VOL. III. REVELSTOKE, B. C., JANUARY 16, 1892. No. 31.

G. TERRYBERRY,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

REVELSTOKE.

Wagons and all kinds of Vehicles Repaired.

Shoeing a Specialty.

PRICES RIGHT.

R. HOWSON,

UNDERTAKER

REVELSTOKE.

Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds &c. carried in Stock.

CARPENTER SHOP, MAIN STREET

CHARGES MODERATE.

CHAS. F. LINDMARK,

REVELSTOKE.

WOOD, HAY & FEED

DELIVERED FREE

TO CUSTOMERS.

BEST QUALITY

Fir, Hemlock & Cedar.

FAST EXPRESS

AND

TEAMING

To all Parts at Right Prices.

S. BICKERTON,

BOOTMAKER,

MAIN STREET, REVELSTOKE

(Two Doors West of Post-office).

BOOTS & SHOES

OF ALL KINDS

MADE TO ORDER.

HARNESS LEATHER

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

KEPT IN STOCK.

REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT

J W THOMPSON

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

CONVEYANCER AND NOTARY PUBLIC. LOTS IN REVELSTOKE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Rents and Debts Collected.

KOOTENAY LAKE

SAW MILL

G. O. BUCHANAN.....PROP.

P. O. Address, Nelson, B. C,

Capacity 20,000 feet per day. Planer shingle machine, etc. All kinds of lumber on hand. During the season of 1891 lumber will be delivered at any of the landings on the lake at greatly reduced prices.

E. Fletcher,

Contractor & Builder

All kinds of Turned and Scroll work done neatly and promptly, and at right prices.

Jobbing Work a Specialty.

REVELSTOKE - - B. C.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

In Bronze Letters.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

THE SOWER HAS NO SECOND CHANCE.
Good sense says make the most of the first

FERRY'S SEEDS

have made and kept Ferry's Seed Business the largest in the world—Merit Tells.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1892

tells the whole Seed story—Sent free for the asking. Don't sow Seeds till you get it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

HULL BROS

REVELSTOKE.

BUTCHERS

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

BEEF, PORK, ETC.

C. P. R. HOTEL

REVELSTOKE.

F. McCARTHY - - - - PROP.

First-class Temperance House.

BOARD AND LODGING $5 PER WEEK.

MEALS, 25c. BEDS 25c.

This hotel is situated convenient to the station, is comfortably furnished, and affords first class accommodation.

THE

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

REVELSTOKE. B. C.

The largest and most central Hotel in the city; good accommodation; everything new; table well supplied; bar and billiard room attached; fire proof safe.

BROWN & CLARK,
Proprietors.

FREE BUS' AT ALL TRAINS

Stockholm House

JOHN STONE, PROP.

The Dining-room is furnished with the best the market affords.

The bar is supplied with a choice stock of wines, liquors and cigars.

W. F. Teetzel

REVELSTOKE & NELSON,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

A Full and Complete Line of

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,

Toilet Articles, Wall Paper, &c.

AT EASTERN PRICES.

Cigars at Wholesale.

RAYMOND Sewing Machines kept in stock.

[L.S.] HUGH NELSON.

CANADA.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VICTORIA, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, QUEEN, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c.

To Our faithful the Members elected to serve in the Legislative Assembly of Our Province of British Columbia at Our City of Victoria—GREETING.

A PROCLAMATION.

THEODORE DAVIE, Attorney-General. } WHEREAS We are desirous and resolved as soon as may be, to meet Our people of Our Province of British Columbia, and to have their advice in Our Legislature:

NOW KNOW YE, that for divers causes and considerations, and taking into consideration the ease and convenience of Our loving subjects, We have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Executive Council of the Province of British Columbia, to hereby convoke, and by these presents enjoin you, and each of you, that on Thursday, the Twenty-eighth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, you meet Us in Our said Legislature or Parliament of Our said Province, at Our City of Victoria, FOR THE DESPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, do, act, and conclude upon those things which in Our Legislature of the Province of British Columbia, by the Common Council of Our said Province may, by the favour of God, be ordained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our letters to be made Patent and the Great Seal of the said Province to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS, the Honourable HUGH NELSON, Lieutenant-Governor of Our said Province of British Columbia, in Our City of Victoria, in our said Province, this Twenty-third day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, and in the fifty-fifth year of Our reign.

By Command,

JOHN ROBSON,
Provincial Secretary.

MAIL CONTRACTS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General will be received at Ottawa until Noon on FRIDAY, the 6th March next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, fortnightly in summer and monthly in winter, between

CRANBROOK and GOLDEN

from the 1st May next.

Printed notices, containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract, may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post-offices of Golden, Galena, Windermere, Fort Steele, Farmont Springs and Cranbrook, and at this office.

E. H. FLETCHER,
Post-office Inspector.

Post-office Inspector's Office, Victoria, B.C., 20th November, 1891.

Ocean Time to Europe

BY

Allan	White Star
Dominion	Cunard
Beaver	Anchor

and all other lines sailing from Halifax, Portland, Boston, New York Baltimore are on sale at C. P. R. stations, at very low rates.

Ask for sailing lists and rates o fare. Great advantages secured by taking ocean tickets from your local agents.

Great saving effected by taking round trip tickets.

Berths in any steamer engaged without charge.

Prepaid passage arranged from any point in Europe.

Apply to your nearest agent; to J. HAMILTON, Revelstoke; or to

ROBERT KERR,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipeg.

LOCAL NEWS.

The flag should be at half-mast on the flagstaff at the courthouse.

Mr. Oliver Redpath, of North Thompson, is stopping at the Stockholm House.

Everybody who attended the ball last week were highly pleased with the management.

Mrs. Henderson left for the coast on Thursday night, greatly to the regret of her many friends.

Mr. E. K. Francis, portrait painter and photographer, left Revelstoke on Monday evening for Vancouver.

Mr. W. A. Jowett desires to thank those friends who so promptly assisted in putting out the fire last Monday evening.

The Snowshoe Club had a meet on Tuesday night. The weather was propitious, and the moonlight made the outing most enjoyable.

Among the visitors at the Columbia House this week was Mr. Bourk, hotel-keeper, Rogers' Pass, who left for home on Thursday morning's express.

Mr. Geo. Thomas, baggage master at Revelstoke Station, has gone to Sicamous, to take charge during the absence through sickness of Station Agent Appleby.

Presbyterian services will be held to-morrow evening in the old schoolhouse at 7.30. The pastor, Rev. T. Paton, extends a cordial invitation to one and all.

At the Methodist Church to-morrow evening there will be a memorial service on the death of Prince Albert Victor. All that possibly can should be present.

La grippe is still with us Mrs. A. Williamson has just recovered from a severe attack, Mr. A. Benison is convalescing, and Mr. and Mrs. S. Needham are beginning to mend.

As soon as the snow ceases falling the Revelstoke Skating Rink will be open to the public. Being an outdoor rink, the ice at present lies underneath several feet of snow. We have quite enough of "the beautiful" on the ground just now, but still it comes.

Let there be no mistake about this, that the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is manufactured from the very finest Virginia leaf. No higher quality of leaf can be purchased for any tobacco made. It is selected with the very greatest care, and treated with the most approved processes for preserving the flavor of the tobacco.

We would like to make an appeal to the kindhearted on behalf of the poor half starved birds, whom the heavy snowfall has deprived of the least chance of picking up a living. It is pitiful to see them perched on the bushes in the back gardens waiting for any scraps that may be thrown out. Help the poor birds to weather this hard winter.

The Snowshoe Club are fitting up the old Chinese shack on the east bank of the river about a mile north of the town, and intend using it as a sort of rendezvous during the present winter. A new floor is being laid for dancing, and the rooms are to be entirely renovated. It is intended to hold a reception and soiree at the opening next week.

At the meeting of the Columbia Lodge I.O.G.T. next Tuesday night a real good time is anticipated. The bachelors of the lodge intend giving a supper, when it is hoped every member of the Order will be present. "Slapjacks" will be one of the items on the menu cards, and some of the boys who are running their shanties single-handed think they know how to make 'em.

A shooting match took place at the station on Monday. The event was got up by Messrs. Bourne Bros., and was highly successful, the prizes being turkeys and chicken. On Tuesday afternoon a match came off near the blacksmith's shop, oysters being the prizes. The successful shooters were Messrs. G. B. Nagle, C. Abrahamson, Guy Barber, R. Green, Williams, W. A. Jowett and T. Horne.

About 5 o'clock Monday evening fire was observed on the roof of Jowett & Haig's office on Main-street. Two or three energetic citizens were soon on the roof, and in less than ten minutes the blaze was extinguished. It was caused by the iron chimney pipe having become eaten away with rust, allowing the sparks to come in contact with the shingles. The damage was very slight.

It will be a surprise to his friends in Revelstoke to learn that Ricardo Fraser, for a long time connected with this office, was married last week in New Westminster. The presents were numerous and valuable, one from the bride's father especially so, being a lot with a furnished house on it. The happy couple are spending the honeymoon at Lumai. Accept our best wishes, Dick, and the congratulations of Revelstoke.

The first issue of "The Month," a New Westminster Catholic monthly magazine, is to hand. It is very neatly printed, and contains 20 pages of interesting and useful reading matter, a Church calendar for January, and seven pages of well displayed advertisements. It is published from the St. Louis College, and is approved by Bishop Durieu of New Westminster. The subscription price is $1 a year.

Mr. W. R. Hull, of Hull Bros. & Co., Calgary and Kamloops, has been stopping at the Columbia House for the past few days. He is visiting all the branch establishments of the firm—Anthracite, Banff, Golden, Donald and Revelstoke—for the purpose of ascertaining the estimated quantity of meat to be used at each establishment for the next four months. As the cattle are now in prime condition a sufficient number will be killed, and the carcases frozen, to last until the spring.

A meeting was held on Thursday evening at Bourne's Hall for the purpose of making the initiatory effort towards forming a quadrille club. Most of the leading lights among the dancing fraternity were present, and it was decided to start the club forthwith and hold weekly dances, the first of the series to take place next Thursday night in that hall. A public ball will be held occasionally, of which due notice will be given. Mr. R. E. Everson was engaged as M.C. and the following were elected officers:—M. David, president; J. P. Sutherland, vice-president; H. J. Bourne, secretary-treasurer; Wm. Glenn, director.

The toboggan slide at the Station presented an animated appearance on Thursday evening, when quite a number of visitors from the old town took part in the fun. The slide was brilliantly illuminated by swinging lamps, but snow was falling thick and fast, and this fact was the cause of a slight accident. Mr. Brewster, station agent, was at the bottom of the slide removing with a shovel some hardened snow over which the toboggans bumped unpleasantly. Not being discernible from the starting place, a toboggan—on which were Mr. and Mrs. Brown of the Union Hotel, Mr. W. E. Walsh, of Montreal, who is stopping at the Victoria Hotel, and a little girl—was let go, and came down with such velocity as to be unobserved by Mr. Brewster. The toboggan smashed the handle of the shovel and Mr. Walsh received a bad sprain and some bruises, but the others escaped unhurt.

A Rough Experience.

On Saturday night we received a visit from Mr. John Holstrom, who, in company with Mr. Arthur Cunningham, set out to reach Revelstoke by boat up the Columbia River from the Arrow Lakes last Tuesday week. He said it took them four days to complete their journey, the last fifteen miles taking up half that time. They had considerable difficulty from the start, but managed to reach within fifteen miles of Revelstoke with their boat. Here the ice was so compact as to effectually bar further progress. They landed on the ice and hauled their boat above water-mark, where they turned her upside down, stored their blankets and part of their outfit underneath, and then covered her with snow. Then commenced one of the toughest tramps they ever experienced. Each man had a pole and a valise, and as they scrambled along the ice they found these articles very useful. The pole came in handy for sounding holes and testing weak spots in the ice, and whenever either one of them went below, the pole fell across the hole and prevented their going completely under, while the valise served the purpose of an anchor as they threw out their arms when going down, so that they were rarely immersed below their armpits. Often their passage was blocked by huge drifts, and then they had to climb up the bank through snow deeper than they were tall, until they could get on to the ice again, where progress was easier, although more dangerous. Still they scrambled on, the water in their clothes freezing on them and increasing in bulk after every dip, till by and by it took a pretty big hole to enable them to find water. After a while they came across some logs, which they dug out and started a fire with, and partook of some refreshment; but with the thermometer at 10 deg. below zero the result was just what might be expected—face roasting, back freezing. The remainder of the journey to Revelstoke was overcome by dogged perseverance, and they reached here pretty well played out, having had to carry so much extra weight in the shape of ice and hard snow, but happily no ill effects have resulted from their exposure. After a warm bath and a good night's rest they were out and about next day.

A STORY OF THE WOOLY WEST.

Not to have seen and known Custer City would, so recently as six years ago, have been looked upon as a serious defect in a Western man's education. Never to have met Wild Will would at once have stamped one as a 'Tenderfoot.'

Wild Will, first. His real name was J. B. Hickock; but this had long been forgotten, and his famous sobriquet stuck to him more closely than his shirt. His reputation as the greatest scout in the West was spread far and wide; but Western scouts, like majority of mountain guides, do not amount to much. They are great in the personal reminiscence way, and can drink deeply with impunity, or with any one who invites them; but in other respects they are generally of the class described as frauds. Wild Will, however, was one of the few whose deeds overshadow their words. His supreme courage and physical strength had endeared him to the rough miners and cowboys, who regarded him as a hero, and rendered his name a word of terror to every red man west of the great Missouri.

Custer City lies in the Deadwood region of the famous Black Hills, and is pleasantly situated in an open park, hemmed in on all sides by gradually rising hills, rock-ribbed, and crested with dark towering pines. At the time of which I write the streets were regularly laid out; and the buildings chiefly constructed of logs or rough boards taken from the hill-side forests, might be roughly estimated at about one thousand in number. It looked like a promise of good things to come; but the greater attractions of Deadwood nipped it in the bud, and, from a mining town, Custer sank into a centre for supplies.

Life in the wild Black Hills is more real and earnest than is stagnation in the schools and banks of the old country, as many a former 'varsity man, or sometimes dapper clerk, has discovered; while its wholesome sternness somewhat compensates for its not infrequent brevity. Even parsons are apt to develop 'clear grit' in the bracing atmosphere of the Hills. A clerical friend of the writer's cheerfully pursues his duty at Lead City, Dakota, notwithstanding that his immediate predecessor was shot dead in the street by a drunken Indian, and that he himself weekly finds 'drink-checks' and cartridges figured in the collection plate. This last eccentricity is only the way of the boys, who do not hesitate to play practical jokes upon the man for whom they would die, so gentle is he with the victims of the 'accidents' which are constantly occurring in a mining camp.

The God of Custer was whisky, and his temples in the shape of saloons were in every street. The principal one of these was kept by High-priest Moriarty, an Irishman, red-headed, red-armed, and red-hot. The crowd had assembled at Moriarty's after mining hours in order to drink and see the fun. There was a scuffle in the large bar-room. A slightly-built lad of not more than eighteen or twenty years of age, was struggling in the vice-like grasp of a muscular, brutal-looking miner of twice his age. It was plainly only a question of minutes when the burly ruffian would crush his youthful opponent. But before the older man could free himself from his delicate-looking but agile antagonist, the youngster got in a nasty blow, drawing streams of blood from his opponent's face. The throng laughed at this. Stung by the sound of mockery, the irritated recipient, quick as lightning, drew a pistol from his belt and levelled it. The lad's fate seemed certain. At this moment some one stepped swiftly through the half-open door, laid his hand upon the brawny desperado's shoulder, and, without apparent effort, sent him reeling to the farther end of the bar.

'Wild Will!' The words ran in whispered admiration round the room. The miners clustered more closely together; the more timid, or, possibly, more prudent, of Moriarty's customers withdrew. There was certain to be some free shooting after what had occurred, and both parties were reputed handy with their shooting-irons.

The new-comer stood some six feet two inches in height, and was exceedingly powerfully built. His face was open and highly intelligent; his flaxen hair fell in long thick ringlets upon his broad shoulders; his eyes, blue and laughing in expression, looked one straight in the face while he spoke; and his thin, closely-compressed lips were partly covered by a heavy blonde moustache. He seemed such a one as women and children would instinctively cling to in the moment of danger. This hero, who appeared strangely out of place in a Western bar-room, wore a costume which was a curious combination of the attire of a prairie ranger with that of a fashionable dandy. From underneath the skirts of his elaborately embroidered buckskin coat gleamed the butts of a pair of silver-mounted revolvers, which were his inseparable companions.

The bully speedily recovered himself. Staggering to his feet, he started back toward his assailant, only to recoil with dismay from the dark muzzle of a revolver and the calm mischievous eye which gleamed coldly and cruelly behind it. 'Drop that shootin' iron at once, siree.'

The pistol fell with a crash upon the floor.

'Curse, you, Will!' growled the fellow, as his hand moved stealthily towards his belt. 'What do you interfere for? 'Tisn't no business o' yourn.'

'Hands up, Jack—sharp! or I shoot.'

'Will means business.'

'I say, mate, that lad's in luck.'

'Send I may die but I wouldn't stand in old Colorado Jack's shoes for narv red cent.'

Such were some of the remarks Clearly Wild Will was a prime favorite in Custer City.

'The quarrelsome ruffian, who had been called 'Colorado Jack,' felt this, and knew that he stood practically friendless and alone in the crowd. He shifted uneasily, first on one leg, and then on the other, and at length managed to bluster out: 'It isn't the first time, you hound, that you've spoiled my game; but it's got to be the last. One of us shall be wiped out, and I don't much care which.'

'Be it so,' said Wild Will, with the faintest possible flush suffusing his fair face.—'You hear him, gentlemen. I accept the challenge.'

'Then we'll settle this little business here and now.'

'No, but you don't!' thundered Moriarty, snatching up a Winchester repeating rifle. 'I'll have no bloodshed in my place.—Go outside and do what you like; but you shan't bring the Sheriff or the Vigilance here; so I tell you plain, Jack.'

'Hold!' The word rang out like a buglenote. It was Wild Will who had spoken. He continued, firmly and coldly: 'As I am the challenged person, it is my right to select both place of meeting and weapons. There is no need for further interruption of the evening's amusement.—Colonel Coldey, you will act for me.—Moriarty, I stand drinks round.'

'Hurrah! for Wild Wild, the bravest scout, and the dashingest Injin fighter in the hills!'

So the company shouted as they clustered around the bar and prepared to drink at their threatened hero's expense.

This openly evinced partisanship was more than Colorado Jack could endure, so he scowlingly withdrew from those who no longer desired his presence. As the meanest of living things would seem to have some parasite, so it was with him. He was followed by a low-browed, bandy-legged villainous-looking Mexican, who was known in Custer City by the name of 'Chuckhalter.' The fellow had acquired this name from his once having narrowly escaped hanging for the unpardonable crime of horse-stealing, at the hands of justly incensed Arizona cowboys.

When the two worthies had got well out of sight of Moriarty's, Jack turned round to his follower, and inquired: 'Well, Chuckhalter, what have you got to say?'

'You should have wiped him out,' answered the Mexican. 'I would have given a hundred onzas to have seen it done.'

'Ah, I remember, mate, you've felt the weight o' the skunk's hand too. 'Tain't a light 'un.'

The Mexican twisted his features into an ugly grin; but he answered nothing.

'Well, I'm waitin', Chuckhalter. You see, it couldn't be done; or I'd 'a done it, surely. But how's the job to be finished off now? What do you say—shall it be knife or pistols?'

'If you are wise, neither. You are no match for him whom you call Wild Will. I say watch, and wipe him out with a snap-shot as he goes to his diggings.'

'What! and be lynched? The boys 'ud be certain to spot me.—No; not that game, old boy, anyway.'

'Take your own course, my friend; only, don't expect me to bury your carcass.'

'All right; cease your croaking, can't you!'

Perhaps Colorado Jack saw the angry flush mount to his companion's brow; anyway he proceeded more quietly: 'You go, Chuckhalter, and see that old dunderhead, Coldey, and arrange this affair for me. Tell him I select bowies across a handkerchief to-night, in one of Moriarty's rooms.'

The Mexican looked at his companion with a glance equally composed of surprise and admiration, as he replied: 'It shall be done. And I hope you will come safely out of it; that I do, Jack, with all my heart.'

'I don't care much; but I'll take good care that he shan't.—Go now, and remember that I have entrusted my honour into your hands.'

Honour! How easily may the little word be degraded!

Meanwhile Wild Will and his friend Colonel Coldey had been talking together in a low tone. The Colonel was a Virginian, and therefore a gentleman. He had seen service, having been severely wounded under Beauregard, at the battle of Bull Run. Like an old war-horse, he felt his blood quicken at the prospect of a fight.

Wild Will was speaking. He said: 'I scarcely know what to suggest, Colonel. You understand these matters as well as I do; only be good enough to consult me before deciding anything, for I should not like to take a mean advantage of even such a coyote as Colorado Jack.'

'Let your mind be easy, my friend,' answered the old soldier; 'your interests will not suffer in my hands.'

Just then the Mexican, Chuckhalter, sheepishly approached and requested an interview with the Colonel on behalf of his principal. This was immediately granted, and Wild Will withdrew.

'Capital!' chuckled the warrior cheerily as he listened to the Mexican's proposals. Neat, close, and about fair for both men. Your fellow is plucky, too. Dash my wig! I had hardly expected it of him. To meet Will with the bowie. H'm! Rather he than me.'

'Then we may look upon it as settled that they fight it out here to-night?'

'Not so fast. I had nearly forgotten. I must speak to my man first, but there is no doubt he will agree.'

'He must do so,' responded the Mexican, 'or else Jack will publicly cowhide him into dog's-meat.'

'Tush, tush. Don't rave. Jack would not dare do any such thing. However, just wait half a minute.'

The colonel unceremoniously adjourned the meeting in order that he might confer with Wild Will.

shaking his head, he said: 'No, old friend; it wouldn't do at all; I must refuse.'

The colonel, with a look of surprise, fell back. Had he, after all, over-rated Wild Will's courage?

'Nay; I mean no offence, least of all to you; but hear me. I ask you now, squarely, are Jack's terms fair?'

'They are bold ones. He certainly is no coward,' the colonel responded.

'It is not that. See!' And the famous scout raised himself to his full height as he said: 'I once fought four Indians at once when only armed with a bowie knife. I am able to hit a dollar with it at thirty feet. There is not a man in the territory whose eye is as quick and hand as sure as mine is. No; I won't meet the fellow so; it would be simply murder.'

'But the terms are of his own choosing.'

'What does that signify? I am the challenged one. If I meet Colorado Jack in deadly strife, it must be on equal terms.'

'I know it, Will—I know it!' So saying, the veteran clasped the scout in his manly arms.

'These, then, my trusty comrade, are the only terms on which I will consent to meet him;' and Will went on to speak earnestly in a low, but animated tone.

'Good. But think, lad, you will be running an awful risk.'

'It cannot be helped. It is about the only fair way that I can think of.'

The Mexican emissary of Colorado Jack was beginning to grow impatient, when his restlessness was checked by the colonel's return.

Colonel Coldey's first words were: 'I have to inform you, sir, that my principal declines your proposition.'

The Mexican sprang excitedly from his chair. 'But he cannot. He is bound'—

'Excuse the interruption,' interjected the old soldier; 'we are the challenged party, and so have the right of choice. Here is our proposal. Let your principal be on the prairie on the southern side of the city in an hour from now. You and I, sir, must be there somewhat earlier. The weapons will be named on the ground.'

'Sir! I really must refuse'—

'Pardon. I think, Mr. —— Eh! Ahem! our conference is ended; and as I have a pressing engagement, I must request that you will excuse me.' So saying, Colonel Coldey withdrew, leaving Chuckhalter to digest his chagrin as best he could.

The great prairie to the south of Custer City was infested with prairie-dogs, a kind of marmot whose deep burrows constitute a constant source of danger to cowboys and horsemen generally. These burrows are favorite places of resort for the deadly rattlesnake ('Crotalus horridus'), which, so the miners and trappers believe, dwells in peace with its marmot host.

The sun was setting, a great red ball, in the west; the long shadows of the hills lay athwart the prairie when the seconds met. The two spoke together for a few seconds, and the Mexican laughed convulsively as if at some singular pleasantry. Then they wandered into the thick sagebush, and were busily engaged poking aimlessly into the holes of the prairie-dogs, when the two men who were intent upon a deed of blood were seen approaching from opposite directions.

The four men met. The principals bowed in silence. The seconds withdrew a little apart, then returned, and the colonel spoke. He said: 'Gentlemen, we need not waste any time. Unless Jack will apologize and withdraw his challenge, we may as well proceed to business. The light is already failing.'

At this Colorado Jack could not contain himself, but with a saturnine laugh, exclaimed: 'I apologize. Well, by the jumping Jehosophat, but that's cool. I only hope Will here won't down on his marrow-bones, the white-livered cur.'

Even the Mexican had the grace to look ashamed at this outburst, and laid his hand upon the arm of his brutal principal. 'Don't let us talk like children,' interposed the scout, 'when we ought to act as men.'

The colonel only ignored the vulgarity, and said: 'These are the terms of the duel. We, as your seconds, and guardians of your honor, have mutually agreed upon weapons. Colorado Jack,' he continued, turning towards the man whom he addressed, 'it is well known to us that you are not Wild Will's equal either with pistol or knife; so, in order to make the chances square, we have decided that you two shall each place your bared arm up to the shoulder in the hole of a prairie dog, such hole being selected by us as seconds; the one who escapes being bitten by a snake to be the victor.

'Strike me blind if I do!' yelled Colorado Jack.

Wild Will smiled, and said simply: 'I agree.'

'Gentlemen, exclaimed the colonel, 'you will do exactly as we have arranged; or—he paused significantly—'I shoot the one who refuses.' He went on: 'You will draw for choice of holes. Now, Jack, you first. Observe! It is black for the right, white for the left.'

Jack sullenly reached out his hand.

'Ah! you have the black. I wish you luck. Half an hour is the time, gentlemen.'

The participants in this singular duel were then placed in position. Colorado Jack, with white face and trembling limbs, threw himself upon the sward and thrust his arm into the awful orifice. Wild Will, having first lighted a cigar, calmly followed his opponent's example. So the two remained for the space of half an hour.

The two seconds meanwhile looked on, quietly smoking as only Western men can and do.

At length the allotted time expired. The signal was given, and Wild Will rose calmly to his feet. Colorado Jack did not stir. When they raised him he was dead. Yet his arm was uninjured.

'How do you suppose it was, pardner?' inquired a miner the next day of the Mexican, Chuckhalter. 'They say as how old Jack wasn't bitten by any o' the warmints.'

'I can't tell how it was,' replied the other. Then, lowering his voice: 'Madre de Dios, do you think that there really is a God? Surely there must be, for when that old firebrand soldier was not snake in his hole. But it was of no use, you see, mate; he got wiped out all the same.'

'And Wild Will is the hero of the hour.'

'Yes; but let him watch: Jack has left friends behind who will avenge his death.'

Not long after this Wild Will visited the new mining camp at Deadwood. He was sitting at a table playing cards, when an assassin came up behind, put a revolver to his head and fired, killing him instantly. A dozen hands flew to as many pistols; but the murderer had gained the door; turning for a moment, he displayed the features of the Mexican, Chuckhalter; then he threw himself upon a fleet horse, and galloping off, was lost in the darkness.

The next day the great scout was buried. Beside the dead man lay his rifle and pistols, which were to be buried along with him. The funeral service was brief but impressive, and at the close of the ceremony the mourners walked in lowly procession past the pit of death, each one taking a last, long, sad look at the spot where their hero lay buried. When the last had gone, the sextons did their work, and filled in the first grave in Deadwood.

THE WONDERFUL METAL.

A Boat Built of Aluminum Floating on Fair Zurich's Waters.

A gentleman who has watched with interest the improvements and progress made within the past three or four years in the manufacture of the wonderful metal now known in the new dictionaries, as aluminum, made an interesting statement to a Washington Post representative:

"I have just returned from a trip to Germany and Switzerland," said he, "and while in the latter country I witnessed a sight which was of itself sufficient to pay me for my journey. It was nothing less than the launching of the first boat ever built of aluminum. This took place some weeks ago on Lake Zurich, a body of water which has become celebrated as a birthplace of new departures in ship-building. It was there that the first naphtha launch ever constructed made its maiden trip and also where the first successful electric boat was launched. But this last achievement, the successful trial of the first boat in the world ever buil entirely of aluminum, will make Lake Zurich justly famous. This boat is not a large affair. It resembles in appearance and size the small naphtha launch, and in fact, its motive power is an engine of this kind, which has an improved device whereby the flame can be maintained while the boat is not in motion. At a distance the boat has no unusual appearance. It is only on near approach and close approach and close examination that a person would notice that the boat was not painted gray, but was made of a white, shining metal. Inside every thing has this silver-white color, for even the seats, gunwales and handrails are made of this beautiful and untarnishable metal. Whatever a polish is given the surface looks like pure silver.

Not only are the ribs and plates made of aluminum, but the castings of the engine, the rudder, and even the tiller ropes are made of this wonderful metal. The entire amount of aluminum used is little less than 600 pounds, while the total weight of the boat, including the wood, iron and copper parts, is 970 pounds. The launch will hold from eight to twelve people One of equal size built of wood and iron would weigh from 1,400 to 1,700 pounds. The plates forming the shell of the launch are only half as thick as the iron plates used on other launches. The speed was also greater than in other boats of the same class.

"A great deal has been said and written," continued the speaker, "about the possibilities to be attained by building ships of this metal, but it seems to have fallen to the lot of several enterprising people of Switzerland to first put one of these theories into practice. I hope the good work will soon be continued on this side of the ocean.

The Ocean no Longer Trackless.

We speak of the ocean as "trackless." It is so no longer. If two vessels sail from New York for Calcutta they will, if intelligently navigated, follow so nearly the same course that their paths, if plotted on a chart, will hardly diverge by fifty miles at any point. The same is true of every other route. Let us consider the case of a vessel bound to New York from Liverpool. Her captain might, if prepared for a constant battle against adverse winds and currents and winter gales, select a route not very different from that followed by ocean steamers between those ports. Otherwise he would follow the southern route laid down by the sailing directory, and, after beating to the westward a few hundred miles to make sure of clearing the coast of Spain, would shape a course to the southward, passing as far west of Madeira as the westerly winds of these latitudes will permit. Between Madeira and the Canaries, but a few hundred miles to the westward of both, he would fan his way accross the baffling "calms of Cancer," and pick up the northeast trades With these astern and freshening every mile, he would sweep down to the south and west, and, when well over toward the West Indies, haul up to the northward toward Bermuda. Here he would have to work again across the calms of Cancer, and then, with the uncertain but probably westerly winds of our Atlantic coast and with the Gulf stream in his favor, he would stand on and make his port, having sailed 4,500 miles between two ports less than 3,000 miles apart, but with winds and current almost uniformly favorable, and with fine and bracing weather.

The amount of the Paris fund over which the two Irish factions are fighting is $173,000. It was subscribed mostly by the Irish of America in aid of the home-rule movement and for the support of evicted tenants. It was deposited with the Monroes in Paris by the trustees of the Irish Parliamentary party—Parnell, Biggar, and McCarthy. McCarthy is the only surviving trustee. He has sued for the funds, pledging himself to devote them to the use of the Irish evicted tenants. Mrs. Parnell has sued for them as heir-at-law of Mr. Parnell. In her suit she has employed an attorney attached to the British Embassy at Paris, and this has aroused the ire of the Irish Nationalists, who are, moreover, desirous that the money shall be obtained for the evicted tenants. All around it is an ugly mess.

A Traveller Talks Very Pleasantly of his Alaskan Trip.

Dr. Parker, of Boston, who has just returned from a trip to British Columbia and Alaska, gives the following account of his journey. Says the Doctor: Think of sitting down to a breakfast of juicy stakes and roll in the month of August with icebergs all around you! Impossible as this may seem to be, Dr. M. G. Parker says that he ate several morning meals under those circumstances this summer, and heartily enjoyed himself, too. That was in Alaskan waters. That territory was purchased by the United States in 1867 from Russia for the sum of $7,500,000. In some sections of the States there is a great deal of talk over the purchase even to this day. When the doctor left Lowell in the middle of July he went to New York, where he was joined by Mr. John R. Reed, of Charleston,, S. C. and the two sailed up the Hudson river, across Lake Champlain, thence up the St. Lawrence, across Lakes Huron and Superior, where at Port Arthur they took the cars and after a pleasant journey over the continent and through the Rockies, reached Vancouver, in which city he found considerable enterprise, and a place of great future promise. A week was spent in the cities around Puget Sound and then they took passage on the steamer Queen at Tacoma for the Alaska trip. Dr. Parker then says of the journey: The steamer that was to be our hotel for the next 14 days was a strongly built craft, about 500 feet long and with a cabin capacity of 250 passengers. We were a merry party from all parts of the country, warmly clad and ready for anything. We were soon steaming out on the Gulf of Georgia, and after a delightful voyage arrived at the first place in Alaska territory, Fort Tongas. As we go up the Clarence Strait to Fort Wrangle, the scenery begins to assume a grandeur that keeps us on deck the greater part of the time. From Fort Wrangle we go to Juneau, and land opposite at Douglas island, where in the Treadwell gold mine we see the largest stamp mill in the world. And now as we go further north we begin to pass the glaciers, great fields of ice coming slowly but surely from the mountains. At Tuku glacier we obtain a supply of ice for the steamer. Finally we arrive at the Muir glacier, which is an abrupt wall of ice a mile and a quarter wide, 360 feet above the water and 2,000 feet beneath the surface; with white pinnacled top from long exposure to the sun, but of a deep, brilliant blue, where the last iceberg has broken off. This process is constantly going on. Ice falls on an average every five minutes. The straits are now full of icebergs, some of them the size of a house, others half a mile in extent. Their colors are brilliant in the extreme. On one side they are from blue to white, on another emerald green to white, while a ray of the sun coming through another icy prism shows all the colors of the rainbow. The steamer works its way cautiously among them, forcing a passage where none is clear, for the last boat was obliged to turn back at this point. Although we are surrounded by ice the thermometer does not register below 35 degrees and the water, sheltered by the mountains, is as smooth as glass. The sun, too, is very kind at this season of the year, for it shines from 3 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock at night. The vegetation is worthy of notice. We have always been led to suppose that in Alaska there is plenty of moss and a few stunted trees. This is true in the mountains but in the valleys everything grows luxuriantly. The trees grow to a height of 200 feet, clover leaves are the size of our oak leaves, and berries are five times their usual size. I have also gathered flowers on the top of a glacier, when they have found sand enough in which to grow. As we travelled north we found the bays full of whales, seals and bay salmon. The Indians have an ingenious way of shooting a seal. They tie their canoe to a detached piece of iceberg, and thus concealed push it near enough to the animal to be able to hit it. At Fort Simpson we found an Indian band that played God Save the Queen and Hail Columbia, and at Sitka we attended a full dress ball in the town hall. In Glacier Bay we were treated to a mirage twenty miles in extent. Chilcat was the point farthest north that we reached, and here we found the natives living on fish, berries and sea moss. We returned south by a different route, stopping at Fort Wrangle, where we had previously left Sir Richard Musgrave hunting bears. We found him on the lookout for the steamer, and when we asked him if he had any luck, he pointed to four heavy skins. There is not one of us who will ever forget that pleasant trip. It was one every person anxious to see the grandest scenery of the continent, that along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rockies, should take. This route is certain to become a very popular one with tourists and the travelling public generally.

A Surprise for a Yankee.

An American stopping at a well-known hotel in Southampton, was continually boasting about the superiority of everything in the States, and depreciating the productions of Old England. The landlord at length, getting rather tired of this sort of thing, determined to be even with the man. Producing half a dozen fine, healthy and active crabs from Hamble, he poured them into the Yank's bed, and telling his guest his bed was ready, he lighted a candle and escorted him upstairs. Upon reaching the door the landlord managed to put out the light, which of course didn't make much difference to the American, who undressed himself and jumped in to bed. Immediately he gave a terrific yell and cried:

"Landlord! Come here! What are these things in my bed?"

The landlord was outside the door, and anticipating what would follow had relit the candle, and going and looking at the bed, coolly remarked:

"Them's fleas; can you beat them in the States?"

The Work Was Performed.

Mr. Wildwest—You surely do not mean to say you're English. Why, you don't drop your h's!

Mr. Tewksbury-Podd—No; me valet attends to that for me.

The finer the nature the more flaws it will show through the clearness of it; and it is a law of this universe that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form.—Ruskin.

an air of if-I-like-it-I'll-buy-it, by some chance strayed to Lone Point in Arkansas. He wanted to look over the country at Lone Point, and, of course, everyone about the hotel had plenty to tell him about what a grand country he had stumbled into. Compared with Lone Point, the balance of the United States was as a description of the Garden of Eden beside that of the Sahara Desert. Nowhere was there such land, nowhere were such crops raised, such game or so many conveniences. As a matter of cold truth, Lone Point was twenty miles from a railroad, consisted of eight private residences, nine saloons, one hotel and general grocery and post-office combined. There were two mails a week each way, and a third one was being talked of, which was to give Lone Point almost metropolitan postal facilities.

The Lone Point folks made up their mind that if that Englishman was out looking for a place to settle, he must settle in that place or take the consequences. If he was not suited it would be no fault of theirs. They organized informal receptions, at which the elite of the town were pleased to appear and endeavor to make things interesting for the stranger.

The Englishman had attached to him the *dolce far niente* air, which is supposed to be the usual accompaniment to distinguished foreigners, with plenty of money, and is popularly believed to be acquired only by travel on the continent. He received their attentions with becoming condescension, and looked at their doings with surprise through his eye-glass.

"The strangest people I ever saw, don't ye know: I can't make them out, bah jove," he remarked confidentially to a stray drummer, who was stopping at the hotel for a day or two, and who thoroughly understood the situation.

"If that Englisher ain't the derndest laziest cuss that ever set one foot afore another, then I'm darned," remarked old Sim, the prevailing town oracle; "but they say he's got the dust, and that's what we're after." Thus it will be readily seen that each had an opinion of the other.

At a dance which the stranger had been persuaded to attend, he remarked to one of the participants: "It—aw—don't seem to be the rule here to appear in full dress at a ball."

"Full dress? full dress, did you say? If there is any chap here that ain't in full dress you just p'int him out, and I'll fire him so quick he won't know what moved him. Full dress? Well, I should say so. I'll bet that nine-tenths of the people here are dressed in every rag they've got."

The Englishman saw that he was not understood but he made no further comment.

Later on during the festivities, at the conclusion of a very energetic dance with the belle of the evening, she nestled closely and confidingly to the lion of the hour and whispered: "Say, mister, what's the matter with yer specs? Did you break em?"

The guest replied somewhat hesitatingly: "No, me glass is all right."

"Didn't break em yourself but some other sucker did; and you don't want to give him away. Well, I'll tell you, mister, I don't mind sayin' that I'm hard gone on you, if you be a ferrner, and if you'll keep dead quiet about it, and not wear 'em when she's around, I'll hook granny's specs for ye, and you won't be in pain from havin' only one glass."

"Oh, but me deah girl, I couldn't think of it, don't ye know."

"That's all right, you bet I'm your dear girl, and keep yer trap shet, an' I'll git the specs. I kin do anything fer a feller I like. Mister—mister—say, what is your first name?" She had gradually drawn the Englishman to one side, and took his dazed manner for bashfulness.

"Me first name—aw, yes. Me christian name—aw, yes—Claud."

"I don't set much by that name,' lisped the maiden; "but I shall call you Clauey for short. Did they call you Claud because you was a scratcher—a hustler? If they did it must have been when you was a derned sight younger than you be now. But that's nothin' to me, Clauey dear."

"Ah! ah! really, this is an awful surprise."

"Don't let it stagger you, Clauey; there's swads of surprises in this country. But here comes Long Ike fer me to dance a breakdown with him, so I must go. Don't git leery, Clauey, cause I dance with Ike, but come to the house ter-morrer night and we'll spark a lettle, and I'll give yer granny's specs."

"Deah me! deah me!" moaned the startled subject of the Queen; "that young person seems to think she'll marry me. Ah, deah me!" and without more adieu, he slipped out and went to the hotel.

The next day there was a select hunt gotten up for the benefit of the stranger, and he was mounted on the finest horse the town afforded—a wild brute not half broken—and the illustrious guest went to grass at the first buck. Then, for his safety, he was mounted on a mule. This mule had a habit of cringing or squatting when anything touched his flank. The first time the Englishman, in trying to keep up with the others, dug his heels in the mule's flanks he squatted, and at that instant a bevy of prairie chickens rose in the air.

"What made him do that?" asked the Englishman.

Old Sim who was nearest to him ever ready to stand up for the State of Arkansas, replied: "Ah, that's all right, mister. Yo' see, that's a setter mule."

"A setter mule?"

"Yes, trained to set on game like one o' them setter dogs."

The Englishman was interested at once, and old Sim dwelt at great length upon the trouble and expense of training a mule, and seeing a jack-rabbit he rode up beside the mule and gave it a kick in the flank with his toe. Down went the mule and away went the rabbit?"

The foreigner's interest increased, and he asked old Sim so many leading questions that the old fellow got disgusted.

As they were fording a creek, the current of which was pretty rapid, the Englishman, to hurry the mule up, touched him on the flank. Down he went, stumbled and pitched the Englishman over his head into the current, and he was swept down the stream in a twinkling.

As soon as he recovered his breath the Englishman, who was a good swimmer, struck out for the shore, and then suddenly thinking that perhaps the whole affair was a plot to murder him, dove under again and ty they did not see him come up down stream. He gained the bushes and lay hidden while they hunted up and down the banks. Finally conceding that he must have drowned, they gave up the search and returned home. When they were well out of sight the Englishman emerged from hiding and walked twenty miles to the next town and started on the back track for "Old Hingland" without sending for his baggage at Lone Point. And to-day they tell a story at Lone Point about a wealthy Englishman who was going to settle there and marry one of the gals, but was drowned in the creek when out hunting.—[Edwin Ralph Collins in "Texas Siftings"

A Hunter's Paradise.

The shooting in the valleys of British Columbia is most alluring to those who are fond of the sport. Caribou, deer, bear, prairie chicken, and partridges abound in them. In all probability there is no similar extent of country that equals the valley of the Columbia, from which, in the winter of 1888, between six and eight tons of deerskins were shipped by local traders, the result of legitimate hunting. But the forests and mountains are as they were when the white man first saw them and though the beaver and sea-otter, the marten, and those whose furs are coveted by the rich, are not as abundant as they once were, the rest of the game is most plentiful. Off the Rockies and on the Coast Range the mountain-goat, most difficult of beasts to hunt, and still harder to get, is abundant yet. The "bighorn," or mountain-sheep, is not so common, but the hunting thereof is usually successful if good guides are obtained. The cougar, the grizzly, and the lynx are all plentiful and black and brown bears are very numerous. Elk are going the way of the "bighorn"—are preceding that creature, in fact. Pheasants (imported), grouse, quail, and waterfowl are among the feathered game, and the river and lake fishing is, such as is not approached in any other part of the Dominion. The province is a sportsman's Eden, but the hunting of big game there is not a venture to be lightly undertaken. It is not alone the distance or the cost that gives one pause, for after the province is reached, the mountain-climbing is a task that no amount of wealth will lighten. And these are genuine mountains, by-the-way, wearing eternal caps of snow, and equally eternal deceit as to their distances, their heights, and as to all else concerning which a rarefied atmosphere can hocuspocus a stranger. There is one animal, king of all the beasts, which the most unaspiring hunter may chance upon as well as the bravest, and that animal carries a perpetual chip upon its shoulder, and seldom turns from an encounter. It is a grizzly-bear. It is his presence that gives you either zest or pause, as you may decide, in hunting all the others that roam the mountains. Yet, in that hunter's dreamland it is the grizzly that attracts many sportsmen every year.

From the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company in Victoria I obtained the list of animals in whose skins that company trades at that station. It makes a formidable catalogue of zoological products, and is as follows: Bears (brown, black, grizzly), beaver, badger, foxes (silver, cross, and red), fishers, martens, minks, lynxes, musk-rat, otter (sea or land), panther, raccoon, wolves (black, gray, and coyote), black-tailed deer, stags (a true stag, growing to the size of an ox, and found on the hills of Vancouver Island), caribou or reindeer, hares, mountain-sheep, moose (near the Rockies), wood-buffalo (found in the north, not greatly different from the bison, but larger), geese, swans and duck.—From "Canada's El Dorado," in *Harper's Magazine*.

British Columbia Timber.

The *Timber Trades' Journal* has the following reference to the specimens of timber brought home by Mr. Burall, of Wisbech, from British Columbia: "We have received from Mr. W. T. Burall, of Wisbech, who has lately returned from British Columbia, a section of a piece of piling timber, honeycombed by teredos, after being in the water two years. The timber was round wood, and the perforations are confined to the inside, the outer crust apparently not being touched. These destructive worms seem to follow the grain and thread their way along, almost hollowing out the tree. Mr. Bural, speaking of the immense growth of trees in Vancouver, says he saw timber being cut in the saw mills 6 feet square and 118 feet in length. We have a specimen of these pines in the cargo from Puget Sound which G.F. Neame & Co. are now landing. Amongst the arrivals in the Surrey Commercial Docks the Saratoga, from Puget Sound, has a full cargo of Oregon pine, a wood which is rapidly growing in favor for all purposes for which great strength, durability and extraordinary dimensions are esteemed. The cargo referred to will, we anticipate, add to the reputation of this timber, and as a curiosity we may mention that it contains a few pieces of waney board pine 24 in. up to 28 in. square, and 37 ft. to 43 ft. in length. We often hear of the giants of the American forests, and a sight of these enormous planks will probably assist the trade here in becoming a little less credulous on this subject than they are at present.'

Twas a miracle of beauty,
Her dainty bonnet new,
With its wealth of budding roses
Gemmed with beady drops of dew.
And she perched it on her tresses
With a most engaging air,
Smiling meanwhile in the mirror
At the fair reflection there.

As her husband scanned the paper,
Anxiously she turned to say,
"Tell me, dear, what is the prospect
Of the weather for to-day."
Then her liege, (who apprehended
On his pocket book a strain),
Read in most impressive accents,
"Thunder, lightning, hail and rain!"

Who, to see her bonnet ruined,
For a moment could endure
Such a fearful combination
For a pleasant shopping tour!
So the project was abandoned
With a look of dire dismay,
And she laid her cherished bonnet
Sadly in the box away.

Old friends are best. King James was wont to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

Rag carpet has been adopted as a kind of art work. Specimens of domestic weaving have been carried home by traveling English ladies with Navajo blankets, Arizona pottery and other curios, and notable English housekeepers have taken to using their woolen savings in this way. It goes by the name of American work, and a well-made mat is not disdained for the nursery, smoking room or in any lady's chamber. But under clever hands and taste it turns out very different from the ordinary rag carpet with its stiff bars and stripes.

Cut cloth or flannel in strips three-fourths of an inch wide clear through the piece. Sew these by the ends together till you have a pound, which makes a large ball. Fine heavy cloth of men's wear is cut half an inch wide, and the finer the strips the more they make in weaving. A pound and a quarter ball is allowed to make a yard of carpet a yard wide. Allow two or three yards of bright red, green or yellow for every six or more of dark color, and you will have uneven barrings of gay color, dark and gravely pleasing to the eye. Mix bright color with every yard of dark stripes and the result is a mottled ground. If you have enough of any rich color, you may have a carpet or mat with mottled center and borders of deep blue black and deep yellow or red, black and orange. The strips can be dyed bronze peacock, deep red or any strong color after they are sewed together.

After the carpet is woven you may sew the breadths together with an ingrain border, and have a mat which is nearly indestructible, for there is no end to the wear of rag carpet in any one generation. No one seeing such a mat for the first time would dream of classing it with the hum-drum rag carpets of old. The smooth basket work surface, the rich colors vie with those of foreign mats, and in point of taste, a well-chosen, home-made mat will please better than the crude red and green Turkish rugs which, in fact, are the rag carpets of peasant homes in the East.

A Black Squatter.

The white squatter is bad enough—too bad, in fact—yet he has not reached that high state of meanness which the negro squatter has attained. A traveler not very far from Guthrie, Oklahoma, came to a miserable shanty, built partly of mud; and, delighted with even this reminder of civilization, he rode up and tapped on the door.

"Who's dar?" a voice demanded.

"Open the door, please; I want to see a human being, I don't care who it is."

An old negro opened the door, poked his head out, and said:

"Yere I is, sah."

"And I am glad to see you, too," replied the traveler. "I have been riding across this accursed country for three days and you are the first person I have seen. My mission out here is not a pleasant one. I am looking for a man that ran away with my wife."

"Lady wid him yit, sah?"

"No, she has deserted him."

"Tall man, is he?"

"Yes."

"Sorter got whisker on de side o' his jaws?"

"Yes, go on!" the traveler exclaimed.

"Lemme see. 'Bout forty years old?"

"That's the man."

"Talks sorter slow?"

"The very man. Now tell which way he went."

"Who went?"

"Why, the man."

"Whut man?"

"Why, the man you saw."

"Ain't seed no man."

"Oh, blast it, you have just described the man who ran away with my wife. Now, tell me when you saw him and which way he went."

"Neber did see him and neber did know whicher way he went."

"Look here, I don't want to call you a liar."

"Den whut you gwine do it fur?"

"Because I am compelled to."

"Whut fur?"

"Because you say that you haven't seen the man you describe."

"Didn't see him."

"How, then, do you know that it was that sort of a man?"

"'Cause you said so."

"Because I said so! Why, you old fool, I didn't say a word."

"Good day."

"Hold, on, there," the traveler cried, but the old rascal was gone. The traveler got down and beat on the door, and threatened to break it down.

"De interview is closed, sah," said the old negro, "and if you injures dat do, I'll hurt you, sah."

The traveler went on cursing the old scoundrel and swearing that he would see him in chains a thousand years before he would again lift a hand to secure his freedom.—[Arkansaw Traveler.

Insuring a Perusal.

Fangle—What are you cutting that piece out of the paper for?

Cumso—I'm going to take the paper home and I'm very anxious for my wife to read the article, as it is on economy in dress. If I merely take the uncut paper home won't see it.

Fangle—But I don't see how she's going to see it if you take the paper with the item cut out.

Cumso—Well, when she sees the place where the article was she'll be so curious to know what was cut out that she'll send and get another copy.

Plenty of Time to Repent.

He—And you won't marry me?

She—Well, I—but just think, I've scarcely known you three weeks, and am hardly acquainted with you yet.

He—O, that's all right! Think of the opportunity to get better acquainted with me you'll have when we get married.

Dressing conspicuously is a confession of inferiority.

Scarlet hair seems to be coming into fashion. Worn in conjunction with an emerald-green bonnet the effect is very remarkable, and excites as much attention as a fire engine.

If you would lift me you must be on higher ground. If you would liberate me you must be free. If you would correct my false view of facts hold up to me the same facts in the true order of thoughts, and I can not go back from the new conviction.—Emerson.

BY WILL T. JAMES.

A fair wind favored the coaster, *Kate*,
Off Shetland Isles on a starry night;
The watch below in a circle sate,
Enwreathed with smoke in a murky light.
Their yarns of wrecks were and sirens false
And mermen seen to with mermaids waltz.

Ben Bluff—a reticent, gruesome man,
Whose weird eyes beamed with mysterious fire—
Spake not a word since the talk began,
So they did why he was mute enquire.
"Spin us a yarn, Ben," a messmate said;
"You're pale enough to be sick or dead."

"Mebbe I am,"——and he made a pause,
That plainly proved he was ill at ease;
"I don't get white, though, wi'out a cause
I knows a yarn as yer blood ud freeze—
Summat wot 'appened in this 'ere sea,
An' 'ere it is, if ye'll list to me.

Mark you, before I the yarn begin,
It'll give ye chills, 'cos it's rather queer:
Taint all about wer I aint abeen,
Nor one ye've 'eard for this forty year.
It's true, I'll vouch, as the Phantom Ship
Seen round the Cape a'most ev'ry trip."

As condiment to the yarnster's speech,
His messmates kindled their pipes anew,
Then gathered closer each unto each,
While Ben his hand o'er his forehead drew,
And posed to them as a ghost-crazed man,
Ere thus his narrative he began:

"It's gone ten year since the *Will-o'-the-Wisp*
(A schooner, well found an' taut an' trim),
In ballast sailed, with the weather crisp
(Jim Jones was skipper—ye've 'eard o' him),
Fur sev'ral ports uv this Northern Sea:
A smugglin' cruise, sich as used to be.

"She carried seven uv a crew, all told;
The skipper, mate an' two boys an' me,
A Roosian Finn, an' a wench as bold
As ever follered a man to sea.
She was the cap'n's niece—an orphin lass;
In *my* opinion, A1 she'd class.

"We'd been out, mebbe, a month or more,
W'en summat worried the Roosian Finn,
Fur at the time w'en 'e'd ought to snore,
'E'd jabber jest like a himp o' sin,
Start up, asleep, in the topmost bunk,
An' cut sich capers, ye'd think 'im drunk.

"'E'd bawl the name o' the cap'n's niece
'Most loud enough fur to make 'er yeer;
The more we bid 'im to 'old 'is peace,
The more 'e gev us a cause to fear.
We told the skipper 'ow matters stood;
'E only laughed, as we knowed 'e ood.

"One night ('twas blowin' a spankin breeze;
We'd let out every reef we dare),
The Roosian Finn at the wheel I sees,
With heyes, like two red-'ot coals, a flare,
The binnacle light it was gone clean out,—
'Ho-ho! Ther's mischief," sez I, 'about.'

"Afore I turned in, I 'urried aft,
An' asked 'ow 'e steered wi'out a light.
'E looked as wild as a man gone daft,
An' savage, as if 'e meant to fight.
'I say,' sez I, 'wot d'ye mean to do?
You jest steer right, or I 'ails the crew.'

"'E grinned, the fiend, but 'e didn't speak
I went below for to call the mate——
Ther' was a crash—she'd sprung a leak!
Saw 'is scheme w'en it was too late.
The mate an' skipper they rushed on deck
To find the schooner a 'opeless wreck.

"The bows was jammed in betwixt two rocks;
'Er foremast, snapped an' clear overboard,
Was swimmin' round with the ropes an' blocks,
An' sich like tackle, which 'eld it moored.
The surf an' spray, w'y it dashed as 'igh
As the mizzen crosstrees or pretty nigh.

"'You furrin' lubber!' the skipper cried,
An' whipped a pistol from out 'is belt
Before the Roosian 'ad time to 'ide,
An' banged away with the gun 'e 'elt.
But safe 'e stood on the windlass still:
It's 'ard the Devil's own son to kill.

"The girl then come up the cabin stairs,
Calm as yer please, though a trifle scared.
('Taint allus women wot satin wears
As flinches least in the danger shared.
The girl for pluck I ud rather choose
Who dresses plain an' wears low-'eeled shoes.)

"Now, mates, this 'ere is the strictest truth:
The madman made fur the tremblin' girl,
An' grabbed the harm uv our little Ruth,—
That was the hend uv our hocean pearl.
The cap'n fired with unsteady haim,
An' shot'er. Poor man, 'e warn't to blame.

"Down fell our pet with a muffled thud;
'Er features blanched as she gasped an' died.
We raised 'er corpse from a pool o' blood,
An' buried it in the rock's bleak side.
The madman dove with a dyin' yell;
Next took the skipper a crazy spell.

"That day, the hull o' the ship broke up:
The mate an' cap'n they both got drowned.
Fur three long days not a bite nor sup
'Ad we, w'en timely a smack us found,
Right glad to sail from that rock so dread,
In God's kind keepin' we left the dead.

"I passed that same rock five year ago,
One summer night, w'en the moon shone clear.
The wind 'ad dropped; we was sailin' slow,
With 'eadly 'eadway enough to steer.
I quit my trick at the wheel in fright,
Fur haunted 'twas by a ghost in white!

"Upon the mound that still marks Ruth's grave,
I saw distinctly the madman stand;
At first 'e moaned, then began to rave,
An' tear 'is flesh with a bony 'and.
'Twas hawful, mates! I can see it now,
As on that night o'er the starboard bow.

"A cat's-paw tautened our flappin' sails,
An' bore us far from the spectre grim;
But dreadful echoes uv shrieks an' wails,
Came from the rock, in the distance dim.
Aint been ther sence; *but again, to-night,*
At eight bells, mates, it'll heave in sight!"

Like many another miner he had made money and lost it; had prospected for mines, found one and been cheated out of his rights; had grown poor and ill, and had thrown himself under a tree, careless whether he lived or died.

He had done many good acts, had always helped his brother miners, had tried to look on the bright side of life, had fough manfully and been defeated in the battle He meditated thus as he lay under the tre and finally, more dead than alive from want and exhaustion, fell asleep.

Two men passed along under the brow of the mountain by the tree. They were tall and straight, and from their dark hair and skin it was easy to perceive their Indian blood.

"The white man is dead," said one of the men as he bent on his knee beside the sleeper.

"No, there is a twitching of the eyelids," said the other. "He is pale and sick. I will take him home, and Mimosa will care for him."

The conversation carried on in a low tone, awakened the miner.

"Come with us, and you shall have food and shelter," said the friendly Indians.

Scarcely able to bear his weight, Martin leaned upon the arms of the two men, and soon found himself in the humble Indian cabin.

"Mimosa, here is a stranger. Take care of him. Red Cloud never left a human being to die. He will get well, and then we will send him back to his people."

After a time the miner gained in strength and began once more to hope for a successful future.

"Mimosa," he said one day. "I owe my life to you; and if I am ever rich I will come back and reward you."

"I shall miss you," said the girl shyly; "but I want no money. I shall be happy because you are well again and happy."

"I shall yet find gold, Mimosa. You wear a ring on your finger, and sometimes a chain about your neck, both of beaten gold. Did the metal come from mines near here?"

"My father gave them to me," she replied, and nothing more could be learned from her on the subject.

"Would you care, Mimosa, if I wore the ring until I went away? Perhaps I can find the place where the gold came from."

"You may wear it till you come back rich. But you will forget Mimosa," she said.

"No, I will bring you back the ring, and you shall give it to the man who makes you his bride. I shall never forget Red Cloud nor his daughter."

Strong and hopeful again, Martin took up life, obtained work and believed once more that he should find gold.

But he missed the Indian girl. Mimosa was not of his race, but she had a lovable nature. He remembered that she looked sad at him at his going away.

He wondered if she ever thought about him. If she had some Indian suitor, would she not wish for the ring again? He would like at least to see the man and his daughter who had saved his life. He would carry back the ring.

After Martin had decided to go to see Red Cloud his heart seemed lighter. If Mimosa were married he could at least show her his gratitude. And if she were not? Well, it would be very restful to see her once more!

He started on his journey. The full moon was rising as he neared the old tree where Red Cloud had found him. As he approached he was startled by a white figure. Two dark eyes full of tears gazed up into his eyes, at first with a startled look, and then with a gleam of joy and trust.

"Mimosa," he exclaimed, and clasped the Indian girl in his arms.

"Why are you here, child, at this time of night?"

"I came here to think of you, Martin, and the moonlight is so sweet and comforting. The green trees and the mountains tell me of you."

"Mimosa, would you love me if I were rich?"

"Perhaps I should be afraid of you if you were."

"Would you love me if I remained poor as I am now?"

"Yes, always."

"I have brought back the ring, Mimosa, that you may give it to the man who shall make you his bride."

"And would you like to keep the ring yourself Martin?"

"Yes, dearest."

After a quiet wedding Mimosa said one day: "Come with me, Martin, and I will show you where the gold in the ring and the necklace was found."

Not very far from the tree where the miner had lain down discouraged, Mimosa pointed out the shining ore, the spot known only to the few Indians.

With a happy heart Martin Daly took his pick to the mountains. The shining ore opened under his touch. His claim each day showed more value. He had, indeed, become rich through the ring of Mimosa.

Years have passed. The children of the Indian girl, educated, gentle as their mother, and energetic as their father, are in a handsome home. Love in that home has kept as bright as the gold in the mountain.

Siouxeyesighed!

If an S, and an I, and an O, and a U,
With an X at the end, spell Su:
And an E, and a Y, and an E spell I,
Pray, what is a speller to do?
Then, if also an S, and an I, and a G,
And an H, E, D, spell cide,
There's nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit siouxeyesighed.
—[Pearson's Weekly, kindness of Isidor Furst, N. Y. City.

The persutittouch at the Christian missionaries in China are now having to endure seems to be chiefly caused by malicious false statements that are made concerning the character of the religion that they teach and practise. The Chinese people have been led by statements and native publications to believe, just as the people in Europe a century or two ago were brought to believe concerning the Jews, that the Christian missionaries are not thoroughly immoral people, but that it is a part of their creed to kidnap and kill little children. Ordinarily, the Chinese are entirely indifferent as to religious professions, but the fear that the lives of their children are endangered arouses them to a high pitch of excitement, under the influences of which they have no hesitation in putting to death any Christian missionaries upon whom they can lay their hands.

The Dominion Government has at last "got a move on." When Sheriff Redgrave last week handed over the land claimed by Farwell to Government Agent Nash it denoted the beginning of the end. This handing over by the Sheriff of Kootenay was merely a legal formality, but where so much depends upon the issue nothing must be left undone. Farwell's name as owner of the townsite can now be erased from the Provincial registry, and this obstacle removed, there will be nothing to prevent the registration of the titles received from the Dominion Government. It is made clear that the Provincial Government has not been to blame for the delay. But why has the Dominion Government lain dormant so long? Why have the people of Revelstoke been content to let the matter slide as if it was of no importance? It should have been made the burning question of the town, and the citizens should have united in vigorous protests against the anomaly. Instead of this the townspeople appeared to be quite resigned to their fate, and strangers came and went and never knew that Revelstoke had a burning question, so deeply was it buried under the mass of prejudice and disagreeableness which is so offensively displayed towards the newcomer by certain sections of this community. It was quite casually that we first heard of the trouble and a long time before we could get at the truth of the matter, as no two persons gave the same version. There were a few wiseacres who pretended they knew all about it; but they took good care to keep their knowledge to themselves, and then went about trying to infect others with their prejudice, and sneering at the STAR because the editor did not discuss a question he knew nothing of. There are gentlemen in this town who command our highest respect, and we have much to thank them for. We hope the titles difficulty will soon be numbered amongst "the things that were."

A Double Serenade.

There was quite a lively time at the Union Hotel on Tuesday night, when a party of serenaders to the number of fifty or sixty assembled from both ends of the town to extend a welcome to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Brown, who had arrived the same evening from Donald, at which place the twain had been made one. Mr. M. David led the contingent from the mill, Mr. H. J. Bourne was the leader of the station party, and Mr. D. Cowan headed the townites. The musical instruments consisted of the usual tinware and sticks, some of the big oilcans being considerably out of tune. After a few selections of a more or less tuneful character the party entered the barroom of the hotel, where Mr. Brown entertained them in a manner befitting such an auspicious occasion. Toasts of the health of the bride and bridegroom were heartily drank, and then the crowd filed out. There was another newly-made benedict domiciled a short distance away, and very soon the "tin pot band" were surrounding the house and inharmonious sounds proceeding from their instruments, which, after considerable waiting and a great deal of noise, brought the recipient of so much attention to the door, where for some time he had to "face the music." Mr. Smith, telegraph operator at the station, who has just returned from the east with his bride, was the gentleman thus honored. Rising to the emergency, he seized a big can and headed the brigade back to the hotel, where he "set 'em up" to the tune of "He's a jolly good fellow." Verily the population at the station is increasing.

Sheriff Redgrave was in town last week, in company with Government Land Agent Nash, and this gave rise to many rumors, one being that the sheriff had seized the townsite on behalf of Farwell, another that he had taken possession, on behalf of the Dominion Government, of all the lots sold by Farwell. This latter was partly true, the reason of the sheriff's visit being to legally hand over to the Government agent, in compliance with the order of the Supreme Court, all the land claimed by Farwell and registered in his name at Victoria, so as to fulfill the conditions required by law before Farwell's name can be removed. This is the first step towards giving the lot-owners in Revelstoke townsite a chance to register their titles. Some two or three hundred acres on the other side of the river, claimed by G. B. Wright, were also handed over to the agent by Sheriff Redgrave.

Evans Bros. Pianos

FINEST FINISH, FINEST TONED, EASY TOUCH.

THE UNEQUALLED

DOHERTY ORGAN.

If you think of buying an Organ or Piano, send for Catalogue and Price Lists.

JAS. McDONALD & Co.,
AGENTS.

REVELSTOKE - - - - B.C

The Kootenay Star

EXECUTES

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

AT MODERATE CHARGES.

MARRIED.

FRASER—CASE.—Tuesday, January 5th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Carnarvon Street, New Westminster, by the Rev. R. G. Thoms, Ricardo A. Fraser to Miss Frances H. Case, formerly of Detroit, Michigan.

REVELSTOKE QUADRILLE CLUB

MEETS AT

BOURNE'S HALL

EVERY

THURSDAY EVENING

At 8 p.m.

M. DAVID, Presd't. H. J. BOURNE, Secy.

Tenders for a license to cut timber on Dominion Lands in the Province of British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked on the envelope "Tender for Timber Berth 104, to be opened on the 8th of February, 1892," will be received at this Department until 12 o'clock A.M. on Monday, the 8th day of February next, for a license to cut timber on Berth No. 104, situated in Township 23, Range 18, West of the 5th Meridian, in the said Province.

The regulations under which a license will be issued, together with a sketch showing approximately the position of the berth in question, may be obtained at this Department, or at the office of the Crown Timber Agent at New Westminster.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered Bank in favour of the Deputy of the Minister of the Interior, for the amount of the bonus which the applicant is prepared to pay for the license.

No tender by telegraph will be entertained.

JOHN R. HALL,
Secretary.

Department of the Interior, Ottawa, 30th December, 1891.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate a Company for the purpose of constructing, maintaining and equipping a line of Railway from some point on the Columbia River at or near the southern boundary of the Province to Kootenay Lake, at or near the town of Nelson, via Salmon River and Cottonwood Smith Creek, with power to construct and maintain branch lines, and also to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said Railway.

CHRYSLER & LEWIS,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

Dated 19th December, 1891.

COLUMBIA AND KOOTENAY STEAM NAVIGATION CO. (LIMITED.)

A MEETING of the Shareholders of the above Company will be held at the Company's office, Revelstoke, on WEDNESDAY, the 27th day of January, 1892, at 11 a.m., for the purpose of considering a resolution authorizing the increase of the Capital Stock of the Company to two hundred thousand dollars.

J. A. MARA, JOHN IRVING, } Trustees.

Victoria, B.C., Dec. 18th, 1891.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate a Company for the purpose of constructing, operating and maintaining a line of railway to run, commencing at a point on the Upper Arrow Lake at or near the mouth of the Na-kusp Creek; thence to a point situate at the north end of Slocan Lake; thence following the shore of Slocan Lake and the bank of the Slocan River to a point on the Columbia and Kootenay Railway line, and forming a junction therewith at a point near where the said Columbia and Kootenay Railway crosses the Slocan River, with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a branch from the said proposed line of railway from some point near the north end of Slocan Lake; thence running to the head waters of the Caslo River; thence following the course of Caslo River to some point near its mouth on the Kootenay Lake, together with the usual powers to build, use, own the said line of railway and branch, and to acquire lands and other rights or aids from the Dominion or Provincial Government, and to make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat and other companies and for all other usual and necessary powers, rights and privileges.

A. ST. G. HAMERSLEY,
Solicitor for Applicants.

Boys Can Make Money Fast.

Any active boy can make plenty of money in his neighborhood by replating tableware and jewelry with one of the Magic Electric Plating Outfits. Those who have already secured one of these machines are making from $20 to $25 a week. The price of the plating outfit is $10, but we have arranged to supply it to ONE BOY ONLY in each neighbourhood FREE for a few hours' work, which can be done after school or on Saturday. No capital required. Any boy sending his address and referring to some merchant in his town as to honesty will receive full particulars by return mail. THIS IS A PERMANENT MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS FOR THE RIGHT KIND OF A BOY. Apply at once. Address LADIES' PICTORIAL Co., Toronto.

BOURNE BROS.

(Close to C. P. R. Depot)

Revelstoke - - B. C.

GENERAL MERCHANTS

Importers of the Choicest Groceries and Provisions.

We carry a select and complete stock of gent's furnishings, ladies' toilet and children's boots, shoes and hose, stationery, patent medicines, etc., requisites and ready-made clothing. A large assortment of pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, imported and domestic cigars, fruits, candy, etc.

Stove pipes, tinware, crockery, rough and dressed lumber, and other goods too numerous to mention, at moderate prices.

A BAKERY IN CONNECTION WITH STORE.

Telephone communication.

James McDonald & Co.

FURNITURE,

PIANOS, ORGANS.

Carry large lines of plain, medium, amd high-grade furniture. Parlor and Bed-room sets ranging in price from $6.50 to $500. Hotels furnished throughout. Office and bar-room chairs. Spring mattresses made to order, and woven wire, hair and wool mattresses in stock. Mail orders from Kootenay Lake points will receive early and prompt attention.

MAIN STREET, REVELSTOKE - - - - B. C.

J. Fred. Hume & Co.,

Revelstoke and Nelson, B. C.

MERCHANTS.

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Provisions and Hardware,

MINERS' SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY.

The Public will find it to their advantage to call and

Inspect Goods and Compare Prices.

Any orders placed with Mr. CHARLES LINDMARK will have our careful attention and prompt delivery to any part of Revelstoke.

PRICES GUARANTEED TO BE AS LOW AS ANY OTHER HOUSE.

BARBER,

—THE—

Jeweler

AND

Optician.

All orders by mail or express promptly attended to.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All descriptions of gold and silver.

REVELSTOKE BOOT & SHOE SHOP.

ED. PICARD, Proprietor.

Boots & Shoes of all kinds made to order on short notice.

ALL KINDS OF WORK ON HARNESS AND SADDLES.

Tugs, Breast Straps, Ames Buckles, and Snaps, of all kinds and sizes, kept in stock.

ONLY THE BEST MATERIAL USED.

PRICES RIGHT.

W. A. JOWETT, Notary Public. T. L. HAIG, Notary Public

JOWETT & HAIG

Mining, Timber and Real Estate Brokers and General Commission Agents.

Conveyances, Agreements, Bills of Sale, Mining Bonds, etc., drawn up. Rents and Accounts Collected; Mining Claims Bought and Sold; Assessment work on Mining Claims Attended to; Patents Applied for, Etc., Etc.,

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENTS.

Lots on Townsite of Revelstoke for Sale and Wanted. Agents for Mining Machinery, Etc.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.