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AMERI[redacted]N SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 26. WESTM[redacted] SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833

Select Poetry.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Once a year it comes
With its flags and drums,
With its cannon loud,
With its rockets high
And their starry crowd
Filling all the sky.

Music in the air,
Powder everywhere,
Crackers making noise,
Snapping at your feet,
For the happy boys
All along the street.

Then, hurrah! I say.
Independence day
Comes but once a year,
With its noise and smoke.
Let us hold it dear,
Big and little folk.

Let us take our part
With a loyal heart.
Be our flags unfurled,
Little maid and man,
Proudest in the world!
Free! American!
—New York Independent.

Select Story.

DAISY'S FOURTH.

From the New York Mail and Express.

At the railway station of a certain insignificant settlement beyond the Rockies a number of men were waiting the distribution of the mail one bright day in April. There was no especial reason for excitement, but the newly established fact of a daily halt of the train and a postoffice of their own was enough to attract the expectant as well as those to whom the receipt of a letter would be a surprise.

Among the scanty supply of letters brought by the eastern mail was a dainty square envelope addressed to Mr. J. Lucas, which the postmaster held up for admiration, with the remark that it would have to go to its own funeral in the dead letter office, for there was no one of that name in that part of the country.

"Reckon it's for me," said an elderly man on crutches, moving slowly through the curious crowd.

"Well, I never thought of your having any name but Uncle Jerry," said the postmaster, handing him his property, "but I s'pose you know best."

Mr. Lucas laughed, then opened his letter and read it through. "Boys," said he soberly, "its from my niece. She's a widow. Husband died 'fore they'd been married a year. She wants to come on and live with me awhile 'cause her little girl's all broken down after scarlet fever. The doctor's sending her out here to get toned up. But, good Lord, what shall I do with a woman here, where there's no accommodations for them?"

"Would you mind showing me the letter?" said Jack Dinsmore rather hesitatingly. "Sometimes I can get quite an idea of a person by a letter, and maybe I could suggest something to help you out."

They were all officious in suggestions, but Uncle Jerry waited patiently for Jack's opinion, believing, as most of the community did, that whatever sense and wisdom he did not possess were not worth mentioning. He handed back the letter, saying: "Don't worry about her, Uncle Jerry, but let her come. She doesn't write like a woman that's bound to sleep on rose leaves, and remember," softly, "if there's money wanted to make her comfortable, I've a useless pile of it all ready for you to dip into."

"I guess we'll have enough of it. You notice Daisy says she's collected a life insurance and won't be a burden to nobody. And lately I've been doing pretty well with that stone post invention I put some money into."

Uncle Jerry was almost helpless with rheumatism, but Jack was a most able coadjutor, and by unblushing bribery and corruption succeeded in securing the two most decent rooms in the tall shanty called by courtesy the hotel for the use of the expected guests. There was much excitement among the residents when the appointed day came, and the pretty, graceful woman who stepped from the cars might well have been terrified at the spectacle of a platform crowded with men, who eagerly watched her every motion. But she had no thought for anything but the sleeping child beneath whose weight her own slender frame seemed almost bending. Such men as those who watched her were too chivalrous to wait for Uncle Jerry's slow approach. Half a dozen sprang forward with an entreaty to be allowed to help her, and in a moment the lovely 3-year-old baby's blonde curly head was resting on Jack Dinsmore's shoulder. The sleepy blue eyes opened for a look at him, then closed again contentedly, and the little mother, with a grateful, confiding glance, turned to look for her uncle.

"It's a genywine treat to see a first class lady out here and a real live baby, even if it's kinder weak and sickly," said one of the gang of observers as they slowly dispersed after enjoying the affectionate meeting between uncle and niece.

It was a feeling they all shared, and the gentle, womanly influence so swayed the crowd of men who filled the long tables at the hotel that they were no longer the reckless set who had been sitting there for months. Changes in dress were not practicable in every case, but soap, razors and combs exerted their constant and humanizing power.

The baby grew stronger every day, and the mother was wildly happy in watching the change in her darling, who soon became the idol of every one.

The long hotel piazza devoted to smokers was not a fit place for a woman, and at Jack's instigation some of the men ran out a rough balcony or gallery in front of Mrs. Lane's room, and there like a queen she held a little reception every evening, with Uncle Jerry as chaperon. All her new friends worshipped the bright little woman, and several who had no home ties to hinder fell madly in love with her. Some of these modestly realized the hopelessness of their fancy and soon drew off, watching with the others the wooing or two, who, whether hopeless of not, were in dead earnest. One of these aspirants was Jack Dinsmore, the other a less popular man, nicknamed for obvious reasons "Beauty Mordaunt."

His remarkably handsome face and graceful manners did not win baby Lily to his cause, for the child never swerved in her championship of the first man her sleepy eyes fell upon when the cars brought her to her present home. And Jack adored the child openly, but shyly concealed, or thought he did, the passionate love he felt for her mother. Uncle Jerry guessed his secret, and one day said to him suddenly: "Women don't like dumb lovers, man. If you want her, speak out. You have my consent full and free."

So on this hint, which half kindled a hope, Jack tried to speak one balmy twilight when he happened to be on her balcony alone with his adored, while Lily, wrapped in a warm shawl, slept on a rustic bench. "There was a man," he began, breaking a short silence that had fallen between them and speaking in a constrained tone that told his listener of a depth of feeling below the commonplace words, "a man who'd never had anybody to care for him since his father and mother had died, when he wasn't much more than a baby, and left him to be looked after or not, just as it happened."

"Poor little laddie! What became of him?"

"He was sent to boarding school while the money lasted. Then that went, just as orphans' money generally does go, and the fellow was left to shift for himself. He had rather a rough time for a while, but he came out west and struck luck in prospecting before he was very old."

"Oh, is he old?" said the listener blankly.

"Oh, no, not really, but he feels kind of old and forlorn sometimes, when he hears other fellows talking about their mothers and sisters and—wives," he finished very softly.

"Poor fellow!" said Daisy pitifully.

"Yes, he is a poor kind of fellow," pursued Jack humbly, "with no education or bringing up or anything to recommend him to a woman except just a whole heart full of love for her, and—and—oh, Mrs. Lane, it's myself I'm talking about, and I know I can have no chance with you." And poor Jack, in an agony of shame and fear that his avowal had lost him even the merest toleration from the lady of his love, rushed from the room. It he had been composed enough to take one look, he might have gathered hope from the bright blush that suffused Daisy's face and the tender, happy light that sprang to her eyes.

The beautiful color had not left her face before Mordaunt's soft, well modulated voice at the door sought permission to leave for Lily a pretty scented grass cradle of Indian manufacture. "Made from a drawing of my own," he told Mrs. Lane with a smile that brought out all the uncommon beauty of his face. Daisy resisted an impulse to decline his gift, because it would be such a pleasure to Lily, so she thanked him prettily and expressed her admiration for the ingenious toy. Then the conversation drifted on till at last he mentioned Jack's name, looking steadily at her as he did so and catch

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hi[redacted]
ly[redacted]
uated as he is."

"Why, what's the peculiarity of Mr. Dinsmore's situation?"

"Oh, ha, ha! Haven't you heard. And I thought you were such friends."

"Heard what? I really don't know what you are talking about."

"Well, if Jack hasn't told you himself, I don't know that I have a right to," laughed "the beauty." But every one knows that he's entangled some way with one of the girls over at the fort. Some of the boys guess he's married to her. I know he sends her money often" Then, having planted the seeds of mischief, he bowed himself out.

As he left the little parlor he muttered to himself: "All's fair in love and war, and this will be both if Jack doesn't keep his ugly face out of my way. I'll have that woman if I have to go through a sea of lies, and it's well I struck in time, for she looked pretty haggard when I told that yarn. I wonder if she's idiot enough to care for that fool of a fellow when there's better men round." He had not thought him a fool once when he staid behind their party at the risk of his life to spend days and nights nursing him through a brain fever, but one forgets favors in love and war. Then in pursuance of his tactics he sought an early opportunity of putting a thorn in his rival's side.

"Don't the course of true love run smooth, eh?" he said mockingly at their next meeting.

"I don't understand."

"You're conveniently stupid, old boy. Well, never mind, I was a little soft that way myself till I found out in time by great good luck that I wasn't first in the field."

Jack turned very red, wondering for one wild moment if he was thought to be the fortunate one who had made the innings. The next remark enlightened him. "A pretty woman like that doesn't go long without some one getting a mortgage on her. Daisy Lane was engaged before she came out here. It's so, but please don't speak of it yet." It was true, as Mordaunt said to himself, and a huge joke, for of course she was engaged before she was married, as poor Jack might have guessed if he had not been too crushed by the blow to see the point of such wit.

From the fort, 20 miles away, had come on invitation to most of the settlers to celebrate the glorious Fourth by a ball and the first grand display of fireworks that part of the country had ever seen. The collections had been very munificent, and the amount of patriotic tinder was so large that two wagons were required to transport the well boxed packages from the train. There was great enthusiasm among the invited. Every wagon in the settlement was supplied with board seats, and the big stage, which was one of the fort properties, was borrowed for the convenience of Mrs. Lane and the only other two women in the place whose position entitled them to an invitation. Jack was to drive the coach, in which of course Uncle Jerry had a place. Lily was now so well that her mother arranged to leave her to the care of a trusty Irish woman. The entertainment was to begin and end early, for only on condition of returning the same night would Daisy be persuaded to leave her child.

When the morning of the Fourth came, Daisy, for the first time since her arrival, was at the station when the train came in, and Jack and Mordaunt, sauntering up, saw with astonished eyes her pretty little figure lost to sight for a brief space in the fervent embrace of a duster clothed young man who stepped from a car. Mordaunt had tact enough to turn the incident to account, and calmly remarking, "The chosen one, I suppose," walked off, leaving Jack a prey to woe.

The newcomer was widely introduced as Dr. Bruce and made one of the party driven that night by Jack, who had no heart to join the merry conversation of his passengers.

The ball was delightful, the fireworks magnificent, but Jack was thankful when the farewells were said. There was a greyness in the sky which remotely presaged dawn as they reached home, and all but Jack promptly retired to snatch such short lengths of sleep as remained to them. He, after caring for his horses, sat down upon an inverted barrel just within the stable door and gave himself up to dreary thoughts, which were soon invaded by the consciousness that the freshly rising breeze was carrying a strong scent of burning upon its wings. Instantly alert, he ran to the house, finding a bundle of oily rags stuffed under the piazza

oor. He tore away the mass, amped out the fire, and running round to the front found the incendiaries had put in better work. Smoke and fire were starting from several points, and the western corner, right under Daisy's room, was already bursting into flames.

Loudly calling "Fire!" to arouse the sleepers, who would not have too much time to get down from the upper rooms, he climbed up to Daisy's balcony and pounded at her window. She sprang to the window, white as death, but understanding just what he wanted her to do. "Let me in, and I will carry the baby down stairs," he cried hurriedly, for the wind fanned flames were making quick headway with the light boards. "Follow me closely. Don't stop for anything. I will come back for your things."

But all her possessions had to go with the rest, for the fire gained force so rapidly that Jack had to work hard to assist some of the others to get out alive. Uncle Jerry, sleeping on the ground floor, was one of the first to get out, and with Daisy and the trembling little one stood at a safe distance sadly watching the destruction. Suddenly Daisy darted forward, crying: "Oh, where is Malcolm? He has not come down!" As she spoke a cry from above drew every one's eyes, From one of the highest windows a white bewildered face looked out. "Oh, Malcolm," screamed Daisy, "you shall be saved!" and she flew distractedly toward the fiery place.

"Go back," sternly commanded Jack. "He shall be saved if I die for it." He passed into the burning doorway, and for an awful moment the spectators waited. Then with a

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There were eloquent words on her tongue, but not one could she speak. She could only put her two little hands in his and gaze up at his sad, honest eyes, with big tears falling from her own.

It was a hard moment for Jack, and to relieve his embarrassment he murmured, "I was so glad to be in time to get him down safely for you."

"For my sister, that means. You know he is my only sister's husband."

"Then he is not the one you are engaged to?" gasped Jack.

"Engaged! What are you talking about? I am not engaged to any one, but I hear that you are!" said Daisy, retreating in great disorder from the rapturous embrace with which Jack, made bold by something he saw in her face, refuted the statement.

Mordaunt joined a vigilance committee that rode off at once to search for the incendiaries, capturing them, as they had reason to hope from past experience, at a group of miserable huts which sheltered a gang of reprobates, but instead of returning with the party Mordaunt took a train for the east and has never come back. Jack and Daisy, with hearts made kind by love, forgive and forget and have sent him cards for their wedding, which, in celebration of the eventful Independence day of last year, they have appropriately appointed for the Fourth of July, 1893.

Two Irishmen were once walking toward New York, when they met a man and asked him how much farther they had got to travel, and were told that it was twenty miles to the great city. "Faith, we'll not reach it to-night," said one of them, evidently much dejected. "Och, Pat, come on. Twenty moils, sure that's not much, only ten moils apiece. Come on."

"What does Tennyson mean about the after-dinner talk across the walnuts and the wine? We don't have walnuts in the after-dinner talk." "We have chestnuts, though."

That wife makes a mistake who tells her husband none of her joys and all of her troubles.

THE CAPTAIN'S BET.

She was the daughter of the trumpet major and the darling of the troop.

Every one loved Phyllis Rayne. From the age of 5 she had been quartered with her father with the regiment.

"'Our darling' has grown into a beauty," observed the adjutant cheerily, as he rode past the group of men toward the object of interest.

"A letter for you," he said in more official tones, dismounting beside the girl. "The colonel would be glad of an answer to-morrow."

The adjutant rode reluctantly away as Phyl broke the seal of the missive.

After reading the contents the girl's dark eyes were humid. A quiver of disappointment parted her lips.

"Only that," she said beneath her breath. "Only my services. And I thought"——

What she thought was never uttered; her father came to the bungalow.

"Capt. Lonsdale is waiting inside to speak with you. I've given him my word, dearie, although it will be like drawing an eyetooth to part with my little girl."

As her father stepped outside Phyl flashed an angry glance at the captain.

"How dare you? I forbade you to appeal to my father."

"Faint heart never won fair lady yet. I dare anything for the chance of winning you. I will have you, Phyl. Why do you hate me?" the captain continued querulously. "I love you. I am willing to make you my wife, although you're not"—

"A lady," she interposed quietly.

A violin was lying on the table. he girl took it up, with the bow, fingering the instrument absently. Her other had been of gentle birth. he insult his words implied stung eenly.

"You are so beautiful," he cried, oving nearer.

The refrain went on jerkily from e violin. There was a suggestion scorn in her action.

"Phyl! Have you no pity? Are ou as hard as your face is tender? s there any one else?" The captain id his hand on the arm moving the ow. "Is there, Phyl?"

"You are hurting me Captain Lonsale."

"What a soft little arm it is! he id drawing the loose blue sleeve way from her wrist. "See, the imress of my cruel fingers. Poor little rm!"

He bent his head suddenly, pressg his lips to the delicate flesh. A shadow fell across them as a fingre stood in the open doorway. The girl's voice relieved the silence by a commonplace:

"Good evening, Colonel."

Capt. Lonsdale made a hurried departure, saluting his superior officer, who remained in the doorway.

* * * * * *

"May I come in?"

"Yes."

"Don't put that down. I can talk to you while you play."

The colonel leaned against the wall watching Phyl as she rested her chin again on the violin.

"I can't," she cried with a hysterical little laugh. "I think—I think you make me nervous."

"Never mind," he said gravely, taking the instrument from her hands, "I have heard of your music. Who taught you?"

"My father. I'm very proud of dad."

The colonel smiled. The smile made his stern, ugly face, almost handsome. The colonel was a widower with one child. People said his

[redacted]

"Thank you. Little Jack will be so glad. There is no woman in the cantonment he takes to but you." The colonel was going to the hills for the hot months.

"I understand. It will be my first situation."

"What do you mean?"

"You have asked me to go to Simla as companion or nurse to your child. You have forgotten to mention one thing—the salary."

The colonel bit his lip. Was she joking? Phyl was looking fixedly at the flowers planted near the mango trees—Had she seriously misconstrued his letter wherein he had asked her to accompany him with her father on their leave of absence, for the sake of little Jack?

"Do you want a salary?" he asked bluntly.

"It is usual, is it not?"

"I believe so."

At that moment an ayah, leading a child, came across the compound.

A few minutes later Phyl watched the colonel, with little Jack clinging to his hand, cross the parade ground. The child's white frock became a speck in the distance before a sob broke from the girl's throat.

That night a wager was made by Capt. Lonsdale among a few of his boon companions.

"I'll swim two miles against stream up the Goomtee on the day 'Our Darling' marries any man but myself."

"Done?" cried half a dozen voices.

* * * * * *

Standing outside his bungalow early one morning, the colonel, with Captain Lonsdale, watched Phyl romping with his child. She had lifted the boy on to her shoulder, and, with arms upraised to steady her tiny burden, ran toward them.

"You will be alone until to-night," he said. "Captain Lonsdale has arranged a longer expedition. Shall you be frightened?"

"Frightened? No! What is there to fear?" she answered brightly.

"Nothing. The servants are within call. I have forbidden them to leave the bungalow in our absence."

The trumpet major, riding behind the colonel, ventured a confidential remark:

"They make a handsome couple—my girl and the captain. He'll have cause to be proud of his wife, eh, colonel?"

"His wife! Did you say his wife, Rayne!"

"Aye, colonel. I've promised her to Captain Lonsdale if he can win her."

"And—and Phyllis?"

The captain joined them and the party rode on.

Phyl stood at the door of the bungalow, a cloud on her face.

"I hate him! I hate him!" she muttered. Toward midday the boy grew tired and fretful. Phyl, carrying him to her own bungalow, laid him on a heap of rugs in the corner. Once little Jack started up with a frightened cry, and to soothe him she sang an Indian lullaby, continuing the weird tune upon her violin at the boy's request.

Suddenly some indefinable instinct caused the girl to look over her shoulder, her hands tightening on the violin.

Between her and the sleeping child was a large snake. He had uncoiled himself to nearly his full length and risen upon his tail with elevated head and glittering eyes. It was the dreaded cobra.

As Phyl gazed at the reptile conclusions rapidly formed. The snake had been attracted by the music; it was evident by the darting forward of the cruel worked tongue that the fascination had ceased with the music.

With an almost imperceptible movement the girl drew her bow cross the catgut. In an instant a palpable change came over the cobra; his eyes rested upon her with softened brightness. The charm that held the snake at bay was in her hands!

Again the Indian lullaby broke the silence, the refrain sounding strangely weird in its repeated cadence. Once more the reptile was spellbound.

Phyl's back ached; her fingers felt cramped; a feeling of dizziness was overcoming her. If the exhaustion supervened, the charm would be broken. To rouse herself Phyl rose to her feet, continuing the melody, to which the snake's head was swaying rhythmically.

Snap!

A string flew asunder beneath the bow. The three strings now beneath hyl's trembling fingers vibrated eakly. The discordance of their nes grated harshly upon her ear.

With a gasping sob she glanced at e open door and back again at the eeping child. The violin was slipping from her swollen hand. With n effort born of utter despair she oke into a song as the sound of the falling instrument startled the cobra.

Gradually her eyes grew dim. Her head sank lower and lower until it touched her bosom. She became conscious that her voice was only weakly crooning. There was a rushing sound in her ears as of many waters, and above it all rose a childish cry, clear and sweet:

"Daddy! Daddy!"

Then it became quite dark.

* * * * * *

When a few miles on the road that morning the colonel's horse had stumbled, slightly injuring his knees, and the rider determined to return, not sorry for an excuse to forego the expedition. The trumpet major's statement had filled him with fear.

At the trumpet major's bungalow the horse came to a sudden standstill, his ears set back and quivering in every limb.

A voice singing gayly reached the colonel. The air seemed filled with its laughter. He smiled sadly, then grimly. How happy she was! While he—

The song was coming to an end. It grew fainter and fainter. Dismounting he moved nearer to the open door of the bungalow and looked into the shadow of the room.

For one brief instant the colonel's eyes seemed filled with blood, and through the crimson mist shone out his son's bright hair and the white face of Phyl.

In the next his hand was upon his sword, and a cry went up as the girl tottered forward and his weapon fell upon the cobra.

The colonel's arm dropped heavily to his side as his sword clanged to the ground, his eyes distended with horror upon the severed parts of the snake.

At his feet was the prostrate form of Phyl. In one swift glance he noted the violin with its broken strings and the girl's stiffened hands. The whole truth flashed upon him in an instant. With a great sob he raised her in his arms, kissing the still face passionately.

"Daddy!"

The colonel roused himself. Little Jack was standing beside him, his baby face full of awe.

"Go, away, Jack," he said hoarsely as Phyl's white lids moved and a breath escaped her lips.

The colonel carried her to the rugs in the corner.

"Phyllis! Phyl!"

As she met his eyes the terror slowly died out of her own. A deep flush crept into her face and faded.

"Phyl," he said again; "look at me Phyl! Don't turn away. Oh, my love," he cried, "my heart's love! You are given back to me. All my life I shall be grateful, all my life, dear."

The eyes of the woman were raised at last.

"I love! I love you! I love you!"

* * * * * *

"Who is that woman, Lonsdale, riding with the colonel?"

"Don't you know? Ah, you were ordered to another station before the dreadful news reached Lucknow."

"What news?"

"Of the colonel's unfortunate attachment. He married the daughter of our trumpet major."

"What, Phyllis Rayne? Phew!" The subaltern screwed up his eyes, glancing sideways at Captain Lonsdale. "Is that Phyl, little Phyl, the darling of the troop? I remember her now. You were 'sweet' on her yourself, old fellow. By the way, Lonsdale, I never heard of your two-mile swim up the Goomtee. Suppose you funked it?"

Where Tin Comes From.

From Scientific American.

The United States consul at Singapore says that more than one-half the world's tid is mined in the Straits Settlements. The output for the year 1891 was 57,551 tons, against 36,061 tons for the Straits Settlements. If to this 36,061 be added the 12,106 tons, the output of the Netherlands India, whose tin-bearing islands are within a few hours' steam of Singapore, it will leave but 9,384 tons for the rest of the world. Up to the introdution of modern tin mining and smelting machinery in 1889, the tin was worked for a century in a most primitive fashion by the Malays. They simply dug down at the base of a hill, took up the clay which contained the *biji timah* (small nodules), and carefully washed it in running water. When dry, it was smelted in a furnace built of clay between two layers of charcoal, the fire being forced into a glow by means of bamboo bellows. When the metal became molten, it trickled through a hole in the bottom of the furnace into a vessel, from which it was ladled into moulds, forming slabs weighing about 5 catties (2⅔ pounds). A rajah's or chief's wealth was reckoned in bars or slabs of tin. The primitive tin mining of the Malays gave place to the more energetic and thrifty mining of the Chinese, who brought with them better tools and better business methods. The Chinese monopolized the entire field, until the formation of the Jelebu Company, 1889, with which the Chinaman can still compete.

The Chinaman's manner of working is simple, though thorough. As the float tin lies at a distance of from twenty to fifty feet from the surface, gradually dimishing toward the hill sides, where it is not more than six feet, the jungle is cleared along its source, and water is brought by a ditch from the nearest stream. At about six feet down, the water begins to rise from the soil, and to get rid of this, and also to utilize the water from the stream as a motive power, an ingenious chain pump is made by constructing a long wooden trough of three planks, each 100 feet in length, and this is placed with one end resting on the bank, the other sloping to the water in the lowest part of the mine. A wooden chain, with its small oblong pieces of wood placed at right angles to the line, is fitted accurately into the trough. The wooden chain is endless, and is passed round two wheels, a small one at the lower end of the trough and a large one at the upper end. The latter is a water wheel, and is turned by a constant stream of flowing water. Round the axle of this wheel are cogs, each of which, in turn, as the wheel revolves, draws up a link of the endless chain through the trough, and, as each joint fits accurately into the trough, they bring up in succession a quantity of water, which on reaching the mouth of the trough falls into the channel by which the water which turns the wheel is carried off, and is thus also taken away out of the mine and conducted to the next, when the process is repeated. The small wheel at the lower end of the trough regulates the chain and guides the wooden joints into the trough.

The Chinaman's tools consist of a hoe, two baskets, and a bamboo pole. The soil is scraped with the hoe into the baskets, which in turn are balanced over his shoulders at the ends of the bamboo pole. The washing is performed in much the same way as placer gold is washed in California and the West. The soil is thrown into a trough filled with running water, in which the dust is carried off in solution, and the ore retained by means of wooden bars nailed accross the bottom of the trough. While the Chinese system of smelting is similar to that of the Malays, it is more elaborate, and carried out on a much larger scale. In place of the bamboo bellows, a very ingenious plan is adopted. The trunk of a tree, about 18 inches in diameter and 10 feet long, is carefully hollowed out and closed at either end. A long pole, with a circular piece of wood at one end, fitting exactly into the bore of the tube, acts as a piston. In order to secure the tube being perfectly air-tight, the end of the piston is well padded. Valves are placed at each end, to allow the air to enter, and the center of the nozzle of the bellows communicates with the furnace by means of a small air passage. On the piston being drawn out, the air in the higher portion of the tube is forced down the nozzle, and being drawn back, the air in the further part of the tube is similarly drawn into the furnace. The charcoal is soon brought to a white heat, and ready for the moulds. The best of the Chinese mines are found in Laroot, in the northern part of Perak, south of the Siamese State of Quebrada, in a stratum of whitish clay. In some of the tin mines in the neighborhood of the Batang and Padang rivers, small quantities of gold are found mixed with tin. Consul Wildman says that the Jelebu Tin Mining and Trading Company is the only successful European-managed mining adventure in Malaya, and one of the chief producers of Straits tin.

A Living Fish Net.

From Youth's Companion.

At Tetuila, one of the islands of Oceanica, M. Aylic Martin witnessed a peculiar method of fishing. The scene as he describes it, is picturesque and interesting. The costume of the natives of the Tetuila is a kind of short tunic of sea weed or leaves. They powder the hair white with chalk and wear gardenias or red hibiscus on their heads and around their necks. The wariors powder their hair red. As their locks are very long, they have quite a terrible appearance.

At a signal all the inhabitants of the village assembled on the sea shore. There were about two hundred persons. They plunged into the water, each carrying a branch of the cocoa palm.

At a given distance from the shore they turned toward it and formed a compact half-circle, each one holding his palm branch perpendicularly in the water, thus forming a kind of seine. The leader of the party gave a signal, and this living net approached the shore gradually, in perfect order, driving before it a multitude of fishes. Surrounded by this living wall, and caught in the cocoa palm branches, many of the fish were cast on the sand by the waves and others were killed with sticks.

The women gathered up the fishes in baskets. Some were taken at once to the cabin of the chief of the village and some were cooked for M. Martin over hot coals, and were given to him without seasoning, but with bananas and cocoanut milk to complete the meal.

A sunflower evaporates 1½ pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales in 172 days about 100,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water per day.

Flags of all nations—Paving-stones.

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