thing he remembered was seeing a familiar little face above him, framed in the long tresses of brown hair that hung forward as she bent over him.

'Connors,' she said, a little quaveringly, as she softly stroked one of his thin hands, and the touch was wonderfully soothing to the invalid. 'Connors, I'm so glad you're better. In a few weeks we'll be going out to look at the horses together again, won't we? And you've done the noblest thing I ever heard of. Connors, you're—you're the greatest man in the world, and my dearest friend! You saved father's life and his brave men,' and she leaned over and kissed him.

No one had ever kissed him before. Perhaps it was because he was very weak, but he felt that he was crying. 'Poor!' he said, faintly, with an effort to stop the tears running out of the corners of his eyes; 'me good!'

SANICAR, A WOLF BOY.

ROMULUS AND REMUS OUTRIVALLED AND OUTDONE.

A Human Babe, Lost in India's Woods is Sucked by a She-Wolf—Now Under a Minister's Care With Signs of a Drawing Intellect.

A recent mail from Secundra, North India, includes a letter from the Rev. H. Wright, superintendent of the orphanage at that place. Mr. Wright has under his charge at this institution Sanicar, the noted 'wolf boy' of India, over whose history wise men have profoundly pondered. The reverend gentleman's last letter contains some very interesting information about the child, the results of whose early associations have caused them much anxiety.

Sanicar is the child of human parents, but he was suckled by a wild female wolf. He was first seen by a party of hunters who were in pursuit of a wolf in the unfrequented jungles of Bulandshahr, about thirty miles from Agra. He was found by a hunter named Sanicar, who was hunting a wolf. He was found by a hunter named Sanicar, who was hunting a wolf. He was found by a hunter named Sanicar, who was hunting a wolf.

This was done with great effect. Presently a large female wolf made a dash for liberty, scattering the burning embers in every direction. She was closely followed by the hunters, and in an hour she was taken up by the creatures hidden behind rock and sage-brush, till the whole canon seemed to be full of devils.

'Here they come, boys! Give 'em hell!' shouted the sergeant. He was an older man than most of them, and his stern white face looked steady and cool as he raised his carbine for those last two shots.

But there was a pause among the savages. Most of the men thought it was the stillness that came before the rush. In the lull in the firing the voice of the wounded man could be heard.

'Hark!' he said, in a hoarse whisper, and raised his hand warningly. 'There's the bugle! It's Tommy. I'd know that bugle anywhere.' But they thought he was raving, and he lapsed again into his fever, thinking he was at some great review. 'See the old regiment! He went on. 'There's the feller for drill. Not another regiment in it with 'em in the service. Look at those sabres shine!'

But the lieutenant bent forward and listened. 'Keep quiet,' he said. 'Listen!' And up the canon, through the heavy smoke of the rifles, came the notes of a bugle, clear and distinct in the sudden silence. It was the 'Gallop.' They had heard it every day in the drills on the far-away parade-ground of the fort, and it brought memories of what they knew as home and of their comrades.

It was rather a choking, feeble cheer they gave, but it reached the regiment.

'There they come!' yelled the sergeant, excitedly. And they dimly saw a dark mass in perfect order come around a projecting crag of the canon and move swiftly and steadily up the great gulch. A few shots met the advancing column. The Indians around the circle were slipping away.

'Look at 'em!' cried the dying man. 'They could lick any soldiers in the world!' His voice grew thick, and he said, with a sob, 'Tommy, I knew you'd come.' He raised himself to his full height, tried weakly to wave his hands, and lurching heavily forward, died.

In a few moments the colonel stepped over the low breast-work, went up to the lieutenant, who was leaning dizzily against a rock, and took his hand. The colonel did not say anything, for he was not a demonstrative man, and perhaps he thought no words were needed. But he stood silent for several minutes, and the men came up and stood about, looking with half-smothered curses and wild faces on the debris-strewn bit of ground, on the cartridge shells, on the pathetic heap in the centre. Gordon, the trumpeter, had one of the bodies in his arms, and with his back to the moonlight, was crying like a boy.

Connors woke at last, with a rather luxurious sense of weakness, with a dim recollection of some horrible dream, but with a feeling that it was all over now, and that he was rather happy and contented than otherwise. His head felt cool, and though when he tried to raise his hands he found that they were so heavy he could not lift them six inches, the discovery somehow did not cause him much anxiety, but rather amused him.

He must have slept again, for the next thing he remembered was seeing a familiar little face above him, framed in the long tresses of brown hair that hung forward as she bent over him.

'Connors,' she said, a little quaveringly, as she softly stroked one of his thin hands, and the touch was wonderfully soothing to the invalid. 'Connors, I'm so glad you're better. In a few weeks we'll be going out to look at the horses together again, won't we? And you've done the noblest thing I ever heard of. Connors, you're—you're the greatest man in the world, and my dearest friend! You saved father's life and his brave men,' and she leaned over and kissed him.

No one had ever kissed him before. Perhaps it was because he was very weak, but he felt that he was crying. 'Poor!' he said, faintly, with an effort to stop the tears running out of the corners of his eyes; 'me good!'

THE IDOL INDUSTRY.

"FAKES" PROVIDED FOR EVERY MARKET IN THE WORLD.

How the Heathen Chinese Cater to the Curio Credulity of All Christendom—The Celestials Have a Keen Eye for the Main Chance.

The secrets of the 'joss industry' are revealed in a report by Consul Bedloe at Amoy to the State Department. 'Amoy and Canton,' Dr. Bedloe says, 'are places which abound with curio dealers and hideous idols, called 'josses.' They are manufactured wholesale and retail, 'modern' and 'antiques,' orthodox or to order, as may be desired. The josses are sold to state that much of the joss business is fraud, pious and otherwise. The regulation joss is either a very fat and plump figure, with a large head and a small body, or a dignified, virtuous female, with a superb number of arms and hands. But these styles of josses are very simple. The manufacturer's chief stock in trade consists of wooden or metal moulds. In these the wet clay is put into shape and allowed to dry. It is then touched up with a small boy or produce hysteresis in a nervous and despicable girl. In this category comes the man with the tiger face and ferocious fangs, the so-called 'God of Hunger,' who is only an everyday, half-starved opium smoker, and the 'God of Wealth,' who is a miser and avaricious. None of these belong to Chinese art. They are simply 'fakes' made for the markets of Christendom.

It is then touched up with a small boy or produce hysteresis in a nervous and despicable girl. In this category comes the man with the tiger face and ferocious fangs, the so-called 'God of Hunger,' who is only an everyday, half-starved opium smoker, and the 'God of Wealth,' who is a miser and avaricious. None of these belong to Chinese art. They are simply 'fakes' made for the markets of Christendom.

Where Brass Dresses Are Made. It seems that the lady members of the aristocracy are taking some risk as to the gentleness of infection from their wearing apparel. Their grand dinner dresses, recherche walking costumes and elaborate morning robes—even their bridal wreaths and beaded ball slippers are frequently made in the most miserable den. A reporter has been having a chat with a lady who one time was employed by a noted West-end costumer. 'Many a titled dame would positively shudder,' she exclaimed, 'if she saw the half-starved, ill-clad creatures who have the making of her finery.'

'Do not dressmakers, then, like fashionable tailors, employ outside hands?' 'Yes, all do more or less, especially the smaller firms. Indeed, many of the so-called court dressmakers, whose places are taken by the more modest and dingy-looking floors, really do little or no work on the premises. They 'fit' ladies, certainly, but as often as not the material is made up elsewhere. The most wretched slums by women who can scarcely earn enough to keep body and soul together. For instance, in a case I know of, a duchess ordered a wedding costume for a certain date. The linings were made by the firm, but the material for the bodice was given to one outside hand, and that of the skirt to another. Much to her ladyship's chagrin, the costume was not ready by the day appointed. Now, what was the real reason? The material for the bodice had been entrusted with the making of the bodice had suddenly died of sheer worry and starvation. She was found lying in the back room in a garret, with the half-finished garment grasped in her hand.'

'Is the pay of these outside hands so very small?' 'Yes, in the majority of cases. The court dress makers take good care to keep their own workmen, and the large profits for themselves. The middle hand gets no more than what she would employ on the most common work, yet so trying to her occupation, she is very often known to go blind, or into consumption over it. Even when constantly employed they cannot earn more than a shilling or so a week. The ordinary dressmaker's shop has to have a lot of their own twist or cotton. So poor are they, indeed, that it is quite a common thing for the dressmaker to have to advance small sums on the material for one job till they have executed and been paid for another.'

'I find that all this applies to the small firms only?' 'Yes; mainly to those people who call themselves 'Madames' or 'Mesdames.' But it applies to much the same thing even in the case of the largest court dressmakers. Once they give out work they cannot tell for certain where it is made up. They give it to A, thinking that she does it at home, but very often A, for the sake of extra profit, gives it to B, and B may give it to C, and so on. The result is the depth of equality. It is just the same with ball shoes and bridal wreaths. The former are, in very many instances, ornamented with shells and other unsanitary roundings; the latter are made and mounted in places equally unhealthy and miserable. The only remedy for the evil is to make it a rule to give out work at all. As it is, the servant is much safer than her mistress. The ordinary dressmaker does her work with her own hands in plain dress, and she is not at all clean; the fashionable dressmaker simply does the fitting and talking. Sometimes she is so ashamed of the dirty poverty of her outdoor hands that she gives them particular instructions not to bring back work during business hours, in case they might be seen by her customers. Whenever I hear of a case of fever among the aristocracy I ask myself if the clothing is not more to blame than the drains.'

London Chronicle.

Tennyson as a Measurist. Tennyson's estimate of the measurist powers, says the Boston Herald's correspondent. He went, as a young man, with his wife to some country inn, and, who, having introduced a doctor called, 'I am here with a lady who is suffering from severe physical ailments, and I desire that you should examine her. I have heard of a case of fever among the aristocracy I ask myself if the clothing is not more to blame than the drains.'

Statistics in London show that in that city the consumption of gas is steadily increasing notwithstanding the more general adoption of electric light.

The Queen has given orders for extensive decorative repairs to be carried out in the royal palace, and the office of works is now engaged in cleaning and repainting the ceilings and walls of Queen Mary's audience chamber and supper-room and the adjoining corridors.

In summer at Paris the Seine delivers about a hundred cubic inches of water every second, moving with a force of three hundred and sixty thousand cubic metres of water per second through the bridge, or eight million six hundred and forty thousand cubic metres in a day.

ASTRONOMY. Some of the stars move with a velocity of nearly fifty miles a second. Astronomers claim that there are 17,500,000 comets in the solar system. The strongest telescope brings the moon to an apparent distance of 100 miles.

THE RAG-PICKERS OF PARIS.

Thousands of People Who Gather Wealth from Rubbish and Refuse.

The wealth of Paris is so boundless that the rubbish and refuse of the city are worth millions. There are more than fifty thousand persons who earn a living by picking up what others throw away. Twenty thousand women and children exist by sifting and sorting the gutterings of the pickers, who collect every day in the year about 1,200 tons of merchandise, which they sell for 70,000 francs.

At night you see men with baskets strapped on their backs, lantern in one hand, and in the other a stick with an iron hook on the end. They walk along rapidly, their eyes fixed on the ground, over which the lantern flings a sheet of light, and whatever they find in the way of paper, rags, bones, waste, metal, etc., they stow away in their baskets. In the morning, in front of each house, you see men, women, and children sifting the refuse, and the children are emptied into the scavenger's carts. At various hours of the day you may remark isolated rag-pickers, who seem to work with less method than the others, and with a more independent air. The night pickers are generally novices; men who, having been thrown out of work, are obliged to hunt for scraps of food like the wild beasts. The morning pickers are experienced and regular workers, who pay for the privilege of sifting the dust-laden refuse of the city, and who are paid for the privilege of sifting the refuse of the city, and who are paid for the privilege of sifting the refuse of the city.

Where Brass Dresses Are Made. It seems that the lady members of the aristocracy are taking some risk as to the gentleness of infection from their wearing apparel. Their grand dinner dresses, recherche walking costumes and elaborate morning robes—even their bridal wreaths and beaded ball slippers are frequently made in the most miserable den. A reporter has been having a chat with a lady who one time was employed by a noted West-end costumer. 'Many a titled dame would positively shudder,' she exclaimed, 'if she saw the half-starved, ill-clad creatures who have the making of her finery.'

'Do not dressmakers, then, like fashionable tailors, employ outside hands?' 'Yes, all do more or less, especially the smaller firms. Indeed, many of the so-called court dressmakers, whose places are taken by the more modest and dingy-looking floors, really do little or no work on the premises. They 'fit' ladies, certainly, but as often as not the material is made up elsewhere. The most wretched slums by women who can scarcely earn enough to keep body and soul together. For instance, in a case I know of, a duchess ordered a wedding costume for a certain date. The linings were made by the firm, but the material for the bodice was given to one outside hand, and that of the skirt to another. Much to her ladyship's chagrin, the costume was not ready by the day appointed. Now, what was the real reason? The material for the bodice had been entrusted with the making of the bodice had suddenly died of sheer worry and starvation. She was found lying in the back room in a garret, with the half-finished garment grasped in her hand.'

'Is the pay of these outside hands so very small?' 'Yes, in the majority of cases. The court dress makers take good care to keep their own workmen, and the large profits for themselves. The middle hand gets no more than what she would employ on the most common work, yet so trying to her occupation, she is very often known to go blind, or into consumption over it. Even when constantly employed they cannot earn more than a shilling or so a week. The ordinary dressmaker's shop has to have a lot of their own twist or cotton. So poor are they, indeed, that it is quite a common thing for the dressmaker to have to advance small sums on the material for one job till they have executed and been paid for another.'

'I find that all this applies to the small firms only?' 'Yes; mainly to those people who call themselves 'Madames' or 'Mesdames.' But it applies to much the same thing even in the case of the largest court dressmakers. Once they give out work they cannot tell for certain where it is made up. They give it to A, thinking that she does it at home, but very often A, for the sake of extra profit, gives it to B, and B may give it to C, and so on. The result is the depth of equality. It is just the same with ball shoes and bridal wreaths. The former are, in very many instances, ornamented with shells and other unsanitary roundings; the latter are made and mounted in places equally unhealthy and miserable. The only remedy for the evil is to make it a rule to give out work at all. As it is, the servant is much safer than her mistress. The ordinary dressmaker does her work with her own hands in plain dress, and she is not at all clean; the fashionable dressmaker simply does the fitting and talking. Sometimes she is so ashamed of the dirty poverty of her outdoor hands that she gives them particular instructions not to bring back work during business hours, in case they might be seen by her customers. Whenever I hear of a case of fever among the aristocracy I ask myself if the clothing is not more to blame than the drains.'

London Chronicle.

Tennyson as a Measurist. Tennyson's estimate of the measurist powers, says the Boston Herald's correspondent. He went, as a young man, with his wife to some country inn, and, who, having introduced a doctor called, 'I am here with a lady who is suffering from severe physical ailments, and I desire that you should examine her. I have heard of a case of fever among the aristocracy I ask myself if the clothing is not more to blame than the drains.'

Statistics in London show that in that city the consumption of gas is steadily increasing notwithstanding the more general adoption of electric light.

The Queen has given orders for extensive decorative repairs to be carried out in the royal palace, and the office of works is now engaged in cleaning and repainting the ceilings and walls of Queen Mary's audience chamber and supper-room and the adjoining corridors.

In summer at Paris the Seine delivers about a hundred cubic inches of water every second, moving with a force of three hundred and sixty thousand cubic metres of water per second through the bridge, or eight million six hundred and forty thousand cubic metres in a day.

ASTRONOMY. Some of the stars move with a velocity of nearly fifty miles a second. Astronomers claim that there are 17,500,000 comets in the solar system. The strongest telescope brings the moon to an apparent distance of 100 miles.

James Whitcomb Riley served an apprenticeship as a house painter. A Frenchman whose name is Denis is writing Gen. Boulanger's biography. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is one of the best poets in America. She is a poetess of motion as well as of style. Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, of Muscovy, N. Y., has lately completed the translation of the New Testament from the original into the Muscovy, or Creek, language.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, has come to the United States on business from his adopted home in Italy, and is giving readings from his works in some of the large cities.

Lord Tennyson was the eighth poet laureate to be honored with burial in Westminster Abbey, the others being Chaucer, Skelton, Spenser, Jonson, Deane, Dryden and Keats.

Herbert Spencer has been writing for more than forty years, and a partial estimate of the profits from the sale of his most important books shows that they have brought him in less than £1,000 a year.