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

A. MANUEL & CO., Props.
J. M. LINDSAY, Manager.

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.

MOYIE HAS A RAILROAD

Steel was Laid Here Last Sunday.

IT WAS AN IMPORTANT EVENT

Trains Are Running to the End of the Track, and a General Traffic Is Being Carried on.

At exactly 5:30 o'clock last Sunday afternoon the rails were laid across Queens avenue, and at last, after months of patient waiting, Moyie City has a railroad.

It was a great day for Moyie. From the time the puffs of smoke were first seen issuing from the locomotive propelling the tracklayer the town was thrown into a frenzy of excitement. Quite a crowd went up the grade to see the outfit at work, and followed it along until it passed through town. Never did a train of cars look so pleasing to the eye, nor the whistle of a locomotive seem so musical.

Since that time trains loaded with steel and other material have been passing every few hours day and night, and the tracklaying is being pushed with all possible speed. As we go to press the rails are laid about 20 miles west of here. A temporary siding was put in at the foot of the lake, which was used until yesterday, when the outfit was moved on six miles farther to Irishman creek.

Moyie is already deriving considerable benefit from the railroad, as the construction trains are carrying both passengers and freight.

We Will Have a Postoffice.

Contrary to the report published in the LEADER last week, Moyie City will have a postoffice by the first of October.

The rumor circulated last week that E. H. Small had refused to accept the postoffice is entirely without foundation. When Mr. Small was confronted with the report he was quite surprised.

"I have no idea how the report got started," he said, "as Mr. Fletcher and myself had no such conversation. I have accepted the office and will take the oath of office today (Thursday,) and also have a deputy sworn in. However, the office will not be under the jurisdiction of the postal department until the first of October, at which time the official stamps, books, blanks, etc., will be here, and through trains will be running to carry the mail."

Thursday night Mr. Small and his deputy, F. I. Moore, appeared before Stipendiary Magistrate Sanders and took the oath of office. The office will remain in the store of the Moyie Supply Co.

On the fourth page of this issue is an editorial comment which was written and printed prior to the foregoing information being learned. Since we have a postoffice the comment is amiss.

The Kimberley Townsite.

Chas. Estmere, part owner and sole agent for the Kimberley townsite, was a visitor in Moyie Monday. Mr. Estmere is quite enthusiastic over the future prospects for his town, and believes the steady growth which it is now having will continue and be permanent. Considerable building is being done. The Fort Steele Development Syndicate, which has the controlling interest in the townsite, is putting up a hotel 56x58 in size, and two and one-half stories high. It is of modern architecture and will be heated with hot air and lighted with Acetylene gas. A number of other substantial buildings are in course of construction, and Finch Bros.' saw mill is kept busy turning out lumber to supply the demand.

Kimberley is situated at the forks of Mark and Sullivan creeks and is in close proximity to the North Star and Sullivan mines.

M. J. Hardy, chief of construction of the Crow's Nest road, was in town Monday. No information of any importance could be elicited from him.

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.

It Pleased Mr. Wallinger.

N. A. Wallinger, the resident manager for the Fort Steele Development Syndicate, inspected the workings of the Queen of the Hills and Moyie claims last Monday in the interest of his company. He was more than pleased with the big strike which was made about two weeks ago by Ike Williams and his men.

"There are 10 feet of ore in the face of the drift," he said, "and all indications point towards its widening. I would not be at all surprised to see the ledge widen to 18 or 20 feet within a short distance. One reason this rich strike pleases me is because the property had previously been condemned by several experts, and mining men. When I first saw the property I was convinced it was all right, only poorly handled, and now my convictions have been sustained. I believe there is an immense body of ore there. On the surface there are two distinct ledges, but I am under the impression that when depth is attained they will drift into one large vein."

"When will the working force on the property be increased?"

"Shortly after the last payment is made, which will be in October. When I return to Steele I will cable the company in London of this last strike, and will await their orders. There is no question in my mind but the last payment will be made, and when done the mine will be operated on an extensive scale."

This company has other large holdings in East Kootenay, being also the principal owners in the Kimberley townsite, and the Minnie M. and Tiger mines on Tracey creek.

LATER—Yesterday Captain James Morrish, the syndicate's expert, in company with Mr. Wallinger, made a thorough investigation of the above properties, as well as the St. Eugene and Lake Shore mines. When Mr. Morrish's report is considered by the syndicate, the final decision will be made, and in all probability the last payment will be made on the Moyie and Queen of the Hills.

The Echo Out of Luck.

While the steamer Echo was making a run to the foot of the lake Monday afternoon she met with an accident which will render her unfit for use for some time to come. While making a turn in the Moyie river near the foot of the lake the propelling screw came in contact with a rock, breaking off one of the flanges. As two flanges had been broken off on a previous occasion, only one now remains, and the boat must consequently be idle until another screw is received and installed.

L. W. Herchmer and Party Here.

L. W. Herchmer, commissioner of the Northwest mounted police, Regina; H. W. Herchmer, Fort Steele, C. H. Randall, Fort Steele, and Inspector Sanders of Macleod were visitors in Moyie Thursday, and spent a good portion of the day in yachting and fishing. They returned to Steele yesterday.

For a Constable.

A petition was circulated this week, and signed by all the business men and property holders, asking for the appointment of J. M. Lindsay as constable for Moyie City. The town at present has mounted police protection, but they will be withdrawn in a few weeks to the Northwest Territories, they being stationed along the line only temporarily under contract with the C. P. R. during the construction of the new line of railway.

A better selection than Mr. Lindsay could not have been made. For several years he held a similar position in the east, giving the best of satisfaction, thus making him eminently fitted for the position. His appointment will meet with the hearty approval of every citizen of Moyie.

Along the C. N. P.

Rev. R. J. MacPherson arrived home Tuesday from a trip over the Crow's Nest railway as far east as Coal Creek. He was favorably impressed with that town, and thinks it will eventually be one of the best on the line.

He says between 80 and 100 men are working in the coal mines and the company is already shipping five carloads a day. Nearly 1,000 feet of tunneling has been done, and three eight hour shifts are being run.

Mr. MacPherson has taken up his residence in Cranbrook, and will conduct Sabbath services there hereafter.

LOCAL NEWS.

Work will be started on the Lake Shore mine next week.

M. McInnes, East Kootenay's meat king, was in town Wednesday.

J. W. Robinson went to Kuskonook Thursday, and will be absent a week.

Father Welsh, of the St. Eugene mission, has been in town for several days.

Joe Shae has in stock a nice assortmen of good cigars and choice apples, oranges, etc.

Rev. Gordon and Oliver, of the Presbyterian clergy, were in town a few hours Monday.

Engineer Kilally, who has charge of the railway work near Palmer's Bar, was a visitor in Moyie Sunday.

A contract has been let for the erection of another large bunk house and an office at the St. Eugene mine.

Wm. Carlin, the Fort Steele merchant, came into town on Tuesday's train. When asked if he boarded the train at Steele, he simply smiled.

T. J. Elliott, once a resident of this part of the country, but now employed in a clerical capacity in the C. P. R. offices at Macleod, was here looking after his interests this week.

A wire from the main line was strung to G. Campbell's custom office Tuesday evening, an instrument was installed and for 36 hours Moyie City had a telegraph office. Then orders were received by the operator, P. C. Fallon, to move to the switch at the foot of the lake, in order to be nearer the construction forces.

"Sugar" Dixson, representing Luke Bristoll & Co. of Hamilton, Ont., was doing business with Moyie City merchants Thursday.

F. I. Moore is building an eight foot sidewalk along the front of his lot facing Queens avenue. This is a step in the right direction.

G. R. Muir has made arrangements to ship two carloads of dressed lumber to Archie Leitch at Cranbrook. Leitch's mill is unable to supply the demand of Cranbrook's builders.

Constable J. Wilson came up from Kuskonook Thursday to subpœna witnesses for the trial of Antonio Bruno for the murder of Guiseppe Puerio, which will begin at Nelson on September 20th.

Paymaster Stephens came in by rail on his last trip, instead of horseback as heretofore. The usual payments in town were made, and the tracklayers were paid at the siding at the foot of the lake.

James Clandening, who has had charge of the construction of the western portion of the Crow's Nest line, and has been a resident of this place for nearly a year, has gone to his home in Vancouver to remain.

Moyie City was given a taste of high life this week. The arrival of the steel, followed within a day or two by the paymaster, had an exhilarating affect upon the people. The business houses, hotels especially, enjoyed a liberal trade.

E. H. Small is home again from the Mission hospital, after battling for several weeks with a severe attack of typhoid fever. Although out of the hospital only 10 days, he is looking splendid. He is loud in his praise of the excellent treatment received while at the hospital.

W. H. Shira has returned from Wasa, where he has been for a month past. Besides doing assessment work on the Black Pine and Sunnyside claims, he put in some time on the wagon road, which is being built to that place by the government.

Rev. C. A. Procunier, who has charge of the Church of England in East Kootenay, was here yesterday afternoon getting acquainted with the people. He leaves for Rossland today for a short visit. He expects to hold services here at least one Sunday in each month.

Joe Neiderstadt, the brewer, is the busiest man in town, and his beer is constantly increasing in popularity. As the LEADER predicted some weeks ago, Jos. Neiderstadt in a short time will be the Jos. Schlitz of the Kootenays, and his beer will be known as that which made Moyie famous.

Fled Before the Enemy.

"Let me kiss your Dewey lips," urged the youth in the parlor.

"Young man," roared a voice from above, "the bombardment will open as soon as I get down stairs."

Then the hapless youngster organized himself into a flying squadron and made a fleet disappearance.—Ex.

MAKING GOLD.

Follow the Indian Alchemists' Methods and, Presto! You Are Rich.

For a long time in India the apparent transmutation of tin, zinc, copper and mercury into precious metals has been practiced. We have seen there with our own eyes a metal like gold issuing from the crucible of the Indian alchemists—a metal that could not be told from real gold by means of the touchstone. We may say, however, that in old India, as well as in young America, they have not yet succeeded in giving to the metal thus obtained the chemical properties of gold. On this point they are not more advanced in the one country than in the other, and the problem seems to us not to be near solution. The metal obtained can, in fact, be decomposed into its constituent elements. Nevertheless, it may be interesting to present to public notice the Indian alchemists and to describe their methods. Around these personages many legends have sprung up. The people assert that they never come into a city except by divine inspiration in order to cure illness and to enrich certain persons. There is a belief among the Hindoos, very widespread, but purely fabulous, that they disappear at certain hours to rejoin the cittars—divine naturalists of the early ages of India, who, according to Hindoo tradition, meet with their divinity, Hari Ishari, on the summits of the Himalayas, to learn the secrets of nature.

The following is the method employed by these Indian alchemists to make their gold. We give literally, conforming to the weights and measures in use in India, the list of substances necessary for this delicate operation. These are, according to our documents:

Sulphur of Nelli-Kai (Phylanthus Jemblica), 24 rupees weight (7 ounces).

White seeds of Abra precatorius, 9 rupees weight (2½ ounces).

One whole garlic.

Cinnabar, 6 rupees weight (2 ounces).

English orpiment, 6 rupees weight.

Sal ammoniac, 6 rupees weight.

These are powdered separately, and then a paste is made of the whole, with three quarts of "paddy" made of the milky juice of Asclepias gigantea. The whole is ground up with this milk. Then little hard balls are made of the mixture, and finally two sattis are taken of fine, hard earthenware, of such size that the material to be distilled occupies only one-third or one-fourth of the vessel. On the lower vessel another satti is soldered with potter's earth, after an opening has been made in the end of this second vase. Over this hole is fitted a bottle whose end is pierced, and it is carefully sealed to the vase. Into the lower vase are put the little balls described above, and the whole is then sealed up.

The powder, when vaporized, rises along the sides of the bottle and condenses around the hole. It is collected with a feather. Then zinc is taken. For each rupee's weight of zinc is allowed a quantity of the powder as large as two or three rice grains. The zinc and the powder are wrapped up together in a bit of paper or linen or a leaf. The whole is put into a crucible, which is then sealed with a paste composed of one part of cow dung, one of charcoal and one of potter's earth. This is placed on a fire of wood charcoal and heated white hot, after which it is allowed to cool. Open the crucible—you are a rich man.—Paris Cosmos.

A POET'S CONSTANCY.

Oh, praise is ever sweet to hear!
In simple candor I confess it,
And then, I own, 'tis doubly dear
When loving lips like yours express it.

And yet when calmly I reflect
How much is due to Cupid's blindness,
Forgive me, dear, if I suspect
Your praises only prove your kindness.

Whatever virtues I may boast
(And slight, indeed, is my profession),
The one you praise and prize the most
May be the least in my possession.

You call me "constant" and revere
A mind so steady and unswerving,
But never poet yet, I fear,
Of such applause was quite deserving.

The poet's constancy at best
Is like the bee's—voluptuous rover—
Still constant to his honey quest,
Though found in apple bloom or clover.

And do I thus my faith impeach
As one untrue to love's vocation?
A moment's patience, I beseech,
And you shall hear my explanation.

Suppose the bee, so prone to stray
As fancy bids from bower to bower,
Should chance to find some lucky day
A wondrous honey bearing flower,

Which, though he sipped and came again
As often as the day was sunny,
Quite unexhausted should remain,
An overflowing fount of honey.

Such praise as she might fitly claim,
If ne'er again she proved a rover,
So much (the cases are the same)
Is due your fond and faithful lover.
—John G. Saxe in New York Ledger.

The Russian Police.

A tyrannical and universal secret surveillance blights all Russian national life. The clergy preach but little, the great majority never attempting to deliver a sermon, chiefly because an unguarded or misunderstood word may be so reported as to lead to severe penalties. All public meetings are prohibited, and so ridiculous is the extreme to which the superfine bureaucracy pushes its operations that nobody is at liberty to give even a dinner party without the permit of the everlasting politsi.

The police officer is the god of Russia. If permission is granted for a party, a detective must be admitted. Public lectures are all but unknown, for the law sternly forbids them. Seeing that education is rapidly spreading, and that by the efforts of the authorities in this land of endless paradoxes, it is manifest that the elements of some fearful social cataclysm are being abundantly and expeditiously provided. The passport system is an unspeakable abomination, for which there is not the slightest justification. It puts travelers to the utmost inconvenience and occasions con-

A SURPRISED SHARK.

A HINDOO WITH A ROPE PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

A Swimming Contest In Which the Man Surpassed the Fish—A Thrilling Scene, Upon Which an Immense Throng of People Looked With Varying Emotions.

"Talk about your shark hunters in the south Pacific islands," remarked the old traveler, "but I remember seeing an encounter with one of these long toothed gentry that for cool nerve beat anything I ever read about.

"I was loafing around Calcutta one day, late in the autumn, waiting for the evening train up to the city of Hugli, when I heard a tremendous shouting coming from the direction of the river Hugli, which is practically one of the mouths of the Ganges. Trotting over to the shore as fast as a white man ever traveled in India, I saw a huge commotion. Natives were hurrying away from the bank as if in terror and then running back as if their curiosity had overcome their greatest fears. The river was full of boats. The occupants of the larger ones were screaming with excitement, while those in the small ones were shrieking and jabbering with a considerable amount of fear.

"I soon discovered that the fuss had been created by a large shark which had come up with the tide and had ventured a little farther than it was customary for sharks to do. His dorsal fin was cutting the water here and there, and when occasionally he turned on his back and sent his nose and grinning teeth above the water groans and screams of horror went up in all directions. His sharkship was evidently out for supper and was casting longing glances at the succulent Hindoo babies, of whom a considerable number were in sight.

"In the midst of all the hubbub a tall, lank Hindoo stepped out upon the roof of a kind of houseboat and in a short speech announced that he would catch the shark.

"Instantly a dead hush fell upon the multitudes. The Hindoo stood erect. He was perfectly naked save for a little garment at the loins, which our Texas cowboys call a 'gee string.' He was armed only with a long rope like a lariat, which he held behind his back with his left hand.

"Presently Mr. Shark came to the surface about eight yards from the boat and immediately the Hindoo plunged overboard.

"A chorus of groans and exclamations went up, in the midst of which the Hindoo reappeared, swimming with his right hand. Man and shark faced each other, and I fancied that I saw a pleased expression in the monster's eye, as much as to say, 'Well, this is civil, to say the least.'

"The shark evidently thought he had a 'cinch' on the situation, for he swam leisurely toward the Hindoo, turned slowly upon his back and opened his mouth. The mouth closed with a snap and the people screamed, but the Hindoo had dived, and presently he appeared again on the off side of the shark, smiling and still carrying his rope.

"The big fish looked surprised and then made another gentle dab at the Hindoo. The result was the same, and Mr. Hindoo came up fresh for the third round.

"Then the shark began to grow angry and made a vicious run at the Hindoo, and again he missed. The people on shore and in the boats began to feel confidence in the human champion, and their groans were changed to applause. Every time the man made a point against the fish those heathens would send up a rousing cheer.

"Well, by this time the thing was getting exciting. I never saw such swimming before, and I never will again. The man was a regular water snake. He dodged, twisted, dove and jumped like an eel. The fish made charge after charge. Once his fin grazed the Hindoo's arm, and the water was colored with blood. The man's stock went down a point, but it soon rose again, when the crowd began to see that the fish simply wasn't in it. The man was beating him at his own game. You see, the fish could only go in one direction—straight ahead like an arrow—while the man turned and doubled like a fox.

"Well, by and by the exertion and excitement told on the monster. He got rattled, churned the river into foam, and then became quiet again. At this moment the Hindoo faced him again. It was the last round.

"The shark charged languidly. The man waited, lying in the water until the great mouth was open to seize him. Then, with a convulsive backward leap, he straightened his body and sank, feet downward, like a plummet of lead.

"The shark settled down over him, lashing the water into a lather foam. They seemed to be grappling with each other. The crowd groaned and screamed, and then became silent.

"For the space of what seemed many minutes the people watched the surface of the water until even the bubbles had disappeared and all was quiet.

"'Lost! Lost!' screamed a priest, and the mob re-echoed the cry and began to beat their breasts like a lot of madmen. Then suddenly in the middle of it all the Hindoo reappeared, 30 yards up the stream. Both hands were above his head, and he was screaming, 'Tan, tan, tan!' He had slipped the noose of his lariat around the shark's tail and drawn it taut, and he held the free end in his hand.

"In an instant it was ashore, and a score of Hindoos were drawing at it. It took them half an hour to get Mr. Shark ashore, for he pulled like a locomotive, but they finally managed it.

"He proved to be nine feet long and sold for a sum which enabled his captor to live in comfort for nearly half a year."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Nearly half of the life insurance carried in Illinois is in the fraternal societ-

FELLOW TRAVELERS.

I fain would have thee stay, old year,
For, oh, my heart is sore!
This night we say farewell, old year,
Farewell forever more!
How can I let thee pass, old year,
The threshold of my door?

For when thou farest forth, old year,
Thou will not go alone,
But only I shall see, old year,
Upon the threshold stone
The footprints in the snow, old year,
Trod deep beside thine own!

There's one that journeys forth, old year,
With thee across the snow,
That hand in hand with thee, old year,
Out at my door will go,
But only I shall know, old year,
But only I shall know!

And new year's snows will fall, old year,
And drift my threshold o'er,
And new year's suns will rise, old year,
And shine upon my floor.
The feet that pass this night, old year,
Go forth for evermore!
—Mary A. H. Marks in Temple Bar.

SEAMAN'S FAITH.

Many, many years ago, on the coast of the Baltic sea, where the beautiful wooded mountains of the resort Zoppot raise their heads, there lived a heathen fisher named Trasiko. Wild and rude as the sea which, autumn and spring, broke in storm-lashed fury on the dunes, was the old man; weather hardened were his soul and hand; defiant and inexorable as the cliffs, his character; no man had ever heard a good word from his mouth. His hut was built high on the sand, forlorn and frail, a plaything for the tempest that roared around it and a coveted prey of the waves that struggled up higher toward it every year and eagerly tore away piece after piece of the narrow dune that was the foot and support of the hill. Yes, the sea was like a cunning and faithless woman who stretched out her white arms threateningly and coaxingly to the fisher; who, full of enticing favor threw the rich treasures of shipwrecked vessels into his lap, and then, with impatient haste, strove to draw him and all his precious belongings down to her in the cool, death still, crystal palace. Trasiko knew the mighty deities who often raised their snow crowned heads above the water, angry or smiling, wreathed with rushes in the sunshine or driving furiously in their shell formed chariots over the waves at night, amid thunder and lightning. He made sacrifices to them when he needed their help and reviled them when they refused it.

The old man had stored up great wealth in his cabin during the long years, but the loveliest pearl that ever man's eyes looked upon did not lie with these treasures of the dead, but stood like an angel of light, living and blossoming on the hill, gazing with longing blue eyes out upon the sea as if she were sure of seeing a sail loom up at last upon the horizon with "Deliverance" as skipper and "Happiness" as cargo. Swanada was the fisher's golden haired daughter, the most beautiful flower that had ever sprung from this stern cliff land, the valued goal toward which the youths of the coast and of the neighboring islands made their way through wind and waves.

But Trasiko kept his hard hand on the lovely flower and inspected the suitors with his cunning, greedy eyes. There was none rich enough to purchase such a wonder plant.

Swanada took it with indifference. Her face showed an occasional fleeting shadow, but in her heart all remained peaceful and cool. She waited for him whom she had seen in dreams, earnest and convincing, gentle and proud at once. A dark cloak hung from his shoulders. Where his boat tossed the sea sparkled and the clouds of heaven changed to gold and floated in the shape of a cross above the stranger's head. Hi! How the tempest shrieks, how the sea thunders against the shore!

Trasiko leans his bearded chin on both hands and curses the gods. He knows how the hare teeth of the sea cut into the coast. Then he hurries down eagerly. It seems to him that he sees by the glare of the lightning a small boat battling with the waves.

When he returns, his face is sterner than usual and his back is bent with an unaccustomed burden. He drags a youth with him—he knows not if it is god or man. Precaution urged him to the rescue that he might not risk ruining himself completely with the all powerful spirits.

Swanada lifts the firebrand, and as she looks on the stranger's face it seems to her that a warm sunbeam has suddenly fallen into her heart. It becomes bright in the cottage, as if it were bathed in flaming purple light. It comes from the little cross that glows on the seaman's breast.

And when the sun shone again in the heavens the young Christlieb looked into the blue eyes of the heathen fisher maid; two hearts were exchanged, a troth was plighted for time and eternity and sworn to upon the cross. The foreign seaman went boldly to Trasiko and asked him for the hand of his daughter. He was poor, he said. He came from far beyond the sea to find amber on the Baltic coast.

Then came a shrill, evil laugh from the old man's lips.

"Go your way home again," he cried scornfully. "I have never met one who could dig up gold with his finger nails. He who would marry my daughter must do something more than hunt for scraps of yellow resin."

"And what shall I do, Father Trasiko? No work is too hard that is done for my love and God. Christ and all the saints will help me."

Sharp as a dagger's point were the fisher's eyes. His glance swept over the shore, from which the tide had again torn a large piece. After a minute the sand dune slid down after it, and Trasiko's hut sank nearer to the sea. It was an unpleasant thought for the old man that he must set to work and build himself a new nest. He laughed gleefully:

"If your gods can do so much, you

boaster, then make this dune firm in spite of the sea. Then I will give you Swanada."

Christlieb was white.

"Father Trasiko, such a thing is impossible," he stammered.

"Then go your way, you dullard, and put Swanada out of your mind."

"And will you keep your word?"

Again the old man laughed loudly.

"I will be food for the fishes on the day that I break it."

"Give me a twelvemonth for it."

Trasiko nodded crossly. He saw how the young man's eyes shone as if with prophecy. Who could tell, perhaps the Christian gods were more willing to help their own than were the unfriendly water spirits.

So they parted.

As the little boat was again launched in the foaming tide Christlieb threw himself on his knees and prayed: "Give me a sign, O merciful Saviour, to tell me if thou wilt bless my work and bring thy holy cross to everlasting honor on this coast. Then will I go out into the world comforted, knowing that I shall return to happiness."

And as he turned his head again to look back a joyful "Hosanna!" burst from his lips, for up on the dunes stood Swanada and stretched out her arms longingly, so that her figure was outlined against the sky in the form of a slender cross.

Thus the saints answered his prayer.

Christlieb laid down to rest in his boat and saw a wonderful dream picture. An island projected from the blue sea, sandy and unsafe like the hillock upon which Trasiko's hut was built. The loose earth sank into the waves, breaking up and dissolving in utter helplessness. Then down from the clouds came a bright angel bearing in his hands an insignificant looking gray plant, thorny and hard, with wonderful jagged leaves. He planted it in the arid sand, one little stalk beside another. And see there, with what magic power it shoots up and becomes a strong interlaced wall that holds the earth firmly together with its network of 1,000 roots! And the angel turned his smiling face toward the young seaman and pointed to the work of his hands.

Christlieb awoke and thanked God and praised him. Then he set forth to find the island through the boundless seas of the world.

The sun rose and sank again into the water; stars watched over the solitary little boat and threatening clouds thickened around the mast; storm and tempest played their wild game and pulled at the golden anchor of faith which love and the vision had cast in the heart of the young seaman.

At last he espied it, the longed for island, standing high and uneven above the sea, glistening in the light of the morning sun. The seaman raised his hands joyfully and cried, "God be praised, I have found thee, thou promised angel's land!"

There grew the gray, thorny weed that was to give him his happiness, and he uprooted the plants and loaded his vessel to the edge with them until there was scarcely room for himself. "Hoist the sail—yo ho!—and away for the distant coast of the Baltic!"

Hi! How the waves rose; how the white foam crests beat in anger against the weak timber! And what torment to be confined to the narrow place for days and weeks, stung until he bled by the sharp leaves and thorns whenever he moved, wounds on all his limbs, a very torture chair! Should he throw the weed overboard, goaded as he was by the unceasing pain? No; rather let their needles draw his last drop of blood. But the task became harder and harder.

The sun burned; the gray thistles drooped their wilted heads. With a prayer Christlieb reached for his last flask of water and shared it with his charges. Then shone a rainbow in the sky, and a wind sprang up and carried the little ship, as if with magic hands, to the faraway shore.

"Swanada! Swanada!"

There she stood, weeping for happiness, and stretched out her arms to her loved one.

Christlieb planted the thistles on the shore of the Baltic sea, and Trasiko's dunes were as firm as the cliffs. The old man's heart was softened when he saw the power of the Christian's God, and he laid the hand of his daughter in that of the young seaman.

Bright glowed the sea with purple and gold. Through the thistles there surged and rustled a sound as of a thousand voiced psalter, and on the hill the first cross was raised.

Many hundred years have passed. On the strand of Zoppot the bells of the Lord ring; the golden sign of faith shines from the tower of the church. No trace is to be found on the white sand of Trasiko's hut. It is gone, and long, long forgotten. But one thing remains—the gray thistle, the protector of the dunes, that was once brought with pain from over the sea. It grows and spreads as a legacy left by the true seaman. Few know now of Christlieb, but to this day the spiny, unlovely weed, which we know as sea holly, is called in the language of the people "seaman's faith."—From the German For Short Stories.

Contrasts.

Statistics show that the uneducated factory girl is more frequently married than is the wide awake, capable girl in the higher salaried position of stenographer, office assistant, clerk or trusted secretary. The factory girl is not thrown with people of wealth and position so much as is her more talented sister, and consequently when some honest man comes along she is ready to trust her future with his in a simple, even shabby, little home. But the girl who sees, day by day, the bustle of my lady's silks and the courtly manners of my lady's husband and sons will not be content to give up her salary, however difficult it may be to earn it, for the sake of being loved by a man who may not find her so charming when the rent is overdue and the babies need new shoes. So she stays on, growing old and [illegible]

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THE BROKEN KEY.

The young and pretty bride felt worried and out of sorts. Only a short eight weeks ago she married her dear Gus, and had followed him to his home in W., and already he had begun to neglect her, to go out of an evening and to leave her alone in the big house. He had tried to convince her that he could not altogether neglect his former friends and companions and that she ought not to object to his meeting them on two evenings every week and to pass an agreeable hour or two in their company over a friendly game of whist, but she simply did not comprehend how he could enjoy himself without her; how he could ever think of going anywhere without taking her along.

"Oh, the dreadful evenings I have to spend!" she complained, with tears in her eyes. "I am obliged to sit here all alone because I have as yet had no chance to form any acquaintances here. Naturally I get homesick." Often I feel like leaving everything and taking the train home to my parents."

"Would it not be better, darling, if you went to bed and tried to sleep?"

"That is just where the trouble is," she replied, still in tears. "I am afraid. Our servant sleeps way up in the attic She would not even hear were anything to happen to me."

"Why you foolish child, what is there to be afraid of? What is going to happen?"

"Are not the papers every day full of burglaries and robberies?" she persisted. "Think of the many strangers that flock to a well known health resort like this. Nothing is impossible under such circumstances."

The husband looked thoughtfully at his sweet bride.

"No, dear; I do not want you to frighten yourself into illness. I promise you herewith of my own free will"—the poor fellow could not help heaving a sigh as he said this—"to return promptly at 11 o'clock whenever I go to meet my friends. It is impossible for me to withdraw myself from their society altogether, for they would ridicule and make fun of me and call me henpecked. Burglars rarely put in their appearance before the hour of 11, the streets being full of life and traffic. Goodby, darling, and please do not feel lonesome."

Annie sighed and submitted resignedly to her fate. She read awhile. She then took up her embroidery, a present for her mother. She played a game of solitaire, and finally she paced restlessly up and down the room. At home there had been a large family circle; hence it was very trying to her to be left so much to herself in her new surroundings.

At 10 o'clock even the familiar noises in the kitchen ceased, for the servant had gone up stairs to her attic, and the poor woman felt the old feeling of distress and fright creep over her. The sitting room was located at the rear of the house, and there was a hallway between it and the front rooms. She therefore could not hear the usual noises. A deathlike silence reigned in the room. Tired and yet excited, she threw herself on the lounge. She sadly reflected why beerhouses and card parties had been called into existence. By and by her thoughts became more and more confused, and she fell into a sound slumber.

It was 11:05 o'clock when Gus arrived breathlessly and posthaste at his house door and tried to fit his key into the lock.

Poor fellow! Had evil spirits conspired to get him into trouble? Click—the key broke in two, and the bit stuck fast in the keyhole, handle and barrel alone remaining in his hands.

He knocked, he called, he knocked again and louder—for unfortunately there was no house bell; all in vain. "I hardly think my wife has retired as early as this," he reflected, "but of course she is in the sitting room, and most likely she cannot hear me." Once more he knocked, this time very loud. He called until his voice was hoarse; no reply.

To fill his cup of misery to the brim it commenced to rain, and he was without an umbrella.

"Perhaps Annie has gone to bed after all," he thought, shivering and dripping wet. "Shall I go to a hotel? No! What would the people think! The only place that I know of that may still be open is the railway depot, for there is a train arriving at midnight."

He went down the street in a pouring rain and at last found himself in the waiting room of the station.

"A glass of beer, sir?" asked an enterprising waiter. Gus shook himself. He felt chilly. "Punch," he said, "and make it hot!" He drank one glass and then another and still another to while away the time. He was the only person there. In due time the last train had arrived, and he could stay no longer. They were about to close up.

In sheer desperation he looked at his watch.

It was 1 o'clock when he emerged into the street, and it had ceased to rain. The full moon seemed to grin and wink at him maliciously through the clouds, as though she meant to say: "See, old man, it serves you right. Why must you go out to play cards and leave your wife at home in loneliness?"

In spite of the repeated potations he still felt chilly. "There is no help for it but a good run," he said to himself, starting on a lively trot through the city, first down one street, then up another, through the suburbs, until he reached the open country and back again without stop or rest for fear of catching cold.

The town clock struck the hour of 4. "It is still too early to get into the house," he said. "The front door is never unlocked before 6 o'clock. Will they be able to unlock the door anyway? A piece of my key sticks in the lock. The women are imprisoned and cannot get out. But now I can stand this no longer. I must have something hot to drink and sit down somewhere. There is a train at 4 o'clock." And forthwith he once more wended his way to the railroad depot.

A snug corner and a cup of hot coffee somewhat restored him. But he was very tired, and pretty soon he was as sound asleep in his corner as his wife had been the night before on her lounge.

And how did his wife fare? She awoke in the middle of the night with a start, almost frightened out of her wits by a horrid dream, in which her husband had appeared before her, wounded, bleeding and torn by huge bloodhounds. Pretty soon, however, she comprehended the situation. Her face bathed in tears, she paced restlessly up and down the room, wringing her hands.

"Oh, the wretch! To stay out all night! Just to think of it! Such a man has the effrontery to talk to me of love. Not content to act like a villain, he even had to make fun of me last night by pretending he would henceforth be home at 11 o'clock. Who would ever have thought him so base? They close the beerhouse after midnight; hence he cannot pretend to be playing cards there all night. Heaven only knows where he is spending the night, in whose company he is enjoying himself, while I—But he'll find that I am not his dupe. I shall leave him at once. There is a train at 7 o'clock in the morning which I am going to take and go home to my parents."

At 5 o'clock she called the serving maid, whom she sent to the garret for a valise and commenced to pack. The maid said nothing, and she was surprised that her master had not risen and did not help his wife. However, she made the coffee and went after a cab.

The front door was wide open and a locksmith busy with the big lock when Annie appeared in the hall. The landlady ran to meet her, exclaiming in a hurry of excitement: "Did you hear about it, madam? A thief was here last night and made an attempt to enter the house. Some one must have frightened him off. He left a broken key stuck fast in the lock, and was unable to unlock the door. I had to call from the window until I aroused a neighbor, who ran for a locksmith. Now I am going to have a patent lock put on and spoil their little game. But you look very pale, my dear madam. I am sorry to have frightened you with my burglar story. Are you going to take a ride so early this morning?"

Annie nodded and passed on. She was glad that the woman had not seen her valise, which her maid had already put into the cab.

"What a narrow escape I had last night! How near I came being robbed—perhaps worse!" She was now thoroughly angry. So much more reason for leaving the fellow, no matter what the consequences! "For the present I shall remain with my parents." Thus musing, she arrived at the depot.

Before purchasing her ticket she intended to leave her valise in the waiting room. Annie entered and made for an empty table, when suddenly she dropped the valise and almost screamed aloud. Wasn't that her husband, "her" Gus, sitting there in a corner and snoring loud enough to make everybody in the room smile at his nasal powers? He looked tired and worn, and his garments appeared damp. How did he get here, and why was he in such a dilapidated condition? She stood for a moment undecided and unable to take her eyes off his drawn, wornout features.

Suddenly the sleeper opened his eyes. Whatever the outcome, she must avoid a scene in a public room. Anything but that. The waiters had more than once looked wonderingly at the man who had drunk three cups of coffee and then fallen asleep hours ago. Annie tried to appear quite unconcerned and took a seat beside her husband. Somehow her anger had suddenly vanished.

"Oh, darling, what brought me—I mean rather what brought you—here?" he asked, astonished at the unexpected appearance of his wife dressed for a journey.

"Never mind, dear. Don't bother about that now," she whispered. "Come, let us ride home, where I will explain all."

Gus acquiesced in silence. His feet felt heavy, and hardly able to carry his weight. He was sick. All he could do was to drag himself to a cab.

And then explanations were in order. Annie had no reason to doubt her husband's narration of his adventures during the night, and what the landlady had told her about the broken key tended to corroborate and exonerate him. But he could not quite make out from her explanations what had taken her to the railway station He was, however, too ill to ask many questions.

Arrived at home, she simply told the astonished servant that "they had changed their mind and would not go away because her husband, who had preceded her to the depot, had been suddenly taken sick," and sent her after a physician.

Gus was very sick. For two weeks he could not leave his bed. A complicated and aggravated attack of influenza was the result of his experience during that ill fated night.

Annie never left his bedside, and now it was her great care and tireless, devoted nursing that opened his eyes as to the depth and unselfishness of her great love for him.

At last Gus got well, and though he would now and then go to have a social game of whist his wife never again doubted him, even if he staid out later than 11.—From the German.

THE BIRDS OF BETHLEHEM.

I heard the bells of Bethlehem ring.
Their voice was sweeter than the priests'.
I heard the birds of Bethlehem sing
Unbidden in the churchly feasts.

They clung and sung on the swinging chain
High in the dim and incensed air,
The priests, with repetitions vain,
Chanted a never ending prayer.

So bell and bird and priest I heard,
But voice of bird was most to me.
It had no ritual, no word,
And yet it sounded true and free.

I thought child Jesus, were he there,
Would like the singing birds the best
And clutch his little hands in glee
And smile upon his mother's breast.
—R. W. Gilder.

CHINESE SOLDIERS.

A Remarkable Promotion—How the Officers Rob the Government.

A young man from my native town entered the army, and by dint of hard fighting and real merit rose to the rank of brigadier general, but with him at every promotion rose his brother, whom I will call X., who had not met him for years and who was peacefully occupied as cook in a distant opium den. This is how it was done. The soldier, after each engagement in which he distinguished himself, reported imaginary deeds of valor performed by his brother, and his word was taken. One day the cook in the opium den, who had never even seen a battle, read his name in The Gazette and found to his surprise that he had attained the rank of colonel in the imperial forces.

Military service is in many ways very remunerative to the officers. They enroll any men they like, and they always draw the pay for many more men than are actually in the army. About 70 per cent of the full number of men nominally serving and for whom pay is drawn is the average strength of the forces, even under Li Hung Chang's comparatively honest officers, while elsewhere 100 men on paper usually mean but 40 or 50 in the flesh. On review days the officers engage a sufficient number of soldiers by the day to make the army look all right. But there are other sources of profit besides dealing in dummy soldiers. The live ones have to wear uniforms and to eat, and both food and clothes are supplied at extortionate prices by the officers, so that of the 6 taels per month paid by the government for each soldier, about one-fifth or less reaches the pockets of the men. All this refers to the "braves" who are only engaged during wartime and are disbanded the moment the fighting is over wherever they may happen to be and nearly always without the means of returning to their homes, thus keeping up the supply of armed robbers all over the empire.

As to the soldiers of the standing army in times of peace, they are, with the exception of the Mantchoo garrison, so wretchedly paid that its strength exists only on paper. The men enlist and regularly draw their pay—8 shillings per month—and have scarcely any further connection with the military service. The few that go on duty in the city gates live entirely on bribes. The Manchu force under the Tartar general, on the other hand, is well paid, but these soldiers do no fighting. They are only engaged in guarding the city against Chinese rebels. They live in a separate quarter to that occupied by the Chinese, on whom they often make unprovoked attacks. Thus fights between the Chinese and the Tartar soldiery are of common occurrence, and as these Tartar soldiers are not under the jurisdiction of the civil law their outrages invariably go unpunished. Naturally there is no love lost between the city guards and the native Chinese.—English Exchange.

President Hayes' Little Book.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster was talking to me one day about Rutherford B. Hayes. Foster represented Hayes' district in congress when Hayes was president. They were political and personal friends of almost a lifetime standing. Said Foster to me:

"I got plenty of patronage under Hayes, to be sure, but for a long time I never landed the men in whom I was most particular and earnestly interested. I would go to the president and lay the claims of my man before him. He would usually acquiesce in everything that I said, because in most cases he knew the applicants as well as I did. Well, in every instance where some devoted friend was concerned the president would say, 'Oh, well, Charlie, we will fix that in a day or so!' Then he would reach down in a drawer, pull out a small book and a short stub of a pencil and make a note of the man and his wants. I would then for days to come scan with much interest the list of appointments sent to the senate, but none that had found a place in the president's notebook was to be seen among them. Still, I didn't complain much, for I knew that Hayes was doing the best he could. Time went on, and finally I called at the White House to insist that a certain friend of mine who was then in Washington be instantly appointed as a consular agent abroad. This gentleman had political claims on me and also on the president. I stated my case as briefly as possible to the president, who listened attentively. When I had finished, the president said:

"'Why, certainly, Charlie. Yes, yes; to be sure.' And then he dived for that book of his.

"Just as he was opening its leaves I grabbed his arm and said: 'Hold on there, general. I'll be switched if that man's name goes in that jackass book!' The president saw the humor of it, and I got my constituent appointed then and there."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Best Man.

An actor told a story the other evening about a fencing master in London, who had two sons. Both of them, like the father, were physical giants.

Which was the stronger and better fighter was a disputed question until a burglar got into the house one night. One of the sons, opening the front door with a latchkey late at night, found the intruder in the hall. They immediately clinched.

The other brother, hearing the noise, rushed down stairs, and, not being able in the dark to distinguish a burglar from a worthy and honest citizen of London, proceeded to pound both men whom he ran against.

Meanwhile brother number one, thinking there were two burglars in the house, turned half of his attention to the new enemy, and the fight became desperate.

The father, awakened by the uproar, rushed down stairs with a heavy walking stick. Then the fight was something to admire, but to avoid.

When it was all over and the gas was lighted by the aged fencing master, it was discovered that he had whipped not only the burglar, but his two sons.

The Woman's Way.

"Now you have done it," scornfully declared a Detroit mother with half a dozen eligible daughters, after she and her husband had retired the other night. "That's the man of it. Perhaps if you had a few more girls and lived right with them all the time you might learn something about their dispositions and show some little glimmer of sense in dealing with them."

"What's the matter with you anyhow, mamma?"

"Matter enough, I should think. Here I've been praising that young Comeback to Bettie day in and day out. I've landed him to the skies, made all kinds of preposterous claims in his favor and given her a surfeit. She was sick and tired of hearing me sing his praises, so she is getting sick and tired of him."

"Glad of it. I told her tonight that he looked like an idiot and came mighty near being one."

"Of course you did, and that's where you were idiotic. Didn't she fly right up in his defense? Didn't she say he knew more than some men who had lived a good deal longer, and that he at least made an effort to make himself agreeable? Can't you understand that all the time a girl is defending a young man she is falling in love with him! That's a woman's nature. You've simply undone all I've been doing, and I don't thank you for it."

"Well, I can't be a hypocrite. I don't like the fellow."

"Then keep still or talk about something else unless you want them to marry even if they have to elope. If you want that, keep right on jawing and nagging at Bettie."

"Then count me clear out of it. Good-night."—Detroit Free Press.

Life In Crete.

Crete is a land of the past. It is a land of memories rather than of passing events; a land whose period of activity and importance has passed, whose time of decay and torpor seems to have come. To history it is the birthplace and tomb of Zeus, the home of Minos, the thalassocrat, the scene of war and carnage, the Venetian colonial seat. To Greece it is the land of memories sad and heroic. To Turkey it is a thorn. In old days it got the name of ill measure. Today it might be said to be scarcely known, except as a country of home life. It is properly an agricultural island. In its entire area there are not more than six considerable towns, and these the ruins of other days, the houses old and fallen, gaunt hogs, starving curs and hawks tenanting the streets. All around are the mountains, and every considerable town is by the sea. On the cratered mountain tops and in the rugged valleys the peasants till the land and pasture their sheep and goats. At night they sleep in the villages, and by day they are in their fields of rye, millet and sunflowers. They make but sorry agriculturists. Laziness is the root of their vices, and the Cretans are lazy ne'er do wells. More than half of their days are holidays, which they celebrate by getting drunk. By actual count there are 128 of these holidays, and when men and women get intoxicated 128 times in a year it is a regular system.—Springfield Republican.

Living In the Future.

A popular lecturer, in estimating the number of people who would inhabit this globe 1,000 years hence, was asked by one in the audience how such a vast multitude could be fed. In reply to this question he is quoted as saying: "We know not what discoveries may be made to render the earth more fertile or to increase its productive power, but long before that time enough of the sands of Cape Cod and New Jersey may have been converted into glass to place a roof over all the land devoted to growing crops, and beneath its shelter the farmer, in a climate of perpetual summer, may grow his crops in continuous succession, and with the waters of the deep springs and the lakes under his control may be free from dangers of flood and drought as well as from the frosts and snows."

Undoubtedly long before the expiration of the 1,000 years gardeners, farming under glass, will be engaged in supplying not what are today considered the luxuries of life, but the very necessities. Hothouse fruits and vegetables may then be raised for the poor and needy as cheaply as the summer products are now grown on the truck gardens in the suburbs of all our cities. Vast sections of land may be roofed over with glass, and a perpetual summer climate will make the plants and trees and vines flourish as in the tropics.—George Ethelbert Walsh in Lippincott's.

Curious Offerings by Venders.

A street vender said that anything that might be offered could be sold in the street. Some things sell better than others, and for some the demand is more continuous than for others, but buyers can be found for anything if the article is brought to their attention. A knowledge of this fact prompts the offering sometimes of curious things or things that at first thought seem curious, that one would not expect to see offered in this way. But the fact will be recalled, if one dwells for a moment upon this subject, that there are always people to be seen standing around looking at these novel offerings. Their novelty attracts some attention; and then there are more or less people who want the things.

Here was a man, for instance, selling files, nothing whatever but files, of which he had a push cart full. There were files of various sizes and of all kinds—flat files, half round, square, three cornered and rattail—all at the uniform price of 5 cents each or six for a quarter. And there was a fair trade doing in these files. The many people who pass in the course of the day along a busy street have manifold wants. Some among them want files.

Files cannot be sold steadily by street venders, as many other things are—there is a limit to the quantity that this market will absorb—but there is some sale for files in the street, as there is for pretty much everything that is offered.—New York Sun.

THE MOYIE CITY LEADER

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F. J. SMYTH, - - - - Editor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1898.

MOYIE'S PROSPERITY.

The changes wrought in Moyie City in a year have been marvelous. Phœnix like it has sprung in that time from a cabin and a few tents in a forest to the majestic proportions of a large and growing city. This growth was not rapid but steady, and the buildings here today stand as evidence of their permanency and the well directed efforts of their owners.

Not only was a creditable town built up, but an adequate amount of work was done in the mines surrounding and a sufficient quantity of ore taken out for shipment to demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt the character of these colossal mineral deposits. Nor has this work been done at a loss to the owners, for in nearly every case wherever $100 was expended from $300 to $500 worth of ore has been taken out.

Now that the railroad has been built the mine owners will begin to ship their ore and business in all branches will forge ahead. From the day the rails were laid to Moyie City this activity has been perceptible.

Moyie has an ideal townsite, being situated on the main line of a railroad and on one of the most picturesque bodies of water in the country. It is surrounded on all sides by mines of determined value, and has enough timber at its command to supply its wants for years to come.

Since Moyie City has made such wonderful progress during the past year, being handicapped by having the crudest possible transportation facilities, her growth during the coming year will be simply phenomenal and the prosperity which she will enjoy will outreach the most sanguine expectations of her best wishers.

COSMOPOLITAN CANADA.

The above is the heading of an article in the Kaslo Kootenaian which says:

"Complaint is made against some of the newspapers of Victoria, Vancouver and other cities of British Columbia because citizens of the United States hold editorial positions on these journals. It is a foolish bit of hyper-criticism which could emanate only from thoughtless observers.

"We certainly should be as cosmopolitan as the people of the United States. The New York World, one of the most successful journals in the republic, is owned and published by a Polish Jew. The Argonaut of San Francisco was founded and made famous by a talented Englishman. For many years the editorial genius of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer was a subject of Great Britain, and who would object to the Examiner because one of its editors, Edward Cahill, is a native of Dublin, Ireland? The proprietors and publishers of Puck, the most popular of American comic papers, are natives of Germany. With such examples before us, shall we in British Columbia exhibit to the world a spectacle of national prejudice utterly devoid of every cosmopolitan virtue?"

During the coming campaign the LEADER will support the man whom it considers most capable of representing the people of South East Kootenay honestly and efficiently, regardless of party affiliation. It is not in the clutches of any clique, ring, corporation or individual, and is, therefore, in position to use its own discretion in the selection of its candidate to support.

When the people of Moyie City agree upon a man to serve them as postmaster and his name is sent in for the postmaster general's approval, they should refrain from afterwards sending in additional names. We are without a postoffice today chiefly on account of such an error being made.

The Klondyke Nugget, one of the two papers published at Dawson City, is having a great deal of trouble finding its town subscribers, who pay $24 a year for the privilege of getting a semi-weekly edition. A paragraph in a recent issue explains the difficulty by saying that it is very hard to find some of the houses according to the addresses left at the office. Among those mentioned were: "The cabin with the screen door;" "the slab house facing the river;" "the big tent with two stove pipes," and "The cabin three doors south of where all the dogs are."

Appearing in a townsite ad in the Cranbrook Herald is a map showing the Crow's Nest road, and most of the principal towns along that line. It is noticeable, though, that Moyie City, which is of equal importance with Fort Steele, Cranbrook, or Wardner, is left of the map entirely. The map was compiled under the direction of the C. P. R. company, and of course at their hands Moyie could not expect any better treatment.

The Kaslo Kootenaian conducts a column entitled Borrowed Wit. It says: "Editors of exchanges are invited to send us marked paragraphs, as we find difficulty in detecting wit in the papers of the northwest." The Kootenain's "wit" man must be possessed of an abnormally opaque vision or he would be able to detect the wit in the humorous effusions of Bob Lowery and the poetic productions of D. R. Young.

Know Where to Go.

A man went into a store in one of our neighboring towns one day and asked if he could rest four or five hours. The proprietor, who had just found a nest of new born mice in the coffee grinder, told him he could, and then asked him why he didn't go to a hotel. The man replied: "I am suffering from nervous prostration, and the doctor said to get a quiet place to rest, and as I see you don't advertise, I knew that I couldn't find a quieter place." And with that he settled in his chair and watched the swallows build a nest in the cheese box.

YARNS SPUN BY GAMBLERS.

Old Scho's Biggest Scratch at Keno and Faro.

The Man Who Died After the Cards Had Run Against Him—Running a Faro Bank with Only a Five-Dollar Roll.

"It does beat all how cards will sometimes keep a-runnin' all one way for a long time," remarked Old Scho, apropos of nothing in particular, during an informal meeting of the Gladstone club, as he toyed with a stack of red chips, which, like all their blue and white and yellow companions in this city, have become useless, except as counters in an innocent game of whist or casino, since the reform wave came along and closed up all the places where men used to gamble on the green, says an Albany correspondent of the New York Sun.

Old Scho heaved a meditative sigh, reflectively stroked his white chin whiskers, and looked up and around to observe whether any of the other members were listening to him. Having satisfied himself that there were at least three or four who were willing to give willing ears to the yarns that he spins on the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all, he continued:

"I remember one night, years ago, when Paddy Martin was running a keno joint up here in Broadway, I made the biggest scratch of my life. It was like this: I'm broke, an' I'm just going out when a friend o' mine comes in an' I says to him: 'Lemme have ten dollars, will ye?' He puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out ten dollars an' gives it to me. I go in an' I bet just one card, for a half dollar, an' I win the pool. There was $77 in the pool. Well, I don't play no more keno that night, but I go over to the White house an' I go up agin the bank, an' I win $2,700. I simply can't lose a bet. I win all the time that night."

As those who had been listening were old and well-seasoned members of the Gladstone club, whose purpose is, and is distinctly specified in its articles of incorporation, the promotion of the social enjoyment and intellectual development of its members, they did not show that they had been profoundly impressed by Old Scho's narrative. They had often heard him tell similar stories, all of which he warranted to be true in every detail. But the old man was not discouraged by the apparent want of appreciation on the part of his audience. With a little preliminary cough, which had no suggestion of an apology in its sound, he began again:

"I remember another time, up in Saratoga one night, I see Cull Holland win $55 with two cents off the roulette wheel in Cale Mitchell's. Then he goes over agin the faro bank an' wins something like $2,000."

This time the solemn-looking member, with the long, flowing, black mustache, felt himself impelled to ask:

"How could he win anything with two cents? They wouldn't let him put it down."

"Oh, yes they would. They'd let him put anything down, even a brass button, and pay him too. Of course, they knowed him well, an' he'd been losing quite a little money."

A brief period of silence intervened, during which the old man stroked his whiskers three times. Then he resumed his discourse:

"An' then again, I've seen the cards run agin a man all night. I remember one night when I was dealing faro bank in Chicago, there was a man playing—he was the brother of some senator; I forget his name now—an' he lose 33 bets right straight off the reel. He gets a stand-off now an' then, but he never picks a bet off the layout. Bimeby he win a few bets, but putty soon he lose again, an' along to'rds midnight I guess he's putty near broke. He reaches down in his pocket and pulls out a $50-bill, an he hands it over an' says: 'Put that on the five.' I put it on the five, an' she lose the next turn. Well, that man he just gave one gasp an' fell back in his chair. Some of the players that was sitting 'longside of him began to rub his hands, an' one man called for water. They thought he'd fainted. But I looked at him just once an' I says: 'Oh, no, he ain't fainted; he's dead.' Ye see, I'd seen a fellow die just like that once before, an' I knowed the signs."

Then the solemn-looking member spoke up again and remarked:

"Well, now I'll tell you people just one little story. It's little, but it's true. I see a fellow go up against the faro bank up in Johnny Mack's one night and he only has half a dollar to begin with, and he begins to play the high card, and I'm blamed if he don't beat every turn through a whole deal, from top to bottom. At the end of the deal he has about $16."

"How much did he bet at a time?" asked the smooth-faced, dark-haired member with the streak of gray at his temples.

"Only 50 cents, five white chips, all the way through the deal."

"Then he couldn't have had $16, even if he beat every turn, for there are only 25 turns in a deal."

"Aw, say, you're too particular. He might have bet a little more toward the last. Anyway, he had about $16."

"Did he win any more or did he lose it all again?" inquired the member with the flowing gray mustache and the slouch hat.

"I really don't know. I came away just then."

"You must have been broke."

"Why?"

"Else a team of horses couldn't have dragged you away."

"Oh, I don't know. I guess I've come away winner as often as most people."

"Yes, I guess that's so, too."

"Talk about being broke," resumed Old Scho, who had been smoking vigorously while the others were talking, "reminds me of one time when me an' another fellow out in Chicago run a faro bank for three days with only $5 in the bank roll. You see, we had the use of the rooms and the layout, but we couldn't get no money, so we just thought we'd take a chance. We had several close calls. One time a fellow had out about $200 worth of chips, but he kept a-playing, an' of course he lose it all back again. Another time some small players got $4 of our $5, an' things looked mighty blue for us. At last there came along a fellow with a big wad one night, an' the cards go agin him from the start. Putty soon we had about $1,000 of his money; then he strikes a lucky streak, an' win it putty near all back again, but he don't quit, an' bimeby he lose again, an' he keeps on a-losin' until about five o'clock in the morning, when he gets up an' says he's broke. An' how much money do ye s'pose we win off that fellow?"

"Oh, about a hundred thousand," gravely remarked the solemn member.

"Probably about a million, if we let you tell it," said the fat member.

Old Scho looked up with an expression evidently intended to be one of injured innocence.

"No, gentlemen," said he, "what I'm telling you is the honest truth. We win just $5,009 and not a cent more."

"Is that all?" asked the short, stout member with the smiling face and the stubby black mustache, in a tone of deep surprise.

Old Scho took a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. Then he began again:

"Say, you people remember the time when they used to deal draw poker around the table, just like stud? Well, in them days they used to give a prize of $100 every week over here in the White house for the best hand held. Well, one Friday night I sit in the game an' putty soon I have four aces. That's the best hand that's been held that week, an' there's only one day left, so my chances of getting the prize is putty good. But a fellow who sits next to me offers me $10 for my chance, an' I says: 'Give's yer $10.' Some of the other fellows says I'm foolish; but I know what I'm doing all the time. I know there ain't nothing more uncertain than cards. Sure enough, before I'd been playing a great while longer I hold a straight flush. An' I sell that, too. An' I'll be darned if that wasn't beat the next day by a higher straight flush."

"Scho, you're a bird," remarked the fat member with great intensity of feeling, and several of the other members looked at the old man with renewed interest, noticing that he was getting back into his 60-year-old form, when, as all who know him will acknowledge, he was at his best.

Thus encouraged, and refreshed with a few more vigorous puffs at his pipe, which perceptibly thickened the atmosphere of the room and gave the solemn member a violent fit of coughing, he came once more to the scratch, not the least bit winded:

"The funniest thing I ever had happen to me was one night when I was dealing faro bank in New York. A man came in who said he'd never played faro bank before, an' he buys five dollars' worth of chips. He says he only wants to double his money. But he strikes a winning streak an' he keeps on a-playing till he has $87. Then he cashes in an' I hand him his money. He takes it an' looks at it a moment; then he hands it back again, all but $10, an' he says to me: 'Here, take your money; I don't want to take no advantage of you. I only wanted to double my money. If it's so easy for a man to win who never played the game before, what must it be for a man who knows how to play?' Well, I nearly fell off the chair, but I don't let on that there's anything surprised me. I says to the man: 'My friend, you better take your money; you win it fair an' square, an' you may want it bimeby.' But he won't take it, so I put it back in the drawer, an' he waiks out."

At this point all the members arose, formed a semicircle in front of the old man, bowed low before him, and then filtered out into the silent night.

NOTICE.

To whom it may concern: I have this day transferred all right, title and interest in the MOYIE CITY LEADER to F. J. Smyth and J. E. Musgrave, who will hereafter conduct the business. All bills due the LEADER will be collected by them, and all bills against the LEADER will be paid by myself. D. R. YOUNG.
Manager Slocan City Pub. Co.
Moyie City, B. C., July 25th, 1898.

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