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THE MOYIE CITY LEADER.

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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.

V. DESAULNIER & 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 Commencial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, MOYIE CITY, B. C.

LAKE SHORE HOTEL

S. A. SCOTT, Prop.

This hotel is now open to the public, and is well furnished throughout. None but the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars kept in stock.

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS. MOYIE CITY, B. C

MOYIE ★ HOTEL.

G. CAMPBELL, A. T. CLARK.

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 MININGMEN.

MOYIE CITY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Park, Mitchell & Co.'s

SAW AND PLANING MILL.

All Kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber. . . . .

FOR PRICES APPLY OR WRITE

G. R. MUIR, Mgr.

MOYIE CITY, B. C.

IS AGAINST PROHIBITION

A Very Light Vote Cast in Moyie City.

FOR PROHIBITION, 1; AGAINST, 5

Many Who Were Entitled to Vote Did Not Go Near the Polls, and Little Interest was Manifested.

As far as the people of Moyie are concerned, they are in favor of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. At least that was the decision of the voters last Thursday, when out of six votes only one was cast in favor of prohibition.

Very little interest was taken in the matter. This was shown by the small number of votes cast. At the general election last July there were 24 votes polled, and yet out of this number, on the taking of the prohibition plebiscite, only six responded.

The result of the vote taken in the outside precincts has not yet been learned. It is the general supposition that in the eastern provinces prohibition will carry, while in the west it will be snowed under.

Pen Picture of Moyie.

The following pen picture of Moyie City, published in last week's Fort Steele Prospector, is worthy of reproduction. The writer is endowed with superb descriptive abilities, and has a thorough knowledge of his subject:

"Moyie City is the pearl of East Kootenay. Picturesquely located on one of the most charming lakes on the continent, it is environed by every favor which nature can, in its bounty, bestow. It is an ideal resort for health pleasure and recreation. Its future is pledged by such crowning gems as the Moyie, St. Eugene, Queen of the Hills, Lake Shore, St. Peter, Fra Diavolo and many other repositories of wealth which fairly extend into the very streets of the town. It may truly be said it is paved with precious metals. It seems that any railroad that would like to handle such good things must stop at Moyie. The C. P. R. railway has, however, started a rival townsite two miles below, where the only resource is a sidetrack. Well, we will take our chances with Moyie as against C. P. R.-ville every time."

New Townsite Tariff.

Those towns which cannot be "held up" by the C. P. R. for a half interest are liable to be cast off the map of Canada entirely, says the Fort Steele Prospector. Embryonic cities should become acquainted with the latest tariff: A half interest assures you a place on the map; three-quarters entitles you to a switch within three miles of town; seven-eights to a station and sidetrack right in town; the whole to a divisional point, when your turn comes.

Have Left for Their Home.

Mrs. L. J. Kenny and her mother, Mrs. McMahon, departed Monday for their home in Grand Forks, North Dakota. They were accompanied on their journey as far as Bonners Ferry by F. J. McMahon. They spent a very pleasant summer in Moyie, and will always have a fond remembrance and a good word for the place. They made many friends while here.

The Geritude and Emma.

W. J. Tierney returned from Cranbrook yesterday. He was over to inspect the workings on the Geritude and Emma claims, which are located about five miles from that place, near the Union Jack mine, and owned by himself and Chas. Diamond. Work to the extent of a 12 foot shaft has been done, and there is now a six foot ledge of excellent looking quartz in sight.

Constable Appointed.

J. M. Lindsay has been appointed temporary constable, and is now performing the duties of that office. It is said that Sergeant Clopp and Constable Angers have been transferred to the Robson-Penticton road and will not be stationed in Moyie any more.

McMAHON BROS.

MAMMOTH RETAIL EMPORIUM.

HARDWARE, GROCERIES, PRODUCE.

ALL KINDS OF Tin Work — DONE — TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

CLOTHING, Gents' Furnishings, BOOTS and SHOES.

—PROPRIETORS OF—

THE EAST KOOTENAY HOTEL,

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Cor. Victoria St. and Moyie Ave., MOYIE CITY.

The Catholic Church.

Work was commenced on the Catholic church building this week, and it is now well under way. It is 20x30 feet in size, and will be artistically finished both inside and outside. Rev. Father Welsh will have charge of this parish and will hold services here about once a month.

The Lake Shore Mine.

The 70-ton ore bin at the Lake Shore mine is finished, and the trestle for the car track is well under way. Work in the tunnel will begin about Monday.

LOCAL NEWS.

G. R. Muir went to Goat River landing Monday.

D. J. Elmer was in Cranbrook and Fort Steele this week.

Rev. Father Welsh was in town several days this week.

Postmaster E. J. Cann of Fort Steele is in the city.

W. H. Murphy and Sam Goldberg are out hunting and prospecting.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Cranaton were in Cranbrook most of the week.

C. J. Rose, bookkeeper for McMahon Bros., arrived home from Kuskonook Monday.

A force of men is now working on the flume for the St. Eugene concentrator.

Peter Arena has sold out his interests near Swensea and is seeking pastures new.

Ike Williams, foreman of the Moyie and Queen of the Hills, is taking a short layoff.

J. McMasters, representing a Vancouver glove firm, is registered at the East Kootenay.

Billiard tables for the Moyie hotel and the Kauffman house have arrived. This will prove a boon to the sports.

Geo. Mills, representing Blackwood Bros. of Winnipeg, was registered at the Moyie Hotel this week.

John H. Fink, secretary of the Fort Steele Mercantile Co., came over from Steele last Sunday.

Joe Wilmshurst will soon put a force of men to work on the California and Iron Horse properties.

Chas. Estmere, the Kimberley townsite agent, was here this week on important mining business.

C. M. Edwards, the Fort Steele mining recorder, was in town several days attending to official business.

Fred Eggars, until recently chef at the East Kootenay hotel, is now on his way to Eureka, California.

It is expected that within 10 days' time through trains will be running between Macleod and Kuskonook.

A table and desks have been provided for the school room, and everything is in smooth running order, aside from the institution being a little dry on firewood.

Snow is beginning to accumulate on the mountain peaks surrounding Moyie, which gives the inhabitants a gentle reminder of summer's wages and last winter's overcoat.

Martin Foley was in Steele on business this week.

P. C. Fallon, the C. P. R. operator, was in town yesterday.

Rev. C. A. Procunier, of the Church of England faith, passed through here on Monday's westbound train enroute to Nelson to meet his family. They will make their home in Fort Steele.

The postal department in the Moyie Supply Co.'s store has been given a general overhauling. New boxes have been installed, and everything put in readiness for the establishment of and official postoffice.

D. L. Bettchen, the popular and enterprising jeweler of Fort Steele, was in Moyie the first of the week hustling business. He will soon make regular trips to Moyie for the purpose of repairing watches and jewelery.

W. H. Shira and Ben Murphy were out hunting on the Moyie river this week and succeeded in bringing home three deer of more than average size. They killed four, but a bear dragged one away. Venison is now on the bill of fare at most of the hotels.

Engineer W. J. McLean and party were through here this week measuring the actual mileage on the Crow's Nest road between Fort Macleod and Kuskonook. The distance between Moyie and Cranbrook by rail is exactly nineteen an one-half miles.

Tracklaying Nearly Finished.

In about five days' time the last rails on the Crow's Nest road will be laid. Thursday evening the tracklayers were one mile past the Goat River crossing. It is said there is quite a heavy wager up on the time the last rail will be laid, the time set being next Wednesday at 11 o'clock. Providing no delays occur the landing will be easily reached by that time. For the past week train loads of steel have been passing through Moyie for the western end of the line, and there will be nothing lacking for the accomplishing of speed. M. J. Haney is right to the front and is personally overseeing the work.

A Dollar for a Kiss.

A western traveler came up to a log cabin and asked for a drink, which was supplied by a good looking young woman. As she was the first woman he had seen for several days, he offered her a dollar for a kiss. It was duly taken and paid for, and the young hostess, who had never seen a dollar before, looked at it for a moment with some curiosity, then asked what she should do with it. He replied what she choose, as it was hers. "If that's the case," said she, "you may take it back, and give me another kiss."

PATRONIZE WHITE LABOR

By Sending Your Work To the

Lake Shore Laundry.

PHILIP CONRAD, Prop.

GOOD WORK. PRICES REASONABLE.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The force at the North Star mine is being increased.

McInnes & Co. have purchased one of the meat markets at Fernie.

It is now stated, and on good authority, that the shops in operation at Macleod will be moved to Cronbrook.

The O. R. & N. has made a further cut in the transcontinental rates from Tacoma to St. Louis, which are now $25, to Chicago $28, first class; and $18 second class.

Sampson will get about $40,000 prize money; Dewey will get $9,000. The pay in these cases is in inverse ratio to the importance of the accomplishment.

A large warehouse will be constructed immediately at Fort Steele junction for the accommodation of Fort Steele freight. A telegraph line will also be built between the two places.

Hop-picking is now in full blast in western Washington, and in a few days it will begin in Yakima county, and other hop growing districts east of the Cascades, when the country will be swarming with pickers.

Crow's Nest Landing on the Kootenay is about abandoned, nearly all the inhabitants having removed to Phillipp's ranch at the international boundary, where a bustling settlement has already sprung into existence.

The Gwendoline is to be taken up the Kootenay river into the upper Columbia lake, and the canal will probably be temporarily fixed up for that purpose. She will run between Golden and Windermere next season.

Since January 1st, 1898, 558 mining locations have been made in the Fort Steele mining division. Of these about 450 are on the east side of the Kootenay river. Certificates of improvement have been filed for 510 of these claims.

The only death directly attributable to the New Westminster fire was that of Mun Lee, the leading Chinaman of the settlement and head of the Kwong Wing Tong. He died of excitement brought on by the conflagration. His wealth is variously estimated at from three to six millions.

Messrs Tiffany & Co., the well known jewelers of New York, will make the sword ordered by congress for presentation to Admiral Dewey, their design having been chosen by the committee. The design is less ornate than some of the others and its marked characteristics is its simple and solid elegance.

The stage running between Cranbrook and Fort Steele has changed its time. Hereafter it will leave Cranbrook in the morning at 9 o'clock and Fort Steele in the afternoon at 4, excepting Fridays, when it will leave one hour later in the morning. This change was made for the convenience of the people arriving and leaving on the trains at Cranbrook.

THE LADY OF MY DREAM.

Just for a dream's sake would I have her so,
Just for a dream's sake would I have her so,
Against the dusk, her plenteous hair intwined
With milk white pearls and lilies all aglow.
Just for a dream's sake only would I know
The full perfection languidly outlined
Beneath the wrathing raiments that entwind
Her sumptuous beauty from all winds that blow.
She's but the chiseled image of my dream,
The breathless marble from the model drawn
Upon my vision in the night's deep hush,
When beauty's self, clad in the moon's thin beam,
Went forth to call the first rose of the dawn
Amidst her garden grasses warm and lush.
—James Newton Matthews in New Bohemian.

A CADDIE'S TRAGEDY.

There is no use telling who his master was, for it might vex some poor sensitive soul beyond the Styx and to no purpose. But, for himself, he was a most familiar figure on the links—tall, bent, somewhat one sided, an infirmity that increased with years and rheumatism, with an angular face, clean shaved twice a week, with a Scotch bonnet stuck awry above it, and a short clay pipe insecurely held in the corner of his mouth for lack of teeth. Presumably he had not been always thus. Doubtless there had been a time when he was a barelegged gossoon, scampering blithely with naked feet, and again a time when he was a spruce young man, a favorite with the lassies maybe, but if such times had ever been it was extremely hard to picture them to one's mental vision, and "Slowback" himself never referred to them.

It was impossible to picture him other than he was when first we knew him—shambling in gait, crooked of aspect, clad in long trousers and an inadequately short coat, with a woolen scarf about his neck, and booted at such length that it seemed absurd to suppose his toes could reach the end of their coverings. He was a reserved man and appeared to be without relatives. We did not trouble to inquire about his lodging, but every morning he was to be seen sitting on the bench that the other caddies occupied, smoking his pipe and waiting for his master to come with the clubs from the clubhouse. Then he would "carry" the two statutory rounds of the links and disappear again until the following morning. How he spent his Sundays we never thought of asking, but no one has ever appeared to have seen him on the day of rest.

All this was in the years before the "boom" in golf which led to the game becoming the possession of all and sundry. Books had not been written about the game, and all the available maxims were carried in the heads of those who, like "Slowback," made a profession either of playing or of carrying clubs. The maxims were substantially three, "Slow back," "Keep your eye on the ball" and "Don't press." To these might have been added a fourth, "Be no." But this applied more particularly to the entire game, and it was the first of the maxims, concerned with the more glorious business of the drive, that was destined to exercise an important influence on "Slowback's" life. There is no doubt, of course, that he had another name than this sobriquet, but it happened to none of us ever to learn it, and the manner in which he obtained his appellation was as follows: His master was never more than an indifferent player at the best. He was conscious of his deficiencies, but rather than attribute them to what were perhaps their truer cause, of faulty eyesight or inadequate muscle, preferred to refer them to neglect of some of the important maxims of the golfing art and especially to that first quoted one of "Slowback." He conceived that he had contracted a fatal habit of hurrying the club away, in the back stroke, from the ball, and that this initial error was responsible for all the subsequent miss hits and toppings with which the club visited the ball on its descent. Maybe he was right. But in any case the means by which he strove to cure himself of this fatal tendency were to make his caddie ejaculate the magic words of monition, "Slow back!" each time that he prepared to raise his club for the driving stroke. The result, it has to be admitted, was not wholly satisfactory. One can say no more than that his execution might conceivably have been worse in the absence of the warning.

Thus it went on for several years. At the end of that time it happened that "Slowback's" master—for already the caddie had earned the nickname by which alone we knew him—was called away for three weeks or so by the death of a near relative. Then "Slowback" carried clubs for another master. But the habit that he had formed during these years of ejaculating his monitory "Slow back!" as his master raised the club was not to be denied. Still, at the conclusion of each address to the ball, he uttered the solemn words, then found himself covered with the most pitiful confusion at the rebuke which his uncalled for interference had merited. For a stroke or two, putting great restraint upon himself, he succeeded in keeping his soul in silence, but at the next the inevitable exclamation broke from him again, to the distraction and despair of the sufferer to whom it was addressed. During the three weeks of his master's absence several golfers made trial of "Slowback's" services, for he was an excellent caddie, saving his single idiosyncrasy, and regarded with a certain affection as being somewhat of a "character" besides. But none could suffer him long. One after another had to give him up after being reduced to impotence and despair by his ravenlike croak. At length his legitimate master returned, and "Slowback" was a man again.

A few more years dragged their length to a close, till then the hand of death fell, this time on no near relative of his master, but on the master himself. "Slowback," in a new suit of mourning, followed him to the grave and came back, still wearing his apparel of grief, to sit during the afternoon on his accustomed bench with the other caddies. In the morning he beset himself to find a new engagement. He was in receipt of a small pension from his late master in recognition of so many years of faithful service, but the sum did not suffice to give him independence. He was soon engaged, for the links were thronged with players.

This time his employer was a newcomer, who knew nothing of "Slowback's" peculiarity. He was nearly stunned with surprise at what he deemed the caddie's insolence on his first utterance of the inevitable words. He said nothing, however, on the first offense, but when it was repeated expostulated in unmeasured terms. To his surprise, his rebuke brought "Slowback" to the verge of tears. Then, partly by his opponent and partly by the opponent's caddie, the situation was explaingd. He found himself able to mingle a measure of pity with his wrath, but throughout the round the ejaculation, many times repeated, in the speaker's own despite, spoiled his intended stroke and led to the immediate payment of the caddie and rejection of his further services.

Several times during the ensuing weeks did now one and now another, in ignorance or in pity, engage the unfortunate man to carry clubs, but in no case could his idiosyncrasy be endured beyond the limits of a single round. He made efforts that were absolutely heroic to overcome it, swathing the woolen comforter around his mouth until asphyxiation threatened him, but through all the folds of the stuff came, with a muffled lugubriousness, the hateful exclamation which the man would have given worlds to have withheld. Do what he would he could not rid himself of this damnosa hæreditas, bequeathed to him, along with his slender pension, by his departed master. Gradually he grew to recognize the hopelessness of his condition and ceased even to seek employment. He spent his days sitting dejectedly on the accustomed seat, growing thinner and more gaunt as poverty set its grip more firmly upon him, grateful if now and again one of his friends on the bench would give him a fill of tobacco for his seldom replenished pipe.

At length he ceased to frequent the links altogether. For some days no one seemed to notice his absence. Then it was noticed that "Slowback" had disappeared, and we began to ask questions about him. His cronies knew nothing, only that he had not been down to the links for a day or two. We inquired where he lodged and with some difficulty found the locality. It was up a steep stair in a little house of a back street. His landlady told us that she feared he was not well. For some days he had not left the house and had eaten next to nothing; said his stomach refused food, and that he had no appetite. We asked her whether she thought he lacked for money, but the woman said no, basing her information on the fact that he had kept his small rent paid up.

When we went in, it appeared at once that he was very bad. He lay on the bed terribly wasted, scarcely more than a skeleton of a man. We asked whether he had seen a doctor and being told no sent off for one at once. He seemed to recognize us, and a strange smile of pleasure struggled across his thin features. He even tried to speak, but the only word we could distinguish was his terrible ejaculation of "Slow back!" though whether he were trying to speak of himself thus by his familiar sobriquet or whether he deemed himself still "carrying" for his old master on the links we could not tell. Then he relapsed into silence and seemed to sleep.

At length the doctor came. He took but one glance at the poor figure on the bed, passed his hand beneath the clothes and laid it for a moment over the heart. Then he turned to us, with a grave face. "Slowback" was dead.—Cornhill Magazine.

Poisonous Tissue In the Blood.

A recent intelligent writer draws attention to an important but not sufficiently considered point in a recent communication to The Lancet. Dr. Hood gives his experience as to the value of carbonate of lime in the form of calcined oyster shells as a means of arresting the growth of cancerous tumors, and, although his opportunities for employing it in test cases have not been large, the results attained by its use are characterized as having proved satisfactory in a high degree. Several instances are named in which a persevering use of the calcined shell powder arrested the growth and pain in tumors undoubtedly of a cancerous character. Where the nature of the affection is early recognized, a persistent trial of this method is pronounced very desirable, among other points mentioned in its favor being that of entire harmlessness and noninterference with any other remedies resorted to for the relief of pain. The oyster shells for this purpose may be conveniently baked in a home oven, and the calcined white lining of the concave shell scraped off, the substance thus obtained being then reduced to a powder, and as much as will lie on a silver quarter taken once or twice a day in a little warm water or tea.

A President's Car.

The Railroad Car Journal of New York has originated a project to build a private car for the use of the president of the United States from material and appliances contributed by the car building and affiliated industries. The designs and specifications are being prepared under the supervision of a committee of 25 master car builders and superintendents of motive power. "The projected car," it is said, "will be a complete exposition of the art of car building, demonstrating to the world the surpassing excellence of this industry in the United States, and it is to be presented to the nation, as a tribute from the car building fraternity, for the personal and official use of the successive presidents of the United States."

LOVE'S CHAIN.

The bond that links our souls together,
Will it last through stormy weather?
Will it molder and decay
As the long hours fleet away?
Will it stretch when time divides us,
When dark, weary days have tried us?
If it look too poor and slight,
Let us break the links tonight.

It was not forged by mortal hands
Or clasped with golden bars or bands.
Save thine and mine, no other eyes
The slender link can recognize.
In the bright light it seems to fade,
And it is hidden in the shade,
While heaven or earth has never heard
Or solemn vow or plighted word.

Yet what no mortal hand could make
No mortal power can ever break.
What words or vows could never do,
No words or vows can make untrue.
And if to other hearts unknown
The dearer and the more our own
Because too sacred and divine
For other eyes save thine and mine.
—Edward Wilbur Huren in Womankind.

"REPLY PAID."

She had received a letter in the morning begging her to somehow procure him a little money. Things were going badly, and he had been ill. She thought of it all day long, having dispatched the little she had, and, for the thinking, things looked so better. Her brother had not enough to live upon, and there was an end of it. Fate was niggardly with them all. During the afternoon the girls came in and Mrs Hamlin. Mrs. Hamlin was always delightful and cheery. Her lovely dresses and sweet face and fragrant elegance reminded Maisie that at least she was the right person in the right place—with fitting surroundings and the beautiful things of life that all women instinctively claim as their right hers.

"Maisie, you look preposterously dejected. What is it? Are you in love with an anarchist, or is it only general aspirations toward the impossible?"

"No, I am not in love, but I am thinking of proposing to some one."

"Why?"

"Because I am in a hurry. Fred, you know, is frightfully hard up."

"But why don't you accept Mr. Howard, when he's so devoted, poor man?"

"That wouldn't be fair, because, you see, he is devoted, and I—no, I think a fat man with beard and glasses is the sort of thing—in the abstract."

"Oh, excellent in the abstract; protects you, is kind to you and gives you checks. In the concrete he"—

"Dear Mrs. Hamlin, don't. The matter is not discussable in the concrete."

"Fancy Maisie proposing!" said one of the girls.

"You don't know what I am capable of," returned Maisie.

"I'll dare you, Maisie," Mrs. Hamlin twinkled; "£20 on, and I'll give you a month."

"Twenty pounds!" repeated Maisie. And there was an odd sound in her voice.

"Twenty pounds."

"Done!" she said, to the astonishment of the room. "It's a bet!" Every one sat up and bristled with delighted curiosity. Maisie, of all people, who invariably treated her swains with a good tempered scorn that was the envy of her friends!

"I will do it now!" she went on excitedly. "Mabel, give me those telegraph forms. Of course I won't undertake to carry out the contract if any one accepts," she added.

"No, no; but a bona fide proposal!"

She then sat down and addressed seven telegrams and dispatched them by the maid. "Reply paid," she said. "And now we'll have tea!"

"What have you done?" questioned Mrs. Hamlin.

"I have asked seven men to marry me."

"Maisie!"

"Well, seven gentlemen will hardly be able to think that I am pining for them all, and they'll exchange notes."

"Men never do that."

"Ah, what men never do that surely man always does," she laughed. "Honor with them is a collective virtue that has no application in the singular. You shall read the answers."

* * * * * * *

In due course of time the answers came. One by one the girl opened them before her expectant friends, who refused to go till all had come. "Regrets," quoted Maisie, holding up one with mock gravity. "Next, please. Ah, thank you, Susan! 'Sorry, previous engagement.' 'Alas! impossible!' 'Circumstances over which I have no control!' 'I would if I could, but I can't!' 'No!' That's rather impolite, and he really—well, one mustn't be kissed and tell. 'Twas so long ago too. You see, ladies, how devoted my lovers all are. But I have won my bet. Ah, here is another; one more polite refusal! No! 'Of course I am honored,'" she read. A crimson flush of shame spread over the girl's laughing face. "That's chivalrous of him," she said, trying to hide her embarrassment. "And now to invent a polite refusal to my own proposal."

* * * * * * *

Horace Sands was in chambers when Miss Maisie's telegram—reply paid—arrived. He was smoking a cigarette with Max Welby. They generally smoked together after lunch in a kind of sympathetic silence. He read it slowly, then went out of the room. On returning his friend noticed an expression of most pathetic woe upon his placid features, and such a hangdog look that he refrained from putting any questions from fear of intruding on private matters. Horace, however, after some fidgeting, said, "You know after all it's a dreadful thing, but what could a fellow do? She's a charming girl of course, but I didn't think of exactly—in fact, I am not a marrying man, you know. I never thought of marrying—don't know anything about it."

"If you'll explain what you are talking about, I may be able to understand."

"Well, the fact is, Miss Maisie wired and asked me, don't you know, and I, of course"—

"Asked you what?"

"Well, I suppose I oughtn't to say," he said, suddenly flushing crimson.

"Did she propose to you?" asked Welby with an incredulous look of amusement. "Answer paid too. The devil she did! And you have accepted?"

"What else would you have me do?" returned Sands stolidly.

* * * * * * *

For the next few days Horace Sands experienced a general sense of bewildering depression. He was an engaged man—to a very lovely girl, it was true, but nevertheless he was engaged, tied up, as it were—somebody's property. He must buy presents and rings and think of furniture. Never in his life had he thought about furniture. Even at college he had not, as many of the men did, troubled how his diggings were arranged.

He passed a man in the street carrying a kitchen safe. He tried to think what a safe was meant for and realized that they would certainly have to have a safe. Some perambulators in a great shop caught his eye, and he blushed and looked obstinately on the other side of the road. He had postponed calling—he had not dared yet. He would never summon courage to behave as a lover should to such a wonderful piece of femininity.

He remembered now that her eyes were gray and serious and laughing all at once; that she had a delightful, petulant mouth. The thought of her was sweet. The reality at present was terrifying. He could not yet face his betrothed. He must have time to get used to himself under these new conditions. Another day passed. On the fourth he dressed himself in a frock coat, adorned his buttonhole with a bouquet and started for her house.

When he arrived as far as the street in which she lived, he turned round and went to the club. There was a note from her—three days old. Again he flushed and thrust it into his pocket. He went out, and in the busy traffic of the streets read his first love letter from Maisie:

DEAR MR. SANDS—How chivalrous and nice of you! It was a bet, you know.

He did not read any more, but strode homeward. He had been a pretty kind of fool anyhow—a vain ass too. As if a beautiful girl like that—then he began to laugh. At any rate, he was free again—free! But somehow he wasn't quite sure that he wanted to be so very free. The furniture had begun to interest him.

They met the next evening at Lady Vaughan's. She received him with a very bright smile, and they danced. They danced several times, and then he said at the end, "I suppose you couldn't care for me, could you?" And she colored all over and said, "Oh, no, I couldn't—not anyhow in the world!"

Fate threw them together. They constantly met. She tried to avoid him, but he would not let her, and she ceased at last to try. At the end of three months he again asked her to be his wife. The tears crept into her eyes then, and she said, "You are very kind and chivalrous, and I am very grateful, but I can't—indeed I can't!" So that he went away conscious that there was a barrier between them he could not break down. He went abroad with Welby and proved a preposterously dull companion.

"She will never have me," he said one day irrelevantly. "I believe it's all because of that confounded telegram."

"Most likely."

"What shall I do?"

"Forget her."

"That's what I have been trying to do, but she's crept somehow into my heart, and I can't."

"Wire, then!"

"What?"

"What she wired to you."

* * * * * * *

Maisie was sitting with Mrs. Hamlin, and her pretty face was even paler than on the memorable occasion of the sending of the telegrams. "Ah," she said, "it is a pity! I care for him so much—so much—and it could never be now! Could it?"

"It's rather difficult," said Mrs. Hamlin. "How mad of us all to have let you do it! We didn't realize till the things were gone. Your spirits carried us away. He's abroad, isn't he?"

"Yes, and I can't bear it, but I must. That's life, isn't it?" she said, with a little sad smile. "We all manage to bear what we can't." And then a telegram came, reply paid.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Hamlin.

"He has wired. Look!"

"And what are you going to say?"

The girl sat down upon her heels upon the floor and looked first into the fire and then at Mrs. Hamlin. "I think I ought to be polite. Don't you?" she said. "He was to me."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hamlin, "I think you should be polite."

And Miss Maisie was.—Westminster Budget.

Gold and Grease.

Some years ago the mint authorities of a certain city noticed that a small amount of gold was missing every day after the coining operations were over.

They watched and set traps of every description, but no thief was detected, and after the loss had continued with regularity for some months they set it down to an extra amount of unavoidable waste and thought no more about it.

Two or three years afterward two brothers, who were working there, left and set up a public house together on money which they said had been left them by an uncle. As they had both good characters, it was not until one of them told a mint foreman, on the understanding that no action should be taken, that anything was known of the following trick:

Both the brothers used to grease their hands before working at the machines, and whenever they noticed some gold dust sticking to the grease it was wiped off in their hair. Care was used that enough was not taken to show, though when they washed their hair at home each night the few grains meant several extra shillings, which ultimately enabled them to retire and live comfortably.—Strand Magazine.

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JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

[The Japanese have a legend to the effect that the dewy juices in the heart of kiku, or chrysanthemum, are the elixir of life. The following translation from a native poet, Satomi Sensi, touches upon this point.]

O bloom of chrysanthemums,
Fabled of old,
A fountain of rapture
And sweetness untold!

The dewy wine sparkled
With life in its flame,
And mortals partaking
Immortal became.

But, lo, there hath opened
A wonderful flower,
For God's love hath blossomed,
Soul life is its dower.

And its petals shall shine
More enduring than thine
With their fabulous treasures of life giving wine
For fairyland's store.

And its dewdrops shall glow,
And its fragrance shall grow
From more unto more
While the years come and go.

Food.

There is no reason in the world why men, whether average men or men of genius, should despise the cooking of their food. They never show, or are required to show, the same contempt toward any other art, and on no other is their mental calm more completely dependent. An ill fitting coat is a worry, but not such a worry as dinners perpetually ill dressed. To many men, and especially to men whose work is sedentary or whose brains are fully taxed, food which is at once light and nourishing is an absolute necessity if they are to exert their highest powers, and food of that kind is obtainable only by care in selecting meats and good cooking when they are selected. A man should not think too much of his dinner or devote too much time to preparation for it or enjoy it too visibly when it has arrived, for all those are animal peculiarities. But to remain content with bad food, when a little more thought or carefulness or criticism would procure it in a state fit to be eaten, is only what Scotchmen used to describe as "a wasting of the maircies."—London Spectator.

BEARS THAT MIGRATED.

Instances of Their Gathering and Marching Away Together.

Manly Hardy writes to The Forest and Stream about bears that migrated:

"The first notice of these migrations is to be found in a book by John Josselyn, entitled 'New England Rarities Discovered,' published in 1672. In this book he says that great companies of bears sometimes traveled across what is probably the Piscataqua river.

"About 70 years ago, early in September, my father one night witnessed a bear migration. The night was a dark one. The bears came to the east bank of the Penobscot river in the town of Orrington, about seven miles below Bangor. The bears could be heard calling and answering each other till low water, when they took to the water, swam across and landed on the Hampden side. In the morning it was found that a large number had crossed. My father saw their tracks across a single plank in a shipyard.

"Again, about 50 years ago, a friend of mine, Henry Clapp, who is quoted in Cassino's 'Standard Natural History' as an authority on bears, told me that during the fall he had gone on a trapping trip, but had found few bears, till one morning in November after a snowfall he found the tracks of nine different bears, all headed up one little valley. For several days after that more bear tracks were found, all headed in the same direction—from east to west. They denned up when it came time to do so, and in the spring headed east again.

"It is believed among sportsmen that bears go back into the woods to den up and come to the vicinity of the clearings every spring, but extensive migrations by bears are as little heard of as those of wild turkeys and prairie chickens. What naturalists do not understand is how the animals, which usually scatter over miles of territory, know how, when or where to get together for their trips."

A CLEVER FORGER.

But He Overshot the Mark and Was Trapped by the Bank.

Not long ago there stood before the paying teller's window of one of New York's big banks an unctuous little man smiling blandly over a $100 check. Signature, indorsement and every detail were correct. To make assurance doubly sure, the little man explained with some insistence, "You see, I have had my indorsement certified."

The check was paid without hesitation, but the teller said to himself, "Why is that idiot standing there with such a broad grin, trying to fix his face on my memory?" And duly he took note.

A few days later the man appeared at the window again, his countenance distended in the same smile, with another check from the same firm. The indorsement was certified in exactly the same way, and this time the amount was $900. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the check on its face, and it came from a well known customer of the bank. "In spite of all," said the paying teller, "something told me that fellow was a crook. So I said I should have to look up the account before it could be paid, and while he waited I slipped around to the firm's office, which was only a short distance away.

"The check was examined and pronounced perfectly good, and I was about to walk away when the head of the firm said: 'Way, hold up. We've issued no checks this morning.' And then I went back and bagged my crook. He had first sold the firm a bond and got his original $100 check in payment. This he had used to imitate the firm's signature on the second and likewise to impress me with the fact that he was all right, so that when he came around a second time I would not bother him."—C. D. Lanier in Scribner's.

A LITTLE GRAVE.

Dark are the mounds where the snow blast is sweeping,
Wild is the cry of the wind on its flight,
Cold is the drift that the north wind is heaping
Over the nursling alone in the night!

Alone in the night and the dark that went creeping
Out of her arms but a daybreak ago!
Anguished with sorrow, her watch she is keeping,
Far would she follow through storm and through snow.

Nay, tender mother, have done with your weeping,
Not in the night and the dark has he part.
His all of bright heaven save when he is sleeping
And dreaming of heaven, warm, warm in your heart.

—Harper's Bazar.

GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI.

The Ways of the Two Great Premiers Were Curiously Unlike.

I heard nearly all the great speeches made by both the men in that parliamentary duel, which lasted for so many years. My own observation and judgment gave the superiority to Mr. Gladstone all through, but I quite admit that Disraeli stood up well to his great opponent and that it was not always easy to award the prize of victory. The two men's voices were curiously unlike. Disraeli had a deep, low, powerful voice, heard everywhere throughout the house, but having little variety or music in it. Gladstone's voice was tuned to a higher note, was penetrating, resonant, liquid and full of an exquisite modulation and music which gave new shades of meaning to every emphasized word. The ways of the men were in almost every respect curiously unlike. Gladstone was always eager for conversation. He loved to talk to anybody about anything. Disraeli, even among his most intimate friends, was given to frequent fits of absolute and apparently gloomy silence.

Gladstone, after his earlier parliamentary days, became almost entirely indifferent to dress. Disraeli always turned out in the newest fashion, and down to his latest years went in the get up of a young man about town. Not less different were the characters and temperaments of the two men. Gladstone changed his political opinions many times during his long parliamentary career, but he changed his opinions only in deference to the force of a growing conviction and to the recognition of facts and conditions which he could no longer conscientiously dispute. Nobody probably ever knew what Mr. Disraeli's real opinions were upon any political question or whether he had any real opinions at all. Gladstone began as a Tory and gradually became changed into a Radical. Disraeli began as an extreme Radical under the patronage of Daniel O'Connell and changed into a Tory. But everybody knew that Gladstone was at first a sincere Tory and at last a sincere Radical. Nobody knew, or, indeed, cared, whether Disraeli ever was either a sincere Radical or a sincere Tory.—Justin McCarthy in Outlook.

When Blondin Was Afraid.

One of Blondin's favorite jokes was to offer to carry some distinguished spectator across the rope with him on his back. Everybody naturally refused, and the great equilibrist, with a genial smile, would say, "I am sorry you are afraid I should drop you." But he was hoist once with his own petard.

He was exhibiting in Paris and was about to cross the Seine on his rope. Cham, the great caricaturist, had come to make a sketch. Blondin, recognizing him, at once invited him to cross with him.

"With pleasure," replied Cham, "but on one condition."

"And that is"—queried Blondin.

"That I shall carry you on my back," answered Cham.

"Not if I know myself," answered Blondin.

"Ah," triumphantly exclaimed Cham, "this time, M. Blondin, it is you who are afraid!"—Washington Post.

A Story of Du Maurier.

One day, while taking his favorite walk about the heath, Du Maurier saw a gathering of people on the borders of the shallow pond which is a particular attraction to Hampstead. A thin coating of ice covered the water, excepting where a little dog had broken through and was ineffectually struggling to get out again. The ice was, however, so weak that whenever this little creature drew its front paws up over the edge it broke under his weight and forced him to repeat this painful operation again and again, until it looked as though the poor animal would become exhausted in his efforts.

Du Maurier was in delicate health at the time, and, knowing that the water was nowhere more than three feet deep, called to the idlers in the crowd, "Here's half a crown for the man who fetches that dog ashore." The offer was not accepted, at least not soon enough to satisfy the mercurial artist. So, despite the doctor, into the pond rushed Du Maurier, breaking his way through the thin ice until he reached the drowning doggie, which he seized in his arms and brought ashore, amid the cheers of the bystanders.

His only thought now was to run home rapidly in order to prevent a chill. He was overtaken, however, by a man, who pressed him to accept a piece of money by way of reward. Du Maurier declined, with thanks, and pressed on with renewed vigor. The man, however, would not be discouraged in his charitable intention, but repeatedly urged our artist to accept a tip for his trouble. The annoyance at length grew beyond even Du Maurier's fondness for a joke, for the well meaning patron insisted upon putting a tip into Du Maurier's hands while he was fumbling for his doorkey on the front steps of his own house.

Between this and the miserable chilliness of his garments Du Maurier finally forgot that courtliness which was his distinguishing mark and snapped out, "Damn it, go to the devil!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir!" said the now blushing persecutor. "I did not know you was a gentleman."—Harper's Weekly.

LOOKED LIKE A SKIN.

HOW MORRISSEY AND SCOVEL BEAT A PAT STRAIGHT AND THREE ACES.

Raises at the Proper Time and of Correct Amounts Did the Trick—Morrissey Got $1,000 Out of the Pot, Scovel Got the Rest and the Others Got Left.

The passing of the Crystal saloon. Gone, but not forgotten. Erected in 1898. Razed only a few days ago. The Crystal saloon, which adjoined the Frear House, was for over 40 years the principal and about the only rendezvous for sporting men in this city. It was the resort of such well known men as John Morrissey, John Daly, Colonel Jim Scovel and others. Stories have been told of plays of faro when the limit was the sky, and where the checks were piled on a card as high as the ceiling.

Many good stories are told of big games played in the Crystal. One of the best is of the great poker game in which the late John Morrissey and Colonel Jim Scovel were the two important players. It was nearly 30 years ago. It was a bleak December night. This was before Scovel was sent to the United States senate by the Jerseyites, and when Morrissey was at the height of his prominence. It was a six handed game of draw. The game had been lagging on for three hours without any excitement. Morrissey was about $3,000 winner. Scovel was a loser of about half that much. The play which made this story came up about 2 o'clock in the morning. John was the dealer, Scovel sat to his left and was the first man to speak. It was a $20 "jack."

"Pass," said the big colonel, never looking at his hand.

The next man did the same as Scovel, but the player who followed him opened it for $120, the size of the pot. The next man stayed, the next passed, and when it came to Morrissey he tilted it $360. It was now Scovel's turn. There was $820 now in the center. Scovel was a poker player of the old school. He would lay down fours as quickly as the amateur would draw four cards to an ace when it cost $100, and he would play a three card flush if the pot was worth winning at all. Scovel looked at his hand when Morrissey had finished putting in the checks. He stared at John for a few moments, all the time fumbling his checks, and then in a cool way went down in his inside pocket and pulled out a large wallet.

"I'll raise you $810," Jim said.

The man who had opened the pot saw both raises, for he sat with a nice pat straight in his hand, and the next fellow put in $1,170. Morrissey was nonplused when it came to him. It was at least 15 minutes before he put in the $810.

"I'm in so much I might as well stay," he remarked, as he picked up the deck. "How many, Jim?"

"Three," answered Scovel, "and see that they are good ones."

"Oh, I've got you beat," chirped John, as he dealt out the required number.

"I'll play these," was the answer of the man who held the pat straight.

"That's a good thing," said Morrissey, looking in a surprised way at the man.

"Give me two," was the order of the next man, and he got them.

"Well, I only want one, and I don't need it at that," remarked Morrissey, as he took the top card.

The man who had opened was one of these fellows who are always afraid of a one card draw, and he merely chipped 25 cents. The next man was there with three aces cold, and he threw a $50 greenback in the center. It was now Morrissey's turn. He had "skinned" his hand off two or three times.

"Five hundred better," said he, without moving a muscle.

During the play Scovel had been leaning back in his chair watching his opponents. The "gallery," which is the name used for the spectators who congregate around the table, was more excited than the players. The center of the table was piled with bills.

"It seems like a shame," exclaimed Scovel, "but I'm going to raise you $2,500, John," and suiting the action to the word he counted off that amount in bills and threw it in the middle.

The man with the pat straight passed without hesitating, and the next with three aces concluded that his hand wasn't worth $3,000 more, so he, too, dropped out.

"How about splitting the pot, Jim?" asked Morrissey.

"Never," replied Scovel, "but I'll let you take your last raise out."

"Make it $1,000," said Morrissey, "and I'll go you."

"All right," said Scovel. "What'd you have?"

"A lalla-pa-loosa," answered big John, and threw his hand to Scovel. There was a jack of hearts and a deuce, tray, four and five of diamonds.

Scovel turned his hand over and showed the jack of diamonds, queen of hearts, jack and seven of clubs, and ace of spades; he had a solitary pair of jacks. Talk about consternation. The man who had passed on three aces made the air blue, and the pat straight fellow fell unconscious. Scovel treated the house and took a cab to Albany. "If I had only thought you was bluffing," said Morrissey, "I'd have sent you to Philadelphia on a freight train."

There was $8,071 in the pot, which Scovel won with a pair of jacks.—Troy Observer.

The great wall of China is 1,500 miles long and traverses high mountains, deep valleys and, by means of arches, wide rivers. The foundations and corners are of granite, but the principal part is of blue bricks. The last official account of the population of China gives a total of upward of 400,000,000.

The waste land of the United Kingdom, including mountains, heath and common, is estimated at 40 per cent.

HIGH HEELS IN EGYPT.

Slippers Seem to Be in High Favor With Cairo Women.

It is hard to find a neat, well fitting shoe in Cairo, because the woman of the fellah class goes barefooted and the woman of the harem wears slippers. Egypt has no middle class of a size to count for anything. The shoe, when one discovers it, is too broad for the foot of a European. It is round toed and without an instep, for the use of a splay footed generation. It has either no heel or else one that puts the "common sense" models to shame. It is a clumsy adaptation of its European prototype, useful, probably, but certainly not ornamental.

The slipper is a different thing. In its lowest state it is bright colored. It is a thing of the soil and seems a part of the foot that has shuffled along in it for centuries. The cheaper slippers worn by the women of Cairo are a vivid red or yellow. They are very loose, but are too flexible to be altogether awkward. They have soles almost as thin as paper and no heels. To walk in them is an art that can't be learned in one generation, but needs to be developed through heredity, for they are always crodden down at the back, and it takes toes as clever as fingers to hold them in position.

But Egyptian women can jump as nimbly as others from extreme to extreme, and every mother's daughter of them who can afford it wears stiltlike Louis Quinze heels. The women of the wealthier classes are odd sights in their bathlike, black cloaks and white yakmaks, tilting through the streets with a liberal display of pink silk stockings and blue satin slippers that look fitter for a ballroom. Feet are all that a veiled woman can display, and she makes the most of them. In the narrow streets that lead from the muski one may see in a ten minutes' walk any morning stockings and slippers of all the hues of the rainbow. The shapeless silk cloaks that are universal for outdoor wear are cut conveniently short to display black slippers embroidered with gold, white slippers beaded with blue, yellow satin slippers with white lace rosettes and dozens of red silk slippers with black beading. In Matarieh, Heloun and other suburban villages, where many of the pashas keep their harems, so that their wives may not buy out the jewelers' bazaars of Cairo, the display of footgear is even more striking.

The women who have the largest fortunes invested in stockings and slippers are not apparently young and are oftener than not of unwieldy figures. The feet of Egyptian women are not small, and these gay slippers are apt to be in big sizes. They are frequently soiled and spotted, for the streets of Cairo are dirty, but they add to the picturesqueness of outdoor life and to one's appreciation of the ingenuity of women.—New York Tribune.

RUSSIAN HUNTING DOGS.

The Laikas Furnish Food, Draw Sledges and Supply Clothing to Their Owners.

Harding Cox writes about laikas, or the northern dogs, to the London Field.

"The duties of the true laika," he says, "are of an extremely varied nature. Among the Chinese about 1,000,000 are eaten every year, while in Russia the beast is trained for all sorts of hunting—squirrels, bear, deer, snipe, capercailzie, ermine, sable, and all the other beasts are taken with them, even the wolves. It is estimated that nearly 1,000,000 rubles' worth of game is taken every year with the aid of the laikas in Russia. Prince Schirinsky, a Russian noble, is trying to get a cross between the laika and some setter or retriever, believing that he would thereby obtain a dog which would make as nearly a perfect hunting dog as is possible.

"In the polar swamps the laikas are used in drawing sledges, as well as hunting, by the natives, while their warm pelts are made to serve as coats and trousers.

"The laika has an upright, pointed ear, which the dog pricks when excited. The muzzle is long and sharp, but powerful, set to a broad forehead. The body is strong and at the quarters broad and powerful. The ribs are big and long. The chest is deep and broad. The legs are for running, while the coat is thick, having 'cotton' under the hair, which makes it warm.

"The chief colors are from black and black and tan to grayish, but the dogs are never spotted in the pure blood. A few of these dogs can stop a bear or anything else easily. The dogs are just short of two feet higher."

Artificial Petroleum.

Among the achievements of science is the production of petroleum from linseed oil by distillation under pressure. Two theories have been held as to the origin of petroleum. One is that it is of vegetable, the other of animal origin. It is not unlikely that it may be a combination of both. Animal and vegetable oils filter through the ground and might by changes in the chemical laboratory of nature produce this substance. At all events, the fact is significant and interesting, especially as several petroleum hydrocarbons have resulted from the experiments as noted.—New York Ledger.

Bankoed.

The elephant trumpeted loudly.

"What's the trouble?" asked the chimpanzee.

"Somebody's worked the shell game on me," replied the pachyderm as he threw away the bag of empty peanut shells which had just been handed to him.—Philadelphia North American.

The Real Estate Man's Pet Story.

Opdike (discussing their new flat)—The real estate agent said that my wife and I could have the flat for $25 a month, but that he would charge anyone else $30.

Fathergill—That was the offer he made me and my wife when we thought of taking it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE MOYIE CITY LEADER

Published in the interest of the people of Moyie City and East Kootenay.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1898.

AFFECTS OF A BOOM.

Slocan City furnishes a good illustration of the affect a boom has upon a town. Not a town in western Canada had a more promising future. It had an ideal location, splendid water supply and the mineral resources tributary were of the best. If the town had grown gradually and the surrounding mineral claims handled on their merits all would be well today.

But in the spring of 1897 a boom struck the town. Town lots went sky high, and mineral claims sold like hot cakes. The wildcatter got in his deadly work, as did also the real estate shark. Mere prospects were sold and bonded for fabulous prices, and almost worthless mineral claims were stocked for from $100,000 to $500,000.

This unnatural and unwarranted gust of prosperity served as a boomerrang, and today the once thriving little city is practically depopulated, and the surrounding country has been given a setback from which it will take years to recover. The town that once supported two good newspapers is now without a paper of any sort, and business firms that were once prosperous are on the verge of a collapse. Mines that should be working are lying idle, being tied up by litigation, and all business is practically at a standstill.

Slocan City is not alone in her distress—there are others. Silverton, New Denver and Wardner have suffered the same fate and others may follow in their wake. Of course most of them will eventually come out all right, but it will take them some time to recover from the blow.

Moyie City's growth has been steady and permanent, and never showed a particle of evidence of a boom. As a consequence the town is no larger than it should be with the present amount of business.

A TERRIBLE EPISODE.

Harper's weekly is fierce in its wrath against the men who have blundered through the United States war with Spain.

"A terrible episode," it says, "has occurred in the history of the country—an episode so criminal that the glory of war and victory has been dimmed by the wrath caused by the wrongs and sufferings of the soldiers who have fought the war and achieved the glory."

The same journal makes effective answer to Alger's weak plea that war is always accompanied by horrors, and therefore the country ought not to complain. "Thirty years ago," it continues, "we saw the soldiers coming home from a war they had endured for four years. Many of them had lived in camps and fought over fields from which the skeletons of today are carried to the hospital. Their ranks were thin. Some companies brought back a file or two led by a non-commissioned officer. Some rode in carriages; but they were wounded men, not men sick with fevers. The men who marched moved with the vigorous stride of health. In that day we did not see such ghastly reminders of the war as we are seeing now in camp and on the return of the men who enlisted for the war, unless we saw the victims of southern prisons. Then we saw men starved because their captors had nothing for them. Now we see men starved and fever-stricken because their government has not the capacity to take care of them, and even seems indifferent to their sufferings."

Kootenai Herald: Idaho journalism has received a valuable addition in the person of Hon. J. R. Sovereign, the well known labor leader. Mr. Sovereign has a national reputation and writes upon economic questions with a trenchant pen. He has assumed editorial charge of the Idaho Tribune, published at Wallace. The Tribune is the organ of the Western Federation of Miners. The organization is fortunate in having secured the services of such an able writer as Mr. Sovereign. He is a big, broad minded man. His editorial utterances are in keeping with a paragraph selected from the salutatory in the Tribune upon the occasion of his taking charge, which reads as follows:

"We came not to foment strife and and contention, array interest against interest or employees against employers, but to aid in the unification of the people, encourage business enterprise, advance the cause of labor organizations and teach the necessity of political reform."

The Slocan City News has suspended publication, and D. R. Young has moved the plant to Nelson and has opened the Standard Job Office. As a hustler Mr. Young is without a peer in British Columbia, and his chances of securing his share of the trade in the busy town of Nelson are good. He has the best wishes of the LEADER.

Since the building of the railway Moyie City has had many visitors. They visit the mines, look over the beautiful townsite and go boating on the lake. Then they all arrive at the same clusion. It is simply that Moyie City has the most mineral backing and brightest prospects of any town in East Kootenay.

THE OLD MAID CAPTAIN.

"I have been going to sea these 25 years," said the stewardess of an American coastwise steamer, one afternoon, as she sat sewing in the cozy ladies' cabin of the vessel to which she belonged, "and yet I was never wrecked. No ship I have been on ever lost so much as a spar while I was aboard. Yes, my life has been very commonplace. There has been no romance connected with it. Stop, though; I did play a very small part in a romance once. That happened fully 20 years ago. I sometimes wonder if it wasn't all a dream. It seems stranger to me now than it did even then." The stewardess paused, with a far-away look in her eyes.

"When I was young I went on sailing vessels instead of steamers," she continued. "About 20 years ago I visited some friends in the country after a voyage, and then I came to New York to find a ship. The agent I went to told me that I could go as stewardess on a ship bound to Australia. 'The skipper,' said he, 'is a good man, but he's a regular old maid.' I said I didn't mind old maids, and so it was settled that I was to go with the 'old maid captain.' The next day I went aboard and reported to my new captain. He was called Harris. He was short and rather slightly built, with mild gray eyes, but with a full, heavy black beard. He seemed about 35 years old. His hands were small and delicate, and his voice was high and just a trifle shrill, and he walked up and down the deck with a mincing sort of gait. Thinks I, 'Capt. Harris, if you wasn't a skipper you'd have made a first-rate single woman.' I regularly despised him until the first storm came on. Then he went on deck and handled the ship in such a way that I saw he was the best navigator I had ever sailed under. After that I began to think better of the old maid captain. I never saw a captain so considerate of his men. If one of them was the least bit sick, the captain would go into the forecastle and look after him as tenderly as any nurse. And when the weather was bad, he would not let the mates make the men do any work that wasn't really necessary. The mates used to make fun of the captain behind his back for being so considerate of his men, but somehow I thought it was a good trait in him.

"I began to watch the captain closely, and I soon made up my mind that there was some mystery about that man. Once on a pleasant evening I came on deck and saw the captain looking at the red sunset with tears in his eyes. Another time, when I thought he was on deck, I went into the after cabin for something, and I found him there. What do you think he was doing? Why, he was sewing; and crying into the bargain. 'They are right in calling you the old maid captain,' thinks I.

"The mate, Mr. Wood, was a tall, fine-looking down-easter. The captain seemed to like him, but I thought how much he must envy his size and strength. The captain, though, was much the smarter man of the two. The mate, somehow, seemed to take a fancy to me. I was young in those days. He was always running into the cabin on some pretext to see me. But I never encouraged him. You see, I was engaged to be the mate of another mate; and that mate, poor fellow, was lost at sea a few years afterward. Although the captain didn't seem to care much about me, he didn't fancy the mate's taking a liking to me. That used to puzzle me.

"One morning when we were in the South Pacific, some one cried out that there was a small boat with several people in it in sight on the lee bow. We bore away for the boat, and pretty soon it was alongside the ship. Five men and a little boy climbed up from the boat to our deck, and we gave them a warm welcome. The boy couldn't have been over eight years old. He was a bright looking little fellow, with long curly hair. Capt. Harris took to him at once. He carried the child into the after cabin and put him in our own berth, and took him something to eat, while the rescued men were telling us how they came to be in the the open boat. They belonged to a bark which was bound to New York, but had sprung a leak and had foundered the day before. The crew left the vessel in two boats just before she went down, but when she did go under she swamped one of the boats, and the captain and seven men were thrown into the water and drowned. The other boat, with the mate in charge, managed to keep afloat until we came up with it.

"The mate of the wrecked vessel, Mr. Bradley, was a gray-haired, rough-looking man, but he seemed to have a kind heart. Early in the evening, when he was sitting in the forward cabin with the second mate and myself, he told us that the little boy, who was still in the after cabin with Capt. Harris, had been shipwrecked twice before. The little fellow was the son of a sea captain, and had been going to sea with his father and mother ever since he was born. About four years before, when the ship on which this seagoing family were, was nearing the English channel, a heavy fog set in. The second mate was in charge of the deck, and the captain, with his wife and boy and the mate, were at dinner. The captain's wife happened to think of something in the galley that she wanted, and she went forward for it. Just then a big steamer loomed up suddenly in the fog, and, without any warning, struck the ship aft and smashed in the cabin. The poor captain was crushed to death, but the mate and the little boy were only imprisoned by the broken timbers. The mate cried out a number of times, but received no answer. He could hear occasional whistles from the steamer for about half an hour. Finally he made a struggle and succeeded in tearing away enough broken timber to liberate himself. He took the little boy with him, and going on the deck found that the wreck was sinking. The vessel had been deserted by the others, who had probably climbed on board the steamer. The wreck was now nearly even with the water, and the mate made a little raft and launched it. He took the boy and sprang on to the raft, where he lashed himself and the little fellow. Soon afterward the wreck sank. Next morning it was clear, and the mate and the boy were picked up by a small iron bark bound to Japan. The bark, however, got out of her course, and was driven ashore on a small island, not far from the Philippines. The island was inhabited by friendly natives, who took care of the stranded crew, but nearly three years passed before any vessel touched at the island. They were finally taken off by a man-of-war, which landed them at Bombay. There the mate was taken sick and sent to the hospital, and while in hospital he was visited by Mr. Bradley. Mr. Bradley, who had once been befriended by the boy's father, said that the bark he was on was about to sail for New York, and he undertook to deliver the little fellow to his friends. But now the poor boy was again on his way to the other side of the world.

"While Mr. Bradley was finishing his account of how he came by the boy, Capt. Harris came in from the after cabin and said that the little fellow was sleeping nicely. Mr. Bradley began to tell the captain about how the boy was wrecked the first time. Then the captain rose up, pale and trembling, and asked the name of the ship. When Mr. Bradley gave the name of the ship that was run down, and said that the boy's father was Capt. Wilson, the skipper staggered back, and then rushed into the after cabin as if he had gone mad. We couldn't make out what was the matter with him. An hour later I went into the after cabin for something, and I saw the captain leaning over the boy who was fast asleep. The captain looked up, and I noticed that his eyes were red, as if he had been crying hard. Thinks I: 'Well, well, you are an old maid of a captain, indeed.'

"The next morning we were becalmed. Near by us lay a big clipper ship, which, toward noon, sent a boat to us. The officer in charge of the clipper's boat said that they were bound for New York, but were short-handed, and he told Mr. Bradley that he and the other men from the lost barque were welcome to come on board and work their passage to the United States. Mr. Bradley jumped at the chance, and when his men were all ready to leave our ship, he looked around for the boy. We found the little fellow in the cabin, where he was being petted by Capt. Harris. The captain made a great outcry when Mr. Bradley said that the boy would have to go with him. Our skipper begged hard for the youngster, but Mr. Bradley said that he would have to take him to his friends. Mr. Bradley was about to lead the youngster out of the cabin, when Capt. Harris fell on his knees and put his arms around the boy. Then he looked up to Mr. Bradley and said:

"'You must not take him. I am his father!'

"'His father!' replied Mr. Bradley. 'What do you mean? Why, I knew Capt. Wilson myself. He was at least ten years older than you, and was a large man into the bargain. Come, let me have the boy!'

"'No, no,' cried Capt. Harris, pressing the little fellow still closer to him; 'I may not be his father, but I am his—'

"'Don't say you're his mother,' sneered Mr. Bradley.

"'Yes, I am his mother!' was the reply.

"And with that Capt. Harris pulled off the heavy black beard I mentioned. There was no doubt about it. The captain had a woman's face, and not a bad-looking one, either. Mr. Bradley started back in astonishment, and cried:

"'You don't mean to say you are Capt. Wilson's widow?'

"'That's exactly what I am,' said our skipper, rising to her feet and putting her beard back into place. 'After my husband's ship had been struck by the steamer, I was lifted on board of the other vessel by two of the men. My husband and child were given up for lost, although I begged the people to return and search the wreck for them. They would have done it, but the steamer could not find the wreck in the fog, and it was supposed that she had foundered immediately after we left her. I went home to my friends. My husband had left very little money, and I found that I should have to work for a living. I didn't care to hire out as a housekeeper. I had learned navigation thoroughly from my husband, and was well fitted to take charge of a ship. I went to a ship owner who was an old friend of my husband's, and told him just how things stood. He thought that under the circumstances I couldn't do beter than dress up as a man and go to sea as a captain. He found me a ship, and I've been a skipper ever since. And now no one is going to take my boy away from me.'

"'That they ain't,' said good-hearted Mr. Bradley, who then kissed the boy and shook hands with us all. In five minutes he and his men were on their way to the big clipper, and our skipper, with her arm around the boy, was leaning against the taffrail waving her hand to them.

"Now I understand the captain's liking for Mr. Wood, our mate. She was in love with him, and of course she was a little jealous of me. The whole mystery about Capt. Harris was accounted for.

"One evening some weeks afterward, when we were in the Indian ocean, I glanced through the after cabin door, and what do you think I saw? There sat our mate, Mr. Wood, by the side of our skipper. She had her beard off, and I noticed then that she had let her hair grow. In Mr. Wood's lap sat the little boy. She was looking tenderly at Mr. Wood, and he was talking to the boy as if he had made up his mind to be very good to him—for his mother's sake. Then I knew that it was all settled."—N. Y. Times.

—There are some men who experience no greater enjoyment than sharpening a dull knife.—Atchison Globe.

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