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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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England's Stately Homes

Some Account of Kenilworth and Warwick Castles

No county in England is more beautiful than Warwickshire, or contains more celebrated towns and castles. It is a splendid domain, lying in the heart of the land, and everywhere filled with great historic interest and association.

The country is very beautiful, with narrow lanes and low thatched cottages, and a green freshness, only to be seen in England, where the climate, too moist perhaps for human beings, is capable of giving a wonderful luxuriance to trees and turf. As a favorite author has written: "Here is a soil so rich and pure that even in its idlest mood it lights itself up with flowers."

One of the favorite resorts in Warwickshire is Leamington, the celebrated spa. It is much frequented by invalids on account of its healing mineral springs, and is also a convenient stopping place for sightseers who wish to visit the famous castles and towns in the vicinity.

Leamington is an ancient town, and passed in early days through many vicisitudes. In the old book of records, called the "Domesday Book," is found the earliest mention of this place. Here, in the year 1086, it is recorded as a manor, owned by one of the Warwick family. After this time it passed into the hands of many proprietors, and among these was a brother of the Earl of Leicester. Toward the close of the eighteenth century it was a quaint village, of which a few small cottages even now remain to tell of its original simplicity. There is also an ancient church, with its attendant churchyard, not far from the ford across the little River Leam. The streets are lined with tall, majestic elms, and on the village highway two public houses may be seen, one of which for many years has rejoiced in the name of "Dog Inn."

DISCOVERY OF THE SPRINGS.

These old buildings date back to the end of the eighteenth century, when the discovery of saline springs had created a reputation for the town. Everything was at this time on a very small scale, and arrangements were extremely simple. As the visitors came in greater numbers, it was found necessary to have more conveniences, and the authorities caused a tub of considerable size to be sunk in one of the ditches near the spring. A man was retained as a "regular dipper," and many invalids attributed their cure to immersion in this primitive bathtub.

When sulphur and other mineral springs were discovered in 1784, the first bath was built, and Leamington grew rapidly into the well known spa it has been for many years.

In 1803 the Royal Pump Room and baths were built over one of the springs, and the buildings are well equipped and luxurious. They are situated near the beautiful Victoria Bridge, and contain swimming baths and reading and reception rooms. They are surrounded by well kept and extensive grounds.

When the town is full of invalids and their families the "Parade" is the favorite resort, and many people go up and down, exchanging the greetings of the day. The central position of Leamington, in Warwickshire, makes it attractive as a dwelling place, especially in the hunting season, when the devotees of the chase disturb somewhat the usual quiet of the town.

Among the modern patrons of Leamington Dr. Jephson easily ranks first, and he is often spoken of as the "Father of Leamington." In many ways he advanced the interest and increased the reputation of the town, and now an imposing monument stands as a memorial to his name and public spirit.

It is a beautiful drive from Leamington to Kenilworth, and farther on to Warwick Castle, and a day spent in visiting those historic places is full of interest. The roads, like all English highways, are in fine condition, and tall trees, full of singing birds, border them for many miles. Occasionally the note of a nightengale is heard, and the air is full of the scent of the old-fashioned flowers that bloom in the cottage gardens. The well kept hedgerows are a delight to the eye, and surely the grass is greener in England than elsewhere in the world, and the roses and poppies of a more brilliant red. The love of flowers is almost a passion among the people of Great Britain, and well stocked gardens flourish everywhere.

RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE

The first view of the ruins of Kenilwort Castle is somewhat disappointing, and it is necessary to invest the reddish stone structure with all the romance that Sir Walter Scott has created before its real charm and inspiration can be felt. In many places the protecting ivy has thrown its green mantle over decapitated towers and broken columns, and rendered beautiful the remains of a once imposing castle.

It is as old as the time of Henry I., and fell into the hands of various noble families. At one time a church and priory were established here, and the castle also became a royal jail, of which Simon de Montfort was the keeper. The priory is said to have been destroyed by Henry VIII., who mercenantly sold the materials of which it was built.

When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne of England she gave the grant of Kenilworth Castle to her favorite courtier, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and by him it was altered and much improved. It was here that his unfortunate wife, the beautiful Amy Robsart, was hidden for a time, from the outside world, until carried away to Cummer Place, where she came to her most untimely end. The shadow of this dreadful murder has always rested heavily upon the character of the "Lord of Kenilworth," whether he was, as some claim, innocent of any knowledge of it, or whether he secretly instigated it, inspired by the ambition to become the husband of Elizabeth, and so King of England.

The Queen's visit to the castle is a matter of history, and she was received and entertained there with great splendor and hospitality. At the time of the visit the battlements of the great high towers were covered with giant guards, with clubs and warlike implements, representing soldiers of King Arthur's time. The royal pageant is said to have approached the castle by the broad highway, which, for more than two miles, afforded lovely views of lake and towers. This was in the year 1575, and as the little town of Stratford is not far away, it is thought that Shakespeare may have witnessed the princely welcome which the Earl of Leicester gave to the Queen at Kenilworth.

Many years after these scenes of romance and tragedy, the Castle of Kenilworth came into the possession of the Earl of Clarence, and afterward his descendants.

FAMOUS WARWICK CASTLE.

The road from Kenilworth to Warwick leads again through avenues of trees and shady lanes, and it is not long before the towers of one of England's greatest castles appear above and through the trees. The structure is built upon high rocks and looks down on the River Avon, winding its peaceful way along through a green and fertile country. Over the river a picturesque bridge is thrown, from which a beautiful view of the imposing castle may be had.

It is uncertain when the town of Warwick was founded, but, referring again to the "Domesday Book," it is found recorded there as a borough of 200 or 300 houses. The streets of the town are quaint and narrow, and an old Norman archway guards the entrance.

In the time of William the Conqueror the Earldom of Warwick became one of importance, and the long line of earls began. The town was more than once visited by royalty, as King Henry III. occupied Warwick with his army before seizing Kenilworth Castle. The cortege of Elizabeth, too, remained several days before going on to visit the Earl of Leicester at his castle.

Warwick has an interesting church and a quaint old market place, and there are many legends connected with the town. Guy of Warwick is its most famous hero, and the old stories of his deeds are now considered history by the chroniclers. His battles were many and his prowess great, but after a time he returned to Warwick, where his wife, the daughter of the earl, had long been waiting for his coming. Undiscovered by her, he lived near by, at Guy's cliff, as a hermit, and, unknown to all, depended on her bounty. Finally, when about to die, he sent their wedding ring to her, begging her to come to him, to sav farewell.

CONTENTS OF THE CASTLE.

The Castle of Warwick is one of the finest in all England. The entrance is through beautifully wooded grounds, where stately trees, and turf like velvet, are seen on every side. From different points of view the castle shows its varied aspects, each one impressive in its own special way. There are several high, irregular towers, which add much to the beauty of the castle, and of these Caesar's tower at the south, is very interesting. Near it is a reservoir of great size, used to store a water supply for the castle.

At certain hours of the day the massive doors of the great pile are open to the public, and only the living rooms of the family are closed. The broad hall, with its heavily carved chairs, and masses of ancient armor on the walls, is very handsome and impressive, and its many doors lead to the great dining and drawing rooms, and other state apartments of the castle.

There are several celebrated paintings in these rooms, and the Warwick vase, of pure white marbel, and large enough to hold 163 gallons, is carefully treasured within the building. The vase, which is an antique, was discovered at the bottom of a lake, near the village of Hadrian, in Tivoli, and sold to the Earl of Warwick, who had it transported to England.

The grounds of the castle are very attractive, and fine views are seen on every hand. A number of beautiful peacocks are allowed to wander about a certain part of the estate, where they spread their feathers and sometimes utter their harsh, discordant notes. Among these handsome birds a lovely white one is conspicuous, so tame that it will readily come to strangers to be fed.

The Castle of Warwick and the extensive grounds give an impression of dignity and repose which is almost unequalled, even in England, the land of history and calm, unbroken progress. And the whole County of Warwick, with its stately trees and fields of brilliant flowers, its gardens and its well kept cottages, seems but a beautiful setting for the castles and historic places it contains.

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About the ....House

QUINCE SECRETS.

Quince Marmalade.—Wash the fruit and pare, removing all discolored spots. Boil the parings in just sufficient water to cover, until the flavor is extracted. Strain through a thick cloth and when this juice is nearly cold add the quinces, cut in quarters and cored, and enough more water to cook them. When soft, mash them as soon as possible with a wooden spoon. Add ¾ lb. sugar for every pound of fruit. Boil 15 minutes, then put, while hot, into small molds or cans. The juice of 3 oranges for every 3 lbs. marmalade is a nice addition.

Cheese—Make the same as marmalade, but not until quite thick, so that when cold it will retain the form of the mold. It must be quite stiff, so that it will turn out as firm as cheese, and can be cut in slices.

Jelly—Wash and wipe the quinces, remove imperfect spots, but do not pare or core. Cut into small pieces and put into preserving kettle with cold water enough to cover. Let them cook until tender, stiring from the bottom often. When done, remove from the stove, strain through a thin cheesecloth bag, then through a white flannel one. Measure the juice, put into kettle and let it boil. Add 1 lb. sugar to 1 pt. juice. Boil and skim. Be careful not to boil too long. Test its consistency by dropping a little in a glass of ice water; if it settles to the bottom, the liquid will jell. The kettle should be taken from the range and jelly cups filled immediately. The color of quince jelly is quickly affected by too much boiling and its quality is injured.

Baked—Wash and wipe the quinces and remove cores with corer or narrow bladed knife. Put in a baking tin with a little water. Fill the centre of each with sugar. Cook until tender and serve warm. Sweet cream is nice with baked quinces and may be passed when serving them.

THREE CAKES.

Chocolate Loaf Cake.—Six eggs, half a cup of butter, three cups of sugar, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, four ounces of chocolate melted. Rub butter and sugar together, add the beaten yolks of the eggs, the milk and chocolate, and stir well; then put in the flour with which the baking powder has been sifted. Bake in a ring-mould in a moderate oven, and serve hot with a chocolate sauce made as follows:

Half a cup each of sugar and water, four ounces melted chocolate, half a teaspoonful of vanilla and half a cup of cream. Boil sugar and water for five minutes, add the melted chocolate slowly, the vanilla and the cream, cook a minute or two, then keep hot in a bowl set in boiling water until ready to serve. Fill the centre of the cake with whipped cream, after pouring the cream over it. Delicious.

Chocolate Loaf Cake.—Dissolve eight tablespoonfuls of sweet grated chocolate in a gill of hot milk Rub to a cream half a cup of butter and a large cup of sugar, and into this beat five whipped eggs, the dissolved chocolate, a pint of prepared flour and a teaspoonful of vanills. Bake in a loaf and cover with chocolate icing.

Poverty Cake.—Mix half a cup of sugar with half a cup of molasses, one egg and two tablespoonfuls of milked butter. When these are well beaten, add a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in half a cup of cold water, cinnamon or ginger to taste, and one and a half cups of flour. Bake in a shallow pan in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. A good cake, despite its name.

REST FOR WOMEN.

There are very few people who are not better for going away by themselves, if only fifteen minutes or half an hour, during the day. Lie down on the bed or lounge, allow the muscles to relax, and try to banish all perplexing thoughts. Make certain that you will never be interrupted or subject to call during these few moments, and the habit of sleep will come to you. A rest of even ten minutes, free from interruption, will do more toward soothing the nerves then four times the same length of time spent lying down with noisy children near, or thoughtless persons discussing the last fashion. The important matter is to secure for the tired worker absolute peace at the rest hour. Even without sleep, it is better than a rest-hour amid noisy surroundings in sleep, which is almost certain to be a troubled one. As a matter of ceremony, the rest-hour should be insisted on, because work done after it is certain to be so much better that it much more than makes up for the time taken from work. Work accomplished with the nerves exhausted never amounts to as much as work done when the energies are fresh.

WHY FLANNELS SHRINK.

Flannels or any articles made of wool are entirely different in their ultimate fibres from linen or cotton or any vegetable fabric. The fibres are spiral in form and heat and cold and rubbing draw them up, while certain strong alkalies seem to produce the same effect. It is, therefore, necessary that flannels should be washed in water of even temperature, wrung dry and rubbed as little as possible. Rub when necessary with the hands and not on a board. Do not put flannels outdoors to freeze in winter, but hang them before the fire or in a warm room to dry as quickly as possible, and they will not shrink.

Shaped wool undergarments should be dried on wooden forms, the exact size of the garments when new. Stretched on these frames the flannel cannot shrink, and remains as long as it lasts as good as new. Frames of this kind cost about as much as good garments originally do, and will last a lifetime.

BAKING PIES.

Pies must be very carefully baked or they will be ruined. To cook a custard of any kind too long gives it that disagreeable hard-egg taste which requires careful watching to avoid. It is time to move this kind of a pie from the oven when the crust is cooked and the top of the pie is a light brown in color. But an apple custard does not brown and cooked too long the egg separates and wneys and the pie is spoiled.

Pie crust, to be flakey, should be mixed with ice cold water and kept as cool as possible until it is placed in the oven which should be quite hot. The cold air inclosed in the paste then expands quickly making it light and flaky. Good pie makers have a marble slab to roll the paste on while one particular expert always retires to the cool depths of the cellar in warm weather to make her pies.

PRAYER WHEELS OF THIBET.

A Description of Them and the Uses to Which They Are Put.

One of the most peculiar objects connected with the cult of lama Buddhism as generally practised throughout Thibet is the prayer-wheel, writes a traveler. One sees the natives contsantly twisting these instruments while bartering together, while herding their cattle or journeying on the highway; in fact, on all occasions save what time is consumed in eating and sleeping. The prayer-wheel is nothing more than a small metal cylinder four inches in length and two or three inches in diameter. This is fitted on an axle, one end of which protrudes for half a foot or so and serves as a needle. Into the cylinders are placed strips of paper covered with magic prayers —manufactured by the lamas and sold to the credulous natives at a good profit— and it is the belief of the natives that by revolving the cylinder containing these prayers around the axle by a rotary motion of the hand a certain number of times during life the joys of the future state are assured to the fortunate devotee who has performed the operation. A yet more curious form of the prayer-wheel is the praying water-wheel, doubtless the inspiration of some aboriginal Edison. This is nothing more than a large cylinder fitted upon an axle and suspended at a spot in a swiftly-flowing stream, where the rush of the waters may turn it at a rapid pace.

PRAYER-SLIPS,

similar to those used in the hand instrument are inserted, and it stands to reason that revolving unceasingly night and day one of these large praying-wheels must accomplish the work of many smaller ones. In this manner the busy man, or one whose time for devotional exercises is limited in comparison with his neighbor, is enabled by this original invention to enjoy equal advantages in the devotional scale.

By means of these praying-wheels a unique method of revenge is carried on. If one be at enmity with a man it is only necessary that the prayer-wheel of the latter be secretly secured and twisted for a few times in a certain direction opposite to the customary one, when all the previous good effects it has secured in advancing its owner toward future bliss will be nullified. An enemy may also be injured in the following manner—at least, no one could convince the Thibetan otherwise as to the efficacy of this practice: In the first place, a small dough image is made to impersonate the one whose injury is sought. It is then necessary to procure some object belonging to the person of that individual —a hair, nail-paring, or, most potent of all, a torch. If the dough image is pricked with these it is sufficient to cause the enemy himself the most horrible pains, and if his death is sought it is only necessary that some vital organ should be pierced.

THE FAMILY PEW.

As It Was in the Good Old Days in England.

In practical religion the English aristocracy of the present day is in advance of that of a generation ago. There is just as much private charity and more organized charity, but the village church is no longer the center of domestic affection. In the old days, says the author of a recent book on social changes in England, it was inseparably connected with memories of ancestry and parentage and early association.

All the family had been christened in the village church; the eldest sister had been married in it. Generations of ancestry moldered under the chancel floor. Christmas decorations were an occasion of much innocent merriment.

Religious people, of whatever persuasion, regarded church-going as a spiritual privilege, but even those who were not very religious recognized it as a civic duty. "When a gentleman is sur ses terres," said Major Pendennis, "he must give an example to the country people; and if I could turn a tune, I even think I should sing. The Duke of St. David's, whom I have the honor of knowing, always sings in the country, and let me tell you, it has a doosed fine effect from the family pew."

Before the passion for "restoration" set in and changed the parish churches of England, the family pews was the ark and sanctuary of the territorial system. It had a private entrance, a round table, a good assortment of armchairs, a fireplace and a wood-basket.

"You may restore the church as much as you like," said an old friend of the author, who was a lay rector, to an innovating incumbent, "but I must insist on my family pew not being touched. If I had to sit in an open seat I should never get a wink of sleep again."

RED HAIR UNLUCKY.

In the rural parts of Ireland it is considered unlucky to meet a red-haired woman on going out in the morning, especially a Monday morning, for then the whole of the coming week is involved in the ill luck. There is an Irish story of a newly-appointed village postman who, on starting forth to deliver his first batch of letters, had the misfortune to encounter a woman with red hair. He promptly went home with his bag, and there was no postal delivery in the township that day.

The man who is quite infallible is equally intolerable.

WATER FOR THE STOMACH.

Copious Draughts Are Useful to Cleanse System.

The habits of people in general do not seem so bad when one considers the average individual's limitations as to knowledge and thought. The fact is that most people don't know, don't think and hence don't care. Let them read more science, think more sensibly and act more seriously, then their habits will be more satisfactory.

The alimentary receptacle — the stomach or vat in which foods and liquids are received and mixed—is habitually converted by many persons into a chemical retort of all sorts of drugs and remedies, with the view of reaching and relieving the ills of the various organs of the body, from dandruff to corns. The writer believes that he can give no more and better reasons for his confidence in the therapeutic value of remedies than most other physicians, but he wishes to emphasize here the transcendent element of common sense in their administration.

Before and above all things, however, what is wanted is a clean gastro-intestinal canal, and his claim is that water, properly used, is the best agent to effect that cleansing. On a par with this canal in importance are the eliminative tissues and organs of the system, the kidneys, the mucous membrane and skin. What therapeutic agent, properly used, is better than water? After all the assimilative and eliminative organs and tissues have been thoroughly rinsed with pure, soft water, then if it be still necessary to administer a chemical agent, one may be selected that will, with these organs and tissues in better condition work wonders. If you are so foolish as to allow yourself to become foul, from head to foot, cleanse yourself with water before resorting to chemical aids.

OVERTAKEN BY CALAMITY.

During a period of agricultural depression in the West almost all the farms in a northern county of Michigan were under mortgage. At one farm a man who was in the neighborhood on business found the owner looking particularly troubled.

"What's the matter?" he asked, sympathetically, "Can't you raise your mortgage interest?"

"It's worse than that, mister," replied the other, wearily.

"Crops a failure?"

"Nope."

"Sickness or death in the family?"

"Worse than that."

"Then it must be a calamity, indeed. You didn't lose family and home by a forest fire?"

"Nope; but you are right about its being a calamity. I've been trying to think of the word for two hours past. Yes, sir, you can put it down as an awful calamity."

"Well, but what is it? Can't you tell?"

"Yes. There was a mortgage on my farm, and I was feeling as big as any one of my neighbors and taking things easy when my wife got a legacy of six hundred dollars. Stranger, can you guess what she did with that money?"

"She didn't lose it?"

"No, sir. She jest paid that mortgage, bought two hosses and a plow, and this morning I was bounced out of my own cabin because I wouldn't peel off my coat and go to work? Yes, sir, you are right. It's a calamity—a calamity that's landed me on the outside, and between my pride and her spunk somebody'll be eating grass afore Saturday night!"

IRELAND'S DOING WELL.

During the last six months Ireland sent to Great Britain 148,101 more cattle, 108,160 more sheep and only 742 fewer horses than were received from all the rest of the world.

BATHS FOR SOLDIERS.

The Municipal Council of Paris has refused to renew the licenses for the swimming baths in the Seine, except on condition that soldiers be entitled to a bath for a penny. The applicants have not yet made up their minds to accept these conditions.

EFFECT OF MACHINERY.

Forty years ago one sailor was required to every 110 tons carried by a ship. Modern machinery has reduced the proportion to one sailor to 500 tons.

Towne: "It's funny. Borroughs is for ever preaching to his friends about the necessity of saving their money." Browne: "Well?" Towne: "Well, he's the last fellow in the world who should preach that." Browne: "Not at all. The more his friends save the more he has the chance to borrow."

"Did I understand you to say that you didn't have any company in the kitchen while I was out, Katie?" "Yis mum, that's what I said." "But I smell the tobacco from a pipe all through the house." "Yis, mum; the policeman was in for half an hour, mum, but we were in the drawing-room."

"Lapland is a strange and remarkable country," said the eminent explorer. "The customs of the people are so odd, especially during the season of courtship." "How is that?" she asked. "At that time every girl sits upon her own Lapp."

Physician (to Government clerk): "Well, what do you complain of?" "Sleeplessness, doctor." "At what time do you go to bed?" "Oh! I don't mean at night, but during office hours."

Mr. Millyuns (engaging valet): "I warn you that frequently I am exceedingly ill-tempered and gruff." Valet (cheerfully): "That's all right, sir; so am I."

One way to make a howling swell is to insert a pin into his anatomy.

Telling your troubles only enlarges them.

WONDERLAND OF CANADA

GREAT MOUNTAINS, DRAPED IN ETERNAL SNOW.

Glaziers From Whose Sides Avalanches Break With Thrilling Splendor.

Far away in the wilds of the great Canadian northwest is some of the most wonderful scenery in the world. Among the Canadian Rocky mountains are peaks that have only recently been scaled for the first time by man. Everyone who has visited this inspiring territory acknowledges that it is impossible to give an adequate description of its impressive beauties.

The greatest wonder in this land of wonders is said by many to be Mount Assiniboine, which has been scaled only once by man. The fortunate and daring explorer was Rev. James Outram, of Brooklyn, N.Y. This peak is called the Matterhorn of the Rockies, and is 11,860 feet high.

Travelers who have visited this splendid region speak of summer snowstorms, perpetual winter, magnificent avalanches. Alpine flowers, phenomenal falls of temperature, grand cloud effects, a lake in a basin of ice, impassable barriers, perilous descents, wonderful canyons and hundreds of other manifestations of the surpassing charms of nature.

The best scenery is about 150 miles north of the boundary line between the United States and Canada, and among the peaks of the easternmost range of the Rocky mountains. Here is the Canadian National park, full of scenic interest and natural beauty. Two hundred and sixty square miles have been reserved and laid out with roads and bridle paths. In places it is easily seen that all the soil was carried away during the ice age. The bare limestone is grooved with great channels worn by glaciers centuries ago.

MOUNT LEFROY

rises in vertical cliffs from between two branches of a glacier which sweeps around its base. A hanging glacier rests on the highest slope of the mountain, and ascending some distance forms a vertical face of ice nearly three hundred feet thick at the top of a great precipice. The highest ridge of the mountain is covered with an overhanging cornice of snow, which the storm winds from the west have built out till it appears to reach fully one hundred feet over the glacier below. At times masses of ice break off from the hanging glacier and fall with thundering crashes to the valley, far below. Walter D. Wilcox, a traveler, who has written a book entitled "The Canadian Rockies," thus describes a scene at this mountain:

"I was standing at a point some two miles distant, looking at this imposing mountain, when from the vertical ice wall a great fragment of the glacier, some 300 feet thick and several times as long, broke away and, slowly turning in midair, began to fall through the airy abyss.

"In a few seconds, amid continued silence, for the sound had not yet reached me, the great mass struck a projecting ledge of rock, after a fall of some half-thousand feet, and at the shock, as though by some internal explosion, the block was shivered into thousands of smaller fragments and clouds of white, powdery ice.

"Simultaneously came the first thunder of the avalanche. The larger pieces led the way, some whirling around in mid-air, others gliding downward like meteors with long trains of snowy icedust behind. The finer powdered debris followed in a long succession of white streamers and curtains, resembling cascades and waterfalls.

"The loud crash at the first shock now developed into a prolonged thunder wherein were countless lesser sounds of the smaller pieces of ice. It was like the sound of a great battle in which the sharp crack of rifles mingles with the roar of artillery. Leaping from ledge to ledge with ever-increasing velocity, the larger fragments at length reached the bottom of the precipice, while now a long white train extended nearly the whole height of the grand mountain wall 2,500 feet from base to top.

"Such avalanches are among the most sublime and thrilling spectacles that nature affords."

IN THE SELKIRKS.

The scenery in the Selkirk mountains is as grand as that in the Rockies. The Selkirk range lies west of the Rockies, beginning in northwestern Montana and running in a northwestern direction through British Columbia about 300 miles, where they approach and merge into the main range. The heart of the Selkirks is covered with immense glaciers. It is said that from Mount Abbot more than 120 glaciers may be counted, but there are even more in view of Eagle Peak.

The view from the summit of Eagle Peak is magnificent and well worth the labor of the climb. The proximity of Mount Sir Donald, which towers more than 1,200 feet higher, causes its sullen precipices to appear strikingly grand. The great Illicellewaet glacier, with its twenty square miles or more of unbroken snow fields, stretches out in the distance and forms a part of the eastern horizon.

The top of Mt. Assiniboine is often shrouded with clouds, and when the wind is westerly, frequently displays a long cloud banner trailing out from its eastern side. The mountain is exceedingly difficult for climbers. On every side the slope is no less than fifty degrees, and on the east approaches sixty-five or seventy. The horizontal strata have weathered away in such a manner as to form vertical ledges, which completely girdle the mountain, and from below appear to offer a hopeless problem. In every storm the mountain is covered with snow, even in summer, and this comes rushing down in frequent avalanches, thus adding a new source of danger and perplexity for the mountaineer.

The glaciers in this neighborhood are fascinating. It is a very easy matter to get on some of them, and quite safe sometimes to proceed a long distance on their smooth surface. Occasionally one has fine glimpses of crevasses so deep that it is impossible to see the bottom, while the rich blue color of the ice everywhere reveals marvels of colored grottoes and hollow-sounding caverns, their sides dripping with the surface water.

There is something peculiarly attractive, perhaps from the danger, pertaining to a deep crevasse in a glacier. One stands near the edge and throws or pushes large stones into these caverns, and listens in awe to the hollow echoes from the depths, or the muffled splash as the missle finally reaches a pool at the bottom. There is a suggestion of a lingering death, should one make a false step and fall into these horrible crevasses, where, wedged between icy walls, far below the surface, one could see the glimmering light of day above, while the agonies of starvation and cold increase.

The most dangerous glaciers are not those of the so-called dry variety, where the bare ice is everywhere visible, but those of the neve regions, where the crevasses are concealed or obscured by the overlying snow.

GOOD FISHING.

This region is full of lakes that are deep and that teem with fish. Lake trout that weigh from thirty to forty pounds have been caught. Bear, deer and other game may be found easily, and mountain sheep and goats give the hunter a longer chase.

But a tour through these mountains is not altogether without some annoyances. The borders of the lakes and the damp woods breed myriads of mosquitoes, which torture man and beast. They appear early in spring and suddenly vanish about the 15th or 20th of August.

Another insect pest is a species of fly called the bull-dog, a name suggested by its ferocious bite. These large insects, about an inch in length, are armed with a formidable set of saws with which they can rapidly cut a considerable hole through the skin of a man or the hide of a horse. The bull-dog frequent the valleys of the Canadian Rockies. Their bite feels like a fiery cinder slowly burning through the skin, but fortunately they do not cause much trouble to man, for they are led by instinct to seek the rough surfaces of animals, and almost invariably they light on the clothes of a man, instead of the hands and face. Their worst enemy is the wasp, which kills them apparently for the pleasure there is in the battle, for the wasp immediately leaves the fly after killing it.

After the mosquitoes disappear about the middle of August, in order that there may be no lack of insects, nature has provided special varieties of small flies and midgets, which follow in a rotation until the sharp frosts of October put an end to all active insect life. Some of these small pests are no less troublesome than the mosquitoes, though they afford a variation in their manner of annoyance, and are accordingly more endurable.

FOREST FIRES.

Tremendous forest fires are also a drawback. They sweep over thousands of acres. Explorers have discovered successive layers of ashes that indicate fires that occurred before Columbus discovered America. These great conflagrations were doubtless caused by lightning, or by the camp-fires of the Indians.

The Rocky mountain park of Canada and the famed Yoho valley reserve cover more than 4,500 square miles, and the summit of the Rockies constitutes the dividing line. There is a vast sea of mountains, as viewed from one of the peaks. The mountains are covered by glaciers and perpetual snows, so that the idea is suggested that the expanse is that of a great ocean frozen when in a tempestous mood. The vast ranges are appalling in their immensity and grandeur.

Swiss guides have been attracted to this country, and they aid tourists to make some of the most difficult places. The parties are tied together, in Alpine fashion, and then each person carries an alpenstock.

Wonderful as are the glaciers to be seen to-day, geologists tell us they are almost nothing compared with those that preceded them. There is abundant evidence on the high peaks of the Canadian Rockies that the tops of the old glaciers were in places as much as 9,000 feet above sea level. It is figured that these ancient ice masses were from two to three thousand feet deep.

In this wonderful region there is nothing more beautiful than the mountain flowers. They exceed those of the Alps in their number of varieties and their attractiveness. One finds anemones, sky-blue forget-me-nots, scarlet castilleias, moss pinks, dwarf goldenrod, rhododendrons, yellow columbines, violets, the calypso, (an elegant and rare orchid) and myriads of yellow lilies and other flowers. In places the banks of blossoms resembled the effects secured in a hot-house, yet these wild flowers were surrounded by liogering patches of snow.

The plants are generally dwarfed with large blossoms entirely out of proportion to the stems and leaves. One botanist found a plant of the pink variety which proved by its joints to be more than one hundred years old.

The rarest and most beautiful butterflies vie with the flowers in demanding admiration. In fact, the entire region is full of the most attractive sights, offering on one side the massive work of ages in rocks and glaciers, and on the other the most delicate colors of plant and insect life.

This country, until within the last ten years, was almost unknown to tourists To-day it is increasing rapidly in popularity, and yet there are many, many places in the Canadian Rockies that have not been seen by the white man.

PARIS'S WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The Grand Palais in Paris possesses a wonderful clock, which was shown in the Paris exhibition of 1855. It was the work of Collin, and has just been overhauled. It is claimed for this chef d'oeuvre that it does not vary more than the hundredth part of a second in a year. It is four and a half metres in height, and indicates the time in the twelve chief cities of the world, each city having its own dial. The clock not only marks the year, month and day of the week, but its pendulum forms a barometer of singular precision.

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