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The Kootenay Mail

THE appointment of a gold commissioner for this part of West Kootenay is a recognition of the just claims of one of the most important mining sections of the province.

A POLITICAL landslide appears to have struck the Liberal party in Great Britain, and it looks as though they were going to be buried out of sight by the time the "free and independent" gets through with them.

WE congratulate Govt. Agent Graham upon his elevation to the Gold Commissionership. It is in evidence that a painstaking and conscientious attention to duty, and a desire to serve the public with courtesy and fairness are sometimes rewarded to promotion by the powers that be.

THE government's division of West Kootenay for mining purposes will be appreciated by those who have for too long been put to the trouble and expense of a journey to Nelson, and very often inconsiderate attention when there, to adjust differences. The new district comprises the mining divisions of Revelstoke, Illecillewaet, Lardeau and Trout Lake.

THE ILLECILLEWAET CAMP.

Excitement over New Finds on the North Fork.

[BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.]

This camp is much excited over the new finds on the North Fork of the Illecillewaet. The location is about 20 miles up from Albert Canyon, and is reached by following the North Fork to its sources, and crossing westerly to the headwaters of Downie Creek, about one mile from the summit. J. P. Kennedy, Ole Sandberg and Tom. Marshall have staked four claims and done some work on them, and have just returned, bringing in some splendid samples of the ore, showing grey copper, silver, lead, copper and it is believed a proportion of gold. The vein is in limestone and is about 50 feet wide, containing 6 to 8 feet of shipping ore.

The great need for opening a trail up the North Fork becomes more urgent every day. It is not only this new field that is to be aided by it, but all the previously discovered claims on the westerly slope after crossing the divide from the Maple Leaf, must have an outlet by way of the North Fork to the railway at Albert Canyon. Many of the best mines of the district, the Whale, Jumbo, and others owned by Corbin & Kennedy, as well as by a number of individual holders, are located along the North Fork.

Ben. Green has put $200 worth of work on the Blue Bell, and has finished the assessment on his claims on the North Fork. He started for Regina Monday, but intends to return and spend next winter here.

Tommy Richardson is putting the Maple Leaf hotel in first-class order—papering, painting, and giving it a thorough renovation generally. Nobody regrets having stopped at the Maple Leaf.

The owners of the best claims in the district have very generally done assessment work, among whom are Bain and Boyd, the Lanark Co., Mr. Richardson on the "Pride of Illecillewaet," Archie Chisholm on the "Goat Cave," Walter Scott and Andrew Stanestrom several claims on Fish Creek, a large number on the North Fork, and some of the Silver Bow group. The general report is that the lodes are widening out and improving.

The work on the Maple Leaf has so far been preparatory to the full execution of the plans projected by the company represented by Mr. John Grant, who is on the ground to supervise their execution.

It is a matter of great interest to the Illecillewaet district where the big smelter is to be located in West Kootenay. If we cannot have it at Albert Canyon, which is the most central place to our mines, and where plenty of good ground can be had for a site, we hope it will be built at Revelstoke.

Illecillewaet, July 15, 1895.

Two Great Conventions.

What is said to have been the largest convention of the kind ever held, came to a close at Boston last Sunday, when 50,000 Christian Endeavorers and their friends, who had been attending the annual gathering, dispersed for their homes.

A gathering, numerically very much smaller—numbering about 7,000—than the Boston affair, but of perhaps greater importance, convened in Toronto on Thursday, 18th, when the Pan-American Congress opened its sessions. This will be the greatest gathering of men prominent in religious and educational work ever assembled in America. Men of world-wide reputation, in their respective spheres, are to make addresses.

CHANGE IN THE SMELTING BONUS.

A despatch dated Ottawa, July 18, says: Hon. Mr. Foster's smelting bill, which affects British Columbia, was changed on the motion of Mr. Mara, to include the silver and copper ores of Toad Mountain and gold of Trail Creek. It was read a third time to-day.

Departure of an Old Official.

Mr. A. F. Stewart went east on Tuesday morning, having left the employment of the C.P.R. Mr. Stewart has had for several years, the pioneer work of exploration and construction for the C.P.R. in all new railway building in British Columbia. He is going to South Africa to take charge of a surveying party for a new railroad in that distant colony.

A Prospecting Tour.

John Barr arrived on Wednesday from Big Bend, and left Thursday morning for Beaver. Himself, John Swords and three others started from Donald last September for a long prospecting trip around the Big Bend of the Columbia. Three of the party came out last fall, but Barr and Swords made camp in Wood river for the winter, where the snow was four feet deep. In April they left Wood river and ascended the Canoe about 75 miles, 15 miles above the big log jam. Nothing of value was found either in quartz or placer, and Barr believes the district they were in is outside of the mineral belt, unless it is higher up on the Canoe where that river reaches around to the left or west towards Cariboo. They got a few hundred dollars worth of furs. On the way down, Swords stopped at Smith Creek and hired out to the Hydraulic Mining Company as cook. Barr went up Downie Creek intending to cross the divide and follow Gold river down to the Upper Columbia, but the snow was so deep he could not make it. He intends next to prospect the Gold Range between the Columbia river and Tum Tum and Adams Lakes and Seymour Pass.

NEEDS OF THE COUNTRY.

What a Practical Man Has to Say About Our Necessities.

Better trails and more of them; a smelter adequate to the needs of the country, and centrally located; less exorbitant expectations, in the matter of price, by the owners of prospects. These are the three essentials in the development of the mining industry of this province, according to Lane C. Gilliam, a gentleman well and favorably known in the Slocan, where he has operated for a number of years.

Mr. Gilliam arrived on the Marion on Tuesday, from the Lardeau. He has been into Trout Lake visiting the Wagner Group, located at the head of Healey Creek. Mr. Gilliam has a bond on this property, and, associated with him are some Spokane people whom he is interesting in the district. It was with a view to finding whether strangers could get in to see the location that he visited the group. The time being opportune he left for Spokane Wednesday morning and expects to return with his friends next week. If it's a go, he says, they will begin operations at once.

In speaking of the general mining outlook in Kootenay, Mr. Gilliam thought it was improving. The future of the country was undoubted, but there were several necessary essentials to its development. Transportation was a matter of the first importance, and he could not emphasize too strongly the necessity for better roads and trails, and more of them. A smelter, which would answer the requirements of the country, was a necessary adjunct to its development. Apart from saying the smelter should be centrally located, he would not hazard an opinion as to where it should be erected; saying, that matter could safely be left to the people who would invest their money in the enterprise. What he considered a drawback was the fancy prices at which the owners of claims, generally, were holding their properties, which in most cases were mere prospects. This dog-in-the-manger policy had a tendency to discourage capital and make it look elsewhere for investment, and the inevitable result would be to discourage the prospector himself and retard development.

He was sanguine about the Lardeau district, saying, he believed, with its present disabilities removed, it would prove a richer field for investment than even the Slocan. He had heard from authentic sources of the wonderful wealth of mineral in this part of the Kootenay country, and what he had seen of it had impressed him very favorably. The smelting bonus, recently voted by the Federal government at Ottawa, would give an impetus to the industry and would prove an important factor in the work of development.

FROM BIG BEND TO LARDEAU.

Paragraphed Items of What is Being Done by the Treasure Seekers.

LARDEAU.

O. D. Hoar will start assessment work on the C.P.R. group next week.

Tom. Horne went in this week to do assessment on the Horne ledge property.

John Atkinson and Jas. Curry, on on the 14th inst., staked two gold quartz claims at the mouth of Healey Creek.

Mr. J. D. Sibbald walked in from the Glengarry group to Thomson's on Monday, a distance of 21 miles, carrying a pack of 40 pounds, first ascending 1500 feet, then descending 500 feet—a very good record for a tenderfoot.

Capt. Davey reports that the White Owl, Plated Prince and Silver Tip, a group of claims in the Lardeau owned by Messrs. Bourne, Brewster, Temple and others, are showing up well in wide veins and rich ore. There is a streak of 18 inches of very high grade ore, and 4½ feet of solid shipping mineral, in addition to 10 feet of concentrating ore.

The old Galena Prince has been re-staked and called the Molly Mack, by Campbell and Johnston, the owners of the Badshot. There is an enormous body of ore, though low grade—the old assay being 30 oz. silver with 75 per cent. lead. An extension, formerly called the Bunker Hill, has been re-staked and named the Leadville, by Michael Hayes. A fresh location by Joe. Beauregard, is called Tip Top.

Workers in the Lardeau must be hustling from all accounts. Chas. Abrahamson, who returned on Tuesday, says that rumors of claim bonding are numerous and assessment work is being done with more vim and earnestness than has been the case for the past couple of years. The ranches in the district are in splendid shape, having suffered no damage from high water. In fact, he says, "everything is lovely."

BIG BEND.

Frank McCarty has recorded a quartz claim on Carne's Creek, which will be known as the Salisbury.

Angus Beaton and Frank Vandall started up yesterday to resume work on the Gold Hill, on French Creek.

Laforme's pack train left for Big Bend on Wednesday morning, with 15 loads and 3 saddles, and about 4000 pounds of freight.

A. J. Hamilton, who has been prospecting on Carnes Creek, returned on Wednesday, and left on the Marion, this morning, for Lardeau.

Charlie Norleins arrived Wednesday from Gold Stream, and Eli Carpenter also got back from Wood River, but did not find anything worth staking.

Gus. Lund came down Thursday to record two gold quartz claims, which he has christened Golden Queen and Big Bend Bell. They are both located on McCulloch Creek.

On Smith Creek, Andy Parks has a night and day shift at work. Their shaft is down now over forty feet. The reports sent down concerning this claim are of the most encouraging character.

The Columbia Hydraulic Mining Co. have about completed the work of testing the ground on the Columbia near Smith Creek, which they acquired last fall. Prof. Nason, of New Jersey, who has been conducting the work, has had a staff of eleven men at work for over two months. He intends having a clean up in a few days and much depends upon his report, because if it is satisfactory the owners will work the ground on a large scale.

ILLECILLEWAET.

An effort is being made to interest capital in the Dunvegan, at the head of Fish Creek. This is a property which was bonded by the Kootenay Smelting and Trading Co. in 1890, worked for a short time and then abandoned. The original owners have retained possession and this morning Mr. J. M. Kellie, M.P.P., accompanied by Jas. Campbell, of Port Blakely, J. C. McMillan and A. H. Jose, of Seattle, left for Illecillewaet to inspect the property. The same party intend to visit Carnes Creek next week and inspect some gold quartz locations in which they are interested in common with some local men.

Elections in Great Britain.

The polling in the general elections in Great Britain, which commenced last Saturday, has so far gone overwhelmingly in favor of the Conservatives, and the government will undoubtedly have a very strong majority in the new parliament. Up to yesterday 443 constituencies had declared themselves, of those the government secured 305 and the opposition 138—a majority of 82 so far. Several mentions of Lord Rosebury's late cabinet have gone down in the fight—the two most prominent being Sir William Vernon Harcourt and the Rt. Hon. John Morley. There are 227 constituencies yet to be heard from.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER X.

On the following morning, when Henry Wyatt arrived at the office, he received an intimation that there was nothing for him to do, and that he was to wait until Mr. Inglefield made his appearance. At eleven o'clock he was called into his employer's private room, and he saw immediately, from Mr. Inglefield's stern face, that something grave was impending. He judged correctly that it was with reference to what had passed between him and Rachel, and he was filled with sad forebodings. Mr. Inglefield did not beat about the bush; he came to the point without delay.

"When you applied to me," were his opening words, "for a situation, you informed me that you were a gentleman."

"I informed you correctly, sir," said Henry, respectfully.

"From a gentleman," said Mr. Inglefield, "one naturally expects a certain course of conduct. I am aware that the title is often asserted where it is not deserved; and had I suspected that it would be so in your case, I should certainly not have considered your application. I am, however, myself partly to blame. I took you upon trust, in the belief that you would justify my expectations."

"In what way have I disappointed you, sir?" asked Henry. "I have attended to my duties regularly and faithfully."

"I might have forgiven you," said Mr. Inglefield, "if there had been an occasional lapse on your part in that respect; but you doubtless knew what you were about, and you did not wish to disturb the calm security I reposed in your honor."

"Your pardon, sir," said Henry Wyatt, "for interrupting you, but I trust you will not forget, whatever passes between us during this interview, that I am a gentleman, and that the family to which I belong always bore an honored name until we fell into misfortune."

"And then," said Mr. Inglefield, in a tone of such strong contempt that the young man had some difficulty in restraining his indignation, "you lost your honored name."

"That is not just, sir," said Henry; "my father fell into the hands of tricksters"——

"As I have done," interposed Mr. Inglefield.

It was only out of his fear and love for Rachel that Henry Wyatt was enabled to keep himself in control. He felt that the happiness which he had hoped was in store for him had slipped from his grasp; he felt that he was in the presence of an enemy; but that enemy was the father of the girl he loved, and if the love he bore for her had brought misfortune upon her, he would not by any act or word of his add to its weight.

"I do not," said Mr. Inglefield, "recognize you as a gentleman. You are my servant, and I am your master. That is a correct definition of the position in which we stand to each other in my domestic relations you are an utter stranger. I tell you plainly that you have taken a base advantage of me, and of a helpless girl, who is ignorant of the ways of the world, and of the real character of such men as yourself. My daughter has informed me that she has been for some time on terms of intimacy with you. Had you been an honorable man, it is you who would have given me this information. She has, moreover, informed me that you have forced her into an engagement of marriage with you."

"Forced her!" cried Henry.

"I use my own words," said Mr. Inglefield, "and am accountable for them."

"Your words are not hers," retorted Henry, "of that I am convinced, knowing her as I do."

"Knowing her better," said Mr. Inglefield, "probably, than I, her father, do. It is a fitting presumption on your part to make that assertion. I understand the motives for your conduct. You, a beggar, without a shilling in the world, hoped to raise yourself into a position which you have lost by means of my money. It would have been more fortunate for me if I could have exposed you before matters had gone so far, but I have hopes that it is not yet too late. I annul the engagement into which you have tricked my daughter, and I tell you to your face that you are unworthy of respect or confidence. If the necessity arises, she will have to choose between you and me. She has been brought up with plenty around her; she has never known what it is to want. If you induce her in spite of the strong warning I am giving you to cast in her lot with you, you will be inviting her to a life of poverty and disgrace; for in that case I shall renounce her; she shall be no longer a daughter of mine. Should this expression of my determination have no effect upon your cupidity, it may upon your sense of caution; for such men as you, when they scheme, scheme deliberately with a certain end in view—that end their own advantage. Under no circumstances shall a penny of my money ever, through her, pass into your possession. The game you have played is lost, and you stand before me defeated, not in honor, but in shame. I will enter into no argument with you; I do not admit your right to argue with me. I have summoned you here in order that you might listen to a clear expression of what is in my mind with respect to you. And now I dismiss you from my employment. You were engaged at a week's salary, which will be paid to you upon application to my manager. One word more, and one only. A watch will be kept upon your movements, and upon the movements of my daughter. I forbid you to approach her, directly or indirectly. I forbid you, from this moment, to communicate or correspond with her."

He strode to the door and threw it open. There was no mistaking the meaning of his words and action. Henry Wyatt saw that he was in the presence of a merciless judge, and that there was no appeal; and, with a bow to Rachel's father, he passed out of the room.

He did not apply to the manager for his week's salary. With a blindness not only upon his eyes but upon his heart, he made his way into the streets. The full sunlight was upon him, but he beheld it not. A darkness had fallen upon him which enveloped him as in a prison, into which no ray of hope or gladness could ever shine.

But later in the day, when he returned, crushed and despairing to his garret in Rosemary Court, he saw upon the table a letter addressed to him. It was in the handwriting of a lady, and he recognized it as Rachel's. With eager fingers he tore it open and read:

"My dear Henry: I do not know for certain, but I believe that my father will take the opportunity of speaking to you to-day about our engagement, and I write a line to say that you may rely upon my constancy and truth. I have given you my heart, and it is yours forever; I have given you my love, and I will be faithful to you to the last hour of my life. Take comfort, then, whatever may occur. I believe I know where my true duty lies, and nothing in the world can change me. Do not write to me. I will seek and find an opportunity of seeing you. Till then, and forever, my dear Henry, your loving Rachel."

The common room became filled with light—the sun shone within it, flowers bloomed around. Henry Wyatt pressed the letter to his lips, and kissed it again and again, murmuring, "God bless her! God bless the faithful girl!"

Before this comfort came to him events were marching on. Mr. Inglefield, after his interview with his clerk, went straight from his office to his living rooms, and sent for Rachel. She came immediately at his bidding, and in her pallid face he saw signs of a sweet resolve which still further hardened his cruel heart.

"Have you reflected upon what I said to you last night?" he demanded.

"Yes, papa."

"And you have formed the resolution to obey me?"

"I cannot obey you, papa. I have given Mr. Wyatt my love, and I shall never withdraw it from him."

"Never!" he cried.

"Never, papa."

"Do you know what that means?" he asked.

"No, papa; except that I shall be faithful to the man I love."

"I will tell you what it means, then," he said. "It means that, unless you give me the promise I ask from you, to banish this man from your heart and mind forever—forever!" he repeated, "that I cast you from my heart, and that you are no longer a child of mine!"

She was prepared for it. During the terrible night she had passed, a night of self-communing and self-questioning, a night during which she probed to the innermost depths of her nature, and had sedulously reviewed all the circumstances of her acquaintanceship with Henry Wyatt, there had come to her a fuller recognition of his goodness and nobility; and there had come to her, also, in some hidden way, a true perception of her father's hard nature. She thought of her childhood and of the manner in which she had been, as it were, thrust from her father's heart; she thought of his neglect of her, of his indifference toward her, during the time she had spent in his house since the death of Aunt Carrie. She could not recall one tender look, one truly tender word, to woo her to him. The description Aunt Carrie had given of her character was correct. She was not to be swerved from the path of love and duty.

"You surely cannot have considered," said Mr. Inglefield, as she did not reply.

"I have been awake all the night, papa, considering what it is right for me to do."

"And you have decided?"

"Yes, papa."

"Do you owe me no duty?"

"Yes, papa, but I owe other duties."

"Stronger than that you owe to me, your father?"

She said no word.

"Have you seen your—your lover since yesterday?"

"No; but I have written to him."

"You dare to tell me this to my face?"

"It is the truth, papa."

"You wrote to him to renounce him, to tell him that all was over between you?"

"I wrote to him to assure him of my faith and constancy."

Mr. Inglefield's face grew livid, and for once his passion mastered him.

"And you will see him?"

"I have told him in the letter that I would see him."

"And you will? Answer me!"

"I will, papa, because I believe it is right. There is nothing that you can ask me to do that I will not cheerfully obey—except this."

Sweet, faithful champion! Her strength lay in her very weakness; his weakness lay in his strength.

"I have heard enough," he said, in terrible wrath. "I cast you off! My relations with you are no longer those of father and child. There is a certain sum of money left to you by your aunt, which amounts now, with interest, to"—— He paused, and, taking some papers from his desk, consulted them and wrote down some figures; then he took out his check-book and filled up and signed a check.

"Your aunt's legacy amounts to seven hundred and forty guineas. Here is a check for the sum. If by twelve o'clock to-morrow you do not voluntarily come to me and express perfect and complete submission to my wishes with respect to Mr. Wyatt, you will leave my house forever and seek another shelter."

"Father!"

"I will not listen to anything. What I have said is irrevocable. No power on earth can move me from that to which I am resolved."

And then Mr. Inglefield repeated the act which had brought desolation to Henry Wyatt, who was sitting in his room with it open, and beckoned to it with stern fore-finger.

With meek face and drooping figure she walked toward it, and then turned once more pitifully, imploringly, to her father. The hard, cold, cruel face which met her view caused her to shiver and to shrink within herself, and with head bowed down to her breast, she left him standing there, a lonely, loveless man!

* * * * *

At one o'clock the following day, Henry Wyatt, who was sitting in the room with his father, heard a soft tapping at the door.

"Rachel!" he cried, as he opened the door.

"I have come to you, Henry," she said, with tears running down her beautiful face, "because I have no other home, no other shelter. Will you receive me?"

"My darling!" he cried, and he drew her into the room; while old Mr. Wyatt, starting up, hastened to her and took her hand.

Then she told them all, in a voice broken by sobs; and when she had finished, Henry, awed by the noble sacrifice almost shrunk from her, as he murmured:

"Is it right? Is it right?"

"It is all that is left for me to do, Henry," she said. "If you cast me off I am homeless, indeed!"

What could he say? He kissed her unresisting lips, and vowed to be true and faithful to her, as she was to him. Humbly, worshipfully, he accepted the sacrifice, and felt, indeed, that no man had ever been blessed as he was blessed.

"I do not come quite empty-handed, Henry," she said. "It is not much I bring with me, but it will, perhaps, help us on our way."

She handed him the check, and he said:

"How can I ever hope to be worthy of you?"

"It is for me, Henry," she said, "to make myself worthy of you. I will try—indeed, indeed I will try! I learned a great deal about housekeeping when I was with Aunt Carrie, and I think you will be satisfied with me. We will work together, dear, to the end."

A fortnight afterward, when it became known in the neighborhood that Henry Wyatt and "the good lady" were to be married, there came to Rachel many small evidences of affection from those he and she had befriended. They were, it is true, but humble tributes, but if the leaves of the flowers had been fashioned in gold they could not have been more precious to the happy bride and bridegroom. Rachel wrote to her father of the coming wedding, but he took no notice of the letter, as he had taken no notice of other letters she wrote to him. They did not forget him on the happy day. They drank his health with sad and tender words.

"Perhaps he will forgive us by and by," said Rachel, "when he knows you better, Henry."

So commenced the wedded life that bade fair to be clothed with comfort and happiness; and so, upon flowers of affection, and heart's sunshine, and sweet hopes, and true love, let the curtain fall.

CHAPTER XI.

Twelve years had passed. Time flies according to man's mood and circumstances. To Mr. Inglefield the days were long and cheerless, and his revilings against fate for having denied him happiness did not lighten them. He would not listen to the still, small voice which whispered that he, and he alone, was accountable for his wasted life. But he could not stifle it; imperious and self-willed as he was, it abided ever with him, and lived within him like an accusing ghost.

He was unsuccessful. Nothing afforded him pleasure, and forgetfulness would not come to him. He travelled in foreign lands, he tried the excitement of the gaming tables, he sought new scenes and new faces, he frequented the theaters—and the Spirit of the Past, with its veiled face and sorrowful form, walked ever by his side. But still he doggedly persevered. He thought of Basil Penrhyn, and wondered where he was. He journeyed over the old roads of the holiday tour they had enjoyed together. There was no change in the scenes with which he renewed acquaintances. Valley and mountain, streamlet and waterfall, there they were as they had been in the time gone by. Snow ranges, flowers growing on icy peaks, forget-me-nots and Alpine roses blooming bright [illegible] bubbling as they fell from crag to crag, bright brooklets dancing between mossy banks—nothing was changed; and his spirit grew more rebellious and his eyes more stern as he gazed upon the reflection of his haggard face in the clear water. It was indeed a fight between him and [illegible].

He heard no news of his daughter. Indeed, it was impossible that news could reach him, for he had cut himself completely away from his old life, and [illegible] would not have been ignorant of his whereabouts. Could he have purchased forgetfulness he would have been gladly willing to pay a large price for it. But he could not forget by day or by night. Often in his dreams did he live again the last cruel interview with Rachel, and his hand was raised to strike, and he would mutter bitter, merciless words. These dreams almost maddened him, but he could not stop their recurrence. The waters of Lethe are not for the man who is haunted by the shadows of sham and wrongdoing.

At the end of [illegible] twelve years Mr. Inglefield had exhausted all the pleasure grounds of Europe. Then it was, being excited by something he heard about America, that he resolved to travel thither. There new experiences overtook him. In a Southern State he was attacked by malaria and lay on a bed of fever for many months. The dreams and fancies which came of him during that time were terrible and agonizing. His dead wife often appeared to him, and with a strong voice, asked him for her daughter, the only flower of love which she had bequeathed to his care.

"I intrusted my child to you," said the Spirit; "what have you done with her? She should be by your bedside, attending and comforting you. Why is she not here?"

In his delirium he had no words of self-justification to offer, and his state, therefore, was all the more wretched. He rose from his bed, weakened and prematurely aged. It was fortunate for him that, upon sickness overtaking him, he had fallen into honorable hands; for, of course, it became known that he was a man of wealth and means. It was this knowledge which opened up to him the prospect of an enterprise which he eagerly seized as a means, not of making more money, for that desire had entirely left him, but of mental occupation. This enterprise was in connection with a new railway line, and before he had fully committed himself to it his inquiries and investigations led him to Washington.

There it was, during the first week in December, that a strange adventure occurred. He had been in the city but a few days when, walking in the direction of Capitol Hill, a man walked past him whose face flashed upon him as a memory. Mr. Inglefield was weak and attenuated, and his steps were necessarily slow. Now, the steps of the man he saw were brisk and buoyant.

"And yet," thought Mr. Inglefield, as he mused upon the memory, "if that really be Basil Penrhyn, his movements would scarcely be so lithe. He is as old as I am."

He judged of others by himself.

In his waking moments during the night, the idea that it was Basil, his old friend, who had passed him in the street, become strengthened, and on the following morning he made inquiries whether any person of the name of Penrhyn lived in the neighborhood of Capitol Hill. It happened that his inquiries were made in the right quarter.

"Oh, yes," was the answer; "Mr. Penrhyn—queer old fellow—lives on the Hill."

"Do you know if his name is Basil?" asked Mr. Inglefield.

"Yes," was the reply, "that is his name—Mr. Basil Penrhyn."

"A queer old fellow, you said?"

"Yes, I meant it, but queer in a good way. The children have reason to think well of him."

"Whose children?"

"All children."

"Do you mean his own?"

"No; he has none that I know of. He lives alone."

"Why, then, should all children have reason to think well of him?"

"Because," was the reply, "he is Kriss Kringle's lieutenant."

"Kriss Kringle's lieutenant!" exclaimed Mr. Inglefield, much bewildered by this explanation. "I do not understand."

"Perhaps you never heard of Kriss Kringle?"

"He is Santa Claus, is he not?" asked Mr. Inglefield.

"Yes, Kriss Kringle and Santa Claus are one and the same. In most of our States he is known as Santa Claus; in a few, as Kriss Kringle. But it is a long story for me to tell, and I have no time to spare. If you are acquainted with Mr. Penrhyn"——

"I knew him," said Mr. Inglefield, "many years ago, when I was a young man. We were friends."

"Then go to him, and you will hear as strange and pleasant a story as, according to my reckoning, a man could listen to."

Mr. Inglefield acted upon the advice in the evening of the same day, and had little difficulty in discovering the house in which Basil Penrhyn lived. He saw, from its exterior, that it must be a large house, with many rooms in it, altogether too large and too roomy for a man who lived alone. He knocked at the door, and a woman answered the summons.

"Does Mr. Penrhyn live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you kindly take my name to him?"

"With pleasure."

"Say that Mr. Richard Inglefield would like to see him."

The woman went away, and almost immediately the visitor heard a cheery voice crying:

"What! Inglefield, my old friend! Is it possible? Has he dropped from the skies?"

And Basil Penrhyn ran into the passage with eager face, and hands outstretched.

"Why, Richard!"

"Basil!"

Their hands met in a cordial clasp.

"Come in, come in!" cried Basil. "Why, why, why! who would ever have thought that we should meet again, and so far away from the old land? And is it indeed you, Richard? How glad I am to see you. It is like a whiff of old times, but you look ill. Never mind, never mind; come in, old friend. I give you hearty welcome."

In all the years that had passed since he had driven his daughter from his heart and home, this meeting with his old friend was, in the light of the welcome he received, his only pleasant experience.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Fitting Rebuke.

Workingmen not only have the sensitiveness of other people about their personal integrity, but sometimes may have a neat way of replying to an imputation upon it.

A carpenter, sent to make some repairs in a private house, entered the apartment of the lady of the house with his apprentice.

Mary, the lady called to her servant, see that my jewel-case is locked at once!

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest with a significant air and gave them to his apprentice.

John, he said, take these right back to the shop. It seems that the house isn't safe!

Guest—"By Jove, I've eaten such a hearty dinner that I guess I'll have to go upstairs and sleep it off." Hotel clerk—"In that case, we'll have to charge you with a meal taken to your room."

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

How to Cook a Ham.

There are few articles that are so often spoiled in the curing and made worse in the cooking as a ham. A properly cured ham is a most delicious joint. The ham used for broiling ought to be carefully boned. This a a comparatively easy matter, if there is a small, slender boning knife at hand. In order to do this work properly, study the position of a bone in a leg of broiled ham, and the location of the joint. The first work of the boning knife must be done around the joint, being careful to keep close to the bone, without disturbing the flesh any more than is necessary. The joint removed, the legbone can be easily taken out, running the knife down around the bone at the shank end and again free the joint. Having boned the ham, sew it up in a firm, even bundle, leaving a flap of cloth to turn where the slicing is to begin. Cut the ham for boiling in whole slices as thin as a very sharp knife will cut it. Keep the ham as cold as possible. Warm ham will not cut as easily as chilled meat. After slicing, replace the flap of cloth over the ham and pin it securely in place.

A boiled ham should weigh about seven or eight pounds. Heavier hams are not as likely to be tender. Wash and scrape the ham thoroughly; put it into cold water over night. In the morning wipe it off, and put it in a large kettle of cold water. Bring it slowly to the boiling point and let it boil slowly until done. The time will depend on the weight of ham and its tenderness. When it is done, take it up, and set away the pot, with the ham and the liquor in which it was cooked around it. Be careful to put it in a place where it will cool rapidly, but not where it will freeze. The open air is the best place. Cooling the ham in this way insures its being moist and juicy. If it is to be served hot, take it up after it has cooled in the liquor it was boiled in for 12 hours. Skin it, dot it with coin dots of pepper, dredge it thickly with sifted bread crumbs, and sprinkle over about a tablespoonful of granulated sugar. Put the ham in the oven and let it bake for about half an hour, until well browned.

Saving Shoes.

We should not black them before they quite need it, for, in so doing, we hasten their demolition. The boots become soiled, we straightway conclude their glory is gone and thickly daub them with blacking, leaving, perhaps, much of the mud underneath the blacking. If care be taken, the day for blacking may be indefinitely warded off.

When a boot is muddy, let it dry before trying to knock the mud off. Then lightly rub, being careful not to rub it into the leather. Take a soft cloth, dusting carefully, when it will clean with very little stain. Take a damp woolen cloth, which will remove all the stain. Warm water is the best to use. This simple process will keep the shoes in nice order, while, if the shoes are blackened each time, the grain will soon become so filled with it that it will stiffen and crack.

If you should in a storm get them very wet, wipe them as dry as possible with a soft cloth, fill them with paper to shape them, and put them in a warm place to dry. If this is carefully carried out, your boots will be stiff, but with an old loose glove on the hand work some vaseline, a little at a time, all over the shoe. After standing a few hours, the weather will absorb it, and any good blacking will give it a nice polish, being also pliable and soft.

Patent leather shoes or slippers should be warmed slowly before putting them on to prevent cracking. Passing the hand over the surface will have the effect.

Flavor of Water.

It is often the simplest details of kitchen labor that are the most neglected. The hot-water kettle, for example. How many cooks pay any attention to it? Stale water, immured and with all vitality cooked out is its perennial portion, with an occasional filling up and sudden boiling as the need requires. If every housekeeper who reads this paragraph should go straight to her kitchen, lift the kettle and carry it to the window where a strong light will disclose its interior, nine out of 10 of them will find a rusty layer of lime, iron and dregs, that effectually prevents any good flavored water from issuing from it. The kettle needs the same frequent and thorough care that any kitchen utensil needs. Into such, having it already warm, put fresh, filtered water, boil rapidly and use at once, and one of the large aids to palatable food is secured.

Delicious Cold Drinks.

Fruit Sherbet.—Fruit sherbets can easily be made at home and they are quite as good as those sold at the confectioner's. Mash any ripe fruit and pass it first through a coarse sieve and then through a fine sieve. To every quart of juice add a quart of water and sweeten with powdered sugar. When the sugar is dissolved strain again and keep in ice box till wanted.

Soda Beer.—Two pounds white sugar, whites of 2 eggs, 2 ounces tartaric acid, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 quarts water and juice of 1 lemon; boil 2 or 3 minutes and flavor to taste. When wanted for use take ½ teaspoon soda, dissolve in ½ glass water, pour into it about 2 tablespoons of the acid and it will foam to the top of the glass.

Lemonade.—Four lemons, juice and rind, ½ lb lump sugar, 1 pint boiling water, 2 pints cold water. Rub the lumps over the rind of lemons to extract the oil, press out juice, add boiling water, cool and put in ice box. Serve with cracked ice.

Strawberry Vinegar.—Put 2 quarts of berries into a stone jar and pour over them 1 quart good cider vinegar, cover and stand aside for two days, then drain off the liquid without mashing the berries, pour it over a quart of fresh fruit and stand as before. Do this once more, the last time straining through a muslin bag. Now add 1 lb sugar to every pint of thin liquid. Boil slowly 5 minutes, skim, let stand 15 minutes, bottle and seal.

A Novel Suicide.

A despatch from Pittsburg, Pa., says:—Anton Metzgar, a reputed Anarchist of Allegheny, committed suicide by placing a bomb in his ear, and then touching it off. The whole side of his head was blown off. He was 31 years of age.

AT HIS WIFE'S GRAVE.

For Fifteen Years a Devoted Husband Has Lived in a Cemetery.

"If you die, I will sleep by the side of your grave all the rest of my life." This remarkable vow was made fifteen years ago to his sick wife by Edwin L. Morrison, at that time chief clerk of the Pennsylvania freight department, at Miamiville, Ohio. For twelve days after his wife's death Morrison's grief was to great too allow him to fulfill his vow. He lived at Camp Denison, and when the stupor left him he built a rude hut at the side of his wife's grave in the Miamiville Cemetery. To the sexton, who protested at first, Morrison said that he was receiving $35 a month to watch the grave. Time went by, and the man still sat in his hut gazing at the grave. At last the keeper of the cemetery learned his story. Now Edwin L. Morrison, once the handsome railroad man, is old, wrinkled and haggard, but still sits in his rude hut by the side of the grave of the woman he loved so well. For fifteen years he has kept up this solemn vigil.

Morrison's history is full of tender pathos. An example of true devotion, he is familiarly known by every child in the village, and few persons visit the sequestered little town of Miamiville who fail to hear the sad story of Ed. Morrison. In rain or shine, summer or winter, he lingers around that little spot of green turf. He seldom talks long of his wife now. A small Bible is in his hut. It contains the names and dates of the birth of several boys and girls of his name, but most prominent upon this page of record are the words "Mary L. Morrison died April 24, 1880," written with a lead pencil in a very irregular, trembling hand. Here and there in his Bible are marked passages and folded leaves. Among these is a verse from I. Samuel, beginning: "Whereas, I have not dwelt in any house," etc., doubtless referring to his hermit life. Another verse, farther on in the book, is completely obliterated by a pencil scratch, while in the margin near it is written: "The fifth commandment, null and void." The grave of his wife is unmarked by head or foot stone.

"I have never put up a monument," he said, "It was her wish that I should not. They never toll the truth, anyway, she said, and, besides, I would always remember what she had been and where she was buried. I don't need any monument of stone to remind me of her, for, you see, I live here with her, and there is a monument of her memory built in my thoughts that reaches to the skies."

Day after day for years he has spent in the gloom of this old graveyard. No strife of the outer world mars his calm and peaceful existence. His friends have attempted to prevail upon him to return to Cincinnati, but he refuses.

A DEVOTED SON.

A Touching Tribute to His Mother by a Renowned French Officer.

The rarely beautiful spirit of filial love of the hero of the Crimean war, General Bosquet, to whose memory a statue has just been erected in Pau, is shown in the following letter recently printed, to his mother, written to inform her of his promotion to the rank of a Marshal of France.

"My Dear Mother: There was yesterday a family fete at the Tuileries, and you were not there. The Emperor sent me an order at half-past five to come and dine with him that same evening. It was a kind of indication, but, as usual, I suspected nothing, and I thought the chamberlain had forgotten me, and wished to retrieve an error. I found Canrobert there, and no one else, except the officers on duty. The Emperor arrived in the waiting room in the most simple manner possible, and took us out to dinner. Canrobert being seated at the right and myself at the left of his Majesty. During the dinner, the Emperor talked a great deal about acoustics, and of various phenomena relating to that branch of physics. And then he said: 'Gentlemen fill your glasses with champagne. I want to propose a toast to-day to two good friends of mine, who are near me—to Marshal Canrobert and Marshal Bosquet,' and behold both of us, surprised, almost speechless, seeking the hand of his Majesty, which he gave us with the most gracious simplicity.

"After leaving the table the Emperor went to the apartments of the Empress, and went to the office of the aides-de-camp of the day, where I sent you a couple of words by telegraph. I should like to have followed the electric fluid. I should like to have taken you in my arms, dear mother, and wished you a good sleep, with the dreams sweetest to your heart. Every one here speaks to me of you, every one salutes the mother of a Marshal of France, and knows very well that upon her falls all the merit and all the glory. Thank God, who is just and good, since he has permitted the son to honor his mother, and to render her an object of congratulation of all the mothers of France. Ah! my mother, for one of those moments when one can say nothing with your head on my shoulder!"

Leather Tires for Army Cycles.

The military workshops of Puteaux, in France, are turning out leather tires for the army cycles in place of India rubber ones, which are difficult to repair when they break down. Leather tires can be sewn without much trouble by the cyclist or a neighboring shoemaker. Moreover, they are lighter than caoutchouc ones, and less apt to slip on wet pavement or asphalt.

Discipline, Indeed.

Germans are nothing if not methodical. Herr von Osten-Sacken, a lieutenant of Hussars, recently wounded himself mortally by accident. The doctor told him he had only three hours to live, whereupon, after making his will, he drew up the official report of his own death and sent it to his superior officer.

More Than Dumb.

The two deaf and dumb friends stopped for a few minutes' conversation.

What did your wife say about your being out so late last night? asked one of them.

Nothing.

That's strange. What's the reason?

She's got a sore finger.

Betrayed.

She powders.

How do you know?

Look at George's coat collar.

SLEPT THIRTY YEARS.

THE RECORD OF BREAKING SLUMBER OF A NEW JERSEY MAN.

Since His Wedding Night, in 1865, John Stipple Has Been Apparently Dead, but He Still Lives—Occasional Brief Periods of Semi-Consciousness.

In the Flemington River Valley, two miles from the little town of Ringoes, lives a man by the name of John Stipple, who has slept almost continuously the last thirty years.

The case is a remarkable one, and it has puzzled a good many physicians, who have visited the little farm house in which Stipple does his slumbering from time to time for the purpose of making a study of his case. The man is now about 50 years old, and but for the fact that he looks haggard and pale his face has the same appearance that it had thirty years ago, when John was a hearty youth of 20 years.

Stipple's long sleep began under peculiar circumstances. It was in the winter of 1865. He had married the daughter of a farmer who lived in the vicinity of Copper Hill, and the wedding party, consisting of a dozen or so young friends of the couple, decided to take a sleigh ride on the Flemington River, which was frozen over and supposed to be safe.

During the trip Stipple's horse stepped into an air hole, and in floundering around broke up the ice so that the sleigh containing the bride and groom went

INTO THE WATER.

The young woman was saved with some difficulty, and Stipple was at last got out, but he was unconscious and to all appearances dead.

He was taken to the home that he had prepared for his bride, and after a couple of physicians had worked over him several hours in the hope of restoring him they declared that he was beyond human aid, and in less than twelve hours he had apparently ceased to breathe. Stipple was supposed to be dead, and he was prepared for burial. The day was fixed for the funeral, and the young widow was nearly crazy.

The night before the man was to be buried, Henry Wilcox and Jason Dalton, two of his friends, were sitting up with the corpse. They had a euchre deck, and were doing their best to pass the time pleasantly with the cards. About 1 o'clock in the morning Wilcox had picked up the cards to shuffle, when a voice in the room where Stipple's remains lay shouted "Whoa, there."

That was all, but it was enough to bring Wilcox and Dalton to their feet with their hair up in the air and their eyes hanging out. They finally braced up and went into the room with the purpose of finding out where the voice came from. There was nobody in sight but Stipple, and to the amazement of the two men he had turned over on his side. He was apparently dead, and after trying all the ways with which they were familiar to discover if the man breathed, and failing, the watchers straightened Stipple out on his back, covered his face again and left the room to talk it over. No more sounds came from the room that night, but in the morning the supposed corpse was found lying on his side again. The story of what the watchers had heard and seen was told, and Mrs. Stipple refused to allow her husband's body to be buried.

AGAIN DECLARED DEAD.

The physicians tried every means known to the profession to restore Stipple to his normal condition, but without avail, and at last they gave up the undertaking, declaring again that the man was dead. This, however, the wife refused to believe, and she could not be induced to consent to the interment of the body.

Six weeks Stipple lay without manifesting signs of life, and then one morning, while his wife was attending to household duties in the adjoining room, she heard somebody shout, "Whoa, there!" She hurried into the room where her husband was, and found him sitting up, with his arms extended, as if he was driving a horse.

Overjoyed at the sight, Mrs. Stipple threw her arms around her husband, and fell to weeping. Stipple showed no signs of recognition, but called for something to eat and drink. His wife brought him some meat and a glass of milk. He refused to eat the food but drank the milk and called for more. He eagerly swallowed several glasses of milk, and then lying down resumed his apparently breathless sleep.

It was two months before Stipple was again heard from. One day a preacher, who had a wide reputation for being able to cure obstinate diseases through prayer, came to the Stipple residence at the request of the sleeper's wife, and, kneeling by the bedside, began to pray. When he had reached a point in his appeal for the restoration of Stipple to health he was interrupted by the man crying out, "Whoa, there!" The preacher stopped praying. Stipple sat up in bed as before, and with an expression of great anxiety on his face appeared to be

STRUGGLING WITH A HORSE.

He soon fell back on the pillows and feebly called for food. As before, meat and milk were brought to him, but he swallowed only the milk. He drank nearly a gallon of it before he was satisfied, and then became unconscious again. The preacher, at the earnest request of the man's wife, once more began to pray, but Stipple showed no further signs of life.

For ten years the man remained in this condition, awakening at irregular intervals and always shouting, "Whoa, there!" and appearing to be engaged in holding a horse. The excitement of the night when he and his bride broke through the ice on the Flemington River seemingly remained with him. Whenever he awoke he would drink large quantities of milk, and refused to eat solid food.

One day, about twenty years ago, Mrs. Stipple was engaged in sweeping out the room in which her husband lay, when he suddenly cried out, "Thank God, Susie, you was saved!"

Mrs. Stipple was wild with joy, believing that the spell upon her husband had at last been broken. He appeared to be in full possession of his mental faculties and talked with his wife about the occurrences of the eventful night ten years before. What had taken place since then was a blank to him, and he talked as if he had woke from a night's sleep. He asked if the farm hand had milked, and how long before breakfast would be ready. Fearing the effect that the knowledge might have on her husband, Mrs. Stipple did not tell him how long ago it was that those affairs he had been talking about took place. She told him that John was then doing the chores at the barn, and that she would have breakfast ready in a short time. She sat on the edge of the bed with her arms around her husband, her heart brimming over with thankfulness that he had been restored to her, with his reason, when his head suddenly fell forward and he was once more in a profound slumber.

A REMARKABLE CHANGE.

At this stage of the peculiar case a remarkable change occurred. The next day Mrs. Stipple and the farm hand were in the room, talking over the affairs about the farm.

"Orrin Whiting wants to buy the Jersey heifer for $40," said the farm hand.

"What shall I do about it?"

"Sell her," said Stipple, before his wife could answer.

Mrs. Stipple rushed to her husband's side, thinking that he was about to awake again, but he appeared to be deeply asleep, and all efforts that she made to arouse him failed. He would converse with her, however, answer her questions intelligently and give her advice about the affairs of the farm, but no effort of hers could make him open his eyes or move a limb.

As before, at irregular intervals he awoke, sat up in bed and drank milk, but on these occasions he gave no evidence that he remembered what had transpired or what he had talked about while asleep. His spells of wakefulness never lasted more than three-quarters of an hour, and there were frequently ten weeks between them.

The peculiar power of foresight, clairvoyance, or whatever it may be, has grown upon the man, and he is now put to use by farmers and curious persons who are desirous of knowing what the weather is going to be or what the future holds for them. There are hundreds of men and women living within a radius of twenty-five miles of Ringoes whose faith in Stipple's ability to correctly forecast events is solid and firm as the hills. People come from far away to have the man tell what is in store for them, and the contribution of money from that source has enabled Mrs. Stipple to surround herself with all the comforts of living.

It is evident that Stipple knows nothing of what he does in this line, for when he is awake he takes up the thread of existence at exactly the point were he dropped it a few weeks before. He has now been in this condition thirty years, and whenever he becomes conscious he asks if John is doing the chores and inquires about breakfast.

Hypnotists, electricians, Christian scientists, herbalists, homœopathists and quacks have done their best to change the condition under which Stipple exists, but without effect. His life apparently stopped when he went through the ice with his bride, and there is no hope of his ever coming out of the trance, sleep or whatever it may be till he dies, and up to date, the chance for his living out the full string of years according to man is good.

ALUMINUM IN WAR.

It Is Now Proposed to Incase the French Cuirassiers in Jackets of That Material.

Some prominent French military authorities have proposed that aluminum cuirasses should be constructed for the cavalrymen, and they have given their reason therefor in a very cogent fashion.

A cuirass of aluminum, it appears, would be lighter than one made of any other metal known, and experiments have proved that aluminum can resist with ease sword thrusts or bayonet lunges. Being so light it would make of the cavalryman who wore it a much more serviceable and active warrior, and the lessening of weight would be very perceptible as regards the horse.

Bullets striking it directly would surely pierce it, but for that matter a bullet at measureably close range will go through any shield or cuirass that has yet been made. It is a well-known military fact that the famous Lebel rifle sends forth bullets that will go through a brick wall three feet in thickness. Should, on the other hand, a ball strick an aluminum cuirass obliquely, it would glance off, leaving only a dent. This gives it an additional advantage as a shielding material over other metals.

The subject of shields and cuirasses has, of course, more or less of an affinity with that of rifle and bullet, and it is important to note that while a bullet from the Lebel rifle will penetrate a three-foot brick wall, it yet will pierce herdly more than two feet and a half through a bank of soft snow. This fact, that soft materials are a better guard than hard ones, was exemplified in the late Chinese-Japanese war, many of the Japanese soldiers wearing a heavy padding of floss silk next their skins under their uniforms. This inner shield incased of course only the trunk of the body. It is said that by its use many Japanese lives were saved from the force of spent bullets.

BURIED ALIVE.

The Terrible Mistake Made in the Case of an Italian Vice-Consul.

A correspondent, writing to a Turkish paper, reports the following tragic affair from Messina. He says: "Last week M. Ovidio Rossi, Italian Vice-Consul in this town, was taken ill. A message was despatched to Cyprus for a physician but when the doctor reached Messina M. Rossi, to the belief of every one who was near him, was dead. The physician himself declared, after examination, that life was extinct and delivered the necessary certificate for the burial of the body. Now, the Vice-Consul had expressed a desire that in case he should die, certain articles of jewelry for which he had a great fancy, should be placed in his coffin and buried with him. His relatives scrupulously carried out his wish; but as it was feared that the valuables might tempt robbers, it was decided to keep a watch on the grave.

"In the night the watchmen heard cries issuing from the grave and, seized with alarm, ran away. They hurried to the residence of the family and informed them of what had happened, whereupon the relatives of the deceased with several other persons immediately proceeded to the cemetery and caused the grave to be opened. When the bier was taken out and the lid removed, it was found that the position of the body was changed, and that it was turned with the face toward the bottom of the coffin. On closer examination the terrible truth became more evident, namely that the unfortunate consul had been buried alive when in a trance. He had regained consciousness in the grave and had made efforts to free himself; his hands bore several scratches. Life was now, however, absolutely extinct and every attempt at restoration proved unavailing."

HE KILLED 350 IN A YEAR.

ARESKI, THE TERROR OF THE KABYLES, GUILLOTINED IN ALGERIA.

All of His Band Were Beheaded With Him—How He Became the Notorious Bandit—Women Sewed Heads to Bodies So that the Angel of Death Could Carry Them Away.

Areski is dead. This most famous of modern bandits, the man who was known in every inch of French Algeria, and even along the boulevards of Paris, as the "Terror of the Kabyles," and of whom an Arabic phrase was current, "The hand of Areski is sure, his blade is long and keen, and it always finds the hearts of his enemies," has met his death on the guillotine within a fortnight, in the Algerian town of Azazga.

The execution was notable, inasmuch as all of the warthy chief's savage lieutenants were decapitated immediately before him. No less a personage than Diebler, the famous headsman of France, touched the button that let down the shining triangular blade upon these necks. A circle of Algerian horsemen surrounded the guillotine. The brilliant blue of their uniforms stood out vividly against the gleaming white sands. Each bandit was led with measured steps towards the "widow," between two stout guards, habited in long black frock coats, sombre trousers and silk hats. At the platform upon which each victim was laid and which by a touch of mechanism slides slowly until it comes to a rest under the terrible knife stood Diebler, "Monsieur de Paris," perfectly garbed in his long, black coat and glossy tile.

The horsemen had gathered at midnight. An hour later

THE MACHINE OF DEATH

was put in its place and the white blade were carefully tried. An hour more and the necks of the condemned men were shaven that the knife might not be swerved, a custom as old as the guillotine. At 5, when no other tint appeared in the sky save a faint, yellowish glow, the sombre guards and the white-robed, Arab-costumed, black-bearded, sullen prisoners walked into the circle. Seven minutes from the second the knife first fell and it was all over. Each bandit died in one and one-sixth seconds.

Not one weakened. The only complaint they made was that they were not permitted to see their families. They filed out of their prison chanting verses of the Koran and accompanied by the mufti or Mussulman priest, who repeated to them, one after another, consolatory passages from the Mahometan Bible.

"Verily, repentance will be accepted with God," softly said the priest to each. "From those who do evil ignorantly and then repent speedily, unto them will God be turned, for God is knowing and wise."

In answer to this attempt at consolation Areski shouted back these Koran phrases: "When ye march to war in the earth, it shall be no crime in you if ye shorten your prayers, in case ye fear the infidels may attack you; for the infidels are your open enemy. God hath indeed promised every one paradise, but God hath preferred those who fight for the faith before those who sit still."

THE GLEAMING KNIFE

fell on Armed-Namar-ou-Tabar, and this chieftain died a soldier's death. Ali-Ouel-Hadj-Karli, who was entitled to wear the turban conferred upon those who had kissed Mahomet's tomb, followed him. The next to die was Mohammed-Ouiddir, a giant, who laid himself upon the sliding platform without a tremor. The parricide, Amokran, followed, and succeeding him was Abdoun, who, as he marched to where the knife was raised high in air, sang in French, in a cheery tone and with a loud voice, to the stirring melody of an old caravan song, "Nous sommes tous mortels" (We are all mortal).

Last of all, Areski, the master, whose hands were stained with the blood of hundreds, was led forward, and a tremor ran through the immense crowd of natives behind the impassive cavalrymen when they saw that the chieftain was dying like a savage. It was all his guards could do to hold him in leash. He kicked and spit and bit, and swerved his lithe, long body in a vain attempt not to get away, for that was impossible, but to delay the moment when that fatal, blood-stained "Widow's kiss" should be his.

But Diebler was not to be delayed. Not for an instant did Areski's struggle arrest the clockwork action. All he had time for as he was hurried acro s the gleaming white sand was to shout these sentences from the Koran: "But the infidels will not cease to doubt concerning it until the hour of judgment cometh suddenly upon them." "Say I fly for refuge unto the Lord of the daybreak, that He may deliver me from the mischief of the night when it cometh on."

AND SO THE KNIFE FELL,

closing the series of tragedies the Algerian bandits had caused for three years. It had taken 800 French and native troops to drive them from their mountain fastnesses and exterminate the band. Of the forty that Areski headed, twenty-four were killed in the woodland conflicts. The others were carried before the Algerian Court of Assize to be condemned. Four only were pardoned.

The Faculty of Medicine of Algeria claimed the bodies and permission was granted. But the Kabyle women had taken possession of them, had carried them under a great tree and were sewing on the heads to the trunks. The doctors started back at this spectacle, and wondered what it meant, these savage mountain women, two each kneeling at the side of a corpse and performing this ghastly task. Then the doctors recalled an old Mahometan tradition that Azrael, the Angel of Death, carries on the dead to Paradise by the hair of their heads, grasping that long tuft of hair that every true Mussulman lets grow on the summit of his cranium, and which he calls the "Mahomet."

Six years ago Areski, till then known only as a tribesman of little importance, in the Algerian uplands, stole another man's wife and the cattle, first killing the husband. The latter's relatives appealed to the French authorities. The murderer was made prisoner, and, after a fair trial, was sentenced to penal servitude for life in the miasmic regions of French Guiana. Inside of a year he escaped. He worked his way back to Algeria, determined, in accordance with ancient custom, to

KILL EVERY MAN

who had testified against him and all of that man's relatives. He gathered about him thirty-nine like desperadoes and devil-may-dares, and established a basis of supplies in the uplands.

His men he spurred on by the hope of plunder, for whenever an old enemy of Areski was made to bite the dust the deceased's wife and property went to the band. As the bandit king's murder was wholesale, the pickings, as they might be called, were extensive. In a twelve-month he killed over three hundred and fifty people. On one occasion he led his band to a village wherein lay several of his enemies who were "on his little list." He deployed his men so that at least one gun was trained upon every street. The villagers, being reduced to a state of desuetude, Areski sedately murdered, one by one, the people he had in view, burning their houses and destroying their goods.

He managed to wipe every enemy and every relative of an enemy off the face of the earth. The life had fascinated him, and he became a bandit merely for plunder and excitement. No quarter of Algeria save the French cities was safe. Yet, curiously enough, his despoiling was confined entirely to natives. He never molested a foreigner. In fact, so far as foreign interests were concerned, he was an excellent police official, for there are instances when he saved the lives and property of Frenchmen and Englishmen against attacks and depredations of other savage bands.

A travelling Englishman had been met on the road by brigands, and his watch, valuables and baggage stolen. The French officials were totally at sea. He wrote to Areski. It was curious that while Areski could never be found by the authorities, a letter adressed "Areski, Bandit, Algeria," would always reach him. In this case, a week after the letter was sent, a messenger arrived at the Englishman's quarters, left some packages and disappeared like a ghost. In the packages were found the traveller's watch, jewelry, being most of his baggage and the greater part of his money.

ABDUCTION AND ROBBERY.

Sensational Story Told by the Hon. Mrs. Gordon—Entrapped into a Strange House and Handcuffed.

A despatch from London says:—The sensational story of abduction and robbery recently told by the Hon. Mrs. Gordon has been made the subject of a police inquiry. It was proved that Mrs. Gordon is the widow of the Hon. Sackville Gordon, who went wrong and left England. His subsequent fortune was bad. He came nigh to beggary, and died holding the obscure position of a postman in Sydney, New South Wales. The inquiry developed the fact that Mrs. Gordon was the unnamed woman whose appearance in the Court of Chancery last December was chronicled in the cable dispatches at the time. She then said that she possessed £40,000. She was living apart from her husband. An intimate friend of hers was an alleged American named Clamp, who subsequently went to Berlin, where he assumed the name of Alexander. She declared that she had handed £2,400 and valuable securities to Clamp, who took his departure for the Continent. The police have traced him in Berlin, where he had sold shares of the Louisville and Nashville and Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railways to the extent of £1,300, all of which Mrs. Gordon alleged was her property. She now charges a wealthy publican, Henry Crane, incited thereto and aided by Clamp, with conspiring to kidnap and rob her. Mrs. Gordon resides in

A RETTY HOUSE

in the Brixton road, where she keeps lodgers. According to her story one of her lodgers prevailed upon her to visit a house in Clapham park, on the pretence of showing her a billiard table he was thinking of buying. She says she carried in a secret pocket ten Canadian Pacific railroad shares of the value of about £1,200, £800 in German Bank notes, £900 in Bank of England notes, and a considerable quantity of jewelry. As soon as she entered the house the doors were fastened and she was seized by a man, either a Russian or Turkish Jew, whose name is known to Mrs. Gordon. This man seized her around the neck, threw her to the floor, and, with the assistance of her lodger, took her ear-rings out of her ears and the rings off her fingers. She was then handcuffed and carried into a room, where the lodger ordered two men to search her. This was done, and the secret pocket in which she had her valuables was discovered and the property taken. The men also took the keys of her house, and robbed it. Crane states that he lent Clamp £1,100, and the latter brought Mrs. Gordon to his house in Clapham park to arrange for the repayment of the money. Mrs. Gordon made a row, and he put a handkerchief to her mouth to stop her screams. He then left Clamp and Mrs. Gordon alone, and on returning later got £900 in English notes. There were no Canadian Pacific shares nor jewels in Mrs. Gordon's possession, as far as he knew. She was kept locked up in the house for two nights in an effort to get her to pay the balance of the money due. This scheme failed, and she was released. Crane admits that he gave Clamp £100 to go to the Continent, and that he himself cashed the notes and went to Algeria. He defies prosecution.

Good Effects of Antitoxine.

Statistics showing the effect of the use of diphtheria antitoxine in the German cities of Halle and Altona were recently published, says the New York Times. Between Nov. 11, 1894, and Jan. 15 of this year, 114 cases were subjected to the serum treatment in Halle, and the reports come from thirty physicians. There were only nine deaths, or a mortality of less than 8 per cent. Of eighty-nine cases treated in private houses, six had a fatal termination, and there were three deaths out of the remaining twenty-five cases, which were treated in hospitals. In a hospital at Altona antitoxine was used in sixty-three cases between Sept. 1, 1894, and March 1, 1895. Eight of the patients died, so that the mortality was 12.69 per cent. In thirty-one of the sixty-three cases tracheotomy was required, but only three of these patients, or less than 10 per cent. succumbed to the disease. This is regarded as a remarkable record for a series of cases of this kind. The annual mortality from diphtheria in this hospital during the preceding seven years had ranged from 29.23 to 37.27 per cent.

TO GIRDLE THE EARTH.

THE ELECTRICAL CIRCUIT WILL SOON BE COMPLETED.

Great Britain's Plans for a Great Submarine Cable from Victoria, B.C., to Australia—Gobbling Up Islands of the Pacific for Telegraph Stations—The Last Link in the Electrical Girdle.

During the last half dozen years Great Britain has been quietly taking possession of group after group of islands in the South Pacific with the intention of utilizing the most suitable bits of land for telegraph stations on the great transoceanic route. The gobbling process has been carried on unobtrusively, but systematically. Protectorates were established wherever it was not practicable to assume ownership. In 1888 the British flag was raised on Kingman, Palmyra, Washington, Fanning, Christmas, Dudoss, Reirson, and Penrhyn Islands. In the same year her Majesty, the Queen, took under her protection Ellice Island and the Phoenix, Union and Gilbert groups. She already had a protectorate over the Fiji Islands. In 1889 she took Suwaroff Island, and in 1891 Johnston Island, which is about 500 miles west of the south end of the Hawaiian archipelago. In 1892 Gardiner and Danger Islands were appropriated. All of these islands and groups have been examned with a view to determining their availability for the purpose mentioned.

ENORMOUS DISTANCES.

The distances to be traversed by the proposed cable are enormous. As the crow flies, it is 3860 miles from Victoria to Fanning Island. From Fanning Island to Fiji it is 1967 miles, and from the latter point to Auckland is 1348 miles. From Auckland to Sydney, in New South Wales, cable is already laid. This is the route contemplated, the total distance to be covered being about 7200 statute miles. Careful estimates show that the cost of laying a transpacific cable would be just about $1000 per mile, including everything. This would bring the total expense of putting down the line from Victoria to Auckland, exclusive of preliminary surveys, up to $7,200,000. The cost is somewhat increased by the fact that the cable itself has to be carried all the way from England. No submarine cables are manufactured on this continent. Most of those now employed were made in England, where the business was originally initiated. Four firms in that country devote their attention exclusively to this industry. There are two similar concerns in France and one in Italy.

Victoria, which is at the south end of Vancouver Island, is already connected by cable with Vancouver town, across the straits on the mainland. Vancouver town is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Thus the proposed line will convey messages direct from Europe to Australia, and the London merchant will be able to send telegrams beneath two oceans to Sydney. From Sydney the same telegrams could be forwarded back to London by way of India and the continent of Europe. Thus it will be practicable actually, when this project is accomplished, to transmit an electric spark entirely around the world. By throwing open all circuits along the wires, the spark could be made to girdle the earth completely in a fraction of a second. Already there is continuous telegraphic communication overland and under seas all the way from Victoria, B.C., to Auckland. The connection of Auckland with Victoria will make the circuit of the globe complete.

The portion of the route which lies between Victoria and Fanning Island is supposed to be particularly suitable for the laying of a cable. It is probable, therefore, a fine ooze composed chiefly of mud and of the shells of almost microscopic animals called foraminifera. In depths not greatly exceeding a mile the characteristic shells are apt to be those of small mollusks known to the naturalist as pteropods. The pteropods and foraminifera live near the surface of the ocean, and the ooze is formed by the continual rain of their shells which falls far above.

PROTECTING OOZE.

This ooze, grayish and sometimes greenish in color, which covers vast areas of the ocean floor, has more than one advantage for the purpose of cable laying. It is so soft that the cable sinks into it and is buried beyond reach of influences which might be deleterious. Bottom of this sort does not correspond to any ordinary conception of the landsman. The material of it on top is so finely divided, some of it being actually held in suspension and more or less dissolved, that it is hard to say where the water ends and solidity begins. The very existence of these conditions implies that there are no currents, such as are found in some places on the floor of the sea. Under these circumstances the cable suffers from no wear and tear; furthermore, in regions covered by the ooze there are no chemical agents to make trouble.

An ocean cable has enemies animal, vegetable and mineral. In shoal waters and sometimes in great depths, where the presence of volcanic nodules in the bottom material betrays recent subterranean disturbances, sulphuric and other chemical compounds attack the telegraphic rope. The line between Havana and Key West has been renewed by the Western Union Company six times within the last twenty years on account of such destructive agencies. Off the coast of Cuba, in very deep water, are wells of pitch. This substance seems to ooze out through the crust of the earth from deposits beneath the sea bottom which correspond in character to the lakes of pitch that are found on the Island of Trinidad and elsewhere. The vegetable enemies of the cable are seaweeds, which contain iodine. The latter substance, which eats iron, is found in the shallow coastal waters where these plants grow. Sharks sometimes bite cables, and swordfishes have been known to injure them. There is a case on record of a whale that became entangled in a bight of cable which hung like a festoon between two elevations on the sea bottom. The result was a break, and experts sent out on a ship to mend it hauled the great animal to the surface, quite dead of course. Such accidents are avoided when all parts of the cable lie in actual contact with the ocean floor. Furthermore, when the telegraphic rope is suspended across a submarine chasm or valley it sways to and fro, and is apt to saw itself in two on a sharp rock. Recently it has been ascertained that, by establishing a due relation between the steaming speed and the strain on the cable a vessel may down such a line so that it will follow evenly every curve and contour of the bottom.

OTHER ANIMAL FOES.

Other animal foes of the cable are mollusks—notably the well-known teredo, or "shipworm." It eats the hempen coverings of telegraphic ropes. In its destructive work it is assisted by a very minute crustacean called the "limnoria." This latter creature has powerful jaws, and uses them for boring innumerable holes in the gutta percha coat of the cable. The best kind of submarine cable weigh a little over a ton to the mile and costs $750 per mile. It is about an inch in diameter, the center core being a bundle of twisted copper wires one-eighth of an inch through. Around this is gutta percha, outside of which hemp is wound. Finally, the exquisitely wrought rope is enveloped in steel wire. It is so strong that a break is a rare occurrence. In the depths of the ocean it will lie for centuries without suffering any injury. By observation of the resistance to the electric current the telegraph operator on land can locate a fault in a cable as far out as 2000 miles and within 500 yards, so that a ship can go straight to the spot and take up the broken or injured wire from the bottom. This work in great depths is facilitated by an ingenious grapple, which will not hold anything smaller and will not catch larger than the cable.

When the earliest cables were laid regard was had only for the contour of the bottom over which the telegraphic rope was to pass. But nowadays many other things are considered in deciding upon a route. First and foremost is the nature of the bottom. Landing places are chosen at points from which the insulated wire may run as quickly as possible into deep water, so as to avoid the destructive action of the shallows. In the latter also are accumulations of decaying animal and vegetable matter which produce injurious acids. As has been said already, the conditions for cable laying are admirable in all probability throughout the entire distance of 3860 miles from Victoria to Fanning Island. Such obstacles as drowned mountains, which occur in all oceans, are easily avoided. One such was discovered recently incidentally to the exploration of the Submarine lane from California to the Hawaiian Islands, 750 miles to the westward of Monterey Bay. Though it is a mighty volcanic peak, two and half miles high, its existence had not been suspected previously, because a half mile of water flows above it.

FANNING ISLAND TO AUCKLAND.

Less is known of the paving and contour of the ocean floor for the rest of the proposed route, from Fanning Island to Auckland, which is a distance about equal to that from New York to Liverpool—namely, 3315 statute miles, as the crow flies. The normal level of the bottom of the Pacific is a little less than three miles, though there are deeper areas and here and there a yawning chasm, as off the east coast of Japan where a submarine valley occurs six and a half miles in breadth. To the southward, however, over the greater part of watery region extending from Fanning Island to Auckland the ocean is somewhat shallow, though occasionally depths exceeding three miles occur between the numerous groups of islands. These groups mark great shoals, which probably are of volcanic origin, the islands themselves being prominences high enough to appear above the surface. Coral polyps, which can live only in shallows, have utilized every available shoal place for their building operations, uplifting out of the sea reefs which, in many cases, have formed islands of considerable area. Such islands are apt to be of an oval or approximately circular shape, a ring of reef inclosing a sort of harbor.

Islands of this kind are called "atolls." Their harbors, frequently afford refuge to mariners voyaging in the South Seas. One of these is big enough to accommodate all the navies of the world. Disintegration of the surface coral by the elements makes the beginnings of a soil. The seeds are brought by birds and by ocean currents, and presently the rudiments of vegetation appear. Eventually perhaps a few natives from other islands settle upon the new atoll and eke out a scanty subsistence by fishing and by cultivating the taro and few other plants. The soil is capable of yielding so little naturally that it is helped out by digging holes in the coral and throwing into them everything in the way of animal and vegetable refuse that can be gathered together. This stuff, mixed with disintegrated coral, furnishes material for primitive garden patches.

A COCOANUT ISLAND.

Fanning Island is such an atoll. It was discovered in 1798. It is ten miles long, four miles wide and of an oval shape, inclosing a harbor which could be made very useful by clearing away coral heads that have grown up here and there inside the encompassing reef. The latter is half a mile wide and in no part is more than 2 or 3 feet above the surface of the ocean, except on the north and east sides, where a ridge 10 feet high serves as a breakwater. Land crabs are enormously abundant. The human population consists of a white man named Creig, his wife and four children and sixteen Polynesian natives. Guano workings were formerly conducted on the island, but have been abandoned. There are pearl oysters in the bay, but nobody dives for them. Many years ago there was a factory for making cocoanut oil. The atoll is covered thickly with cocoanut trees, so as to be visible at a distance of fifteen miles at sea. On March 15, 1888, Capt. Sir W. Wiseman, of H. M. S. Caroline, took formal possession of Fanning Island in the name of the Queen.

Naturally, much interest attaches to this island, on which is to be established a mid-ocean telegraph station. Necker Island, which was desired by the British for the purpose, was discovered by La Perouse November 1, 1786. It is a barren rock, three-quarters of a mile long and 340 yards broad, having at the ends two peaks about 275 feet high. It is situated nearly on the tropic of Cancer, in 23 degrees and 35 minutes north latitude. Not a tree grows on it, but vegetation is abundant near the heights, on which much guano is found. The shores are as steep as walls, and the sea beats against them with fury.

Steps were taken some time ago toward the formation of a company for the purpose of laying a cable from California to China by way of Honolulu. The idea is that the wire shall go to Yokohama, Japan; thence to Nagasaki by land, and from Nagasaki under water 800 miles to Hong Kong. It is estimated that the whole plant would cost $10,000,000. A telegram from Hong Kong to New York has now to travel by way of Europe 13,000 miles under water and 700 miles over land, costing $2.25 a word. The same business could be done by the proposed line at the rate of $1 a word.

More than all the entire cultivated area of Great Britain is now occupied by permanent pasture.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Everything in the enamelled ware just arrived at Coursier's.

A carload of furniture for the new boat "Nakusp" was taken down by the Lytton on Thursday.

The repairs to the Illecillewaet bridge have been completed, and the approaches thereto are in good shape once more.

A private car containing officials of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway passed here Sunday morning going east.

The Tourist car that passes Revelstoke on Monday and Thursday of each week goes through to St. Paul without change, and to Montreal and Toronto on other days.

Mr. Guthrie Perry will in future conduct services regularly each Sunday in the Presbyterian church at 7:30 p.m., with Sunday School at 3 p.m. He will give attention to the outlying portion of his district during the week.

Vice-President Shaughnessy's private car, "Champlain," and General Superintendent Abbott's private car, are both waiting at the station for the return of the party of officials from the South.

The Str. Lytton brought up, on Thursday, two carloads of ore from the Alpha mine, and one of concentrates from the Slocan Milling Co. at Three Forks. She had, on the return trip, a full cargo of merchandise.

Crown Preserve Jars in all sizes, very cheap, at Coursier's.

Last year high water in the Columbia was 19 feet 7 inches above low water mark. This year the notch is 15 feet, and it was there June 30, and again July 13, but has since fallen from three to four feet. We have seen the highest for '95.

T.E. Devlin, an old-timer hereabouts, and at present the genial "mine host" of the Central hotel at Three Forks, was in town this week renewing old acquaintances. Mr. Devlin says times are improving in the Slocan and there are plenty of evidences of a return of better times. He left by the Arrow on Wednesday morning.

Long threatening comes at last! The "upper works," i.e. the false front, of the old building known as the smelter boarding house, which has been for long "tottering to its fall" was caught by the high wind on Sunday last and prostrated into the street. Mr. Haig has had a couple of men at work repairing the damage, and they have succeeded in improving its appearance.

Rev. Father Dontenwill, of St. Louis College, New Westminster, will minister to the spiritual wants of Catholics along the main line, from Salmon Arm to Field, for the next six weeks. It's the way the reverend gentleman intends spending his vacation. As a result there will be service in the Catholic church here each alternate Sunday, beginning last Sunday. Father Peytavin, the regular pastor, confining his attention more particularly to the lower country in the meantime.

Personal Paragraphs.

J. Fred. Hume, M.P.P., came up on the Lytton Thursday and returned the same evening.

P. O. Inspector Fletcher passed through Thursday on a visit to the eastern portion of his district.

Govt. Agent Graham went down on the Lytton Thursday evening on a business trip to Nelson and Kaslo.

Mr. J. D. Sibbald, Mrs. Sibbald and Master Jack returned on the Marion Tuesday evening from the Lardeau.

Thos. Taylor, Mining Recorder at Trout Lake, came up on the Marion on Thursday and returned to-day.

Joseph Dunn, who has been ranching at Galena Bay, came up from there on Saturday and went in to the Lardeau on Tuesday.

Miss Egan, of Winnipeg, daughter of night-operator Egan, is in town for a few days visiting her father, on her way to the coast.

Mrs. H. N. Coursier and the children are rusticating for a few days at Williamson's ranch on the Illecillewaet.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Abrahamson, young Oscar, and Albert Stone returned on the Marion Tuesday evening from Trout Lake City, having greatly enjoyed their outing.

Methodist Camp Meeting.

The Methodist Camp Meeting of the Kamloops district has been in progress all week at Salmon Arm. Special religious exercises were held at intervals during each day, besides which were business meetings connected with the district, which is of immense extent territorially—including Kootenay, Lillooet and Cariboo. Those attending from here went west on Monday. The meeting was under the personal supervision of the chairman of the district, Rev. J. A. Wood.

Church Services To-morrow.

The regular services of the English church will be held in the schoolhouse to-morrow at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by Rev. E. Volland. Holy Communion at 8 a.m.

Service will be held at the Presbyterian Church to-morrow evening at 7:30 p.m. by Mr. Guthrie Perry. Sunday School at 3.

Services will be held in the Methodist church by Rev. J. A. Wood to-morrow morning and evening at 11 and 7:30. Sunday school at 2:30.

The evening service in the Methodist church to-morrow will be conducted by Major Freidrich, assisted by officers Edgecombe and Morris of the Salvation Army.

Staking by Moonlight.

If the territory from Fourmile creek south proves to be as rich as it is believed to be, New Denver and Silverton may yet have several millionaires. Staking mineral claims has grown to be almost as much of a craze there as at Rossland. Several instances are reported where parties have recently been out staking claims by moonlight, there being only 19 hours of the 24 daylight.—*The Prospector.*

RAILWAY BELT LANDS.

Debate in the Senate on a Bill Designed to Settle the Dispute.

A debate, on a matter of particular importance to Revelstokians and others who live within the railway belt, occurred in the Senate at Ottawa on July 3rd. The occasion being the consideration of a bill designed to settle the long-pending legal dispute regarding land titles within the belt.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell the premier who moved the second reading, cited the original transfer by the province to the Dominion, and the disputes which have arisen since, notably with regard to the delimitation of the belt, the settlement of the title granted by the province and the question of the registration of patents issued by the Dominion government. He also stated that negotiations which were suspended at the time of Sir John Thompson's death have since been resumed by the Minister of the Interior, who desired the authority given by this bill to enable him to conclude an agreement with the province, setting at rest all the questions in dispute, continuing he said: I will not weary the house with a statement of what those differences are, but I can explain in a few words the object of the bill. At the union of the provinces, when the Dominion agreed to construct the Canadian Pacific railway, it was agreed, as part of the aid to be given to that railway, that the British Columbia government should cede to the Dominion twenty miles of the territory or land on either side of the railway. Great difficulties have arisen in the delimitation of that belt, from the fact that it is so winding and crooked. To take the twenty miles following exactly the course of the road was found to be not only inconvenient but almost impossible. An agreement was entered into between the present government of British Columbia, the Minister of the Interior, myself, and another member of the cabinet, by which the land to be ceded should be laid out in square blocks; that is, it will run to the north and to the south on either side, and it will be cut off in square blocks or townships, as the case may be. In some cases it may not be over ten or twelve or fifteen miles from the line of the railway, while in other cases, perhaps, immediately adjoining that Township, it will run back to twenty or twenty-five miles. This was the best and about the only means that could be adopted to come to an amicable settlement up in that question. Then there was another difficulty which has also been amicably arranged. It was the sale by the British Columbia government of certain lands after the line of the road had been located. Under the terms of union the land lying within the twenty miles belongs to the Dominion.

TAKE REVELSTOKE AS AN ILLUSTRATION.

Had that place been sold previous to the location of the line, the government of British Columbia would have been entitled to the proceeds arising from those sales. A dispute arose on that question, which was taken to the courts, and the courts decided against the British Columbia government. The British Columbia government and the Dominion have come to an agreement. The Dominion government does not exact what might be considered the full value of the town lands and other lands, at the present moment, but they have agreed to accept from the British Columbia government the amount which they received for the property at the time they sold.

Hon. Mr. Macdonald (B.C.)—That is the Revelstoke lands.

Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell—Yes, it applies to all in case there are any others. Another difficulty arose: When the Dominion government contested this point with the British Columbia government they refused to register any titles that were given to the lots in Revelstoke in their registry office. They have agreed now, under this settlement, to treat patents given by the Dominion government in the same manner as they do their own. The latter clause gives power to settle any other difficulty arising in the settlement of this great question. The third clause provides:

3.—Any agreement so entered into may make such provision as may be thought proper for the settlement of controversies and claims arising out of grants made by the government of the province of lands in the railway belt after the line of the said railway belt had been finally settled.

Then it gives power to the Governor-in-Council to ratify the provisions of any agreement entered into in pursuance of this act. This is about the principle of the bill, and I think the House will recognize the importance of passing a bill of this kind to legalize and put beyond all future dispute any question as to which a settlement may be come to between the parties.

ONLY PRECIOUS METALS BELONG TO THE PROVINCE.

Hon. Mr. Macdonald (B.C.)—There is a very important question which I lost track of, and that is the question of the royalty or sovereignty of that belt. If the Province gives a grant of land to me the sovereignty remains in the province, but the Province having given a grant of land to the Dominion, where does the royalty lie? I believe this question arises on account of the minerals in Kootenay. Who collects the revenue for the mining license within the railway belt?

Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell—I speak under correction in answering that question, but it my recollection serves me right the law lords of the Privy Council decided that the minerals belong to the Province.

Hon. Mr. Laughead—The precious metals?

Hon. Mr. Scott—Precious metals only.

Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell—The precious metals belong to the province and not to the Dominion, precious metals which may be situated in the belt, so far as the Kootenay is concerned, that belongs to the province of British Columbia, because it is beyond the 20 miles.

Hon. Mr. Macdonald (B.C.)—So that the royalty of the belt belongs to the province still?

Hon. Mr. Scott—No the precious metals only.

Hon. Mr. Macdonald (B.C.)—That is the other thing. Coal does not.

Hon. Mr. Scott—No.

Hon. Mr. Laughead—The coal and the base metals were held by the Privy Council to be vested in the Federal government, and the precious metals in the province.

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THE RAILWAY MOGULS ARRIVE

And Go Down River to Size Up the Situation.

The distinguished party of C.P.R. officials, whose visit to West Kootenay has been expected for some time, arrived on Monday evening and went down the river immediately on the Str. Lytton. The party was composed of T. G. Shaughnessy, Vice-President, and P. A. Peterson, Chief Engineer, C.P.R., of Montreal; H. Abbott, General Superintendent, H. J. Cambie, Chief Engineer, Pacific Division, Vancouver; and R. Marpole, Superintendent of Pacific Division, Kamloops. They will be gone a full week, and intend to visit every important town and mining camp in Southern Kootenay, and will determine all questions as to new construction and any others that may arise affecting the interests of the C.P.R. in West Kootenay.

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NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the one-quarter interest of Edward Sullivan in the North Star Placer Mine, on McCulloch Creek, Big Bend, will be sold at public auction at the mine, the 15th day of August, 1895, at 1 o'clock, p.m., to pay assessment together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

Dated at McCulloch Creek July 6th, 1895.

11-5t GUS. LUND.

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 3rd day of September, 1895," will be received at this Department until noon on Tuesday, the 3rd day of September next, for licenses to cut timber on Berths 140 and 141, in the Province of British Columbia, described as follows:—

Timber Berth 140. Comprising the West half and the West half of the East half of Sections 22 and 27, in Township 24, Range 8, West of the 6th in that Meridian, containing an area of 960 acres more or less.

Timber Berth 141. Comprising the North-east quarter of Section 30, and all of Section 32, in Township 24, Range 8, and the South-east quarter of Section 25, Township 22, Range 8, all West of the 6th Initial Meridian, containing an area of 920 acres more or less.

No separate tender must be made for each berth.

The regulations under which a license will be issued may be obtained at this Department or at the offices 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 Minister of the Interior, for the amount of the bonus which the applicant is prepared to pay for a license.

JOHN R. HALL,
SECRETARY.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 5th July, 1895.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointment:

15th July, 1895.

JOSEPH DEE GRAHAM, of the Town of Revelstoke, Esquire, to be Gold Commissioner for that portion of the West Kootenay Electoral District contained within the Revelstoke, Illecillewaet, Lardeau and Trout Lake Mining Divisions.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a sitting of the County Court will be holden at Revelstoke, B.C., on Friday, the 2nd day of August, A.D. 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

JOS. D. GRAHAM,
Registrar County Court.
Revelstoke, June 20th, 1895. 12-5t

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