

GRIN AND BEAR IT.

It's not a motto fine as some.
Perhaps, in terms high-sounding;
But as from coal rare colors come,
Truth richly worth expounding
Lies in this adage—truth sublime—
And I would here declare it;
And if a bore you deem my rhyme,
Why, simply "grin and bear it."

When cherished projects come to naught,
Or when matters pleasant
Bring loss to hoarded treasure;
When friends forsake, and foes increase,
Put on, though hard to wear it,
A sunny smile of perfect peace—
"I'll help—just 'grin and bear it.'"

When woes come thick and still more thick,
Disasters gathering daily;
When hope deferred the heart makes sick,
While round you, festing gaily,
The world knows not how sad your soul,
Dreams not what griefs do tour it,
Keep over self a calm control;
All bravely "grin and bear it."

Ah, 'neath these homely words there lie
Vast mines of deepest meaning;
While tones of sound philosophy
Well worth more careful gleaming;
Yet not mere stilted lore I urge—
Forever I forewarn you;
Let earth's and heaven's best wisdom merge—
Trust God, then, "grin and bear it."

A PAIR OF WILD BIRDS

BY HENRY S. BROOKS.

(Copyright, 1895.)

There was a great deal of charm about the half-wild life of the early mining days of California, even to men of education and refinement. Some of us no doubt felt that we ought not to be there, but we were nearly all young and hopeful; we knew that it would not last long, and wisely enjoyed all there was in it. In the main, the mining camps were very peaceable. There was not much law, but a great deal of bed-rock justice. If a fellow was caught thieving or horse-stealing, he was strung up to a branch of the nearest tree, within half an hour. The consequence was we had very little trouble of that kind. We would track them up on Saturday afternoon, tie them in front of the shanty over night, and ride up to Sonora on Sunday for a good time. Sonora was the county seat of Tuolumne county. It was first settled by Mexicans, Sonoranians from near the head of the Gulf of California. At that time there were a great many Mexicans and Spanish-American settled in Calaveras, Tuolumne and Mariposa counties, the camps of them, such as Spanish Flat, Chilum Town, Salvador, and the like. Taken collectively, they were a bad lot. It was shortly after the Mexican war, and they bore all Americans a grudge. They considered that California properly belonged to them, and they never lost an opportunity to get even. They were all inveterate gamblers, and there is always more or less trouble where there is a Monte Carlo. Still more, where there is a fandango, and where you find one the other is never far off. Our boys couldn't keep away from either, so, as a natural consequence, they got cleaned out pretty regularly, say, about once a month. They didn't mind losing their money; they thought they had got their money's worth, I suppose, and it was easy to get more, but every now and then the money bank or the fandango broke up in a fight. Some of the white boys got knifed, and some of the Mexicans shot. Then would follow a regular outbreak on the part of the Mexicans until the whole county would raise to "clean them out," which means driving them into the next county, I suppose. I was in one of those raids, to my shame and sorrow, for the Mexicans would have been peaceable enough if left to themselves. I am sure. But there had been a series of appalling cowardly murders, and the whole county was in arms. Our party was organized to drive them out of Poncho Town, a scattering place of two or three hundred Mexican miners, mixed up with Chilumans and others. It was a bad hole, one of the worst in the country—a regular den. I was camped there with a young fellow from Mississippi, Jefferson Lee Polton, think his name was, though we all called him Lee. He was a fine, noble-hearted fellow, and our part of the performance consisted, I think, in doing what we could to protect the Mexicans. They showed quite a lively fight for awhile, but were soon driven out, of course, and when we entered the town, which was little more than a mixed lot of adobes and brush shanties, it was as if we were turning over things pretty lively, Lee and I, when we heard a sound of stifled sobbing in one of the adobes. It was surrounded by a shade made of palm-thatch and beech, which had caught and set fire to the roof. When we went in there were a couple of children on the earthen floor, a boy and a girl about five or six years old, portions of the burning roof were falling around them, a piece of which I think had luckily scorched the girl and caused her to make the outcry. They had nothing on, either of them, but a linen shirt, none too long, having evidently just tumbled out of bed. You see, we had surprised the camp pretty early in the morning. We carried the children out, not a little embarrassed with our charge. Lee took the girl and I the boy. We had to carry them in front of our saddles, and before we had gone very far we wished that we had started at home, for such squirming, scratching and clanking you wouldn't have thought possible in creatures of the size. They gave us no credit for our good intentions; they looked upon us as bandits and incendiaries, and really, come to think of it, I don't see how they could have put any other construction upon our actions.

It was a long ride back to camp, and the little ones must have been pretty well pestered out when we got there; but they were as wide-awake as a couple of wild cats and as ready for mischief. Lee had to watch them while I put up the horses. We couldn't leave them a minute. They were uncommonly pretty, particularly the girl, who was the older; dark, but with lots of bright color and a glorious tangle of jet black curls. Such eyes I never beheld. They had a wonderful fascination. At times, they had an expression scarcely human; sometimes I thought more than human, sometimes wholly wild.

After a while we succeeded in pacifying them. Luckily we had a little fruit in the cabin, which they devoured eagerly, and later we made them a mess of rice and molasses. We fitted up a cot for them, where they slept comfortably enough. I got up in the night two or three times, and turned down the blanket

gently to look at them. They were snuggled up close in each other's arms, but they were wide awake. They did not move, but those wild eyes shone out of the dark, like veritable stars. What to do with them, that was the puzzle! How to cloth them. How to secure them; for we must go to work, and as to locking them in the cabin, we might as well have locked up a pair of eaglets.

At last we thought of an old couple up on the hill, at the head of Indian Gulch. The old man had been a preacher, a right good one, too, in his day, they said. He had no church, for there was no church short of Sonora, and we all wondered how the old couple made a living. Anyway, they were willing enough to take care of the children when we guaranteed to pay for them; and when the boys heard what we had done, they all contributed, until we had a pretty well-filled purse, sufficient almost to provide for them until they could be taught to provide for themselves. They were still in their night clothes, those little dots when we carried them in blankets up to the old people, but the old lady set to work in a minute cutting out things for them. She seemed delighted, and became quite talkative. She told us that her husband kept a day school and that he had twelve or fourteen pupils, children of the neighbors around. So we felt sure that we had taken the little waifs to the right place.

We used to ride up to Indian Gulch every Sunday on our way to Sonora after that, and we always carried with us some little things for the young ones; but they never took kindly to us, just tolerated us, nothing more. They would not associate at all with the other children, the old people told us, but kept themselves apart. No sweets, no games, nothing could tempt them. "They just remind me," the old lady said, "of a couple of wild ducks we had once at home in Maryland. The children brought them in when they were only just fledged and we put them in the pond with the tame duck, after they had become reconciled to them, which wasn't until quite a while. Then they sailed off by themselves and always kept by themselves, though one old duck took to them mightily and always wanted to mother them. We thought at first that we would clip their wings, as soon as they got old enough to fly but we never did seeing that they seemed contented enough, though so odd like. But one day there came along a flight of wild ducks, and off they went. That was the last we ever saw of them. It will be something the same with these children, I guess, for we've got some Mexican friends already. The boy there has a deck of Mexican cards, they gave him, which the young ones set great store by, for they are playing with them off and on whenever they are not at their lessons. They take to them mighty kindly, too."

"I guess it is in the blood," said the old man, "for they play regular games with them. Not like our children would. They may have seen them before, though you would think they must have been too small to know their meaning."

We didn't like to hear about the Mexicans prowling around, but when the old man said it would be a sin not to give them a chance to speak their own language, we gave in, especially when we heard that the Mexicans who visited them seemed to be quite decent people.

A year or so later I left the mines and went down the Bay. Lee stayed on, although I strongly advised him to quit. That sort of life seems to take a strong hold of some men, and the longer they stay the harder it is to tear themselves away. But we corresponded regularly and he never failed to keep me posted about the children.

Three or four years after I left, the children disappeared from the school, and Lee wrote me that he could never get trace of them again, though he rode frequently over to what was left of Poncho Town and every Mexican settlement for miles around. They had taken to flight like the old lady's ducklings, and there was little more chance that either of us would ever set eyes upon them again. One day, after I had been established in San Francisco several years, I went with a friend to visit a celebrated private gaming table. The fact is, I had received a description of two of the players which had strongly aroused my curiosity and interest. The rooms proved to be gorgeously-furnished—apartments—upstairs, and there at one of the tables sat Tita and Fanchito, dealing. The game was Monte. There was an immense crowd, principally of the higher class Spanish-Spanish American and foreign element. Tita looked uncommonly pretty, fascinating, in fact; but it seemed unnatural to see a girl, still little more than a child, performing such a part. She soon detected me, but gave no sign of recognition, except to cast a significant glance at Pancho, who singled me out in a minute. The senses of people who follow gambling as a profession are cultivated to extraordinary extremes. I did not desire to make myself known, but rested contented with watching the game for an hour or more. The play was very high. There were piles and piles of gold ounces changing hands every few minutes. Tita played on the picture of guileless innocence! That was a great trick of the Spaniards to put the prettiest unsophisticated looking girl they could find as dealers and certainly they never found one prettier or more artless appearing than Tita, but I noticed that she never forgot to rake in the gold ounces all the same.

An Elaborate Accessory.
An elaborate accessory that transforms a simple bodice to something extremely dressy is accomplished by means of a pointed yoke of heavy lace that has great paste jewels set in the conspicuous circles of its design, says the Philadelphia Times. This yoke is finished with point under the chin, and extends to the bust line, with a point out over each shoulder and with one in the small of the back. A pair of wide epaulettes are set under the shoulder points extend well out over the sleeves and are so long from front to back that the points of the yoke are set prettily between the edges of the epaulettes. Just from beneath this point of contact between the epaulettes and yoke edges appear two straps of the heavily jeweled lace. These hang to the belt over which they are well bloused and under which they disappear. The straps corresponding in the back are crossed and drawn tight. The belt is of close-drawn folds of the velvet and the collar of the pointed yoke is made of folded velvet to correspond, the shade being of the deepest tone of the jewels. Nothing could be more swagger than the effect of this "harness," as elaborate accessories are being called, worn over a bodice with a bloused front, the loose folds appearing between the jeweled straps. Such an affair costs too much to think of at the importers, but can be made effectively for very little and the money and time are well expended.

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A WAVE OF CAPITAL.

The position of affairs in South Africa and elsewhere brings the question of the practical working depth of a mine to the front. The celebrated "banket" reef of the Rand is a gravel-cement formation carrying gold, dipping at an angle of about 45 degrees from the horizon. The first series of claims were naturally located along its strike, at the surface. When the extension of the reef was found to be reliable another series of claims was established parallel to the first. Investigation with the diamond drill proving a still further reliable continuation, another series of claims was made with a view to cutting the lead at depths varying from 3000 to 5000 feet. On these "deeps," as they are called, the hopes of the investing public now rest. The ore is not of high grade. The cost of working, which has been reduced on the Robinson Company's works to \$450 a ton, leaves a bare margin for profit, and the increasing price of labour makes it doubtful if this low figure will be maintained.

In Australia at Bendigo and Ballarat mines are still being worked at a depth of 3000 feet and over and it is found there that the cost is very little in excess of what it is at 700 or 800 feet. Nor is the inconvenience to the men employed any greater. Modern inventions combined with care and skill, provide a sufficient ventilation at any depth. But again the margin of profit in these Australian mines is not large. They pay respectable dividends but these are not large enough to attract European capital.

The investing public requires mines, the success of which does not depend on a margin of a few cents. It can find what it wants in Western America, and it is beginning to find out this fact for itself. The special London Correspondent of the Engineering and Mining Journal of New York is not likely to be biased in favor of territory lying on this side of the International boundary line, and this is what he says. "As far as America is concerned interest is entirely centred in British Columbia. All the promoting houses are getting to know the value of the mineral deposits of that province and are sending men over to acquire properties."

Before now the advice has been given, "put your properties in order." A salesman wishing to dispose of his goods sets them forth in such a position as will display their merits to the best advantage. A prospect opened up in a business like manner will sell better than a rich one neglected.

This position of affairs paves the way for individuals or associations, not well enough off to buy and work claims for themselves, but to do the development for those not in a position to do it for themselves. This is at once a legitimate and profitable business and it is not surprising to see that already companies are being formed for the purpose.

THE BOIL OVER.

Following the fashion set at the last election in Great Britain, on Tuesday last the people of Canada made a clean sweep of their government and installed a series of new ideas, new methods and new men. It would be useless to go into the question of the cause of the revolution. Every man will have his own theory moulded on the lines of the party to which he belongs. If he is a Conservative it would be useless to urge that the electors were tired of the form of government that has lasted so long; if a Liberal, he would never believe that it was the result of a number of chances. The thing is done, the Liberals are in power and a new era has commenced. All we have to do now is to sit still and wait, watching the result of the change on the fortunes of Kootenay.

Throughout the election this journal has maintained an attitude of neutrality. It would therefore ill become us to make any remarks upon its result here. We may say however that in losing Mr. Mara we are losing a personal friend. He will, however, from his connection with several commercial enterprises, still be amongst us and able to direct them at once for his own benefit and for that of the

public. In the successful candidate, Mr. Bostock, we are able to welcome another personal friend. Everyone, friends and foes alike, recognizes in our new member a man of the highest character, thoroughly earnest in his good intentions, to whom it is almost an insult to say that he is placed by fortune beyond the influence of sinister motives. Mr. Bostock has a clean sheet before him, the tracing of the record upon it is in his own hands. Scarcely ever has a man had such a good start. He is fettered by no promises. He represents a constituency that is rapidly becoming the most important in the entire Dominion and is moreover, centring on itself the eyes of all the world. Its member holds a proud position, nor is he likely to forget that by his course of action, constituency and representation may be alike honoured by their connection.

At the recent meeting in Nelson one of the speakers pointed out, as an argument in favor of the Conservative candidate, that it was a good thing for our member to sit on the Government side of the house. Is it far-seeing instinct or blundering good luck that has brought about this very much to be desired result?

NOTES.

The wreck of the Drummond Castle with a loss of 249 lives is one of those terrible disasters which science, training and care are alike unable to prevent. The steamer which is one of the well known Castle Line, belonging to Donald Currie & Co., was on her way home from the Cape and was drawing up towards the English Channel from the Bay of Biscay. The two were separated by the Ushant reef, a dangerous ledge of rocks and islands extending out from Cape St. Mathieu in the department of Finisterre the nor-westerly corner of France. It is nowhere near Cape Finisterre, which is in Spain, as reported in the Spokane papers. During westerly gales there is a strong inset from the Atlantic into the Bay, which throws steamers out of their course to the eastwards and lays them inside the Ushant light instead of outside it. This is what happened to the Drummond Castle and has happened to dozens of good craft before. It is remarkable that no instrument can be devised to detect this lateral drift, which is the main cause of so many wrecks.

There is one variety of news that requires more careful scrutiny than another it is, mining news. The papers in the East and elsewhere are content to get their items from the coast, written apparently by men whose mendacity is only equalled by their ignorance. Consequently the following, cut from a Manitoba paper, is the kind of rubbish we find in their columns:

Vancouver, May 23.—A mining boom has fairly struck this province, fully two weeks before the time prophesied. There are scores of English and American millionaires in Kootenay and other parts of the province. While all the best mines in some districts have within the past week been bonded by English capital, sent to agents here, New York and San Francisco capital is also largely represented. Hundreds of thousands of pounds of English money, drawn from South Africa and Australia, are being placed in British Columbia. The latest discoveries are a ten foot vein of gold-bearing ore near Vancouver in the Lillooet district on the Fraser. It is free milling ore and runs \$1,000 to the ton on the average and is said to be the richest vein yet discovered in the province. A ledge has been discovered on Barclay Sound, near Victoria, which is thirty feet wide. There is over a million dollars in sight.

The result of the polling in Nelson shows that the gentlemen who went into the prospect business were not acting on a sound commercial basis.

The recent strike in the London will probably direct public attention to what is called the dry ore belt of that section. The London is situated about three miles to the north of Bear Lake, and is the property of Major Moerkkerki and T. J. Procter. The Major has worked there for several years almost single handed. Indications of this dry ore belt can be traced from the headwaters of Wilson Creek, through the north fork of Carpenter Creek almost across to Kootenay Lake.

An extraordinary scene instancing the newness of American life was witnessed the other day in Minneapolis. This city today is one of the most important and ranks among the largest cities in the States. On the 27th May last, the first house ever built in the country where Minneapolis now stands was hauled through the streets by 7000 school children in shifts of 1000 each. The house was built 47 years ago and its builder and his wife are still alive. It now stands in a special site selected in Minnehaha Park.

The rumor that Colonel Rhodes and Barney Barnato are coming to British Columbia is probably premature. The prison doors have hardly closed behind the former and both gentlemen have too many interests on the Dark Continent to immediately fly away to the fair and free lands of the far west.

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GEO. McFARLAND, Agent for A. C. Flumerfelt, Assignee Estate R. E. Lemon, Nelson, B. C., June 24th, 1896.

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ROYAL HOTEL,

Cor. Stanley and Sillia Streets.

NELSON, B. C.

HOUSE, FITTINGS AND

FURNITURE ENTIRELY

NEW AND FIRST CLASS.

Best Location in Town. Beautiful Views.

Bar now Open and Stocked with

CHOICE LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Unequalled in Kootenay.

Give us a trial and be Convinced.

CHERBO & BOOTH. (291)

NOTICE.

SIXTY DAYS AFTER DATE, I, THE undersigned, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for permission to purchase the undermentioned tract of land, commencing at a point marked H. S. S. E., placed on the shore of the Outlet of Kootenay Lake on Graham Flat, thence 40 chains north, thence 40 chains west, thence 40 chains south to the Outlet, thence following the shore of the Outlet to the point of commencement. HAROLD SELOUS. (345-2, Nelson, B. C., April 24, 1896.

THE TRILBY CAFE,

Josephine Street, Nelson, B. C.

DELICACIES OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON.

First Class Meals 25c and Up.

SHORT ORDERS A SPECIALTY. OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

A TRIAL SOLICITED. 310

OUTLET - HOTEL,

OPPOSITE BALFOUR.

Best Fishing in Kootenay Outlet.

Lawn Tennis Grounds.

Sail and Rowing Boats.

Enlarged and Improved. Specially Suitable for Dancing and Picnic Parties.

J. E. HOUGHTON, - - - Manager. 340

Dominion Day!

The Sixth Anniversary of the great

Canadian Festival

WILL BE CELEBRATED AT NELSON

Wednesday and Thursday, July 1 & 2

\$1000 WILL BE EXPENDED IN PRIZES

For Baseball, Drilling, Caledonian Sports, Horse Races and Boat Races

GEO. A. BIGELOW, President. JNO. HOUSTON, Sec.

Special rates on Steamboats and Railways. (380)

TURNER, BEETON & CO.

Wholesale Merchants Only.

Sole Agents for B. C. for Brown's



SCOTCH.

VICTORIA AND NELSON. (248)

NELSON RESTAURANT

The only Restaurant that does not employ Chinese, and in consequence is serving more meals than any other house in town.

CALL AND GET A

MEAL MEAL MEAL

Fred J. Squire

HAS RECEIVED HIS SPRING STOCK OF

SCOTCH TWEEDS, SERGES, WORSTEDS AND TROUSERINGS.

PRICES

TWEED SUITS - \$25.00 UP
SERGE SUITS - \$27.00

COR. BAKER AND WARD STREETS.

NELSON, B. C. 9)

