THE MINES IN KOOTENAY ARE AMONG THE RICHEST IN AMERICA.

The Miner.

THE ORES ARE HIGH-GRADE IN GOLD, SILVER, COPPER AND LEAD.

WHOLE NUMBER 279. Nelson, British Columbia, Saturday, Decemher 21, 1895. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

METAL QUOTATIONS.

NEW YORK.

Dec.—	16	17	19	20	21
SILVER	66	66¼	66⅜	66⅝	68½
LEAD	330	firm	310	firm	steady

ORE SHIPMENTS.

	TONS
VIA NAKUSP.	
October—Alamo to Omaha	175
" —Last Chance to Tacoma	18
November— " " "	20
" —Alamo to Omaha	220
" —Cumberland to Tacoma	60
" —Mountain Chief to Omaha	25
December—Alamo to Omaha	100
" —Slocan Star to Tacoma	14½
" " to Everett	20
VIA KASLO.	
Dec. 3—Exchange to Pilot Bay	12
Nov. 30 to Dec. 15—Slocan Star to Everett	289½
Dec. 7—Washington to Everett	22
" 14—R. E. Lee "	20
" 14—Good Enough to Smelter, Mont.	15
" 14—Ruecean to Everett	10
Dec. 16—Mountain Chief to Everett	46
" —Cordelia to Pilot Bay	3
" —Tam O'Shanter "	30
Total	1100

Total Shipments Since June, 1895.

	TONS
Nelson	241½
Ainsworth	1124
Trail Creek (gold ore)	13,905
Slocan via Nakusp	2,203½
Slocan via Kaslo	1,078
Blue Bell to Pilot Bay	22,101
Total	40,653

BULLION SHIPMENTS.

	TONS
Already reported since June, 1895	2020

THE WEATHER.

A considerable quantity of snow fell on Thursday, but the weather has cleared off now and this morning broke fine and clear with 16 degrees of frost at daybreak.

THERMOMETER.

Dec. 15—Max	37°	Min 32°
" 16—	39°	23°
" 17—	27°	16°
" 18—	22°	9°
" 19—	29°	19°
" 20—	32°	21°
" 21—	33°	16°

These readings are taken at 9 a. m. and consequently represent the highest and lowest temperature during the preceding 24 hours.

"THE MINER" PRIZE COMPETITION.

The Following Prizes Are Offered for the Best Suggestions on the Improments of the Mining Laws of British Columbia.

FIRST PRIZE—An order on a Tailor for Clothes to the value of $25.00.

SECOND PRIZE—An order on a Jeweller for $10 worth of Jewellery.

CONDITIONS.

1. Letters containing suggestions must be as short as possible, not exceeding 3,000 words, and must reach THE MINER office on or before January 31st, 1896.

2. They must be written on one side of the paper only, with pencil or ink and must be signed with some motto, the author's real name and address being enclosed in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened except in the case of the prize winners. The motto must be written on the outside of this envelope.

3. Bona fide subscribers to THE MINER only are eligible to compete.

4. THE MINER reserves the right to publish the whole or any part of the suggestions received.

5. A committee of three will award the prizes. The names of the judges composing the committee will be announced shortly.

We hope that the practical miners and prospectors who know something of the actual working of the mining laws will not be backward in giving us the benefit of their experience.

TIT FOR TAT.

Some time ago the C. P. R. bucked Mr. Corbin when he wanted to bring his line into Nelson. Mr. Corbin complained bitterly at this treatment then, but now he has gone into the same line of business and is bucking the Rossland Tramway people at Trail Creek. Meanwhile the C. P. R. is getting at Sandon a very severe shaking up at the hands of the Kaslo-Slocan Railway.

GAZETTE NOTICES.

The last number to hand of the B. C. Gazette contains several matters of interest in this district.

The Anglo Western Pioneer syndicate applies for an Act empowering it to supply water to the towns of Trail and Rossland and the country adjacent thereto within a radius of ten miles. Also to equip and maintain an electric light plant in the same towns and within a radius of twenty-five miles, and to take enough water from the Pend d'Oreille river to generate 100,000 horse power.

The centre from which the above radii are to be calculated is not mentioned.

Mr. A. E. Humphreys applies for the incorporation of a company for general mining purposes.

Mr. F. M. McLeod applies for the incorporation of the Rossland Electric Light Power Waterworks Co.

The Nelson Electric Light Co., is asking for an act extending the time for the establishment and completion of its undertakings.

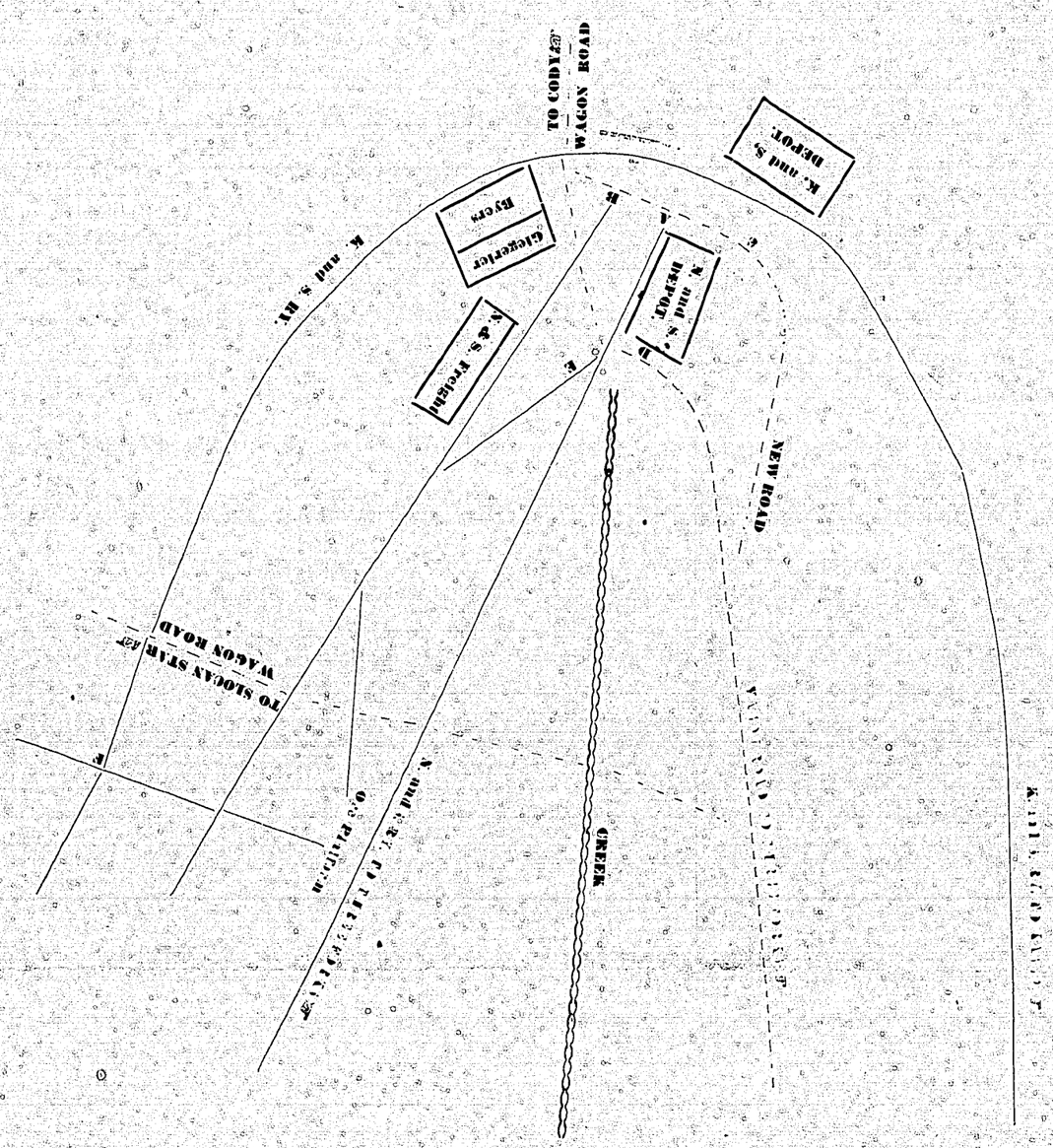
Chas. Gibbs, John N. Peters and Alex Austin of Rossland seek incorporation under the name of The Metropolitan Club, Ld', "To carry on the business of a proprietor of a club, reading room, and billiard and other recreation rooms, and to afford accommodation for meetings and gatherings of all descriptions.

Application is made by Messrs. N. D. Moore, W. H. Yawkey and W. C. Yawkey for incorporation as the Sunshine Mining Co., Ld.

THE RAILWAY WAR AT SANDON.

THE K. & S. MEN TEAR UP THE N. & S. TRACKS.

Total Destruction of Buildings---The Station Pulled Down by an Engine---What the Officials Have to Say.



Sandon is about 4 miles from Three Forks on Carpenter Creek. The town at present consists of quite a number of hotels and stores on each side of a street 30 feet wide, all the buildings but two being below the line of the K. & S. Railway, which at this point circles around the upper end of the town to a point a little beyond the wagon road which goes up to the Slocan Star mine. The Kaslo & Slocan people claim 150 feet from their line for siding and station purposes and the Nakusp & Slocan people say they have no right to it and proceeded to put up a station, freight house and tracks on it. Hence the trouble. Injunctions have been issued from Victoria and dissolved and the K. & S. people this week brought the matter to a crisis.

On Sunday night about 8 p. m., at Kaslo station, the K. & S. people assembled, 60 or 70 strong, able-bodied men of several nationalities with tools of every description, and it was supposed they were going to repair a large bridge which had settled somewhere on the line. They, however, ultimately landed at Sandon, about 3 a. m. on Monday, under the leadership of Mr. Ffolliott, manager for Messrs. Foley Bros. & Guthrie, the contractors who built the K. & S. Ry.; Mr. McGraw, the superintendent of the line, and Mr. Miller.

THE ATTACK.

The men employed by Mr. Clements, the contractor putting up the buildings for the N. & S., with Mr. Hamilton, the agent and the telegraph operator, were asleep in the boarding car, which was placed on the track at the point marked B on the sketch above, and at the point A was a freight car to be loaded with ore from the Reco mine. The Kaslo people began operations by turning the switch and running the cars off. The freight car, going first, jumped the track at the switch, the boarding car bumping into it pretty roughly. By the time the boarding car was started most of the occupants were awake, and as its motion increased Mr. Clements jumped and landed on some loose boards, getting severely bruised. The others stayed with the car until the collision, when the stove pinned the agent to the wall, making a large bruise on his leg. Fortunately the stove was cold. The other men in the car were badly shaken, but not seriously hurt.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BUILDINGS.

The work of destruction was now begun. The freight shed was quickly torn down and the remains thrown upon lands the K. & S. do not claim. The bridge (C) forming the new road put in by the N. & S. was demolished and the posts sawed off. The platform (D), which blocked the way of the old government wagon road, was destroyed. The ties and rails to point E were torn up and also part of the platform, rails and ties at point F.

The warriors now went to breakfast, while telegraph messages were sent to inform the various officials of the trouble.

Mr. Lawrence, roadmaster of the N. & S., and Mr. Johnson were soon on the ground, and with a small number of men attempted to re-lay the track. The Napoleon of the K. & S., Mr. Ffolliott, lined up his men at point E, and when the N. & S. men attempted to put a tie down they were immediately upset with some small force and the tie thrown after them. The officials then attempted to go on the ground in dispute and were pushed back and technically assaulted. The men employed by Mr. Clements went into the station and commenced work, but were immediately stopped and led carefully out. The station was now the only building left on the disputed ground. It was 50x22 feet and partly two storeys high.

TELEGRAMS AND RUMORS.

Telegrams in cipher were now the order of the day and every hotel in Sandon was filled with rumors. "Every official of the K. & S. was to be arrested," "Mr. Marpole was on his way from the main line and would be in Sandon by 9 a. m. Tuesday with 400 men," etc., but Monday passed off quietly.

THE WAR BEGINS AGAIN.

Tuesday there was great difficulty in hearing any news from the outside, as the wires were reported to be down and the morning, which was cold, the thermometer registering about zero, passed off quietly.

Soon after 12 noon the K. & S. train arrived and a crowd of men swarmed out of the cars, under Supt. McGraw. They at once attacked the station building with axes and hammers and the splinters flew on all sides. Remonstrances were made against the destruction by N. & S. officials on the ground, but were disregarded. It was now known by the N. & S. people that Mr. Marpole had left Three Forks and would be in Sandon in 30 minutes and that he had no force of men with him. The business of destruction proceeded as fast as 60 or 70 men could work. Ropes were brought and fastened to the building, then led through a block and attached to the engine, which went slowly ahead and amid the excited yells of the crowd the main building was pulled down 50 minutes from the commencement of the work.

The whistle of the large engine of the N. & S. was now heard, and shortly afterwards the train came into the yard. Messrs. Marpole, D. McGillivray, Lawrence, Johnson and a few passengers descended and quietly viewed the scene Supt. McGraw shouted for his men and told them to line up and throw anyone back who attempted to cross the line at point E, but no attempt was made to do so. After looking over the ground and apparently giving directions for the rearrangement of the tracks, etc., Mr. Marpole left about 3.30, and shortly afterwards the K. & S. train pulled out with the officials for Kaslo, leaving all quiet at the seat of war.

Mr. Marpole was seen, but had nothing to communicate for publication. The courts would no doubt settle the difficulty. It was a pity such a great destruction of property had taken place, as an undertaken could have been given to leave things as they were until a legal decision was arrived at.

MR. FFOLLIOTT'S VIEWS.

Mr. Ffolliott was also seen. He said he regretted the destruction of property, but had acted throughout under legal advice sent from Victoria. Had the N. & S. people agreed, when asked on Monday to give an undertaking not to trespass, until the matter could be decided in the courts, the pulling down the station building of the N. & S. would have been avoided, but he could get no promise and his instructions had to be carried out, the K. & S. company had bought the ground claimed, and were fully entitled to it, and he could not see what right the N. & S. R'y could possibly have to the property in question. It was vital to the proper working of the K. & S. that they should be able to make sidings which they could not possibly do if the N. & S. were allowed to divert the wagon road as they wanted to do.

OPINION AT SANDON.

At Sandon the feeling seemed to be that the K. & S. people were in the right, but at the same time it was thought that some arrangement might easily have been arrived at which would have prevented the destruction of so much valuable property.

The whole case will now doubtless be fought out in the courts and the lawyers engaged will have plenty of work before it is finally settled.

THE TRAMWAY AND SMELTER.

There is some difficulty in getting the Hall Mines Tramway into good running order. Frst of all some of the pulleys were found to be defective owing to bad work on the part of the foundary which supplied them to the contractors. The recent cold snap has interfered with the adjustment of the tension, a most delicate matter. The result has been the capsizing of two of the towers. In ordinary weather this could be remedied in a few hours but the same work has to be performed now in about four feet of snow which makes a very considerable difference. The tramway has shown that it will work satisfactorily, and as soon as those mechanical defects can be put straight it will be running again.

Meanwhile the works at the smelter are all but complete and will be quite ready by the proposed date 1st Jan.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Nelson Quadrille Club held one of its pleasant socials on Thursday evening.

There will be a choral service at the English Church on Christmas day at 11 a. m.

There are three companies in the field asking parliament for leave to supply Rossland with water.

Captain Duncan who has been unwell has been staying at the Nelson House during the week.

A christmas tree for the Sunday School children will be held in the English Church on 31st Dec.

The Presbyterian Sunday School will hold their annual christmas tree on New Year's night.

The Pilot Bay Smelter which had been stopped owing to a shortage of ore has been blown in again.

We have received a copy of Mr. J. H. Brownlee's handbook of the Mining Laws of British Columbia. A review will appear shortly.

Mr. Robt. Florman of Black Hills arrived in town on Thursday. Mr. Florman intends to look over all the Kootenay mining camps with a view to investing.

Mr. C. D. Presley who was well known in Seattle and Spokane has assumed the duties of clerk at Simpson & Co's.

The last Gazette contains a notice of a change in the boundaries of the Ainsworth mining district. We have no room to deal with the matter this week.

Great festivities are in preparation at Balfour in order to duly celebrate the wedding of Dick Gallop and Miss. McKenzie which takes place on Monday next.

A new bell has been mounted in the turret of the Methodist Church. The public will have an opportunity of testing its good quality tomorrow.

The conditions for our Prize competition on the subject of "The Improvement of the Mining Laws of British Columbia" will be found in the first column of page 1.

We regret to learn that the little one born to Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Mills only lived a day or two. We are sure that they have the sympathy of all their friends.

A new time table has been issued by the C. & K. Steam Navigation Co., which is unfortunately too late for publication. The main change is that the s. s. Nelson leaves Kaslo for Nelson on Sundays at 8 a. m., leaving Nelson on the return journey at 4 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Cockle of Kaslo on Tuesday gave a whist party which was attended by between thirty and forty friends. A sumptuous supper was provided, and when the toasts were proposed it was found that the spread was in honor of the first anniversary of their marriage.

Charles L. Arnold came in on Thursday from his claim on the Salmon. He and two men have been opening up the ledge which has a most promising appearance and affords good looking samples of copper pyrites. Mr. Arnold expects to leave for England next month.

The Oddfellows Ball which is to come off on New Years Eve will take place in the Lodge's own rooms above F. Irvine & Co's store. The price of tickets has been fixed at the low figure of one dollar, including supper, so that there will probably be a large attendance. No special invitations are issued.

The entertainment given by the Ladies Guild of the Church of England came off on Wednesday evening at the Firehall. It was only a small affair consisting of the time honored Mrs. Jarley's waxworks a little music and a dance or two afterwards. But a large number of people very kindly attended and duly planked down their two bits to see the show. During the afternoon and evening a number of dolls and other toys were sold. The total proceeds amounted to $48.75 and the Ladies of the Guild desire to express their thanks to those who contributed towards this very desirable result.

SKATING RINK FOR NELSON.

Yesterday work was commenced on a Skating Rink for Nelson.

Mr. J. E. Turner is the enterprising promoter of the scheme and as far as he is concerned it will be a success. We hope that the weather will not go back on him.

The site chosen is on the baseball ground nearly opposite the Tremont Hotel. The building will measure 115 by 45 feet. This will be big enough to accommodate a curling club if one is formed. The work is in the hands of Messrs. Hillyer & Kilby and will be finished in about a week from today. It will then only await the pleasure of Jack Frost to be opened to the public.

CHURCH NOTICES.

SUNDAY, December 22, 1895.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Holy Communion at 8 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School (Union) at 2.30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 p. m. Christian Endeavor Society meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

CATHOLIC CHURCH. Services first and second Sundays of the month at Nelson. Mass at 10.30. Vespers at 7.30.

METHODIST CHURCH, Corner Silica and Josephine Streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Morning subject: "The Adaptability of the Gospel." Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Choral morning service at 11 a. m., followed by Holy Communion.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services will be held at 11 a. m.

NEWS OF THE CAMPS.

NAKUSP.

[From our own Correspondent.]

About five inches of snow fell on Sunday, with frost at night, making everything look wintery.

The steamers Kootenai and Illecillewaet came down from the Wigwam on Saturday evening. The Kootenai is now being hauled up for repairs to her hull.

Str. Nakusp came in on Sunday with six car loads of freight for Slocan points.

A meeting was held this week to arrange for weekly dances during the winter. The matter is in the hands of competent parties.

Peter Genelle & Co. expect to finish sawing this week. They are now engaged on the material for the C. & K. S. N. Co.'s new boat, which is to be built here early in the year.

Mrs. Crawford proposes giving a dance on Christmas Eve in the Hotel Nakusp.

Peter Genelle & Co. intend taking out logs round the Lake during the winter, which will make employment for a good many hands.

A very high wind on Thursday made things lively round the lake shore, breaking the boom at the sawmill and doing other damage, but fortunately nothing very serious.

ROSSLAND.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Although the town of Rossland is covered with about nine inches of snow, at a lower altitude of a few hundred feet the roads are impossible for sleighing, and as a consequence the freightage of ore has been seriously checked. However the prospects of immediate resumption of hauling are good, and unless a thaw intervenes in a day or two the teams will be as busy as ever.

Taking into consideration the season of the year, there is quite a lot work being done in the camp, and in several cases considerable satisfaction is expressed with the results.

A six foot vein of solid ore has been struck on the Wide West claim, which is situated in the south belt.

The contract work on the Gopher is showing up the claim well, and the ore body is nearly ten feet across at the widest point.

At last the compressor plant of the Centre Star is in working order, and in a very short time the mine will be one of the largest shippers in the district, as it is already in very good shape.

The management of the Le Roi has recently changed, Mr. Moynahan taking charge of the working of the mine. He is a gentleman of large and varied experience, and a decided acquisition to the province.

On Monday evening, Mr. Kellie, the member for the district, held a meeting in the opera house for the ostensible purpose of hearing suggestions of his constituents, but apparently left with the unshaken opinion that everything is for the best in this best of worlds.

Martin Bros. have secured the contract for the plumbing for the water works, they have already laid the first pipe in town and water will be turned on Jan. 1st, 1896.

THE SLOCAN.

The snow fall last week seriously interfered with traffic on both lines of rail. A train from Kaslo took 33 hours to reach Sandon. As soon as the snow plows get to work this trouble will probably be avoided

The application of the Goodenough for a Crown Grant is being adversed by Mr. J. M. Harris of the Ruecean, on the alleged ground that the location stakes of the Goodenough were put in on ground that had already been located. Since writing the above an arrangement has been made in this matter.

Ore shipping will probably now begin in earnest. At the Goodenough there are 20 tons ready for rawhiding. Clements and Manuel have 40 tons at the Blue Bird. Eighteen tons are ready at the Slocan Boy and the Northern Belle has 100.

Mr. H. Abbott of the C. P. R., has bonded the the Legal Tender for $30,000 and it is reported that the Ruth has been sold for $60,000.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

Lieut.-Col. Prior, M. P. for Victoria has been offered and has accepted the position of Controller of Inland Revenue in the Dominion Ministry. This position has become vacant on account of its previous occupant taking the place of Mr. Clarke Wallace as Controller of Customs. Both controllers will be sworn in as members of the Privy Council but will not be Cabinet Ministers. Col. Prior will have at once to seek re-election from his constituents before returning to Ottawa.

On Monday last the Cauchon Block at Winnipeg was almost entirely destroyed by fire The fire was discovered about 6 a. m. The stairs were soon destroyed and over 100 people who were in the block were rescued from the windows of the top story. All escaped in their night clothes with the exception of Major T. H. Morice and his wife. The Major expired from suffocation shortly after being rescued and the charred body of his wife was found in the ruins next day. Miss Talbot was badly burned about the face and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Baby were injured by jumping from a window. The Hon. Joseph Martin with his wife and daughter were among those who escaped in scant attire. The building was insured for $10,000 and the loss is only estimated at half that sum.

INFLUENCE OF FIRE.

THE EFFECT IT HAS UPON WILD BEASTS AND BIRDS.

Used by Hunters and Travelers as a Protection—Darwin's Experience With the Monkey and the Candle—Birds Fascinated by a Campfire.

While it is impossible to ascertain what various animals think of fire, if they think about it at all, there is no doubt that they regard it as containing an element of danger to themselves. In every country where fierce carnivorous animals abound the hunter understands that his surest protection from their fury is found in a bright fire. In one of Gordon Cummings' books of hunting adventures in South Africa he relates a story of the death of a native who was killed by a lion. The man, with a companion, was making a journey through a district where lions abounded and noticed that the twain were being tracked by a giant king of the forest and his mate. Knowing the habits of the lion, and that the animal was very loath to attack by day or when a fire was burning, the travelers, when they halted for the night, built a roaring fire and agreed that one should stay awake to keep it burning. They had no firearms, and their condition was perilous in the extreme, for by the light of the fire they could see the eyes of the two lions like glowing balls in the forest near by, but so long as the fire blazed the animals came no nearer.

Toward morning, however, the one whose duty it was to feed the fire, overcome by weariness, fell into a doze, the fire burned low, and as soon as its flames ceased to flicker there was a rush, a bound, and the lion carried away his companion, grasping him by the shoulder, throwing the body over his back and galloping off like a cat with a mouse. Tragedies of this kind are numerous in Africa and Asia, but everywhere result from carelessness, lack of fuel or absence of firearms, for neither the lion, tiger, panther nor any other animal of the cat tribe can be induced by hunger to rush into a bright light after its prey. No doubt the dislike of light has something to do with it, for all these animals are nocturnal, but the fear of fire is probably quite as potent a factor.

The curiosity of the monkey is forever getting him into trouble. He will investigate anything, no matter what, and in his pursuit of knowledge will just as quickly and readily put his fingers into the fire as into the water. Darwin tells of a monkey with which he amused himself by encouraging the animal to imitate certain actions of his own, the results of which he knew very well would be disastrous to the simian. The naturalist lighted a candle, and in the presence of the monkey, snuffed it with his fingers. Leaving the candle burning, Darwin went away to a place whence he could watch the animal's actions without himself being observed. The monkey of course snuffed the candle and burned his fingers, but could never be induced to repeat the experiment, and indeed, after that occasion, could with difficulty be persuaded to remain in the room with a lighted candle, seeming to regard it as a sort of malevolent fetich or demon that was called into existence for the special injury of monkeys. It is said by naturalists, however, that not all monkeys have this extravagant fear of fire. In the forests of Africa monkeys have often been seen on cold mornings warming themselves at the embers of fires left by travelers, and apparently greatly enjoying the genial heat of the coals. Glad as they were to avail themselves of the warmth, however, they had not sense enough to understand that the fire could be kept up, and though material in the shape of dried branches and fallen wood was abundant in the immediate vicinity they made no effort to collect fuel and maintain the fire.

All kinds of birds are attracted by fire and light. In Herndon's "Valley of the Amazon" there is a queer paragraph detailing the effect produced on the feathered inhabitants of those tropical forests by the campfires lighted every night by the party. Traveling as they did for a considerable part of the time through an uninhabited jungle, it is quite possible that most of the birds had never before seen the light of a fire, and as soon as the blaze began to shine through the leafy arcades the birds, and particularly the parrots, dropped everything and came to look into the matter. They came in thousands, the trees in the vicinity were loaded down with them, and scores of throats poured forth opinions on the subject, all offhand and purely extemporaneous, but none the less voluble or loudly expressed. The uproar raised by the parrots was sometimes deafening. They came as close as they dared, formed a circle in the trees at a few feet distant and shouted to one another about the matter until sleep for the party was out of the question. Shooting at them and killing a few of the number were tried, and with good effect, for the rest scattered instantly, but only to return in ten minutes and renew the discussion as vociferously as ever. The party could not stay awake all night to shoot parrots, and so it became necessary after the meal was cooked to let the fire go down as low as possible and set sentinels to guard against the approach of wild beasts.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Quick Wooing.

He was an artist at sleight of hand, a song and dance lady she. They met at 1, they loved at 2, they married at half past 3. A brief, brief dream of wedded bliss, then she criticised his tricks. They wrangled at 4, they quarreled at 5 and parted forever at 6.—London Answers.

Untrained monkeys brought $10 each in Venice in the sixteenth century. If trained, they were much more expensive, the price depending on the amount of the training.

An Efficient Cleaner.

The sand blast is used extensively in England for the removal of molding sand, scale, etc., from steel, iron and brass castings, forgings, plates and for cleaning the stonework of public buildings. The air pressure employed is from eight to ten pounds per square inch. Chilled iron globules instead of quartz or flint sand are used with good results, and the surface thus prepared is ready for tinning, galvanizing, plating, bronzing, painting, etc., the innumerable little indentations causing the protecting materials to adhere with greater force. This method of cleaning castings acts with equal rapidity and thoroughness upon flat, curved, angular and indented surfaces. Small castings are placed in a slowly rotating barrel, through which the blast is directed so that no portion of the surface escapes the action of the sand. One hundredweight of castings can be cleaned in from 10 to 15 minutes with a blast created by two horsepower and the same weight of small forgings and stampings in from 20 to 30 minutes.—Exchange.

Amenities of War.

Archibald Forbes, in an article in Scribner's Magazine, says that the abstract theory of the "amenities of war" is preposterous. You strain every effort to reduce your adversary to impotence. He falls wounded, whereupon, should he come into your hands, you promptly devote all your exertions to saving his life and restoring him to health and vigor in order that he may go home and swell the ranks of your enemy. This is no doubt humanity, but it is supremely illogical.

Marbot recounts in his memoirs perhaps the most absurd application ever made of the theory of the "amenities." In the battle of Austerlitz a body of beaten Russians, about 5,000 strong, strove to escape across the ice on the Satschan lake. Napoleon ordered his artillery to fire on the ice, which was shattered, and men and horses slowly settled down into the depths, only a few escaping by means of poles and ropes thrown out from shore by the French.

Next morning Napoleon, riding round the positions, saw a wounded Russian officer clinging to an ice floe 100 yards out and entreating help. The emperor became intensely interested in the succor of the man. After many failures Marbot and another officer stripped and swam out, gradually brought the ice floe toward the shore and laid the Russian at Napoleon's feet.

The emperor evinced more delight at this rescue than he had manifested when assured of the victory of Austerlitz. He had no compunction as to the fate of the unfortunates whom his artillery practice of the day before had sent to their death.

The Story of a Relic Shown at Turin.

Visitors to Turin who have seen the celebrated Chapel of St. Ludona, which adjoins the Royal palace, must have noticed on one of the altars a glass shade under which is placed a relic as a testimony of a miracle wrought. This medal has a story. In November, 1878, when King Humbert's life was attempted by Passanante at Naples, Queen Margherita wore fastened to a chatelaine at her waist a small silver horn, which Italians wear against the jettatura, or evil eye. Just at the moment when the would be murderous attack took place Queen Margherita was seized with such terrible convulsions that she held this little silver ornament so tightly in her hand that it left an impression in her soft white fingers, and only after several hours could it be moved, when it was religiously preserved.

Among the various ways in which the sovereign wished to show her gratitude to the Madonna for having saved her husband's life was to have the silver horn made into a medal, on one side of which was engraved, "Per Grazia Recevuta," and under the date, on the other side, in small letters, "Salve Regina." This medal is now dedicated to the royal chapel at Turin.—London Society.

Effective Courtesy.

There's a bit of courtesy extended in at least one of the biggest dry goods stores in the city in the way of receipting bills that does not pass unappreciated by those fortunate enough to receive it.

In the office of this store there is at least one employee whose services must be valuable to the firm. Every receipted bill that comes from his hand is inscribed with a simple "Thank you!" in the right hand corner.

The words, unimportant in themselves, have a magic effect upon the patrons of the store and invoke a kindly feeling that surely must induce them to return again, and again make purchases where paying bills even is a pleasure, because there is some consideration shown the debtor.

Courtesy goes a great way in this world and is a valuable adjunct to one's character.—Buffalo News.

The West End.

Why is it that in most of the cities of the world fashion makes its home in the northwestern quarter? Why is it that the "west end" is so often the aristocratic section of the city and "east side" and "south side" so often the residence of the poorer classes? It is a fact, and there is a ruling cause for it. Is it this—that the prevailing winds of the earth are northwesterly? They are in general northwesterly, and their tendency is to blow the dust, smoke and odors of a city to its eastern or southern side. This makes the opposite quarter the more desirable for residence.—Philadelphia Press.

An Awful Threat.

"John," said Mrs. Bossman, "it is time you were in bed. If you don't turn the light down, the first thing you know the baby will be awake."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Bossman. "The light won't wake him."

"No, but I'll wake him myself."

The prospect was too appalling. He meekly did as he was bid.—Cincinnati Tribune.

WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.

ALL PLACER CLAIMS AND MINING Leaseholds legally held in the District may be laid over from 15th October, 1895, to the 1st June, 1896.

NAPOLEON FITZSTUBBS,
Gold Commissioner.

Nelson, B. C., Nov. 23, 1895. (245)

NOTICE.

In the County Court of Kootenay, Holden at at the East Crossing of the Columbia River.

In the matter of John D. McMillan, Deceased, and in the matter of the Official Administrator's Act; dated the 22nd Day of October, A. D. 1894.

Upon reading the affidavits of Robert McDonald, John D. Moore and John McPhee, it is ordered that James Ferguson Armstrong, Official Administrator for the County Court, District of Kootenay, shall be Administrator of all and singular the goods, chattels and credits of John D McMillan, Deceased.

And that this order be published for sixty days in the Nelson MINER newspaper.

(Signed) WM. WARD SPINKS,
J.

The creditors of John D. McMillan, late of Kaslo city, in the District of Kootenay, Free Miner, Deceased, are required within sixty days of this date to forward by registered letter addressed to James Ferguson Armstrong, Official Administrator, Donald, B. C., full particulars of their claims and the securities (if any) held by them. After the expiration of the said sixty days the said administrator will proceed with the distribution of the said estate, having regard to those claims only of which he shall have had notice.

Dated at Donald, B. C., this 2nd day of November, 1895.

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
(242, 23, 11, 5) Official Administrator.

[L.S.] E. DEWDNEY,

CANADA,

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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

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

A PROCLAMATION.

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

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

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of the said Province to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS, the Honourable EDGAR DEWDNEY, Lieutenant-Governor of Our said Province of British Columbia, in Our City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this fifth day of December, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, and in the fifty-ninth year of Our Reign.

By Command,

JAMES BAKER,
(251) Provincial Secretary

NOTICE is hereby given, that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next Session by the Lillooet, Fraser River and Cariboo Gold Fields, Limited, a Company incorporated in England under the Companies Act 1862 to 1890 (Imperial), on the 25th day of April, 1895, for an Act confirming, and conferring upon it, the powers of the said Company as the same appears in the memorandum and articles of association deposited in England with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and giving the said Company power to acquire, by location or otherwise, and to hold in its own name, any number of Mineral Claims, whether situate on the same vein, or elsewhere, and to apply for and obtain mining leases, of any area in extent, or to purchase or to otherwise acquire the same, and to consolidate any of such leases or mineral claims, and hold any water rights that may be hereafter acquired, as appurtenant to the whole or any part of the applicants' property so to be acquired; and to do all such things as are incidental or conductive to the attainment of the above objects, or any of them.

Dated at Victoria, B. C., this 25th day of November, A. D. 1895.

McPHILLIPS, WOOTTON & BARNARD,
(252) Solicitors for the Applicants.

PURE & WHOLESOME

12 Ounce Can Sold for 25 Cents.

Largest Demand in Canada.

(243)

GROCERIES AND STAPLES.

We take this opportunity of Wishing our Friends and Patrons the Compliments of the Season and of informing them that Our Stock is Larger and more Complete than it has ever been before. In Our Grocery Department we have everything in Christmas Groceries that you can name and a full line of Staples.

Among the Seasonable Goods in Our Hardware Department are SKATES. A Complete Assortment, both in Ladies' and Gents' Sizes at prices from $1.50 to $5.00 per pair.

During the last few weeks we have been unable to fill orders for the famous "QUEEN" Stoves (for which we are Sole Agents) as fast as they have been coming in. but we have now a Large Stock and can fill all orders promptly.

Full Lines of Crockery and Glassware, Paints and Oils.

TURNER & KIRKPATRICK. (202)

LOOK AT THIS LIST!

OLD SANTA CLAUS

COULDN'T CARRY HALF OF IT, BUT

SIMPSON & COMPANY

Carry it All.

EATING and COOKING APPLES, LEMONS, NAVEL ORANGES, PEARS, NUTS, CANDIES, BUTTER and EGGS CHICKENS, DUCKS, GEESE, TURKEYS AND CRANBERRIES, FRESH SALMON, LAKE WINNIPEG WHITE FISH, COD, HALIBUT, JOHN DORY and OYSTERS.

"Christmas Comes but Once a Year
But when it Comes it Brings Good Cheer" to

SIMPSON & CO.'S.

Try their Specially Imported High Grade Cigars for Christmas Presents.

(250)

A BRITISH COLUMBIA ARTICLE!

AND A GOOD ONE, TOO.

EXCELLED BY NONE!

The Victoria-Phoenix BREWING COMPANY'S

(OF VICTORIA, B. C.)

LAGER BEER.

Is to be Had in Leading Hotels and Saloons Throughout the Kootenay District. Ask for It.

(257)

In the Name of the Law

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

[Copyright, 1895, by the Author.]

On the moorland above the old gray village of Carbaix, in Finistere—Finistere, the most westerly province of Brittany—stands a cottage, built, as all the cottages in that country are, of rough hewn stones. It is a poor, rude place today, but it wore an aspect far more rude and primitive 100 years ago—say on an August day in the year 1793, when a man issued from the doorway, and, shading his eyes from the noonday sun, gazed long and fixedly in the direction of a narrow rift which a few score paces away breaks the monotony of the upland level. This man was tall and thin and unkempt, his features expressing a mixture of cunning and simplicity. He gazed awhile in silence, but at length uttered a grunt of satisfaction as the figure of a woman rose gradually into sight. She came on slowly, in a stooping posture, dragging behind her a great load of straw, which completely hid the little sledge on which it rested, and which was attached to her waist by a rope of twisted hay.

The figure of a woman—rather of a girl. As she drew nearer it could be seen that her cheeks, though brown and sunburned, were as smooth as a child's. She looked scarcely 18. Her head was bare, and her short petticoats, of some coarse stuff, left visible bare feet thrust into wooden shoes. She advanced with her head bent and her shoulders strained forward, her face dull and patient. Once, and once only, when the man's eyes left her for a moment, she shot at him a look of scared apprehension, and later, when she came abreast of him, her breath coming and going with her exertions, he might have seen, had he looked closely, that her strong brown limbs were trembling under her.

But the man noticed nothing in his impatience and only chid her for her slowness. "Where have you been dawdling, lazy bones?" he cried.

She murmured, without halting, that the sun was hot.

"Sun hot!" he retorted. "Jeanne is lazy, I think! Mon Dieu, that I should have married a wife who is tired by noon! I had better have left you to that never do well, Pierre Bounat. But I have news for you, my girl."

He lounged after her as he spoke, his low, cunning face—the face of the worst kind of French peasant—flickering with cruel pleasure as he saw how she started at his words. She made no answer, however. Instead she drew her load with increased vehemence toward one of the two doors which led into the building. "Well, well, I will tell you presently," he called after her. "Be quick and come to dinner."

He entered himself by the other door. The house was divided into two chambers by a breast high partition of wood. The one room served for kitchen. The other, now half full of straw, was barn and granary, fowlhouse and dovecot, in one. "Be quick!" he called to her. Standing in the houseroom he could see her head as she stopped to unload the straw.

In a moment she came in, her shoes clattering on the floor. The perspiration stood in great beads on her forehead and showed how little she had deserved his reproach. She sat down silently, avoiding his eyes, but he thought nothing of this. It was no new thing. It pleased him, if anything.

"Well, my Jeanne," he said in his gibing tone, "are you longing for my news?"

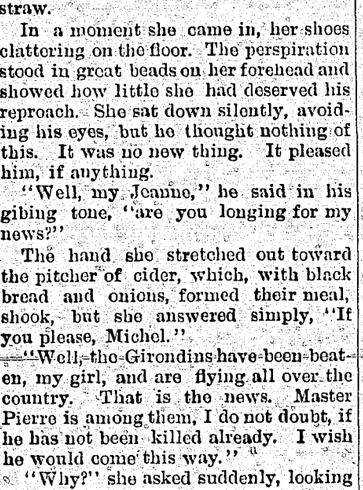
The hand she stretched out toward the pitcher of cider, which, with black bread and onions, formed their meal, shook, but she answered simply, "If you please, Michel."

"Well, the Girondins have been beaten, my girl, and are flying all over the country. That is the news. Master Pierre is among them, I do not doubt, if he has not been killed already. I wish he would come this way."

"Why?" she asked suddenly, looking up at last, a flash of light in her gray eyes.

"Why?" he repeated, grinning across the table at her. "Because he would be worth 5 crowns to me. There is 5 crowns, I am told, on the head of every Girondin who has been in arms, my girl."

The French revolution, it will be understood, was at its height. The more moderate and constitutional Republic-



Tellier bent over him.

ans—the Girondins, as they were called—worsted in Paris by the Jacobins and the mob, had lately tried to raise the provinces against the capital, and to this end had drawn together at Caen, near the border of Brittany. They had been defeated, however, and the Jacobins, in this month of August, were preparing to take a fearful vengeance at once on them and the Royalists. The reign of terror had begun. Even to such a boor as this, sitting over his black bread, the revolution had come home, and in common with many a thousand others he wondered what he could make of it.

The girl did not answer, even by the look of contempt to which he had become accustomed and for which he hated her, and he repeated: "Five crowns! Ah, it is money, that is! Mon Dieu!" Then, with a sudden exclamation, he sprang up. "What is that?" he cried.

He had been sitting with his back to the barn, but he turned now so as to face it. Something had startled him—a rustling in the straw behind him. "What is that?" he said, his hand on the table, his face lowering and watchful.

The girl had risen also, and as the last word passed his lips sprang by him, with a low cry, and aimed a frantic blow with her stool at something he could not see.

"What is it?" he asked, recoiling.

"A rat!" she answered, breathless. And she aimed another blow at it.

"Where?" he asked fretfully. "Where is it?" He snatched his stool, too, and at that moment a rat darted out of the straw, ran nimbly between his legs and plunged into a hole by the door. He flung the wooden stool after it, but, of course, in vain. "It was a rat!" he said as if before he had doubted it.

"Thank God!" she muttered. She was shaking all over.

He stared at her in stupid wonder. What did she mean? What had come to her? "Have you had a sunstroke, my girl?" he said suspiciously.

Her nut brown face was a shade less brown than usual, but she met his eyes boldly and said, "No," adding an explanation which for the moment satisfied him. But he did not sit down again. When she went out, he went also. And though, as she retired slowly to the ryefields and work, she repeatedly looked back at him, it was always to find his eyes upon her. When this had happened half a dozen times, a thought struck him. "How now?" he muttered. "The rat ran out of the straw!"

Nevertheless he still stood gazing after her, with a cunning look upon his features, until she disappeared over the edge of the rift, and then he crept back to the door of the barn and stole in out of the sunlight into the cool darkness of the raftered building, across which a dozen rays of light were shooting, laden with dancing motes. Inside he stood stock still until he had regained the use of his eyes, and then he began to peer round him. In a moment he found what he sought. Half upon and half hidden by the straw lay a young man in the deep sleep of utter exhaustion. His face, which bore traces of more than common beauty, was now white and pinched. His hair hung dank about his forehead. His clothes were in rags, and his feet, bound up in pieces torn at random from his blouse, were raw and bleeding. For a short while Michel Tellier bent over him, remarking these things with glistening eyes. Then the peasant stole out again. "It is 5 crowns!" he muttered, blinking in the sunlight. "Ha, ha! Five crowns!"

He looked round cautiously, but could see no sign of his wife, and after hesitating and pondering a minute or two he took the path for Carbaix, his native astuteness leading him to saunter slowly along in his ordinary fashion. After that the moorland about the cottage lay seemingly deserted. Thrice, at intervals, the girl dragged home her load of straw, but each time she seemed to linger in the barn no longer than was necessary. Michel's absence, though it was unlooked for, raised no suspicion in her breast, for he would frequently go down to the village to spend the afternoon. The sun sank lower, and the shadow of the great monolith, which, standing on the highest point of the moor, about a mile away, rose gaunt and black against a roseate sky, grew longer and longer, and then, as twilight fell, the two coming home met a few paces from the cottage. He asked some questions about the work she had been doing, and she answered briefly. Then, silent and uncommunicative, they went in together. The girl set the bread and cider on the table, and, going to the great black pot which had been simmering all day upon the fire, poured some broth into two pitchers. It did not escape Michel's frugal eye that there was still a little broth left in the bottom of the pot, and this induced a new feeling in him—anger. When his wife hailed him by a sign to the meal, he went instead to the door and fastened it. Thence he went to the corner and picked up the wood chopper, and, armed with this, came back to his seat.

The girl watched his movements, first with surprise and then with secret terror. The twilight was come, and the cottage was almost dark, and she was alone with him, or, if not alone, yet with no one near who could help her. Yet she met his grin of triumph bravely. "What is this?" she said. "Why do you want that?"

"For the rat," he answered grimly, his eyes on hers.

"Why not use your stool?" she strove to murmur, her heart sinking.

"Not for this rat," he answered. "It might not do, my girl. Oh, I know all about it," he continued. "I have been down to the village and seen the mayor, and he is coming up to fetch him." He nodded toward the partition, and she knew that her secret was known.

"It is Pierre," she said, trembling violently and turning first crimson and then white.

"I know it, Jeanne. It was excellent of you! Excellent! It is long since you have done such a day's work."

"You will not give him up?"

"My faith, I shall!" he answered, affecting and perhaps really feeling wonder at her simplicity. "He is 5 crowns, girl! You do not understand. He is worth 5 crowns and the risk nothing at all."

If he had been angry or shown anything of the fury of the suspicious husband, if he had been about to do this out of jealousy or revenge, she would have quailed before him, though she had done him no wrong save the wrong of mercy and pity. But his spirit was too mean for the great passions. He felt only the sordid ones, which to a woman are the most hateful. And instead of quailing she looked at him with flashing eyes. "I shall warn him," she said.

"It will not help him," he answered, sitting still and feeling the edge of the hatchet with his fingers.

"It will help him," she retorted. "He shall go. He shall escape before they come."

"I have locked the doors!"

"Give me the key!" she panted. "Give me the key, I say!" She had risen and was standing before him, her figure drawn to its full height. He rose hastily and retreated behind the table, still retaining the hatchet in his grasp.

"Stand back!" he said sullenly. "You may awaken him, if you please, my girl. It will not avail him. Do you not

Then she said, "He is not fit to die."

understand, fool, that he is worth 5 crowns? And listen! It is too late now. They are here!"

A blow fell on the door as he spoke, and he stepped toward it. But at that despair moved her, and she threw herself upon him and for a moment wrestled with him. At last, with an effort, he flung her off, and brandishing his weapon in her face kept her at bay. "You vixen!" he cried savagely, retreating to the door, with a pale cheek and his eyes still on her, for he was an arrant coward. "You deserve to go to prison with him, you jade! I will have you in the stocks for this!"

She leaned against the wall where she had fallen, her white, despairing face seeming almost to shine in the darkness of the wretched room. Meanwhile the continuous murmur of men's voices outside could now be heard, mingled with the ring of weapons, and the summons for admission was again and again repeated, as if those without had no mind to be kept waiting.

"Patience, patience! I am opening!" he cried. Still keeping his face to her, he unlocked the door and called on the men to enter. "He is in the straw, M. le Mayor!" he cried in a tone of triumph, his eyes still on his wife. "He will give you no trouble, I will answer for it! But first give me my 5 crowns, mayor. My 5 crowns!"

He still felt so much fear of his wife that he did not turn to see the men enter and was taken by surprise when a voice at his elbow—a strange voice—said: "Five crowns, my friend? For what, may I ask?"

In his eagerness and excitement he suspected nothing, but thought only that the mayor had sent a deputy. "For what? For the Girondin!" he answered rapidly. Then at last he turned and found that half a dozen men had entered, and that more were entering. To his astonishment, they were all strangers to him—men with stern, gloomy faces and armed to the teeth. There was something so formidable in their appearance that his voice faltered as he added: "But where is the mayor, gentlemen? I do not see him."

No one answered, but in silence the last of the men—there were 11 in all—entered and bolted the door behind him. Michel Tellier peered at them in the gloom with growing alarm. In return the tallest of the strangers, who had entered first and seemed to be in command, looked round keenly. At length this man spoke. "So you have a Girondin here, have you?" he said, his voice curiously sweet and sonorous.

"I was to have 5 crowns for him," Michel muttered dubiously.

"Oh, Petion," continued the spokesman to one of his companions, "can you kindle a light? It strikes me that we have hit upon a dark place."

The man addressed took something from his pouch. For a moment there was silence, broken only by the sharp sound of the flint striking the steel. Then a sudden glare lit up the dark interior and disclosed the group of cloaked strangers standing about the door, the light gleaming back from their muskets and cutlasses. Michel trembled. He had never seen such men as these before. True, they were wet and travel stained and had the air of those who spend their nights in ditches and under haystacks. But their pale, stern faces were set in indomitable resolve. Their eyes glowed with a steady fire, and they trod as kings tread. Their leader was a man of majestic height and beauty, and in his eyes alone there seemed to lurk a spark of some lighter fire, as if his spirit still rose above the task which had sobered his companions. Michel noted all this in fear and bewilderment; noted the white head and yet vigorous bearing of the man who had struck the light; noted even the manner in which the light died away in the dim recesses of the barn.

"And this Girondin—is he in hiding here?" said the tall man.

"That is so," Michel answered. "But I had nothing to do with hiding him, citizen. It was my wife hid him in the straw there."

"And you gave notice of his presence to the authorities?" continued the stranger, raising his hand to repress some movement among his followers.

"Certainly, or you would not have been here," replied Michel, better satisfied with himself.

The answer struck him down with an awful terror. "That does not follow," said the tall man coolly, "for we are Girondins!"

"You are?"

"Without doubt," the other answered, with majestic simplicity, "or there are no such persons. This is Petion and this Citizen Buzot. Have you heard of Louvet? There he stands. For me, I am Barbaroux."

Michel's tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth. He could not utter a word. But another could. On the far side of the barrier a sudden rustling was heard, and while all turned to look—but with what different feelings!—the pale face of the youth over whom Michel had bent in the afternoon appeared above the partition. A smile of joyful recognition effaced for the time the lines of exhaustion. The young man, clinging for support to the planks, uttered a cry of thankfulness. "It is you! It is really you! You are safe!" he exclaimed.

"We are safe, all of us, Pierre," Barbaroux answered. "And now"—and he turned to Michel Tellier with sudden thunder in his voice—"this man whom you would have betrayed is our guide, let me tell you, whom we lost last night. Speak, man, in your defense, if you can. Say what you have to say why justice shall not be done upon you, miserable caitiff, who would have sold a man's life for a few pieces of silver!"

The wretched peasant's knees trembled, and the perspiration stood upon his brow. He heard the voice as the voice of a judge. He looked in the stern eyes of the Girondins and read only anger and vengeance. Then he caught in the silence the sound of his wife weeping, for at Pierre's appearance she had broken into wild sobbing, and he spoke out of the base instincts of his heart. "He was her lover," he muttered. "I swear it, citizens."

"He lies!" cried the man at the barrier, his face transfigured with rage. "I loved her, it is true, but it was before her old father sold her to this Judas. For what he would have you believe now, my friends, it is false. I, too, swear it."

A murmur of execration broke from the group of Girondins. Barbaroux repressed it by a gesture. "What do you say of this man?" he asked, turning to them, his voice deep and solemn.

"He is not fit to live!" they answered in chorus.

The poor coward screamed as he heard the words, and flinging himself on the ground he embraced Barbaroux's knees in a paroxysm of terror. But the judge did not look at him. Barbaroux turned instead to Pierre Bounat. "What do you say of him?" he asked.

"He is not fit to live," said the young man solemnly, his breath coming quick and fast.

"And you?" Barbaroux continued, turning and looking with his eyes of fire at the wife, his voice gentle and yet more solemn.

A moment before she had ceased to weep and had stood up listening and gazing, awe and wonder in her face. Barbaroux had to repeat his question before she answered. Then she said, "He is not fit to die."

There was silence for a moment, broken only by the entreaties of the wretch on the floor. At last Barbaroux spoke. "She has said rightly," he pronounced. "He shall live. They have put us out of the law and set a price on our heads, but we will keep the law. He shall live. But, hark you," the great orator continued in tones which Michel never for-

"In the name of the law!"

got, "if a whisper escape you as to our presence here, or our names, or if you wrong your wife by word or deed, the life she has saved shall pay for it.

"Remember!" he added, shaking Michel to and fro with a finger. "The arm of Barbaroux is long, and though I be 100 leagues away I shall know, and I shall punish. So beware! Now, rise and live!"

The miserable man cowered back to the wall, frightened to the core of his heart. The Girondins conferred awhile in whispers, two of their number assisting Pierre to cross the barrier. Suddenly there came—and Michel trembled anew as he heard it—a loud knocking at the door. All started and stood listening and waiting. A voice outside cried, "Open, open in the name of the law!"

"We have lingered too long," Barbaroux muttered. "I should have thought of this. It is the mayor of Carbaix come to apprehend our friend."

Again the Girondins conferred together. At last, seeming to arrive at a conclusion, they ranged themselves on either side of the door, and one of their number opened it. A short, stout man, girt with a tricolor sash and wearing a huge sword, entered with an air of authority. Being blinded by the light, he saw nothing out of the common and was followed by four men armed with muskets.

Their appearance produced an extraordinary effect on Michel Tellier. As they one by one crossed the threshold the peasant leaned forward, his face flushed, his eyes gleaming, and counted them. They were only five. And the others were 12. He fell back, and from that moment his belief in the Girondins' power was clinched.

"In the name of the law!" panted the mayor. "Why did you not"— Then he stopped abruptly, his mouth remaining open. He found himself surrounded by a group of grim, silent mutes, with arms in their hands, and in a twinkling it flashed into his mind that these were the 11 chiefs of the Girondins whom he had been warned to keep watch for. He had come to catch a pigeon and had caught a crow. He turned pale, and his eyes dropped. "Who are—who are these gentlemen?" he stammered in a ludicrously altered tone.

"Some volunteers of Quumpen, returning home," replied Barbaroux, with ironical smoothness.

"You have your papers, citizens?" the mayor asked mechanically, and he took a step back toward the door and looked over his shoulder.

"Here they are!" said Petion rudely, thrusting a packet into his hands. "They are in order."

The mayor took them, and longing only to see the outside of the door pretended to look through them, his little heart going pit-a-pat within him. "They seem to be in order," he assented feebly. "I need not trouble you further, citizens. I came here under a misapprehension, I find, and I wish you a good journey."

He knew, as he backed out, that he was cutting a poor figure. He would fain have made a more dignified retreat. But before these men, fugitives and outlaws as they were, he felt, though he was mayor of Carbaix, almost as small a man as did Michel Tellier. These were the men of the revolution. They had bearded nobles and pulled down kings. There was Barbaroux, who had grappled with Marat, and Petion, the mayor of the Bastille. The little mayor of Carbaix knew greatness when he saw it. He turned tail and hurried back to his fireside, his bodyguard not a whit behind him.

Five minutes later the men he feared and envied came out also and went their way, passing in single file into the darkness which brooded over the great monolith, beginning, brave hearts, another of the few stages which still lay between them and the guillotine. Then in the cottage there remained only Michel and Jeanne. She sat by the dying embers, silent and lost in thought. He leaned against the wall, his eyes roving ceaselessly, but always when his gaze met hers it fell. Barbaroux had conquered him. It was not until Jeanne had risen to close the door and he was alone that he wrung his hands and muttered: "Five crowns! Five crowns gone and wasted!"

THE END.

Names of Plants and Flowers.

Nicotine comes from John Nicot, who introduced tobacco into France in 1560. An old name for tobacco was petum, or petun; hence the name petunia for that flowering plant which is a species of tobacco.

The beautiful camellia is so called from the Jesuit priest Kamel, who first brought it to Europe from Japan. The lovely autumn flower, the dahlia, is a native of Mexico, but was first cultivated in Europe by Dahl, a Swedish botanist. Lady Holland introduced it in England by having it cultivated in the French garden of the celebrated Holland House, Kensington. The damask rose was brought to England by Dr. Linaker, physician to King Henry VIII.

Mignonette, which signifies "little darling," is a native of northern Africa and was first cultivated in Europe in the royal gardens of Paris. In 1752 Lord Bateman introduced it in England.

The story of the weeping willow is an interesting one. The tree is a native of Spain. In the reign of George II of England Lady Suffolk received a package from Spain inwrapped in twigs of willow. Pope, the poet, was present when it was opened. Noticing that the willow twigs were still alive, Pope took some of them to plant at Twickenham. This is the origin of the beautiful weeping willows that to this day ornament the borders of the Thames at Twickenham.—Philadelphia Press.

The Japs as Jokers.

The Japanese are a very polite people, but they sometimes like to play a joke in a roundabout oriental way upon the men of the west. In the days of the second empire Baron Gros was sent to Japan to demand the opening of certain ports to French commerce. Among the rest he named to the Japanese ministers a certain city. The Japanese functionaries smiled so broadly when he preferred the request that the French embassador asked them to tell him what gave them so much amusement, but instead of answering the Japanese ministers said:

"We will open the port in question, my lord, if France in her turn will open a certain port to us."

"What port is that?" asked the Frenchman.

"The port of Liverpool."

"But, your excellencies," laughing, "Liverpool is not a French port, but an English one."

"Yes," answered the Japanese, "and the port you named is not in Japan, but in Korea."

The French embassador was compelled to admit that the joke was against him.—Exchange.

A Test of Character.

An election is sometimes spoken of as a test of character. Certainly a man who can run the gantlet and come out unscathed in reputation must have a straight record. The unfairness of the election test lies in the fact that it is the bad qualities of the candidates rather than both their bad and good qualities that are held up. Such kinds of tests are elevating neither to the public nor to the ordinary political life.

The writer always liked the reply of an old darky who was unfortunately sentenced to imprisonment by the police justice for some petty offense.

"Well, Sambo," said one who attempted to console him, "adversity tries us and develops our better qualities."

"Twan't dat a-way at all wid me, sah," replied Sambo lugubriously. "It was't adwersity what tried me, sah, but a ole fool judge, and he dewelop all ob my bad qualities and none ob my good ones."—Boston Budget.

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Passengers for Kettle River and Boundary Creek, connect at Marcus with stage on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

Passengers for Trail Creek mines connect at Northport with stage Daily.

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REVELSTOKE ROUTE—Steamer "Nakusp"

Leaves Wigwam for Nakusp and Robson Mondays and Thursdays at 7 p. m.

Leaves Robson for Nakusp, Wigwam and Canadian Pacific Railway points on Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 p. m.

Connection is made at Robson with C. & K. Ry. for Nelson and with Str. "Lytton" for Trail Creek and Northport.

TRAIL CREEK-ROBSON ROUTE.
Steamer "Lytton."

Leaves Trail Creek for Robson on Tuesdays and Fridays at 10 a. m.

Leaves Robson for Trail Creek on Tuesdays and Fridays at 4 p. m., connects at Robson with Str. "Nakusp" for Nakusp and Revelstoke and with C. & K. Ry. for Nelson and Lake points.

NORTHPORT-TRAIL CREEK ROUTE
Steamer "Lytton."

Leaves Trail Creek for Northport on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5 a. m.

Leaves Northport for Trail Creek Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 1 p. m.

Connects at Northport with S. F. & N. Ry. for Spokane.

NELSON-KASLO ROUTE.—"Str Nelson."

Leaves Nelson for Kaslo, Tuesdays at 5.30 p. m., Wednesdays at 2.30 p.m., Thursdays at 5.30 p. m., Fridays at 5.30 p. m., Saturdays at 5.30 p. m. Connecting on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays with N. & F. S. Ry. at Five Mile Point for Kaslo and Lake points.

Leaves Kaslo for Nelson, Mondays at 3 a. m., Wednesdays at 3 a. m., Thursdays at 8 a. m., Fridays at 3 a. m., Saturdays at 8 a. m. Connecting on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at Five Mile Point with N. & F. S. Ry. for Spokane.

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BONNER'S FERRY ROUTE.—Str. "Nelson."

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Leaves Nelson for Bonner's Ferry, at 8 a. m. on Mondays.

Leaves Bonner's Ferry for Pilot Bay, Nelson, Ainsworth and Kaslo on Tuesdays at 2 a. m.

Connects at Bonner's Ferry with the Great Northern Railway for points east and west.

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HER OTHER SIDE.

Extremely Radical Sentiments Charged to Hetty Green.

She is a motherly soul, this Mrs. Hetty Green. She has a good, kind heart, even if she is the richest woman in America.

She has a tendency to distrust people on first acquaintance, but when one gets to know her she is a cheery creature, and her worn face brightens up, her eyes glisten, and she talks vivaciously.

She has a weakness for children and is always trying, and trying with success, to make friends of them.

The people who know her well, and it is significant that a great many poor people know her well, will tell you that Hetty Green is eccentric and whimsical, but that, after all, they like her. She is interesting.

Even a person who did not know who she was would bestow a second glance upon this unfashionably clad and often shabby woman if she passed by in a crowd.

"The poor have no chance in this country. No wonder anarchists and socialists are so numerous. The longer we live the more *discontented* we all get and no wonder too. Some blame the rich, but all the rich are not to blame."

Thus spoke Mrs. Green when the Brooklyn strike was at its height. It was a general conversation, and she was taking her share in it. The talk had drifted from the particulars of the case to the generalities it involved, and Mrs. Green was more radical than any one.

"But the law must be upheld," remarked one.

"The law must be upheld, must it?" repeated the woman of millions scornfully. "Then why don't they begin at the right end? Who begins to break the law? The great railroad magnates. There is Huntington. He and his railroads and the men about him have been grinding wealth out of the poor for years and years and defying the authorities. But the militia are never sent against him. When some poor starving fellows get desperate and cars don't run, how quickly they send the troops! I will say, though, that the boys in the militia are not to blame. Their sympathies are always with the strikers. But what can they do? They must obey orders."

"How would you remedy these things?"

"How? Make these railroad magnates obey the law or put them in prison. Let the poor man break the law and see how soon he gets into jail."—Boston Herald.

A NOTABLE KENTUCKIAN.

Extraordinary Obituary Tribute to the Late Alamander Martin of Lackey.

Died, at the home of his brother, near this place, on Jan. 16, Alamander Martin, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was born in Ohio. Came with his parents to Kentucky at an early age. He was well beloved by all who knew him. He was a model in the way of economy, industry and honesty. His voice will no more be heard by his many relatives whom he so much loved and so faithfully served during sickness. We will greatly miss him, but pray the Lord to reconcile us to this sad bereavement, knowing that our loss in his eternal gain. His funeral services were attended by the Rev. William Cook, and a sermon was preached from the book of God, after which a large concourse of people followed his remains to their last resting place until called forth on the resurrection morn. The following is a short sketch of his life:

During Mr. Martin's early life
The country was full of witches,
He carried a gun and butcher knife
And wore the leather breeches.

But as time advanced
He changed his pants,
Yet still preferred the leather.
He would often tell
The way they would smell
In time of rainy weather.

He was a man of iron nerve,
A voice loud and piercing.
His head was gray, his spine curved,
Before he quit his cursing.

His latter days were days of peace,
A change in disposition.
As strength gave way grace increased
And saved him from perdition.

Now he sails on Zion's ship,
No more pains from his poor old hip.
He is done with troubles here below
And gone where all good mortals go.

—Catlettsburg Democrat.

Climb of the Pencil.

A new fashion that is just beginning to grow in vogue is that of writing letters in pencil rather than with pen and ink, and when once fairly established it is doubtful whether anything but legal documents and business papers that must be preserved will ever be prepared in the old style. Letters are generally shorter nowadays than they formerly were and more hastily written, more frequent and seldom worth keeping for any length of time. They are not the elaborate efforts of bygone days, that were often cherished for their intrinsic worth. The pencil, which is far more convenient than the pen, is therefore taking its place in the great mass of casual correspondence. — Kansas City Times.

The Poor Profited.

A novel scheme to provide bread for the poor was recently successfully tested in Flint, Mich. There were 150 competitors among the ladies of the city to see who could bake the best loaf, each contestant to make three loaves, the winner to receive a valuable prize and the bread to be given to the poor. The winner of the contest was the wife of the mayor.

A Very Popular Loan.

"It's all very well to talk about issuing bonds of $10 each," remarked Mr. Dukane, "but that is not the way to induce women to buy."

"What would you advise?" asked Mr. Gaswell.

"Let Secretary Carlisle advertise the bonds at $9.98, marked down from $10."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"DIXIE."

The Tune Brought Him Close to His Old Kentucky Home.

This story is not new. It is old in point of date, though not in publicity. It is true, however, or at least vouched for as such by a New York man born in the south. And this is the way he told it in Louisville some time ago:

"What year was it that Pat Gilmore's band was playing in Madison Square Garden for the last time? It doesn't matter. It was the year before Gilmore's death anyhow. I ought to remember the date, though, for one of your Louisville boys caused me to remember every incident of a certain night that season. I'll tell you all about it if you like."

The question in the New Yorker's words was drowned in the tone that vociferated his wish to tell the story, and it was called for by a polite chorus.

"I had been to a dinner party and drifted into the Garden because I was lonely and had seen everything at the theaters worth seeing. I didn't pay much attention to the concert, and as I sipped a green mint I became interested in a young man at the table next to mine. I didn't know him then, but I learned afterward that he was a prominent young insurance man of Louisville. He had evidently been seeing the seamy side of New York for some days and had 'held up his end,' as is the custom of Kentuckians. But he had come to the conclusion that he needed a little solitude; had forsaken his friends and found the desired loneliness in the crowded garden. He picked his steps with suspicious care as he came in, but the good form of his appearance was marred only by a wrinkle or two on the linen that formed part of his evening dress. The cause of these wrinkles was apparent when, leaving the glass untasted before him, his head sank and he fell into a much needed sleep. I smiled and thought of other things until toward the close of the programme the band began a medley of national airs. It opened with 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Marching Through Georgia,' and half a dozen other tunes followed, and then with a brassy crash the band started the air that for all time will start a-tingling every drop of blood in the veins of a southern born man. The bowed neck of the sleeping stranger swung straight and his eyes opened. Dazed by his sudden awakening, he looked about him a moment Then, as the strains of the music swept upon his ear, he sprang to his feet, shot one hand with clinched fist above his head, and in a voice that echoed from side to side of the big building yelled:

"'Dixie, by G—d!'

"There was an instant of dead silence followed by a shout of laughter and applause. Gilmore looked around, provoked and disconcerted, and for the first time that famous band blundered and the medley continued with little regard for musical accuracy. No lobster a la Newburg was ever redder than that young man from Louisville as he sat in his chair. He wished himself a thousand miles away, but he was too game to run, and when first one and then another employee of the place gathered around him and told him he must leave this conversation followed:

"'You must get out of here.'

"'I won't do it.'

"'You've got to. You've raised a disturbance here, and you'll either get out or be put out.'

"'I won't go. I'm sorry I made any noise, but it will be bad for the first man that lays hands on me for cheering for Dixie.'

"'Come! Get out of here.'

"And just then, three tables away, a big dark man arose and came toward the group. From five tables away a little man with blazing eyes was already coming Five—ten—twenty men were coming from this side and that. I lost count of the number, but in a moment the employees around the young stranger were no longer in an overwhelming majority, and in low, quiet tones in whose coolness lay the bulldog growl I heard:

"'He'll not go out.'

"'Not until he's quite ready.'

"'Leave the gentleman alone and leave him at once!'

"And they left him. And the crowd made Gilmore play that medley three times. And every time 'Dixie' was reached there was a cheer that made the roof ring. And that's all there is to my story except that I am going to look up that young man while I'm here, because he blotted out ten years of New York and brought me mighty close to 'my old Kentucky home' that night."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Growth of the Hair.

The influence of diet on the growth of hair has often been discussed. It has been shown that starchy mixtures, milk and many other foods recognized as being highly nutritious are, in fact, sure death to hair growth. Chemical analysis proves that the hair is composed of 5 per cent of sulphur, and its ash of 20 per cent of silicon and 10 per cent of iron and manganese. The foods which contain the larger per cent of the above named elements are meat, oatmeal and graham. Henry pointedly says, "Nations which eat most meat have the most hair."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Satiated.

First Boy—Did yeh have plenty of nice things to eat at that party?

Second Boy—Did we? We had such loads of everything that w'en Mrs. Goodsoul gave me some iced cake to take to my mother I didn't even lick it going home.—Good News.

Sedentary Occupations.

A writer in La Medicine Modern asserts that sedentary occupations predispose to tuberculosis more than any others. Italian and English statistics show, he says, that there are 459 deaths per 1,000 from this disease among students, seminarians and young clergymen, while farmers, boatmen and mountaineers enjoy almost complete immunity from it.

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S. S. Alberta

LEAVE KASLO for Ainsworth, Pilot Bay and Nelson Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 8 a. m.; Tuesdays. Thursday and Fridays at 7 a. m.
LEAVE NELSON for Pilot Bay, Ainsworth and Kaslo Monday, Wednesday Thursday and Saturday at 3 p. m.; Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m.
Close connection is thus made between Lake points and all outgoing and incoming trains of the C. P. R. at Nelson.
The steamer is newly equipped in every particular, is lit throughout by electricity, and contains bathroom and all modern conveniences for the comfort of passengers.
The above schedule is in effect 16th May, 1895 subject to change.
JAS. WAUGH, Purser. GEO. F. HAYWARD, Master
134

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It is the Most Modern in Equipment.
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Provincial Land Surveyor.
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NELSON AND ROSSLAND, B. C.
140

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

The undersigned give notice that they intend applying to the Stipendiary Magistrate of the District of West Kootenay for a retail liquor license for their hotel in Sandon.

J. W. SWITZER.
C. B. McCLUSKY.
Sandon, Dec. 9, 1895. (254)

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

We hereby give notice that thirty days after this date we intend to make application for a license to sell Wines and Liquors by retail at our premises on Baker Street, Nelson.

THE HUDSON'S BAY CO.
Nov. 16, 1885. (239, 16, 11, 5)

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

I hereby give notice that thirty days after this date I intend to make application for a license to sell wines and liquors by retail at my hotel, to be known as the Royal Hotel, on Stanley Street.

L. G. CURRY,
Nelson, Nov. 30, 1895. (244, 30, 11, 5)

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next sitting for an Act to amend "The Vernon and Nelson Telephone Company's Act, 1891," so as to enable the company to construct telephone lines anywhere on the mainland of the province and to amend the schedule to the said Act relating to the tariff or charges of the said Company.

WILSON & CAMPBELL,
Solicitors for the Company.
Vancouver, Dec. 10, 1895. (255)

Notice of Application for Crown Grant.

TAKE Notice that A. S. Farwell, as Agent for S. M. Wharton and Oliver Bordau has filed the necessary papers, and made application for a Crown Grant in favour of the Mineral Claim "Homestake," situated in the Trail Creek Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Adverse Claimants, if any, must file their objections within sixty days from the date of this publication in the British Columbia Gazette.

N. FITZSTUBBS,
Gov't Agent.
Nelson, B. C., Nov. 13, 1895. (237—16, 11, 5)

The Miner.

THE MINER is printed on Saturdays and will be mailed to any address in Canada or the United States, for one year on receipt of two dollars. Single copies five cents.

CONTRACT ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of $3 per column inch, per month.

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ALL COMMUNICATIONS to the Editor must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer.

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COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

On Wednesday next the entire Christian world will be celebrating the greatest of its feast days. It is especially a season of family gatherings. Most of us, in common with many millions of our fellow Britons, find ourselves far away from home, but we do what we can to celebrate the great day, and in wishing each other a merry Christmas we never forget the old folks at home.

Affairs generally this year are very much brighter than they were last. This is not a place to indulge in a retrospect of the progress of the district, but we may well consider ourselves entitled to a jovial holiday after a year's hard and not unprofitable labor. The outlook on every side is so good that in wishing our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year we have every confidence that the first is assured and that the latter will fulfil its expectations.

THE SMALL DEBTS COURT.

In a recent decision MR. JUSTICE CREASE has given what appears to be the death blow to this most useful institution. He has decided that the Provincial Legislature has no authority to empower magistrates to preside over civil courts. This is a matter for regret. The institution has been found to work exceedingly well here. It has relieved the higher court of a large number of cases of a trivial nature and it has afforded a speedy and inexpensive means of settling small disputes.

In his judgment MR. JUSTICE CREASE lays his finger on the one one faulty spot in the working of the Act; the payment of magistrates by fees. It is one of the principles of the British administration of justice that everything which might afford the slightest peg for a scandal to be hung upon should be abolished. This payment by fees is a peg of that kind which certainly ought to be done away with. We believe that the administration of justice in the Small Debts' Court is above reproach, but such a system of payment always leaves the judges open to the accusation by some disappointed suitor, that they encourage litigation.

We hope to see some arrangements made by which the usefulness of the court will not be lost to the people of this Province and at the same time arrangements made for paying the judges by salary.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MINING LAW.

Scarcely a session of Parliament passes that some amendment to or alteration of the mining laws is not passed. And who can say they are bettered thereby. Indeed some recent amendments seem only to have added to the confusion that existed before.

No man has to work by rule so closely as the miner, and if the rules laid down by the Government for his guidance are not clear and concise, he runs a very good chance of incurring the penalty for breaking them, which amounts practically to the forfeiture of all his rights.

The confusion and inadequacy of the various mining acts are so well known that it is superfluous to dwell on that subject, but we in common with every one else who has to do with mining, wishes to see these defects done away with. The members who are sent to Parliament from the mining districts are worse than useless, because instead of going to Victoria every year with some intelligent scheme in their head to remedy some defects of the law, they go there and acquiesce, tacitly or not, in the distracting amendments that are passed from time to time. One member from a mining constituency last year actually brought down a resolution, the very announcement of which threatened a severe blow to the development of the mining industry, and when it was thrown out the government had to advertise the fact far and wide and even then did not quite dispel the bad effect of this evilly considered resolution. Why mining communities return this kind of person to represent them is one of those puzzles that is likely to remain unsolved.

We believe that there are plenty of men capable of conceiving amendments to the mining laws of a most beneficial nature. It is not unusual to to hear such now and again put forward in ordinary conversation. The unfortunate thing is that they never go further. Most mining men are busy men. It is not their business, they say, to tinker with the laws. The district has representatives whose business it is etc., etc. in same old style and so nothing is done.

It has therefore occurred to us to ask our readers to send us any ideas that they may have on the matter and with a view of further inducing them to do so, we offer a slight reward for the best suggestions in addition to the distinction that will attach to the winner.

Parliament meets in January so that the time appears opportune for bringing to the light any suggestions for its consideration. We trust that we may receive many, and we can assure the writers that we shall do all we can to assist suitable ones in getting made into law.

THE HOSPITAL.

We are glad to hear that the Directors of this institution are not going to give up without a struggle. Now is the very season of "good will towards men," the time when men's hearts as well as their pockets are open, and taking advantage of so suitable a time, a special appeal will be made to the public to supply sufficient funds to carry on the Hospital.

As far as possible a personal canvas will be made and lists will be opened at various hotels and other public places upon which persons willing to subscribe may place their names. Last year a ball was given at the Phair Hotel, which was, we believe, a success. A repetition would be highly popular and if properly undertaken would have a satisfactory financial result. The ministers and clergymen of the district should be asked to assist, and a special Sunday set apart upon which the offerings of the congregations should be handed over to the Hospital. This scheme has been found to work exceedingly well in other places.

There are few men in Kootenay who cannot afford to pay one dollar a month to secure them all the aid and comfort of a hospital in time of sickness or accident, and we are certain that the appeal has only to be made to meet with a ready response.

It is of course apparent to everyone that the one dollar a month cannot possibly defray the cost of his own care and treatment. It is only by securing the subscriptions of the many that the benefit can be obtained for the few. But no man knows when he may be one of the few who are fortunate enough to be cared for at the expense of the many. The others can congratulate themselves on their good luck if they keep out of the hospital and they will feel none the worse that their good dollars are gone to comfort and relieve their comrades in distress.

KOOTENAY LEFT OUT.

We notice in the London Mining Journal a return headed "Canadian Gold Output for October; Returns Received to Date by the Department of Mines for the Month of October." The districts represented are Sherbrooke, Caribou, Uniacke, Stormont, Kemptville, Fifteen Mile Stream and Gold River. The total output from these seven districts was 2027 tons, from which 1,297 ounces of gold were extracted. The value is not given, but it would not exceed $26,000. Now, what we want to know is, why is not the West Kootenay district represented on this list which appears to have a look about it as if it had been furnished by the Government. West Kootenay's output for the month of October, according to the official returns at the Nelson Customs House was 2,341 tons, valued at $130,775, to say nothing of $41,000 worth of bullion.

THE PANIC CHECKED.

The slump in Kaffirs has been checked and some prices have even begun to recover. This shows that although the British public may have been a little light headed during the upward movement of the stocks, their common sense did not desert them when a panic seemed imminent. But this was not the case in Paris, Berlin, and other continental centres. There the people unloaded recklessly, throwing away good and bad stocks alike. The good stocks were speedily absorbed in England and at the Cape so that the episode has only resulted in squeezing out a number of worthless stocks, leaving those of sound concerns on a firmer footing than ever. One of the main contributors to this happy state of affairs was the continuous and increasing output of the mines as evidenced by the published returns. We mentioned some little time ago that there is a Bureau of Mines in Johannesberg founded on the same lines as a Board of Trade in this country. This board recognises the supreme importance of these returns and sees to their being published. Their action in this matter has saved their industry from a most fearful financial crisis. In a humble way we try to do for this country what the Bureau of Mines does for the Rand. But to make our shipping returns complete we still require some little information. Even though difficulties crop up in quarters where they might be least expected we are determined to overcome them and publish the actual returns of all ore shipped from West Kootenay.

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Almost any pilot will tell you that his work is much more difficult than you imagine; but the pilots of the Hugli know that they have one hundred miles of the most dangerous river on earth running through their hands—the Hugli between Calcutta and the Bay of Bengal—and say nothing. Their service is picked and sifted as carefully as the bench of the supreme court, for a judge can only hang the wrong man, but a careless pilot can lose a four thousand ton ship with crew and cargo in less time than it takes to reverse the engines.

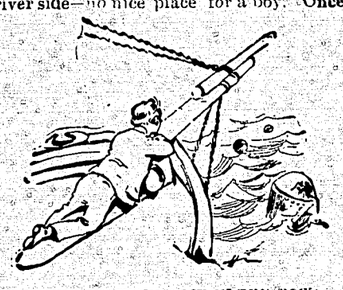
There is very little chance of getting off again when once you touch in the furious current of this river loaded with all the fat silt of the the fields of Bengal, where surroundings change two feet between tides and new channels make or efface themselves in a season. Men have fought the Hugli for two hundred years till, now, the river owns a huge building with drawing, survey and telegraph departments devoted to its exclusive service, as well as a body of wardens who are called the port commissioners.

They and their officers govern absolutely from the Hugli bridge to the last buoy at Pilot's Ridge, one hundred and forty miles away, and out in the Bay of Bengal, where the steamers first pick up the pilots from the brig.

A Hugli pilot does not bring papers aboard or scramble up rope ladders. He arrives in his best clothes with a native servant or assistant to wait on him, and he behaves as a man should who can earn ten thousand dollars a year after twenty years' apprenticeship. He has beautiful rooms in the port office at Calcutta, and generally keeps himself to the society of his own profession, for though the telegraph reports the more important soundings of the river daily there is much to be learned between trip and trip.

Some millions of tons of shipping must find their way to and from Calcutta each twelve-month, and unless the Hugli were watched as closely as men watch the Atlantic cables there is a fear that it might silt up as it has silted up round the old Dutch and Portugese ports twenty and thirty miles behind Calcutta. So the port office sounds and scours and dredges and builds spurs and devices for coaxing currents and labels all the buoys with their proper letters and attends to the semaphores and the lights and the drum, ball and cone storm signals, and the pilots of the Hugli do the rest, but in spite of all the care the Hugli swallows a ship or two every year.

When Martin Trevor had followed this life from his boyhood; when he had risen to be a senior pilot entitled to bring up to Calcutta the big ships drawing over twenty-four feet that can (or could till a few years ago) only pass by special arrangement; when he had talked nothing but Hugli and pilotage all his life, he was exceedingly indignant that his only son should decide upon following his father's procession. Mrs. Trevor had died when the boy was a child, and as he grew older Trevor, in the intervals of his business, noticed that the lad was very often by the river side—no nice place for a boy. Once,



YOUNG JIM WOULD LIE IN THE BOW.

when he asked him if he could make anything out of the shipping, little Trevor replied by reeling off the list of all the house-flags in sight at the moorings.

"You'll come to a bad end, Jim," said Trevor. "Little boys haven't any business to know house-flags."

"Oh, Pedro at the Sailors' home taught me. He says you can't begin too early."

"At what, please?"

"Piloting. I'm nearly fourteen now and—and I know where all the shipping in the river is, and I know what there was yesterday over the Mayapur bar, and I've been down to Diamond harbor—oh, a hundred times—and I've—"

"You'll go to school, son, and learn what they'll teach you, and you'll turn out better than a pilot," said his father, but he might just as well have told a shovel-nosed porpoise of the river to come ashore and begin life as a hen. Jim held his tongue—he noticed that all the best pilots in the port office did that—an devoted his young attention and all his spare time and money to the river he loved.

Trevor's son became as well known as the Bankshall itself, and the port police let him inspect their launches, and the tug boat captains had always a place for him at table, and the mates of the big steam dredgers used to show him how the machinery worked, and there were certain native rowboats that Jim practically owned; and he extended his patronage to the rail that runs to Diamond harbor, forty miles down the river. In the old days nearly all the East India Company's ships used to discharge at Diamond harbor on account of the shoals above, but now ships go straight up to Calcutta, and they have only some moorings for vessels in distress there, and a telegraph service and a harbor master, who was Jim's intimate friend. He would sit in the office and listen to the soundings of the shoals as they were reported every day, and attend to the movements of the steamers up and down (Jim always felt he had lost something if a boat got in or out of the river without his knowing it), and when the big liners, with their rows of burning port holes, tied up in Diamond harbor for the night Jim would row from one ship to the other through the sticky hot air and the buzzing mosquitoes and listen respectfully as the pilots conferred together. Once, for a treat, his father took him down clear out to the sand heads and the pilot brig, and Jim was joyfully sea sick as she tossed and pitched in the bay. So he had to go down three or four times more with friendly pilots till he had cured his weakness. The cream of life, though, was coming up in a tug or a police boat from Diamond harbor, to Calcutta over the James and Mary—the terrible sands christened after a royal ship they sunk two hundred years ago. They are made by two rivers that enter the Hugli six miles apart and throw their own silt across the silt of the main stream so that with each turn of the weather and tide the sands shift and change like a cloud. It was here, (the tales sound much worse when they are told in the rush and growl of the muddy waters) that the Countess of Stirling, fifteen hundred tons, touched and capsized in ten minutes; and a two thousand ton steamer in two; and a pilgrim ship in five; and another steamer literally in an instant, holding down her men with the masts and shrouds as she lashed over. When a ship touches on the James and Mary the river knocks her down and buries her and the sands quiver all around her and reach out under water and take new shapes.

Young Jim would lie up in the bows of the tug and watch the straining buoys kick and smother in the coffee-colored red current, and the semaphores and flags signal from the bank how much water there was in the channel till he learned that men who deal with men can afford to be careless on the chance of their fellows being like them; but men who deal with things dare not relax for an instant. "And that's the very reason," old McEwen said to him once, "that the James and Mary is the safest part of the river," and he put the big black Bandoorah that draws twenty-five feet through the Eastern Gat, with a turban of white foam wrapped round her foot and her screw beating as steadily as his own heart.

If Jim could not get away to the river there was always the big, cool port office, where the soundings were calculated and the maps were drawn; or the pilot's room, where he could lie in a long chair and listen to the talk about the Hugli; and there was the library, where if you had money you could buy charts and books of directions against the time that you actually steamed over the places themselves. It was exceedingly hard for Jim to hold the list of Jewish kings in his head, and he was more than uncertain as to the end of the verb "audio" if you followed it far enough down the page, but he could keep the soundings of three channels distinct in his head and, what is more confusing, the changes in the buoys from Garden Reach down to Saugor, as well as the greater part of the Calcutta Telegraph, the only paper he ever read.

Unluckily, you cannot pursue about the Hugli without money, even though you are the son of the best-known pilot on the river, and as soon as Trevor understood how his son was spending his time he cut down his pocket money; and Jim had a very generous allowance. In his extremity he took counsel with Pedro, the plum-colored mulatto at the sailors' home. And Pedro was a bad man. He introduced Jim to a Chinaman in Machuatellah, a nasty place in itself, and the Chinaman, who answered to the name of Erh-Tze, when he was not smoking opium talked pigeon English to Jim for an hour.

"S'pose you take. Can do?" he said, at last.

Jim considered the chances. A junk he knew would draw about eleven feet, and the regular fee for a qualified pilot out-

ERH-TZE BEAT HIM DOWN TO ONE TWENTY.

ward would be two hundred rupees. On the other hand, he was not qualified, so he could not ask more than half. But, on the other hand, he was fully certain of a thrashing from his father for piloting without license. So he asked one hundred and seventy-five rupees, and Erh-Tze beat him down to a hundred and twenty, and that was like a Chinaman all over. The cargo of his junk was worth anything from fifty to a hundred thousand rupees, and Erh-Tze was getting enormous frieght on the coffins of thirty or forty dead Chinamen whom he was taking to be buried in their native country. Rich Chinamen will pay fancy prices for their services, and they have a superstition that the iron of steamships is bad for the health of their dead. Erh-Tze's junk had crept up from Singapore, via Penang and Rangoon, to Calcutta, where Erh-Tze had been staggered by the pilot dues. This time he was going out at a reduction with Jim, who, Pedro said, was just as good as a pilot.

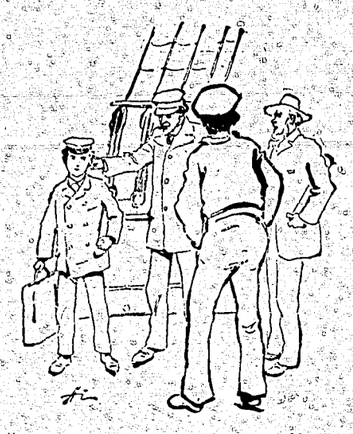
CHAPTER II.

Jim knew something of the outside of junks, but he was not prepared, when he went down that night with his charts, for the confusion of cargo and coolies and coffins and day-cooking places and other things that littered the decks. Jim had sense enough to haul the rudder up a few feet; he knew that a junk's rudder goes far below the bottom and he allowed a foot extra to Erh-Tze's estimate of the ship's depth. Then they staggered out into mid-stream very early, and never had the city of his birth looked so beautiful to Jim as when he feared he would not come back to see it. Going down Garden Reach he discovered that the junk would answer to her helm if you put it over enough and that she had a fair, though Chinese, notion of sailing. He took charge of the tiller by stationing three Chinese on each side of it and standing a little forward gathered their pigtails into his hands, three right and three left, as though they had been the yoke lines of a rowboat. Erh-Tze almost smiled at this. He felt he was getting good care for his money, and took a neat polished bamboo to keep the men attentive, for he said this was no time to teach the crew pigeon English. The more way they could get on the junk better would she steer, and as soon as he felt a little confidence in her Jim ordered the big rustling mat sails to be hauled up tighter and tighter. He did not know their names—at least any name that would be likely to interest a Chinaman—but Erh-Tze had not banged about the waters of the Malay archipelago for nothing, and as he went, he rolled forward with the bamboo the sails rose like eastern incantations.

Early as they were on the river a big American kerosene ship was ahead of them in tow, and when Jim saw her through the driving morning mist he was thankful. She would draw all of seventeen feet, and if he could steer by her they would be safe. It is one thing to scurry up and down the James and Mary in a police tug without responsibility, and quite another to cram a hard-mouthed old junk across the same sands alone, with the certainty of a thrashing if you came out alive. Jim glued his eyes to the American and saw that at Fultah she dropped her tug and stood down the river under sail. He all but whooped aloud, for he knew that the number of pilots who preferred to work a ship through the James and Mary without a tug was strictly limited. "If it isn't father it's Dearsley," said Jim, "and Dearsley went down yesterday with the Bancoora. If I'd gone home last night instead of going to Pedro I'd have met father. He must have got his ship quick, but—father is a very quick man." Then Jim reflected that they kept a piece of knotted rope on the pilot brig that stung like a wasp; but this thought he dismissed as beneath the dignity of an officiating pilot who need only nod his head to set Erh-Tze's bamboo at work. As the American came round, just before the Fultah sands, Jim raked her with his spy glass and saw his father on the poop with an unlighted cigar between his teeth. That cigar, Jim knew, would be smoked on the other side of the James and Mary, and Jim felt so entirely safe and happy that he lit a cigar on his own account. This kind of piloting was child's play! His father could not make a mistake if he tried; and Jim with his six faithful pig-tails in his two hands had leisure to admire the perfect style in which the American was handled—how she would point her bowsprit jeeringly at a hidden bank as much as to say: "Not to-day, thank you, dear," and bow down lovingly over a buoy as much as to say:

JIM RAKED HER WITH HIS SPY GLASS.

"You're a gentleman at any rate," and come round sharp on her heel with a flutter and a rustle and a slow steady swing something like a woman staring round a theatre through opera glasses. It was not hard work to keep the junk near her, though Erh-Tze set everything that was by any means settable and used the bamboo very generously. When they were almost under her counter and a little to the left, Jim would feel warm and happy all over, thinking of the nautical and pilotic things he knew. When they fell more than half a mile behind he was cold and miserable, thinking of all the things that he did not know or was not sure of. And so they went down, Jim steering by his father, turn for turn, over the Maepur bar with the semaphores on each bank signaling, the depth of water, through the Western Gat and round the Makoaputti Lumps and in and out of twenty places each more exciting than the last, and Jim nearly pulled the six pig-tails out for pure joy when the last of the James and Mary had astern, and they were walking through Diamond harbor. From there to the mouth of the Hugli things are not so bad, at least that was what Jim thought, and held on till the swell from the Bay of Bengal made the old junk heave and snort and the river broadened into an inland sea with islands only a foot or two high scattered about it. The American walked away from the junk as soon as they were beyond Kedgeree, and the night came on and the water looked very big and desolate, so Jim promptly anchored somewhere in the gray water with the Saugor light away off toward the east. He had a great respect for the Hugli and no desire whatever to find himself on the Gaspar sand or any other little shoal. Erh-Tze and the crew highly approved of this piece of seamanship. They set no watch, lit no lights and at once went to sleep. Jim lay down between a red and black lacquer coffin and a little live pig in a basket. As soon as it was light he began studying his chart of the Hugli mouth and trying to find out where in the river he might be. He decided to be on the safe side and wait for another sailing ship and follow her out. So he made an enormous breakfast of rice and boiled fish while Erh-Tze lit fire crackers and burned gilt paper with ostentation. Then they heaved up their rough and tumble anchor and made after a big, fat, iron four-master sailing ship heavy as a hay wain. The junk, which was really a weatherly boat and might have begun life as a private pirate in Annam thirty years ago, followed under easy sail; and the four-master would run no risks. She was in old McEwen's hands



"HE'S A RESOURCEFUL LAD FOR ALL THAT HE'S SUCH AN UNLICKED WHELP."

and she waddled about like a broody hen giving each shoal wide allowances. All this happened near the outer Floating Light some hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta and apparently in the open sea. Jim knew old McEwen's appetite and had often heard him pride himself on getting his ship to the pilot brig between meal hours, so he argued that if the pilot brig was get-able (and Jim himself had not the ghost of a notion where she would be) McEwen would find her before one o'clock. It was a blazing hot day, and McEwen fidgeted the four-master down to Pilot's Ridge with what little wind remained, and sure enough there lay the pilot brig and Jim felt cold up his back, as Erh-Tze paid him his hundred and twenty rupees and he went overside in the junk's crazy dinghee. McEwen was leaving the four-master in a long slashing whale boat that looked very spruce and pretty, and Jim could see that there was a certain amount of excitement among the pilots on the brig. There was his father too. The ragged Chinese gave way in a ragged fashion and Jim felt very unwashen and disreputable when he heard the click of McEwen's oars alongside, and McEwen saying: "James Trevor, I'll trouble you to come along with me."

Jim obeyed, and from the corner of one eye watched McEwen's angry whiskers stand up all round his face like the frill of a royal Bengal tiger, while his face turned purple and his voice shook.

"An' is this how you break the regulations o' the port o' Calcutta? Are ye aware o' the penalties ye've laid yourself open to?"

Jim said nothing. There was not very much to say, and McEwen roared aloud: "Man, ye've personated a Hugli pilot, an' that's as much to say ye've personated me! What did yon yellow heathen give you for an honorarium?"

"Hundred and twenty," said Jim.

"An' by what manner o' means did ye get through the James an' Mary?"

"Father," was the answer. "He went down the same tide—and I—was steered by him."

McEwen whistled and choked; perhaps it was with anger. "Made a stalkin' horse o' your father. Jim, boy, he'll make an example o' you."

The boat hooked the brig's chains and McEwen said, as he rolled on deck:

"Yon's an enterprising cub o' yours, Trevor. Ye'd better put him to the regular business or one o' these fine days he'll be acting as pilot before he's qualified and sinkin' junks in the Fairway. If ye've no other designs I'd take him as my cub, for there's no denyin' he's a resourceful lad for all that he's an unlicked whelp."

"That," said Trevor, reaching for Jim's left ear, "is something we can remedy," and he led him down below.

The little knotted colt that they kept for general purposes on the pilot brig stung like hornets, but when it was all over Jim was an unlicked cub no longer. He was McEwen's property, and a week later when the Eilora came along he bundled over the side with McEwen's enameled leather handbag and a roll of charts and a little bag of his own.

[THE END.]

BATTLE BETWEEN FOREST KINGS.

Two Big South American Pumas Tear Each Other to Pieces in a Death Struggle.

"On our return trip to the coast," a traveler returned from the foothills of the Andes said to a Globe-Democrat man, "I saw a thrilling incident of life in the South American forest, a fight to the death between two big pumas. Those great beasts are fierce, hard fighters at all times against a common enemy, but it is only during the mating season that the males fight among themselves, and when they do contest means death to one or both of them. "For strength and courage they are the equals of the African lion or the tigers of the Indian jungles. We were making our way down a narrow wooded ravine in the foothills of the Andes, and had stopped for our midday meal on the bank of a small mountain stream of clear water. After we had finished the meal I laid down for a short rest, but in less than five minutes I was aroused by the most terrific roaring, snapping and snarling of wild beasts I had ever heard.

"'Pumas, and there's going to be a fight,' said our guide in a whisper.

"It was not difficult to locate the animals. They were not more than 100 yards away, and by creeping through the brush as quietly as possible we were able to get near enough to see the fight without disturbing them.

"When we caught sight of the two animals they were crouching close to the ground, facing each other, in a small space under some large trees. They were the finest specimens of the puma I ever saw.

"They were probably thirty feet apart, and as they crouched there glaring at each other they looked like giant cats about to spring on their prey. Pugilists never sparred with greater caution than did those big brutes. Their tails were switching back and forth, and their eyes were like balls of fire. Slowly they moved around in a circle, all the time cautiously getting closer and closer together. It was evident that each was waiting for the other to make the first lead. For more than ten minutes they watched and waited. The roaring and snarling we heard when they first met had ceased. They made no sound now as they watched for a chance to spring.

"Our own nerves were trembling under the strain, when at last the two great brutes rose in the air at the same instant and, like catapults, came together with a thud that could have been heard 200 yards away. They dropped to the ground and for almost ten minutes all we could make out was two great brown bodies rolling over and over in a death struggle. They made no outcry of any kind, but every few seconds we could hear their powerful jaws come together with a snap like the closing of a well-oiled steel trap. Finally they began to weaken, and as their struggles grew less violent we could see that both of them were covered with blood, while their flesh was torn to shreds. In five minutes more the fight was over and the two giants of the forest were stretched out at full length on the ground, clasped in each other's limbs, just as two playful kittens sometimes lie down together. They struggled feebly a little longer and then both of them lay perfectly still. Both were dead when we got to them, and I never saw animals so torn to pieces. The entrals of both were torn out and scattered over the ground where they had fought, and in their necks were great ragged holes, from which the blood had flowed in streams while they were still fighting. They each had a score of wounds that would have killed any animal with less tenacity of life."

A Reppery Queen.

Here is an amusing incident of stage life. A certain actress having been disengaged for some time, had packed her wardrobe in pepper to preserve it from moths. She was suddenly called upon to take the part of the Queen in "Hamlet."

Being rather late for her first scene, she omitted to shake out her royal robes, and her dignified entrance had an astonishing effect.

The King, after a brave resistance, gave vent to a mighty sneeze that well-nigh made the stage vibrate. All the royal courtiers and maids of honor followed suit sympathetically. Hamlet came on with a most sublime tragedy air, just after a convulsive movement of his princely features he buried them in his somber robe, while sneeze after sneeze was all the public heard from him.

Amid the hubbub on the stage and the shrieks of delight from the audience the stage manager, between the sneezes, rang down the curtain.—London Tit-Bits.

The Sun of Life.

Kindness is the sun of life. Give no pain. Say not a word, give not the expression of the countenance that will offend another or send a thrill of pain in his bosom. Kindness is the charm with which the Christian should captivate, and the sword with which to conquer. How true it is that—

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken
And made a friend sincere!

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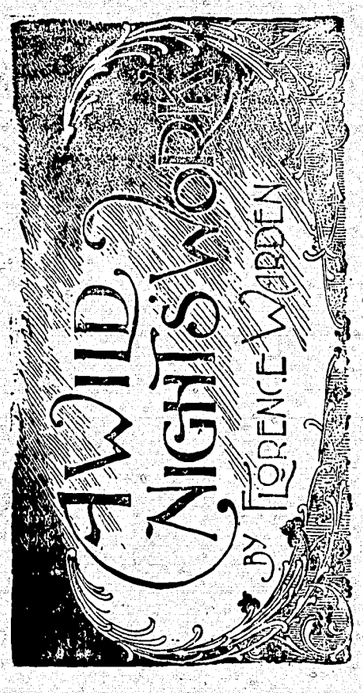


CHAPTER I.

WOMAN'S WILES.

Whew-w-w-w! how the wind blew! How it swept along the Kentish fields, driving the snow into drifts, whistling through the bare branches of the trees, and hurrying the black clouds along in the lowering sky!

The mail train was speeding along to Dover, and the passengers, blinking out of the windows, shrugged their shoulders and shivered at the prospect before them.

"If it's like this inland," said one prosperous-looking old gentleman, tucked up in rugs in the corner of a first-class compartment, to his opposite neighbor, "what will it be like at Dover? Ten to one the boat won't cross to-night!"

At the further end of the carriage a young man was sitting, who seemed much disturbed by this remark.

"Do you really think so?" he asked anxiously, joining in the talk for the first time. "It takes a great deal to stop the mail boat."

The first speaker replied with the calm and pompous assurance of an experienced traveler.

"Well, and what do you call 'a great deal, if you haven't got it there?"

And he pointed with his finger to the snow-covered landscape just as a fresh blast came howling round the flying train, covering the window with a thick white sheet of driving snow.

The young man looked more anxious than ever. He was a clerk in the employ of a firm of stock brokers, and had been intrusted for the first time with a duty of great importance. He was the bearer of a large amount of negotiable securities which, for safety, it was thought advisable to send by hand, and he had to deliver them in Paris on the following day.

When the train stopped at Dover station, therefore, George Llewellyn, for that was the young fellow's name, was among the first of the passengers to spring on to the platform, and to ask eagerly whether the mail boat was going to cross.

"No, sir. She won't cross to-night. The storm's too high," was the disappointing answer of the official.

Llewellyn, however, would not give up hope at once. He had no luggage but his hand bag, and he waited about, refusing all offers of the porters to carry it for him, and made further inquiries, in the vain hope of at length hearing better news.

At last he became aware that something about him had made him an object of suspicion to two men whom, by their boots, he guessed to be detectives; and as, recognizing this, he was about to leave the station, one of these men came up to him very quietly and requested him to step into the superintendent's office.

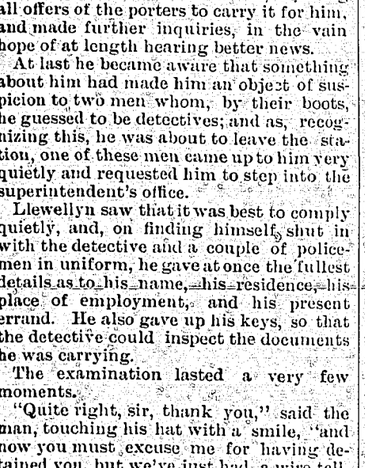
Llewellyn saw that it was best to comply quietly, and, on finding himself shut in with the detective and a couple of policemen in uniform, he gave at once the fullest details as to his name, his residence, his place of employment, and his present errand. He also gave up his keys, so that the detective could inspect the documents he was carrying.

The examination lasted a very few moments.

"Quite right, sir, thank you," said the man, touching his hat with a smile, "and now you must excuse me for having detained you, but we've just had a wire telling us to be on the lookout for two well-known thieves, a man and a woman, who are supposed to have come down by this with a number of stolen securities. So you see, sir, although it was a bad shot in one way to suspect you, on the other it was a good one, for you were traveling with securities, although they didn't happen to be stolen ones."

George Llewellyn accepted the apology and explanation good-humoredly and asked if it was by order of the police that the boat was stopped.

"Oh, no, sir. The weather's reponsible for that," answered the man, shaking his



THE DETECTIVE CAME UP TO HIM.

head. "Though I don't say it won't help us to have a little more time to look around."

And he opened the door, saluting George respectfully as the latter passed out.

Out in the little squalid street outside the station, with the wind whistling round the corners and the snow melting into a dirty slush at his feet, Llewellyn asked himself what he should do. Should he put up at a hotel in the town? Or should he make his way to the house of an old friend of his father's, who lived, as he knew, a little way out of Dover, off the high road over the cliffs?

He decided on the latter course. Dr. Lowe was not a man who kept early hours, and George, who remembered in what direction the house lay although he had not been there since his boyhood, decided that he would be able to reach it in an hour, allowing for the state of the weather.

It was by this time twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock, and the snow was falling less thickly. It did occur to Llewellyn that the expedition had its risks, considering the value of the property he was carrying, but on the other hand a night spent at a hotel was not without its dangers in the circumstances. So George, who was young, tall, muscular, and provided with a revolver, started on his way through the town.

He could hear the roar of the waves as they broke upon the beach; he had to fight against the wind when he reached the corner of the street. But on the whole the walk, for a strong young man, had its pleasures, for the snow had ceased to be blinding, and a battle with the wind stirs young blood into pleasurable excitement. In a very short time he had got clear of the town, and was on the high road in the open country.

Here the snow impeded his progress more than he had expected; for there was nothing in this high bleak spot to check the caprices of the wind, which swept almost bare great patches of the open land, and swirled the snow into heaps in unexpected places. It was a lonely walk enough, and George began to be puzzled as to whether he was keeping the right way. There were so few hedges of trees, and the featureless character of the country made it easy for the snow to blurr its outlines until they were quite undistinguishable.

He felt rather relieved when he caught the sound of human voices. He waited, as they seemed to be behind him. He heard them again in the roar of the wind. He hailed the unseen persons, but then the voices ceased. He presently went on again until he was startled to see in the darkness between him and the sea the dim outlines of two figures keeping pace with him at a little distance. He hailed them again, and the figures promptly vanished.

Without giving way to any cowardly fears George began to wish that he had been more discreet and that he had stayed at a hotel. There was nothing to do now, however, but to go forward as quickly and carefully as he could, for more than two-thirds of the distance must have been traversed by this time.

Unfortunately, however, soon after this incident he lost his way, hopelessly, undeniably. He found himself floundering, knee-deep, in snow, over something which might be a freshly-plowed field or which might be the ruins of a house, but which was certainly not the open road.

After a few fruitless struggles to get on firmer ground George again caught sight, a little to the left this time, of two figures, which he perceived to be those of a man and a woman. Just at the moment of his discerning them the figures parted, that of the man disappearing from view, while the woman held on her way.

As she was evidently on firm ground, George made towards her at once, not calling out, lest he should frighten her.

Before he came up with her, he saw, by her walk and by her figure, that she was

"WON'T YOU COME INSIDE THE HOUSE?"

young; and when he addressed her, saying that he had lost his way, she turned her her head quickly, and showed him that she was adorably pretty. So entirely was he thrown off his balance by the unexpected sight of such a lovely face that he stopped short in the middle of his speech, and left her to answer a question which he had not finished asking.

"You are on the high road—to St. Placid's," she said, quickly. "Keep straight on."

And then she glanced, with a sudden change of expression, at the bag he was carrying. Before he could do more than raise his hat and thank her, she had hurried past him like a hare, with just one more look, penetrating, intelligent, from his face to the bag in his hand.

George remained for a moment stupefied; he stared at the retreating figure before him, and fancied he saw her turn, with a gesture of invitation to him to follow and catch her up. Acting on the impression, he started forward, and then there flashed into his mind the words used by the detective at the station: "Two well-known thieves, a man and a woman," had traveled down by the same train as himself! He was at once ashamed of his momentary suspicion that the beautiful girl he had just spoken to could be anything but the angel she looked; but her furtive and eager glances at his bag recurred again and again to his mind.

The wind was still blowing very hard, and the snow, which had for some time almost ceased began to fall again in great flakes, so that the landscape was soon entirely blotted out from view, and George found more difficulty than ever in keeping the road. At last he saw a large, dark object in front of him, which he recognized as the clump of trees which marked the spot where there were crossroads, and where he should have to take the road on his right to get down into the village, where Dr. Lowe's house stood. The crossroads were at the highest point of the neighborhood, and George could scarcely keep his feet, much less choose his way as he approached it.

Just before he reached the turning he came to a fair-sized house of only two stories, shut in by a garden inclosed by a high wall. Just as George got under shelter of the wall, a door in the middle opened, and out of the darkness the voice of the girl he had just met spoke to him:

"You will never find your way into the village through this snow. Won't you come inside the house until it has left off a little?"

George stopped. He could hardly see the girl's pretty face in the darkness and the blinding snow, but the voice was alluring in its sweetness, and the temptation to look once more upon such exceptional beauty as hers decided him.

"Thank you. It is very good of you, very good of you, indeed. If I am not intruding, I shall indeed be glad to accept your kind offer for a few minutes."

She stepped nimbly back, opening the door for him. He passed through on to a stone-flagged path, which led, under cover all the way, to a deep porch, under which the lamplight streamed brightly and invitingly through the open door.

The curtains of a large window on the right of the porch were drawn; but those on the left were still open, and allowed George to see into a dining-room made cozy by the shaded light of lamps, and by the glow of a bright fire. He caught glimpses of armor, helmets, spears, shields, shining on a dark rich wall; and of flowers and sparkling silver on a white-covered table.

George, who was half dazed by his struggle with the wind and by the action of the snow upon his eyes, thought vaguely of the story of "Beauty and the Beast," as he staggered up the stone path. There was something mysterious, almost uncanny about the shut-in house and its curiously hospitable inhabitant, which made him change his mind as he realized it, and turn, with an excuse upon his lips, to go out again.

At that moment he heard a key turned in the door by which he had come, and he knew in a moment that he had done wrong in entering. He made two rapid steps back, and was met by the young girl.

"This way," she said, as, passing him quickly with a smile of invitation on her face, she led the way into the hall.

II.

He followed reluctantly, lured by the wish to see the attractive countenance in the full light, but resolving as he went that he would make an excuse to leave at once.

She went so quickly and he so slowly that she had entered the dining room by the time George reached the hall. She held the door of the room invitingly open, and spoke again as he stood hat in hand, on the threshold of the house.

"Won't you take off your coat and shake the snow off before you come in? Then, when this storm has passed, you will be able to start on your way again quite dry."

"I am deeply obliged to you for your kindness," said George, who was utterly bewildered by the situation in which he found himself, so that his words came haltingly from his tongue.

Seen in the bright light of the lamp which hung from the hall ceiling, his unconventional hostess was even more beautiful than she had looked outside in the darkness. She was tall and fair, with a figure more suggestive of strength than is usual in young women, almost masculine, indeed, in its unpinched, natural waist and rather square shoulders. A massive young woman, with long white hands and quick, lithe movements, and with a certain frank simplicity of manner which suggested that she did not live the cribbed and narrow life usual with the women of the middle classes. The very straightforward spontaneity of her welcome to this stranger was what one would have expected of a man, rather than of a young woman.

But the freshness, the unexpectedness of this was only another charm in the dazzled eyes of George Llewellyn. He found his heart beating faster, his tongue faltering, as he looked at her shyly, and forced himself to make an excuse. It may be noted that his first vague suspicions had melted suddenly in the glow of her beauty and of her gracious, smiling manner.

"I thank you, I don't know how to thank you enough," he stammered, already wavering in his intention of going on; "but I really ought not to take advantage of your kindness. The fact is I am traveling with some valuable securities—"

A sort of sickness seized George when he got as far as this, and made him suddenly stop. For as soon as he mentioned the securities he saw a flash of light on his hostess' face. As he paused, she took up his speech for him.

"If you have anything of much value about you, that is all the more reason why you should not stumble about blindly in the snow, as you were doing when I first met you."

And she stepped out quickly from the dining-room into the hall, drew him inside the house by an unexpected movement of a strong arm, and closed the front door behind him before he had recovered from the amazement into which the rapidity and decisiveness of the movements had thrown him.

"Really, I must beg you to let me go on now," said he, in a low voice, as he made

SHE TURNED THE BIG KEY IN THE LOCK.

a strong effort to pull himself together, and to resist the pressure which he knew she was going to put upon him to stay.

"And I must beg you to be more reasonable, and not to reject the good fortune the gods send, just because it happens to be offered by a stranger."

"I am afraid I must seem ungracious—" said George quickly, as he put his hand upon the handle of the door. But she, laughing rather nervously, turned the big key in the lock, and pulling it out in quite a leisurely manner, thrust it into her pocket, and sprang, almost in one bound, back to the dining-room door.

"If you say no to a woman, you know," she said as she once more invited him, by a gesture, to enter, "she finds some way of circumventing you after all."

CHAPTER II.

MAX'S REVENGE.

The young man felt himself torn as if by sharp thorns, with keen feelings, of passionate attraction, of repulsion as keen, and by a sense of imminent danger. He followed the girl into the dining-room, holding his bag with a firm hand, and looked at her with an expression which caused the blood to rush to her face, and her eyes to droop suddenly.

The table was between them, for she was standing by the fireplace at the opposite end of the room, leaning against the mantelpiece in an attitude which showed off the lines of her fine figure to unstudied advantage against the red glow. Her blush, the womanly bend of the head at his look, caused a revulsion of feeling entirely in her favor in the young man. And even as he gazed at her, bending a little forward to get a better view of her face by looking under the hanging oil lamp with its red shade, he saw that her expression of modest shame gave place to one of doubt, of fear. She looked up quickly, and their eyes met.

In a moment he felt satisfied; as an older man would not have been, that the suspicions her strange conduct had aroused were unfounded. He heaved a sigh of relief. He felt so much, however, that he had to put a constraint upon himself which made his manner abrupt, and his voice harsh as he spoke.

"I must go now," he said, turning abruptly. "Open the door, please."

He had turned his back to her, to avoid the strong influence he felt she had upon him. In the silence which followed his words, he heard her rapid and labored breathing. His doubts awoke again. He even glanced sharply round, as if in doubt whether she was not approaching him with some sinister purpose. And he saw that she had indeed come a little nearer, and that her large gray eyes were wide with doubt and fear.

"Why do you wish to detain me?" he asked, so sharply that she was taken aback, and gave a little forced laugh while she prepared an answer.

"Surely this is a singular way of acknowledging hospitality," said she, without looking at him, "to question the motives of it. Out here in the country we are not like the people in towns, who look shyly and coldly upon strangers. On the contrary, we offer them fire when they are cold, and light when they have lost their way. If you're so suspicious, why did you accept my direction as to the road you were to take?"

He paused before answering. It was not easy to tell her the reasons for the change in his attitude, although he could not but suppose that she knew them already. He had seen something of the world, and was not particularly diffident with any class of women.

But there was something about this girl, an air of innate refinement, the accent of a gentlewoman, a suggestion in her look and manner that she was playing a part for which she was not suited, which prevented his putting upon her outrageous conduct the construction he unhesitatingly would have done in the case of another woman.

He was hopelessly puzzled. He noted that the room, comfortable as it was, was shabby and worn as to furniture; that the girl's dress was severe in its inexpensive simplicity; that the glass and silver which had looked so imposing from the outside were exceedingly old fashioned. He noted also that the table was laid for two persons. And, finally, he remarked to himself upon the fact that since he entered he had heard no sound indicating the presence in the house of any person besides himself and his mysterious hostess.

Just as he came to this point in his reflections, however, he saw in the lady's

"IF YOU FOLLOW ME, I'LL FIRE!"

eyes a look which showed him that she was listening for some sound outside, rather than waiting for the answer to her question. So he made up his mind rapidly and walked quickly to the window, which was about three feet from the ground.

"You can see nothing from there but the snow falling," said the girl, in a voice which **was not** without a tremor of anxiety. "**We are** shut in here by a wall, as you may have seen, as a protection from the gales we feel here so terribly."

Without answering George put up his hand to throw back the catch of the window.

"Oh!" cried she, in a higher key; "you are not obliged to go out that way. If you take a glass of wine to make amends for your doubts of my hospitality, I will open the door for you immediately."

Without waiting for an answer she left the room, and returned in a very few moments with a decanter of wine, which she placed upon the table. Without heeding the fact that he had opened the window, and was evidently on the point of making his escape by that way, she poured out a glass of wine and offered it to him with her own hand, coming round the table and holding it close to him.

"You won't refuse, will you?"

George, with one searching look into her face, took the glass, and put his lips to the wine. Then he put the glass, with a firm hand, down on the table.

"You must excuse me," said he, shortly. "This wine is drugged."

She was very near to him as he spoke. The next moment she had snatched the bag from his hand and sprung to the door. In the second which followed the seizure she had got such a good start that she was able to slam the door in his face as he pursued her. By the time he had opened the door she had reached the extreme end of the long, narrow hall which ran through the house from the front to the back, and was pointing a revolver at him as he darted after her.

"If you follow me, I'll fire," she shrieked.

PART III.

He attempted to follow, not heeding the warning. Ping! Ping! He heard two shots, and felt himself hit in the right arm. Notwithstanding this, however, he darted after her. But he was too late. She disappeared through the door at the end of the hall, and he heard the key turn on the other side.

He threw himself with all his force against the door, but with no result. Then, finding that he was wasting his time, he ran back to the dining-room, and leapt out of the window into the snow-covered flower border underneath. The snow was falling as fast as ever and he sank in it inches deep as he looked for a way out.

But he found that he was caught in a trap indeed, for the wall, which was too high to climb, inclosed the house, with its stables and garden, the whole way round. He made for the wooden door in the wall by which he had first entered the premises, and as he did so, he trod upon something hard, which was lying in the path. Looking down, he saw, to his surprise, a bag, so thinly covered with snow that it had evidently only lain there a few seconds.

With a momentary absurd hope that it might be the bag which had just been stolen from him, Llewellyn stooped down, picked it up, and was about to examine it in the light from the dining-room window, when there suddenly broke upon his ear the sound of human voices within the house.

And first of all he heard the voice of the girl who had robbed him. She was sobbing, and crying in a voice full of distress:

"Oh! papa, papa, I had to shoot him, and I'm so afraid I hurt him! I couldn't help liking him all the time, and oh! it was

A BAG THINLY COVERED WITH SNOW.

dreadful, dreadful! And now I've got his bag I want you to find him, if he is really hurt!"

George Llewellyn did not wait to hear more; he put his hand on the window-sill, and vaulted into the room.

The relief he felt on discovering that he had now a man to deal with was so great that, disregarding the fact that he was wounded, and that the blood was trickling down through his sleeve, he raised his revolver and turned to the newcomer.

The young girl screamed and threw her arms round her father's neck.

But before another word was spoken, George Llewellyn's arm had dropped to his side, and he stood staring in bewilderment, first at the old man, and then at his daughter.

For if he had doubted the possibility that the beautiful smiling girl could be an accomplice of thieves, how could he harbor a suspicion about the stout elderly gentleman, with the gold spectacles and the stamp of British respectability on every homely feature?

"Why, who are you? What—w-w-what—"

The word died away upon his lips, as the elderly gentleman, starting and staring at him in his turn, suddenly exclaimed:

"Little Georgie! Henry Llewellyn's son, by all that's marvelous! Why, why, what's this? George Llewellyn, little George turned thief! Why, what does it mean?"

George had by this time grown accustomed to the sudden change from the darkness outside to the light of the room, and he staggered in amazement against the table.

"Doctor—Dr. Lowe!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Was it—was it your daughter that took my bag and—and shot me?"

There was a moment's pause, during which the girl, with a cry, and a look of horror, sank down into a chair, with a deadly white face.

The doctor took off his glasses and wiped them.

"There has been some mistake, some desperate blunder!" said he, decidedly. "What were you doing in this part of the world?"

"Coming to see you," replied Llewellyn, promptly. "I was to have crossed to Calais to-night, with some securities which I was taking for our firm to Paris. Finding that the boat couldn't cross, I thought I would find you out and ask you to give me a night's shelter. I lost my way, and—"

He was interrupted at this point by a moan of distress from the young girl, who burst into tears and hid her face in her hands.

The doctor, who was by this time examining Llewellyn's arm, to see the extent of the harm done, smiled rather grimly into the young fellow's face.

"My strong-minded daughter has brought herself into a nice mess this time," said he.

The girl herself sprang up at these words and ran to the door.

"Is he—have I—is he—badly hurt?" she jerked out between her sobs.

"Well, he won't die of it," answered the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye.

George was so much excited and relieved by the discovery he had just made that he answered in a tone which showed him to be in the best of spirits:

"It's nothing at all; it's a mere scratch, Miss Lowe. Please don't make yourself unhappy."

The girl turned slowly round, revealing a most woe-begone and grief-stricken countenance. She looked anxiously at her father, and seeing by the expression of his face that she had really not done much harm, she began to dry her tears, although she still carefully avoided meeting Llewellyn's eyes.

"My dear," said Dr. Lowe, "go into the surgery and get me the box where I keep my bandages. I can finish this business here, for it won't take me a minute, and it's cold in there."

As soon as his daughter had left the room, the old doctor burst into a fit of laughter.

"I shall break her heart if she hears me laughing," said he, wiping his eyes. "Just now when I came in, by the back way, as I usually do at night, I found her waiting for me in triumph, waving a black bag over my head, and telling me she had caught a thief. And she was so proud, poor child, of having inveigled you in here, and detained you so long. She said she was in an agony of fear, lest I should be late, and you would get away, bag and all."

"But," asked George, when the doctor had finished another roar of laughter, "what made her take me for a thief? Surely a man may carry a bag without any dishonest intention?"

"She is an operator at the telegraph office, and she was at the instrument when a message came through to say that two thieves with stolen securities were coming down."

George started for a moment in silence at the doctor, and then began to laugh. It was annoying to have gone through all the revulsions of feeling of the past hour for nothing, as it were.

"But what made her decide that I must be the thief?" asked he.

"Well, she met a policeman on her way home, who told her that the thieves had been seen to come in this direction."

Then George put a practical question which betrayed the interest he felt in his fair captor:

"And do you let that young girl walk home by herself late at night over this wild country?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"She's as self-willed as ever she can be. In fact, she's getting too much for me," said Dr. Lowe, with a sigh.

"I meet her in the town when I can and bring her home. But the gypsy won't wait for me, and she carries a revolver, as you have reason to know. Here she comes again. For goodness' sake say something to her that she may not see me laughing!"

Fortunately for everybody in the rather strained state of affairs, a violent ringing and knocking at the front door startled them all, and diverted attention from the awkward occurence.

Miss Lowe ran to the outer door, for the one servant had long since gone to bed; and when she re-entered the dining-room it was with a policeman.

"I beg pardon, doctor; but I've got a job for you here outside. We've caught the thief; he had got about a mile beyond here, when he found us close behind, and he jumped over a wall to get away from us, and broke his leg, not knowin' there was a drop on the far side. He must have thrown away the bag he carried with the swag, for he left the town with one, but had none when we picked him up."

"Is this it, by any chance?" asked George, producing the bag he had found in the garden outside.

An examination of the contents proved that this was indeed the case; and the thief, when he was confronted with it, confessed that he had thrown it into the garden of the doctor's house as he ran past, thinking that the high wall would mark the spot sufficiently for him to return and recover it if he should evade his pursuers.

When asked what had become of the woman who had accompanied him down in the train, he explained that he and she had parted on finding themselves pursued and that she had made for the village of St. Placid's.

George Llewellyn remained at the doctor's house that night; and, although there

"OH! PAPA, I HAD TO SHOOT HIM."

was a shyness between Lily, the daughter, and himself, he had a very pleasant chat with his host, who explained that they had left his old house in the village for the one which they now inhabited.

And the shyness between the young people wore off before George went away on the following day, for this little bit of dialogue passed between them:

"It was very stupid of me not to recognize you."

"Recognize me! How absurd! Why, when you came here last, fifteen years ago, you were only ten and I was five!"

"Do you think you will recognize me next time I come?"

"What, in another fifteen years?"

"No, in less than that."

"Perhaps I may."

And George Llewellyn came again so soon, and comes so often, that the doctor feels sure it will end in his taking Lily away with him.

[THE END.]

Number of Foreigners in China.

In this connection some figures relative to the foreign mercantile population in China are interesting. At the end of last year there were 580 firms in the free ports and the number of European residents connected with them was 9,891. The English head the list with 354 firms and 4,163 residents. The Germans come next with 81 firms and 77 residents. The Japanese had 42 firms and 1,087 residents, and the French 33 firms with 786. American firms numbered 30, but the proportion of residents working for them was larger, namely, 1,336. The Russians had 12 firms and 118 residents, Portuguese 7 and 410, Spanish, 4 firms with 357. Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Austria, Italy and Belgium also had a few firms with residents rang ing from 50 to 328.

Women's Rights Long Ago.

Women used to have a few of the political privileges they are now demanding. Women sat in council with the Saxon tribes; abbesses deliberated with the king, bishops and nobles at Beconceld in 694, and five of them signed the decree of the assembly; in the reign of Henry III. and of Edward I. four abbesses were summoned to parliament, and in the reign of Edward III. six countesses were distinguished in the same way.

A Ball-Bearing Locomotive.

There is now in course of erection at the Altoona, Pa., shops a new passenger locomotive which is expected to cover 100 miles an hour without any trouble. The wheels are larger in diameter than the ordinary engine, and will be equipped with ball bearings like a bicycle. It will also have a steam pressure of but ninety pounds, against 180 pounds pressure in the locomotive now in use.

France the More Equal.

A French statistician says that the number of men and women in France is more nearly equal than in any other country of the world, there being only 1,007 women to 1,000 men. In Switzerland there are 1,004 men to 1,000 women, and in Greece only 933. The conditions in Hong Kong, according to this authority, are "appalling," there being only 366 women to 1,000 men.

A Famous Dairy's Method.

At Herr Bolle's famous dairy in Berlin the milk is strained through a wire sieve with a cloth, over which fine gravel is sprinkled. After the milk is strained the gravel is put into a hot oven that any germs that may have been probably strained from the milk may be destroyed.

Horrors of Bargain Day.

"John came home last night with a terrible jag on."

"Any particular cause for it?"

"Yes. I believe yesterday was bargain day at two of the biggest saloons."

A Crown Maker.

The Russian crown was made by Panzie, the old-time Genoese court jeweler, and was first used by Catherine the Great. It is worth six million dollars.

Rio's Fine Harbor.

The harbor at Rio Janeiro is one of the finest on the globe. It has fifty miles of anchorage, sufficient to float the navies of the world.

Governmental Fire Insurance.

The Austrian government contemplates taking the fire insurance business into its own hands. A special commission so advises.

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

THE VENEZUELAN QUESTION.

Lord Salisbury's Letter and the President's Message.

It will be remembered that the Foreign Secretary of the United States addressed a letter to Lord Salisbury asking him directly whether the British Government would or would not refer the settlement of the position of the Venezuelan boundary to arbitration.

Lord Salisbury's reply to this was received some few days ago, but owing to the President's absence from the capital its contents were not made known.

Mr. Cleveland having now returned to Washington, Lord Salisbury's note has been submitted to Congress, together with a Presidential message, which is practically the reply to it.

As was expected, the British Premier's despatch was a courteous but firm refusal to submit the question to arbitration. The following extract amply shows its nature:

"Great Britain is imposing no system upon Venezuela and is not concerning herself in any way with the nature of political institutions under which the Venezuelans may choose to live. This is a controversy with which the United States has no apparent practical concern. The disputed frontier of Venezuela has nothing to do with any of the questions dealt with by President Monroe. It is not a question of colonization by an European power of any portion of America. It is simply the determination of the frontier of British possessions, which belonged to England long before the republic of Venezuela came into existence. The Government of the United States does not say that Great Britain or Venezuela is in the right in the matter at issue. But they lay down that the doctrine of President Monroe when he opposed the imposition of European systems or the renewal of European colonization confers upon them the right of demanding that when a European power has a frontier difference with a South American community, the European power shall consent to refer the controversy to arbitration, and Mr. Olney states that unless Her Majesty's Government accede to this demand it will greatly embarrass the future relations between Great Britain and the United States. It follows of necessity that if the United States will not control the conduct of these communities, neither can it undertake to protect them from the consequences attaching to any misconduct of which they may be guilty towards other nations. If they violate in any way the rights of another state, it is not alleged that the Monroe doctrine will assure them the assistance of the United States in escaping from any reparation which they may be bound by international law to give. Mr. Olney expressly disclaims such inference from the principles he laid down."

The message which the President has submitted to Congress has been taken by the anti-British press of the United States almost as a declaration of war. It really amounts to this. Great Britain refuses to arbitrate. Let us, therefore, look into the matter ourselves and ascertain whether after all, England is not acting entirely within her rights. If so, of course it is no business of ours. The following is the most important part of the message:

"It will be seen from the correspondence herewith submitted that this proposition has been declined by the British government upon grounds which under the circumstances seem to me to be far from satisfactory.

"The course to be pursued by this Government, in view of the present condition, does not appear to admit of serious doubt. Having labored faithfully for many years to induce Great Britain to submit this dispute to arbitration, and now having been finally apprised of her refusal to do so, nothing remains but to accept the situation, to recognize its plain requirements and deal with it accordingly. Great Britain's present proposition has never thus far been regarded as admissable by Venezuela, though any adjustment of boundary which that country may deem for her advantage and may enter into of her own free will, can not of course be objected to by the United States.

"Assuming, however, that the attitude of Venezuela will remain unchanged, the dispute has reached such a stage as to make it now incumbent upon the United States to take measures to determine with sufficient certainty for its own justification what is the true divisional line between the republic of Venezuela and British Guiana. Inquiry to that end should of course be conducted carefully and judicially and weight be given to all available evidence, records and facts in support of the claims of both parties.

"In order that such examination should be prosecuted in a thorough and satisfactory manner, I suggest that congress make an adequate appropriation for the expenses of a commission to be appointed by the executive who shall make the necessary investigation and report upon the matter with the least possible delay. When such report is made and accepted it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power as a wilful agression upon its rights and interests the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of government jurisdiction over any territory which after investigation we have determined of right to belong to Venezuela. In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow. I am, nevertheless, firm in my conviction that while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English speaking people of the world being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of civilization and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows the supine submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor, beneath which is shielded and defended the people's safety and greatness."

Unfortunately we have no time to comment on this matter, except to say that the President's message is masterly in its diplomatic pandering to the tail-twisting element while at the same time a most convenient bolt hole is somewhat conspicuously left. There will be no war.

CLAIM JUMPING AT ROSSLAND.

Col. E. J. Prior, M. P. sends the following letter to The Colonist:

To The Editor:—In the Spokane Review, of Spokane, Wash., of the 7th instant, I see the report of an interview had with a Mr. D. M. Linnard in regard to the case of two men named Morrison and Cummings who were arrested for alleged claim jumping or conspiracy in connection with the Homestake claim at Rossland, Mr. Linnard is reported as having said: "Both of the men said they were doing the jumping on their own account, and that no one was backing them. Before sentence was pronounced the counsel for the defence wished it to be postponed in order to communicate with friends of the prisoners in Victoria, and it transpired that Messrs. Earl and Prior, both members of the House at Victoria, were in some way mixed up in the matter." Now sir, I wish to say that neither directly nor indirectly have I ever been interested with either Morrison or Cummings in any business or speculation whatever. The former was in the sawmill business here and I thus knew him. The latter is a total stranger to me.

It is rather odd that Mr. Linnard should pitch on the names of Mr. Earl and myself, when as a matter of fact the prisoner's counsel mentioned some eight or ten gentleman in Victoria that he wished to appeal to on behalf of his clients in order to try and get bail. It certainly looks as if there was a little political animus in it. I am also informed that the judge before whom the prisoners were tried made use of some extraordinary language as against Victorians in general, which language I trust he will speedily be called to account for.

I must apologise for this letter, but as I am charged with complicity in such a dreadful crime as claim jumping I trust that you will insert it in your paper. I had no interest in the actions of the prisoners in any way whatever, nor was it ever asserted by the prisoners or any one else in Rossland that either Mr. Earl, or I, or any of the gentlemen, whose names were mentioned, had. Mr. Linnard's statement was therefore a deliberate falsehood. E. G. Prior.

The Cotillon.

Next to having a good partner there is nothing that adds more to the zest of a cotillon than new figures. One of these that is amusing is known as the bell figure. A chair is placed in the middle of a room, and each young man in turn is asked to sit there and ring a bell until some one volunteers to dance with him. Another figure that is liked best by those who can handle the foils skillfully is the fencing figure. Two men are given foils, with a well sprinkled powder puff fastened to the end of each. The contest is for one young woman, and the man who makes the first white mark over a vital place wins and dances with the girl. A rhyming figure requires that the man who is invited to dance shall answer in rhyme or forfeit his chance. The auction figure is managed in this way: The auctioneer has six boutonnieres numbered and filled with bonbons. Half a dozen young women choose a dozen men. After the sale the boutonnieres are given to the young women who have corresponding numbers, and the men who cannot match these numbers cannot dance.—New York Post.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

(31st of December, 1895.)

A BALL will be held in the Oddfellows' Hall, Nelson, on the above date, under the auspices of Kootenay Lodge, No. 16, I. O. O. F.

TICKETS, $1.00 (INCLUDING SUPPER.)

No invitations issued beyond this notice, but all are welcome.

To Commence at 8.30 p. m.

[263]

JAMES MOWAT,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

NELSON, B. C.

Plans, Elevations and Details drawn to order. Orders left with Turner & Kirkpatrick's, Vernon Street, will receive prompt attention.

[261]

Kaslo & Slocan Railway.

TIME CARD NO. 1.

Going West.		Daily	Going East.
Leave 9.00 a. m.		Kaslo	Arrive 3.50 p.m.
" 8.36 a. m.		South Fork	" 3.15 p.m.
" 9.36 a. m.		Sproule's	" 2.15 p.m.
" 9.51 a. m.		Whitewater	" 2.00 p.m.
" 10.03 a. m.		Bear Lake	" 1.48 p.m.
" 10.18 a. m.		McGuigan	" 1.33 p.m.
" 10.30 a. m.		Bailey's	" 1.21 p.m.
" 10.39 a. m.		Junction	" 1.12 p.m.
Arr. 10.50 a. m.		Sandon	Leave 1.00 p.m.

Subject to change without notice.

For rates and information apply at the Company's offices.

ROBT. IRVING, Traffic Manager. (264)

W. H. McGRAW, Superintendent.

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

I hereby give notice that thirty days after this date I intend to make application for a license to sell wines and liquors by retail at my hotel, to be known as the Royal Hotel, on Stanley Street.

L. G. CURRY.

Nelson, Nov. 30, 1895. (244, 30, 11, 5)

Notice of Application for Crown Grant.

TAKE Notice that T. J. Lendrum, as Agent for Alfred W. McCune, has filed the necessary papers and made application for a Crown Grant in favour of the mineral claim "Perhaps," situated in the Ainsworth Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Adverse claimants, if any, must file their objections with me within 60 days from the date of this publication in the British Columbia Gazette.

N. FITZSTUBBS, Government Agent.

Dated Nelson B. C., Nov. 8, 1895. (236-9,11,5)

Notice of Application for Crown Grant.

TAKE NOTICE that John R. Cook, acting for himself and co-owners, has filed the necessary papers and made application for a Crown Grant in favour of the mineral claim "Consolidated St. Elmo" situated on Red Mountain in the Trail Creek Mining Division of West Kootenay.

Adverse claimants, if any, must file their objections with me within 60 days from the date of this publication in the British Columbia Gazette.

N. FITZSTUBBS, Government Agent.

Dated at Nelson, Oct. 23, 1895. [230-26,10,5]

Notice of Application for Crown Grant.

TAKE Notice that Edmond Haney has filed the necessary papers and made application for a Crown Grant in favour of the mineral claim "City of Spokane" situated in the Trail Creek Mining Division of the District of West Kootenay.

Adverse claimants, if any, must file their objections with me within 60 days from the date of this publication in the British Columbia Gazette.

N. FITZSTUBBS, Government Agent.

Dated Nelson, Oct. 28, 1895. [234-2,11,5]

Notice of Application for Crown Grant.

TAKE NOTICE that A. S. Farwell, as agent for George Harman and Wilbur A. Hendryx, has filed the necessary papers and made application for a Crown Grant in favour of the mineral claim "Henry," in the Hendryx camp in the Ainsworth Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Adverse claimants (if any) must file their objections within 60 days from the date of the first appearance of this notice in the British Columbia Gazette.

N FITZSTUBBS, Government Agent.

Nelson, B. C., Nov. 19, 1895. (241, 23-11-5,)

CERTIFICATES OF IMPROVEMENT.

J. M. B. MINERAL CLAIM.

Situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where Located—Toad Mountain.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Henry E. Croasdaile, as agent for the Hall Mines Limited, free miner's certificate No. 61073, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice, that adverse claims must be sent to the Gold Commissioner and action commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 2nd day of October, 1895.

(216—23, 11, 5) HENRY E. CROASDAILE.

SUNSET MINERAL CLAIM.

Situate in the Ainsworth Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where Located—To the East and Joining the Wellington Claim.

TAKE NOTICE that I, R. E. Lemon, No. 60111, for myself and as agent for Duncan McDonald, No. 56889, intend 60 days from the date hereof to apply to the Gold Commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice, that adverse claims must be sent to the Gold Commissioner and action commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of improvements.

Dated this 17th day of October, 1895.

232 26, 10, 5] ROBERT E. LEMON.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT the next session of the Parliament of Canada application will be made by the Nelson and Fort Sheppard Railway Company for an Act authorizing the said Company to construct, equip, work and maintain a telegraph line and telephone lines along the whole length of its railway and branches, and to establish offices for the transmission of messages for the public and collect tolls for so doing and generally do a commercial business as a telegraph or telephone Company and for the purposes of erecting and working such telegraph and telephone lines the Company may enter into a contract with any other Company or may lease any of the Company's lines or any portions thereof.

BODWELL & IRVING, Victoria, B. C., Solicitors for Applicants.

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 18th, 1895, (246)

SALE OF Valuable Freehold Property.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF THE powers contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction by Charles A. Waterman & Co., at their salerooms, Bealey Block, Baker Street, Nelson, B. C., on

MONDAY, the 30th DAY of DECEMBER,

A. D., 1895, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the following property:

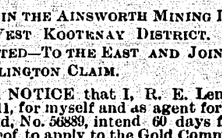
Lot Numbered 5 (five) in Block Numbered 2 (two) of the Government Townsite of Nelson, in West Kootenay District, Province of British Columbia, according to the official plan or survey thereof.

The property will be sold on terms subject to a reserve bid.

For further particulars apply to

J. H. BOWES, Solicitor, Nelson, B. C.

Thursday, 12th day of December, A. D. 1895. (253)



NOTICE.

Legislative Assembly.

PRIVAVE BILLS.

The time limited by the Rules of the House for receiving petitions for Private Bills will expire on the 6th day of February, 1896.

Bills must be presented on or before the 13th day of February, 1896.

Reports from the Standing Committee on Private Bills will not be received after the 20th day of February, 1896.

If any of the Rules above referred to are suspended, the Promoters of all Private Bills taking the benefit of such suspension of said Rules will be required to pay double fees.

Dated this 10th day of December, 1895.

THORNTON FELL, Clerk Legislative Assembly. (260)

FRED IRVINE & CO.,

Vernon St., Nelson, B. C.

We Carry the Largest and Most Complete Stock in Nelson.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Ladies' Jackets, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Carpets, and Wall Papers, and a Full Line of Rubber Footwear, consisting of Ladies' Men's and Children's Rubber Boots, Overshoes and Rubbers.

LADIES' COLORED SLIPPERS

We have just received another lot of Ladies' Colored Slippers, in Red, Pink, Blue, White and Bronze, in the very Latest Styles

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We are also showing a nice line of Holiday Goods suitable for Christmas Presents.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. (256)

FOR XMAS CHEER!

EVERYTHING FROM

PLUM PUDDINGS

TO CHAMPAGNE

AT THE

HUDSON'S BAY CO.

Sole Agents for all the Leading Brands of Scotch Whiskey. (258)

W. A. JOWETT.

Mines and Mining Machinery,

REAL ESTATE AND COMMISSION AGENT,

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

VICTORIA ST., NELSON, B. C.

FOR SALE.

Ten Acres about 2 Miles from Nelson, across the River.

Ranch, near Robson, 160 Acres.

Lots on Baker Street and in Addition A.

Hall Mines Co., L'd, Shares for Sale.

Agent for Dominion Wire Rope Co, L'd, Montreal.

W. A. JOWETT, VICTORIA STREET, NELSON, B. C.