The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE, B. C., APRIL 1, 1893. No. 42.

W. A. JOWETT,

MINING AND REAL ESTATE BROKER,

NELSON, B.C.

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Assayer and Analytical Chemist,

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Nearly seven years assayer at Morfa Works, Swansea, and for over seventeen years chief analyst to Wigan Coal & Iron Co., Wigan.

Assays and analyses of every description undertaken on the most reasonable terms.

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

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

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COLUMBIA HOUSE,

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

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BOARD AND LODGING $5 PER WEEK.
MEALS, 25c. BEDS 25c.

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CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

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MONGOLIAN	"	M'rch 4
NUMIDIAN	"	" 18
LAURENTIAN	"	April 1
PARISIAN	"	" 15
LABRADOR	Dominion Line	Feb. 25
VANCOUVER	"	M'ch 11
SARNIA	"	" 25
LABRADOR	"	April 8
VANCOUVER	"	" 22

Cabin $45, $50, $60, $70, $80 and upwards.

Intermediate, $30; Steerage, $20.

Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland, and at specially low rates to all parts of the European continent.

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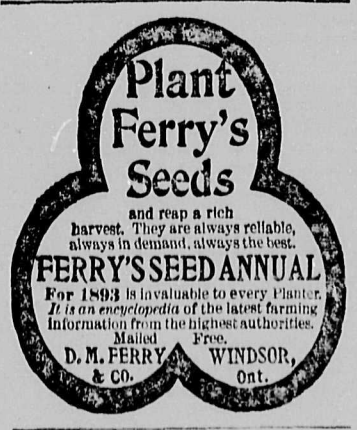

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Ripans Tabules cure colic.

LOCAL NEWS.

A splendid lot of Baby Carriages will be opened up in a few days at H. N. Coursier's.

R. H. Ramsey is prepared to do first-class work in the way of house painting and paperhanging.

If you are intending to grow flowers or garden plants this year go to H. N. Coursier's for your seeds.

The Rev. C. Ladner will preach to-morrow in the Methodist Church, morning at 10.30, evening at 7.30. All are cordially invited.

Miss Addie Hamilton, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia since Sunday, is now reported out of danger. Dr. McLean is in attendance.

The machinery for the Revelstoke sawmill arrived from Peterboro, Ont., on Thursday. It will take about two weeks to place it in position.

Mr. Paton will conduct service in the Presbyterian church to-morrow at 7.30. Sabbath school at 2.30 p.m, in the church. Wednesday prayer meeting in Mr. Paton's house at 8 p.m.

The school was closed yesterday and will not open until Tuesday morning, on account of the Easter holidays. Commencing with next week school hours will be from 9 a.m to 3 30.

Last Sunday a hawk was noticed in pursuit of the tame pigeons around the old post-office building. After several attempts it succeeded in capturing one and made off across the river with its prey.

It looks like business to see the smoke coming from the smokestack of the brewery at a very early hour in the morning. Mr. Allen has obtained the services of an experienced man, and work has to be pushed to keep up with orders.

For the first time since last November wheels were seen on our streets on Wednesday, when the combined teams of the Victoria and Central Hotels were hitched to the big 'bus belonging to the former and driven to the station to meet the westbound train.

Two or three valuable dogs have been poisoned at the station lately, whether by accident or design is not known, but all the circumstances point to the latter. The most despicable creature in any community is the man who will lay poison for his neighbors' dogs.

Bishop Sillitoe, of New Westminster, who has just returned from a lecturing tour in Ontario and Quebec, was taken suddenly ill on the train before reaching Winnipeg, where medical aid was summoned. He was able to continue his journey west the same afternoon.

Church of England services will be conducted hereafter fortnightly. The first service will be held on April 16th. Rev. Mr. Yelland, late of Vancouver, will be in charge of the work here. To-morrow being Easter Sunday, service will be held in the schoolroom at 7.30.

The child of Mr. Henry Chapman, second engineer on the steamer Lytton, was buried in Revelstoke cemetery on Sunday, this being the third child they have lost within two years, and much sympathy is felt for them in their bereavement. Mr. Chapman is with the steamer at Robson, and could not attend the funeral.

Spring seems to be still "sitting in the lap of winter," and "the beautiful" is still very much in evidence. Last year the first boat went down river on the 14th March, and the str. Marion arrived back from her first trip to Robson on the 19th April, while the Lytton arrived up on the 24th. Unless the weather becomes melting we cannot hope to come anywhere near that record this year.

Sheriff Redgrave held an auction sale at Revelstoke smelter on Monday (adjourned from March 2nd) to satisfy the claim of John Campbell, formerly manager of the smelter, who had obtained judgment against the company in the B. C. Supreme Court for the sum of $10,481 and costs. There were about thirty present, but very few made any bids on the various articles put up. Mr. John Boultbee, of Vancouver, acted on behalf of the plaintiff, and Mr. T. L. Haig was present on behalf of the company. The machinery offered included three engines, steam pump, hoisting gear, fan blast, etc., there being over twenty lots on the list. Mr. A P. Luxton, of Victoria, bought in the whole of the material on behalf of the Smelter Co for $4,700.

Several snowslides have occurred in the mountains during the week, but no very serious delay to trains was caused until Thursday morning, when the Atlantic Express left Revelstoke on time, but on reaching the 13th Crossing, in the Illecillewaet canyon, about three miles east of here, it was stopped by a snowslide too big to dash through. The train was backed to the station yard and the snow plough was taken out, but during the interval huge masses of earth and trees (called a timber slide) had broken away from the mountain side and blocked the line for a long distance. The Pacific Express arrived from the east on Thursday evening, but although a large number of men were employed clearing the track at both ends it was not until eleven o'clock yesterday morning that the two eastbound trains passed through. They were both side tracked at Albert Canyon to allow the Pacific Express (which had been waiting at the Glacier) to come on.

Owing to the delay in freights H. N. Coursier's Millinery Department will not be open till Monday, April 10th.

Miss Graham will start for Donald and Golden on April 10th with a large range of Millinery and Fancy Goods.

A meeting of the Revelstoke Quadrille Club will be held at the secretary's office next Wednesday evening for the transaction of business.

Messrs. R. Tapping and A. Williamson are advertising that they are prepared to supply all kinds of garden plants this spring. This will be of great convenience to amateur gardeners.

Revelstoke Quadrille Club will hold its last dance for the season in Bourne's Hall on Tuesday evening next, at nine o'clock sharp. 'Bus leaves lower town at 8.30. It is hoped there will be a large attendance.

A man named Olson, who has been driving for Mr. Peterson, was arrested by Officer Kirkup last Saturday night for being drunk and disorderly in the shoemaker's shop, but was released next morning on payment of $6.

The Dominion Government advertises for tenders for timber berths 114 and 115, situated on the east bank of the Columbia River about 14 miles south of Revelstoke, and containing nine square miles each. Tenders will be opened at Ottawa on the 22nd May.

A drinking trough for horses has just been completed by Mr. E. Fletcher, at the order of horseowners in the town. It is to be placed on the north side of the station road just opposite the C.P.R. water tank, and will be a great boon during the hot summer days.

Last Monday another rock slide took place in the Eagle Pass, a mile west of here, and about 200 hundred yards this side of the cliff which fell on Sunday week. Several tons broke away from a great height, but no one was hurt. The track was cleared the same day.

BOATS FOR SALE.

Several first-class new Boats for sale. Apply to MORGAN DAVID, Revelstoke.

EDWARD LIPSETT,

Sail, Tent and Awning Maker.

HORSE & WAGON COVERS,

BAGS, HAMMOCKS, &c.

WATERPROOF BLANKETS & COVERS

TENTS FOR SALE & TO RENT.

69 WATER STREET,

VANCOUVER, B.C.

R. H. RAMSEY,

House Painter, Paper-hanger and Grainer.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

PRICES MODERATE.

GEORGE SHIEL,

Taxidermist

OLD POST OFFICE,

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

All kinds of specimens of Animals, Birds and Fishes carefully and naturally mounted. Several local Specimens on view and for sale.

DEER AND CARIBOO HEADS A SPECIALTY.

THIS CUT REPRESENTS A LINE OF THE BEST BOOTS AND SHOES IN CANADA. All sizes and special widths kept in stock at H. N. Coursier's.

NEW DENVER ITEMS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW DENVER, March 14th.

Since writing you last the weather has been improving steadily, and to-day is bright and cheerful. The snow has been unusually deep this winter, but is now disappearing fast from the lake shore upwards.

Prospectors will have little chance of doing any work for several weeks yet, but nevertheless the boys who have been wintering outside, as well as many strangers, are coming in daily, singly and in pairs.

Several capitalists are here, with the purpose of examining the Alp a and several other mines on Four Four Mile Creek.

Four Mile City lots have been placed on the market, and upwards of 200 have been sold already. If the mineral claims on Four Mile Creek prove as good as present indications promise there is bound to be a busy town at this point.

Parties at Nelson are calling for tenders for a wagon road from the crossing on the C. & K. Railway to the south end of Slocan Lake, a distance of about 32 miles. New Denver people heartily wish the promoters success, but are afraid that unless the project is backed by the Provincial Government or the C.P.R. it will "fizzle out." An all-the-year route to Revelstoke via Nakusp is what everyone here wishes most to see, but this is no reason why the Slocan River route should not be utilized also.

Our citizens held a public meeting recently and drew up a petition to the Provincial Government requesting that a wharf be built and several streets graded as soon as practicable.

It is reported here that the Government has decided to retain that portion of the townsite staked off and sold last fall, allowing Mr. McGillivray to have the remainder. This decision appears to suit the people here, who expect the Government will now spend on improvements a portion of the large sum they raked in last fall from the sale of lots.

Messrs Bourne Bros. and Gething & Henderson have a gang of men at work to-day building a substantial wharf immediately in front of the post office. This is a kind of private wharf, and not intended as a rival to the one it is hoped the Government will build at some central point on the lake shore.

The steamer W. Hunter has commenced making regular trips, twice weekly, to points on Slocan Lake, and promises to be a great convenience to this district, as well as a profitable investment for the owners.

Messrs. Hill Bros. have got their sawmill nearly ready for work, and say they will be cutting lumber by the end of the month.

Mann's sleighs are still running on the Nakusp road, hauling supplies for Bourne Bros., but this mild weather will soon necessitate the use of pack animals again.

It is quite an experience to be cut off from civilization for three or four months, as we have been this winter; but we are fast forgetting our past discomforts by looking forward to a busy and prosperous future. With Revelstoke as a supply base and an open road to Nakusp both summer and winter the future of the Slocan district is assured.

Fatality to a Revelstokian.

The sad news circulated in town yesterday that Steve White had been killed on his engine near Ruby Creek, between Yale and Agassiz, and about 80 miles this side of Vancouver. The news was too true. It appears that the engine Steve was driving ran into a rock slide, left the rails, and plunged into the Fraser River a hundred feet below, dragging two freight cars with it. The fireman, who was badly hurt, was taken to Vancouver, but Steve and a brakesman named Bushby disappeared with the engine and cars, and up to last night neither of the bodies had been recovered, the river being deep at that point. It was only two weeks ago that Steve left Revelstoke for his new station at North Bend. He was a familiar figure at most of our social gatherings during the past winter, and was greatly liked by a large circle of friends for his general good temper and affability Needless to say the sad event has cast a gloom over a great number of people here.

THE TOWNSITE DISPUTE.

Probably a Settlement.

QUEEN VS. FARWELL.—This case came before Judge Burbidge at Ottawa last week, being the third time of hearing. The defendant, A. S. Farwell, on the 13th January, 1885, obtained letters patent from the Government of British Columbia for 1,175 acres in the district of Kootenay, situated within the railway belt of the C.P.R and comprising the site of the present town of Revelstoke. These lands the Dominion Government claimed as having passed to them under the statutory grant of the railway belt by the Provincial Legislature prior to the issuing to Farwell of the letters patent. Farwell got judgment in the Exchequer Court, but on appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada the decision of Mr. Justice Henry in the Exchequer was reversed, and the title to the lands declared to be in the Crown in right of the Dominion. The case then stopped there. It now comes up on a new information by the Attorney General of the Dominion, asking the aid of the Exchequer Court in carrying out the former judgment on appeal by compelling Farwell to rectify the registered title to the lands and remove all clouds from the Crown's title. Farwell, in his defence thereto, sought to open up the whole question of title again, and contended that the decision of the Privy Council in the precious metals case had substantially overruled the decision of the Canadian Supreme Court in his case. The case was heard at Victoria in September last. Judge Burbidge now finds against the defendant's contention, and orders that he execute to the Crown, in right of Canada, a surrender of conveyance of the lands in question. If Farwell obeys this order the dispute is settled and lot-owners can register their titles. It is possible Farwell may claim damages against the Provincial Government for issuing a defective title.

WANTED.

AGENTS to sell our choice and hardy Nursery Stock. We have many new special varieties, both in fruits and ornamentals, to offer, which are controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms, and secure choice of territory.—MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

W. J. LAW,

Merchant Tailor,

(Near C.P.R. Station)

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

A NOBBY STOCK OF

English Worsteds, Scotch and Irish Tweeds and Serges

AT PRICES THAT WILL CATCH YOU.

FIT AND MAKE-UP GUARANTEED.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

ABRAHAMSON BROS., Prop's.

Charmingly situated on the bank of the river, on the principal street, close to the post-office and Government buildings, and nearest to the Steamboat Wharf.

First-class Table, good Beds, Telephone.

FIRE-PROOF SAFE.

'BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS AND STEAMERS.

O. & H. LEWIS,

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.

SUPPERS and BALLS Catered for.

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

REVELSTOKE TIME TABLE.

Atlantic Express, arrives 10.10 daily.
Pacific " " 16.52 "

Cheapest, most reliable and safe route to Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul, Chicago, New York and Boston. Rates $5 to $10 lower than any other other route.

Specially fitted Colonist Cars, in charge of a Porter, for the accommodation of Passengers holding second class tickets. Passengers booked to and from all European points at Lowest Rates.

Low Freight Rates. Quick despatch. Merchants will save money by having their freight routed via the C. P. R.

Full and reliable information given by applying to

GEO. McL. BROWN,
Asst. Gen'l Freight Ag't, V'ncouver.
or to I. T. BREWSTER,
Ag't C. P. R. Depot, Revelstoke.

Ripans Tabules: for liver troubles
Ripans Tabules: for bad temper.

A Remarkable Oriental Experience.

A THRILLING STORY OF CHINESE TREACHERY.

CHAPTER XI.

It was at this point that it became necessary for me (as had been determined) to assume the Chinese dress.

The guide was to go into the city to procure the raiment needful, and to return with this as soon as possible. I was unaware, until now, that Chin-chin-wa had any intention of accompanying him, or of entering the city prior to my doing so, as now appeared to be the case. He explained to me his reason for so doing, which chiefly lay in this—that it was advisable that we should have some fixed residence, if possible, before nightfall, and that the quieter this residence was the more advantageous.

When formerly in Pekin, Chin-chin-wa had lived with a curio-dealer, so he told me—a man whose dealings were almost entirely with the Chinese, for at that time customers of any other nationality were indeed a rarity; and here he had found board and lodging during a lengthy stay in the capital.

If this dealer was still alive, Chin-chin-wa was anxious to find him, for, from previous acquaintance, he knew the man to be fairly discreet; and he was of opinion that if the dealer was, as he had been eighteen years ago, still in the position to receive us in his house, we could not be more fortunate in the choice of a home.

During the period of his captivity much might however, have occurred; and the dealer, if still alive, had possibly changed his residence; if so, Chin-chin-wa intended to discover his present abode, or in default, to light upon some lodging which he should engage against his return in my company later in the day.

I foresaw the prudence of arranging a lodging, and left myself entirely in the hands of Chin-chin-wa in the matter, and accordingly he set out, accompanied by the guide, for the city, leaving me to the solitude of my own thoughts for a few hours to come.

I do not think I have spent many days in which the hours dragged so slowly. For a time, it is true, I slept when first I was left alone; but shortly the bustle in the courtyard of the inn, and the noise made by the entry of mules and carts, banished sleep, and from that time forth I employed myself chiefly in counting the hours and calculating the period at which I might expect Chin-chin-wa or the guide to return.

I did not then know that Chin-chin-wa had instructed the guide to meet him at a certain place in Pekin, and to wait his arrival there; and thus I looked for the return of either, and not of the two in company.

But the hours went sluggishly by, and brought no signs of either Chin-chin-wa or the guide. I consumed the cold chicken which the guide had left with me, and I strolled a little way from the inn, and endeavoured in various ways to pass the time; but my watch must have been very frequently in my hands, notwithstanding.

Afternoon came. At two o'clock I began to be alarmed, for it seemed to me that there must be some reason for the delay.

Distances, I had heard, were very great in Pekin; but surely, if we were but half a mile from the walls, Chin-chin-wa and my guide should have returned long ere now. What had happened? Had Chin-chin-wa fallen in danger a second time by reason of the exile's mark, and had I then lost both my ally and my guide.

A strange fatality seemed to me to hang about our movements; but two days had we been upon the road, and already, for the second time, misfortune seemed to have fallen upon us. I strove to banish my doubts, and in this manner another hour passed, when the certainty of misfortune came upon me with full force.

My position was far from an enviable one. I was alone in a strange land, half a mile from Pekin, not knowing by what means to gain the city, or how to proceed should I reach and enter the gates, and I was tied down for a lengthy period to come by the uncertainty of doubt.

Were I to set out in person for the capital, I might easily reach it before nightfall, that is to say, before the closing of the gates, which I had been told took place at six o'clock; but allowing that I entered the city in ample time, and that I should have found little trouble in guiding myself to the nearest gate way, I should in all probability risk passing Chin-chin-wa or the guide upon my way, as we might choose diverse routes, and thus whilst I had gone upon the search for them they might have returned to find that a search for me had become necessary, owing to my having disappeared during their prolonged absence. All things considered, I decided upon waiting patiently in hopes that all might still be well; but when my watch told me that it was five o'clock, my patience resolved itself into despair, and I looked forward to a lengthy and anxious night, in which I should be troubled and kept from sleeping by all manner of conjectures and doubts.

It struck me that the situation curiously enough, must be somewhat analogous to that in which William Norris had been placed a year ago; only to appearance my position was even worse than his had been, because I had no carter to depend upon, and no one near me who had the slighest knowledge of my wishes; and were Chin-chin-wa and my guide actually the victims of some misfortune, nothing seemed more likely to my disturbed mind than that I, too, should disappear from the world as silently and as utterly as had the man who had trusted his life to the swallow's wing!

I began to understand, now, how easy it is for a life to be lost in a strange land, and to be lost in such a way that there is no trace left, and no thread by which the labyrinth of a silent fate may be undone.

At six o'clock there was still no sign of the return of either Chin-chin-wa or the guide. My feelings were embittered.

At the very outset of my quest, I was met by difficulty and obstruction. All my plans seemed to be upset, and I could no more guess the cause of the affair than I could forsee what was left for me to do. I made up my mind that something of an unprecedented nature had happened to detain both Chin-chin-wa and the guide, and a sullen despair overcame me as I recollected that the gates of Pekin closed at six o'clock, and that for twelve hours thereafter there was no possibility of the return of either of the two, for already they must be shut within the city gates.

I endeavored to look the matter calmly in the face, but this was far from easy. In the morning I should still wait their return for, say, a couple of hours. After that time, it was questionable what was to be done. If I followed my natural inclination, I should proceed to the Legation in Pekin; but to all intents I seriously injured my search for William Norris by so doing, for the absence of my companions would result in inquiry which would certainly to a large extent affect, indirectly, the cause of him whom I had come to seek.

I was debating the point in no enviable frame of mind, when, to my extreme astonishment Chin-chin-wa entered the yard and approached me.

To one who had indeed looked upon him as lost, the revulsion of feeling was sudden in the extreme. I could merely give vent to an ejaculation of surprise, and a sense of thankfulness filled me as a strange contrast to that isolation which had dwelt in me, and around me, but a few moments previously.

Chin-chin-wa appeared to be uninjured: my suspicions of misfortune had proved groundless.

He hastened to explain. I need not give his explanation in full. The following is the essence of what he had to say:

After leaving me he and the guide had proceeded, as arranged, into the city. They had parted company shortly after passing the gate, the guide going in one direction to purchase my prospective clothing, Chin-chin-wa in the other to seek our future home. But, before separating, Chin-chin-wa had given the guide instructions to meet him at a certain eating-house, and to remain there awaiting him, should he be detained. This the guide agreed to do.

Chin-chin-wa set out for the house where he had formerly lived, to find on his arrival there, that he had not been far wrong in his conjecture before leaving me, that the dealer might have changed his abode, for such was actually the case, and the new residence was—so he was informed—in a a district far distant from that where he now was.

However, he set out again; but, on account of the great distance and insufficient directions given him, it was already afternoon before he found the domicile of the curio-dealer. He ad arranged with this man to receive us. So far all was well.

Leaving the dealer, Chin-chin-wa set out for the eating-house, where after a long journey, he finally arrived; but, as it now transpired, the guide had, after wating for his return for a prolonged period set out after him, knowing the district and the house at which Chin-chin-wa had first called.

Thus it came that the guide committed the mistake which I might have made; he had set out upon a search without due consideration of the events which might meantime occur.

Chin-chin-wa was no little enraged, but determined to wait for the guide till the last moment, and the man did finally return in sufficient time for the two to leave the city before the gates were closed.

"Just as we reached the gate," concluded Chin-chin-wa, "an exclamation from the guide arrested my steps. We were right, after all, Mr. Vanscombe, to trust to chance. Had my old friend been in his former dwelling, your guide would not have stupidly set out to track my steps; and, had he not done so, we would not have been passing out of Pekin almost at the moment when the gates were swung forward and closed."

"What do you mean?' I interrupted.

"I mean," he replied, "that your guide has, by a strange chance, lit upon the very carter whom he has not seen since he left William Norris in Pekin. I mean that he had scarcely time to explain to me that this carter had just passed us entering Pekin, and that I had but a moment to seize from him this bundle, your Chinese clothes, before the gate swung upon its hinge and shut me without the walls, and the guide, who had turned after the important clew, within."

"The carter found!" I exclaimed, starting to my feet. "I can not believe it."

"But," he replied, "the carter is found, nevertheless."

So instead of being against us, the fates had been for us! All seemed likely to be plain sailing from henceforth. My only doubt was lest the guide should have lost sight of the man after all; but this Chin-chin-wa assured me was far from likely.

The guide had bounded after him, as man and cart had entered the city; and there could be little doubt that he had secured him, and would detain him without fail against our arrival on the following day.

It was indeed a fortunate chance, and the knowledge of the discovery took from me almost entirely the memory of the long, weary hours through which I had waited for Chin-chin-wa's return, and despair until he had stood in person before me.

Perhaps I hoped and expected to much from the finding of the carter. Chin-chin-wa expressed his opinion to this effect. I could not see where and in what way he could fail us, but fail us he did, signally and effectually, on the following day. On this morning I was just completing my new toilet under Chin-chin-wa's direction, feeling, I must confess, somewhat as I have felt on the eve of the fancy ball, notwithstanding the serious nature of the circumstances in which I now assumed a foreign dress, when the guide arrived, he having seized the earliest oppertunity of leaving the city on the reopening of the gates.

To my delight I saw that he was not alone: the carter had accompanied him into the yard. I looked at this carter—at his heavy features and sleepy-looking eyes, and a sudden pain went through me as it were in a mental whisper, "What if he should not remember—what if he have forgotten Norris entirely during the months which have gone?"

Chin-chin-wa was already speaking to him; so—my impatience had satisfaction in this, that no fraction of time was passed as lost. But the man stared vacantly in answer to his words, and that was all. Then, so far as I could gather from his tone of voice and the abrupt way in which he spoke, Chin-chin-wa proceeded to question him narrowly; and, after speaking in this way for some little time, the man addressed opened his lips and answered something—something very short.

Chin-chin-wa turned upon the guide, and poured forth a torrent of words, whilst the guide stood with his head bent down, thoroughly cowed.

But in a little he answered, and half raised his eyes with a sullen, dogged look upon his face.

Chin-chin-wa turned to me. "The guide states that this is the carter, without a doubt: are we to believe him? This fellow here, he says, is the carter whom he left with William Norris; and the carter knows absolutely nothing of the whole affair. Either the guide is lying, or the carter has forgotten entirely what happened a year ago. Which of the two are we to believe?"

"Have you tried every means? Is there no possibility of recalling the memory, if there be a memory, to the man's brain?"

"I have tried everything: you have heard me speaking to him. I shall question him further, and more fully, if you wish: I know it is useless."

"Please do so, notwithstanding," I urged; and at my request he questioned the man at great length, obtaining an occasional word in answer, and that was all.

"It is quite useless," he said, finally; "he has no recollection whatever of being taken a prisoner: or of having been employed by an English gentleman or by this guide; and the guide, on the contrary, asserts that this is the man. What are we to make of it?"

"Send them into the road, and let them fight it out between them," I answered in thorough disgust. "How did the guide secure him, and why did he bring him here, when he found that he had made a mistake?"

"He says there is no mistake; and he promised the carter a reward. He admits having found him as dead as a stone as far as his mental powers are concerned, but that was not his affair. He was to find him and to bring him to us; these were his instructions, and he says that he has fulfilled them."

"Perhaps he is right," I answered angrily. "The specimen of humanity he has succeeded in bringing us is certainly to appearance about as brainless-looking as they make them. Send them away, will you, and let us consider what is to be done! Give the carter an hour or two to cudgel his brains, and tell the guide to assist him. If the guide can not do it, there is little chance."

"I am of your opinion," answered Chin-chin-wa. "I shall put it to the guide that we refuse to believe him, and that this will injure him as a guide, unless he can prove to us that he has spoken true, by causing the carter to remember, and to tell us what he recollects."

The guide, who caught some of our words, notwithstanding that we spoke quickly, so that he might not understand, looked up as Chin-chin-wa again addressed him in his own tongue, as though he already knew what burden we were about to lay upon him.

Thus what had seemed an hour or two ago to be a valuable gain had proved but a bauble in the end. I could not conceal my annoyance from Chin-chin-wa, whose philosophical calm throughout struck me as offering a singular contrast to my own feelings. Only for a moment had I seen him truly angered, and that had been when he had turned upon the guide to accuse him of having brought a substitute in lieu of the man whom we sought.

Upon discussing the matter, we were inclined to place a degree of reliance in the guide rather than otherwise. For it seemed by no means an improbable thing that a man of such low caste as this carter should have forgotten actual occurrences; and the question came further to be, what the guide would gain by the production of a substitute, as we had accused him of doing. Rather, from his former actions and his search for his master in the former time, coupled with the inquiries set on foot by him in Tientsin, it would have seemed that the guide's interest was anything but to set us upon the wrong track.

In addition to this consideration, the finding of the carter meant the cessation of his employment by us; therefore, unless he had actually and honestly found the real man, he would have not been in a hurry to produce the sham, unless indeed—and it was Chin-chin-wa who made this suggestion—he had been so frightened by the occurrence of the day before, when the thief had fled from the village inn, and the crowd of natives had pursued us like thirsting wolves, that he had desired from that hour to leave our service as soon as possible a thing which was only to be accomplished by the production of a carter—the right one or the wrong.

There was, indeed, so much to be said on either side, that we were quite at a loss to decide whether we had really found the man sought for, virtually before we had commenced the search, or whether we had been fooled by the guide, who was the only person who could aid us by identifying the carter when found.

It had become evident that, for various reasons, the guide was now useless to us. Personally, I was willing to do without him for, to be candid, I was so much annoyed, that I did not stop to consider that his dismissal must very seriously affect my comfort, in the way of food and other matters, during my stay with Chin-chin-wa in Pekin. We decided to give him his *congé*. He had found the carter, or he had found a substitute. If the first, it was not his fault that the result of his endeavors had been *nil*, if the second, it decidedly was, but, in either case he had now, by the production of the real man or the sham, become useless to us for the future.

Later, we summoned the guide, who was not far off, and who hastened to approach. I requested Chin-chin-wa to speak for me; for personally, I have the greatest dislike to the use of pigeon English. It strikes me as wanting in dignity; and indeed one feels as if he were demeaning himself in the endeavor to lower himself to such a pitch that his tongue may be intelligible to the half-educated Chinese.

Chin-chin-wa relieved me in the emergency, briefly informing the guide that I no longer required his services; that I was willing to pay him something extra on account of the sudden dismissal, but that I could not give him a character in writing, on account of what we still believed to be a deceit—the production of the carter.

Thus we had arranged, and I presume Chin-chin-wa had spoken. For answer, the guide turned and left us, coming back to us directly, accompanied by the carter, to whom he now spoke rapidly, whilst the other answered him with a word or two as he proceeded. I was at a loss to understand, the carter, he said, is willing to remember everything that the guide questions him upon. I have had a most marvelous account of a great street robbery, which the guide has related, and which the carter corroborates; the man has made good use of his time. Whether this is actually the carter or not, is a question still, but the guide has, with Chinese cunning, outrun himself. Just listen for a little. Observe the guide, whilst I speak."

All this was said in a low and rapid voice to me. He spoke to the carter now. I was observing the guide.

At first astonishment overspread his features; for, as Chin-chin-wa afterward informed me, he put the man through another catechism, to every point of which the carter agreed, as he had agreed when addressed by the guide. Thus the falsity of the unthinking creature's evidence was at once apparent. As he proceeded, the guide fell, in fear, upon his face before Chin-chin-wa, crying out as though whining for mercy; and Chin-chin-wa spoke sternly to him, telling him, as I guessed, to tell the truth now—to admit that this was not the carter whom he had brought. But the guide refused to do this; and although admitting that the story which he had just told was but his own conception, given in absence of any information from the carter, he still insisted that this was the man, as he had stated from the first.

We dismissed both men, as nothing was to be gained, only retaining the services of the guide for a little time, in order that he might accompany us so far into the city, and that we might then leave with him the ponies, of which he was sole guardian.

"We shall obtain others," said Chin-chin-wa, when I questioned the point, "when we are at home in Pekin; but in case of any mishap I shall ascertain where these ponies are to be stabled to-night, in order that if there is possible difficulty as to securing others, as is sometimes the case in Pekin, I may send to buy these animals at a later hour"; and upon this suggestion we acted at a later hour, for we learned that we might not easily secure fresh steeds, were these to return to Tientsin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Modern Palace.

The rebuilding of Mount Stuart, Lord Bute's palace near Rothesay, Scotland, makes it the most magnificent mansion in Great Britain. The base of the building covers a fraction more than an acre, and it is built in the medieval Gothic styles of the thirteenth century. The walls, turrets, and balconies are built of the beautiful variegated granite and sandstones from Kirkcudbrightshire the floors and arches being of clouded Italian marbles. The main hall is constucted entirely of alabaster, the supports being columns of oxidized brass and bronze. The gallery and grand staircase are of marbles brought from Sicily and Carrara.

The drawing-rooms are paneled with alternate strips of cherry, walnut, and ebony, all from America. The main dining-room, which was built so as to accommodate 280 guests, is finished after the style of the drawing-rooms, with the exception of relief figures and mosaics of fish, game, animals, etc. The ceilings and chimney pieces of all these rooms are most artistic, and so also are the windows, mantels, and doors, the work of which is extremely elaborate.

There are three immense libraries and a billiard-room, all with carved stone fireplaces of antique design. In one wing there are Turkish and swimming baths, large conservatories, aviaries, and aquariums.

The whole palace is heated throughout with steam and hot water pipes, and lighted both by gas and electricity. The pictures in the galleries alone are worth over £100,000, and the books in the libraries as much more. The building, decorating, and furnishing of this palace, which is without doubt the finest private residence on the globe, entailed an outlay of £1,000,000.

Pain.

When pain and anguish wring the brow there is at times the presence of the ministering angel whom the poet so pleasantly pictures. If the report from Vienna should prove true as to the new medical discovery there will be much less pain in the world than there has been. Dr. K. L. Schleich assures us that absolute local immunity from pain even during some protracted operations, may be obtained so that a sufferer may remain perfectly conscious during the amputation of his hand or foot without undergoing the tortures so often inflicted on the battle-field, or exposing himself to the danger of syncope ever present in the operating room. This is welcome news in the world of medical science, and there are, it is said, other discoveries in the same direction. There are all sorts of experiments going on, and if in the end suffering humanity is to have no pain what a great deal more medical men will have to say in their own praise! But pain viewed in one light has been regarded as a blessing. It, as a rule, points to some disease which calls for a prompt remedy. And then as to the sentimental aspect of the question, if pain were altogether banished from the sick room the presence of the ministering angel would lose much of its value and its charm. "I can understand much about religion," said a doubter on one occasion, "but I cannot understand why pain is permitted." If it is as a finger to indicate the seat of a disease it is to be hoped that its banishment will not become universal. But there may not, after all, be half so much in the reported discovery as is supposed.

They Don't Speak Now.

"What's the matter between you and Johnson?" he queried, as they dropped off the car.

"Oh, we don't speak," was the reply.

"Money matters?"

"No."

"Politics or religion?"

"No. You see we were both after the same girl. I drew off and let him marry her, and he has never forgiven me for it."

"Why, he ought to be greatly obliged to you!

"Had he? Well, perhaps. He's had to support her family ever since, and a cart-load of her relations came in only yesterday. No, I don't expect he will ever forgive me.'

She—"That's prejudice. Why wouldn't you marry a shop girl?" He—"Oh, she'd always be calling for cash, you know."

Fresh Facts About the Pathless Desert.

The month of May is the beginning of the dead season when all traffic is stopped through the Desert of Sahara, and very little labor can be done. The deadly heat which prevails during the forty canicular days, causes all travelers and traders to shun the oases for fear of the epidemic fever springing from the drying marshes, until about the end of September, when the nomads re-enter the Sahara with abundance of cattle and grain, and the Mozabites renew their bartering traffic between the oases and the North. The "sammah," or forty canicular days, is a deadly period to traverse. What a despondent situation when the thermometer fluctuates for five hours between 115 and 125 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. The fiery breaths of the pestilential simoon and of the infernal shihile (southern winds) sweeping the face like the blast of a furnace, produce sensations of burning. These winds, like the equinoctial sirocco, being destitute of all moisture, pervade the atmosphere with intense dryness, torturing the throat and lungs of the panting and dispirited traveler. His parched lips stiffen and almost lose the sensibility of contact, the blood within the *mucous membranes evaporating* under the blighting effect of the hot air. Gasping for breath he remains in a state of prostration until the terrible god of day has accomplished his daily course. The blaze of the noontide sun is literally a torture, especially for the white race; during it no human being is to be seen out of doors, the eyes would not stand the reflection of the sun or the licking heat of the air; the cities are buried in the silence of a cemetery; people seek the comfort of sleep, but often all in vain.

EXTRAORDINARY HEAT.

The natives who feel most affected by this extraordinary heat dig a grave-like hole in their hovels or gardens as a refreshing couch. This kind of living grave is watered every morning to preserve its freshness and then covered up with a close fitting mat or fresh palm leaves. Toward 11 o'clock its temporary occupant sinks into it, stretches himself entirely naked and shuts himself up from the outside world to pass the hottest hour[illegible] in the indolence of a perfect quiet, recl[illegible] mine in that zone as we do in our temp[illegible] moc[illegible]

A[illegible] mys[illegible] a go[illegible] by v[illegible] my [illegible] B[illegible] mor[illegible] whil[illegible] rage[illegible] with[illegible] ions. [illegible] fan[illegible] awa[illegible] head[illegible] they[illegible] One [illegible] food[illegible] The [illegible] dang[illegible] cular[illegible] swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size and is sometimes seen three inches long. A long, glowing day, a warm, suffocating evening, fresh night, and sweet morning are the general atmospherical features in summer, and the tantalizing mirage can be seen daily in the plains during that season.

THE FORMATION OF MIRAGE.

My theory of the formation of the mirage differs somewhat from that given by many others, but as it is founded upon repeated studies of the phenomenon I must not hesitate to bring it forth. The reflective mirror is produced through the lowest layer of air, which is overheated both from above by the sun and from below by the excess of heat radiated by the earth. Upon close examination this radiation of heat can be easily seen in form of transparent evaporation rising vertically in undulating waves. It is through this very mass of transparent evaporation, seen from a distance, that the illusion is produced.

The mirror does not represent what has been described by certain authors, who having probably never seen a mirage except in their dreams, imagine that ships can be seen sailing over those illusive seas. Nothing, it must be said, can be reproduced by that fantastic mirror of nature, but that which really exists in the vicinity or within a certain distance and intercepted by no prominence of land. The mirage reflects only the surroundings, which the closer their proximity the more clearly they are defined, and as no ships are in existence in the desert none can be reflected. The report of those sailing ships is a fanciful fabrication of travelers who wished to give the Great Desert more poesy and charm that it possesses.

Four weeks had passed since our arrival in Wargla. The season was growing hot, and as a consequence I laid my European costume in a box, resolved to wear my Arabian garb permanently until the fall came, when the damp and cool morning requires a heavier garment.

Destruction of the Slave Trade in Central Africa.

The partition of Africa among the European powers, as will have been seen, was the first effective blow dealt to the slave trade in inner Africa. The east coast, whence a few years ago the slavers marched in battalions to scatter over the wide interior of the continent for pillage and devastation, is to-day guarded by garrisons of German and British troops. The island of Zanzibar, where they were equipped for their murderous enterprises, is under the British flag. Trading steamers run up and down the coast; the Tana and Jub rivers are being navigated by British steamers; two lines of stations secure communications inland for 300 miles from the sea. Major von Wissman is advancing upon Lake Tanganyika. Herr Boorchert is marching upon Lake Victoria; Captain Williams is holding Uganda. These results have followed very rapidly the political partition of the continent.

The final blow has been given by the act of the Brussels Antislavery Conference, lately ratified by the powers, wherein modern civilization has fully declared its opinions upon the question of slavery, and no single power will dare remain indifferent to them, under penalty of obloquy and shame,—[Henry M. Stanley, in Harper's Magazine for March.

It won't help your own crop at all to sit on the fence and count the weeds in your neighbour's field.

Sorrow.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

The Mother's Prayer.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

A mother's holy arm caressed
A babe that laughed upon her breast.
Then thus to heaven she cried in prayer:
"Now, even as his face is fair,
Oh, Lord! keep Thou his soul within
As free from any spot of sin."

From heaven the Lord an answer made:
"Behold! I grant as thou hast prayed."
Within the door the darkness crept
And babe and mother sweetly slept.
The belfry rang the midnight bell,
The watchman answered "All is well."

Awaking at the cradle side
The mother knew the babe had died.
With grief to set a woman wild
She caught and clasped the marble child
Until her heart against his own
Was broken, beating on a stone.

"Oh God!" she cried in her despair,
"Why hast Thou mocked a mother's prayer?"
Then answered he: "As I have willed
Thy prayer, Oh woman, is fulfilled,
If on the earth his soul remain,
His soul shall gather many a stain."

"At thy behest I reach my hand
To lift him to the heavenly land."
The mother heard and bowed her head,
And laid her cheek against the dead—
And cried, "Oh God!—I dare not pray—
Thou answerest in so strange a way!"

In shadow of a taper's light,
She sat and moaned the livelong night,
But when the morning brought the sun,
She prayed, "Thy will, Oh God, be done!"

To Those Who Fail.

Fearing, leave heart, lose n thy purpose fal-
Go and win the fight at ny cost,
Though sick and weary after heavy conflict,
Begin to know the battle is not lost.

The God is open still to e brave spirits
Who gallop struggle to the strife is done,
Through sin and storm, w h courage all ur-
darnt,
Working and waiting till he battle's won.

The great goals are found n deepest waters,
The brightest jewels in the darkest mine,
And through the very blackest hour of mid-
night
The star of hope doth orightly shine.

Press on! Pass on! Pass on! ath is steep and
But at the summit, almost ide hope's light
Thy eyes can see, where other feet have trod-
den
Before thee, ring you safely

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors;
By patient toil each difficulty past,
You then may see these days of bitter failure
But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.
—[Chambers' Journal.

Jack Chiddy.

Brave Jack Chiddy—oh, well you may sneer,
For the name isn't one that sounds nice in the ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best,
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

Now, I heard you say that you're fond of a tale,
If it bears upon railway-men and the rail.
Well, here is one that will suit you, I know,
Though it happened a good many years ago.

Jack Chiddy—there, you are smiling again
At the name which I own is both common and plain—
Jack Chiddy,—I say, wrought along with his mates,
Year in and year out, on a section of plates.

Simple enough was the work, with no change
But to see that both lines were in gauge and range;
Fasten a key there, and tighten a bolt,
All to keep fast trains from giving a jolt.

Strange when one thinks where a hero may rise,
Say at times in a moment before our eyes,
Or right from our side ere we know it, and do
The work of a giant, and pass from our view.

But the story, you say; Well I'm coming to that,
Though I wander a little—now where was I at?
Let me see. Can you catch, shining round and clear,
The mouth of the Breslington tunnel from here?

You see it? Well right on the bank at the top,
When stacking some blocks, all at once, down the slope,
A huge slab of stone from the rest shoved its way,
And fell d own on the up line of metalsand lay.

One sharp cry of terror burst forth from us all,
As we saw the huge mass topple over and fall.
We stood as if bound to the spot dumb of speech,
Reading horror and doubt in the faces of each.

Then one of our mates snatched a glance at his watch,
Gave a start and a look that made each of us catch
At our breath, then a cry, that thrill'd our hearts through—
"'The 'Flying Dutchman' is overdue!"

Hark! Straight from over the hills we could hear
A dull, dead sound coming faint to the ear,
Then a short, sharp whistle that told with its blast,
That the "Dutchman" was into the tunnel at last.

And there on the rail lay that huge mass of stone,
And the "Dutchman" behind coming thundering on;
In a minute or less he would come with a dash,
And a hundred lives be lost in the crash.

"Now for your life, Jack!" for Chiddy had flown
Down the bank, and three leaps brought him close, to the stone.
Not for his own life, for wife and child's sake,
Thought he, but the hundreds that now were at stake.

'Twas the work of a moment. With terrible strength
And a heave of the shoulder, the slab moved at length,
Slipped clear of the rail—when, half-muffled in smoke,
From the mouth of the tunnel the "Dutchman" broke.

There was one sharp whistle, a roar and a crash
Of wheels ringing clear on the rail, and a flash
Of coiling smoke and a glitter and gleam
Of iron and steel, and then down fell the steam.

Till at last from us all burst a shout and a cheer,
When we knew that the "Dutchman" had passed and was clear.

And Chiddy? Ah me! you will pardon these tears,
For he was my mate on the rails many years.
When we found him one look was enough to reveal
That Jack's life blood was red on the engine wheel.

Brave Jack Chiddy? Now don't you sneer
At the name which I own is but harsh to the ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more, deeds are best;
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

LURED BY A MIRAGE.

A Child Wandered Away Over the Wild, Hot Plains.

At Lancaster, a town thirty miles from Los Angeles in an open valley at the edge of Colorado Desert, lived Stephen Hansdorf with his wife and 20-month-old boy. Thursday he left home for another part of the place where he was working.

Late in the afternoon the mother went in search of a stray cow. The baby, clad only in a calico wrapper, hatless and bare-footed, without the mother's knowledge, started after her. When she returned and missed him she alarmed the neighborhood. A searching party hunted until night without avail. Excitement spread through the whole town, and by daylight the next morning a strong party of organized searchers renewed the quest. There was no timber in the region, but the cactus and sage brush were so high as to render it impossible to see the child at a short distance, even from the back of a horse.

The region is one of intense heat and infested with rattlesnakes, coyotes and many poisonous insects. The earth in many places is covered with alkali. For a long time the party discovered no signs whatever. Finally a coyote trail was struck. On it could occasionally be seen the footprints of a child, with now and then splotches of blood on the cactus. Arranging themselves so they should not lose sight of each other the searchers followed the trail, spreading themselves over a width of half a mile. The trail led direct to the desert and to a phenomenon known as "Dry Lake." This lake is nothing more than a solid bed of white alkali, the crust of which is perfectly hard and level. Standing on rolling sand on the edge of this lake a traveler beholds a wonderful mirage of a sheet of silvery clear water.

The party concluded that the child consumed by thirst, had toddled over to this lake, and though the indurate crust would reveal no footprints the party pressed on over it. Four miles from the edge was found the dead body of the little wanderer, lying on its face, his feet, legs and hands torn and the blood crusted over them. He had been dead but a few hours, yet his body was blistering under the burning sun. The party seized the child and hurried back to the edge of the lake, before reaching which their own tongues had commenced to swell with heat and lack of water. The little fellow had walked all night, and had died of exhaustion just as the sun was commencing to manifest its fearful heat. He had walked fourteen miles into one of the most terrible regions on earth.

A British Polar Expedition.

A British Polar expedition, led by Mr. Frederick G. Jackson, will, if possible, sail for Franz Josef Land this summer, and winter there, inasmuch as it has been demonstrated that the utilisation of Franz Josef Land as a base and line of march for northern advance would be attended with success, either partial or entire. In the first place, Franz Josef Land has been held by the best Arctic authorities to be accessible in any ordinary year; in the second place, it has been shown to be a country of large extent, extending northward; and in the third place, the winter is comparatively mild, and such an abundance of animal life exists as to preclude, in all probability, any attacks from scurvy. The expedition proposes, on reaching the southern coast of Franz Josef Land, to establish a depot which will form its base of future work; to have made before the summer begins to fail a reconnoitre northward, which may enable it to reach a point north of the Austrian limit, 82deg 2min north; and in the following spring to again advance northward and establish a depot in latitude 84deg, or if possible 85deg. Hereabouts the land may cease; if so, it would endeavour either to make direct for its ultimate object, or, having secured itself in more or less comfortable quarters, will prepare to winter in that very high latitude, and make the necessary move in the following spring. If the land continue it is quite possible that the whole distance might be covered in that summer. The expedition will be chiefly accomplished by sledge, and there will not be, besides Mr. Jackson, more than ten men.

CRAPE OVER HIS DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.

Queer Action of Charles Simons, a Milwaukee Anarchist.

A Milwaukee, Wis., dispatch says:—Charles Simons hung crape, a big rosette, and streamers of white on the front door of the little millinery store at No. 315 Reed street to-day because his daughter, Miss Amanda Simons, had married. The daughter was in charge of the store until yesterday, when she married a man from Marion named Goldberg, a dealer in live stock. Simons commanded his daughter to leave their dwelling this morning. He then placed her trunk in the street. His next move was to visit the establishment of Undertaker Pratt, where he secured the crepe, and with it ornamented the door of his daughter's shop. Then he stood out upon the sidewalk and proclaimed in a loud voice that his daughter was dead. Simons has been known as an eccentric character for many years. He is an Anarchist and with others was arrested for inciting the labor riots of 1886. In his house was found a small-sized arsenal. He was sentenced to the House of Correction and after his release he went to live with his daughter.

If I can put some touches of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, then I feel that I have walked with God.

Weeds are omnipresent; errors are to be found in the hearts of the most lovable.—[George Sands.

Novel Method of Capturing the Animals in Indo-China.

Dr. C. W. Rosset, the traveller and explorer, who is well known for his contributions to ethnography, is now in this country. He was long in the service of Gen. Gordon in the Egytian Sondan, and of late years he has been exploring in the virgin field between Annam and the great Mekong River, where he has brought to light four tribes whose existence was barely known before he made them a study. Dr. Rosset contributes this account of wild elephant catching as practised by one of these tribes in Indo-China:

"The Benongs live about midway between the Mekong River and the Annamite coast in mountainous, wooded regions. They hunt the elephant to obtain ivory and also to capture and tame the young animals. A great deal has been written about elephant hunting. But nothing, I believe, about the method of the Benongs, among whom I was the first European to live for any considerable time. On March 30, 1891. I was in the Benong village of Pumpia, making ethnological collections and treating many sick natives. About that time a Cambodian mandarin arrived for elephant hunting. Although the natives protested that the presence of a Christian might render the hunt unsuccessful, the Cambodian, influenced no doubt by some presents I made him, at last consented to my participating in the hunt.

"Ten aged and completely tamed elephants were loaded with the implements for capturing their wild relations and with baskets of provisions. An adequate number of men were got together. We then started for a region where wild elephants are numerous. Our animals moved along in Indian file, and the finest of the lot, on which the mandarin and I were seated, brought up the rear. The other elephants had to clear the way for us, which they did by breaking off the branches of trees with their trunks. On we went over hill and dale and rivers until we found a fresh elephant trail, recognizable by the recent breaking off of branches and the trodddn herbage.

"A halt was made. The animals were unsaddled and the baggage was taken off and left in charge of a number of men. The rest of us were then ready for the hunt. There was nothing left on the elephants except a cane about the thickness of a finger, which was wound round their bodies to give the riders some hold during the violent and irregular motions of the animals. It was only with difficulty that I could prevail upon the mandarin to allow me to take with me my elephant rifles. Wrapped up in ox hides, these rifles were fastened to the elephant I rode.

"Each elephant was ridden by two men. One who was called the capturer, rode or stood on its back. The other man was the guide, and he sat right behind the neck of the animal. The capturer had a long bamboo stick which reached to the ground, and to the lower end of which was attached a loop made of twisted coco fibre. This loop was attached to a long line made of hide, and held by the capturer at about the middle and by the guide at its other end.

"We advanced with all speed on the trail. Every moment I was in danger of being hurled to the ground by the branches of trees. The capturers, the guides, and the mandarin knew how to keep out of the way of danger. Often I saw our guide lie down flat behind the neck of his animal, and the capturer take hold of its tail and ride on the haunches of the elephant so as not to be scraped off. I expected every moment to be knocked to the ground. I managed to keep my seat, however, and at last we reached an open, where we found about twenty wild elephants, young and old, which gave vent to their surprise and fright by violent trumpetings.

"We rode with the utmost speed right into the herd. The guides, in order to spur their animals to the utmost speed, knocked upon their skulls with iron spikes which drew blood. The purpose was to separate one of the young elephants from the herd. I wish to say here that wild elephants in fighting with tame ones are no cowards, but they behave with the greatest caution, because they seem to be aware of the superiority of opponents guided by human beings. We soon succeeded in pushing to one side a young animal and its mother, and immediately several of our tame elephants tried to separate them by pushing in between them. The mother tried to defend herself by blows with her trunk, which, however, our men knew how to avoid. At last we succeeded in separating the two animals.

"The capturers, who stood upright on the backs of their elephants, now tried to drag the loops on the bamboos along the ground so that the feet of the young animal, which was running about in a frightened manner, should be entangled. One of the capturers succeeded. The right hind leg of the youngster was caught. The line was tightly held by both the capturer and the guide. The young elephant felt his danger and tried to flee. While the greater part of the men tried to keep the herd in check, the rest devoted themselves to completely securing the captured beast. The fettered captive, followed by the lucky capturer on his elephant, plunged to the right and left. Then it was hunted about in a circle until it broke down quite exhausted. The servants surrounded it, jumped to the ground, and cautiously creeping from underneath their animals, fettered with hide thongs attached to their capturing implements the legs of the broken-down creature, and made the thongs fast to the trunks of trees, so that the captive could no longer budge.

"The animal was kept in that position for several days. The first day it had nothing to eat or drink. The second day it received some water. On the third day a few morsels of food were given to it, and it began to become docile. Then it allowed itself to be led by its tame companions, which tried to console it by caressing it with their trunks. On the eighth day of its captivity the youngster was so far tamed that any one could approach it.

"From this description it might appear that the elephant of Indo-China is a harmless animal. This is not the case. When irritated by a wound it becomes very dangerous, especially to white men. While the elephant of India takes to flight at the first shout, if its wound is not mortal, the Indo-Chinese animal at once attacks the hunter. I had an adventure of this sort right after the hunt I have described.

"I wanted to show the Cambodians what a European hunter can do, and I therefore requested the mandarin to allow me to try a shot at the wild herd, which meantime him responsible for the consequences the mandarin gave his consent. I took my rifle and some ammunition, got ready for firing, and ordered my Cambodian servant to follow me at a distance with my reserve double barrelled rifle. Entering the forest, I saw three elephants standing in front of me. I looked round for my servant, but he was nowhere to be seen. A full-grown female elephant, followed by a young one, rushed toward me with uplifted trunk and fierce trumpetings. I had no time to spare to take good aim, and so I fired into the open mouth of the beast. The tremendous recoil of my gun threw me to the ground, and at the same moment I heard my servant fire twice.

"I quickly raised myself, but was unable on account of the smoke of my gun to see the elephant. Then I suddenly felt something graze my face, and I was hurled a distance of several yards, and lost consciousness. When I recovered the Cambodians stood around me. They had thought that I was dead. My clothes were sprinkled with blood, and a pain in my upper jaw convinced me that there was something wrong. I found that several teeth had been knocked out. The elephant had knocked them out with her trunk, and had disappeared. Three balls had not killed her. A deadly wound can only be given when the ball enters through the temple or the eye.

"As the elephant has keen scent and hearing, a European needs long experience before he can hunt the animal successfully The native, who creeps noiselessly in his Annamite costume, has, in spite of his inferior weapons, a better chance of success than a European with his creaking boots and breech-loader. The Benongs kill elephants with poisoned arrows, which, although they cannot penetrate the thick skin, may inflict a deadly wound in softer parts, as the trunk. In such places the poisonous substance, prepared from extracts of herbs, acts so violently that the animal often dies within ten minutes."

The Highest Railroad in the World.

The highest point attained by a railroad in the United States is in the Rocky Mountains, 9,027 feet above the sea. Trains on the Callao-Oroya line in Peru are now ascending to a height as far above this great elevation as the total height of Mount Washington. In other words, when a train on the Oroya line enters the Galera tunnel to cross from the western to the eastern slope of the Cordilleras it is more than a mile higher above the sea than the loftiest bit of railroad track in this country. Some stretches of track in Mexico are also higher than any railroad in the United States.

At present the Galera tunnel is the highest elevation attained by any railroad in the world. Some months ago it was reported that this wonderful Oroya railroad had at last crossed the Andes. It was on Sept. 28 last that the first train from Callao passed through the tunnel to the eastern side of the mountains. Twenty years elapsed after the line was started at the sea before the Cordilleras were conquered; and trains have scarcely a foot of level grade for 106 miles until they pull into the Galera tunnel, 15,638 feet above the sea, and emerge upon the eastern face of the Andes.

If this were not the loftiest tunnel in the world it would still be conspicuous as a specimen of railroad construction. It was driven through the rock a distance of 3,855 feet. If a train happens to stop in the tunnel, passengers can hear water from the vaulted roof pattering on the car tops. The melting snow that crowns the mountain summit above it filters through to the excavation. Two channels are cut in the rock to carry the water out of the tunnel. One of them leads to the head stream of an Amazon tributary and the Atlantic; the other to the Rimac River and the Pacific.

It is doubtful if any other railroad for general traffic will ever be carried to so great an elevation. The surveys for the Pan-American Railroad do not thus far indicate elevations at all approaching that of the Oroya line. It will be necessary here and there to pass from one valley to another separated by mountain ranges, but the highest points along the line will not be over 7,000 feet above the sea, if the results of the preliminary surveys hold good.

South America will always beat the rest of the world in elevated railroads. The South Peruvian line from Mollendo to Lake Titicaca attains a height of 14,641 feet, only 997 feet lower than the Galera tunnel. The remarkable Chilean Railroad, now nearing completion, which, starting at Antofagasta, runs hundreds of miles northeast into Bolivia, has its highest point at Carcoto, 12,008 feet above the sea; and it is a noteworthy coincidence that the Trans-South American line from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso is also said to be just 12,008 feet above the sea at its highest point. These results have been obtained by triangulation, but for ordinary purposes it may be as well to lop off the extra feet above 12,000, just as some geographers do in the case of Mt. Everest. They say that the figure 20,004 feet given, as the height of this loftiest of mountains, implies a refinement of accuracy in measurement to which it is not entitled.

Ghastly Sight at Sea.

A New York telegram says:—The captain of the barque Knudsvig, from Belize to Goole, which was itself abandoned in a sinking condition, reports that on the 6th inst. in lat. 30, long. 75, he spoke the 20-ton screw steamer Syren, 129 days out from London to Bermuda. The crew had undergone terrible suffering. The vessel had not been long out when the water became impure, and one after another the men sickened until all were helpless. The steamer drifted for six days, at the mercy of the seas, no one was at the helm, no lights were carried, and there was no evidence to show that there was a living soul on board. During this terrible time the Syren collided with a barque, name unknown, and sustained some damage, one of her boats being smashed. On the following day the captain, having somewhat recovered, came on deck and attempted to take an observation, but just as he was getting the sun's altitude the vessel lurched, and he fell, losing his sextant, which was the only one on board. Their position now became well nigh desperate. Both provisions and water gave out, the men had not the remotest notion of their bearings, the vessel became covered with barnacles, and all hope had been given up when they fell in with the Knudsvig. The latter supplied them with provisions and water, and informed them of their position and the date. The Syren then bore away on her course.

A Gaudy Tennis Jacket Awes Belligeren Cannibals.

E. J. Glave, the African traveller, writes:—In 1886, when leaving England for a three years' journey in Africa, I had among my extensive outfit a flannel jacket, gaudily colored in bold yellow and black stripes, two inches wide. I packed this away in the bottom of a trunk, deciding to reserve it for the far interior, feeling certain that my dusky friends there would be deeply impressed by the dazzling garment.

A few months later I was journeying in a small steamer on the upper waters of the Congo River, visiting all the native settlements on my way. Upon nearing the large populous Village of Lulungu I resolved to render my landing as imposing as possible by wearing my brightly striped jacket. I had imagined that my brilliant appearance would create a great deal of interest, but I had not expected to fascinate the whole tribe into a state of bewilderment. My arrival arrested all occupation in the village, street and hut were deserted, and an admiring crowd scurried to the beach and grouped themselves around me in a huddled mass. Some of them, spell bound, stared and gaped at me without saying a word; others more bold expressed their wonderment in stuttering whispers; neither fiery comet nor noonday eclipse could have held this savage audience more thoroughly bewitched; bearded warriors with arms and chests scarred by many a stubborn fight; women clutching their startled babies, and a host of children watching my every movement. As I moved toward the village the dusky crowd followed, and bore me company everywhere I went.

THE INSIGNIA OF GREATNESS.

In support of the respect and homage thus voluntarily extended to me I informed the chief "Ngoi" that in the white man's land (Mputu) none but the biggest of chiefs were permitted to wear such gorgeous attire; with all the dignity and importance which I could summon to my aid I endeavored to convince him that the true sign of office of presidents and crowned heads was such a yellow and black tennis coat. The chief of Lulungu responded to the honor of my visit by bringing to me presents of goats, fowls, eggs, pine-apples and bananas, and in return I gave him some cotton cloth, beads, brass wire, and metal trinkets.

At night groups of dancers, young and old, loudly sang the praises of the distinguished visitor with the colored coat.

The natives in this part of the world are exceedingly fond of bright colored cloth, but in those early days of the Congo exploration such fabric was scarce, and these people had to be content with the color without the texture; so they smeared their bodies with "ngula," a mixture of red powder and oil. The daubing of this over anything tends to beautify according to their ideas of decoration. With such notions of good form they had no hesitancy about jostling around me and smudging my precious coat till its attractive stripes threatened to become lost beneath the oily "ngula."

I remained at Lulungu only one night the next morning I steamed away up stream; my striped coat had proved a brilliant passport to the best society of Lulungu and had been the means of establishing a fine friendship with the natives. My arrival in that gorgeous garments, I have no doubt, is still fresh in the minds of the villagers, who, having no written language store in their memories such events and hand them down from generation to generation as tribal history.

I felt very sorry that my stylish garment was so besmeared, for I dreaded the shrinking consequences of washing it; however, I handed it over to my native servant, Ipambi, with instructions to scrub off the pasty ngual. When cleaned and dried it looked as good as new, except, as I had suspected, it was greatly diminished in size; the sleeves now fitted my arm like a silken cover on an umbrella, and reached just below the elbows; the pockets had climbed up near the collar, and the waist clung tightly around my chest—but it still had it attractive colors. I folded the precious garment carefully, and stood it away, to be produced again only when some event of sufficient importance should demand it.

SAVED BY THE GORGEOUS GARMENT.

Very soon after this I had command of an expedition up the Oubangi, a river peopled by cannibals savage and warlike, and during this journey I was stubbornly attacked. Monster war canoes, loaded to the gunwale with stalwart warriors, shot out from the river bank and wheeled around my slow-moving little stern-wheeler in threatening force; spears were brandished and bow-strings tightened, and a fight seemed unavoidable, my crew crouched low with loaded rifles, ready with a deadly response to the challenging spear fight. We were surrounded by overwhelming numbers pressing unpleasantly close on all sides of us. Derisive laughter and boastful threats of eating myself and crew answered all my expressions of peace. I held up cotton stuff and beads and metal ornaments and promised to change those things for ivory and provisions, and I told them with all the emphasis at my command that I sought peace and not war, but that if they commenced the attack I should fire on them.

However, my demonstration this far did not impress them, and it suddenly occurred to me to try my bright colored coat as an introduction into their good graces. I hastily dived down into my trunk and snatched up the garment, and proceeded to squeeze myself into it. The effect was magical. A roar of astonishment greeted my changed attire, and the weapons, pointed in anger a second before, were lowered as tokens of peace. Ashore and afloat my dazzling garment won the cannibal hearts. I was invited forthwith to put into the beach and visit the chief, Ndisi. This old fellow was much affected by my coat, though he at first rather deplored its stinted proportions, but I explained as well as I could that the texture out of which it was made was of so costly a character as to admit of no unnecessary material being employed. He was most anxious to possess this garment, and after a great deal of haggling I sold it to him for a tusk of ivory, and never a prouder chief strutted about an African village than did old Ndisi dressed in the gaudy tennis coat.

"I try to love my neighbor," said Mr. Meekins, as he gazed disconsolately out into the rain. "but it's a hard thing for a man who pays cash for his unbrellas to do."

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1893.

THE Government has certainly sealed its own doom at the next election by its hasty and almost criminal action regarding the vote to borrow $600,000 and saddle the rest of the Province with a debt of $27,000 a year for 25 years just to beautify Victoria. Those who voted for the measure can have no idea whatever of the crying needs of the interior, and more especially of the mining districts. Had the Government first assisted in the opening up of West Kootenay mines the consequent increase of wealth in the Province would, in a year or two, have warranted the building of even a grander structure than the one now proposed and enabled the Government to carry out the work without borrowing. But, like a child promised a new toy, it must have it AT ONCE! It cannot wait until the mining machinery which will percolate the Province with streams of gold and silver is put in motion. It will not even lend any assistance towards developing this mineral wealth, judging by the estimates for the ensuing year. A paltry $30,000 is allotted for the whole of West Kootenay. Of this the Revelstoke Division, as usual, gets one-fifth ($6,000), Nelson Division getting the remaining four-fifths. It is a shame. Why is this division always treated so scurvily? We advise all taxpayers to see to it that they are on the voting list. The Big Bend trail calls for the whole of that $6,000. Prospectors are here now waiting to get in there, but the hardships to be endured will deter all but the most daring and sanguine. There is not a single road leading out of Revelstoke—only an apology for a trail that makes even a mule tired. There are millions in gold and silver north, south and east of this town; but it cannot be reached. There it may stop for all the Government cares. Victoria must have its $600,000 *building for tourists to admire*, while the wealth of the Province may still lie idle an unprofitable. Will Mr. Kellie endeavor to show the Government the mistake it is making, or is it too late?

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 a Timber Berth, to be opened on the 22nd May, 1893," will be received at this Department until noon on Monday, the 22nd of May next, for licenses to cut timber on Berths 114 and 115, south of Revelstoke, in the Province of British Columbia, which may be described as follows:—

Berth 114.—Commencing where the southern boundary of the Forty-mile Belt intersects the easterly side of the Columbia River, thence three miles northerly fronting on the river by three miles in depth, and containing an area of nine square miles, more or less.

Berth 115.—Commencing at the north boundary of Berth No. 114 on the east side of the Columbia River, and fronting on the said river three miles northerly by three miles in depth, and containing an area of nine square miles, more or less, in the said Province.

A separate tender must be made for each of these berths.

The regulations under which licenses will be issued 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 a license.

No tender by telegraph will be entertained.

JOHN R. HALL,
Secretary.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 20th March, 1893.

REVELSTOKE QUADRILLE CLUB.

The Semi-annual Business Meeting of the members of the Revelstoke Quadrille Club will be held at the office of the secretary on WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 5th, at 8 o'clock.

I. T. BREWSTER,
Secretary.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Don't order your GARDEN PLANTS yet. Wait and see WILLIAMSON.

A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in Peterson's Hall TO-NIGHT (Saturday) at 8 o'clock, to discuss a matter of great importance to the town. Come everybody.

R. ROBSON

HAS RECEIVED A SUPPLY OF

FIRST-CLASS FLOUR

From the Western Milling Co. of Regina.

This company at present find themselves compelled to DOUBLE THE SIZE OF THEIR MILL, the demand for their flour having so largely increased.

The wheat reaped on the Regina plains last harvest was pronounced the BEST BETWEEN WINNIPEG AND THE MOUNTAINS, special Samples being secured for the World's Fair at Chicago.

Flour made from this quality of wheat is the article Mr. Robson is now offering to the inhabitants of Revelstoke and district.

Patent Hungarian, Strong Baker's, Oats, Shorts, Bran, Chopped Feed, Rolled Oats, Granulated Oatmeal, Wheat, Hay, &c.

Always see Robson's prices before buying elsewhere. They will be the LOWEST POSSIBLE FOR CASH.

LARDEAU

Is situated at the head of the North-East Arm of Upper Arrow Lake. It is the easiest point from which to enter the remarkably rich mines of the Lardeau and Fish Creek Districts. It will have the advantage of both rail and steamboat lines. The C.P.R. will begin the building of a line from Revelstoke to the N.E. Arm of Arrow Lake as soon as the weather will permit. LARDEAU is at the head of navigation on this Arm, and will be the terminus of steamers and that of the Lardeau & Kootenay Railway. There is no question that the Rich Mining Districts which are tributary to LARDEAU will attract thousands of Prospectors and Capitalists during the present season, and that a large town will grow up at that point. The history of Kaslo will be repeated at LARDEAU this year, and investors in Kootenay property should study the situation. Kaslo, in many instances, has already repaid from 500 to 1,000 per cent. to investors.

The wisdom of an investment in LARDEAU is without question.

For further particulars, prices and terms, apply to any of the undersigned.

ROBERT IRVING, Trustee, Broad Street, Victoria.

HENRY CROFT, Colonist Building, Government Street, Victoria.

DOUGLAS & CO., 139 Cordova Street, Vancouver.

GREEN, RICHARDSON & CO., 57 Jameson Building, Spokane.

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Revelstoke Pharmacy
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TOILET & OTHER ARTICLES
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BARBER SHOP & BATHROOMS,
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REVELSTOKE, B.C.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that all persons are prohibited from cutting wood on Timber Berths Nos. 112 and 113, situated on the west side of the Columbia River, commencing at the margin of the railway belt, about twenty miles south of Revelstoke, and fronting on the said river six miles north by one mile in depth. Any person cutting or taking timber from these berths after this date will be prosecuted.

DANL. ROBINSON
Revelstoke, March 8th, 1893.

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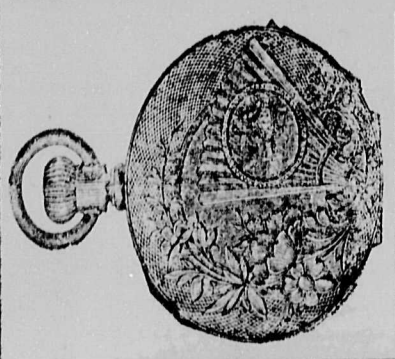

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R. HOWSON,

Has a large Stock of Household Furniture, Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, &c.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

A LIFE FOR A GUINEA.

I.

About sixty years ago there stood, thirty miles away from London, on the road to Millbrook, a lonely inn—so lonely was it, that even in the daytime it presented anything but a hospitable and inviting appearance.

It stood about half a dozen yards from the side of the road, and to approach it was necessary to cross some long and rather rank grass, which the country people used to say the landlord allowed to grow there expressly that it might damp the feet of the persons putting up at his inn, thus forcing them, not only to take deeper potations, but further, on account of the rheumatism or cold to which their damp feet gave rise, to protract their stay.

This inn was called "The Dumpling."

A queer name, and suggestive of an appearance the reverse of what it presented, with its stained walls, its small windows, its narrow doorway, and its rickety sign, symbolical of the name by means of the picture of a smoking dumpling, held in a dish by the hand of a brawny woman.

What made this inn more peculiarly desolate was the circumstance of there being no trees in the vicinity. Saving here and there a small growth of the most luxuriant grass, there was not a patch of respectable vegetation to be seen within half a mile of the house all round.

It is quite certain that no man in his senses would ever have thought of constructing an inn in such an uninviting locality. Therefore it was rumoured that the house had only been converted into an inn since the present proprietor had taken possession of it, and that it had previously been no more than a doubtful kind of shanty, occupied by a set of persons who, it had been strongly suspected, had varied their lives by impersonating the characters of shepherds by day and highwaymen by night.

The name of the proprietor, at the period of this story, was one Nat Morgan, a fellow of Welsh extraction, and as odd a looking personage as ever you set your eyes on.

He was almost a dwarf. His height was no more than 4 feet 3 or 4 inches. He had a head of very red hair, and one eye, the other having been extinguished, it was said, by a fight which he had had with a youngster when a lad. In spite of his being a dwarf, however, he appeared a very powerfully built man. His bow legs helped him to get over the ground with amazing rapidity, and when he moved his arms you could see his muscles playing under the tight-fitting sleeves of his waistcoat in such a manner as would have made you hesitate ere you determined to anger him.

Yet of all amiable hosts Nat Morgan was the most amiable. The visits of travellers to his inn were infrequent enough; and everybody wondered how he managed to gain a subsistence by such few customers; but the people who did put up at his inn, either through stress of weather or from want of refreshment, were met on the threshold of "The Dumpling" with a smile and a bow that quite won their hearts.

But, as I have said, the visits of such people were very rare. Many a time and often might Mr. Nat Morgan have been seen standing at his door, on the look-out, it seemed, for travellers, whether on horseback, in vehicles or on foot.

Sometimes such travellers would heave in sight, as they say at sea, at the turning of the road a mile away from the inn. They would approach gazing earnestly at "The Dumpling," as if meditating a visit; but scared by the inhospitable look of the place or by the highwayman-like air that hung about it they would press forward and disappear.

At such moments Nat Morgan would utter a suppressed oath, and turning upon his heel, stalk angrily into the house.

How was "The Dumpling" supported, then? and how did Mr. Nat Morgan contrive to live, if the visits of travellers to his inn were so rare?

We shall see.

One November afternoon, a solitary horseman, enveloped in a cloak, and bowing his head almost on the neck of his horse, to protect his face from the rain, which the high, cold wind made stinging as it dashed it against him, turned the corner of the road, and at a jog-trot approached the inn, which was barely visible through the misty showers that were falling.

The wind was howling about the house in such a noisy manner as to prevent Mr. Nat Morgan from hearing the sounds of the horse's hoofs approaching his door. But on the horseman loudly demanding if anybody were within, he darted up, and assuming his politest smile, at once went to welcome his traveller.

"Can you give me anything to eat here?" asked the wayfarer, who still remained in his saddle.

"Certainly, sir," answered Nat; "if you will dismount and walk in, we will provide you with whatever you choose to ask for."

"And have you a stable to put my horse into for a couple of hours? I shan't remain longer, for I have a long ride before me and pressing business to compel me to be punctual."

"Capital stable, sir, and your horse shall be fed, and dried, and looked well after, I promise you."

"As he spoke the traveller lightly jumped from his horse, and, throwing the reins to Nat, entered the house. In a few minutes after Nat followed him.

The room which the traveller had entered was a small apartment, containing two tables, a few chairs, some long clay pipes on the mantelpiece, and a few yellow prints on the wall.

The traveller had disencumbered himself of his heavy cloak, and had thrown himself into a chair, evidently much fatigued. He was a tall man, with a heavy moustache, and a keen, intelligent eye. He rapidly scrutinised the form of Nat, who stood before him, and then inquired what his larder contained, Nat delivered the contents with great rapidity. He had chickens, eggs, cheese, ham, a rump steak, some excellent Hollands, and new bread. This was welcome news to the traveller, who, from the exterior of the inn, had anticipated no such hospitable cheer. He gave his orders, and whilst Nat went to execute them himself, or see them executed, he drew a chair to the small log fire that blazed rather cheerily, and surrendered himself to contemplation.

The time passed, and the meal was prepared, was set before the traveller, and discussed.

The wind had increased, but it had ceased raining. The gloom of the approaching evening was made more sombre by the masses of dirty-coloured clouds which the wind was sweeping and whirling across the skies. Nothing could be conceived more cheerless than the country, as contemplated by the traveller through the small window of the room in which he was seated.

Suddenly he rose, and drew forth his watch.

"Get my horse saddled and brought round; I must be going."

"I can offer you a capital bed—well-aired sheets, sir—if you will do me the honor to stop."

"No, I have fourteen miles to ride to-night. It is now seven. It will take me all the time I propose, I can see, for my horse has not had half rest enough. But never mind. Go and saddle him and bring him round, and let me know what I have to pay you."

Nat left the room, and the traveller, swinging his heavy cloak over his shoulders, pulled his hat firmly over his brows, and strode to the threshold, where he stood waiting for Nat.

In about five minutes' time the man came round, leading the horse, which, in spite of what the traveller had said, looked all the better for its rest and feed.

The traveller, placing his foot in the stirrup, lightly bounded on to the animal's back; then, drawing forth a purse, he extracted some money from it, which he dropped into the outstretched hand of Nat asking if that would cover the reckoning.

An avaricious gleam shone in Nat's eyes, as his glance met the purse, and a ferocious expression for a moment overspread his features, and then abruptly vanished.

It was too dark for the traveller to note this expression.

"I'm much obliged to you for the money, sir," said Nat, pocketing the coins. "It pays me, and over, sir. Which way are you going, that I may direct you this dark night?"

"I am going as far as Daunston——"

"I know it well," interrupted the man. "This road takes you right to it."

"Good-night."

"Good-night, sir; thank ye!"

The traveller clapped spurs to his horse, and in a few moments had left "The Dumpling" some distance behind him.

II.

The night was gathering apace. It had again commenced to rain and the strong wind, right in the teeth of the traveller, positively impeded the progress of his horse.

For a moment he almost regretted that he had not adopted Nat Morgan's suggestion, and availed himself of the offer of the bed and the well-aired sheets. And I do not say that, but for the appearance of the inn and the landlord, the traveller would not have discontinued his journey until the morning.

Highway robberies were rife in those days. Sixty years ago no man ever thought of mounting a horse to start on a journey of ever so few miles without a couple of loaded pistols in the upholsters of his saddle. Our traveller was no exception to this rule. The possession of his pistols gave him confidence. He felt himself to be a match for any one man who might attack him; and for the matter of more than one he must take his chance.

Time passed on. He had been riding now for more than three-quarters of an hour, when all at once he felt his horse become lame beneath him. He hoped for a moment that it might prove his fancy; but it became in a very short time a fact that there was no use doubting. The animal had not only considerably slackened its pace, but every now and then uttered a low neigh, as of pain.

The traveller flung himself to the ground, and commenced the inspection of his horse. His first idea was that the animal had wounded itself against a flint; but, on examining its left fore-leg, he discovered that a shoe had come off.

Here was a pretty fix! The recovery of the shoe was impossible. He could not tell how far it had been left behind him. And, even could he have recovered it, what use would it have been to him?

There was no alternative but to go on; and, as he knew his horse would be lamed were he to ride it on the high road, he turned off on to a narrow track of sward, running along the hedge, and which he kept as long as he could.

All at once, some distance along the road, he perceived a light approaching him, and in a few minutes, a cart and horse, with a small lantern affixed to one of the shafts, emerged from the darkness.

"Can you tell me if there's a blacksmith living about these parts?" shouted the traveller.

"Aye," answered a voice from the cart; "ye'll be foinding one some two moile on, if ye keep straight."

This was lucky—if true. The traveller pushed his way forward with extreme caution, and in about half an hour's time saw some lights gleaming in the distance. On nearing these lights, a group of small houses grew visible in the darkness, at the door of the first of which he dismounted and knocked.

There was no response, and again he knocked. Still no response. He picked up a stone, and fell to hammering on the door, determined, at all events, to let the inmates know that somebody wanted them.

The door was abruptly opened and a swarthy form, visible against a background lighted up by a faint reddish glow, inquired who was there at that hour of the night.

"I am a traveller. My horse has lost a shoe, and I can't proceed until I find a blacksmith. Can you direct me to one?"

"I'm a blacksmith," said the swarthy figure; "but if you think I'm going to shoe your horse at this time o' night you're vastly mistaken, I can tell you."

The traveller, however, set before him his benighted condition in such pathetic terms, that the rude blacksmith, after much grumbling, seemed touched with pity, and volunteered to perform the service required of him.

"Here's a guinea for you, my man," said the traveller. "Now work away like a good fellow."

The man took the guinea in silence, and for some moments there was a pause. Then, approaching him, he took the traveller by the arm, and, after cautiously looking around him, exclaimed, in a low whisper:

"I ain't accustomed to this liberality, and I likes to repay kindness. If you'll take my advice, sir, you'll turn back, for there's danger on the road."

"Danger! Well, I'm prepared for it."

"How?"

"I have pistols."

"Look to them, sir."

The traveller drew the weapons from their casings and examined them. All at once he turned pale.

The charges were drawn!

"There's treachery!" he exclaimed, recoiling, and sternly examining the blacksmith.

"Aye, there is," answered the man, with a low laugh. "And now I'll show you something more."

He approached the horse, and raising one foot after another, showed the amazed traveller that the clenching of the nails had been filed away, evidently with the intention of disabling the animal from continuing the journey beyond a certain point.

Whilst the blacksmith remedied these defects which he seemed to do now willingly enough, the traveller carefully reloaded his pistols, and then, in opposition to the urgent entreaties of the blacksmith, continued his journey.

About a mile from the forge he was encountered by a highwayman, who seized his horse's bridle, and bade him deliver up his money.

The attack was quite unexpected, for it was so dark that the traveller was unaware of the presence of the highwayman until he felt the reins of his horse suddenly jerked.

"Let go my reins;" cried the traveller, drawing one of his pistols, "on peril of your life."

A low mocking laugh was the highwayman's answer, accompanied by a second demand for his money. The traveller presented his pistol, and again the low mocking laugh of the robber rang forth.

There was a bright flash, an explosion and the form of the highwayman, shot through the heart, lay prone on the road at the feet of the horse.

The traveller alighted placed the body across the saddle-bow, and rode back to the forge, where by a light he discovered that the wretched highwayman was no other than the landlord of the inn, who had been long in concert with the blacksmith, and made an easy prey of his guests by the practice of rendering their pistols useless.

In this instance he fell a victim to a belief in the infallibility of his precaution, whilst the traveller owed his life to the guinea which he gave to the blacksmith.

LETTER POST 200 YEARS AGO.

Mails Made Five Miles an Hour, Highwaymen Permitting.

Perhaps a little chat about the methods and difficulties of conveying letters in bygone days may help you to realize and appreciate the advantages of the present. We will not go farther back than the latter part of the seventeenth century—about 200 years ago. And we will imagine ourselves in England.

There were no steamboats and steam cars to carry travelers to near or distant parts of the country at that time. And as people stayed at home so generally, there was not nearly so much letter-writing as now. We go on frequent journeys, and want to let our dear ones know where we are, what we are doing, and how we are faring. Besides, there were not many post offices outside of the cities and large towns, and it was only to important places in the vicinity of London that the mail was sent as often as once a day, and towns at some distance had their letters and newspapers but once a week. To remote country places, villages, gentlemen's country residences and farms, especially during the winter, when the public and private roads were very bad, the mails were very uncertain, being often a fortnight and sometimes an entire month apart.

At that time the bags containing the letters were all carried by horsemen, the mail-carrier jogging along by night and day at the rate of about five miles an hour—in good weather, and in summer time; for the highways were usually in very bad condition, so that fast riding was not possible. The postman often ran the risk of being stopped and plundered by mounted highwaymen, at that time a terror to travelers by horseback or coach. They seemed to be on a sharp lookout for any valuables in money, paper or otherwise that might be sent in the post-bags. They rode the fastest and finest horses, were bold and daring, and when the postman found himself in a lonely road or crossing a dark moor late at night, you may be sure he urged his weary horse forward and joyfully welcomed the first ray of light that shone from the lantern swinging to the side of the roadside inn.

Hounslow heath, Finchley common and Gadshill in the neighborhood of London were celebrated haunts of the highwayman, and the secluded roads of Epping forest on the route to Cambridge were often the scenes of plunder in broad daylight. These desperate robbers at last became so dangerous and the peril of their attacks so serious to travelers of all kinds, as well as to the postmen, that the Government passed a law making highway robbery an offense punishable by the death of the criminal and the confiscation of all his property. But robberies still occurred.

In 1783 mail coaches protected by armed guards took the place of post-boys. The coaches carried passengers, also, and, as these generally carried arms, the mails were better protected; but still daring and oftentimes successful attacks were made upon them.

The Darkey's Retort.

Jason, a Boston darkey, was summoned to give evidence in a case in which it was not his interest to be identified.

When the time of trial came, Jason sent the following note to the judge: "Can't come, sah; I'se in bed wid er broken hip."

The next day a deputy-sheriff saw Jason in the street, arrested him, and took him into court.

"You trifling rascal!" said the judge. "I ought to send you to the Penitentiary."

"What for, jedge?"

"For lying to this court."

"I didn't lie to de court."

"You did—you said you were lying in bed with a broken hip."

"I wuz, jedge."

"How did you get well so soon?"

"Oh, dar wa'n't nuthin' de matter wid me!"

"Then you have lied to the court."

"No, sah, I hain't. My son broke his hip tuther day, an' I was lyin' in bed wid him."

"Take the fool away!"

"Thank yer, jedge. De white folks doan un'erstand a thing till airter it's splained, but den dey see it wid er mighty bright eye!"

OLD SPOTTED EAGLE.

A Winter's Tale of the Sioux.

Around a comfortable camp-fire we were sitting one night. The myriads of stars in the sky above were sparkling like diamonds. Except where the yellow firelight fell upon our white wall tents, ghost-like in the distance, we seemed wrapped in a mantle of impenetrable darkness. Our horses tied among the cottonwoods which lined the banks of the creek, where crunching in the nose-bags their supper of corn and oats. Nothing else save the crackling of the fire and the occasional howl of a coyote far out on the prairie was to be heard.

As he stolidly gazed at the blazing logs and puffed away at his cigarette, I tried to guess old Spotted Eagle's age. I could not reconcile the mass of wrinkle which the firelight brought to view with what I knew him to be—a man vigorous as a youth of 20 and one of the most untiring hunters among the great Sioux nation.

"Bardeaux, deaux, ask Spotted Eagle how old he is."

The interpreter did so. Old Spot thought a moment, removed cigarette from his mouth, smiled, and with a grunt by way of exclamation point, made his reply.

"He says he is pretty old but he doesn't know how old," responded the interpreter.

This was about the reply I had expected, for the Sioux rarely take note of their age. They say with commendable frankness, that when they are young they do not *care* to know how old they are, and when they are old they do not *want* to know how old they have become.

"Well, ask him, Bordeaux, to tell us something about himself; something that happened years ago, when there were but few white men about here."

The interpreter complied, and then there was silence for a few minutes while old Spot rolled a fresh cigarette from the bag that I passed him.

This done, and a few deep puffs taken for inspiration, the old man began with deep, gutteral chest-tones the following tale of his early life:

IN THE LAND OF THE DAKOTAS.

Many years ago, when the great Dakota nation ruled this country and allowed no white men to enter it, we went to war with the Arickarees, and that was the year that I had a hard time of it. It was winter, and a very bad winter too. But in those days the buffalo were as the pine trees upon the mountain side; and we had warm robes for every body and plenty of meat for everybody; and even the boys could kill what was needed, with their bows and arrows. For the old men had told us how, many years before, four men of my tribe had killed a buffalo. And when they had skinned him and cut him open, they found inside four whetstones. And each Indian took a whetstone and kept it, and after that the buffalo were plentiful in the Sioux country. And when the buffalo were near at hand, the four whetstones would swell up and grow larger; and when the buffalo were killed or had run away, the whetstones would grow small again. And the whetstones were kept in the tribe for many years.

So that when we went to war against the Arickarees, even though it was the middle of a terrible winter, we were not afraid of starving, or that our wives and children would starve while we were away. We started with the snow upon the ground. The air and sky seemed filled with the whisperings of a storm, and our ponies refused at first to turn their heads away from camp. But the Arickarees had stolen many of our ponies and the hearts of our young men were strong to fight. After three days' journey we camped on a little river, where our scouts brought word of the camp of the Arickarees, a day's journey to the north. Then our chief warrior, Charge-on-the-bear, said that it would be good to remain and rest until the following sunset, when we would travel all night and strike the camp of our enemies at daylight.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

So we lay down to sleep with good hearts. But just before the sun came over the hills we were ourselves attacked by the Arickarees, who tried at first to stampede our ponies, yelling, shooting and setting the grass on fire. But they did not succeed in running off our ponies, for we reached them in time to quiet them, and stopped the charge of our enemies with the bullets from our rifles. And then jumping on the backs of our ponies, we circled away from the prairie fire, meeting the Arickarees on the edge behind the smoke. And the fight was a hard one.

When we met our enemies face to face I saw a certain man among them whom I thought I would fight. So I rode toward him; but before I had gone far one of the Arickarees shot my horse in the leg, and he became crazy with the pain. He jumped and pitched, and tried to throw me off; and while I was controlling him as well as I could he suddenly bolted with me, straight at the war party of the Arickarees. Then I thought my time had come, but I tried my best to turn the pony's head to the right or left. And as I circled toward the right one of the Arickarees shot me through the left leg, and the bullet went through the pony also, so that we fell to the ground together.

As soon as we struck the ground I pulled myself loose from the dead pony, and rising to my feet, tried to run toward a little gully. But I no sooner rested my weight on my wounded leg than it gave way under me, and I fell to the ground. And the Arickarees, seeing my fall, gave a yell of triumph, for they counted my scalp as already in their belts. And looking in the one direction I saw the Arickarees charging down on me, yelling, and brandishing their spears and war-clubs. And in the other direction, but farther away came my friends. And they gave my enemies a hail storm of bullets, arrows and spears, and the rush of the Arickarees was stopped. But they were fighting all around me, and I thought I would never come out of it all alive.

A FORLORN HOPE.

Then, when the Arickarees were driven back, some of my friends brought a pony and lifted me on him, and led me out of the way. Finally the Arickarees ran away and the fighting stopped; but we knew that that night there would be mourning in the tepees of our enemies.

And as we started on our return, it began to snow again and to grow bitter cold. The snow piled up in drifts and covered the whole country, while the cutting northwest wind and the growing darkness made everything that could be seen seem dim and white. The ravines became choked with snow, and the men in front had to make a road for the others to follow. I was always the last man to pass through, and my pony was led by the man in front. It grew colder and colder and I had to change moccasins every little while to keep my feet from freezing. About eight o'clock in the evening came the worst time. It was still snowing hard, and the piercing wind was blowing the snow in such clouds, that each one of us could scarcely see the man in front. We were afraid of getting separated, and we kept continually shouting, so as to be able to keep together. The others took turns leading my pony, and it was hard for them to do it, and keep from freezing. Finally, I became tired of it all. I saw what a trouble I was, and how I delayed their march. The pain in my leg was becoming worse and worse, and it was hard to keep from freezing. so I told the two men just ahead of me, to leave me behind and go on and save themselves; wherever I went, I had to die sometime, anyhow; why not now as well as any time.

THE BRAVE CHIEF.

They told me they would tell the chief warrior, and one of them, riding ahead, did so. The party halted, and soon Charge-on-the-Bear came back and asked me what I wanted. I replied: "My friend, I am a man not afraid to die. I will stay here because I give you all too much trouble." But Charge-on-the-Bear said: "It is not right, Spotted Eagle, to leave you here. I did not go to war to leave a wounded man to die in the cold by himself. No! If any man is not afraid to fight against his enemy I like that man. I will not leave you here to die. Is that rightly spoken?"

And I told him that what he, the chief warrior, said should be obeyed. So they again led me forward through the storm. A short time after the snowing stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and in three hours we had struck the tepees of a Sioux camp with plenty of wood and buffalo meat.

My leg soon got all right again, but I can never forget the time I went to fight the Arickarees and was nearly frozen to death.

Spotted Eagle relasped into silence. The cottonwood logs had changed to glowing embers, and the measured puffing of tobacco smoke from the interpreter's lips was all that was to be heard; We were again passing through the stirring scenes that the old Indian has described with such simplicity.

And I could not but wonder at and admire the grand self-denial of the young Indian brave, who, wounded and benumbed with cold, had unselfishly offered to give up his life rather than remain an impediment to the salvation of his companions, and of the equally noble refusal of the chief warrior to leave young Spotted Eagel to the awful fury of the Dakota blizzard when the instinct of self-preservation was so strongly developed by the perils of the storm.

Strange was it to learn such a lesson of heroism from the lips of an illiterate Indian brave.

AN ETCHING.

In the Silent Watches.

The fire burned low.

Grotesque shadows danced upon the wall, and familiar objects took strange shapes in the flickering fire-light.

I had been ill; very ill, they told me.

My feet had wandered perilously near the Dark Valley, and even yet it seemed to me as though my place were rather with the dead than among the living.

I was, however, convalescent now, though still very weak. Absurdly weak, I would say to myself, with languid impatience, when the handkerchief would fall from my nerveless grasp, or my feeble fingers refuse to obey my will.

My faithful nurse was lying on a cot at the further end of the room, and I could hear the deep and regular breathing that told how soundly she slept. It was to her constant care and unremitting vigilance that I owed my return to life, and I looked affectionately toward her bulky figure, and thought with remorse of the times when I had permitted myself to jest over her excessive avoirdupois, and her awkward movements. I had learned how gentle those large hands could be, and her heavy foot-falls that always brought me comfort had long since ceased to jar my nerves.

My nights were long but never tedious.

When one has come back from the very shadow of the grave, there is so much to think of. Strange sounds still echo in one's ears, and the mind lingers wistfully among the shadows, vainly trying to piece together the broken fragments of song and picture into one harmonious whole.

The fire burned low.

Softly the ashes fell beneath the grate. Here and there red cavernous depths glowed under overhanging masses of gray; here and there white tongues of flame shot up for a moment, flickered, and died.

In my restless movements I had pushed the light quilt from my shoulders I tried to draw it back, but my weak hands refused to do my bidding. Unwilling to disturb my good nurse, who sadly needed her rest, I tried yet again, but without avail.

At last, reluctantly, I cried, "Nurse, please come and cover me!" But my voice failed to rouse her. I looked for the little call-bell. It lay just out of reach. "Nurse, nurse," I called again, but the only answer was the sound of the heavy breathing of the exhausted sleeper.

In my weakness, tears filled my eyes, and I sobbed childishly.

That moment a gentle touch fell upon my shoulder, and the soft quilt was drawn around me. "Oh, nurse," I cried, as I wiped the tears away, "I'm so glad." I looked up. No kind, homely face bent over me, yet the covering was being drawn closely around me, and tucked into place with a sure and practiced hand. A touch that I knew fell lightly on my hair and passed fondly down my thin cheek. "Mother," I whispered, in glad recognition of the invisible presence. "Mother, is it you?"

A gentle rustling set my pulses throbbing, a strange fragrance filled the air. "Asphodel and Amaranth," I murmured low, and, soothed by heavenly perfume, lapped in an atmosphere of caressing mother-love, I slept.

And the fire burned low.

Off Duty.

First Stranger—"What business are you engaged in?"

Second Stranger (pompously)—"I'm engaged in minding-my-own business. If you are out of employment I can recommend it."

First Stranger—"Thanks! How long does your vacation last?"—[Puck.

No man can get very much of an education without going to school to his mistakes.

TROUT LAKE CITY

WEST KOOTENAY, B.C.

The above town site will be placed on the market shortly. It is situated at the north end of Trout Lake, in the famous

LARDEAU COUNTRY

which is going to be one of the RICHEST MINING REGIONS in America. NUMEROUS RICH CLAIMS have been found close to this town site, which will make it the DISTRIBUTING POINT for an IMMENSE TRACT OF COUNTRY. It is the only level land at the north end of the lake. The owners intend to expend money on streets and other improvements in the Spring. The trail from Lardeau City, on Arrow Lake, to Kootenay Lake, runs through the town site. The first hundred lots will be sold at $200 for corners, and $150 for insides

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