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THE LEDGE

R. T. LOWERY, EDITOR & FINANCIER.

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KANE TALKS

He and Mr. Potts Tell Why He Should be Elected to Represent the Slocan

It was a very fair and impartial crowd that gathered in Bosun Hall Monday night to hear George Kane open his campaign in New Denver. The speech making was lively and interesting and thoroughly appreciated by all.

The principal speaker of the evening was F. C. Potts, a gentleman of fat, faith and forty, who eloquently laid it into the opponents of the Hon. Joseph Martin, and paid his respects in an especial way to Hon. Carter-Cotton, ex-premiers Davie and Turner, the Semlin government and the members of the Dominion house who fathered the Crow's Nest coal lands steal.

J. Irwin was called to the chair and announced the program for the evening as laid out by the speakers. Mr. Potts on arising to speak made the usual flattering reference to Bosun hall and thereby set the pace for the evening. He said he was there representing that politician and statesman Joseph Martin, who, though condemned on all hands, was an honest man, a man of courage and a preponderance of intellect. He should be judged, not by what his enemies said of him, but by the platform upon which he stood and his past record in this province, and Manitoba. It had been said that Martin was a bad man with a good platform. Mr. Potts assured the audience that he was as good as his platform and if returned to power would bring order out of chaos and place the Province on a substantial basis with a government that would be dominated by an honest man of business and common sense.

The speaker took up his leader's platform clause by clause. In doing so it afforded him ample scope to bring in the usual campaign stories of public steals and political corruption, and to show how "Fighting Joe" had uprooted dishonesty in this Province and Manitoba, and done all manner of good to a needy but unappreciative people.

Referring to the eight hour law he said that, since the settlement had been arrived at in the Rossland camp between the mine owners and workers, there was no need of the question being submitted to the people, and that it would remain upon the statutes as it now stands. He promised that Mr. Martin's government would re-enact anti-Chinese laws repeatedly until the Imperial government should be forced to allow them. It must be done, or else the Chinese and Japanese would crowd the white man out of every line of industry. He cited how, on the coast, they are building and operating fishing canneries, saw mills and like industries, and it is estimated that 25,000 of the almond-eyed celestials will be brought into this province this year. He explained that the Semlin government was one of weakness, because the head could not dominate, but was dominated by such people as Mr. Carter-Cotton and J. H. Turner, "the friend of the Chinaman."

At the close of Mr. Potts' address, Police Magistrate Carney, of Kaslo, took the platform for Mr. Green, half an hour being allotted on the program for Green and Keen speakers. Carney tore Potts to pieces in a few minutes. He said Mr. Potts had said a great deal about land steals, coal steals, corruption and dead men, and how the Hon. Joseph Martin had spent his political life in doing good, but all this was not to the point and was only said with the apparent purpose of throwing dust into the people's eyes. If Mr. Martin was such a great and good man, how was it that Mr. Kane supported Mr. Turner in the last election? The speaker said that he had voted and worked for Martin in the last election. He believed he would do for this Province what he had done for Manitoba, but he failed utterly to bring forward anything but trouble. True, Martin had the ability to dominate, but more in the fashion of the bull in the china shop. He would have his way or bust the government. Mr. Potts, he said, had had his will, had had his way and had had his say and it pleased him, but he failed to prove anything against the Semlin government, Carter-Cotton, or anybody else. The credit of the eight hour law must be given to another Martin, not the irrepressible Joe. It was introduced in the legislature by Mr. Martin, of Rossland. He (Joe Martin) was in favor of re-opening the question by submitting it to a vote. This is wrong, said Carney. The question is settled now, and it should be left alone. The man who fought for the law, upheld it throughout and stood by the workingmen is the one who represented the Slocan at Victoria the last two sessions, Robert F. Green, the workingman's friend.

Mr. Kane followed Carney in a characteristic speech that slowly but surely emptied the hall.

"You all knows who I be," said he. "I only state my position for those to whom I am a stranger. I am a trades man; served my time as a mechanic; built several sawmills hereabouts; came into the Kootenay with a pack on my back. The first thing Mr. Carney says is false; he is used to saying false things; has said them so much he is hardened to it and does not mind being told about it. He says I worked for Retallac last election. I defy any man to prove it. I worked for Mr. Green up to two weeks before election and then quit and kept my mouth shut thereafter. I quit because Mr. Green violated a promise he made me. That promise was that he would not assist in any way, if elected, in the effort to place Mr. Carter-Cotton at the head of the government. He came to me and told me that he would not be able to keep the promise, but asked me to work for him just the same. This I refused to do. I kept my mouth shut."

Mr. Kane then proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that the parties behind Keen and Green were working with the same end in view—his defeat. That was the all important part of the campaign. Both his opponents were Conservatives, whereas he was a Liberal. He explained, in support of Mr. Potts' statements, that Mr. Carter-Cotton and the Semlin government were responsible for the giving away of coal lands on Vancouver Island to the Dunsmuirs and others, that he had been acquainted with the facts in the case for years and could remember that "the 'legitation' had been going on for years, there has been continual 'legitation,'" for all of which somebody somewhere somehow opposed to Hon. Joe Martin is responsible. He said Mr. Keen was not sincere in his advocacy of the eight hour law, that he was no friend of the laborer and would not look after his interests. Neither was Mr. Green. Green's record in Kaslo was taken up and Mr. Kane showed how he had been mixed up in everything bad and contrary to the rules of honesty, when he was mayor of that city. Mr. Kane fought him on all of these points, and proved conclusively that while he (Kane) was mayor of Kaslo he was the workingman's friend. When his opponents, Keen and Green, were mayor they both cold decked the workingman, Keen even going so far as to allow those who were poor and unable to pay their taxes to work them out on a public work then going on, allowing them to work one day more than was necessary to pay their taxes and then firing them, retaining the value of the extra day's work ($3 00) for poll tax. It was an easy matter for Mr. Kane to prove beyond a doubt that he was the simon-pure article—the only friend the laboring man had left, and with his defeat the star of justice would fall to the earth, kersmash!

In conclusion he assured his hearers that, although a local paper had accused him of murdering the Queen's English, they would never have occasion to be ashamed of anything he would do if he were elected to the legislature. "Let me murder the Queen's English, if I do, and draw up a law in bad English at the start, it will be smooth enough when it goes on the statutes and it will have good horse sense in it."

FLOAT FROM SANDON.

Mrs. Funk has gone to Seattle.

John Buckley will open his new hotel on the 15th.

There is room in the Slocan for a live hardware firm.

The re-survey of Reco street is not likely to take place.

W. W. Fallows will camp around Windermere this summer.

Parson Sanford's brother from Boston is now book-keeper at the Star.

Over 150 people attended the Kaslo celebration without provocation.

Local dealers could not dispose of any blackjack in Silverton on the 24th.

Willie Cliffe is now an actor. His dad is looking for another journalistic tragedy.

Mrs. R. Giegerich, mother of Giegerich brothers, died in Warren, Pa., last week.

Mrs. E. F. McQueen died last Friday. The funeral took place at New Denver Sunday morning.

Uncle Joe Thatcher is in active command of the boozerine department at the Halycon Springs.

George Roger is watching ore at the Ruth mill. George is all right, even if he did come from Sarnia.

J. M. Harris and Frank Sewall are fighting a literary duel in the local journalistic image-breaker.

The K. & S. railway should reduce their rates. They are too high. Probably Joe Martin could do something in the matter.

L. G. Stuttz and his troupe of Sandon amateurs met with much favor in Rossland playing, "Was she to Blame?" It is not likely she was.

The Phoenix, of London, are prompt in paying fire losses. E. M. Sandilands is agent, and 18 days after the fire his company paid Sandon losers nearly $16,000.

James Barton, express messenger on the N. & S., who fell through a trestle on the night of the great fire, has been taken to Vancouver for surgical treatment.

HOSPITAL NOTES.

Van Bombii, a section hand, is laid up with rheumatism in the arms.

Joseph Thomson, who had his leg broken at the Sandon fire, will be able to walk next week.

Erick Norden, of the Enterprise, has a broken fibula sustained in a scuffle at Sandon last week.

Fred Buchholz, steward on the Slocan, had an ulcer on the leg that confined him to the hospital for a few days.

G. R. Graham is down from the Marion with a badly bruised leg, caused by the hanging wall dropping on him.

The Imperial Limited express on the C. P. R. will go into action on June 10. Defeated candidates can get east in a hurry.

SLOCAN NEWS

Camp Gossip Concentrated for the Benefit of the Paid-Up Subscriber.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Powder is $7.12 a case in Slocan.

Ore is being sacked at the Smuggler.

Ore is being packed from the Hewett.

The Enterprise shipped 20 tons last week.

The Vancouver will be a shipper in a few days.

Carl Hand, of the Payne, is making a flying trip to Butte.

Bill Maxwell looks well in his uniform of lawn tennis white.

Cory, Allen and Ward have resumed work on the Eclipse.

Two men are driving an upraise upon the Reco-Goodenough.

The Wakefield shipped 60 tons of concentrates last week.

There will be a Keen and Green meeting Saturday night.

W. McMasters shot a large black bear at the Hartney last Friday.

BORN.—In Silverton, on May 25, the wife of J. M. Benedum of a son.

A crosscut to tap the Payne ledge is being driven on the Tom Jones.

The government reserve dance held Thursday night realized about $40.

A. L. Thurston has purchased the Fairy Queen group on Trout creek.

Mat Matson has sold all his interests in the Slocan and gone to Cape Nome.

H. T. Kingsbury is now mining engineer for the Warner-Miller company.

Mr. Murdoch, assayer at the Payne, has taken up his residence in New Denver.

W. C. Lawrence, A. O. Oetby and others have moved their families to New Denver.

Come and see the snaps in fishing tackle, etc., at Nelson's drug and book store this week.

M. Gintzburger, manager of the Ajax Fraction, has gone to England in search of capital to work the property.

Donald, better known as Dan McGillivray, died of smallpox at Sault Ste Marie last week. He was one of the best known railway contractors in the west, and scores of friends in the Slocan regret his death at the age of 43. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn the loss of an excellent husband and a kind father.

Mrs. Butler, Mrs. A. J. Shook and her daughter, Mabel, after a brief visit to New Denver, have gone to Rossland.

Frank Griffiths and Alex. Ferguson have been given a contract to sink a 50 foot shaft on the Nepawa, Ten Mile.

Twenty tons of ore are being packed from the Kilo to Lemon siding. The ore runs high in gold and is being sent to a Colorado smelter.

The Hartney and Marion are showing great improvement. Development work is going steadily forward and large ore bodies are being exposed.

The Bosun shipped 120 tons this month. The mine is in shape to greatly increase the output if desired, but Manager Sandiford prefers keeping the shipments on a uniform scale.

Several picnic parties enjoyed May 24th in the woods close to town. The weather, however, was not favorable to out-door enjoyment. A large number spent the afternoon at Silverton.

If we wait long enough the hot wave will stop at New Denver. It may bring perspiration, flies in the butter and other troubles, but one man in town will smile when it arrives. His name is Williams, and he sells ice cream, on that end of Sixth street adjacent to the blue waters of Slocan lake.

A good deal of prospecting is being done around Rossland, and many good finds are reported. Business generally is picking up and the mountaineers are looking forward to a good season, and have every confidence that their city will again be the live and hustling place it has been in the past.

There are many reasons why a man of the stamp of John Keen should be sent to represent the Slocan in the Provincial Legislature. He is firm, decisive, fair-minded, and understands the needs of the section. He is a fighter, and will get what he's sent after. The Mainland wants more representatives like him.

The Emily Edith.

It is stated in London that the Emily Edith group of claims, near New Denver, will shortly be floated as a subsidiary company by the New British Columbia Development Corporation. The vendors ask a little over $270,000 for the group. The capital of the new company is to be £75,000, and of this amount £20,000 is to be set aside as working capital.

Was Resurrected.

Jack Kirkup, of Rossland, who is collector of votes, government agent and several other things, must have some humor in his composition after all, says the Greenwood Times. Yesterday a well known legal gentleman, who is acting in behalf of the estate of a man who died some time ago, received a letter addressed to the deceased as follows:

Dear Sir:—I am to inform you that objection has been taken to your name remaining upon the voters' list for the Rossland riding of West Kootenay, upon the ground that you have been dead for some time. You will kindly let me know by return mail whether you are dead or not. If you are dead, let me know and I will strike your name off, but if not, of course your name will remain as it is. Yours truly,

J. KIRKUP.

In the excitement of election time do not overlook Williams. He is not running for any office, but he keeps the sweetest candy this side of Rosebery. Call in and ask John to show you some of it.

THE SAND MARTIN.

A NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.—The Sand-Martin (Josephus Riparia) is a species of swallow, and is consequently noted for swallowing capacity. It builds in cliffs of sandstone, boring holes often winding in their course (to get around political obstructions.) It is a fighter, and is not afraid to tackle a sparrow-hawk, a Semlin, or any other bird of prey. Its eggs are five in number, pinkish white, with an almost imperceptible dotting of red (rouge, i. e. Grit.)—Wood's Natural History, page 193.

RAPID COLLECTION OF WAGES.

EFFICIENT AND PERMANENT CIVIL SERVICE

COLLECTION OF DELINQUENT OWNERS' SHARE OF ASSESSMENT

John Keen's Straight Talk

STABILITY OF MINING LAWS.

EQUAL RIGHTS AND EIGHT HOURS FOR ALL

OPENING OF COMMUNICATION BY TRAILS AND WAGON ROADS

To the Electors of the Slocan Riding, West Kootenay District:

GENTLEMEN:—

Having received a number of requisitions from the business men, miners and prospectors in our two cities and in the various towns in this Riding, asking me to consent to contest this Constituency at the forthcoming Election, on the 9th June next, in the interest of "good government," and, having been honored with a resolution of the Conservative Convention held at Sandon on the 9th of May in which they unanimously endorsed the selection of myself by the business men, miners and prospectors, I have, therefore, great pleasure in accepting the task of entering the field in the interest of "good government," and promise, should I be elected, to do my duty as faithfully in the future, to the best interests of all the community, as I have in the past during my term of office as a Government official here.

The number of platforms before the Electors at present is legion, and for that reason I do not propose to add to them, but simply say that I agree with the platform of the Provincial Conservatives passed at New Westminster, and which has been freely considered by the Conservatives of Slocan.

My political creed is so well known by those who have dealt with me during the last six years as Mining Recorder that it would be superfluous to say anything about it were it not for the number of new residents in the Riding who do not know me so well, and for their sakes it will perhaps be well to set it out:

My Political Creed

1. I believe that the people should be represented by giving one member to a certain number of persons in cities, large manufacturing centres and extensive mining camps, and one member to a smaller proportion of persons in agricultural, fishing and cattle raising communities, and that women who are so inclined, should have equal rights with men at the polls. The Voters' Lists should have simpler and more efficient machinery employed to handle them, and all objections should be sworn to.

2. I believe that trails can be built in large numbers by prospectors under arrangement with Mining Recorders for application as assessment work. Many a sale has fallen through for want of trail accommodation for horses. Trunk roads should be built and well drained, at the expense of the Government, and companies of free miners aided to extend them. A competent and efficient Road Inspector and Manager should be appointed for executing and organizing the work and taking charge of tools, etc., for maintenance and repair in the early spring time.

3. I believe that an efficient mining man should be appointed as Mining and Machinery Inspector in each of the Districts for the frequent inspection of mines.

4. I believe that one more Supreme Court Judge should be appointed with headquarters in West Kootenay; that the Small Debts Courts should be enabled to try any action to recover wages, to garnishee same before judgment, and rapid execution to follow judgment, as there is, in most cases, no defence in such actions.

5. I believe that the people should petition the Government to pass a labor law governing all the industrial classes, with penal and arbitrary clauses and power to incorporate as separate bodies representing carpenters, mechanics, miners and all other trades, so that each organized body would be the representative of the trade practised by its members. I say petition, for such an Act, for it is my firm opinion that all important measures, such as this should primarily emanate from the people by petition.

6. I believe the eight-hour law should stand as it is in the interest of peace and prosperity and that the general labor law should extend it to men and women of all trades; also that the hours of store attendants should be shortened.

7. I believe in the adoption of the principle of the Government owning the railways, in so far as the circumstances of the Province will permit.

8. I believe that the Mineral Act should not be touched, except to cut out the contradictory sections and to authorize Mining Recorders, after sixty days' notice, to sell delinquent co-owners' interests for non-payment of their proportion of assessment work, on the same plan as partners, in Sec. 67 of the Mineral Act. Applications for Crown Grants should be advertised separately and not in bunches.

9. I believe the Land Act should be amended to allow persons to purchase small areas of land for market gardening for the raising of vegetables, small fruits, etc., for home consumption while fresh.

10. I believe that the Education Act should be amended to enable cities to educate their own children and have an opportunity to enter into competition with each other for the employment of the best imparters of knowledge for general and technical schools, and thus relieve the Province of much expense.

11. I believe that Cottage Hospitals and well-trained medical men should be liberally aided by the Government in thinly populated districts.

12. I believe the best advertisement the Province could have is to show the world a prosperous, progressive community, and a heavy export list published weekly by each paper under official authority would speak for itself.

13. I believe the influx of Chinese and Japanese subjects into this country to be a distinct detriment to our future welfare, but it can only be dealt with by this Province through the Dominion and Imperial Governments; this matter should have the immediate attention of the new House, and steps taken to obtain Dominion Legislation with the assistance of the Imperial Authorities, whose united efforts would be the consolidation of the British Empire for the benefit of British subjects.

14. I believe an efficient and permanent Civil Service should be maintained by special act in this Province.

In conclusion I ask all electors who believe in my political creed to give me their votes and influence on the day of election.

JOHN KEEN,
KASLO, B. C

Cabin and Home Reading

A BOY'S MOTHER.

My mother she's so good to me.
Ef I was good as I could be
I couldn't be as good. No, Sir.
Can't any boy be as good as her!

She loves me when I'm mad or glad;
She loves me when I'm good or bad;
An' what's the funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me;
That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
Her crying'—men I cry; an' men
we both cry—an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little coat and Sunday clothes:
An' when my pa comes home to tea,
She loves him 'most as much as me

She laughs and tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up and pats my head:
An' I hug her and hug my pa,
An' love him purt' nigh much as ma.
—JAMES WHITCOME RILEY.

WHEN LOVE IS DEAD.

When love is dead no man and woman should live together. Thousands thus live in misery because some parson has mumbled words over them supposed to bind them together until death. Here is a wail from a lady, intelligent but haunted by the superstitions of creed. It is written to a doctor in one of the United States cities. Common sense should teach her to obey her nature, and be happy. Otherwise she will always be in a living hell.

"I was an orphan child only fourteen years old when I married. I have reason to believe that I was deceived from the beginning, although my husband was very kind to me until about four years ago. He had then completely lost his manhood and became very jealous, cross, fault finding, cold and indifferent. This treatment almost drove me mad. I would get upon my knees by his side and swear that I was true, and beg him to love me. I did all in my power through kindness to make him love me. I prayed God without ceasing, to restore his love and confidence, but all in vain. He grew worse day by day. He told me just after our marriage that he had led a fast life and how he was afflicted by having been diseased: he told me that this was my fault; but a good doctor said it was not my fault. Later he admitted his fault. My whole heart's desire was for a child or two, but I did not let him know that it grieved me.

When we were married we were very poor. I worked hard and economized until we were worth about $10,000. While he was mistreating me my eyes opened and I saw that I was doing all the work while he did nothing. I quit working, this displeased him: he began to talk about me to his friends, saying that I had lost all interest in everything; that I was dissatisfied and he knew not what ailed me, and that he did not intend to do much more for me. I've learned to almost hate him. I tried hard to overcome this, but could not. I dread to hear his footsteps.

I am twenty-nine years old and my husband is fifty-four. About one year ago, a young man visited us: we were well acquainted: he saw how I was treated and I told him my whole sad story. He was so kind and sympathetic that I learned to love him and our love is mutual. He went away and I tried to break off from him but found it impossible. I am healthy and affectionate and long to be with the one I love. I will tell you my father's advice; but as he has always been unkind to me and persuaded me into this marriage I don't feel under any obligations to take his advice.

He said to me, "You have worked hard for what you have, so live with your husband in spite of all. If he treats you coldly treat him the same, but endure it and enjoy what justly belongs to you.

It seems as if I shall lose my reason if I live with my husband much longer. But I fear God and the scandal of a separation. I am a member of the Baptist Church and always tried to serve God, and I fear if I get a divorce and marry again, God will visit me in his judgment. Then again I think that if I should marry again I may yet have a family of my own, live happy and ask God's forgiveness. I don't see how that sin could be greater than the sin I am now committing by hating my husband and loving another. I cannot love my husband any more and it would be worse than death to give up my lover. God knows I've been true, faithful, and all that a wife could be. I did not deserve his ill treatment. Now I hate him for marrying me, a simple child, after he had ruined himself and then accusing me of doing wrong when I was innocent.

Dear doctor, do tell me what is best to do under the circumstances. Do you think God will condemn me if I separate and marry the one I love? A doctor of this place advised that I live with my husband and be as a wife to my lover. But this I will not do. I shall keep my character until death. Should I do wrong, I would be more miserable than I now am. I want to do God's will as near as possible. But if I knew God would forgive me I would soon be the wife of my lover. I know the bible teaches, 'Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder.' But surely God did not intend such unions, because He said, 'Marry and replenish the earth.' And I am wife in name only. From my youth I had hoped for at least one child of my own to love and be loved by. When I see a fond mother and baby, my heart aches to think that I must die childless. My husband and I live as strangers, under the same roof. When I loved him dearer than my own life, and I saw he was growing cold and indifferent, I humbled myself to him and did all I could to retain his love. He scorned me and drove me to hate him. He is held in high esteem by all who know him, but it is beyond my power to love him. I've tried with my whole heart and soul and asked God to help me love him, but all in vain. I have a tender feeling for him. I wish him no harm. But I believe I shall die soon or lose my reason if I have to live with him. If I should die while living with him and loathing him as I do, my soul will be lost. If I should quit him and marry again, will God forgive me? Please let me know what you think of this."

The Anthem.

As an example of the way in which an anthem can be rendered by a modern church quartet, a New York observer gives the following: The preacher had been exceptionally prosy, and, having passed "tenthly" and the third and fourth "in conclusion" and "finally," the choir sought to give expression to its relief in this rather sensational manner:

The soprano: "I feel like hel——"
The tenor: "I feel like hel——"
The basso: "I feel like hel——"
The alto: "I feel like hel——"
Together: "I feel like helping some poor soul!"

Quite unnecessary to say that they felt just as they stated when the sisters and brothers got through with them.

One of the companies whose steamboats ply on the Great Lakes has a standing rule that clergymen and Indians can travel on its boats for half fare. A short time ago an agent of the line was approached by an Indian preacher from Canada, who asked for free transportation on the ground that he was entitled to one half rebate because he was an Indian, and the other half because he was a clergyman.—Youth's Companion.

"What are the young men doing in the apartment where the type is assembled?" inquired Editor Sheldon of the Topeka Daily Capital, as the boy reached out for the last revise. "They are taking up the usual collection, sir." "Very good." Five minutes later a grimy-faced urchin, with a two-quart pail, slipped out into the alleyway.—Exchange.

Her lovely hand, so lily-white,
So plumply shaped and roundly,
Dropped like a silver star at night
And spanked the baby soundly.
—Detroit Free Press.

Escaped the Fire!

The Gold and Silver Jewelry Diamonds, Rings, Silverware, Optical Goods and Tools of—

G. W. GRIMMETT,

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G. W. GRIMMETT, Sandon, B. C.

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is a comfortable hotel for travellers to stop at.

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J. E. ANGRIGNON
The Leading
HAIRDRESSER
Bosun Block, New Denver, B.C.

Early Days in B.C.

Interesting Story of Railway Construction in the Mountains

The following short story appeared in the Province of the 15th of February 1896. The tale is by Mr. T. G. Farron, then and now a resident of Vancouver, and is well worth producing:

We are now some five days from Montreal—several hours late—and as the train rolled slowly towards Kamloops, this was the doctor's story:

The first job I had after leaving the hospitals was as surgeon on construction over this very road. It was a rough country in those days. We had thousands of the toughest men round us, the very scum of the earth, and with money. A man may be rough and violent, may be naturally a hard case, but he is under a certain reserve when he is broke. He must humble himself to get a drink. But put money in his pocket and all the evil in him comes out. Let him feel, while he jingles the coin, that he can get drunk on his own merits, that he is independent of the bar-tender, and he becomes a demon.

Kamloops was not the worst town on the line. They built through, and it only lasted some months, but while it did last it was a howler. I have seen by actual count over sixty men, 'lambs,' as they were called, dead drunk lying on the street. To own a saloon anywhere on the right of way was to own a mint. That place we are passing now, the 'Central,' was bought on the third of the month for $2,000, and had earned its purchase price by the 27th.

Of course Yale was the contractors' headquarters, and the men on the tunnels for miles up turned in there for their sprees, but it was at the end of the section. On pay day Kamloops got the laborers from either side. The contractor paid on the 10th, and from the 10th to the 15th or 20th there was one wild orgie, one grand drunk around every saloon in Kamloops. The constables kept what order they could, but what could a few officers do with a beat of some several hundred miles. "Assaults, with intent to murder," were ordinary fights along construction. Men might be missed for a day or so, but what of that? They might have got their pay and tramped it down the line; they might have got drunk and rolled into the river; they might have been beaten to death and thrown in, nobody cared much—there was no one interested, and by the next row they were forgotten.

With the laborers came gamblers and other thieves, parasites, of both sexes, to get some part or the whole of the men's earnings. The saloon keeper got most of their money, perhaps, but there was enough left to attract the other crowd and make it worth while to take the trip.

It was when work was near Kamloops that possibly the lowest specimen of a man I ever saw drifted in. He had a woman with him. It is hardly worth while saying what she was. Angels didn't follow construction in those days, certainly not with his kind—anyhow, she was better than he, and, of course, supported him. There were many others in the town like her, but hardly any so lost to all decency, so low, as he was. He had not even the redeeming trait of physical courage. She was soon hanger-on around a dance hall, whilst he got all the money she made, spending it as fast as he got it.

Of course there were many good and respectable people in Kamloops and other places along the line, but they kept to themselves; residents of the town who were there before the railway, clerks and time-keepers, engineers and officers of the construction company, even many honest laborers; but I must say they were not so much in evidence as their rougher brethren. There were missionaries, too, who did what they could among the men. One, the Catholic priest, Father Riley, whom I must tell you about, for he is in the story, was the most popular man on the division. He was a graduate of Trinity college, Dublin, and with a bare touch of the brogue, a highly educated gentlemen. He had been connected with a city parish in the east, and was ordered to the mountains for some throat trouble or another before work had begun. When it did begin, you can imagine the sudden increase in his parishioners. He had Indians to convert before; he had wilder than Indians to preach to, or to try to preach to, now.

Father Riley and I got to be great chums. If there was an accident in the cuts or an explosion, and there were many, I would generally find Father Riley when I got there, or see him come before I left. He was a singularly charitable man, and never failed when a call came for assistence. Small-pox broke out in the mountains at one time and the best nurse I had was Father Riley. Barring some Sisters of Charity, whom he sent for, he was about the only outsider around the pest camps.

He became, as I have said, very popular, I might say loved by the men, and had great influence over them all. I know he was the only man from Yale to Donald who could stop a fight regularly started. He used to act too, I believe, as a sort of banker for many of his countrymen. He would coax and wheedle, yes and bully, money out of the men, and religiously save and keep account of it all. If he could get the address of a mother or wife of any one of them, away went the cash to her.

Father Riley had an intense horror of drink, and, though very reserved, he once told me why. "I had a brother," he said, "who went to hell through drink. It was after I had left Trinity and had gone to Maynooth. He was in a bank in Dublin and got into a wild crowd, drinking and worse—if there is anything worse. It ended as you might expect, and it took much of his poor old father's fortune to save him from prison. He got another position in the country, and this time it was a forgery. The arrest killed his parents. He escaped in some way and disappeared. I have never heard of him since. God grant he became better, but I am afraid, afraid."

That was the only time I ever heard him mention his private affairs, and I respected him too much to trouble him. Poor Father Riley, he is dead now, and I am telling his story.

I think I told you about Strickit and the woman. He would get all the money she had day after day, and, getting properly drunk upon it, beat her for more and beat her horribly. I was called in several times to dress wounds inflicted by him, and I had him arrested twice. But the next day she would swear the fellow never touched her—that some one else had done it—so what could be done? I even tried to have him run out of town; but, as I was told, if he went she would follow and meet him somewhere else, the case was hopeless.

Construction gangs were all this time working away from Kamloops, and the town was getting quieter and quieter, though almost imperceptibly so. Money was hardly as plentiful as it had been and was more difficult, I suppose, for this poor wretch of a woman to get. It was either that or Strickit needed more. He was drinking harder, it may be, than formerly, and seemed to be unlucky at gambling. Anyhow the rows between the pairs were continuous. The woman was always cut or bruised somewhere. He wanted money badly, and when he couldn't get it, he beat her. They roomed just above the bar in the "Central." The end came on the 13th or 14th. The paymaster was a day or two late that month, and arrived about 9 o'clock on one or other of those dates. He had had a hard few days of it, and was about played out. Strickit was at the end of the bar when Smith—the paymaster—came in, and heard Smith ask for a room. The proprietor told him that he had better take the parlor, as he supposed he would sit up all night anyway.

"All right," said the paymaster. "But I am dead tired and apt to fall asleep. That assistant of mine forgot the time sheets at Looney's and has gone back for them, so I'm all alone. Who's going to run the bar to-night?"

"I am," said the proprietor.

"Then I want you to give me a call every hour or so, and see that I keep awake and all's safe."

They settled this and Smith went off to his watch. To his watch over thousands of dollars and amongst scores of riotous men.

The idea took hold of Strickit then. Why not rob the paymaster? Aye, why not rob him! The fellow was a coward at heart, but crazy for the money—Smith would stay awake and had a revolver; he was known also as an absolutely fearless man and would fight for his trust!

Strickit wandered around the town growing braver and the plan more feasible after every drink.

"By G—," he said to himself about midnight, "I'll do it and make Nan help."

When he got to his room he was half drunk but kept up by the excitement. The parlor occupied by the paymaster was next door. The woman had not got home yet and Strickit was getting worked up in his solitude more and more. When she did come she had no money. He coaxed and bullied, but she had none. He abused her, told her she was keeping it for herself, but still she had none. Money he must have and his thought grew upon him.

"Nan," he said in a whisper, "come here."

Nan walked over and sat beside him on the bed. "Nan, Smith the paymaster is in the next room with the pay."

"Well," said Nan, "what about it?"

"Let's rob him," said Strickit, still whispering.

Nan started up, "No, no, Harry, not that? I'm bad enough, but not that. Besides he would kill you."

"Not much!" said Strickit, and he told her of what he had heard down stairs. "We'll wait till the boss comes up and goes back, then he'll fall asleep sure. I can turn that lock and tap him with this"—showing a sand-bag—"and we're O.K.: Good God, Nan, there's thousands, thousands in it."

There seemed to be something good in the woman. She prayed and begged him to give up the idea, showed him the only way to touch him at all—the danger of it. Told him if he took the men's wages they would lynch him—but to no purpose. He wanted that money and meant having it.

"You stay here. I'll go down to the bar and watch till the boss comes up and goes back, then I'll come."

He went down and drank just enough to make him more ugly and determined.

In a short while Nan, I may as well call her that, heard the landlord come up the stairs; she heard him try the handle of the door and ask "All right, Mr. Smith?" She heard the paymaster's drowsy answer, "all right, he was awake." Then the steps returning below. Again she heard Strickit's hurried tread and counted every step until he entered the room. He was drunk, crazy drunk. His breathing was short, his eyes glittering.

"See here," he said, showing a knife. "If the life-saver don't do the work, I'll give him this." Then shortly, "Don't weaken now! There's thousands, Nan, d'ye hear, thousands in it!"

She sat now on a chair, rocking to and fro, sobbing "Oh! Harry don't risk it. I will get money. Pawn that ring, you can get something on that. Don't do this, they will kill you. Shut up!" he broke in, "there's some one coming." But it was only some drunken lodger retiring.

Strickit got up, swung the ugly looking sand-bag a moment, and chuckled, "That'll make him sleep." He opened the knife, a large clasp one, and leered at the woman, then walked towards the door. "No! no!" she cried, and then threw her arms about him. "No, no."

"Let go! Let go, will you!" he said, and struck her. She still clung to him. "Let go, curse you!" as he tried to throw her off. "Let go, or I'll fix you," and struck her again.

The man was getting wild. They struggled and fell. He staggered to his feet rid of her, and, again moved to go out. Again she caught him. He turned, and drawing his hand back to strike her, touched the knife in his belt. Like a flash he grabbed it, and thrusting stabbed her to its hilt, she hung on his neck a moment, then unclasping her hands raised them above her and sank to the floor.

Strickit stood as if paralyzed. He looked at the heap on the floor, looked curiously at the knife, then at the blood on his clothes, and at the blood gushing furiously from the ghastly wound in her side.

"I told you to let me alone," he said, in a half injured tone. "Nan get." But she was still, and it dawned upon him. "My God! I've killed her." Thinking only of himself—"They'll lynch me." He was completely sober now. He saw that he must escape, but how? He ran to a trunk in a corner of the room, and, searching, pulled out a watch and pistol. He threw a blanket over the still bleeding body on the floor and loaded the weapon. All the time, though working like mad, he was still tip-toeing about the room, and each time making a wide detour to avoid the horrible heap on the floor. He put the revolver in his pocket, put out the light and opened the door. He peered stealthily down the hall—no one—and was going, when he remembered something and went back. All was darkness in the room, and as he tip-toed across to the trunk he stepped in something slimy, slipped and fell, and the revolver in his pocket went off.

***

Father Riley and I had been down to the slide and were just getting back. We got off the hand car at the Central when we heard the shot and we ran into the bar. The shot appeared to come from above. Father Riley snatched a lantern off the bar and ran up the stairs. I stopped to throw off my overcoat when there was another shot. I dashed up, followed by the loungers at the bar. Smoke was coming from a room at the head of the stairs and I ran in. There was the lantern. There was Father Riley leaning against the wall with his hand to his breast. As I ran in he fell sideways on a trunk and from that to the floor. I reached him and raised his head. He was shot through the lungs.

As he rushed in the wretch in the corner had shot him.

"Father Riley!" I called him, but he could not speak.

The men behind me had not noticed the wound at first, when they

(Concluded on seventh page.)

Geo. T. Kane's Platform

To the Electors of the Slocan Riding of the West Kootenay Electoral District:

Having received the unanimous nomination of the Liberal Convention held in Sandon on the 18th day of May, 1900, and deeming it to be absolutely necessary in the interest of the people of this Riding that there be elected a representative pledged to the principles of justice and good government and working in accordance with the platform of the Hon. Jos Martin, as enunciated by him, and pledged to the support of the Government and believing that the interests of the toiling masses are paramount to all others I do hereby pledge myself to advance and protect the interests and rights of labor and to support the platform of the Hon Joseph Martin, which is published below. But as the causes which led to the insertion in the said platform of the clause relating to the plebiscite in reference to the Eight-Hour Law no longer exist the Hon. Joseph Martin and his colleagues have now declared that no such plebiscite shall be taken, and in this I heartily concur. I, therefore, have the honor to solicit your votes and influence.

Respectfully submitted.

I am, Gentlemen, yours sincerely,

GEO. T. KANE

PLATFORM OF THE HON JOSEPH MARTIN.

1. The abolition of the $200 deposit for candidates for the Legislature.

2. The bringing into force, as soon as arrangements can be completed, of the Torrens Registry system

3. The redistribution of the constituencies on the basis of population, allowing to sparsely populated districts a proportionately larger representation than to populous districts and cities

4. The enactment of an accurate system of Government scaling of logs, and its rigid enforcement.

5. The re-enactment of the disallowed Labor Regulation Act, 1898, and also all the statutes of 1899, containing anti-Mongolian clauses if disallowed, as proposed by the Dominion Government

6. To take a firm stand in every other possible way with a view of discouraging the spread of Oriental cheap labor in this Province

7. To provide for official inspection of all buildings, machinery and works, with a view to compelling the adoption of proper safeguards to life and health.

8. With regard to the Eight-hour Law the Government will continue to enforce the law as it stands. An immediate enquiry will be made by the Minister of Mines into all grievances put forward in connection with its operation, with a view of bringing about an amicable settlement. If no settlement is reached the principle of the referendum will be applied and a vote taken at the general election as to whether the law shall be repealed. If the law is sustained by the vote it will be retained upon the statute book with its penalty clause If modifications can be made removing any of the friction brought about, without impairing the principle of the law, they will be adopted. If the vote is against it the law will be repealed.

9. To re-establish the London Agency of British Columbia, and to take every effective means of bringing before the British public the advantages of this Province, as a place for the profitable investment of capital.

10. The retaining of the resources of the Province as an asset for the benefit of the people, and taking effective measures to prevent the alienation of the public domain, except to actual settlers or for actual bona fide business, or industrial purposes putting an end to the practice of speculating in connection with the same.

11. The taking of active measures for the systematic exploration of the Province.

12. The borrowing of money for the purpose of providing roads, trails and bridges, provided that in every case the money necessary to pay the interest and sinking fund in connection with the loan shall be provided by additional taxation so as not to impair the credit of the Province

13. In connection with the construction of Government roads and trails, to provide by the employment of competent civil engineers and otherwise that the Government money is expended upon some system which will be advantageous to the general public, so that the old system of providing roads as a special favor to supporters of the Government may be entirely discontinued

14. To keep the ordinary annual expenditure within the ordinary annual revenue, in order to preserve intact the credit of the Province, which is its best asset

15. To adopt a system of Government construction and operation of railways, and immediately to proceed with the construction of a railway on the south side of the Fraser river, connecting the Coast with the Kootenay district, with the understanding that unless the other railways now constructed in the Province give fair connections, and make equitable joint freight and passenger arrangements, the Province will continue this line to the eastern boundary of the Province. Proper connection with such Kootenay railway to the Island of Vancouver. With respect to other parts of the Province, to proceed to give to every portion of it railway connection at as early a date as possible, the railway, when constructed, to be operated by the Government through a Commission.

16. A railway bridge to be constructed in connection with the Kootenay railway across the Fraser river, at, or near, New Westminster, and running powers given over it to any other railway company applying for the same under proper conditions.

17. In case it is thought at any time advisable to give a bonus to any railway company, the same to be in cash, and not by way of a land grant; and no such bonus to be granted except upon the condition that a fair amount of the bonds or shares of the company be transferred to the Province, and effective means taken to give the Province control of the freight and passenger rates, and provision made against such railway having any liabilities against it except actual cost.

18. To take away from the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council any power to make substantive changes in the law, confining the jurisdiction entirely to matters of detail in working out the laws enacted by the Legislature.

19. The establishment of an institution within the Province for the education of the deaf and dumb.

20. To repeal the Alien Exclusion Act, as the reasons justifying its enactment no longer obtain.

21. An amicable settlement of the dispute with the Dominion Government as to Deadman's Island, Stanley Park and other lands, and an arrangement with Mr. Ludgate, by which, if possible, a sawmill industry may be established and carried on on Deadman's Island, under satisfactory conditions, protecting the interests of the public

22. Proper means of giving technical instruction to miners and prospectors.

THE LEDGE.

Published every Thursday.
R. T. LOWERY, Editor and Financier.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Correspondence from every part of the Kootenay District and communications upon live topics always acceptable. Write on both sides of the paper if you wish. Always send something good no matter how crude. Get your copy in while it is hot, and we will do the rest

A pencil cross in this square indicates that your subscription is due, and that the editor wishes once again to look at your collateral.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1900.

FROM THE EDITOR'S UPPER STOPE.

Near Northport the other day one of our delinquent subscribers was kicked by a horse. This is a dreadful warning to others.

The eclipse of the sun passed away on Thursday without effecting the elections, or causing a tidal wave to wipe New Denver off the map of America.

We are in favor of the people owning the railroads, but not in a retail way. If we cannot buy the C. P. R. and all the other roads in Canada now let us wait until we can.

An organized band of horse thieves is working between Fernie and Kootenay lake. They might do some business in New Denver when the moon stays in bed until morning.

Green is stuck on the unions, which is no wonder. Through them he expects to ride into Victoria, where, from his past record, he would be about as strong as a June bug in a Manitoba blizzard.

Miners are fond of taking chances. In the present game of politics many of them are gambling on the Green. They will probably keep playing until the 9th of June when some fellow will raise Kane by shouting Keeno!

The cry that John Keene is an enemy to labor is all nonsense, and raised with a view to turning against him the vote of the miner. He is in favor of the eight-hour law, and wishes to see that other workers besides miners are considered. This is an evidence that his upper stope is more capacious than some political chubbers we have seen lately.

In our opinion John Keen is the best man ever put forward to represent the Slocan at Victoria. He is a surveyor by profession and knows how and where trails and roads should be made. He has had many years experience as a government official, and was strong enough two years ago to hold his position when the spoils system was epidemic. He has no stope to pull trade to, and would not allow sectional feeling to interfere with his duty to the entire community.

John Keen is the first man in B. C. to put a plank in a political platform calculated to benefit the newspapers of mining camps. We have read plenty of platforms framed in favor of almost everything, but John is the first man to raise up his voice for the power that has done more for this country at less profit than any other agency. For this plank Keen deserves the admiration of every scribe and print in these mineral-touched mountains of our own Kootenay.

The Provincial mineralogist has notified Angus McInnes to receive specimens of Slocan ore for exhibition at the Winnipeg Fair. Mine owners and prospectors are requested to bring in samples and leave them at the Record office in New Denver. The government is evidently too poor, or its policy is too penurious, to pay for the proper and thorough gathering of mineral specimens for the Winnipeg and other public expositions. As a result of this miserly course the visitors to Winnipeg's great fair had better look at the punkins. They are not likely to find many ore specimens from B. C. Our government is too busy with theoretical politics to pay any attention to advertising the country.

Years ago when the trails to heaven were less numerous than they are now, Sodom and Gomorrah were concentrated in the fiery demon mill, and the report is still current that they were destroyed because the inhabitants were very wicked. Some are unkind enough to say that Sandon was burned up because wicked people dwelt therein, and that the Lord had a spite against the place. We do not believe this theory, because if it was true the churches would have been saved, as no wise god or man burns up his own property, unless occasionally for the insurance.

In Maine there is a town with a population of 2,000 which has 14 churches. This looks wonderful, but it does not come up to the silvery and wicked west. Here in New Denver we have a church to every 100 people. We also have a bank, hospital and newspaper for every 300 people, a saloon for each 75 citizens. We have not a single candidate for legislative honors, but when it comes to a churchtown we can show the best hand of churches for our own size in the world. No old town around the state of Maine can reach our height. New Denver is strictly out of sight, although we will soon need a brewery. The colony of printers is increasing.

Essay on Green

Some think it strange that a journal known far and wide as a champion of the masses against all cinch games should go against Bob Green in this campaign. The fact of the matter is we do not see how Green can benefit the conditions of the miner. He has never done anything that impresses us with the power and brightness of his intellect. He is foxy enough to stand in with the leaders of the union, and play to the gallery instead of the whole house, but that is all. He, as far as we can learn, has never created any kind of a reform that would benefit either community or individuals. He can say Yes or No, but then a phonograph can do that. It is all rot to think that he can better the affairs of labor. One vigorous newspaper will do more for the cause of labor than a hundred gentlemen like Green. Bob is a nice fellow but he would never submit to be crucified in order that labor might say he was a little Slocan Jesus. The miners may have faith and pray for him, but Bob is after the fleshpots just the same and will never drive the money changers out of any old temple.

Black and Yellow

Boubonic plague exists, and has existed for several months in the Chinese quarters of San Francisco. There is no reason to doubt but what the active bubonic microbe would do well in Kaslo, Nelson, Rossland, Vancouver, Victoria and other towns in B. C. in which the yellow scabs of China earn their daily rat pie. The people of B. C., except in the Slocan, seem to love these saffron-tinted, pig-tailed, shuffling rice-eaters and should not murmur if the terrible black plague comes in their washing and drops the clammy hand of death amid the family. The employers of Chinese labor should be willing to take the lean with the fat. They make, or imagine they do, money by employing the docile, effeminate, yellow scum of China, and should be willing to take all the diseases that travel incog or otherwise with a servile race. The bubonic plague five centuries ago got into Europe from the East and caused twenty-five millions of people to let go their breath and quit this earth. If it should get a square slap at Canada how this Colonial dependency would howl and curse the powers for ever allowing the sweet ozone of this broad Dominion to be contaminated by a plague, bred in the filthy dens of China and Japan, and allowed to travel for Imperial reasons.

Only a Swede

The Boers in sending out reports of the killed in battle seldom give out more than eight names. Julian Ralph discovered that they do not count foreigners who fight in their army. This is the way they make up a list: The Boer commandant looks the dead over, "Who is this?" he asks, as he comes to a body.

"Only a Swede."

"Bury him," he orders. "And who is this?"

"Another Swede."

"Bury him."

He keeps repeating this order until they turn up Piebox Behind-the-Kopje, or some other Boer, then he makes a note in his book: "One killed. Tell his folks to come for the body."

No account is kept of the French, Swedes, Dutchmen or any other foreigners who die in Kruger's cause, and they are tumbled into trenches just as though they were common sons of female canines, unworthy of having even their names written in a list of the dead. Nice reward for men who let go the ghost in the lost cause of Boerland. But, then, such is death behind the kopjes of blood-soaked Africa.

The Lust of Power

The people of Canada are up against a hard proposition, as a result of rotten politics. It has stirred up the Toronto World to such an extent that that journal has buckled on its six-shooter and goes after the villains as follows:

"We are face to face with a new and alarming situation in Canada. The Government of the leading province of the Dominion, the Government of the Dominion itself, is in the hands of men who are in league with criminals and who openly defy the public when a demand is made to bring these criminals within the scope of the criminal law. We use the word criminals advisedly, for the frauds of which the machine has been guilty are equally as criminal as housebreaking, forgery and larceny. It has been established that several Ontario and Dominion elections were stolen, literally and actually, by a gang of unprincipled men who were employed for this very purpose by the organizers of the Liberal party, and of whose presence at the elections Ministers at Ottawa and Toronto were fully cognizant. The two governments were consenting parties, negatively at least, to the frauds while they were being perpetrated. They openly shield the criminals now that the frauds have been disclosed. Evidence has been forthcoming to connect Messrs. Mulock, Sutherland, Dryden and Davis with complicity in the perpetration of the frauds. To-day every member of the Ontario and Dominion Governments stands convicted of harboring criminals, because not one of them has resigned or repudiated the action of their leaders in refusing to bring the criminals to justice. The two Liberal premiers, Hon. Mr. Ross and Sir Wilfred Laurier, appear in a contemptible light before the people of Canada. The latter, after a lifetime of invective against political corruption, is to-day the head and front of the worst election scandal that has ever disgraced this country. We say Sir Wilfred is the head and front of it because he openly shields the guilty ones from prosecution. The premier has only to say the word and the fountain head of the corruption will be exposed. This, however, he refuses to do. His failure to bring the criminals to justice places him on a level with the criminals themselves. The public should not lose sight of the fact that the Government refuses to avail itself of the machinery that has been provided by the law for dealing with the criminals and bringing them to justice.

An entirely new condition of affairs prevails in Canada to-day. The Government is no longer susceptible to argument. All appeals to sense of honor and of justice are wasted. The prosecution of criminals and the unearthing of crimes is the most important function that any Government has to perform. The detection and punishment of crime is the citadel of all our personal and political liberties. When the Government winks at crime and shields criminals the political morality of the country must be at a low ebb. When the Government refuses to set the law in motion against men who are dragging the country through the mire it is time for the honest electorate to consider the advisability of taking the law into their own hands. For several years a well-organized and well-disciplined gang of scoundrels have been travelling from one constituency to another stealing the elections for the Federal candidates. They stop at nothing to accomplish their ends. Larceny, forgery, arson—every crime in the calendar is resorted to to achieve their purpose. The Government takes no measures to put a stop to these frauds. What, under the circumstances, are the people to do? We see no other means of rectifying the evil than by the people taking the law into their own hands. A modified form of the lynch law is justifiable under the conditions that prevail in this country. The failure of the Government to prosecute the men who have been engaged in this villainy for years back will only encourage them to continue in their nefarious work in the future. We are averse to mob law as a rule, but when the Government incites scoundrels to tamper with the ballot box, when the Government refuses to prosecute criminals, then the people have no resource but to take the law into their own hands. The World has already suggested the organization of shotgun clubs throughout Ontario. If the Government won't listen to argument or the voice of justice they may give heed to the threats backed up by force. The World has no hesitation in recommending the people to organize themselves into clubs to forcibly drive from any constituency where an election is in progress any of the criminals who have been connected with the frauds in the recent Dominion and Ontario elections. If these scoundrels cannot be kept out of the constituencies by the Government the people should take the work in their own hands. They should do the job even if it is necessary to organize shotgun clubs."

A Valuable Hint.

From the Atchison (Kas.) Globe.

A lady writing to a newspaper office gives the following pertinent *suggestions gratis*:

"Mr. Editor—A lady wants to say a few words to the merchants, and really it is a delicate subject to handle. You know it is now time when our grocery men set their vegetables outside on the pavement, and you know there are many tall dogs in town, and—it operates as though they drank from Saratoga Medical Springs. Now, Mr. Editor, you must know what I want to say, and if you will help me out you will do the public a great favor. What we want is the vegetables on boxes, or 'above the high water mark.' For the good of women and mankind, the grocers will please attend to it. Those wire screens they use over baskets and barrels are not 'water tight.' This is a delicate matter, but you know when a lady goes shopping for cabbage and beets she doesn't like to be obliged to take peas also. Please put it in shape as to offend nobody.—A housekeeper

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Reserved fund : : 7,000,000.00
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A JACOBSON & CO., Props

Best meals in the city—Comfortable rooms—Bar replete with the best of Liquors and Cigars—Best service throughout.

A SADJE FATE.

This the tale of Peter Gunn,
Who read and talked of "kopje;"
Also of Cronje and the Boers,
Until he could not stopje.

He tacked a "je" to every word
Or nearly every onje,
Until his family and friends
Wished war had ne'er begunje.

At evening he was not content
To sit at home and talkje.
But he would ask his wife if she
"Would like to take a walkje."

He hired a man to scoop the snow
Which lay upon his lawnje,
And paralyzed his little boy
By saying, "Come here, Johnje."

He bristled o'er with news of war.
Said, "Buller flew the coopje."
And backed it up by stating that
"Old White is in the soupje."

He asked a friend if he would sing
"In words of tuneful soundje,
The ballad, 'When You Have No Coin
You Needn't Come Aroundje.'"

And thus he went from bad to worse
Until, what do you thinkje?
He tried to drown Great Britain's woes,
Likewise his own, in drinkje.

And now they have him in a place,
Locked in a padded cellje,
Where every day that awful "je"
With all his words he'd yellje.

Take heed, take heed—this simple tale
Should warn you, every onje—
Lest you should tempt the fate that met
Our poor friend, Peter Gunnje,
—Baltimore American.

MINING PROSPECTS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A Montana volunteer, who was a practical miner before he became a soldier, and who remained in the Philippines after his regiment had returned home, has written to Helena friends an interesting letter about the mining possibilities of the Philippine Island. Writing from Manila, he says:

At present there are in this city about 200 ex-soldiers, from Western States in America, nearly all experienced miners, anxiously awaiting the necessary permission from military headquarters to rush into the rich placer mining country, which lies north and east of here, but permission is now withheld owing to the lack of definite information on the part of the Government as to the exact interpretation of the mining laws governing these islands. These laws are now undergoing at Manila translation by several Spanish-American translators, whose task will, it is believed, be completed shortly. It is known, however, that the law permits prospecting for minerals anywhere, No license or other formality is required unless the output exceeds 2,000 tons a day and buildings for working are erected. Any one is free to work placers anywhere, at no expense save his own labor. Placer claims contain 60,000 square Spanish yards, equivalent to about 950 feet long by 625 feet wide. Quartz claims are of the same dimensions. The apex of quartz veins may be followed into any other land underground provided no wall is broken.

The richest known deposits in Luzon are found about 75 miles north-east of here, where there is abundant water for sluicing and hydraulic mining and saw mills. This section is inhabited largely by Igorrotes, who are very friendly to Americans, but extremely hostile toward the Filipinos and Spaniards, not infrequently killing them for slight offences. Miners can live quite comfortably on food purchased from the Igorrotes at from $2 to $4 a week.

There is absolutely no reason to doubt that the placer mines of Luzon and Mindanao islands as well as some parts of Cebu, are among the richest in the world, easy of access and no hardships to be encountered in reaching them as soon as the military authorities permit miners to enter them. Quartz mining is absolutely undeveloped in Luzon, but very rich specimens, secured near here, of white quartz carrying free milling, have been brought in. The veins are not well defined, however, the tendency inclining towards pockets, from one of which ore, assaying unusually high in gold and copper, was secured. The copper runs in porphyritic quartz in a decomposed state mixed with iron oxides carrying free gold and copper pyrites.

The native women hereabouts pan the alluvial sands with wooden bowls, frequently taking out from $3 to $5 a day gold. Philippine gold runs about $14 an ounce Last week an Igorrote woman brought into Dagupan, as a result of six weeks' panning, seven pounds of gold nuggets, and two ex-soldiers, who mined in the same district for three months, netted over $5,000 in gold, using pans and sluice boxes, and would have done even better had not the soldiers compelled them to leave.

The rivers are lined with banks of black sand (magnetic iron), carrying fine gold. The gold is not flaky but small, rough nuggets from the size of a pin head to three or four ounces in weight. Bed rock averages from six inches to twenty feet and the reason why no systematic work has ever been done in these fields is because the Igorrotes drive out the Spaniards while the Spanish government has never allowed the Chinese or Filipinos to pursue mining as a business, hence the whole field is new and wonderfully rich.

Lead ore is also abundant and runs from 12 to 60 per cent. to the ton, but has never been mined to any great extent. Copper runs from 15 to 80 per cent. Little or no silver has been found although no systematic prospecting therefor has been done. Iron is found in abundant quantities near Manila, but the production thereof is small from the fact that the Spanish government never encouraged mining. Angat yielding as high as 85 per cent. is mined in a primitive manner in this island as is also a good grade of marble, which is found in large quantities in Bataan province. Coal is also abundant, especially in Cebu. Very rich gold deposits exist on the coast of Surigao, northeast of Mindanao.

The ex-California and Montana soldiers are unanimous in the belief that when opened up the mining fields of Luzon will be the most inviting and remunerative in the world, not excepting even Nome and the Klondike.

SARCASM FROM THE PULPIT.

"Brudden and sistahs," sternly said good old Parson Woolman, after the collection had been taken up upon a recent sabbath morning, 'before de hat was done parsed I expounded de request dat de congregation contribute accawdin' to de, and I sho expectorated dat yo' all would chip in magunanimously. But now, upon examin' de collection, I finds dat de concocted amount contributed by de whole entire posse ob yo' am only de significent and pusillanimous sum ob sixty-free cents. And at dis junction dar ain't no 'casion for yo' all to look at Brudder Slewfoot, what done circumambulated de hat around, in no such auspicious manner, for in de fust place Brudder Slewfoot aint dat kind ob a man. and in de second place I done watched him like a hawk all de time muhself. No, sixty-free cents was all dat was flung in, an' I des wants to say dat in my humble opinion, instead ob contributing accowdin' to yo' means yo' all contributed to yo' meanness. De choir will now favor us wid deir reg'lar melodiousness."—Harper's Bazaar.

No Respector of Persons.

Here is an actual occurrence, and it comes all the way from Florida, a state that is overflowing with darkies, says a comedian travelling with a theatrical company. In company with a couple of members of the company we set out to visit a darky prayer meeting, more out of curiosity than anything else. On our arrival we found a small church wretchedly out of repair, with a terribly leaky roof, and the negro pastor fervently praying for funds to make repairs. The collection was started, the pastor saying that special blessings would be asked for all contributors. One brother put in ten cents.

"Ten cents for Brudder Jones. De Lord bless Brudder Jones."

Then a quarter of a dollar was received.

"Brudder Johnson a quateh. De Lord bless Brudder Johnson."

The collection reached a stranger, whom I presume also happened to go into the church out of curiosity, to witness a darky's service, the same as ourselves. He turned out afterwards to be a gambler, who had had a big winning the night before. He put a $20 note into the hat. The pastor's breathless collector said:

"What's de name, sah?"

"Never mind the name, I'm a gambler from Chicago."

"Gamblah from Chicago. Twenty dollahs," shouted the collector.

The pastor rolled his eyes up, and raised his hands, and said in a voice choked in emotion. "Twenty dollahs, gamblah from Chicago. May the good Lo'd bless and prospah de noble gamblah from Chicago."

A Mixed Population.

In the Canadian North-West provinces, from Manitoba to the Pacific Coast, there are probably more colonies of different nationalities than are to be found on any equal area elsewhere in the world. There are said to be more Dunkards on the plains of Alberta and Assiniboine than in North Dakota. Russian Colonists are frequent in these districts, but preference has been given by the Russians to the more northern province of Saskatchewan. Throughout the districts, scattered in large and small numbers, are colonies of Greeks, Finlanders, French, Dutch, and other nationalities, as also a colony of Hebrew farmers and several gatherings of Mormons.

The man who procrastinates, struggles with ruin.—Heisod.

ACCORDING TO SHELDON.

Women edited a recent issue of the Roswell, N. M., Record, in the poetry column of which appeared the following:

The woman who dresses in fashion—oh, dear!
She's a creature a good man should never go near,
According to Sheldon!

Her portrait's obscene and should therefore be spurned,
The fashion-plate's wicked and ought to be turned
To the wall, or else privately torn down and burned,
According to Sheldon!

A stocking's inherently awful, and, oh!
The word "garter" is one that a man should not know,
According to Sheldon!

We should turn from the table and blush for the chair,
Because it has legs that are shamelessly bare,
According to Sheldon!

It is wicked to tell why policemen are paid:
We should turn from the windows where clothes are displayed;
What a wretched old world the creator has made,
According to Sheldon!

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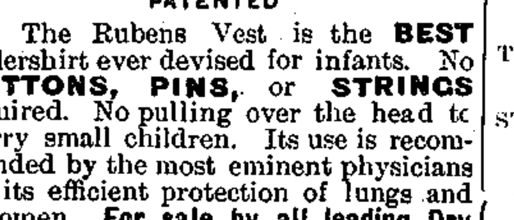

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My Lady's Strange Girdle

A STORY BY LUCY CLEVELAND—Continued from last week

Well, I was left alone on deck, for what were all the other creatures worth, and I was no nearer the mystery of the girdle. "Yes, 'Lord Jemappes' might mean anything, 'Lord Jemappes' in his cups or his coffin. Confound it all, why did I take passage on this particular steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental line?"

* * * * * * *

No, my lady did not commit suicide in the rock galleries of Gibraltar. Yes, we did have the salute. And again we were plowing our way through the Mediterranean. Night had shut down in a sudden fog one memorable night. I shall not soon forget that night. I couldn't sleep. The ship was rolling, and the old china in the pantry was promenading with cracked voice. I was restless and alert for every new sound that might intrude itself.

What was that?

I sprang from my bunk and listened.

A low, rustling sound which I can only compare to the slow oozing out of some creature through a lush thicket growth. The sound formed again and faded, and again rustled forward.

To spring to the saloon was the first thought. But I could not move. I am a man every inch of me, but I could not budge. I believe I waited three good minutes.

"Hello, Caithness, is that you?" I called.

Only the silence answered and the heavy swash of water against the rolling of the ship.

I threw on my clothes and was in the saloon in a moment. Far along in the dim light the Lady Jemappes was standing at the door of her stateroom, dressed as we had left her at the late supper. Her glittering eyes held me through the dark. Her hands clasped the girdle. It was not around her waist.

"Is it to be a storm?" she said. "This must not go down." She held up to me the long, long belt. Her eyes glittered again.

"I think not, Lady Jemappes," I stammered as I reached her side. Ah, how beautiful she was! The flush was upon her cheek; her ripe lips were parted; her bosom heaved. "I think not, my lady. It is only a small blow."

"Thank you," she said and was gone. I heard her stateroom key turn in the lock.

I could not sleep the rest of the night. What was that noise which I had heard? Her step? But no one was moving save the watch before the compass on deck and the sea of china in the pantry. Again through the black I seemed to hear that strange rustle oozing out on the silence. The darkness was but framework for it. The night was its track. It ringed itself in a spiral of shaking color. The great night held its breath before the jewel dazzle of bad eyes.

I sprang, lest that cone of gathering power whose apex shot upward in a thin streaked tongue of flame should reach me. I sprang, and found it was a dream, and I went on deck and stamped out the dream along the cool caress of the early morning air, and saw it fade and trail away and thin and vanish in the great fresh leap of waters and the measureless brilliance of the blue.

Caithness and I agreed we would solve this mystery, however, or—the gods take us.

* * * * * * *

The Christmas on the Mediterranean was a howling success. We sang "God Save the Queen," and I added from "The Star Spangled Banner" until I was hoarse. The captain decorated our plates with holly, from whose branches the old lady with the frisette plucked a piece "to adorn my hair" with a smile of the vintage of eighteen odd that almost upset the sobriety of everybody. The dance on deck went into the small hours. My Lady Jemappes had never looked so beautiful, I thought. She seemed to have forgotten her weird alarm of the dark night. She was all a witchery of blue gauzes and foamy laces. Around her waist, as Caithness had prophesied, the inevitable belt. It was not locked. Had she forgotten?

I withdrew into the shadow of the awning stretched above the deck and watched her. Caithness was claiming his waltzes, and she floated away on his arm. Her motions were graceful as a Greek. The belt slipped in long, supple symmetry, wreathing itself to her circling grace. Her brilliant gauzes seemed to breathe glances. Across the night and across its radiant dream on which the moonlight fulled her strange eyes reached. As the whorl of the dance brought her near me I again noticed those eyes. They were dilating in power in the deepening waltz—whorls of melody which the band tossed off. They were rhythmic to the circling beat of music. The light within them arose in coils of ascending brilliance. I held my breath as the belt slipped by me, a thin smear of silver moonlight.

When I held her at last, my prisoner of music, and moved away with her breath upon my lips and the fragrance of the pomegranate blossoms gathered at Gibraltar upon her breast, it was only the woman, ewig weibliche, and the dream of the night was now herself alone, and the [illegible] great white rose of moonlight along heaven, starring all earth with its petals and pulses of love.

"Heavens!" said Caithness to me about 3 o'clock a. m. as we paced the deck for a few minutes' pull at a pipe. The dance was over, nearly everybody gone below. The stars were paling, a pink streak of dawn was widening off there on the horizon line of water. "There's no more telling what's in that belt than in the train of a comet. As I waltzed with the beautiful creature I felt that there was something concealed between that blue velvet lining and the outer stuff. But what? The bones of her grandfather, whose perturbed spirit she will rest on the island of Malta? Ha, ha! What? Hello, there's the German professor! Do you know, he wasn't at the dance. Experimenting probably."

The professor drew nearer. Beneath his heavy eyebrows his eyes glowed like a spark.

"I have been able to do it," he said, a flash illuminating his fine features. "I have been at it all night. I have seen the interior of the captain's locked box. He allowed me to photograph it."

"Ha!" Caithness and I exclaimed in the same breath and looked at each other. But our eyes met in a start and an amazement the next moment, for as we turned to shake our congratulations into the fellow's hand my foot knocked up against something in the half dark on the deck. It was my lady's strange girdle. A waltz had shaken it from her waist.

I believe in one moment my whole plan was formulated in my brain.

I picked up the girdle and gave Caithness an immense look. Neither of us spoke.

"I have an interesting thing here," I said coolly, knowing that the German professor who staid so much to himself had not heard the ship's buzz of talk about the belt. "Will you photograph its interior for me?"

"Why, certainly," he said courteously. "Come with me to my stateroom now, gentlemen. I think the tubes are in good working order."

We followed him down the companionway. He had a large stateroom aft, but his traveling paraphernalia was all tucked away to make room for the apparatus for Roentgen photography placed on a large table. He explained it to us with the hurried interest of the enthusiast. On a clamp support was the Crookes tube, of approximately spherical shape and the type originally used by Professor Crookes to show the dependence upon the negative pole of radiant state phenomena. The excitation was furnished by an induction coil, the primary of which was excited by a five cell storage battery, and the secondary was taken as giving 200,000 volts potential, "corresponding roughly," says the professor, "to a spark length or distance between electrodes of two or three inches of air." Wires from the secondary were connected to the terminals of the Crookes tube, the negative wire to the upper electrode.

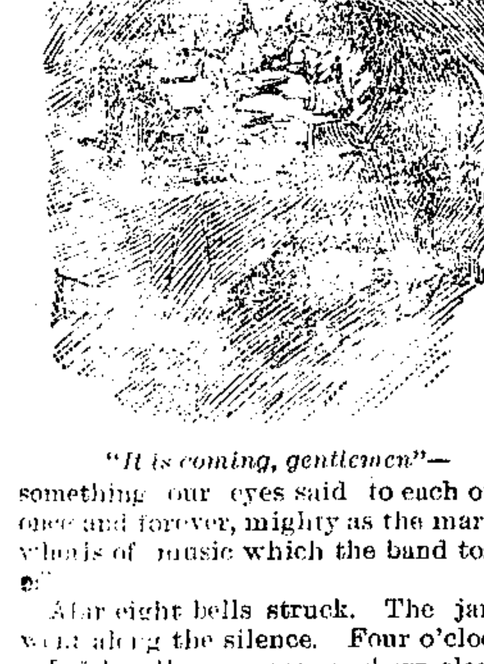
"Where is the sensitized plate?" I exclaimed, holding in my hand the girdle that in a magnetic manner bound me to the lovely woman. And yet there was something hard and knotty within it. "Love letters?" said my tormented brain.

"Contained in this ordinary plate holder," says the professor, answering my question. "I believe yet greater methods will be invented." (The world had not yet had news of Edison's developments.) "You will place the girdle on its slide of ebonite, gentlemen, under the Crookes tube. It will necessitate five to ten minutes' exposure. I shall develop the plate or image with eikonogen. The development will be slow. The image does not appear at all for a relatively long time and comes up slowly. We want to bring out all there is in the picture. But therein is the interest. The shadowgraph of the unknown, as it appears, is something so marvelous."

We waited. The bleak daylight was brightening through the porthole. Caithness said afterward there was a red spot working on my cheek like my lady's very own.

The tube was excited for some minutes. The professor removed the plate and darkened the porthole. I began to feel a queer tremor go all over me, and I'm not any more nervous than the short horns of a California steer.

The silence was very painful as the professor bent over the very slowly developing plate. The darkness was a weird one, with only that red eye of the lantern over there watching us. I thought of the black night and the spiral of shaking color and the movement again along the black. I thought of that low, red, awful eye of sunset watching us off Gibraltar, a drop as from some giant wound in heaven. I thought of the thick crimson smear of sea beneath it. And between it, among it all, fluttered the red spark on my lady's cheek and the round red pomegranate blossoms breathing their warm love breath across the whorl of music, breathing it up to me as I held her in that rhythmic meter of souls—for there was something our eyes said to each other once and forever, mighty as the married whorls of music which the band tossed off.



"It is coming, gentlemen"—

Afar eight bells struck. The jangle went along the silence. Four o'clock!

I felt all over me a sharp electric thrill crawl. Caithness was leaning over the professor and the plate on one side, I on the other. "It is coming, gentlemen"—

He stopped.

For a cry rang out from Caithness, who was bending intently over the plate, watching—a cry that I can hear now in northern India. God, it froze the blood in my veins! I looked at the German. He was as white as death. He pointed down to the plate, where the shadowgraph had shown up to vision—the interior of the girdle—the dread Vipera cerastes, the leprous asp of Africa!

In one moment my dream serpentined again along the night. It twisted through the long desertness of sand till the whole earth, a narrowing track that pressed me closer to the leprous oncoming, was a smear like the great crimson sea of sunset, dotted here and there with darker blotches of blood exuding from a woman's heart. And all the stars were out.

"'We are such stuff as dreams are made of!'" I cried aloud. My voice echoed horribly through the room. And then there was a great silence through the dark stateroom. Caithness told me afterward that he saw two feet of my six feet of George Washington's acres shake.

For fully five minutes not one of us spoke a living word, but I tell you three heads and three white faces bent over that plate.

The snake was lying in torpor—as the shadowgraph revealed. It was about 2 feet in length, but 22 in utter loathsomeness. In its long curving drowsiness it looked like the long, oozing, reaching finger of death, from which you could upbuild the whole gaunt ringed and moving body of the dread shadow. The broad head, flattened down against the casing of the girdle, would lift at any impulse of serpentine volition. You felt it. I saw Caithness himself, officer in the glorious South Staffordshire as he is, start back a moment from that girdle and its infernal lining. The thin, lightning streak of tongue protruded. Above each eye of the snake arose a scaly spine or horn, whence its name, horned viper. The eyes were half closed, but watched you with a leer.

"Jove!" from Caithness. And then none of us spoke, but I tell you we bent over again and watched that girdle's double, and the leer of eye watched us.

I read it all now. The dumb, beseeching look in my lady's face like the cry of a wounded animal—to save her from the leprous leap of that calculating eye. And again that changing face of hers—the contemplating self murderer, was it not? The glassy look that begins to reflect the slippery precipices of the fall and clutch and fall again of a soul, while the banks of the abyss are dappled with its doom. And then the memory of the coils of ascending brilliance in those eyes of hers, rising in ringed beauty, deepening in power in the deepening power of the waltz whorls which the band tossed off. Was she slowly, surely and surely slipping into the snake charm of snake life? Resisting today, bound to succumb tomorrow? Bah! How could I think it? For—memory of memories that sent a big manly heart throb to my very throat and made my temples beat like trip hammers, that one moment when her life breathed upon my arm, and we moved metrically on the pulse of music, when through the lotus moonlight our eyes arose to one another and spoke forever.

"Hello! What are you thinking about?" says Caithness, breaking into the silence. "Look out, man. You'll kick the lantern over."

"Also. Now, what to do, gentlemen?" demanded the professor, staring down at the shadowgraph of leer that stared up at him and stared at us all, though fixed upon one. "I fear it is very sad. I know the horned viper. I meet him in Africa. Also. He can live two years in a glass jar without to eat. He endures prolonged hunger. What to do, gentlemen?"

"What in earth does the woman want with it?" says Caithness. "The mystery thickens. To kill herself or somebody else?"

"Somebody else!" I sneered. And yet his words made me start.

"Well, the thing is what to do with it," says Caithness, tipping back in his chair. "It will be out on us if you don't take care. The lock, you know, is not secured at the aperture for breath."

"Drop him overboard just now," says the professor, preparing to take up the girdle. The leer looked at him. The professor moved quickly toward the porthole.

"Hold up," I cried, seizing his arm. "I'll chaperon that snake."

"Dillons, you are an immortal ass," shouted Caithness. "You'll repent this. For God's sake overboard with it into the immortal sea. Save the woman and save yourself."

"I have a purpose in keeping it," I said coolly. I caught again upon the plate the snakely, gargoylean leer. "Allow me, Herr Doktor." I reached over the professor's arm, and I took that girdle. Did it ooze yet one hair's breadth forward? It required no very lively imagination to feel the leprous death spring, and the stream through the tubular canals of the infernal's fangs, and then the dazing, dizzy torment overtakes your manhood's life. But I moved toward the stateroom door.

"By heaven, hold up!" shouts Caithness, now gripping hold of the professor's arm. "Doctor, it's the bravest thing I've seen done since Jimmie Fadden planked the union jack on Majuba hill in the teeth of Zulu arrows tipped with the poison of the puff adder. By heaven, Britain honors the brave! What the devil is your intention, Dillons? Let him go, doctor. I know Dillons' eye. He has a plan. But let's all shake hands on this one point, we'll stand by my Lady Jemappes and garner her tremendous secret through the thick and thin of it all. She's not to blame, I feel."

God bless a man! Give me a man, and not a woman, every big, grand inch of him, to stand by a woman!

"I'll be with you anon, Dillons," I heard Caithness call.

I tell you, it did not take me very long to reach my stateroom. I dared not trifle with that girdle, even though my plan of action was formulated in my own brain. Again the sharp, white electric thrill moved over me. Had the creature contained within that belt the power of emitting infernal magnetism? I would place it near the porthole. Remembering the habits of the African asp, that it could bury itself in sand, I would throw my heavy overcoat over it. "Don't disturb my clothes in that corner, George," I said to the steward appearing at the door. "I'm not feeling well today. I shall stay in my bunk. Have my meals sent in to me. And—hold up there. Order me a sixpence of grog. Right away, mind."

So far my plan. I would fain illness, that I might watch my dread companion. I dared not appear on deck for fear of encountering the eyes of the Lady Jemappes. What would be her agony and terror, missing the belt? I knew that she would still linger on deck as the evening deepened, hoping for a sight of her horrible zone, in whose orbit her destiny lay. At evening I would—but that is anticipating.

Till I join my Revolutionary forefathers and warm up with them around the fires of their campaigns and conflicts, shall I ever forget the day I passed in stateroom 45? It was one good hour before I could make up my mind to take my eyes off that girdle or my pistol either. I covered it with my Smith & Wesson for two hours, hours of torment, while I again went over the details of my plan for the relief of a woman. My eye followed the curves the snake would take if it exuded from the belt. I knew that the asp slips or crawls along, sighting its victim, before it makes the final spring. Fifty—no, a thousand—times I saw that close, flattened head rise, and the leer, awakening to brilliant distension, charm me into death. I believe I must have nodded over then, for I slept.

She stretched out to me her white, trembling hands.

I was awakened by the clash of steel. Where was I? The room was quite dark, save for one white band extending from the porthole window. A very silent band. And extending yet toward me.

I sprang.

"Great God in heaven, the snake"—

There are moments of your life that are millennial. This side of the veil that fences in time from the eternities the breath of all the bloom inside there can crowd itself into 60 heart beat petals and flower into one lilied moment. And the livid, acrid breath, sweating from those old death sword disks that defend Eden, can blow into your face in one moment, too, a vapor damper than Dante. And yet you live.

I lived after that crawling, wet moment, when something brushed against my arm. Was it the ship's evening signal that had awakened one? No.

I sprang and stared into that white band unfolding before me. Unfolding, though, like scrolls of angels from heaven, not earth. My stateroom was in full moonlight. It must have been 8 o'clock, night, that struck. I had slept all day.

What was that which had touched my arm? I stared out into that white band of moonlight across my room. By George, there was something unearthly, but most divine, in the onflowing light, a message from heaven too full of white blessedness to close its doors quite upon the upreaching throats of poor, dark humanity. I kept staring out into that moonbeam and listening.

"Well, old fellow! Good for you!" Caithness' jolly voice rolled in. 'Pon my word, a voice has an atmosphere. "You've been at it all day, torporesque too. Where's the girdle?"

"Was it you who brushed my arm?" I said, going cautiously toward the porthole corner.

"No. I haven't been here before for an hour. Schmalenstopfer and I decided to let you go it. Yes, the infernal living is all right"—

A sharp click, as of the cocking of a pistol, interrupted his words. The sweat broke upon my forehead. Ye gods be praised! An underlock that we had not noticed in the belt had jarred and shaken, too, with the tread of the glorious South Staffordshire across the room, and the creature within was for the time a prisoner. But Caithness and I gave one another one look, for we knew that the snake had moved inside that girdle.

"Are you going to be on picket duty much longer?" says Caithness. "Dillons, what are you up to? You haven't had a bite. The 'Jemappes' has never left her stateroom today. I've got to leave you and your charge, old fellow. I'm booked for [illegible] with Cassner and his crowd. I hear we shall sight Malta in a couple of hours."

"I'll join you soon," I called back hastily, my plan working at my very soul. "Had never left her stateroom today!" Was she alive? I quickly got myself together, presentable, and taking the girdle under my overcoat, with a horrible qualm, I went on deck. The moonlight had gone before me, though, and lay, a white splendor, on water and sail. The crowd had not yet come up from dinner, and the promenade deck was deserted. No! Ha, way off toward the stern of the ship a lithe figure, graceful still in its sad abandonment of suffering, bent low in the black shadow of the swinging, flapping sail. It took me a second and a quarter to reach her side.

She heard my step and lifted upon me a white face like the flower of a moonlit field whose guests are the ghosts of only yesterday. She read my eyes. She stretched out to me her white, trembling hands, but did not speak. And then—the long, marble silence and control shattered in the sweet, white moonbeam that had brought some one. Some one to her, her face bent upon her hands, and the angels and I only heard the dropping of a woman's tears.

A woman's heart was made to hide naught save the heart of her lover in her own and unsolder all his burdens in that heat.

"I think you will let me help you," I said, choking down a mighty, big gulp in my throat and getting misty around my eyes, confound it, with my 12 feet of shadow. "I have the girdle." I sat down beside her and told her all quickly. I lifted the coat beneath whose folds the hideous burden lay. But I held back her hand as she reached for that burden. Jove, I'd have chaperoned 20 snakes to have had the bliss of that one moment.

"You will give it to me," she said, reaching for the girdle.

"If you will tell me all. If you will give me your solemn oath that you will not"— She knew what I could not say. "The word of a lady is enough. I believe you."

And she told me all. Born in India, the daughter of a celebrated snake charmer whose beauty had subdued a Scotch nobleman tarrying in Bombay, the temperament of the mother and the strange power of the mother lived on in the daughter's veins. The father had died insolvent, having run through the fortunes of a vast estate. The daughter, for her own support, had realized, with a horrible start one day when there was no money and no food, that the snake unwinding like a ribbon of green grass among the opal flowers, wound again, and waited poised, reflecting the talisman of her will in his perilous eye. Then came the two years of wandering, weird life as the beautiful snake charmer. Holding herself aloof from humanity, in the proud isolation of spirit inherited from the Scotch father, the snake had become her companion, had saved her from the teeth of wild beasts in many a jungle day. "Why shouldn't he save me now?" she cried. "We shall sight Malta in an hour." "Malta," she told me of that. It was during the roving life in India that her beauty had won the great offer of the hand of the Lord Jemappes, old as her grandfather. "Wickeder than my snakes," she cried. "They bite you out of life quickly. He would slowly squeeze out the best within me." She had married him. She was so tired then of the crowds and the toil, poor child, she had married him. They had wandered to Egypt, to Gibraltar—where not. The Lord Jemappes was stationed at Malta now. It was in Egypt she had finally secured the old friend "who shall some day free me. I have never loved," she cried. But our eyes met.

Right up above the mast the great round, white moon, with its face upon the lips of the sky, kissed that sky into a heaven. And the breath of that kiss we call moonlight here below.

And the soul at my side, that had awakened to the call of my own life, was held apart from me forever.

"Malta! Malta!" The word rolled along the deck and snapped the silences of the gaze of love. Do you know what it is when "never—forever" swings the door to on your soul? The passengers were thronging up the companionway to sight the farfamed island. Grandly its rocks arose out of the moonlit sea, and we began grandly to round into the harbor hedged with England's guns, the harbor where the Peninsular and Oriental steamers stop for five hours.

"I am all ready to go on shore," the voice at my side said with all its old proud firmness now. "It is probable the Lord Jemappes will be down to meet"—Her voice shook. "He is horrible to look upon, but he will never die." She laughed wildly then in such utter despair.

"You have given me your promise that you will not"—I glanced at the girdle, and my breath came quick and hard—"till you see me again in Malta."

"I have given you my promise," she said, her voice shaking.

We were standing in now quickly, and the great fortifications stood out against the moon.

"I don't understand it," said one of the passengers, approaching us, leveling his glass upon the shores white as day in the southern moonlight. "There is no national anniversary. Hark!"

A tremendous roll of drums shook from the shore. Fort St. Elmo on the Valetta point answered by the low boom of a terrible thunder. Fort Manoel over there and Fort Tigne on Dagut point responded, echoed far over there in Grand harbor, where the Mediterranean fleet rode at anchor. The batteries along the sea answered to those on the hillside. On the roll of the terrible symphony the iron voice of the minute gun began.

"There is a man-of-war at the dock," I said, raising my glass.

"Listen!" cried Caithness, approaching us. "I feared so." The man's eyes that had laughed into the light of a thousand cannon misted.

We were within one minute of our pier. A few measured beats of the drum, and the grand strains of the "Dead March" in "Saul" broke in sublime volume, across whose peal and cry the roll of the muffled drums and the steady voice of the minute gun spoke. We could see now the cortege in slow movement toward the English man-of-war—a regiment of infantry, arms at a carry, bayonets unfixed; a battery of artillery, the gun carriage with its solemn burden wrapped in the English flag.

My heart leaped to my throat. I saw the face of the Lady Jemappes.

"It is the funeral of General Jemappes," some one whispered, glancing nervously toward our group. "The body goes to England tonight."

I saw my lady's face, across whose whiteness the mingled emotions fled like the streaked clouds across the moon's kiss on the sky. Her hand reached way over the ship's side and flung with impetuous emotion her girdle away and away into the wave curves of sea. Our eyes met then and withdrew not from each other, for a new heaven and a new earth were unfolding to just one man and one woman.

THE END.

POINTS TO BE CONSIDERED

KNOWLEDGE isn't wisdom, but without knowledge it would be difficult to make a man wise. If we would act wisely in anything we must first gain the knowledge to know how to act and then with wisdom put our knowledge into practical use. When a man is casting about, looking for a location where he can make his home with the assurance that, if he "attends to his knitting" and honestly strives to make the best of his opportunities, his efforts will be crowned with success, he wants to know the merits and demerits of the locality and the conditions existing, so as to act with wisdom.

It is because men act without wisdom on very little knowledge that so many make failures of life. They are led by impulse and flirt with Dame Fortune like a giddy school girl. The result is always the same. They fail, and when they go down they take some body with them, and the community at large suffers in some measure with every failure. It is not failures, but successes, that go to build up a community. One strong, energetic, successful man in a town, who has won through sheer "stick-to-itiveness" and merit is worth a dozen hangers-on, who, without wisdom or worth, attempt to win by pot luck.

It is the former class that are wanted in this part of British Columbia. If any such are seeking an opening, they can come this way. There are openings for every one. Success will be their's as sure as they work for it. New Denver makes the first bid for this class of men. We have some here but there is room for more. The inducements offered are many. We will state a few as briefly as possible:

New Denver's location on a plateau sloping to the shores of Slocan lake, makes it an ideal spot for a residential centre, which it is fast being made. Its homes are far above the average found in most mining camps, and its public halls and buildings and business blocks are commodious, substantial, and built with a view to permanency. There is nothing shoddy about them. Like the men who built them, they are here to stay.

It is but natural that this feeling of confidence in New Denver's stability should prevail. Aside from the advantages that the town has as a residential centre, it is fast becoming the headquarters for some of the strongest mining companies operating in the Slocan. The Silver mountain, Goat mountain and Fidelity-Bosun mines, carrying high gold, silver and lead values, are rapidly developing into heavy shippers. Their pay roll this year will not aggregate more than [illegible] men but this number will be more than trebled in a short time.

New Denver is the banking and commercial centre as well as the residential town on the beautiful Slocan lake. The business done by the Bank of Montreal is surprisingly large and ever increasing. All the local mines and those of Four Mile, Ten Mile and Springer and Lemon creeks are through the local bank.

New Denver's school facilities are good; its churches are neat, well-constructed and well attended. Its streets are sidewalked in all directions. The town is not laid out with one street and a back yard, but covers fully a mile square and is without doubt the prettiest spot for a home in the mining section of British Columbia.

New Denver's citizens are the pioneers of the Slocan. They have made money in the camp, and reinvested it. They own their homes and are continually improving them, confident that they will be amply repaid for the expenditure in the comfort and enjoyment of them.

There are openings in New Denver for several lines of business.

New Denver's scenic beauty is unparalled in North America; its climate is temperate, and the health of its citizens marvelously good—sickness from local causes is seldom experienced.

Literary Gems of Thought

The man who procrastinates, struggles with ruin.—Heisod.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.—George Elliot

Pride seems to be equally distributed; the man who owns the carriage and the man who drives it seem to have it just alike.—W H. Shaw.

Who feels no ills should therefore fear them, and when fortune smiles be doubly cautious, lest destruction come remorseless on him and he fall unpitied. —Shakespeare.

I am not a friend to a very energetic government It is always oppressive. It places the governors indeed more at their ease at the expense of the people —Thomas Jefferson.

In all ancient Christian literature there is not one word that tells the slave to revolt, or that tells the master to liberate the slave, or even that touches the problem of public right which arises out of slavery.—Ernest Renan.

I have recently been examining all the known superstitions of the world, and do not find in our particular superstition (Christianity) one redeeming feature. They are all alike, founded upon fables and mythologies.—Jefferson.

It may prove useful to have learned from history the elementary lesson that no opinion is true simply because it has been held by the greatest intellects, or by the largest number of human beings, at different periods in the history of the world.—Max Muller.

Let every one insist on reality and sincerity, and refrain as much as he can from complimentary usages which involve untruths. If each resolves to tell as few tacit lies as possible, social intercourse will be much healthier —Herbert Spencer.

" 'Peace hath her victories,' and one of the greatest of them is won by people who overcome the desire to go to war."

In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text?
—Shakespeare.

The greatest evil of our times is the prevailing cowardice. We do not dare to assert our opinions, to bring our outward lives into harmony with our inward convictions; we believe it to be worldly policy to cling outwardly to relics of former ages, when at heart we are completely severed from them.—Max Nordau.

There is no counting with certainity on the justice of men who are capable of fashioning and worshiping an unjust divinity; nor on their humanity so long as they incoporate inhuman motives in their most sacred dogmas; nor on their reasonableness while they rigorously decline to accept reason as a test of truth —John Morley.

Theology is in no sense a science. As to any knowledge of infinite will, the being and attributes of God, all men are, and forever will be, on the dead level of absolute nescience The highest priest, pope, or Pontifex Maximus knows no more of what is outside of nature than the babbling infant. They only imagine more.—Elizur Wright.

We are born to an inheritance of opinions, right and wrong, and, right or wrong, we cling to them with a pertinacity exceeded by nothing but our attachment to life. The seeds of error as well as of truth are planted by the stupid parent in the minds of his unfortunate children, and lucky is the child in whose mind the tares do not choke the wheat before it is able to distinguish one from the other —Voltaire

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then; manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them —Burke.

It is difficult to conceive that anyone can really believe that Jesus, a man of flesh and blood like ourselves, was killed, buried, and subsequently appeared in the middle of a room when the door was shut. Yet Christians have to believe that this happened to Christ if they accept the story of the resurrection as truth The fact is, the account is as incredible to-day as it was deemed by many when it first appeared. Hence, it is more reasonable to regard Easter as the commemoration of only the story of an event, and not of the event itself —Charles Watts

We are all of us willing to accept dead truths or blunt ones, which can be fitted harmlessly into spare niches, or shrouded and coffined at once out of the way, we holding complacently the cemetery keys, and supposing we have learned something. But a sapling truth, with earth at its root and blossom on its branches; or a trenchant truth that can cut its way through bars and sods, most men, it seems to me, dislike the sight or entertainment of, if by any means such guest or vision may be avoided. And, indeed, this is no wonder: for one such truth, thoroughly accepted, connects itself strangely with others, and there is no saying to what it may lead us.—John Ruskin

Anyone can go to the Bible and find some text, some passage, to uphold anything he may desire. If he wishes to enslave his fellow-men, he will find hundreds of passages in his favor. If he wishes to be a polygamist, he can find his authority there. If he wishes to make war, to exterminate his neighbors, there his warrant can be found. If on the other hand, he is oppressed himself, and wishes to make war upon his king, he can find a battle-cry. And if the king wishes to put him down, he can find text for text on the other side. So, too, upon all questions of reform. The teetotaler goes there to get his verse, and the moderate drinker finds within the sacred lids his best excuse.—Ingersoll.

The attempt to find infallible records in canonical books, and permanent standards of truth in ecclesiastical votes, has so hopelessly failed that honest persistence in it has become impossible to instructed persons, and therefore in all competent guides and teachers of men a continual sanction and profession of it is not simply an intellectual error, but a breach of veracity And this tampering with sincerity on the part of instructors who know better than they choose to say, not only arrests the advance to higher truth, but eats like a canker into the morals of our time, the sophistries of unfaithful minds are as strange as they are deplorable. Whoever smothers an "honest doubt" turns it into dishonest by rejecting its invitation to truer belief. And the conventional outcry against "destructive criticism" intercepts the reconstructive thought and faith which can alone endure.—Dr. James Martineau.

The dungeon against whose dripping walls the brave and generous have sighed their souls away, the scaffolds stained and glorified with noble blood, the hopeless slaves with scarred and bleeding backs, the writhing martyrs clothed in flame—the virtuous stretched on racks, their joints and muscles torn apart, the flayed and bleeding bodies of the just, the extinguished eyes of those who sought for truth, the countless patriots who fought and died in vain—the burdened, beaten, weeping wives, the shriveled faces of neglected babes, the murdered millions of the vanished years—the victims of the winds and waves, of flood and flame, of imprisoned forces in the earth, of lightning's stroke, of lava's molten stream, of famine, plague, and lingering pain—the mouths that drip with blood, the fangs that poison, the beaks that wound and tear, the triumph of the base, the rule and sway of wrong, the crowns that cruelty has worn, and the robed hypocrites with clasped and bloody hands who thanked their God—a phantom fiend—that liberty has been banished from the world—these souvenirs of the dreadful past, these horrors that still exist, these frightful facts deny that any God exists who has the will and power to guard and bless the human race.—R. G Ingersoll.

One of the Family.

Ezry married a woman with the most tarnation tongue you ever listened to Scorcher, that tongue was! When she had occasion to rebuke Ezry, the tongue would take varnish off the furniture.

As a result of his treatment at home Ezry was inclined to spend overmuch of his time at the tavern. He drank other things there beside cold water. And when he would start for home he was in that blissful condition where he didn't care whether school kept or not. In that condition he was in some measure prepared to meet his gentle chatelaine.

One night his wife sent her brother out to "play ghost" and scare the drunkard into reform The ghost was expected to say in sepulchral tones that unless Ezry reformed he would be taken into hell for sure when he passed over.

Ezry came up the road—across the road, too—and he was trolling one of the lusty old songs of Revolutionary days. He was halted by a sheeted figure.

"D' ev'nin'," said Ezry cheerfully.

"Listen to your doom," solemnly and in deep tones quoth the spectre.

"Zhas all ri'," replied Ezry, "le'r go." "I'm a spirit."

"Glad to hear 't, ol' f'ler, glad to hear 't. Goo' sp't, I suppose? If you're good sp't, I mus' stan' clever wiz you. I'm a pretty goo' f'ler, I am."

"I am a spirit of evil," boomed the spook.

"Sp't evil! Don' shay sho. Wal, p'raps you're the devil himself."

"I am."

"Pu' 'er there, ol' boy, pu' 'er there Come up t' house. Zhe'll be gla' to she ye, that zhe will. S'pose ye know of course that I'm married to yer sister Nancy."—Lewiston Evening Journal.

A wine firm that understands its business has sent a circular to many clergymen, setting forth the merits of its wines and liquors, with prices by the case, etc. The end of the circular reads: "N.B.—Every case sent you will be marked and packed skillfully, so as not to excite suspicion."

Early Days in B. C.

(Continued from third page.)

saw his blood I thought they would go mad. With a howl they rushed at the cowering wretch in the corner.

"He's killed the priest!" they called. "Hang him! Lynch him!"

Strickit pointed the pistol at them. "Keep back," he said, and they hesitated.

"Go on you cowards," called the landlord from the door. "Rush him, d—n him, if he's killed the priest twenty lives won't save him."

At the name "Father Riley," Strickit raised up.

"Who is it I shot?" he asked, but no one answered.

The fellow slowly got on his feet. "Father Riley?" he repeated. "Let me see him."

He walked towards the stricken man, and the crowd fell back though they guarded the door. Strickit looked down at his victim, and, do you know I saw the light of recognition in the wounded man's eyes.

"Yes," said the murderer, slowly, "Father Riley, Father Charles Riley, of Hill House, near Dublin, Ireland." All this to himself, yet audibly.

"Then louder: "Do you know me? Do you know me? I'm Frank."

"Yes," and he faced the men, shrieking, "I'm his brother. He used to help me out. See that there," pointing at the woman on the floor. "That was my friend. I killed her. Now I've killed my brother." and he ended in a string of oaths, blasphemous oaths.

He stood in the dim light a moment, his clothes, his face, covered with blood—a horrible sight. He looked around, then with a growl put his pistol to his mouth and fired. He half turned, swayed forward and back, then forward again and fell face downward across his brother. Oh! the horror of it all.

I could hear the priest gasp, choking with blood, "Father, forgive—he knew not—Christ—mercy—" and Father Riley was dead.

* * *

The woman? She lived. It was a close call, but she pulled through. It was she told what started the cutting; and, would you believe it, mourned for Strickit. She told me, too, she left a good husband for him. Smith, the paymaster, had her passed east, and I heard after that she died in a Rescue Home in St. Paul.

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CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Ltd
Head office, Toronto, Canada.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that I intend to apply at the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners for the Slocan Dist. ict for leave to transfer the hotel license now held by me at Slocan Junction to S. A McMannis.

W. H LAMBERT.

Slocan Junction, May 17, 1900.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

SHOSHONE Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Adjoining the Chambers and Derby on the south Fork of Carpenter creek.

TAKE NOTICE that I, W. S. Drewry, Free Miner's Certificate No. 13868 for myself, J. C. Bolander, Free Miner's Certificate No. 13834, and Charles McNicholl, Free Miner's Certificate No. 26465, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 10th day of May, A. D. 1900.

W. S. DREWRY

DETROIT Mineral Claim.
CURRANT Mineral Claim.
THISTLE Mineral Claim.
MARKY S. FRACTIONAL Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On Howson Creek.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Herbert T. Twigg, agent for George W. Hughes, Free Miner's Certificate No. 61975, and The Scottish Colonial Gold Fields Ltd., Free Miner's Certificate No. 13859, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificates of Improvements.

Dated this 17th day of May, 1900

HERBERT T. TWIGG.

Lakeview, Lakeview Fraction Alpha, and Kopje Fraction Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: About one and one-half miles south of New Denver.

TAKE NOTICE That I, W. S. Drewry, acting as agent for the Northwest Mining Syndicate, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. 13902, intend, sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of each of the above claims.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 3d day of May, 1900.

W. S. DREWRY.

Dolly Varden and Ensign Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: At the head of Wilson creek and North Fork of Carpenter.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Chas. Moore, of Kaslo acting as agent for J. M Martin, F. M. C. 31,301 A. Alfred Robinson, F. M. C. 13,748 B. A. W. Wright, Free Miner's Certificate No. B,13750 and William Ashners Arnold F. M. C. No. 13379 A. intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 25th day of April, 1900.

3-5 CHAS. MOORE, P. L. S.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
AND SOO LINE.
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Kootenay Country
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Same cars pass Revelstoke one day earlier.

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15:30k dly lv ... Denver C. Sdg ... ar dly 8:55k
13:30k ex Sun lv. N Denver Ldg ar ex Sun 8:5 k

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THE ROSE IN THE GARDEN.

He followed her into the garden, where
 A rose bloomed sweet and red,
And he saw her stand beside it there
 And gracefully bend her head.
She kissed the beautiful, fragrant rose,
 And he heard her gentle sigh.
Then he followed after, upon tiptoes,
 And his heart was beating high.

He stood where the maiden had stood beside
 The beautiful blushing rose,
And he lovingly bent his head and sighed,
 And he buried his mouth and nose
Among the petals so sweet, so rare,
 That the fair maid's lips had pressed;
But a bumble-bee that had just got there
Proceeded to do the rest.
 Chicago Times-Herald.

TWENTY-FOURTH IN ROSSLAND.

Hundreds of prospectors, path finders, trail blazers and others put on their best togs and struck the trail for Rossland last Thursday to celebrate Queen Vic's 81st birthday. It was too soon after the grand celebration of the relief of Mafeking for the local inhabitants to participate and give vent to their innermost feelings, by indulging in the glass that cheers, but it was not long before the pleasure seeking visitors had themselves located the different joints where beer is sold at so much a nickle and boozerine at so much a load. But notwithstanding the cheapness and the quantity in sight, many apparently, with great foresight, thought of the trip homeward again and of the perhaps narrow trails they would have to crawl up and therefore wisely abstained from committing themselves with a too comfortable jag. The town was very gaily decorated with flags and banners of all descriptions and looked fully prepared to give a cordial welcome to those who have not the good fortune to live there. At 12 o'clock General Coulson mustered his men at the War Eagle mine and fired a grand salute of 21 guns. Shortly afterwards the Rossland Band started to pump air into their instruments, and then followed by the Spokane and Rossland base ball braves, marched through the streets. It was not a very imposing spectacle but still afforded pleasure to many base ball enthusiasts and girls who lined the streets, and occasionally got the glassy eye from one of the statewards. At the ball grounds, although it looked rather stormy, a great number of people turned out and had the pleasure of witnessing some good samples of playing and fumbling at the same time. The Blair Business College of Spokane went to bat first amid the war cry of their college rooters and succeeded in touching the home plate twice. Then Rossland took a turn, but the peculiar arm swing of Allan somewhat fooled them and they retired with nit to their credit. However, the Spokane boys had the same dose in their second innings. When the Mountain City went to bat again their metal was up, and through muffing and good batting succeeded in scoring 4. From the second innings to the ninth the grey suits of Rossland streamed in until at the finish the score stood 16 to 5 in their favor. At the close of the ball game some good two-legged and bicycle sprinters went over the course and gave the people an idea how swift the western life can be. In the evening the Scotch Club engaged the Miners' Union hall, where to the sweet and plaintive strains of Brimmerman's orchestra over 100 couple tripped the light fantastic. Throughout, although the day was fairly well kept, it was not quite so warm as Rossland is usually wont to make it.

NEWS FROM WAUCHOPE.

C. E. Strickland is on a visit to New Denver.

Andrew Wallace, Russ Thompson and Arthur Brindle have staked many claims in this district.

Pat Hayes has made a location not far from here. The ore from it resembles that found on the Olds property.

The Government has expended $500 on the trail to Wauchope, and it is now in excellent condition for mountain traffic.

Plenty of grass in this section. Deer and grouse furnish prospectors with better food than the regulation bason and bannock.

Both tenderfeet and trail blazers in this new camp devour the contents of THE LEDGE with much gusto every time the journal strikes the diggings.

Vernon people intend extending the wagon road from Monashee mountain to Wauchope, a distance of ten miles. They are after the trade of this camp.

W. K. Richmond has made a location near Red Paddy's claims, but farther up the Kettle river. Judging from the great amount of rich float, W. K. thinks this will be a great camp.

The C. P. R. are moving the wharf from Brooklyn to Fire Valley where the ranchers will make it permanent. Four miles from the Landing L. C. Morrison has a hotel and has commenced ranching on an extensive scale.

Two Austrians named Ski are taking supplies to a galena claim they have a few miles from here. The ore on it looks like the Slocan product, and assays as high as 300 ounces in silver have been obtained from a sample sent to the smelter.

In Wauchope, W. H. Lambert, formerly of Slocan Junction, has opened a hotel with a side line of prospectors' supplies. Watson, of Vernon, has a sub-assay office here, while Ike Eastwood is putting up a butcher shop. The mining recorder at Vernon, 80 miles away, has been instructed to visit this place regularly and take records. His first visit was last week.

Operations will be resumed on the Olds property this summer. On the four claims of this group there are six quartz ledges. The quartz has given assays from $14 to $128 in gold in silver values. Last year $60,000 was offered for this group and refused. Some of the owners are now in England with a view to raising money for the working of the property.

The Eureka, a few miles from here, was located by Stanfield, of Cherry Creek. He discovered it while placering up the Kettle. Some of the ore is telluride, similar to Cripple Creek. From 28 assays values in gold from $14 to $320 were obtained. A ton of ore from the surface was shipped to the smelter and gave $7. A lower tunnel is being run on the property, and a trail to Wauchope will be cut out in a few days. The ledge running through the Eureka is a large one and locations upon it have been made for a distance of five miles.

A SONG.

"That passed over and this may, too."
Many sorrows have come and gone;
Pain has tarried and then passed on,
 "That passed over and this may, too."

This is the song I would sing to you.
Now that the trial has come once more,
You've conquered pain in the days of yore,
 "That passed over and this may, too."

Who forgets that the skies are blue
In dreary seasons of fog and rain?
To-morrow the rain may shift again,
 "That passed over and this may, too."
 —Youth's Companion.

True to Instructions.

My friend the newspaper man told me a funny little story which happened during the last election in a certain newspaper office in this city.

They were pressed for men and had to take on some of the old printers that went out of office with the arrival of the typesetting machines. One of the editorial writers wrote what he considered a fine effort of rhetoric on McKinley. Every page was sorely crowded, and the fiat had gone forth that nothing should be leaded, not even editorials. In the midst of the editorial effusion occurred the following sentence: "McKinley's name led all the rest."

This piece of copy was turned over to one of the old discharged men. To everybody's astonishment half of the editorial in point was leaded, making a very offending column to the eye.

The old printer was sent for. He declared he had followed copy exactly. Asked to bring the proof, he hurried up stairs and from a bundle of written sheets extracted what he wanted.

In the meantime the editorial writer had discovered that "led all the rest" had been omitted entirely, and he was madder than ever.

"Where is the rest of that sentence?" he growled when the ancient fossil appeared with the copy. "You've chopped this off at 'McKinley's name.'"

"There is the copy," said the aged file. "Right after McKinley's name you wrote 'led all the rest,' and I leaded it, of course."

The editorial writer had nothing more to say after that.—St. Louis Republic.

Puzzling the Royal Society.

The proceedings of the Royal society of London were not taken so seriously 150 years ago as they are now. A sailor who had broken his leg was advised to send to the Royal society an account of the remarkable manner in which he had healed the fracture. He did so. His story was that, having fractured his leg by falling from the top of a mast, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, which had proved so wonderfully efficacious that in three days he was able to walk just as well as before the accident. This remarkable story naturally caused some excitement among the members of the society. No one had previously suspected tar and oakum of possessing such miraculous healing powers. The society wrote for further particulars and doubted, indeed, whether the leg had been really fractured. The truth of this part of the story, however, was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. Several letters passed between the Royal society and the humble sailor, who continued to assert most solemnly that his broken leg had been treated with tar and oakum, and with these two applications only. The society might have remained puzzled for an indefinite period had not the honest sailor remarked in a postscript to his last letter:

"I forgot to tell your honors that the leg was a wooden one." — Harper's Round Table.

Deep Shafts.

The shaft on the Red Jacket, one of the Calumet and Hecla copper mine group, is the deepest in the world. It is 4,900 feet. On the Tamarac, a mile from this world-famous mine, a shaft is being sunk that will go deeper than the Red Jacket hole. It will take six years to finish it. Not far from Pittsburg there is an oil well over 5,500 feet deep, while at two places in Europe the diamond drill has bored holes over 6000 feet deep. As the temperature raises one degree with every 2[illegible] feet of descent, there is a limit to deep shafts, unless liquid air can do something for the difficulty.

Service will be held in the Presbyterian church on Sunday at 11 a. m. All cordially invited.

Her lovely hand, so lily-white,
 So plumply shaped and roundly,
Dropped like a silver star at night
 And spanked the baby soundly.

IN THE GARDEN.

My love picked flowers one by one
 While I stood near with my cigarette.
She plucked a rose like a great, red sun,
 Moneywort, asters and mignonette.

"Here is a white brier," she said,
 "As white as the love that I give to you."
I plucked a marigold out of the bed.
 "Here is a heart that is blithe and true—

"Blithe and true and full of the sun."
 My lady smiled at our fair conceit,
Pulling the flowers one by one
 And pressing the thorns beneath her feet.

The soft hours stole across the lawn,
 And she came close and softly said,
"When the dew is dry and the leaves are gone,
 What will become of the white and the red?"

And I said: "In a garden the poets know,
 Where the laughter of youth grows never old,
We will see the phlox and the lilies blow
 And the sweetbrier loving the marigold.

"We will walk the pathways without a care,
 Smelling the rose and the mignonette,
And you will be wonderfully kind and fair,
 And I will be still at my cigarette!"
 —Theodore Roberts in Time and the Hour.

MODEST FIRE HEROES.

What They Think About When They Are Periling Their Lives For Others.

"Heroes Who Fight Fire" is the title of an article by Jacob A. Riis in The Century, in the series of "Heroes of Peace." Mr. Riis says:

I once asked Fireman Martin M. Coleman after one of those exhibitions of coolness and courage that thrust him constantly upon the notice of the newspaper man what he thought of when he stood upon the ladder with this thing before him to do that might mean life or death the next moment. He looked at me in some perplexity.

"Think?" he said slowly. "Why, I don't think. There ain't any time to. If I'd stopped to think, them five people would 'a' been burnt. No, I don't think of danger. If it is anything, it is that up there I am boss. The rest are not in it. Only I wish," he added, rubbing his arm ruefully at the recollection, "that she hadn't fainted. It's hard when they faint. They're just so much dead weight. We got no help at all from them heavy women."

And that was all I could get out of him. I never had much better luck with Chief Benjamin A. Gicquel, who is the oldest wearer of the Bennett medal, just as C. leman is the youngest, or the one who received it last. He was willing enough to talk about the science of putting out fires, of Department Chief Bonner, the "man of few words," who he thinks has mastered the art beyond any man living; of the back draft and almost anything else pertaining to the business, but when I insisted upon his telling me the story of the rescue of the Schaefer family of five from a burning tenement down in Cherry street, in which he earned his rank and reward, he laughed a good humored little laugh and said it was "the old man"—meaning Schaefer—who should have had the medal. "It was a grand thing in him to let the little ones come out first." I have sometimes wished that firemen were not so modest. It would be much easier, if not so satisfactory, to record their gallant deeds. But I am not sure that it is, after all, modesty so much as a wholly different point of view. It is business with them, the work of their lives. The one feeling that is allowed to rise beyond this is the feeling of exultation in the face of peril conquered by courage, which Coleman expressed. On the ladder he was boss! It was the fancy of a masterful man, and none but a masterful man would have got upon the ladder at all.

Italian, French, Spanish Confections.

It was not from either Italy or France that we got the best confectioners in the earlier days of English cookery. Spain, notably Toledo, furnished England with the most celebrated pastry cooks, or pasteleros as they are called, though we have since looked most to France for these artists. Under the patronage of "Bloody Mary" and of Queen Henrietta Maria Spanish methods flourished apace in the court cuisine. We read that when Mary entertained the Princess Elizabeth at Richmond in the summer of 1557 a sumptuous banquet was served, in which there was introduced as an ornament a pomegranate tree in confectionery work bearing the arms of Spain, showing Mary's Spanish leanings in a rather ostentatious fashion. These Spanish and Portuguese confectioners were very skillful.

In the comedy of "The Sun's Darling," by Ford and Decker (first acted 1623-4), the "Spaniard" who is one of the dramatic persons declares himself "a confeccianador, which in your tongue is a comfit maker, of Toledo." He says, "I can teach sugar to slip down your throat in a million ways," and he professes himself skillful in "conserves, candies, marmalades, sinkadoes, ponadoes, marablane, bergamoto, aranxues muria, limons, berengenas of Toledo, oriones, potatoes of Malaga and ten millions more."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Australian Fever Cure.

"What's that fired grave for?" asked the recruit.

"Fella all sick; weather bad and budgery no good down 'bout Womba. Plenty rain one time, fella catch cold; plenty fever this time; by'm by fetch im longa that place," explained Warrigul, as a litter emerged from a wurley of the camp, and the sick man was borne to the curious grave. The doctor walked in the rear.

Thrusting his hand into the lime ditch, to test its warmth, the doctor signaled to lower the patient into it. He was then covered from neck to foot, feet and all. His head alone rested above the dirt. Sergeant Dalton explained:

"The blacks put fever patients in the ground like that and steam them [illegible]. They say the earth will draw out the evil spirit, and then fill him with life."

"Electric current, by Jove!"

The next day the late patient was bobbing around like a 3-year-old.—Outing.

Making 'Em Useful.

Applicant—I am an ex-convict, sir, but I want to lead an honest life. I know you by reputation, and I thought you might help me.

Eminent Author—What were you in prison for?

Applicant—Forgery.

Eminent Author—Good! You're the very man I want. You can stay here and write autographs for me.—[illegible] Fun.

By a simple rule the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising, which will give the length of the night, and doubling the time of setting will give the length of the day.

The first entry on the books of the New York subtreasury was a credit to Lieutenant W. S. Rosecrans as a government disbursing officer.

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