THE MOYIE CITY LEADER.

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MOYIE CITY,

AN IDEAL TOWNSITE For Business and Pleasure; as a Residential Locality Unequalled.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND MINING MEN.

MOYIE CITY, — — — BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BAKER IS THE FAVORITE

He Has Made a Good Showing.

BAILLIE'S BARREN BALDERDASH

His "Applause Contingent" was on Hand and Did Some Very Efficient Work at the Meeting.

The political meeting Wednesday evening demonstrated more clearly than ever Col. Baker's strength and the weakness of the Opposition candidate, Wm. Baillie. True, Mr. Baillie was frequently greeted with applause during the meeting, but it must be understood it was not by the citizens of Moyie. Baillie always goes prepared; he takes his "applause contingent" with him wherever he goes. It must be admitted that they are well trained to a certain degree. They crowd to the front of the hall, and most of them carefully watch for the signals for loud and vociferous applause. However, Baillie is overworking his men, for it was noticed that one man who was sitting directly opposite the platform fell fast asleep while on duty.

Col. Henderson was selected to act as chairman, and invited the two candidates to take the platform. He then introduced Col. Baker.

The colonel contended that the policy of the present Provincial government had been conducted in an honest and statesmanlike manner, notwithstanding the rantic and absurd statements of the Opposition party. He believed that the lives and property of the people were well protected, and that they were aware and felt proud of the record made by the government in this respect. He believed that in no other country were the rights of the miner and the prospector so well protected as in British Columbia; even the citizens of of the United States who are in this country are proud of the law and order of the country.

He then dealt with the educational matters of the Province. Ten years ago, he said, there were 2,874 pupils in the public schools. Last year there were 10,000. Ten years ago the annual cost per pupil was over $32, while last year it was down to $22. There are no local assessments for educational purposes in British Columbia. Appropriations are made for that purpose out of the general fund; and yet the taxes are lower in British Columbia than in any other province in the Dominion.

When the panic came upon us a few years ago the cry of the oposition was "draw in your horns." But the government party paid no heed to them, having unbounded faith in the country. They went ahead and made liberal appropriations for public improvements, put money in circulation and thus tided the people over the financial depression.

The colonel explained the manner in which the building of the Crow's Nest road was brought about, and left it clear in people's minds that it had been accomplished by honorable means and that he was one of the chief promoters of the enterprise.

Chairman Henderson then introduced Wm. Baillie, the Opposition candidate.

Mr. Baillie proceeded to attack Col. Baker, and said he disagreed with the entire policy of the Turner government. He spoke of the positions he had held during his career as a journalist, and made the assertion that he believed he was better known throughout the Dominion of Canada than was Col. Baker. He took all the credit upon himself for securing the commission to investigate the charges made against the management of the construction of the Crow's Nest road, when it is a well known fact that a number of others were equally instrumental in the matter. He led the audience to believe that he would make some damaging disclosures of Col. Baker's actions in the legislature, but made a decided failure in every case. In trying to show that Colonel Baker had secured the coal lands in which he is interested through fraudulent measures, his argument was ungrounded and weak in the extreme.

He said that Colonel Baker had voted every time against the restriction of Chinese immigration. Dr. Watt, although an Oppositionist, corrected Mr. Baillie, stating that upon three different occasions he knew of Colonel Baker voting to have the tax on Chinese immigration raised, two of the bills being introduced by himself (Dr. Watt) while a member from the Cariboo district.

J. A. Harvey made a short address which he ended by saying that he thought there was no doubt but what the Opposition party would be elected.

Col. Baker made the closing speech and fairly riddled every vestige of argument that Baillie tried to make. A vote of thanks was given the chairman and the meeting adjourned.

It was a great success for Colonel Baker. It brought the two candidates together, giving the people an opportunity to judge for themselves, and the general verdict seems to be that Moyie, as well as the balance of the district, will go solid for Col. Baker.

McMAHON BROS.

GENERAL MERCHANTS.

Hardware, Clothing, Groceries.

MINERS' OUTFITTING A SPECIALTY.

—PROPRIETORS OF—

THE EAST KOOTENAY HOTEL,

The Only Up-to-Date Hostlery in East Kootenay.

MOYIE CITY, - - - BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Central Hotel Surprised.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Murphy, who are conducting the dining room of the Central hotel were taken by storm and given an enjoyable surprise last evening at the above named hostlery. The floor of the dining room was cleared and dancing was engaged in for a few hours. S. W. Murphy and J. E. Musgrave furnished the music, and Ben Murphy officiated as floor manager.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Ben Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Elmer, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shae, Miss Kershaw, Mrs. Biggings, Mrs. Neiderstadt, Mrs. McKay and Mrs. Lawlor. Messrs. S. A. Scott, J. M. Lindsay, G. Campbell, F. I. Moore, E. H. Small, C. J. Rose, W. H. Murphy, L. W. Patmore, Mr. Williamhorst, G. H. Brock, J. N. Stappard and F. J. Smyth.

Last Wednesday, June 22d, was the longest day in the year.

Chief Engineer McLeod of the C. P. R. is in town.

David Bale, one of the pioneer contractors of East Kootenay, is in the city.

Strawberries and cream was served to the boarders of the Moyie hotel this week.

Since the fatal accident last Monday several trees in town have been cut down.

James Cronin returned yesterday from Spokane, and immediately went up to the St. Eugene mine.

G. H. Brock and J. N. Stappard of Golden are in the city and may decide to go into business.

L. W. Patmore of Fort Steele has been enjoying a short holiday in this charming locality.

J. A. Harvey, the promident Fort Steele barrister and a staunch supporter of Wm. Baillie, attended the political meeting here Wednesday evening.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Rev. R. J. McPherson will hold his regular church service in Kuskonook tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Murphy have taken charge of the Central Hotel dining room.

Miss Kershaw of Fort Steele was the guest of Mrs. Biggings of the Moyie hotel this week.

J. Hutchison, was here Wednesday evening to attend the meeting, and represented the Cranbrook Herald.

Geo. W. Aldous until recently a bartender at the East Kootenay hotel, and L. E. Salter have gone to Nelson.

Mrs. Joseph Neiderstadt has an enviable reputation for making good bread. Wheat and Rye bread always on hand.

D. McNeish, proprietor of the Steele House, was here to attend the political meeting Wednesday, and was a visitor at this office.

A grand ball will be given at the Moyie hotel next Friday evening, July 1st, Dominion day. All are cordially invited to attend.

John Sherwino, the Italian who was hit with a rock by "Micky" Cronin at Cowan's camp last week, is reported to be rapidly recovering.

W. T. Jameson, who for the past five months has been a resident of this place, departed last Sunday for his home in Walhalla, North Dakota.

Dr. Hugh Watt of Fort Steele is spending a few days of recreation in the invigorating climate of Moyie City. The doctor has great faith in the city of the lakes, which fact he has clearly demonstrated by recently purchasing some real estate here.

W. Orr. Paterson, recently from South Africa, and H. B. Rawley were through here this week enroute to Fort Steele. Mr. Paterson has some promising properties on Goat river and is endeavoring to induce some English capitalists to take hold of of them.

Fred Pieper has returned from the Paymaster and Bimetallic claims, located near Cranbrook, with some very fine specimens of ore, recent assays of which running $39 in gold, 26 per cent lead and 13 ounces in silver to the ton. The ledge is between 46 and 50 inches wide, and is constantly widening as depth is attained.

Mrs. McMahon, mother of the McMahon Bros. of this place, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. L. J. Kenny, arrived in Moyie City Tuesday from Grand Forks, North Dakota. The were met at Fort Steele by F. J. McMahon. They will remain here a few weeks and then take a pleasure tour through California before returning home.

The balls, bats, masks and gloves for the Moyie baseball team have been ordered. After a few weeks' training our boys will challenge the McGill, Harvard, Oxford and Cranbrook teams.

IT WAS A VERY SAD AFFAIR.

One Man Killed and Two Injured by a Falling Tree.

The terrific wind storm last Monday left death in its path, and caused the first fatality in Moyie City. By the falling of a tree across the wagon in which they were riding, Joshua Hillyard, aged 21, was instantly killed, James Sharp, aged 19, had a leg and arm broken and sustained other injuries from which he is not likely to recover, and Patrick Dwyre had his jaw fractured and received other injuries about the head.

The above named men, in company with Alex Powell and an unknown man, were walking and were picked up by Thos. Hickey, who was coming from the head of the lake with an empty wagon. A strong wind was blowing which turned into a perfect hurricane by the time they passed Muir's saw mill. When a short distance at this side of the mill a tree broke about 10 feet from the ground, fell against another tree, breaking the top branches of it and causing the top branches of both trees to fall on the wagon with the above result. Hickey, the driver, and Powell, who were sitting on the seat jumped and escaped uninjured. The frightened horses started to run, pulling the reins out of the driver's hands, and were not stopped until they reached the bridge near Mr. Cranston's place.

The injured men were brought here and cared for and the dead man was placed in the morgue. Dr. Watt was summoned and arrived from Fort Steele the following day. He reduced the fractures and had the patients taken to the St. Eugene Hospital.

Last Wednesday Joshua Hillyard was buried in the grove south of this place. The remains were taken to their last resting place in a row boat, followed by a number of the residents of the town, also in boats. At the grave the last rites were read by C. Mair. A cross of wild flowers that had been previously made by some kind and thoughtful person was laid on the grave. Though he died among strangers far from home, he was still among friends.

Hillyard and Powell are from New Harbor, and James Sharp from Island Cove, New Foundland. They came west early last spring to work on the Crow's Nest road and worked until recently on the eastern end of the line. They were on their way westward in search of work when the unfortunate accident occurred. Dwyre recently came from Ferchilane, Bally Mill, Ireland. He is not very badly injured and will be out again in the course of a few days.

Sale of Town Lots.

At the auction sale in Fort Steele last Saturday for the selling of the government lots in Moyie City, 14 lots were sold to a syndicate, of which Dr. Watt is one of the principle shareholders, and four were sold to Mr. Gordon of this place. Only a portion of the lots were sold, the balance being held until July 23rd to be disposed of.

THE HORIZON AT SEA.

A line inexorably straight—
In larger truth, a girdling ring—
Fixed, either way, as firm as fate
And always onward beckoning.

Clear cut and far or near and blurred,
As powers of sun and cloud decree,
By these thy provocations stirred,
We seek the farthest mystery.

Emblem of boundaries strictly set,
Emblem of venturous search and hope!
Circled by thee, can man forget
His limitation and his scope?
—M. A. De Wolfe Howe in Month.

ON ESCORT DUTY.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

One day a mail rider arrived at the frontier fort with such news that a sergeant and six men and an ambulance were ordered out within an hour to escort and convey the colonel's wife down to the railroad. For a year there had been no open act of hostility on the part of the Indians, but we had known for weeks that they were making ready for an outbreak. It was queer enough that the colonel should come down to us in person as we stood beside our saddled horses, knowing nothing of where we were to go or the object of the trip, but stranger yet that all "military etiquette" should go out of his voice and demeanor as he said:

"Men, I am going to send my wife down to the railroad to go east. You are to be her escort. It is a case of life or death, or she would not go. I am afraid of the Indians, and yet I think you will get through all right. You are to make the best time possible. If attacked"—

"We shall beat them off, sir," replied Sergeant Gregg after waiting half a minute for the colonel to finish.

"I hope you can. I can only send the seven of you and a driver. Eight men ought to beat off 100 Indians, unless taken in ambush. Be watchful and prudent, Sergeant, you are an old Indian fighter. You will know best what to do. You will get away by 1 o'clock. Travel as fast as you can and as late as you can, so as to finish the journey tomorrow. If you are attacked"—

The colonel did not finish. He looked at each man and horse, inspected the ambulance and its pair of mules, and with a half nod to us he walked away. His wife must go, and, owing to details and sickness, no commissioned officer could be sent along. If the Indians were out, an escort of 20 men would not be too large. Only eight of us were to go. Had he finished his sentence he would have said:

"If attacked and you are about to fall into the hands of the red devils, do not let my wife be captured alive."

We understood what he meant, though we said nothing to each other. No matter what he or any one else feared, the little woman was almost merry as she took her seat in the ambulance for the start. Nothing had happened when we reached the valley, and as we looked around us and across it nothing could be seen to alarm. We had just taken the ropes off the blocked wheels of the ambulance when the warwhoop of the hostile Indians sounded behind us, and we looked back over our trail to catch sight of 100 mounted warriors bearing down upon us. They had picked our trail and run us down.

"Mount! Now, straight across the valley! Fall in to the rear of the ambulance."

The voice of the old sergeant was hard and firm as he spoke. The curtains of the ambulance were up, and I glanced at the colonel's wife. She had seen and heard. Her cheeks had paled, but she was removing a repeating rifle from its hooks as we fell in behind the vehicle. It was a clear five mile dash. The prairie was as level as a floor, and the mules needed no urging after hearing the yells of the Indians. The soldier driver wound the lines about his hands, braced his feet, and away we went. We had a start of half a mile. No man looked back. The pace was a hot one, and there was cover five miles away. The Indians gained on us, but only inch by inch. The mules took up such a gait that our horses had to lie right down to it to keep up. Not a word was spoken as we rode, but every ear listened to locate those coming up behind us. If they came too near, we must halt and open fire while the ambulance pushed on. We had almost reached cover before three or four rifle bullets came singing over our heads. Three minutes later we were among the trees and rocks, and the race was ended. As the ambulance halted and we flung ourselves off our horses I looked back and saw a band of at least 70 Indians almost within rifle shot of us. The road struck the hills at a gulch, and they dared not follow us into that. They gave vent to their disappointment by shouts and yells and a waste of ammunition, and for a few minutes they had no plan in view.

"Well, we beat them in a fair race," said the colonel's wife as she descended from the ambulance with the rifle in her hands. "Sergeant Gregg, what are you going to do now?"

"Take cover, ma'am," he replied as he gave her the military salute.

"Yes, of course," she said as she looked about. "Did you ever see a pair of mules run faster? I might have got a shot but for you men behind. There must be near 100 Indians out there, but I guess we are safe enough now."

She rattled on in that fashion while we were taking the mules from the ambulance and unsaddling our horses, and it was a great weight off our minds to realize that she would not be a burden on our hands. It was idle to think of pursuing our journey in the darkness which would soon close down, and before morning there would be plenty of Indians on the trail beyond. We must take cover and hope to stand them off until help arrived or they grew discouraged at the siege. As we were consulting about location and defense the colonel's wife came back to us from the mouth of the gulch and said:

"That's the place, over to the left, men. There's a spring on that hill, with a good growth to shelter all, and you can see plenty of bowlders lying about."

The sergeant had selected the same spot, and in the course of a quarter of an hour we were occupying it. We got the horses and mules up there, but the vehicle was left behind. It was a cone shaped hill amid half a dozen such, but it commanded the others. It was covered with pines and cedars of small growth, and there was a splendid spring right on the crest. If the Indians had been fierce in their pursuit or crafty in their plans, we could not have reached it. It was the outbreak of war again with them, and they were overcautious. They drew back into the valley to consult, thus giving us a fair show, and we were snug enough when night fell and they made a dash for us, which we easily repulsed. Darkness found us occupying a circle about 40 feet across, with stones and bowlders and trees for shelter, and, though the situation was an anxious one and full of danger, all were in good spirits. We made a fire between two rocks and cooked our supper, and by the use of blankets we put up a tent for the colonel's wife, though against her protests. After the one single effort of the Indians, which was doubtless more of a reconnoissance than an attack, we were left in peace, though all through the night we heard sounds to prove they were taking up positions on all sides of us and making ready for the morrow.

None of us except the woman slept an hour all night long. We used levers to loosen bowlders and roll them into the circle, and with our knives we cut off limbs and cut down small trees to further strengthen our fort. We got the horses into a sort of gully below us and made the position as safe as possible, and when daylight came there was nothing more to be done. We had above 600 rounds of ammunition, food for three days and water was at hand.

Daybreak found us ready for an attack. The colonel's wife took her place, rifle in hand, between two men, and for half an hour we expected a sudden rush. At the end of that time a single warrior appeared to view at the base of the hill and in broken English demanded our surrender. The sergeant answered him that we were ready for them, and at the same time fired a shot which rolled the redskin's pony over. Three minutes later there was a circle of fire about us. Indians had mounted into trees to the right and left of us to get a plunging fire, and from the tops of two lower hills they poured in their bullets at random. We simply crouched down behind the rocks and smoked our pipes, pleased that they were throwing away their cartridges. At the end of an hour they ceased firing. Not a man of us had been touched, but stray bullets had killed one of the mules and wounded two horses. There would be a rush now, and as we made ready for it the colonel's wife sank down beside me and quietly said:

"I've tumbled over sage hens and jack rabbits, and I ought to be able to hit an Indian. Do I look frightened?"

"You are as white as a ghost, ma'am," I answered as I turned to her.

"But I'm all right," she smilingly said, "and here they come."

So they did. With every painted warrior yelling at the top of his voice the entire band charged us at once, taking in the whole circle. It was not until they got close up that we could see anything to shoot at, and every few seconds the sergeant cried out to us to hold our fire. It was over in a minute. They did not expect to find us intrenched, and we knocked them over like ninepins.

I believe we killed or wounded a full score, and it took the fight out of them so thoroughly that not a rifle was fired at us again until afternoon. Then, soon after 2 o'clock and without the slightest warning, we were charged again, and for three minutes it was a wild melee. We fired into their very faces as they sprang upon the defenses, and two warriors were shot down inside our fort, and both by the colonel's wife. It was their final and supreme effort, and well it was for us that it was thus. When we had beaten them off, Sergeant Gregg and another man lay dead, four men were badly wounded, and they had cut our animals out of the gulch and run them off. Had the attack lasted a minute longer or been renewed two men and a woman would alone have opposed it. And among the queer things of that last dash was the behavior of the colonel's wife. With my own eyes I saw her shoot down the two warriors who leaped the breastwork, and I believe she killed two or three more outside of it, and yet when the attack had been repulsed the little woman fell over in a dead faint, and for ten minutes we believed her dead from a bullet. When she came back to life, she had a fit of weeping, and when that was over she turned to and attended our hurts and was ready for another brush.

We put in another night right there, not knowing that the Indians had drawn off, but soon after sunrise next morning were relieved of all anxiety by the appearance of a scout, who passed on and sent us aid from the fort. The colonel's wife did not get down to the railroad, for that was the opening of a war which lasted for months, but there was no blame attached to any of the living who returned with her. On the contrary, the old martinet of a colonel took each one of us by the hand, breaking over "military etiquette" once more in his life, and said:

"You did well, my men, and here's my hand on it, and I won't forget you!"

The Book of Job.

A story told of Carlyle in an English review forcibly recalls the days when in England religious services were long enough to test the zeal of the worshipers.

According to the story Carlyle had been asked to take the reading at family prayers during a short visit paid to his friend, the provost of Kirkcaldy. The Bible chanced to open at the first chapter of the book of Job, and Carlyle immediately became absorbed in his subject and read on and on to the end of the last chapter, when, closing the volume, he remarked:

"That is a marvelous, lifelike drama, only to be appreciated when read right through."

It is fair to infer that it was appreciated for once. Any one who has taken a long, solitary afternoon and attempted to give the book of Job an opportunity to be appreciated by reading it honestly through at one sitting can realize the consternation of the provost. Such a one will not be likely to wonder, with Carlyle, why he was not asked again to assist at family prayers in that household.

Interesting Relics.

A couple of interesting relics are in the possession of Albert Turner of 1514 York street. One of them, and that which Mr. Turner prizes probably as much as anything he owns, is a brick from the old house that stood on Water street, New Castle, Del., from 1687 until torn down in 1894, and which was the home of the Dutch governors of the three lower counties for 100 or more years. The bricks of which the old house was constructed were brought over from Holland and, like all bricks of that time, were yellow in color. The relic Mr. Turner has, and which, by the way, is one of very few in existence, is in a good state of preservation, and, barring its slightly crumbled edges, shows but few signs of its two centuries and more. The other relic is a quaint old Revolutionary sword, carried and used with deadly effect by Captain Cunda, Mrs. Turner's great-grandfather, at the famous battle of Bemis Heights.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The World's Wire Mileage.

The total miles of telegraph wire in the world have reached 4,908,921, not counting 180,440 miles of submarine cable. Were this all in one continuous line it would wrap around the equator about 198 times. The moon and earth could be connected by 20 lines, with enough to spare to connect every country on the earth. Of the total amount Europe has 1,764,790; Asia, 310,685; Africa, 99,419; Australia, 217,479; America, 2,516,548.

A RESURRECTION.

"Ah, Love is dead,"
She said;
"Flown through the open door!
Never more
While the sad winds blow
And the sad brooks flow
Shall there be
For me
The old, sweet, happy thrill.
Joy has fled,
And the world is dark and still,
For Love is dead!"

She heard a sigh,
Sweet and low!
Her heart beat high,
She forgot her woe,
And the glad wind blew,
And the sun burst through
The clouds o'erhead,
The darkness fled,
And then
She looked with joy
On the laughing boy,
For Love had come to life again!
—S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.

THE SCIENTIST.

"Science is mighty fine fer to study, I guess, an maybe is useful that away, but it is rairly common sence, an that's the reason I am ag'in it fer farmers," said old Washington Barnes one afternoon when we sat discussing the affairs of the day, and I had ventured the opinion that possibly science had resulted in great benefit to the farmers by the establishment of various government bureaus fer agricultural investigation.

"Science is all right, I guess, but when they tries to run science in on the farmers as a valuable adjunct to farmin their efforts shore makes me laugh.

"I remember this spring, long about plantin time, I wrote to the fellor what's a congress from this deestrict, an who I voted fer, astin him fer to send me some literatoore about farmin, an some garden seed, too, what they sends out every year to the farmers, an he took an sent it to this here bureau what yer talkin about, an what d'ye recken them nightshirt fellers what's runnin the agricultural department sent me, hey?

"'Stead ov somethin 'bout why wevils eats wheat instead o' weeds, er a leedle discourse on how to kill chinch bugs, er maybe somethin explainin why the price ov coon pelts er wool is higher in South Americky than it is here, them learned scientis' sent me a book 'bout as big as a piece ov side meat, labeled 'The Proliferation ov Sphenophorus Zea, an the Methods Fer Their Eeradication.' An the chinch bugs eat up 20 acres ov cawn an got tired an quit while I was a-chasin round 'mong the neighbors tryin to borry a dictionery only to find out they was them.

"An when I opened the leedle terbacker sack full ov seeds that come with the book, I didn't seem to reckernize the seeds at all. I planted them, though, fer to see what they was, but a ground hog come along an dug them up one night an eat them, an I found him out in the corner of the pastur' where he'd died before he could git offen the farm. I ast a doctor what uster come out here what the name on the sack was, an he lafed an said they was strichnine beans, an so I was glad that the ground hog got a chance to eat them before I did. Natu'lly, with them experiences I kinder looses confidence in science far farmers.

"I dun forget when it was, but it was a long time ago, when science was kinder new round here, that we had an epydemic ov it all over this neighborhood, jes' like we have epydemics ov measels an smallpox, an it like fer to sp'iled all the young farmers growin up round here.

"I had it too, an so did most of the other boys round. We ketched it from one of the new doctors up at the loonatic asylum at Fulton. This here new doctor had jes' come from a medical college er somethin up in New York, an he shore had this science disease bad. It waren't no intrust in loonies that was a-tchin him, but it was all a-deelin with birds an sich. He called it ornythology, an he shore had it bad.

"He hadn't more'n get to Fulton afore he got one ov these here breechloadin shotguns an manoovered round over the country shootin birds an then he'd take an deessect them an give their insides names an talk science. He didn't know a mud hen from a sparrer hawk skacely, but he was always a-talkin about aves an primary feathers an a-callin ov their toes talons, an keepin it up as he did, it waren't long before them ideas begun to spread. All the young fellers round got to shootin birds, an cuttin ov 'em up, when before this new doctor came round you couldn't git one ov 'em to even cut up a chicken fer the winmen folks at home.

"This here monkey business begun to have its effect, too, before long, an one day Ike Wess comes over here with a dead crow in his hand an a mighty serious look on his face, an he says, sezze:

"'Wash,' sezze, 'Wash, I've made a diskivery that is goin to revolutionize farmin,' sezze.

"'What is it?' I asks, all interested like, fer, as I told you, I had ketched science too.

"'Why,' sezze, 'I've jes' diskivered that a crow is a much maligned bird, an we've been a-lookin on 'em as our mortal enemies, when we orter regard 'em as auxiliaries to husbandry,' sezze, talkin like the doctor feller. 'You see, we've been a-shootin crows an a pizenin ov 'em an a-skeerin 'em with skeerecrows all because in our ignunce we has regarded crows as diggin up our cawn when it's planted, an a-callin 'em robber crow, an all because we ain't investigated their claims to usefulness on this here yearth,' sezze.

"'Now, jes' look at that crow's crop. Nary a grain ov cawn do you see. Nothin but cutworms an weevil an circulio; jes' the insec's we most fears has this poor crow been a-distroyin an a-devourin,' sezze. 'I changes my mind now regardin him an henceforth I'm for the crows.

"'Yes, sir,' sezze, drawin ov himself up, 'I ain't a-goin fer to vote for no man fer the legislatur what don't promise fer to protect the crows,' sezze.

"An then Ash Monday he made a diskivery too. Ash said he had done noticed that that kindly critter known as the jay bird was the most prolific cause of the railroad tie industry in Callaway county. He said he had observed that jay birds was uncommon fond ov acorns, an that they'd pick 'em up in their claws, an in carryin them round they would frequently drap them in the clearin's, an the acorn would grow up into an oak what was fitten fer to make crossties outen, an in that way the oaks was scattered all over the clearin's, an that by the railroad crosstie business was flourishin in Callaway county. Ash said he waren't no friend ov no man what waren't the friend of the jay bird, an in that way perty near every group round here had a durn fool idee what he ketched from this science epydemic.

"They run along that way for most a year, an one day along in the spring this here doctor feller passed word around that he was goin fer to give a lecture up in Fulton on 'Individuality ov Birds' Aigs, an Distinguishin the Birds What Laid 'Em.' An he ast all the young fellers fer to bring in any aigs what they could find, an he'd shore tell 'em all about the porsonal pinta what was common to the birds what laid the aig, an whether the critter was useful to the human race or a detrincent to the onward march ov civilization, jes' from the looks ov the aigs.

"Well, they waren't much plowin done that spring, fer every young feller was a-chasin through the woods an along the low brush lines in the clearin's chuck full ov science an a-lookin fer birds' aigs. They was several what the newspapers calls casualties happens from fellers fallin from trees, but it didn't stop this hero science none. Feller named Sam what worked for ole man Millern fell out of a sycamore an busted three ov his ribs, but it didn't seem to cool his interest none, fer he talked aigs while they was a settin his bones, an there was a leedle feller what had climbed up a simmon bush fer a dove's nest, an he done slipped an swallered the aigs what he was a-carryin down in his mouth, an what was almost hatched, an they made him deathly sick, but they sent fer the 'sylum doctor, an he come an patted the leedle boy on the head an he says, 'A martyr to science,' sezze, an the leedle boy got well right away. 'Ceptin fer these slight calamities, though, there was the finest lot ov birds' aigs collected that this ornythelogist doctor had ever seen.

"I guess every feller in the neighborhood had found a new kind ov aig 'ceptin this here Wess' nigger, an he appeared to be mighty low spirited about it. The nigger's leg was all bent whar he had fell an broke it, an it had healed up crooked, an he couldn't climb no trees at all. The nigger had tried faithful fer to find a nest in a low bush whar he could reach it, but it peared like only common birds built in low bushes, an everybody had already got plenty ov common aigs.

"One day jes' a leetel while before the lecture was to come off this Wess nigger comes over here, an he says, 'Misto Wash, I kain't find no aigs what ain't already dun been found, so whad is I gwine do 'bout it?' I was again to console the nigger, fer he was a mighty good nigger that a way, when he breaks in an says:

"'I doan' believe dat doctah is much ov a scientis' nohow, an I'ze a good mind fer to projec' wuth him, dat I'ls. I reckon he ain't neveh seen no guinea aigs up in New Yo'k, an I'ze gwine t' fool him, if you won' gimme way. I'ze got a guinea aig 'ere, an if you'll write on the kyard fo' me I'ze gwine take it up to dat scientis' geneman an see what he say about it,' sezze, an he showed me the aig laid on a wad ov cawn husks in a round paper collar box, an I wrote the nigger's name on the card, an the nigger took it an left it with the doctor at the 'sylum.

"Waal, when this lecture business was ready to start, I guess they was as many young fellers thar as I ever seen at a circus. They was all dressed up, too, with hair ile on their hair an mutton tallow on their boots, an all a-lookin uneasy an figgity, an all a-talkin science, low like, like they was at a funeral, an all a-watchin the platform whar the aigs was all laid out with the guinea aig among them waitin fer the doctor feller. The nigger was thar, too, standin back by the door with both his eyes an his teeth a-shinin, an whenever he'd look at me he'd snicker.

"After we had waited perty nigh long enough fer the aigs to hatch the door opened an the doctor come in. He looked at the aigs an then at us fellers, an he made a bow an says:

"'Young gentlemen, I have promised to give you a few p'ints about the birds in their relation to the farmer,' sezze, 'an I see my young friends have bestirred themselves an placed this magnificent collection ov aigs before me that I may refer to them as sejestin the birds to be discussed,' sezze, an a whole passle ov nicety talk like that, an then he jerks up a squinch owl's aig an begins.

"He come perty nigh hittin it too. He said that the bird what laid the aig had soft, woolly feathers an had claws on its toes, an eat meat stead ov grain an bugs—what he called carnivorous, an a lot more peecoliarities what we all knowed the squinch owl really did have. An then he gits another aig an tells about the critter what laid that.

"He goes through the whole passle ov 'em in that way an by'n by he strikes the guinea aig, an the minute what he lifts it up they waren't a man in the house but what knows it, an so they all listens intent, like they was expectin ov a joke.

"'This aig, which I see was contributed by Mr. Nidas Wess,' says the doctor after he had turned it areound an looked at it, 'is a well marked one, an it easily pints to its origin. It is certain of the family of falcons, that we tell by the blunt apex an the blunt base,' sezze, 'an the bird what laid it is cartainly a most destructive enemy ov the farmer an a most voracious critter, what should be destroyed when ever found.' They was a kind ov a snicker back among the fellers whar the nigger was, but the doctor feller didn't notice it, an so he kep' on:

"'This bird builds so high that I am astonished that the young gentleman had the hardihood fer to climb fer it,' sezze. 'If Mr. Nidas Wess is in the audience, will he be pleased to tell us where he found this valuable ornythological trophy?' sezze, never noticin the snickers what was a-growin louder.

"The Wess nigger was skeered fer to say anything, but the feller round him pushed him in the isle an told him fer to speak out, an Nidas said:

"'I dun foun dat aig outin de orchard, sah, in a ole guinea hen's nes',' sezze, an then he snorted right out, an we all j'ined him an snorted too.

"Waal, that scientis' doctor blazed right up, in a minute he got as red as a sumac bush, an he started fer the nigger fer to give him a wallopin, an the Wess, soon as he seen him start fer his nigger, jes' snatched a big white aig offen the table an fetched the doctor a clip in the back ov the naik, an that started it. Most ov the boys had had a drink ov licker, like they always takes when they goes to town, an the Wess nigger was mighty popular with the boys, an so we all jes' scrambled that whole mess ov aigs on the doctor feller an then chased him outen the hall. Jes' as Nidas had broke up the meetin an skeered the lecturer off, we all jes took him up to the platform an made him give us a lecture on the kerrect way fer to steal chickens without lettin em squak out loud, an the nigger shore dun better'n the doctor, fer he knowed what he was a-talkin about, an we was a-backin him.

"An so after that leetle epysode I kinder looses faith in science an farmin mixin up, an I holds to them sentiments yit."—Ned Hutton in St. Louis Republic.

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"Oh, I don't know," said Wheeler, "they make pretty good bicycles of wood and aluminium."—Odds and Ends.

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PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments:

23rd March, 1898.

JOHN PATRICK RYAN, Esquire, M. D., to be a Coroner within and for the Ainsworth and Goat River Mining Divisions of West Kootenay and the Fort Steele Mining Division of East Kootenay.

BY THE MARSHES.

In building green the willows hand,
The rushes patient stand,
From east to west the cloud fleets trend
At will of breezes bland,
And dark against the sunlit sky
The golden plover fly.

Beyond a mist spread's filmy cloak
O'er amber waters lone,
And puffs of distant scattered smoke
Above the reeds are blown;
And, zigzag traced, from left to right,
Darts by a jacksnipe's flight.

Here bask the shy and wary teal
Beside the pool's dim edge;
Here water hens all noiseless steal
Among the waving sedge,
And bitterns in the inmost brake
Stand sobatry, like a stake.

Wide stretches steeped in sylvan calm
Beleaguered by the sun;
Winds, southwest winds, with touch like balm,
Green grasses and rushes dun,
And, wheeling through the lazoff sky,
The golden plover fly.

—Ernest McGaffey in Woman's Home Companion.

A WILD WOMAN.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

Off what is known as Northwest cape, on the eastern side of Australia, are a group of seven islands. The outermost one, which is 70 miles from the mainland, is called Lighthouse island, although there has never been a lighthouse erected there.

It is an island two miles long and almost as broad, the foundation of coral, and is entirely covered with trees and bushes.

Whaling vessels bound up the Java coast often call there for wood and water, and in the year 1840 a British ship was wrecked there and 28 men lived on the island for ten months before being taken off.

In the year 1872 I was one of the boat steerers in the lucky old whaleship Lily Smith of New Bedford, and after a cruise of 11 months without a man stepping foot ashore we were bearing up for Lighthouse island to renew our wood and water and feel the earth under our feet once more. We reached a point within about four miles of the island just at sundown one night when the wind failed us, and after the ship had drifted in for another mile on the tide we came to anchor in seven fathoms and made all snug. As the weather was fine only an anchor watch was kept, and all went well until about midnight. Then some one was discovered paddling around the ship on a small raft, and an alarm was raised that turned out all hands. Some of the men insisted that it was a negro, but with their nightglasses to aid them the officers were quite as certain that it was a woman in a half nude state. They said she had long hair, narrow shoulders and handled her paddle with a certain awkwardness never seen in a man. In a general way we knew that the island was not inhabited, though probably visited at intervals by natives from the other islands and by shell gatherers and fishermen. The person on the raft may have been sent out to spy on us previous to an attack, or may have been some lone individual impelled solely by curiosity. Whoever it was he disappeared as soon as an alarm was raised, and we heard nothing more during the night.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast had been served, 20 of us went ashore with the axes and water casks, and, for fear we might meet with adventure, four of the men were armed with muskets. As we landed on the sandy beach of a little cove we saw a small and queerly constructed raft pulled up on the sands, and leading away from it were the tracks of human feet. It needed but a glance to show that they were the footprints of a woman, and as we noticed the construction of the raft the dullest sailor could figure that no man ever put it together. We felt certain that there was a woman on the island, and as she had pulled off to the ship alone it might be inferred that she was solitary and alone amid the trees. There was a well defined path leading from the beach into the woods, and as we were in search of water a part of us took this path while the others began felling trees. At about 20 rods from the beach we came upon a fine spring from which we could fill our casks, and for several hours, or until the captain came ashore, no one penetrated farther. Afterdinner, being satisfied that the woman was alone on the island, and her failure to come near us being proof that she was not in her right mind or was some native female who feared us, six men were detailed to go in search of her. A few rods from the spring, where the forest was more open, we came upon a rude hut with a smoldering fire at the door. The hut was made of sticks, stones, shells and mud. The sticks had been broken off by hand, and the shelter was a fairly good one against any sort of weather. In the interior we found a bed of dry grass, shells which were used for cooking utensils, and what might be called the remains of a lady's hat, dress, cloak and a pair of shoes. All these things were old and ragged and ready to fall to pieces, but they proved beyond a doubt that the woman was a white woman. We argued that they further proved that she had reached the island from some wreck. If the loneliness of her situation and the hardships to which she had been exposed had not affected her mind, she would have appeared before us as soon as we had landed. We began our search for her by calling aloud, telling who we were and asking her to come forward, but there was no response. We then separated a distance of a few feet and swept across the island. We found many places where she had broken off branches and gathered wild fruit, and on the other beach we found her tracks in the sand, but nothing could be seen of the woman herself.

As our stay at the island would be for three or four days, the captain ordered that bedding and provisions be placed in the abandoned hut for use of the woman, and that we should make no further hunt for her. A letter was written and placed with the things, giving her the name of the ship and saying we were friends, and then we went about our own work. At night we all went on board ship, and next morning it was ascertained that the woman had spent the night in her hut. She had made a bed of the blankets and eaten of the provisions, but she had torn the letter into five pieces and that probably without reading it. We were satisfied, however, as she must reason that we meant her no harm, and we hoped to get sight of her by the time we were ready to depart. We heard nothing of her on the second day, nor the next, but she occupied her hut again and ate heartily of the provisions. We left other letters for her, but she tore each up. On the fourth day, as we had quite finished, it was determined to run the woman down and discover who she was. To make a speedy and thorough job of this everybody but the cook was landed—some 40 men in all. We struck out across the head of the island in skirmish line and then swept down its length and back again, and it was on the return that we started her out of a thick bush. We could not get a fair sight of her under the trees, but we made out that she had on a sort of jacket of sailcloth and was bareheaded and barefooted. Upon being driven out of her cover she ran like a deer and was soon out of sight. We had spent about an hour in looking for her trail when the lone man left aboard the ship fired muskets and rang the bell and caused us to hasten down to the beach. Once clear of the trees we easily discovered what had happened. The wild woman had flanked us and reached the beach and put off in one of our whaleboats. She was already half a mile away, using an oar for a paddle, and as soon as she saw us in pursuit she redoubled her exertions. A boat was manned and sent off in pursuit, and a curious chase it was. We easily overhauled the woman, but as we did so she sprang overboard and swam away, and by diving and dodging she evaded us for a quarter of an hour. What may be set down as a singular circumstance was that the waters about the island simply swarmed with sharks, and at times there were a dozen about her, and yet none of the monsters seemed inclined to do her harm.

Nobody could make out just what sort of a woman it was until one of the men finally caught her by the hair and pulled her into the boat. She fought him with savage ferocity, biting one of his fingers to the bone, and we had to tie her hand and foot to keep her. She appeared to be a woman of about 40, and though her face was roughened and browned by exposure we felt sure that she was English or American. She had made her a pea jacket from a piece of sail cloth, using a thorn for a needle and grass for thread, but had been without shoes until her feet were in bad condition. During the chase she had not uttered a work, but when hauled into the boat she cried out in good English, "I will fight for my life—I will never go away!" We took her aboard the ship, and the captain talked to her in a gentle way and tried to satisfy her that we were friends. When she grew quiet, he cast off her bonds, but as soon as she was free she attacked him so fiercely that he had to call for help. She was then locked in a stateroom, her things in the hut sent for, and we sailed away on our cruise. There was not an hour during the next two weeks in which the captain did not wish he had left the woman on her island. For three days she refused food and water. When compelled by hunger and thirst, she partook sparingly and was sulky and obstinate. Now and then her moods were savage, and sometimes at night she would scream out like a wild beast. As we did not intend to make port for several months the idea was to transfer her to some other craft. We spoke half a dozen in succession, but not one of them would receive her. From one, however, where the captain had his wife aboard, an outfit was procured, and no sooner was it handed over to the woman than a great change took place in her. She quieted down, dressed herself from head to heel and spent a whole day in brushing and combing her hair. One morning she electrified the steward by saying she would eat breakfast in the cabin, and when she walked out nobody could credit the change. She was now a fairly good looking woman, mild eyed and shy, and her voice was low and gentle. As she entered the cabin she looked about her in a wondering way and queried of the captain:

"Sir, will you please tell me how I came aboard of this ship and what has become of my own wardrobe?"

When it was explained to her that she had been taken from Lighthouse island, where she had been living for months or years, her astonishment was beyond utterance. She had woke up that morning to find herself in a strange berth. She had no recollection of the island or her capture. She had found the musty garments we brought from the hut, and had an indistinct recollection that they had once been worn by her, but the past had gone from her memory as if there had been no past. There have been other cases like it, and they have been written of at length, and so there is nothing singular in that part of my story. As a matter of fact the woman could not tell her own name—could not tell whether she was married or single, where she hailed from or how she came to be on the island. She dated life from the hour she woke up and heard the steward knocking on her door. The captain first set to work to judge how long she had been on the island and finally set the time as a year and a half. In a scrapbook he had pasted up numerous accounts of wrecks and disasters, and among them was the loss of the English bark Fordham, which had been lost with all hands on a voyage from the Cape to India. She had put in at the Mauritius to repair damages, and soon after leaving a fierce gale had swept the seas for several days. It was taken for granted that she had been lost in this gale. It was figured by the captain that the Fordham had run off before the gale to the westward, and that she was within a few miles of Lighthouse island when she went down. The account said there were six passengers aboard, and this woman must have been one of them, and she must have been driven to the island while clinging to a piece of wreckage. She could give no light on the matter. She simply remembered nothing. It was a pitiful case and excited every man's sympathy, and none of us, so far as I know, ever knew the ending of it. A week after she came to herself we sent her to England on board a steamer, and as she was penniless every man of our crew contributed to a purse amounting to $150, and she left us with a handshake and a "God bless you" all around. I heard of her but once more. That was six months after she had reached England and she had not yet recovered her memory or been identified.

Empress Eugenie's Playfulness.

Some time ago the Empress Eugenie was a capital hand at whiling away her own and other people's time when residing at obscure watering places where the accustomed resources of royal gaiety were at fault. One game that she invented, and which gave much delight, was this: A costly jewel was placed upon a saucer and covered with an inverted teacup; a lady then tossed them to a gentleman seated on the opposite side of the room, and if he caught the flying utensils with such a steady hand that the jewel was not displaced from under the cup the gem became the property of the lady. Of course the gallant who was to "catch" felt an intense solicitude, inasmuch as the prize for the lady which his adroitness might gain or his awkwardness lose had a value which rendered its possession exceedingly desirable and made its loss acutely felt. It is said that the emperor was the best "catcher" of them all, and when he was present the game was played with an enthusiasm which would rival that of a thickly populated nursery.—New York Ledger.

MOTHER EARTH.

Grateful it is on the warm earth to lie,
While purple shadows o'er the far hills pass,
Watching the light shod wind hear down the grass,
Watching the clouds, the pilgrims of the sky.
The breath comes sweet from fields of fair Ellen,
And now the soul of Stedfield's magic notes
Rings full and clear from a world through's throats,
And like a sad stress and burden are forgot.
O mother, gentle mother, when
I shall have lived my little human space
So take me to your nourice lap again
And spread your homely apron o'er my face!
As sleep, not flying, to my thought it seems,
With dreamless waking in the dream of dreams.

—Marguerite Merington in Scribner's.

A TRAGIC DUEL.

Last year I went to Besancon to attend a friend's wedding. His bride was the daughter of one of the wealthiest and best known families in the city and the affair was a most brilliant one. When we were about quitting the table after the wedding feast, I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I turned. Before me stood a young captain of dragoons, a handsome, dashing fellow, with curly blond hair.

"You do not recognize me," said he, smiling.

"In truth," said I, hesitating, "I cannot remember—"

"I am Gustave Raisant, your old chum. Why, I remember well the first day you came to the school. You advanced toward me as I stood in the playground and said, 'Lend me some marbles.' I lent you some, and we became fast friends at once, and our friendship lasted for three years."

I grasped his hand warmly, and we at once began to talk over old times together. It is always with a certain degree of pleasure that one meets an old chum of school or college. So we exhausted the subject of school days and took up our present prospects. Gustave told me that his were excellent; he would soon have a commission as major, a lucky advancement for so young a man. When I prepared to leave, he accompanied me to the station, and after a cordial farewell we separated.

Months passed, and I heard no more of Gustave. Finally one morning I saw his name in the Journal Officiel and noted with pleasure that he had received his expected promotion. With his commission he had received orders detailing him to a garrison at Maubeuge, on the Belgian frontier.

One August evening I was taking a stroll in the Champs Elysees. It was a little after 9, and around me was the usual gay crowd of a summer night—promenaders by the hundred; merry people seated at the little tables in front of the cafes, smoking, drinking and chatting; to the right a cafe concert, its front hung with colored lanterns. Before me the long Avenue des Champs Elysees extended, its hundreds of lights glimmering like glowworms in the dark. Suddenly I saw a familiar face by the light of a street lamp. It was Gustave Raisant.

"Hello, major!" said I, extending my hand. "Well met!"

"Ah, is it you?" said he languidly. "I am glad to see you."

His tone struck me. I looked at him attentively. He seemed to have aged much since I had seen him before. Already there were gray hairs showing around his temples. Linking my arm with his, I said:

"Come, let's take a stroll."

"Willingly."

After we had walked some little distance I gave up attempting to make him converse. He seemed entirely destitute of interest in any topic that I might bring up, and plunged into melancholy.

"Come, come, Gustave," said I, "you have something on your mind, haven't you?"

He hesitated a moment, but finally replied:

"Yes."

"A love affair, I'll be sworn."

He was silent, and I repeated my somewhat brusque remark. There are some wounds that will not bear probing.

Suddenly he spoke.

"Listen," said he, "and I shall tell you the cause of my melancholy. Perhaps I am wrong to chafe under it as I do; perhaps you may give me some good advice. In any event, I shall tell you my story. Since I last saw you there has been a tragical event in my life. Oh, you have heard nothing of it. Thanks to the people at headquarters, the papers were silenced, and I won't bore you—my story isn't long, and," he added bitterly, "I think it is interesting. But it is old—the old story of the parents' sins being expiated by the children."

He knocked the ash from his cigar, and then he slowly told his story:

"Last June, as you may know, the reserve forces were ordered out for their yearly service. We had some of them at Maubeuge, where I had been stationed with the Fifty-sixth for a month. One morning I was about to start for Lille, on regimental business, in company with a brother officer of my regiment. We stepped into a large eating house to take a chop before the train left. It was a very large establishment, with marble tables around the room, and at one end was a long bar, where those with light purses were allowed to take refreshments. Our table was near the bar, and at the time we seated ourselves there was a long line of private soldiers and laborers drinking there. We talked of various matters, and my companion said:

"'Have you the son of any celebrity among your recruits?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'young Myrian, son of the well known painter, is in my command. And you?'

"'Well, I have the son of a celebrity, too, but of a different kind. It is young George de Ferisset.'

"'What, not the son of Mme. de Ferisset—pretty De Ferisset?'

"'The same.'

"I laughed heartily as I said:

"'Well, well! So De Ferisset has a grown up son, has she? How the time flies! I was dreadfully in love with the woman once, but another fellow won her not undivided favors.'

"'And I, too,' replied my companion, 'I was a little spoony on her. But, then, you know, I always had scruples about married women.'

"'Oh, you were wrong,' I replied. 'She was well worth the trouble. And, then, poor De Ferisset! The type of an unsuspecting husband! She had 20 lovers to my knowledge, and he never knew it.'

"I had scarcely finished speaking when a stripling soldier quitted his comrades and advanced toward me. His face was as white as a sheet. His emotion was so great that he trembled as he walked, with his saber clattering at his heels. When he reached our table, he glared at me for a moment with wild yet indecisive eyes and then raised his hand to strike me. There was a hurried movement, an outcry, and several of the soldiers around leaped upon him and held his hand. He struggled for a moment, then was calm. Still gazing at me, he said in a choking voice:

"'She is my mother.'

"In a moment I realized the hideous insult I had offered him. I tingled with shame. What could have possessed me that morning I do not know. No officer or gentleman would ever speak ill of a woman—least of all in public.

"'Let him go!' I cried to the soldiers. I rose, removed my cap, and, bowing, said:

"'Sir, I place myself at your disposition.'

"At this moment the whistle of the approaching train was heard. My friend grasped my arm and dragged me to the station without, where we took the train for Lille.

"As soon as I could do so I hastened to the general commanding our division. I told him all. As you may imagine, he reprimanded me severely.

"'What,' said he, 'an officer of your rank to babble thus in public, like a raw boy just out of the military school! It is the fault of the war department. They should not promote men so young as you to positions of importance.'

"I privately thought that if I had been a general the affair would have been the same. But I so richly merited his severe language that I did not reply.

"'Well,' said he finally, 'what do you propose to do?'

"'There is but one course open to me, general,' I replied. 'I have grievously offended this young man. I have therefore placed myself at his disposition. We must fight.'

"'A duel! You are mad! A major cannot go upon the field with a private soldier.'

"'General, you must allow me to say that there are certain insults so grave that military usage must yield to them. Grant me permission to do this.'

"'But I cannot. I have no right to do so.'

"'Then telegraph the minister of war.'

"'He will refuse.'

"'Well, if that be the case, I shall notify George de Ferisset, and we will fight in Belgium.'

"'Then you desert?'

"'Yes, general, I will desert and then return for my punishment. I have once dishonored myself in publicly insulting a woman. I shall not again do so in refusing satisfaction to her son.'

"The general's perplexity and anger began to pass away. He seemed moved. He strode up and down the room for some moments, and finally, turning to me, said:

"'Do it so. Do as you will. Bear in mind, though, that I know nothing of this affair. This conversation has not taken place.'

"I thanked him and repaired to my quarters. That evening De Ferisset's seconds arrived. They were civilians, as were also the two friends whom I named to arrange matters with them. The weapon chosen was the sword, the hour 6 o'clock the following morning, the place a little village just within the Belgian frontier. I put my affairs in order that night, for I had determined to offer but slight defense.

"At the appointed hour the next day we were there. It was a raw, drizzly morning, and the mud was ankle deep. De Ferisset appeared in uniform. One of my seconds remarked that he, like the rest of us, should have come as a civilian. He replied that he had been insulted as man and soldier, and that reparation was due to him as such. I made a sign to my second, and he did not insist.

"We took our places. It was a curious spectacle—a private soldier in his uniform facing his superior officer in mufti.

"The swords were crossed. The word was given. I watched his face with a feverish curiosity. In his eyes there was the same glare of the day before, the same indecision. Suddenly a strange smile appeared upon his lips—the smile of a broken heart—a smile I shall never forget though I live a hundred years. Quick as a flash he abandoned his guard, and, grasping my sword with his left hand, he buried himself upon it. It ran him through the body. Uttering a hoarse cry, he fell backward. A bloody foam tinged his pale lips. A convulsive shudder ran over his body, another, then a groan. He was dead."

* * * * * * *

I listened with horror to his story. He noticed my looks, but went doggedly on:

"Of course I had not killed him—I had even resolved not to defend myself, and I quitted the army. But still I feel like a murderer; I feel as though I had committed a crime. When I think of that poor boy—loyal to his mother, bad though she was—slain in the first flush of youth, I feel like an assassin. And think of that wretched mother! How she must mourn her brave boy's fall!"

It was growing late; the people were pouring out of the cafes concerts. Now and then a passerby would hum over the latest comic song. Strange contrast! The follies of the song mingled with the words of the somber drama just unrolled before me. Gustave walked on by my side, with bent head, crushed by the weight of his tragic story.

And still the Champs Elysees swarmed with people. Around us was the intense life of a summer night in frivolous Paris. On the avenue were innumerable carriages and all around gayly dressed loungers on the iron chairs.

As my eye roamed carelessly over them I saw one group, the center of which was a woman of 45, but still very beautiful. She was dressed richly and tastefully and bore in her hand a bouquet which a smirking dandy had just presented to her. I could not repress an exclamation. Gustave followed my eyes.

"What!" he cried, "it cannot be she?"

"Yes," I answered him, "it is Mme. de Ferisset."—From the French For Argonaut.

The Paper William Morris Used.

Mr. Morris was no advocate for thick paper, but he had long before found out that machine made paper of wood pulp and clay was useless for permanent results, to say nothing of the uninteresting quality of its surface. The latter failing is a factor by no means unimportant in the beauty of a book. Much of our shiny, calendered paper is, besides, trying to the eyes. He was forced to resort to the plain, honest way of the old time paper makers. Unbleached linen rags were used, and molds whose wires were not woven with absolute mechanical accuracy, thus obtaining a sort of variety in the surface.

This paper was made expressly for him by Mr. Batchelor, at Little Chart, near Ashford, and "resembles the paper of the early printers in all its best qualities." Three water marks were designed by him for paper of different sizes—"the apple, the daisy and the perch with a spray in its mouth; each of these devices being accompanied by the initials W. M."—Pratt Institute Monthly.

An Exception.

First Boarder—Don't you always have a stuffy feeling in this house?

Second Boarder—Not when we are in the dining room.—London Fun.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

WILL SUPPORT COL. BAKER.

The Wardner International, one of the most ably edited papers in the district, has come out for Baker. In the issue of June ninth the editor of that paper so clearly sets forth his views that we consider them worthy of reproduction:

"One of the potential elements of success in this district at this time is proper representation at the Provincial capital. The Hon. Col. Baker for twelve years has represented this riding. That he is a man of influence and a power in the councils of his party, his magnificent record bears ample testimony. Today he is one of the most prominent men in the government. His record stands out clear as an honest one, notwithstanding the contemptible slurs of a class who would assail honor, reputation, anything to secure an office. Much of the progress of East Kootenay has been due to his individual efforts, and the exercise of his influence in behalf of his constituency. Although interested in portions of East Kootenay his work has been fair and impartial to the whole district. In fact so careful has he been in this respect, so earnest in his desire to serve all alike, that he has been prone to neglect interests near Cranbrook and to favor other communities instead. So marked has this action been that it has given rise to comment, and in some instances unfavorable criticism from those who are residents of Cranbrook, the Colonel's own town.

"And who is the man named to oppose Colonel Baker?

"Until recently William Baillie was a stranger in East Kootenay. Absorbed by political ambition, and nourishing a hope of possible success in East Kootenay, he came to Fort Steele a few months ago and associated himself with the Prospector of that place as editor. What his career has been there the people are better prepared to answer than any one else. Possessed of a certain amount of literary ability, totally lacking in judgment policy or business acumen, he has fully demonstrated the fact that he is unfit in every particular to represent a district like South East Kootenay.

"To compare a man like Baillie with the Hon. Colonel Baker is simply ridiculous. To place him in opposition to the Colonel is cruelty to Baillie. Every man who owns a dollar of interests in South East Kootenay must necessarily vote for Colonel Baker. He could not do otherwise and protect himself. And when the elections are over, when the count is completed and when the result is announced Mr. Baillie can take his little gripsack, pack the same and seek new fields. He has no other interests in East Kootenay and will have little cause to stay when his political ambition is nipped in the bud. Colonel Baker will be re-elected. If there had existed any doubt before, the nomination of Mr. Baillie has settled the question."

The liberal and progressive policy of Hon. J. H. Turner has turned the of popular opinion in the Kootenays, and it now rules almost wholly in favor of the present administration. Since assuming the leadership of his party, Mr. Turner has displayed remarkable interest in this district, not only from a public but private standpoint. It is what he has done for the district as the head of Provincial affairs that causes him to be held in high esteem by all fair minded Kootenaians. In the face of the most bitter protests of the opposition he has caused to be voted by the Legislative Assembly large sums of money for roads, trails, educational facilities, etc. He has done this in such a thorough and satisfactory manner that the immediate wants of every camp in Southeastern British Columbia has been amply satisfied. Besides this he has arranged for the buildings of railways from the Columbia river westward to tidewater, and insured its speedy construction by the appropriation of a bonus, shrewdly granted upon conditional terms. There is no doubt but what Premier Turner is a true friend of the Kootenays, and he is deserving of the hearty support of the electors of this district.

Baillie is a candidate for the Provincial legislature. Baillie also edits the paper which is giving him his support. We notice that Baillie never overlooks an opportunity of throwing boquets at Baillie. But then it's better for a man to toot his own horn than not to have it tooted at all.

The government should provide a suitable jail for Moyie City, so as to do away with having to use vacated cabins and cellars for that purpose.

PROCLAMATIONS.

THOS. R. McINNES.

CANADA.

Province of British Columbia.

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

To Our faithful the Members elected to serve in the Legislative Assembly of Our Province of British Columbia, and to all whom it may concern,—GREETING.

A PROCLAMATION.

D. M. EBERTS, Attorney Gen. } WHEREAS We have thought fit, by and with the Advice and consent of Our Executive Council of Our Province of British Columbia, to dissolve the present Legislative Assembly of Our said Province, which stands prorogued until summoned for dispatch of business.

NOW KNOW YE that We do, for this end, publish this Our Royal Proclamation, and do hereby dissolve the Legislative Assembly accordingly, and the members thereof are discharged from further attendance on same.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of British Columbia to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS the Honourable THOS. R. McINNES, Lieutenant-Governor of Our said Province of British Columbia, in Our City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this seventh day of June in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety eight, and in the sixty-first year of Our Reign.

By Command, 11-4

B. H. TYRWHITT DRAKE,
Registrar of the Supreme Court.

THOS. R. McINNES.

CANADA.

Province of British Columbia.

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

To all whom these presents shall come,—GREESING.

A PROCLAMATION.

D. M. EBERTS, Attorney Gen. } 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, We do make known Our Royal Will and Pleasure to call a new Legislative Assembly of Our said Province; and do further declare that, by the advice of Our Executive Council of British Columbia, We have this day given orders for issuing Our Writs in due form, for calling a new Legislative Assembly for Our said Province, which Writs are to bear date on the seventh day of June, instant, and to be returnable on or before the thirty-first day of August next.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Public Seal of the Said Province to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS, the Honourable THOS. R. McINNES, Lieutenant-Governor of our said Province of British Columbia, in Our City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this seventh day of June, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight and in the sixty-first year of Our Reign.

By Command, 11-4

B. H. TYRWHITT DRAKE,
Registrar of the Supreme Court.

THOS. R. McINNES.

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

To the Returning Officer of the South Riding of East Kootenay Electoral District:

WHEREAS His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia has, by a Proclamation bearing the date the 7th day of June, 1898, been pleased to dissolve the Legislative Assembly of the said Province; and whereas it is necessary to hold Elections throughout the said Province to fill the vacancies caused by such dissolution, We command you that, notice of the time and place of Election being duly given, you do cause Election to be made, according to law, of One Member to serve in the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia for the South Riding of East Kootenay Electoral District, and that you cause the nomination of Candidates at such election to be held on the 25th day of June, 1898, and do cause the name of such member, when so elected, whether he be present or absent, to be certified to Our Supreme Court, at the City of Victoria, on or before the 31st day of August next, the Election so made, distinctly and openly under Our Seal duly indorsed upon this Our Writ.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent under the Great Seal of Our said Province of British Columbia: WITNESS, the Honourable THOMAS R. McINNES, at Our Government House, at Victoria, this seventh day of June, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

By Command, 11-4

B. H. TYRWHITT DRAKE,
Registrar of the Supreme Court.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

20th May, 1898.

HIS HONOR, the Lieutenant Governor, has been pleased to appoint the undermentioned persons to be Collectors of Votes under the provisions of section 16 of the "Redistribution Act, 1896," namely: of Donald, for the North Riding, East Kootenay Electoral District, JOSIAH STRAKER; of Donald, for the South Riding, East Kootenay Electoral District, CHARLES S. EDWARDS, of Fort Steele, for the South Riding, East Kootenay Electoral District.

And His Honor the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint the undermentioned person to be a Distributing Collector, under the provisions of section 17 of the said Act, namely: In the former Electoral District of East Kootenay, JAMES F. ARMSTRONG, of Fort Steele.

9-4

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE

HIS HONOR the lieutenant governor has been pleased to appoint Chas. M. Edwards, Esquire, to be Returning Officer for the South Riding of East Kootenay Electoral District; and His Honor the lieutenant-governor has been pleased to appoint and declare the Court House Fort Steele to be the place for the nomination of candidates for election to the Legislative Assembly in the South Riding of East Kootenay Electoral District. 10-0

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Leaves Nelson at 5 p. m., connecting at Five Mile Point with train from Spokane, arriving at Kaslo 8:30 p. m.

Connects at Pilot Bay with ss Alberta for Bonners Ferry and Kootenay river points.

SS ALBERTA.

Leaves Kaslo on arrival of K. & S. train on Saturday and Tuesday, at 5:30 p. m., and Thursday at 6 a. m., touching all way points. Connects at Bonners Ferry with G. N. trains.

Leaves Bonners Ferry at 2 p. m. on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving at Kaslo 1 a. m. next day.

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