

were banished. But I could not forget that dreadful haunting symbol. O God, what misery! You cannot realize it, my friends. It clung to me and followed me everywhere—everywhere—everywhere. Then it received fresh emphasis; I received notice of the death of one of my brothers. He died exactly a year after the last. I immediately severed all communication with the remaining brother, so that I should not know the date of his death, and I retired into complete solitude in a wild and unknown canyon in the vain hope of escape, but the symbol came up more vividly than ever. Every rock took the shape of a curious clock, striking over and over again the fatal number, and the dismal cawing of the ravens fell like mockery on my ears. I felt that I should go stark mad if I remained in that place, so I quitted it and wandered ceaselessly from valley to valley and from crest to crest, seeking diversion. I staid in one town or in one habitation only long enough to rest and learn the road to another. Still the apparition followed me, and even to-night as I pushed my way through the snow, I heard the same ten strokes of the bell. I felt that the fatal hour was not far off. I was becoming benumbed and my horse found his own path. I knew not where to go, but suddenly I found myself face to face with this house and almost under the glowing window. As soon as I became warm the stagnant blood coursed through my veins and life appeared beautiful to me. For the first time in many weary years I almost forgot my fate and the hateful symbol. Imagine, therefore, my despair when my eyes fell on that clock and beheld its awful warning. My heart stood still and the blood froze in my veins. I knew that my hour was nigh. I know, I feel, that the tenth year is done, and that to-morrow morning at ten minutes past five my soul will take its flight into the mystery of mysteries. The deed of blood will be avenged. So be it."

He ceased and stared despondently into the fire. No one spoke for some time; then we did our best to console the poor man, assuring him he was merely the victim of his own imagination, and urging him to shake off his melancholy. But it was unavailing. He retired sadly to the chamber assigned to him, and in the morning when we opened it to wake him and chaff him about his fears, we found him cold in death, an expression of the most intense agony still resting on his contorted features and on his throat some curious blue spots, looking as if some bony hand had clutched long and hard around his neck. We buried him under a pine tree, and it was many months before I could rid myself of the disagreeable sensations produced by this extraordinary occurrence. F. S. D.

A PROCESS for coloring and bronzing leather has been patented by Lorenzo Klopfer, of Munich, Germany. The leather is wrapped in a cloth moistened with water and milk, washed with a mixture of white of egg, glycerine and water, covered with a varnish, and then a flexible collodion compound, followed by a coating of size of similar mixture, to which the metal coating is applied before the mixture has become dry.

SALMON FISHING ON LABRADOR COAST.

ONE of the most important of the Labrador fisheries next to the cod is that of the salmon, though they are by no means as extensive there as in the lower Canadian provinces, especially of Restigouche and the Bay of Chaleur, on the south side of the River St. Lawrence. The salmon go up the river to spawn; returning, they are found in the adjacent waters of the river along the coast in the late summer and early fall. The number of fish annually captured is immense. The best, and in fact only real, season for capturing these fish is a few weeks in the early autumn. They are caught in gill nets, large or small, with a regulation mesh of six inches. The nets are placed along shore at the mouth of the river, or across some channel of the stream, and visited every day. The fish entangle themselves in the meshes, which are made sufficiently large to allow the young to escape by passing entirely through them, and are held until the fisherman comes and secures his catch. The fish are then cut open from head to tail, and carefully cleaned inside and out, all the black skin being peeled off the backbone. They are then soaked in fresh water, then in salt brine and finally packed in barrels. There are seldom more or less than twenty-three fish to a barrel. As each barrel brings about \$12 cash, each fish is valued at fifty cents. This is, of course, the first cost of the fish. Salmon fishing is only in its prime for about four weeks, between, say, July 25 and August 25. This fishing is plentiful all along the rivers on the coast, and there is seldom one that has not several fisheries upon it. I should say that a barrel of salted salmon will average about two hundred pounds in weight. Salmon are, other than above, preserved by drying, smoking and canning. The latter process is rarely, if at all, employed in Labrador; the other two seldom. They are smoked much as herring are, and dried in the sun much as codfish on fish-flakes. Salmon are caught with the hook and line by those who care to angle for them, and as the rivers and bays are quite full at the proper season, it is a work of pleasure and profit to practice the rod with this king of fish in his native element and at home when he is most abundant.

THE dredgers of the machine Arctic, of Wilmington, Del., in removing the six ice piers off Port Penn, which were built by the English before the revolution, have made a remarkable find. The ice piers had become dangerous obstructions to navigation, as the upper portions had crumbled away and the treacherous bases were hidden by the water. During the tearing up of the timber of these old piers the dredgers found the hull of an old vessel. In removing this hull there were found some barrels of flaxseed in an excellent state of preservation, the grain still retaining perfect germs. The barrels were plainly but rudely marked in burned letters: Samuel W. Flintham and Lambert & Company. There has been a tradition at Port Penn and Delaware City that seventy-nine years before the Revolution a vessel was cut through by the ice freshet. This is supposed to be the old hull.