THE MOYIE CITY LEADER.

VOL. 1, NO. 6. MOYIE CITY, B. C., MAY 21, 1898. $2 A YEAR.

MOYIE CITY,

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

Situated on Moyie Lake, Excellent Fishing, Boating, Bathing and Shooting.

BACKED BY PAY ROLLS

St. Eugene, Lake Shore, Moyie

Mines all within an hour's walk. Good water supply. Exceptional drainage facilities. Has the best prospects.

The Busiest and Most Talked of Town in EAST KOOTENAY.

G. CAMPBELL, Moyie City, B. C.

The Central Hotel.

MARTIN FOLEY & CO., Props.

The House is Equipped in First Class Style Throughout. Large and Commodious Dining Room. Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars can be had at the Bar.

Headquarters for Commercial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, — — — MOYIE CITY, B. C.

Lake Shore Addition

OF

MOYIE CITY.

An Ideal Townsite Most Picturesquely and Delightfully Situated.

The Future Cœur d'Alene of East Kootenay.

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For Further Information Apply to

LAKE SHORE ADDITION TOWNSITE CO.

MOYIE ★ HOTEL.

G. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

This Hotel is New and well Furnished. The Tables are Supplied with the Best the Market affords. The Bar is Filled with the Best Brands of Liquors and Cigars.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND MINING MEN.

MOYIE CITY, — — — — — BRITISH COLUMBIA.

AMERICAN BLOOD SPILLED

Not So Victorious Upon This Occasion.

SPAIN GETS HER WORK IN

Two Wicked Battles Fought Leaving Considerable Destruction on Both Sides.

KEY WEST, May 12.—When the United States gunboat Hudson came up to the government dock at 7 o'clock this morning, the bodies of five dead men were lying on her deck. They were the remains of Ensign W. Bagley and four members of the crew of the torpedo boat Winslow, who were killed in an engagement in Cardenas harbor yesterday.

The engagement took place inside the harbor. The gunboat Wilmington, the torpedo boat Winslow and the gunboat Hudson were the only vessels engaged. The battle while it lasted was terrific. The Wilmington and the Hudson were ahead and opened fire on the Spanish boats, which were lying at the dock, and were soon joined by the Winslow. In an instant the Spanish gunboats were pouring shot and shell from all sides upon the Winslow, and a solid shot crashed into her hull and knocked out her boiler. In a moment she began to roll and rock helplessly and was later towed to the Pedras islands where her dead and wounded were removed.

BATTLE AT CIEUFUEGOS.

KEY WEST, May 14.—Amid a perfect storm of shot from Spanish rifles and batteries, the American forces cut the cable at Cieufuegos Wednesday morning. Four determined boat crews from the cruiser Marblehead and the gunboat Nashville, put out from the ships, the coast having previously been shelled. When one cable was cut and the work was in progress on the other the Spaniards, in rifle pits and battery in an old lighthouse standing out in the bay, opened fire. One man in a Marblehead boat was killed and six were seriously wounded.

After the Spanish had been driven from the rifle pits, many of them took refuge in the lighthouse fortress, upon which the fire of the ships had been centered. A 4-inch shell from the Windom tore the structure to pieces, killing many and injuring others in the ruins. The Spanish loss is known to have been heavy, the warships firing hundreds of shot and shell right into their midst.

The Big Tunnel.

M. H. Cowan was down from the big tunnel near the head of the lake yesterday. He says that less than 100 feet has yet to run and it is expected this will be done by the 10th of June, but of course the tunnel will not be finished by that time, as the upper bench in the north end is much further ahead than the lower one, and this will have to be cleared away.

This is the only tunnel on the new line, and a mammoth one it is, being 500 feet in length. A force of over 100 men is employed, and the monthly payroll alone averages consideable over $4,500. The tunnel cuts through a precipice of solid rock which extends out into the lake, the water at the end of which being 450 feet deep.

The work has been vigorously pushed under the successful management of Mr. Cowan, and the tunnel when completed will stand as the most difficult piece of road to build on the Crow's Nest line.

S. A. Scott started for Fort Steele yesterday.

Rev. Mr. Oliver, in charge of the Presbyterian mission of the C. N. R. with headquarters at Wardner, was in town Thursday evening on his way east from Nelson.

While clearing the ground for the celebration at the foot of the lake yesterday a falling tree struck E. Miles Lawlor across the back and shoulders, severely injuring him.

Divine service will be conducted by Mr. McPherson in the dining room of the Moyie Hotel at 7:30 o'clock tomorrow evening.

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.

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.

All Arrangements Have Been Perfected for the Celebration.

At a meeting of a number of the representative citizens last Tuesday evening in the store of the Moyie supply Co., it was decided to celebrate Her Majesty's birthday on May 24th.

The most suitable place for holding the celebration was discussed, and it seemed to be the general sentiment of the meeting to use the grounds at the foot of the lake for that purpose. A subscription was circulated this week and a suitable amount of money was raised for prizes for the different sports. J. M. Lindsay attended to this matter and has also been appointed master of ceremonies for that day. Short addresses will be made by Judge W. H. Fraser and Rev. R. J. McPherson on the life of Queen Victoria and the important events of her reign.

The steamer Echo will make regular trips during the day to and from the celebration ground, and will also make a trip to the head of the lake in the morning about nine o'clock and give the people of Swansea, Sifton and New Montreal and the people of the railway camps a free excursion to the picnic grounds and this place. It was decided to gather at the grounds at about 10:30 o'clock in the morning and begin carrying out the program immediately after luncheon. Every person is expected to bring their own lunch, but tables will be provided in order that all may eat together, thus adding more sociability to the affair.

In the evening a dance will be given at the East Kootenay hotel.

The following is the program decided upon by the committee:

THE PROGRAM.

1.—Gentlemens' flag race, 6 flags $2.25
2.—Ladies' " " 3 " 2.25
3.—Gentlemens' sack race 25 yds. 1.50
4.—Ladies' memory test.....1.50
5.—Gentlemen's three legged race 25 yards.....1.50
6.—Boys under 12 years three legged race.....0.75
7.—Girls under 12 years test of memory.....0.75
8.—Needle and thread race.....1.75
9.—Tug of war, six hotel keepers against all comers....keg of beer

Le Roi Mine Sold.

The biggest mining deal ever consummated in the northwest was settled in Spokane last Saturday when the final papers were signed transferring the Le Roi mine to the British American Corporation for $3,000,000. The terms of the sale are $500,000 cash down and an equal payment monthly until paid. The Le Roi was owned principally by Spokane men, and the amounts which each will receive run all the way between $80,000 and $432,000.

The Le Roi property was one of the first discoveries in the Rossland district. The ore is a copper silver with a small per centage of gold, and assayed but $4.50 on top. There are a number of properties in East Kootenay which carries the same characters of ore. The present ore average per ton is $34.75.

Logs for the Mill.

G. R. Muir's boom of 320,000 feet of logs, which has been tied up at the head of the narrows in the upper Moyie lake for some time, was brought down to the saw mill near here the fore part of the week. When the boom was turned loose last Sunday a strong wind was blowing down the lake and the logs began to scatter and it looked for a time as if they would drift to the foot of the lake and into the swift current of the river before they could be stopped, but the services of the Echo were brought into play and the logs were rounded up again with but little difficulty, and following day they were towed to the mill by the boat and fastened. As soon as a few of the necessary pieces of machinery arrive from the east the mill will be in shape for turning out lumber, and a fine lot of logs are now on hand for that purpose.

Rev. McPherson Arrives.

Rev. R. J. McPherson, a young Presbyterian minister recently from Queen's college, Kingston, Ont., arrived here last Sunday and held services at the Moyie hotel the same evening. He delivered an interesting sermon to his congregation, taking his text from the fifth chapter of St. Luke's gospel. S. W. Murphy officiated as organist.

Rev. McPherson will make Moyie City his headquarters this summer.

The Bijou Group.

Geo. Watson and Wm. White, who have been doing assessment work on the Bijou group on the west shore of the lake, left for Fort Steele yesterday, having completed their contract. The Bijou is owned by Messrs. Elton and Drew of Fort Steele, and the work which was recently done has shown up the property and added to its value greatly.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Moyie lake has been rapidly rising for the past week or ten days.

Fred Pieper made a trip to Fort Steele the fore part of the week.

Sam Hammond, bookkeeper for the C. P. R. at this place, returned Monday from Nelson.

Dan McLeod, Dave McBeth's private secretary, was in the city a few hours last Tuesday.

Chas. Diamond and A. Hogg were out on a prospecting expedition on Palmer's bar this week.

O. Fraser, who has been a resident of this place for some weeks, departed yesterday for Fort Steele.

Wm. Tearney, bartender at the East Kootenay hotel, read signs in Cranbrook the fore part of the week.

Carpenters are at work remodeling McMahon Bros.' store and making room for their spring stock of goods.

M. G. Bunyan of Swansea returned home last Wednesday from an extended trip to Ottawa. His brother returned with him.

The proprietors of the Central hotel are having their barroom floor lowered and other improvements made on their building.

Remember the auction sale to be held in Fort Steele Saturday, June 4th for the sale of four and a half acres of government land in this city.

A bunkhouse 20x40 in size is being built at the St. Eugne mine, and everything is being made ready for increasing the working force.

Sam Hammond, who has had charge of the C. P. R. store at this place, has been removed to the Logging camp to accept a similar position.

FOR SALE—One team, harness and wagon. Both horses young, sound and weigh over 1,300 pounds each. For further particulars, apply at J. Haskins' camp, near here.

Hereafter the mail will leave here on Tuesdays, instead of Wednesdays as heretofore. This change has been inaugurated in order that mail from here may reach Fort Steele in time to catch the outgoing mails for Golden, Wardner and Kalispel.

Joseph Neiderstadt returned Wednesday from Spokane, where he went to get supplies for his brewery. Mr. Neiderstadt, being an excellent brewer, will manufacture a beverage that will make Moyie City as famous as did the Schlitz beer Milwaukee.

J. E. Angers, one of the Northwest mounted policemen, who have been traveling with the paymaster over the Crow's Nest road for the past few months, has been stationed at this place to assist Sergeant Clopp in in maintaining peace and order.

That Telephone Line.

"When the business admits of continuing our line from Swansea to Moyie City and when we can receive sufficient patronage from Moyie, we will continue the line to that place," said Manager Quain two months ago.

He has demanded "the earth" from this place, and because Moyie City business men didn't bow down to the festive telephone company by giving one-half of the townsite and an interest in the St. Eugene, Moyie, Lake Shore, Aurora and all the leading mines in the vicinity, the line avoids Moyie City and chases off into the mountains to some mountain grotto where an interest in some wildcat mining claim may be taken in as perquisite.

Moyie City can stand on its bottom and is not jealous of any legitimate town in East Kootenay nor those that are simply on paper. Where the mines are, there is where the town will be. The C. P. R. is building its road into this country to transport the mine products; it is not avoiding Moyie City—the chief mining town in the country—and we see no reason why this popinjay manager of a usually good company should dictate the judgment of Moyie citizens with a suggestion of Pomory sac. Steps are being taken by our citizens and those of Bonners Ferry to run a telephone line from that place to Moyie and on to Steele with a fair understanding with the telegraph line to Jennings.

W. E. Gladstone Is Dead.

As we go to press the sad news reaches here that W. E. Gladstone is dead, having passed away last Thursday.

HOW HE WON HIS BRIDE.

BY GEORGE HEPWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

Paul Plumb sat in the smoking-room of the Hotel Marx watching a few leaden-footed hours drag their slow length along. He had nothing to do, was in a perfectly quiescent state of mind, and amused himself as best he could by watching the various facial expressions of those who sauntered in and then meandered out.

Where is the Hotel Marx? Well, it is one of those amiable edifices which would be equally satisfied with itself in any quarter of the globe. The landlord had a very benign countenance, which beamed on every new comer but developed inexplicable lines when he objected to certain items in his bill. The waiters were excessively polite, until they received their fees, and then helped you on with your overcoat and gave you a gentle push into the outer world. The clerk always addressed you by your right name. He never said "Certainly, Mr.—," and then coughed. That is one reason why Paul always went to the Marx. His rather feeble notion that he was a personage rather than a mere person, somebody quite worth remembering, was encouraged, and the rhythmic waves of gratification washed the sands of his nothingness. To be regarded as somebody in particular, even when you are conscious that it is an empty compliment, and that the next comer, though from the backwoods, will be received with the same personal distinction, has a charm of its own. So Paul always swore by the Hotel Marx, and does to this day.

His cigar had outlived its usefulness. It had served the purpose of throwing him into a brown study, but its magical power was waning, and he had just hurled it into the fire-place, when, on looking up, he saw the face of Jack Nombers.

"In the name of all the gods at once!" he cried, as he gave the newcomer both his hands. "From what passing cloud did you drop, my boy?"

Jack and Paul were of the class of '86. In mathematics, Paul led Jack by head and shoulders, but in Greek they were cheek by jowl. It was a glorious and stimulating rivalry, but Jack could study two hours a day longer than his chum, and the valedictory, therefore, fell to his lot.

Such a physique as Jack's you don't often see. He was five feet, eleven inches in height, had the head of Pericles, was forty-two inches around the chest, turned the scales at one ninety-five, and could whip half the gods on Olympus out of their sandals. Paul wasn't a bad hand with the dumb bells himself, and as for the clubs—well, the broken-nosed old professor of gymnastics used to flatter him on the sly, but Jack could outrow and outrun him two to one. His back muscles were the delight of the medicos, and his staying power and pluck were simply marvels.

"Why, I thought you were in Australia," said Paul.

"Humph! I saved the sea-sickness and the passage-money," replied Jack. "Too far from home, Paul. Couldn't bear the idea of mixing with a lot of colonists, incipient brigands, arrested developments and the Lord knows what. So here I am, gummed on the back, and warranted to stick."

"This is luck, Jack. Why, I don't know how to properly express myself. Come, sit down, old boy, and let's have a talk."

"Not here, Paul. I hate to talk in a room full of listeners. See! That fellow yonder with a cast in his eye and a lop-sided nose has already pricked up his ears for a little gossip. Haven't you a corner somewhere where we can be alone?"

"Why, yes, in the parlor. No, that won't do. Women are more curious than men. Bless me, Jack, what's the matter with my room? It's only a six-by-nine sky-parlor, but it will serve our purpose. Come along."

Ten minutes later they were having the merriest chat you ever heard of. First, of course, various reminiscences of college-days passed in review. They wanted to know what had become of this fellow and that in their class, which of the professors had died, and whether the process of ossification was still going on, with its old-time vigor, in the brain of the president. Then they came to more serious matters. Paul gayly recited the story of how many things he hadn't done, and why he happened to be loafing around the Hotel Marx on that auspicious morning.

"And now, dear father-confessor," said Paul at last, "I've told you all I know and some things I don't know about myself. What have you been doing, Jack? Don't assume that sheepish expression as though you had just been collared for picking pockets, but just tell the plain, unvarnished truth."

"I think I shall surprise you, Paul."

"Trumped your partner's ace, eh?"

"No, not quite that."

"Been doing something to be ashamed of?"

"No, something I'm proud of."

"Well, Jack, then you can't surprise me, for that is just what I should expect you to do."

"Paul, I'm married."

"What!" exclaimed Paul, and he must have opened his eyes pretty wide, for Jack came at him with:—

"Paul, did you ever see the Bubo Virginiana, alias, the great horned owl?"

"What do you mean?" asked Paul.

"Nothing, except that you happen to look like that specimen of ornithology, that's all. I promised to surprise you, didn't I?" Paul nodded, for the news rendered him speechless. "Well, I've done it."

"Great Scott! Married! You, Jack Nombers, confirmed bachelor, woman-hater, etcetera, etcetera?"

"Yes, Paul. The bachelor nail was driven in to its head, but it wasn't clinched on the under side. Fate yanked it out with a claw-hammer, and here I am."

"But wasn't this rather sudden, Jack?"

"Perhaps it was. Death and marriage are liable to be sudden, you know."

"Well, that's very odd. I can't get used to the idea. I'm sailing on an unknown sea. Why, the news knocks me on my beam ends. I'm a total wreck. What on earth could have made you marry, Jack?"

"First, a ghost, Paul, and second, a woman."

"Thanks, Jack. It's awfully good of you to inflame curiosity in this way. I'll come, never fear; but perhaps I'll wait until the honeymoon is over."

"Better fix an earlier date, my boy. That moon has been screwed tight at the full and is going to last. There are no eclipses and there is no waxing and waning in my matrimonal firmament."

"Poor Jack!"

"Reserve your comments until you've seen her."

"But the ghost! What connection is there between a ghost and your wife?"

"Ah, yes, Paul. Thank Heaven for that ghost! 'I had a dream, which was not all a dream,' says Byron. Well, I saw a ghost which was not all a ghost. I must tell you that yarn some time. It's rather long, but I guess it will amuse you. Think of the stilly night, the wee sma' hours, flesh creeping with horror, eyes rolling in a fine frenzy, thunder roaring overhead and your humble servant drinking witch's broth and wrestling with an apparition. Ha, ha, my fine fellow, it's a story worth telling, I assure you, and when you have leisure—"

"Jack, I haven't anything but leisure, and if you don't want me to suffocate in the smoke of internal conflagration you'll begin to pipe your lay at once."

"What! Now?"

"Of course—now. Isn't it Emerson who says that now is all the time you can reckon on, or words to that effect? Do you suppose I can stand the strain an hour longer without being coopered with iron hoops? Come, I'll ring for cigars, and with my feet on the table, in the reposeful attitude of a listener, you shall spin your yarn."

And so it was agreed.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, Paul, lend me your ears, and let me commend myself to your patience. I am glad to tell you the story of my love-making, for it is as pleasant to me as a walk through a field of clover-blossoms. On my honor, I didn't intend to get married, but if Heaven will insist on tumbling into a fellow's lap, what is he to do? You will forgive me when you see my wife.

"By the way, my boy, hand me that pouch of Virginia leaf. When a man is in my state of mind, the cigar too faintly expresses his happiness; he must burn incense to his goddess in the bowl of a pipe.

"Now, then, do you remember that my sister Imogen had a bad fall during my senior year? I told you about it at the time, but you were plowing up Greek roots and it made no impression on you."

"Certainly I do, Jack; she was hurt by a runaway horse."

"Yes, and the nervous shock came near costing her her life. She is a plucky girl, though, and for a while pulled along famously; but about eighteen months ago, some rather alarming complications set in, and the doctor insisted that she should go to the sea-shore, away from the everlasting tumult of fashionable society. What she wanted, he said, was some of the 'roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean' influence. The salt air might give her an appetite, and as one cracker served her for three square meals, with enough left over for breakfast next morning, this seemed rather desirable.

"Of course, the brunt of the business fell on me. I had to pack my grip-sack and start on an exploring expedition. I answered every advertisement in the papers. You ought to go through that experience and, my word for it, you would be sober for the rest of your natural life. One man wrote that his place was all that a mother's heart could wish, and that the house commanded the finest prospect in that section of the country. When I got there, I was welcomed by a cloud of mosquitoes that darkened the sun, the house was a rickety, tumble-down concern, its clapboards and shingles fairly yawning. On inquiry, I also discovered that the region was infested by four kinds of chills and fever, so you could pay your money and take your choice. The man who trusts to advertisements is pretty sure to fill a premature grave."

"You had hard luck, old fellow," suggested Paul. "Probably you were on the still-hunt for a corner of paradise."

"No; I ask for nothing but the comforts and conveniences of life. I'm not over-particular, but when the doctor tells me to get on top of a hill I don't want to settle in a mud-hole."

"Well, did you persevere?"

"Yes, and at last, about fifty miles from here, struck just the right spot. That is where the family are now living; and she is there, too."

"Ivy and columbine and honeysuckle and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"No, but a right up-and-down, common-sense, old-fashioned place. I was riding along leisurely, one day—hot as blazes it was, too—and was up to the chin in disappointment. A point of land which stretched far out to sea and was fringed with rocks attracted my attention. The white caps dashed against the shore, and the cool breeze was very refreshing. On a knoll, with the whole Atlantic in front and a wooded area at the side, was the quaintest house you ever saw. 'Some poet built that,' I said to myself. 'I wonder if he could be induced to move out?' I wandered over the grounds for half an hour, thinking that, perhaps, I was dreaming. The site was simply perfect, but the lawn was overgrown and a rather mysterious air of neglect pervaded the place. To my surprise, the house was deserted. Not a human being, not even a dog or a horse or a cow was to be seen. That struck me as so odd that I ventured up on the veranda and peered through the windows. Not a sign of life anywhere.

"Then I knocked. No answer. I knocked again, louder than before, and pretty soon a little, old woman, such as you see in a nightmare, made her appearance. She looked old enough to be a relict of some 'butcher or baker or candle-stick-maker' of Pharaoh's time, and her wrinkles were deeper than the furrows made by a subsoil plow. But she didn't know anything; could give no information whatever. I asked a thousand questions, but got no answer. She merely pointed toward the village, and then, her patience apparently exhausted, slammed the door in my face."

"A pleasant introduction to your new property, Jack."

"Wasn't it? I didn't know whether to be mad or to laugh, so I swallowed a dose of both.

"Well, I found the real estate agent after a while, and asked him about the place; but he was non-committal. That made me feel rather creepy.

"'Who owns the place?' I asked.

"'The widow Grink,' he answered.

"'How much land is there?'

"'About one hundred and twenty acres.'

"'Is it for sale?'

"'Yes, and has been for three years.'

"'What is the price?'

"'Anything within reason,' he answered. 'But nobody wants to buy it.'

"'Why, it's the handsomest site within a score of miles!'

"'For sure.'

"'And nobody will make a bid for it?'

"'Only one man, Stephen Coggs, who lives within a dozen rods of the gateway, and the widow won't take it.'

"'Then there must be something radically wrong about the house?'

"He nodded in a very ominous way.

"'Is the drainage bad? Is the water brackish? Is it unhealthy?'

"'No, nothing of that sort.'

"'Won't you kindly explain, then, for I confess I'm getting dizzy.'

"He shrugged his shoulders, and replied in a dreadful monosyllable:—

"'Haunted!'

"I never felt so relieved in my life.

"'Is that all?' I asked. 'Is that truly and on your honor the only reason why nobody will buy the house?'

"'Isn't that reason enough?' he asked.

"I broke into a hearty laugh.

"'You are not afraid of ghosts?' he queried.

"'No, why should I be? I expect to be one myself, some time.'

"Then he told me that Coggs could give me further details, but that the widow Grink lived in the city, and, if I really wanted to buy, ghost and all, she would probably make satisfactory terms.

"So I came here post-haste, hunted the old lady up and found her. I found her daughter also."

"Your present wife, Jack?"

"Precisely."

"Well, this is a pretty little drama, my boy. I didn't know such things ever happened off the stage."

"I didn't mean to fall in love with that girl, but it was my fate, and I couldn't help it. You see, I hadn't any warning of the danger. The first thing I knew, I was gone. Then, of course, it was too late.

"Well, as I was about to say, I found the two ladies living in very straitened circumstances. The old man had been a visionary sort of creature, who never understood why he couldn't spend his dollar and keep it, too. He began life with a snug little fortune, and bought this beautiful place with the hope of living there to a ripe old age and then starting from it to Heaven. He kept spending his principal, first on the house, then on the stables, then on the windmill, then on clearing up the grounds; and when the bank cashier sent him word that his funds were gone, he took to his bed and died. A nice fix for two women to find themselves in! The property had absorbed about twenty thousand dollars, but they were willing to sell it for ten. It had a bad name, and nobody could stay there over night. The bells rang, the building shook on its foundations, and bedlam was let loose. One man only—that is Coggs—was willing to take it off their hands, but he offered only three thousand; and as the ghost might get it into his head to clear out at any time, they refused the offer.

"My visits to the old lady were rather more frequent than was required for strictly business purposes, and I lingered in the city for nearly three months, at the end of which time—"

"Cupid got in his deadly work," remarked Paul.

"'Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one,'

and all like that, you know."

"Yes, and you may joke as much as you please, my boy, at my expense."

"All right, Jack. I am immensely interested, even if I do quote from 'Ingomar.' Now, then, what next?"

CHAPTER III.

"When I say lingered about three months in the city I don't mean to imply that I neglected the business in hand. The city was my headquarters, and I made six or eight flying visits to the village and the old homestead.

"One day Mrs. Grink said, as though she were raking among reminiscences:—

"'I can't quite understand why that house should be haunted. My husband Frank was one of the best-natured men in the world and hadn't an enemy either in this world or the other one. That a malignant spirit should hang round that once happy home, where no scandal ever grew, is beyond my comprehension. Sometimes I have a suspicion that it isn't a ghost, after all.'

"Then I took a sudden resolution. I was almost startled by the force with which it entered my mind. Like a robber, it seemed to break the door down as it came in.

"'I have it!' I cried. 'I'm going to spend a night in that house.'

"Louise, I noticed, looked at me with a startled glance, and, as nearly as I could discover in the dim light, her cheeks were pale. That was the first consciousness I had that she regarded me as anything more than a casual acquaintance.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I'll take the morning train, and to-morrow night I'll knock that ghost out or he shall knock me out.'

"The ladies tried to dissuade me, but, clearly, it was the manly thing to do, and I was bound to do it. In the first place, I wanted the house for my mother and sister, and, in the second place, the mystery had a fascination for me.

"Before I started on this eccentric mission, I managed to get Louise alone and bluntly told her I loved her and wanted to make her my wife. You haven't had that experience yet, Paul; or perhaps, you young rogue, you have had it, and it's locked up in the safety deposit as a secret."

"No," answered Paul; "the net in which the fowler is to catch the bird has not yet been woven. When it is, I shall not be refused as you were, my boy."

"How do you know I was refused?"

"By your voice and by a certain presentiment I have."

"You are right, old fellow. I was refused."

"On what grounds, pray? I always thought you worth having. A girl must be mighty particular to refuse a good-looking fellow like you with ten thousand a year."

"Well, she said plainly that it was all on account of the ghost."

"What, in Heaven's name, had the ghost to do with it? That must have been a ruse."

"No, it wasn't; and the ground she took did her great honor, I think."

"Humph!"

"Yes. She said that if the house was haunted, it must be by her father's spirit. She didn't know any reason why he could not rest in the grave, but if he was not, it must be because he had done something which neither her mother nor she knew anything about. Possibly he had committed some wrong and was anxious to have it righted. She admitted that she loved me, and that, under other circumstances, she would give me both her hand and her heart. But, she added, the family name was all she had to offer, and until that had been relieved from suspicion, she couldn't think of allowing me to go any further. Wasn't that pretty high ground to take, Paul?"

"Yes, it was, Jack. 'So shines a good deed in a naughty world.' Ten thousand in sight, and she hesitated to accept it. That girl ought to be preserved in amber as the only one of the kind in existence."

"Then you can understand why I was impatient to interview that ghost. A good deal depended on it, you see."

Paul smiled and nodded, at the same time puffing a great cloud of smoke to the ceiling.

"The next afternoon I went by Stephen Coggs's house on my way to the new place. He was sitting on the veranda and hailed me. There was something about the felow I didn't like. He had a great, bushy head like a lion's, and his eyes were so deep set under overhanging brows that you had to look twice before you could see them, and then you discovered they were full of fire and cunning. 'Coggs wants that land' was the first thought that flashed into my mind, and I can't tell why, but that fact seemed to have some connection with the ghost.

"'Going to take another look at the Grink estate?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I answered, 'I thought I would.'

"'Haven't given it up, then?'

"'Not quite,' I replied, 'and I don't think I shall yet awhile. I always did like haunted houses, and I propose to spend the night there.'

"'So, so,' he said. 'You are rather rash, aren't you? Don't reckon your life of much account, perhaps?'

"'Well,' I said, 'I like the situation, and I'm going to have a little talk with the ghost and see if I can't arrange matters amicably.'

"With that he wished me a pleasant time, and I went on.

"The old woman, that is the relict of the Egyptian mummy, gave me a welcome that was not entirely cordial. She emitted a series of grunts like an asthmatic trombone, but made up a very decent bed in the second-story, front. I had an oil-lamp, a couple of novelettes, some choice cigars and a good deal of curiosity. The moon managed to get up light enough to give everything a ghostly look, and I sat until eleven, wondering whether I should live till morning, and if I did, what kind of a story I should have to tell, and then deliberately undressed."

"Deliberately, eh?" cried Paul. "You didn't jump into bed and pull the cover-lid up over your face, then?"

"No, because, don't you see, I had letters of introduction to the stranger from beyond the grave, and wanted to deliver them. The sooner the circus began, the sooner it would be over. I didn't drop asleep, however, for a full hour; nerves a little excited, I suppose; but before twelve I was in the land of Nod.

"I think it was the shuffling of feet that roused me. I had an impression that the room was uncomfortably full of people, and that they were having high carnival. When I got my eyes well opened, I could discover only one rather undersized goblin, who was dressed in black, and had a huge hump on his back. For about two seconds there was gooseflesh all over me, and three or four cold shivers chased each other up and down my spinal column. After that I got my second wind, and proceeded to business. The goblin apparently came through the blank wall, scuttled over the bare boards in what seemed to be wooden shoes, and disappeared through the blank wall on the other side. That rather startled me. However, I was bound to have a tussle with him, and nerved myself for the task. 'If that was Mrs. Grink's husband,' I said to myself, 'he must have been a queer looking fellow. They never mentioned that he had a hump, and I don't see how he could acquire one in the grave, unless he got up in a hurry and crawled into the wrong man's body—a neighbor's perhaps.' For five minutes I lay there watching, but ready for a spring. All was deathly still, though, and I had just concluded that my fears had got the better of me, when the goblin made another rush. I broke for him, but he was too quick. I really had my hand on his shoulder when he disappeared.

"So I sat down on the edge of the bed to think. 'He came through the wall,' I said to myself, 'and he went through the wall. Then, of course, he must be a ghost. However, I'll have a look and see if he left any cracks behind him.' I lighted a candle, and the moment the flame blazed up, the confoundedest racket greeted my ears you ever heard. I was positively afraid, and there were great drops of cold perspiration on my forehead. Just think of the situation, my boy. Midnight, a few rays of moonshine, a lonely house and the Lord knows how many uncanny creatures prowling about! It was exciting, but not wholly agreeable. How would you have felt under the circumstances?"

"I shouldn't have gone there at all," answered Paul. "It was paying for the place a good deal more than it was worth."

"Well, candle in hand, I examined the room. That scoundrel of a ghost didn't come through the wall at all! The walls were of a neutral tint, and the doors were painted a darker shade of the same color. It was the same on the other side. 'Oho!' I said. 'That lets more than moonlight on the subject. When the fellow comes again, I'll collar him as sure as fate! If he must needs come through a door he's no better than I am.'

"But the racket continued. Every bell in the house, from roof to cellar, started ringing, and as they were all set to a different key, the 'jangling out of tune' was enough to split your tympanum. It continued at intervals for an hour and a half, but the goblin didn't risk another trip across the floor.

"I lay on the bed pondering until sunrise and then went out to get a breath of fresh air."

"Plucky boy!"

"Perhaps; but I had a good deal at stake, you know, to make me plucky. What I was after was the girl behind the ghost. No ghost, no girl. Under the same conditions you would be plucky, too."

CHAPTER IV.

"The second night was a rattler. Just after twilight I again passed the house of Stephen Coggs. He was evidently watching for me, and betrayed a degree of nervousness which roused my suspicions

"'Hope you had a pleasant night, last night,' he said.

"'Not very,' I replied, 'but I got through with it.'

"'Had enough of it?' he asked.

"'Not quite,' I answered, 'and I'm going to try it once more'

"'Better not, my man,' and his eyes flashed.

"'Why shouldn't I?'

"'Well, it's not always safe to persevere in such matters. If they were mortals you had to deal with, you might come out on top; but when they are spirits, you can't tell what will happen.'

"'All right, Mr. Coggs,' I said 'I'm in for it, and propose to see it through.

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"	9:36 "	Sproules	"	2:15	"
"	9:51 "	Whitewater	"	2:00	"
"	10:03 "	Bear Lake	"	1:48	"
"	10:18 "	McGuligan	"	1:33	"
"	10:38 "	Hatley's	"	1:21	"
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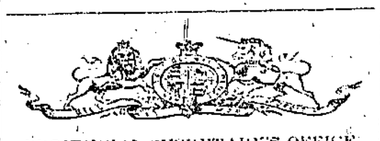

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

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.

I came within an ace of catching one goblin last night, and hope I'll have another chance before twelve o'clock.'

"'You take your own risks,' he said sullenly, as he turned and entered the house.

"I somehow felt in my bones that this second night would be critical. During the day I stole a few hours' sleep, and felt not only fresh but expectant. I wanted the ghosts to come, and as I have a pretty fair muscle and am reasonably cool-headed, I thought I could give them as good as they might send.

"The moon failed me; that was unfortunate, for I didn't care to spend the time in pitch darkness. One is at an awful disadvantage unless he can see. Besides that, a fellow's courage gives out unless there is a glimpse of light somewhere. I lighted a candle, therefore, and arranged a shade in front of it, which threw the rest of the room into shadow, while this particular corner had a few rays of light.

"At eleven o'clock the devilish work began. Every bell clanged as though pandemonium had been let loose; but these sounds were no longer strange, and I paid little attention to them. I was a good deal bothered, though, by a terrific rumpus in the hall. It seemed as though a regiment of soldiers were marching up and down the stairway. Of course, my imagination exaggerated matters, so you will have to take my statements with a grain of salt; but it was bad enough even when you reduce it to a last analysis. I don't think my hair stood on end, though I wouldn't like to swear to that effect; but I am willing to confess that there were moments when I found it difficult to control myself. At one point, the hobgoblin with the wooden sabots shuffled through the room. I had been balked once, and was bound that that particular spirit should have a rugged road to travel. So I made a dash, and as luck would have it, the candle shade fell as I rose and gave me all the light I needed. I got the thing by the throat, and don't believe the arch-fiend himself could have got away from me. My blood was up, fairly boiling, and I suppose my nervous excitement gave me added strength. At any rate, the goblin twisted and writhed and uttered a lot of incoherent cries, the best he could do, perhaps, since I had my thumb on his windpipe, or where the windpipe ought to be in an ordinary native American citizen. After a pretty hard struggle, I got him on the floor with my knee on his chest. That was a supreme moment, Paul. He couldn't budge, and I was master of the situation. But I had reckoned without my host, for I suddenly heard stealthy footsteps behind me, and the next instant received a blow on the back of my head which sent me sprawling. On looking, I discovered what seemed to be an immense figure, a veritable giant, also clothed in black."

"Great Heavens!" cried Paul. "And you are alive to tell the story?"

He laid his cigar down, too interested to smoke.

"Well, this giant was making for me. My college gymnastics stood me in good stead, however, and I pulled myself together. It was evident that this was to be no boy's play, but a matter of life and death. The old adage of our boxing professor came to me—to get in the first blow is half-way to victory. Before the giant reached me, therefore, I was on him. I felt as though I weighed a ton, was all ablaze with excitement and never gave a thought to the risks I ran. My attack must have been unexpected, for, when I threw myself against my opponent's body, he reeled. That was my opportunity. I made a second dash, and as the big goblin fell to the floor, the little goblin took to his heels and disappeared. Talk about raining blows! It wasn't a rain, but a pour. I got one blow on the left eye, and, as he tried to rise, I let fly another, which took him under the ear. I don't believe a sledge-hammer could do better work than my fists did. The goblin grew groggy, was dazed, and for the first time uttered a loud cry. But I didn't let up. It occurred to me at one moment during the struggle that if this was the spirit of my dear Louise's father, I was using the old gentleman rather roughly; but I was in no mood to be trifled with even by him.

"I think it took a full half-hour to pound that goblin to the point of surrender; but at last, just as I reached for about eighteen inches of broom-handle which lay on the floor, he cried out:—

"'I've had enough!'

"The candle burned dimly, the moon had gone behind a thick bank of clouds, the rain-drops were pattering against the window-pane, and, altogether, the spectacle was not particularly agreeable. I stood over the goblin ready to brain him if he made a movement, when he turned his face to the light, and I saw—"

"What? Your Diane's father?" cried Paul.

"Not a bit of it."

"Whom, then?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No, I haven't the dimmest idea. How should I? Tell me."

"Stephen Coggs."

"No."

"True!"

"But who was the hump backed goblin, Jack?"

"The relict of the mummy."

"And do you mean that this isn't a ghost-story, after all?"

"You must draw your own conclusions, Paul. The facts seem plain enough. I need only add that Coggs wanted that farm and tried to buy it for next to nothing by this nice little bit of strategy by which he scared off all purchasers until I came on the ground.

"That is how I won my wife, Paul."

Afraid of His Own Guns.

The incident which led to the order for the extinction of the Turkish navy was as follows: A transport was bringing a number of time-expired men home, when they respectfully mutinied, and begged their officers to go below, as they wished to do something which might not be approved of. Some non-commissioned officers then took command, and anchored off the palace, and, after firing a salute, began shouting: "Long live the sultan!"

This demonstration caused immediate confusion at the palace, and various high officers were dispatched to parley with the mutineers, but they insisted on seeing the Minister, and when he at last appeared they said they knew the sultan had given the money to pay them, but that they had not received it, and they would not budge until they did.

No arguments were of any avail, and the money had to be sent for and distributed, after which the men weighed anchor with a cheer, and gave up the ship again. The sultan, however, reflected that what a transport had done peaceably a heavily-armed man-of-war might do with evil intent, and, calling Hassan Pasha to him, he declared that he wanted no more navy.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SPEED OF THE HORSE.

A Claim That He Can Outrun the Fastest Antelope.

A man on a horse is twice a man. He feels more secure, is braver, is in every way more formidable. European officers know this. In clearing the streets of Paris only cavalry are used. We call out the infantry of the militia and have to shoot people. In Europe they use the flat of a sword held by a mounted man. No unarmed body of humanity will stand the impact of horses. They melt before the charge like snow. It is the uncontrollable instinct to get out of the way, and to do it as soon as possible. Some day we will grow wiser on this side of the Atlantic. Just now we have 50 infantry companies of militia to one of cavalry. Many of our militiamen are unable to pay for the keep of a horse, which is expensive, even if a man does the currying and bedding with his own hands. Many others of them would not know what to do with a horse if they had one.

This is bad, but with the trolley and the bicycle crowding the steed of our fathers closer and closer to the wall, there is not much chance that it will be bettered. Five hundred years from now, unless all signs fail, gray headed college professors, with piano leg calves and 18 inch chests, will be lecturing upon an extinct animal and reconstructing him for the benefit of students from a piece of stifle and a front tooth.

I believe that the horse is the swiftest animal in the world. One hears strange tales of the speed of the antelope, the white tailed fawn, the springbok, the elephant, the jack rabbit and the wolf. The fastest of these is the American antelope, and I have never seen one that a good pony could not best. As for the rabbit or any kind of deer, the horse will simply run over him. Taking into consideration the fact that the horse generally carries more than 150 pounds of rider, saddle and gun, one gets an idea of how much superior he is. A speedy pony will outrun a greyhound. I have seen this tried. It is customary among men who use them to give the dogs all the law possible in order to avoid riding over them. In hunting with a brace of very good coursing hounds five years ago it was found that there were five ponies in the party which would outfoot the dogs, and one of them, a gray of undoubted mustang ancestry, if given the bit, would do his best to run over them and kill them. He did not like them. They belonged to his owner, and he was jealous.

PHIL SHERIDAN'S FLASK.

A Funny Story About the Little Hero of Winchester.

Captain Irving M. Bean of Milwaukee tells the following story about General Sheridan, which he says has never appeared in print: When stationed in Chicago General Sheridan liked very much to get away to North lake in Waukesha county for a fishing trip now and then and passed many pleasant days on the lake. On one visit the general went out early in the morning in the boat, and after staying out for several hours with no luck decided to return. Rowing in, he landed near a field where a farmer was plowing.

Sheridan stopped and watched the plow turning the furrow so even and straight, the fresh earth rolling away from the steel shoe like a brown wave running on the shingle. Leaning on the rail fence, he waited until the farmer came up, and, speaking to him, produced a flask of antidote for snake bite and asked the farmer to join him in a nip.

The invitation was instantly accepted, and the farmer took what might be described by an expert as "three fingers." Wiping his mouth, the agriculturist broke the silence by asking, "Stranger, what might your name be?"

"Phil Sheridan," was the reply.

"Why, that's the same name as the great general."

"Yes," said General Sheridan modestly, "and, by the way, I am the general." With this he started to move away.

The farmer was dazed for a moment, and then, gathering himself together, and the liquor adding somewhat to his loquacity, he cried: "Say, stranger, that liquor of yours is almighty good, but I don't think as much of your stories. You General Sheridan!" with a scornful glance at the little man in the rough fishing suit. "Why, General Sheridan was a man 7 feet high. Stranger, I just think you are the blankest liar I ever met."

Sheridan walked off down the road bursting with laughter over the farmer's description. He related the encounter to his friends with great gusto, and it became one of his favorite stories.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Why He Cut the Wires.

The person who wrote that electricity was one of the "mighty agents of nature enchained by the ingenuity of man" can scarcely have contemplated in his wildest dreams the full extent of that ingenuity. For instance, he is scarcely likely to have prophesied that a sick man, far from the habitations of civilization, would have cut a telegraph wire in order to obtain assistance. And yet such has really occurred, according to a London contemporary. The whole of the vast continent of Australia was practically cut off from European news for nearly 24 hours in the middle of September, 1897, in consequence of an interruption on the line between Adelaide and Port Darwin. Inquiries were made, and it was found that the wire had been cut by a cyclist who was taken ill while on a journey across the continent. It is not related how he set about it, but he had the satisfaction at any rate of getting what he wanted. It is not desired to establish this as a precedent of summoning help under inconvenient circumstances.—Electrical Review.

The Secret of Success.

"I have never forgotten," said Mr. Noggleby, "the wise remark that a young man once made to me, years ago. It was this, 'One thing leads to another.' This was apropos of a further advantage that I had brought into view by a step I had just taken. The moral of this is—it has been set forth often (I may have mentioned it myself), but it will bear endless repetition—that if we would succeed we must keep stirring!"—New York Sun.

His Decision.

A Missouri justice of the peace at the close of a case announced with great dignity, "I will hold this case under advisement until next Monday morning, at which time I will render judgment for the plaintiff."—Case and Comment.

The Japanese begin building their houses at the top. The roof is first built and elevated on a skeleton frame. Then it affords shelter to the workmen from storms.

The Russian peasant never touches food or drink without making the sign of the cross.

QUEER AMERICAN RIVERS.

One Florida River That Seems Undecided Just What to Do.

E. H. Spearman tells of "Queer American Rivers" in St. Nicholas. The author says:

Every variety of river in the world seems to have a cousin in our collection. What other country on the face of the globe affords such an assortment of streams for fishing and boating and swimming and skating—besides having any number of streams on which you can do none of these things? One can hardly imagine rivers like that, but we have them, plenty of them, as you shall see.

As for fishing, the American boy may cast his flies for salmon in the arctic circle, or angle for sharks under a tropical sun in Florida, without leaving the domain of the American flag. But the fishing rivers are not the most curious or the most instructive as to diversity of climate, soil and that sort of thing—physical geography, the teacher calls it.

For instance, if you want to get a good idea of what tropical heat and moisture will do for a country, slip your canoe from a Florida steamer into the Ocklawaha river. It is as odd as its name, and appears to be hopelessly undecided as to whether it had better continue in the fish and alligator and drainage business or devote itself to raising live oak and cypress trees, with Spanish moss for mattresses as a side product.

In this fickle-minded state it does a little of all these things, so that when you are really on the river you think you are lost in the woods, and when you actually get lost in the woods you are quite confident your canoe is at last on the river. This confusion is due to the low, flat country and the luxuriance of a tropical vegetation.

To say that such a river overflows its banks would hardly be correct, for that would imply that it was not behaving itself. Besides, it hasn't any banks—or, at least, very few! The fact is, those peaceful Florida rivers seem to wander pretty much where they like over the pretty peninsula without giving offense, but if Jack Frost takes such a liberty—presto, you should see how the people get after him with weather bulletins and danger signals and formidable smudges. So the Ocklawaha river and a score of its kind roam through the woods—or maybe it is the woods that roam through them—and the moss sways from the live oaks, and the cypress trees stick their knees up through the water in the oddest way imaginable.

Bookmaking In the Middle Ages.

It required a man of great parts to be a successful publisher at that time, as much as or even more than it does today. Such an institution, for example, as the Sorbonne or University of Paris required the highest guarantees of character, capital and literary capacity in the licensed bookseller. He must be an adept in all the knowledge and science of the period, as well as perfectly skilled in the mechanical needs of his business. The university, too, which was always in close touch with the church, even when its studies had begun to broaden, exercised a jealous censorship, lest some religious heresy should creep in. Whenever an error of this or even of a more trivial sort was found, the transcripts were burned and the bookseller heavily fined. Sometimes his privileges might be entirely revoked, indeed, and he himself imprisoned. The bookseller could not even fix a price on his own products.

Four of the guild in Paris, for example, were sworn as appraisers by the authorities of the Sorbonne to fix the selling value of a book, and any deviation from this was a penal offense. To students the price was fixed at two-thirds of the charge asked of the general purchaser. The booksellers could not dispose of their entire stock and trade without the license of the university, which must also approve the purchaser. As an additional help to students, the Sorbonne in the middle of the fourteenth century framed a law compelling all booksellers to keep books to lend out on hire, and this example was imitated at Toulouse, Bologna, Vienna and Oxford. In this way circulating libraries were established in the middle ages.—Harper's Round Table.

Suicide Among the Germans.

Another social phenomenon has been laid at the door of the Teutonic race of northern Europe, one which even more than divorce is directly the concomitant of modern intellectual and economic progress. We refer to suicide. Morselli devotes a chapter of his interesting treatise upon this subject to proving that "the purer the German race—that is to say, the stronger the Germanism (e. g., Teutonism) of a country—the more it reveals in its psychical character an extraordinary propensity to self destruction." On the other hand, the Slavic peoples seem to him to be relatively immune. These conclusions he draws from detailed comparison of the distribution of suicide in the various countries of western Europe, and it must be confessed that he has collected data for a very plausible case. There can be no doubt that in Germany the phenomenon culminates in frequency for all Europe, and that it tends to disappear in almost direct proportion to the attenuation of the Teutonic racial characteristics elsewhere.—William Z. Ripley in Popular Science Monthly.

A Knotty Problem.

"Why, Ethel, what are you doing with that big medical work in your lap?"

"Well, Arabella, you'd never guess, I am quite sure."

"You are not going to make a doctor of yourself, are you?"

"Not at all. I am trying to find out which of my two suitors I love enough to marry. What do you think of that?"

"How can a cyclopedia of medicine help you?"

"Well, it's this way. Mr. Oldspoon is 57 years of age. He is worth £80,000 and has consumption. Mr. Dukkats is 65 years old. He is worth £100,000 and has heart disease. I thought perhaps this medical book would help me to make up my mind. I have about decided that I love Mr. Dukkats the better. Which would you love?"—Strand Magazine.

Oyster Cocktails.

Oyster cocktails are not quite as dissipated as they sound, since no liquor is used in their preparation. To make them, mix together the juice of half a lemon (strained), 10 drops of tabasco sauce, half teaspoonful of horse radish, half teaspoonful of paprika and the same of tomato catsup; put 2 oysters in a glass—Blue Points are best—and pour in a quarter of the sauce, which is enough for 8 oysters.

Scientific Boxer.

Garber—What does your son do for a living?

Nabbor—He's a scientific boxer.

"A pugilist?"

"No, undertaker."—Boston Traveler.

AN ECCENTRIC ACTOR

THE CAREER OF GEORGE JONES, BETTER KNOWN AS "COUNT JOANNES."

A Lawyer, Lecturer, Writer and Histrionic Star—For Many Years the Butt For Ridicule—His Suit Against Sothern—Died at Last In Poverty.

One of the eccentric characters of old New York, a familiar figure to its citizens during most of the interval between the early thirties and his death in December, 1879, was George Jones, or, as he styled himself, "Count Joannes." He was one of those persons occasionally met with now as then whose idiosyncrasies marked him out for almost constant public attention and ridicule. To the attention he was by no means averse, but he was an intensely solemn individual when considering himself, and there is no doubt that he often suffered keenly from being made the general butt for New Yorkers' amusement. It became the fashion when he appeared on the stage in his later years for audiences to hoot, howl, jeer and almost mob the poor old "count," in their ferocity of ridicule. He usually bore it all with much courage, exhibiting concern more for the supporting members of his company than for himself, fearing lest they should be involved in his own disaster. Unquestionably the public had some excuse, too, for its behavior. The "count" grew to be a very bad actor as he advanced in years, and his personal appearance was grotesque in the extreme. He was tall and large, with a scholarly stoop. His face was long and showed the traces of age, though he always dyed his heavy mustache.

He wore a wig which fitted execrably. The elder Sothern said of it that "you could put two fingers between it and his head and twist it all around." One lock was carefully arranged to fall upon his forehead and the hair at the back hung down to his coat collar. He was anything but neat in his ordinary dress. A heavy felt hat and clothes of black broadcloth, decidedly shiny, were his usual costume. For a necktie he wore a red ribbon with his "order" of nobility attached to it. His aged black kid gloves were carried in one hand, and the other was thrust melodramatically into the bosom of his coat. His attitudes were always studied and tragic, and he resented the least attempt to trifle with his dignity.

The "count's" career was a remarkably varied one. He was of Welsh descent and was born in England in 1810. He is said to have begun his stage life in that country, but his experience there must have been short, for he was playing in America in 1833. He had secondary parts in various plays, most of them Shakespearean tragedies, and his reputation as an actor at that time was creditable. An incident which happened one New Year's night at about this period proves that the "count," or Jones, had a good share of courage. He was playing at the Bowery theater in "Richard III" with the elder Booth. Booth was the king and Jones had the part of Richmond. Booth had been drinking heavily, and as the play proceeded fancied that he was the actual King Richard. Under this delusion he came upon the stage in the last act in a frenzy and made desperate efforts to kill Richmond in fight. Jones saw the condition of affairs, met Booth coolly and by his excellent swordsmanship succeeded in disarming him and bringing him to the ground. The public applauded wildly, not comprehending the situation, but knowing that they were witnessing a splendid contest.

While at the Bowery theater Jones married Melinda Topping, the daughter of a New York builder. She was an actress of some ability and played many engagements in this city and through the country. She afterward separated from Jones and took their two daughters, Avonia and Caroline, to live with her. Avonia became herself an actress, and on one occasion refused to support her father in a play in which he requested her to take a part.

In 1841 Jones left the stage and went to England, where he delivered a series of lectures on the Bible. He subsequently traveled about Europe, and it was in Germany, according to his story, that the title "count" was conferred upon him for his literary achievements. This was never proved, and few believed him. He wrote several books on historical subjects at about this time.

Upon his return to America began another phase of Count Joannes' career—his legal aspirations. He was admitted to the bar in Boston, and, coming from there here, was admitted to the New York bar in 1866. He became a constant attendant at the courts, frequently for the purpose of bringing suits for libel. In these actions he was generally his own client. Sometimes his grievance was that an aspersion had been cast upon his title. But his most famous suit was that against "Dundreary" Sothern, for caricaturing him, as he complained, in the play of "The Crushed Tragedian." This suit occupied the court for a few days, during which the spectators extracted infinite amusement from the proceedings, but the judge decided that no injunction could be served upon Sothern to prevent him from continuing the play. Sothern declared that he had not the slightest intention of caricaturing the count and that he scarcely knew him.

After some years' absence from the stage he appeared in April, 1876, at the New York Academy of Music as Hamlet. He wore black cotton gloves and a shaky little coronet and with his old wrinkled face and dyed mustache presented a ludicrous yet pathetic spectacle. He met storms of ridicule from the audience, which had assembled solely for that purpose. He played occasionally thereafter, but kept sinking constantly lower and finally died in poverty at the West Side hotel on Dec. 30, 1879. His funeral was on Jan. 5, 1880, at "The Little Church Around the Corner," and his body was laid in Maple Grove cemetery, the authorities of which offered a plot for the burial.—New York Tribune.

Unreasonable Boy.

"You will have to deal with this contrary boy," said Mrs. Tucker, turning to the father of the family.

"What's the trouble with him?" asked Mr. Tucker.

"He won't eat those nice boiled carrots."

"Why won't you eat them, Tommy?"

"Because I don't like the taste of 'em. That's why," answered Tommy.

"Thomas, my son," rejoined Mr. Tucker, shaking his head reproachfully and turning to his paper again, "that's unreasonable. You can't object to the taste of carrots, Thomas, because they haven't any."—Chicago Tribune.

Both Satisfied.

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits and couldn't.

"I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."—Boston Traveler.

THE MOYIE CITY LEADER

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D. R. YOUNG, - - Pub. and Mgr.
F. J. SMYTH, - - - Editor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

There is a point in the present political situation that should not be overlooked, says the Cranbrook Herald, and when carefully considered carries with it no little weight. Whenever the candidacy of Col. Baker is discussed, and the question is asked, "Why should not Mr. Baker be returned?" no one has given a reason that was not based upon prejudice or political partisanship. The most fervid talkers of the Opposition, and the most enthusiastic supporters of one or the other candidates proposed to take his place, confine themselves entirely to glittering generalities on the necessity of a change or mysterious references to tangible reasons why Mr. Baker should not be returned. No man has come out into the opening and stated plainly and positively, as a disinterested person, honest, business-like reasons why some other man should be named by the electors of South East Kootenay to take Mr. Baker's place as their representative at Victoria.

No one has even hinted that Mr. Baker has not been a most valuable member in promoting the very best interests of his district. No fault is found with Mr. Baker on this score, for it is conceded by all, regardless of party or personal prejudice, that no one could have been more vigilant or industrious in advancing the welfare of his constituency than has Mr. Baker. Not one single person can be found who would have the timerity to deny that during the next few years Mr. Baker, with his political prestige and high personal standing, could do far more for his district than any new man that might be named, no matter how capable he might be, or how anxious he might be to serve his district.

Senor Duboso, late secretary of the Spanish legation at Washington, who has been making his home in Toronto since the unpleasantness between the United States and Spain, has been trying to stir up strife between Canada and the United States by giving blowhard lectures in that city for the benefit, as is given out, of the Red Cross society work. The Red Cross society is not prone to take any part in agitation and strife outside of tenderly administering to the suffering of those who fall under the result of public calamity and warfare and its members, and the citizens of Toronto should muzzle this Spanish bullfighter who seeks to plunge a people of peace and a society of mercy into the filth that is incrusted arround the rotten Spanish monarchy and which he has rottenly represented. It is a surprise to many that the enlightened people of Toronto would tolerate the murderous mouthings of this antique iniquity, Senor Don Quixote Duboso. If he, and his superior, Senor Palo, late minister to the United States, who also is at Toronto, wish to be patriotic to their country, why do they not return to Spain and lend their would be superior aid to that empire which is falling to pieces. The citizens of a neutral country should not be taught by or harbor an Elizabethian toreadore. Canada should not be a home for strife breeders of a dangerous race and nation.

The American people have demanded this war, first, to give liberty to the brave Cubans; second, to end the murder of helpless non-combatants by starvation, and, third, to kick Spain off the Western hemisphere, where she has overstayed her time, into Europe, where she belongs. The job having been undertaken, the American people want to do it thoroughly and all at once. To leave Puerto Rico in Spain's hands would be like killing a mad dog and then saving up some of the virus of hydrophobia. A Spanish colony breeds rebellion for itself and trouble for its neighbors as surely as a bacteriologist's laboratory breeds disease germs. No more of Spain on this side of the world.—New York Journal.

The Fort Steele Prospector of last week devoted one whole column of its valuable (?) editorial space, set in double leaded small pica type, discrying Col. Baker and citing reasons why he should not be returned. This looks queer in the face of that paper heretofore claiming that the Colonel did not stand a ghost of a show of re-election, and that it was only time thrown away in making a fight against him. The quotation used by the Prospector a few weeks ago, "you don't throw stones at a tree that has no apples on it," in answering an attack made by the Wardner International on the town of Fort Steele, is very fitting upon this occasion. If Col. Baker stands such a slight chance of re-election, why is the Prospector attacking him so bitterly?

The "boiler plate" war news of the Golden Era compares favorably with its superanuated opinions regarding Col. Baker's political career. Both were hatched in a last year's bird's nest and are about as truthful as stories from the "Liars' Club." It is funny how long some newspaper men take to find out when they become laughing stock.

There are four sovereigns and nine heirs apparent among the 57 living descendants of Queen Victoria.

EDUCATION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual examination of candidates for certificates of qualification to teach in the Public Schools of the Province will be held as follows, commencing on Monday, July 4th, 1898, at 8:45 a. m.:—

Victoria.....In South Park School building.
Vancouver.....In High School Building.
Kamloops.....In Public School Building.

Each applicant must forward a notice, thirty days before the examination, stating the class and grade of certificate for which he will be a candidate, the optional subjects selected, and at which of the above named places he will attend.

EVERY notice of intention to be an applicant must be accompanied with satisfactory testimonial of moral character.

Candidates are notified that all of the above requirements must be fulfilled before their application can be filed.

All candidates for First Class, Grade A, Certificates, including Graduates, must attend in Victoria to take the subjects prescribed for July 13th and 14th instants, and to undergo required oral examination.

S. D. POPE,
6-4 Superintendent of Education.
Education Office. Victoria, May 4th, 1898.

AUCTION SALE

Of Land Adjoining Moyie City, South East Kootenay.

A portion of Lot 2803, Group 1, Kootenay District containing four and a half acres, more or less, will be sold by auction at the Government office in Fort Steele on Saturday the 4th day of June at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Terms, ten per cent. to be paid at the time of adjudication and balance in sixty days.

Plan can be seen at the Government Office, Fort Steele, and at the office of the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, Victoria.

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
5-3 Government Agent.
Fort Steele, B. C., 4th May, 1898.

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"	9:36 "	Sproule's	" 3:15 "	
"	9:51 "	Whitewate	" 2:00 "	
"	10:03 "	Bear Lake	" 1:48 "	
"	10:18 "	McGuigan	" 1:33 "	
"	10:38 "	Junction	" 1:12 "	
Arr.	10:50 "	Sandon	Leave 1:00 "	

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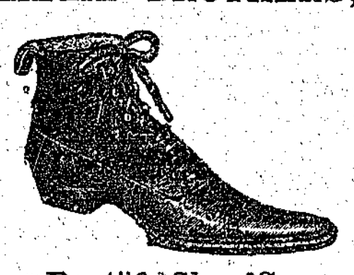
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