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New Denver's Growth

If New Denver continues to grow in the next year as it has in the past twelve months its name will be associated with the history of the rich Slocan as the queen of the lake and metropolis of this great mineral belt.

It is customery with the commencement of the new year to look back over the past, and recount our steps forward or backward. There is something in nature that impels us onward; individually and collectively we are naturally prone to cover up our weaknesses and proudly flaunt before the gaze of our neighbors and the world our good qualities and the advance steps we have taken, whether in perilous times or times of peace, plenty and happiness. This is as true of communities as of individuals; and it is refreshing, too, that such is the case. An individual that would brood over past errors is as useless in this world as a community that would hide under a bushel its resources, and fail to present to the world its seasons for, and manner of, existance.

New Denver is not one of the useless kind. As a residential centre in this white metal belt of the mountains, it has a future that is not to be equalled. Its present, too, is of no less importance, and it would be an injustice, indeed, not to refreshen the memory of the thousands whose heads are turned this way, that, despite the fact that the white metal market has been on a downward tendency during the past year, yet the confidence of its citizens, who have weathered many an adversity before, has not in the slightest degree been shaken, but they stand shoulder to shoulder in the race for residential supremacy of the—world. And they are prepared to show their faith by their works.

For two years prior to the year just closed New Denver made very little, if way, advancement. But the early pioneers were here and, knowing that vast wealth laid hidden in the mountains, they patiently waited until by steadfast perseverance against all the ills an isolated mining camp is heir to, they overcame the prejudices of capital and over sagacious speculators.

When, in the fall of 1895, investors began to turn this way these men, knowing how slow outside capital is to turn to the building up of a town, and seeing the importance of making New Denver what it apparently was destined to be, the residential centre, they prepared to meet the demand for homes and business blocks, and as early in the spring of '97 as it was possible to begin the work the erection of buildings was commenced. For a month or two they met with adversities enough to dishearten anyone. The famine for lumber was the prime bone of contention. It seemed impossible to get building material on the ground when wanted and many a half-erected building was water-soaked. But they were accustomed to adversities and philosophically withstood the various drawbacks. Finally one building was completed, then another and another in such rapid succession that in the space of a few months, the quiet little Slocan town was transformed into a lively mining camp, assuming all the necessary adjuncts to business, home and pleasure, such as a bank, freight, ticket and express offices, telegraph and long distance telephone, a commodious amusement hall, school house, churches, electric light plant, competition in various branches of trade, comfortable homes, and a first-class brass band of resident musicians.

Many of the business blocks erected would be a credit to any city, and the stocks of goods carried are in many instances far ahead of the present demand. The character of the homes erected is illustrative of the confidence of the men who have borne aloft New Denver's banner these several years. They are not men of great means, but they are men willing to place what little they have back into the town from which, by dint of courage and hard work, they made it. Too much cannot be said of New Denver's homes and the men and women who make them.

New Denver's principle business blocks are the Clever, Bourne Bros., New Market, Hoben, Williamson, Bolander, Thompson, Merkley, Bank Building, McLachlan, Fox and THE LEDGE building. There are many smaller buildings used for business purposes, but hardly of enough importance to be characterized as business blocks.

In the way of hotel buildings New Denver has, the New Market, Stege, St. James, Windsor, Aylwin, Grand Central and Columbia. These have sleeping accommodations for about 1,000 persons. Then there are private rooming and boarding houses where the proverbial comforts of home are ever to be found.

In the way of business concerns New Denver has to-day two large general merchandise stores, two tailoring establishments, two exclusive dry goods and shoe stores, one jewelery store, a drug and stationery store, hardware store carrying a $20,000 stock, a bakery and confectionery store, two furniture and undertaking establishments, a grocery store, assay office, livery and feed stable, two draying companies, three brokerage concerns, two practicing attorneys, one physician, two barber shops, one butcher shop, a house and sign painting company, a tin shop, cobbler shop, three hand laundries, one notion store, and the various institutions that essentially follow. Many of these were established during the past year. But the institutions that go to prove the camps advancement are the Slocan Hospital, Bank of Montreal, Club House, Record Office, two churches, electric light plant, telegraph, telephone, freight, ticket and express offices, and the importation by THE LEDGE of a cylinder press of 2,500 revolutions per hour capacity, with all the improved machinery that goes with such a machine.

The following list of buildings finished since March 1st, 1897, will give some idea of the rapidity of the camp's growth, and their character is indicative of what the future of the place will be:

Business blocks—

	Approximate cost
Stege block, hotel	$ 2,000
Clever block, stores and hall	6,000
Grand Central Hotel Annex	1,000
" " " storehouse	600
Bolander block	1,300
Shannon "	1,000
Thompson "	1,200
Newmarket hotel annex, etc	1,500
Williamson block	2,500
Merkeley "	1,200
Band building	400
Denver House addition	300
Fox block	800
Bank "	2,750
Enterprise Mine block	2,000
Bourne Bros. storehouse	300
H. West assay office	1,000
Columbia hotel renovation	500
Angrignon ice house	500
" blacksmith shop	100
C.P.R. wharf and warehouse	900
Electric light building	500
Nezbitt laundry	200
Union Street laundry	150
Public school house	1,000
Presbyterian church	1,500
Methodist church renovation	250
Slocan Hospital	7,500
LEDGE Office	1,300

Private residences—

Angus McGillivray, rough caste	1,300
Geo. Wharton, " "	1,400
J. C. Bolander, 3 cottages	3,300
A. McInnis, cottage	500
Mrs. A. J. Murphy, cottage	700
Lind Bros., dwelling	1,000
Ed. Shannon, cottage	900
John Yates, 2 "	600
H. Clever, " "	1,500
Palma Angrignon, residence	1,200
J. N. Cook, residence	800
Capt. Wardroper, residence	1,500
R. J. Kirkwood, "	2,000
W. McKechnie, cottage	700
R. Swalwell "	900
Phil Perkins, "	600
Bourne, addition to residence	200
Nelson, cottage	300
Chas. Smitheringale, cottage	250
Simpson, cottage	500
Julius Wolfe, addition	300
John Vallance, additions	900
John Delaney, cottage	400
Orphans' Home	100
Unknown owners	1,000
Miscellaneous additions	1,000
	$63,750

The above figures, while only approximate, are based on the best obtainable information and can be considered as correct as it is easy to get them. In addition to these figures may be added $2,000 which is a fair estimate of the cost of improvements that have been made to the residences and buildings erected prior to the past year. Sixty-five thousand dollars spent on buildings in a town the size of New Denver in one year, is a record that its citizens need not be ashamed of, and one that few mining camps can equal. When it is considered that all of this sum was made right here and that none of it was brought in from outside the Slocan, the facts are all the more pleasing.

With such a record before them New Denverites can start in the new year greatly encouraged, and they ought to lend every aid possible to make the record for 1898 eclipse that of the year just closed, however satisfactory it might be.

The incoming year is one of great promise. Should these promises be realized the above record will be insignificant indeed as compared with that of 1898.

The Continental.

Mayor John A. Manly of Grand Forks, B. C., and A. Klockman have secured a controlling interest in the Continental mine near Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, and are pushing work on the property with four men, sinking an incline on the ledge on which they are down 65 feet. A wagon road is to be constructed to the property in the spring and the plans of the owners include a concentrator.

The Continental was discovered about six years ago and is a big galena proposition. Development has been retarded by disagreement among the owners, of whom there are many. The parties who have secured control propose to develop the mine regardless of the others.

THE YEAR'S PRODUCT OF MONEY METALS.

Nelson, Dec. 31.—The ore shipments for 1897 were as follows, but do not include this week, as the returns are not yet in; From Slocan via Kaslo, 35,066 tons; Slocan via Nakusp, 5,124½; Rossland via Northport, 9348½ tons; Rossland via Nelson, 52 tons; Ainsworth via Nelson, 119½ tons. Total, 49,710½ tons.

The value of the ore shipped through the Nelson customs house, including all except Nakusp, $3,149,325.97. The value of the Nakusp shipments was $543,484.62. Total value, $3,692,810.96. The average value of ore was $74.28 per ton. This does not include about half a million dollars worth of ore that went via Revelstoke over the C. P. R., the returns for which are not made to Nelson. The shipments of matte consisted of 8,333 tons, of a total value of $4,415,792.67, making a total value ore and matte shipped of $8,136,696.

The following is a recapitulation by months: January, 4543 tons, $675,506; February, 5201 tons, $562,953; March, 5822 tons, $677,691; April, 3764 tons, $443,233; May, 2995 tons, $397,797; June, 3474 tons, $483,885; July, 4193 tons, $544,832; August, 4070 tons; $675,189; September, 4604 tons, $714,225; October, 3290, $757,146; November, 5273 tons, $824,362; December, 4015 tons, $753,752.

Washington, Dec. 21.—The director of the United States mint, from information now at hand, says there is substantial evidence that the world's product of gold for the calender year of 1897 will approximate, if not exceed, $240,000, an increase of nearly 20 per cent over 1896. The gold product for the United States last year was $53,100,000, and for 1897 it will approximate $61,500,000. The returns for Australasia for 1896 show $45,200,000, and for 1897 it will not be less than $51,000,000; Mexico, 1896, $8,000,000, 1897, estimated output $10,000,000; the Dominion of Canada for 1896, $2,800,000, for 1897 the product is estimated at $7,500,000.

Denver, Col.,—The books of the United States branch mint for the year 1897 are now closed. The deposits of gold are the largest ever received. The total will slightly exceed $12,000,000, and a conservative estimate made by the mint officials places the entire output of Colorado at $22,000,000 in round figures. The great increase in the Colorado output this year will send the total for the United States to the $70,000,000 mark.

Lead Quotations.

At length the agitation against the pseudo-brokers' lead quotation, daily wired west from New York by the Western Union, is bearing fruit. After January 1st the Western Union announces that it will no longer be a party to this deception. This decision was determined on, as reported here, through a protest made by A. F. Holden, of the old Jordan & Galena, on his recent visit East. However, it is doubtful if producers will be immediately benefited, as the lead refiners have a scheme to furnish their, so styled, brokers' quotation to subscribers—pledged not to make public these figures—in another way, through the Gold and Silver Telegraph Company, a sort of a wheel within a wheel. By this plan no lead and silver quotations can be generally known till the associated press report is published in the papers, which will be annoying. Whatever the outcome, this step is a little gain and the agitation for the right should be continued.

Imports and Exports.

Ottawa, Dec 29.—The aggregate foreign trade of Canada for the five months of the current fiscal year, ending November 30 last, shows the enormous increase of $23,000,000. The exports were increased by $15,000 and the imports by $5,000,000. The exports of agricultural products have doubled in five months. There are only three months returns received from Vancouver—that is, to the end of September last. They show an increase in value of $185,000, and in duty of $29,000.

The Amount of Money in the United States.

The exact amount of money in the United States is $1,939,456,152. Of that amount there is in circulation $1,706,732,904 and in the treasury $232,723,248. There are in coined metals the following amounts: Gold, $729,661,216; silver, $150,829,452. The balance consists of paper, greenbacks, treasury notes, silver certificates and national bank notes. These are not the official figures, for the official tables, strange though it may seem, are not correct, the figures in some instances being duplicated. For instance the standard silver dollars are counted and put in the tables; then the silver certificates outstanding against these very dollars are added, thus giving a real money value to the certificates which does not exist, for they must be redeemed by the silver dollars.

FAT MAN'S CLUB SUPPER.

It is superfluous to state that the Annual Supper of the New Denver Fat Man's Club was a success. All kinds of refreshments, liquid and solid, were supplied by the committee, and after these had been partaken of by 40 guests, followed songs, speeches, music by the Milward orchestra and D. R. Dewar, bagpiper, while Messrs. Thompson and McLeod enlivened the scene with a few Highland steps. Regret was expressed that Mr. A. E. Fauquier, president, was unavoidably detained in Nakusp over night, and also that Wm. Thomlinson was not among their number on this occasion. However, Mr James Currie filled the chair in a most capable manner. After a round of pleasure which kept everyone busy till the early hours, the guests dispersed with many expressions of regard for the Fat Man's Club.

A FOOT OF GALENA.

Nine men are being worked on the Fidelity by Mr. Knecbone, who lately leased the property. A weinze has been sunk 40 feet and a foot of solid cube galena is showing on the bottom. The work of drifting will be pushed rapidly across the swamp bottom, and indications are favorable for striking an immense body of ore on the mountain opposite the present workings.

NINETY DAY'S EXTENSION.

An extension of 90 days has been given to Thompson & Co., who hold a working bond on the Frisco. Considerable over $1,000 worth of work has been done on the property since it was taken up three months ago. A strong ledge has been struck but as yet no pay ore taken out. Another tunnel will be driven on the property to tap the ledge at a greater depth.

Our "Progressive" Government.

An evidence of the way in which the Province has been robbed by the Turner Government and the public estate thrown away is afforded in the fact that in the deal between the Gooderhams and Heinze, the railroad and smelter man, it was proposed that Heinze should receive $2,000,000 solely for the franchise which the Province, through the Turner Government, had made him a present of. No more scandalous instance is needed to show how unfitted are the present Government to be longer entrusted with the reins of power.—Golden Era.

Black's Hotel Sold.

Black's hotel at Sandon was sold last Friday to J. M. Harris for a consideration somewhere about $15,000. Mr. Harris will take possession the 1st of February. Ira W. Black, the present proprietor, who is one of the best-known men in Kootenay, will immediately leave for the Yukon on turning over the hotel, and will engage in business somewhere up there, probably on the Stikine river or Teslin lake.

Sandon's Incorporation Papers Received.

The official proclamation of the City of Sandon is printed in the last B. C. Gazette. E. M. Sandilands is appointed returning officer, and the 15th inst. as the day for making nominations and the 22nd as the day of election. The Monday following the day of election will see the municipality in full swing.

Charges Dismissed.

The preliminary trial of Charles Borene of the Victoria hotel, Whitewater, charged with assaulting and thus contributing to the death of Albert Ashton, was concluded Wednesday evening last and resulted in the charge against the accused being dismissed.

Sensational Suicide.

New York, Dec. 29.—John Bergman, who last night accosted a policeman on Third avenue with: "Here, copper, take this corpse to the morgue," and sent a bullet through his own brain, falling dead at the officer's feet, is said to have been formerly a wealthy resident of Chicago. It is said that Bergman lost his money in speculation on the board of trade of Chicago, after which he came here. He took to drink, and in spite of the aid which relatives extended to him he reached the depths of poverty. In his room was found the following note: "Give my body to some college or hospital, so it will be of some use; it was not useful while I was alive. No work, all kinds of trouble, and gout; that's too much."

East Canadian News.

Dec. 27

The residents of Ottawa have subscribed $300 to Mr. Blake's latest Home Rule fund.

The trial of Tom Nulty, the Rawdon murderer, has been postponed until January 10th.

The Dominion Parliament will meet for the despatch of business on Thursday, Feb. 3rd.

The relief fund for the benefit of the sufferers by the Russel County fire, has almost reached $31,000.

Mrs. Wm. Peters, of Windsor, while attempting to light the fire wit kerosene oil, was burned to death.

It is reported that the Molson's Bank, Montreal, is about to open a branch office at Vancouver, B. C.

The Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General for Canada, has been elected batonier-general of the Quebec bar.

Stewart T. Martin, the collector of customs at Windsor, died at his home in that town on Dec. 14th, of pneumonia.

Is is rumored that Judge Jette will be appointed Lt.-Gov. of Quebec province, to succeed Sir Adolphe Chapleau.

St. Thomas has organized a company to go prospecting in the Yukon gold district. One party will leave in March and a second in May.

Arrangements have been completed for an interchange of parcels by post between Canada and Bermuda, commencing on Jan. 1st, 1898.

R. Gentle, a well-known member of the Montreal Corn Exchange, left home a few days ago and no trace of his whereabouts can be found.

The City and District Savings Bank of Montreal, distributed, as a Christmas offering, $9,500 among the various charitable institutions of that city.

John A. McKenna, of the customs department at Hamilton, had a second paralytic stroke on Saturday last, from which he died on Tuesday morning.

Lord Aberdeen has given the Canadian artist, J. W. L. Forster, a sitting for his historical picture of the intercolonial conference held at Ottawa in 1894.

The Rev. M. Fawcett, who for almost sixty years, was an active minister in the Methodist church, died at Guelph on Saturday last. The deceased was in his 82nd year.

After January 1st the Intercolonial Railway, the Prince Edward Island Railway and the leased lines, will be known as the Canadian Government Railway system.

A cable from London says that Messrs. Peterson, Tait & Co., are still hopeful of securing a fast Atlantic service, but they are experiencing some difficulty in procuring the necessary capital.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is going to have some boats built at Tononto, to run up the Stickeen River to Yukon gold regions. They will be ready for the opening of navigation.

There is considerable talk in Ottawa that the letter rate of three cents throughout Canada is to be reduced to two cents. This would mean an annual loss of some seven hundred thousand dollars.

The Toronto General Trusts Company have had its powers extended and is now able to accept the duty of, and act generally in, the winding-up of estates, partnerships, companies and corporations

J. W. Langmuir, of Toronto, the permanent liquidator of the Farmers' Loan & Savings Company, has a staff of six men working night and day, examining mortgages, etc., which, owing to bad book-keeping, will require considerable time. It is not known whether all foreign shareholders and debenture holders have proxies in Toronto.

Sir Cornelius Kartright, K.C.M.G., died on the 23rd of Dec., at his home in Barrie, Ont. The deceased who was eighty years old, was at one time Governor of British Guiana, and also filled other positions in the British diplomatic service. After retiring, he settled in Barrie, some twelve years ago. He leaves five sons and two daughters.

Mr. Bath Britton Osler, Q.C., the noted Canadian criminal lawyer, was married on Dec. 18th, at Hamilton, to Miss Lilian Ramsay, the eldest daughter of Mr. A. G. Ramsay, President of the Canadian Life Assurance Company. The marriage ceremony was performed by Bishop Du Moulin in the presence of only the near relatives of both families.

Eugene V. Debs, the great social reformer, spoke to large audiences of men and women, who had assembled in the Auditorium, Toronto, on Sunday afternoon to hear him. Among many other things he spoke of the sweating system and the condition of the coal mines, and said, "While these things exist no nation can claim to be civilized. What is needed is education." His advice to the workingmen, was, in a word, to educate themselves and improve their minds.

Abbot Bros., Montreal, will establish a large rolling mill at Kingston, in accordance with that city's terms. They will expend $250,000 for buildings, etc., and will receive from the city a bonus of $50,000, a free site and exemption from taxes for ten years.

The Dominion Government as owners of La Canadienne, in company with the charters of that vessel, are about to bring an action against the United States Government, to recover $10,000 for damages sustained in the recent collision with the U. S. warship Yantic.

The Gzowski cup has been once again carried off by the Thirteenth Battalion of Hamilton. This is the fourth time in succession that the 13th has come off victorious. The Queen's Own took second place, and the 48th Highlanders the third.

The body of Charles Gamon, one of the young men supposed to have been found drowned in the Collingwood harbor last week, has not been found and hopes are entertained that he is somewhere in the neighborhood, in blissful ignorance of the anxiety his disappearance is causing

One of the latest rumors in circles political is that J. Israel Tarte, is about to retire from the Cabinet and be appointed Canadian Envoy Extraordinary to France, to make all the necessary arrangements for a brilliant and creditable exhibition from the Dominion of Canada at the Universal Exposition at Paris in 1900.

Patrick Leahy, of Ottawa, and five of his children were burned to death one night this week. Mr. Leahy was in the habit of wandering through the house at night, and it is supposed he dropped the lamp, which quickly set fire to the house, and before assistance came all the members of the family were beyond rescue, with the exception of Mrs. Leahy and one little boy, aged five, whom she contrived to save.

Thomas Carlyle's youngest sister, Mrs. Janet Carlyle Hanning, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Laing, of Toronto, this week. The deceased lady was in her 85th year, and was the last surviving member of the great Thomas Carlyle's family. Mrs. Hanning died, as several other members of her celebrated family died, mind and body failing together. Her body was taken to Hamilton and interred in the Burlington cemetery, beside her husband.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the talented Canadian author of "The Seats of The Mighty," writing about Canada and the Canadians says: "It is the best country in the world, the most clean-living, law-abiding, physically healthy, and least nerve-racked community and people of modern times. It is something to be stalwart and right-eous of purpose, even if poor and struggling. But 'we manna be proud, for the Laird kens us sae weel, an' we hae our faults too!'"

R. W. Wilson, of Revelstoke, B. C., is in Toronto this week, and gives an interesting account of the excitement prevailing in the Edmonton District over the Klondike discoveries. Several expeditions are preparing to leave there, the most important of which is the Helpman Syndicate, under the leadership of Capt Mat. O'Brien, a man with a remarkable past, and who is possessed of enough pluck and determination to carry the entire party through.

Fred. Elliott has been sentenced to five years in the Kingston penitentiary, with hard labor. Two peritions were presented to Judge Masson, one by the citizens of Bayfield and the surrounding country, and the other by the jury but the Judge declined to reserve a case. Mr. Proudfood, who is acting for the defence, gave notice that he would move for a new trial

The bayonet contest for the championship of Canada, was fought in Massey Hall, Toronto, on Tuesday night, and was a very keenly-contested fight. The contestants were Sergt.-Major Morgan, America's champion for the last five years, and Private Stewart, of the 48th Highlanders, the winner of the contest held last June at the Jubilee Military Tournament, at Islington, England. Mr. Stewart won the cham-

PATHSOS FROM COMEDIANS.

Pathos! Why, there is a pathos in almost every scene in life if you want to look at it in that way. Do comedians ever really become pathetic? Every man has his moments when both sky and earth are blue—a dark heavy indigo, as it were. Sitting in a cafe while playing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre recently, I was approached by a woman who asked alms. She was not one of those genteel beggars you occasionally meet, but a plain-spoken professional. At our table was "Billy" Crane, Joseph Jefferson and several other friends.

"Now," said Crane, "tell us the story of your life from the time you were a child and we will pass the hat around."

She did so, and we all forgot that she was a beggar—a professional beggar—for she made us actually squirmish like. She told it in a tough dialect which I have tried to reproduce:

In a lower ward in de city,
In a alley full of dirt,
Me fader and mudder was livin'
When I was brought to eart'.
Me mudder croaked when I was born;
Me fader flew de coop
And left me wrapped in mudder's shawl,
A crying on de stoop.

I grew up in de gutter,
Where all was slime and sin,
And de only t'ing I learned dead quick,
Was not to be taken in.
For I always swiped when I couldn't beg,
De same as de oder girls did;
But I never knowed I was doin' wrong,
No more dan a little kid.

At fifteen I was a grown-up gal;
Fifteen dat's puttin' it mild;
You're a woman at twelve in the gutter,
Wid de rich you're only a child.
Jim, he said I was a beauty;
Dat I was in de race,
And he'd take me up to Miner's
If I'd only wash me face.

He took me out one evening,
And he treated me dead nice;
He said he'd like to blow me off,
But he didn't have the price.
I didn't want to drink just then,
I never had drunk wid Jim;
But I laid awake the whole night long,
Thinkin' of nothin' but him.

He told me next day dat he loved me,
And somet'ing in my heart
(Dat I didn't know I had before)
Begin to strain and start.
I couldn't get onto de snap at all;
I couldn't drop to de reason why,
Dat 'cause Jim told me he loved me,
I had to stand dare and cry.

I only knowed I way happy,
Dat de sky was bluer dat day,
Dat de sun was brighter, dat de wind was warmer
And things was coming my way.
I made more money dat Thursday
Dan I ever done in my life.
And I made it for Jim, and Jim was de man
What ought to have made me his wife.

Jim knowed he was doin' wrong,
But he wanted to be free,
I only knowed that I loved him,
And dat was enough for me.

For a year I worked dead hard for Jim,
And he let me do it, too,
Till he got tired and came in one night
And told me he was trough.
His wife had come in for some dust,
He took de first train for home,
And I never knowed he was married
Till de night I was left alone.

Alone wid me little baby,
What died 'fore de mornin' came,
Leaving his mudder what loved him
A woman only in name,
I sat and waited for him
Wid murder in me heart,
But he never come back—he never will—
Dere's something dat keeps us apart.

Maybe it's de Lord above,
What wants me when I die
To see me little kid once more
And hear his little cry.

And if I met his fader
I might commit some sin
Dat when I climb de golden
Dey wouldn't let me in.

Nat C. Goodwin.

Showing Their Teeth.

The Canadian Government must be prepared for trouble next spring in connection with the rush to Klondike. The press of the Pacific coast cities is already using language that is little short of threats of violence against the Canadian authorities. A Canadian, writing from Seattle, says a feeling of jealousy against Canada is manifest on every side, and the outlook for the harmonious development of the Klondike country by the two nations is not very promising. It is not only the Klondike gold that the Americans are after, but they are determined by hook or crook to control the transportation routes to and the trade of the Klondike gold fields. The Seattle Post-Intelligencer estimates that at least fifty thousand persons will go to the Yukon in 1898, while the number may run as high as two hundred thousand. The outfits of these fifty thousand men will cost ten million dollars, and their transportation will mean something over three million dollars for the transcontinental railways. Naturally enough, the Post-Intelligencer desires that this great trade should be monopolized by the merchants and railways of the United States, but the methods proposed for securing the monopoly are anything but creditable to the American press and people What they are clamoring for just now is the closing up of Dyea as a sub-port of entry. This step is proposed in order to make the shipment of Canadian goods to the Klondike as vexatious and expensive as possible. The Post-Intellegencer would not insist upon the abolition of Dyea's sub-port if Canada would give a quid pro quo for the privilege. A quid pro quo suggested by the Post-Intelligencer is that Canada should permit American goods to go in bond from Tagish to Circle City. There is all the difference in the world in the two cases. The United States will not lose a cent of duty in allowing Canadian goods to go in bond from Dyea to Tagish, while the granting of the privilege asked by the Americans would render it practically impossible for this country to collect one cent of duty on American goods destined for the Canadian gold country. Even as it is, Canada finds it difficult enough to collect duty on foreign goods going into the Klondike. It is necessary to maintain an armed force at the junction of the Dyea and Skagway trails. It is the presence of this armed force that galls the American traders. The Post-Intelligencer thinks the presence of this armed force is preposterous. In the course of a threatening editorial that journal remarks that "the idea of Canada threatening force and arms against American citizens is absurd." The long and short of it is that the American coast cities are seeking for an excuse to justify them in evading our customs officers. They have already gone so far as to proclaim it as an absurdity that Canada should have an armed force to collect duties from American miners en route to the Klondik. The language used by them is a direct incentive to American miners to resist our officials, and this is certainly what will happen if the Mounted Police force is not considerably strengthened.

The fact that Canada admits American citizens into the Klondike on exactly the same terms and conditions as it admits its own subjects does not seem to count for anything with the bellicose American press. This privilege is a quid pro quo a hundred times more valuable than the convenience to Canada of having Dyea retained as a sub-port of entry. No matter what concessions Canada may make there is bound so be trouble with the Americans next spring. Canada must maintain her authority with vigilence and determination. There must be no weakening or hesitation. The Americans must be given to understand that the Klondike is Canadian territory, and those who visit it must conform with the laws of the country.—Toronto World.

From the South Seas.

In an interview with a Seattle Times reporter, W. R. Thirlwell, of Melbourne, said:

"There is great mining activity in Western Australia. The gold output in August was 70,000 ounces. The main mining camps are Coolgardie and Kalgoolie, and the output is regularly increasing. There are several mines that are averaging three or four ounces of gold to the ton, and the Ivanhoe pays a dividend of 10 shillings per month per share. The mines are quartz and conglomerate lodes. The cyanide process is used with good results. The great drawbacks to mining in Australia are extreme heat and sickness. Several alluvial or placer discoveries have been made at Kanowna, twelve miles from Kalgoolie. In September there were 300 miners on the ground taking out an average of an ounce per day per man. These were discovered in September, 1893, by two prospectors named Bailey and Ford. Up to this time no white man had ever put his foot in that section. Now the camp has a population of 40,000 people, most of whom came from other Australian colonies. Two and a half years ago the people were leaving the colonies at the rate of 2000 a week. There will probably be 3000 Australian miners come to Alaska this winter or next spring. Our people have very little information concerning Alaska. They have just heard of Juneau and think it a new camp. They hear much about cold and other difficulties, but they believe the difficulties are exaggerated, the same as they were with regard to getting to the Kalgoolie gold fields.

Mild Winter, Sure.

A Chamesburg, Pa., correspondent of the New York Sun writes: "We'll have a mild winter, unless my signs fail me," says Henry Rife, the oldest farmer in Laltukenny township, who has all his life been noted as a weather prophet among the folks along the North Mountains, "and I guess this from the hornets, the nuts and the weeds. I notice that the hornets have built their nests low. They would be high up out of reach were we going to have a hard winter. I can't explain this, but my father and grandfather always gauged by this. Then nuts of all kinds are scarce. There are hardly any chestnuts, shellbarks or acorns. If a hard winter were coming the Good Man would have provided for the animals that must starve this year if the snow lies deep. A big crop of nuts is always followed by a hard winter, and this also works the other way. Then I notice that the weeds have grown up short, and their seeds hang near the ground. Were a hard winter coming the weeds would have grown up tall, so that when the snow would lie deep the birds could hop along on the snow and get the seeds from the top of the plants. If the weeds are covered with snow for a long time, the birds can't get any feed. The Good Man looks after the birds, too, and I don't believe they will starve this winter on account of the berries and seeds being covered with snow. For these three reasons I think we'll have a mild winter."

Xmas Remembrance of an Elopement

When Billy Hobbs was recorder of deeds and chief mogul of the marriage license office, says the St. Louis Republic, many queer things happened in the course of a year, but none queerer than the experience he had with a couple who came to his house one night for the purpose, Mr. Hobbs thought, of obtaining a license to marry. The young fellow was a farmer's son from Illinois bottom and he had run away with the little bride, who was as fat as a dumpling and as red as a Christmas apple.

The couple had eloped. They had every reason to suspect that the girl's father was after them hot and heavy to recapture the daughter, and also that he would catch up with them before the next morning.

The young man, who was a well-meaning sort of fellow, had an idea that a license issued out of the regular Recorder's office was not legal, and might be the cause of his being separated from his pretty bride. He wanted Mr. Hobbs to go down town to the office and issue the license there. Hobbs said he couldn't very well do that, but that he could write him out a document right there in his parlor as binding as any that was ever filled out in the court-house office.

The Illinois farmer was not satisfied with that. "How soon do you be at your office in the morning?" he asked.

"To accomodate you I'll make it 8 o'clock," said Mr. Hobbs.

"All right," answered the would-be groom in his honest way, "but to save delay when we get there, won't you tell me if 'Manda will pass for 18?"

Mr. Hobbs at once smelled the mouse of the girl's being under age. "No," he said firmly, "she looks just what she is—16 years of age."

"You guessed it right!" acknowledged the Rube.

"You understand, of course, now that I can't issue a license to you, don't you?" asked Hobbs.

"I hadn't thought of that," said the young fellow; "when I asked you the question, but seeing you out of your office I thought what I would say would not be binding."

"Binding tonight and binding for two years, until she is of age," explained Hobbs, "unless you get the consent of the father. Now to save you a little trouble and annoyance, and as it is too late for you young people to be wandering about the streets, suppose you leave the young lady here. My wife will give her a bed to sleep in, and you can come out again in the morning and fetch her back home."

The young fellow saw the wisdom of that suggestion, and kissed the girl goodnight on the spot. In the morning he turned up bright and early, but not any earlier than the irate father, who had arrived on the morning train. He learned at the license office, whither he went first, that Recorder Hobbs would probably not be down before 8 o'clock, so he hastened to the latter's house, and reached it just a few minutes after his prospective son-in-law. He was so pleased with the arrangements Mr. Hobbs had made, and the willingness of the young man to do his share to make a right out of a wrong in stealing the girl away from home that he forgave them then and there, and gave his permission for the marriage to take place without delay.

Several years have passed since then, but every Christmas a big barrel of fine apple cider is sent to Mr. Hobb's house by the grateful young people, who are as happy as the day is long.

Brown—How do they play keno?

Fogg—I don't know much about it. It's a game with cards, and keno is what the fellow who wins says.

Brown—And what does the other fellow say?

Fogg—Sometimes he says 'Thunder,' and sometimes something more to the purpose.

He—At last, my dear Amelia, the happy moment has arrived when I can tell you how much I love you.

She—For goodness sake, Mr. Tomkins, don't tell it here.

He—Why? There are no witnesses.

She—That's just it.

"My dear," said a frightened husband in the middle of the night, shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?" "On the shelf next to the peppermint." "Oh, Lord!" he groaned, "I've swallowed it." "Well, for goodness' sake," whispered his wife, "keep quiet, or you'll wake the baby."

Carrie—Isn't the bear's skin to keep him warm in winter?

Mamma—Yes, Carrie."

Carrie—Then what does he have to keep him cool in summer?

Tommy—Baby Indians must be just like baby geese, mamma.

Mamma—Why so?

Tommy—Why, because the down on their heads all turns into feathers when they grow up.

Mamma—Can you tell me how many seasons there are, Herbert?

Herbert—Yes, mamma, there are four—kite, skating, baseball and football.

Teacher—Willie, if your father gave you 10 cents, and then took away 4 and gave to your brother, what would that make?

Willie—Trouble.

Give us a Call

if you want a Stylish Suit, a Nobby Tie, or a First-class Hat.

A fine line of Ladies & Gents' Rubbers and Overshoes always on hand. We have also a complete stock of Ladies' Capes, Jackets, McIntoshes and Dry Goods.

McLachlan & McKay,
New Denver.

SANDON, B. C., Oct. 21, 1897.

To all whom it may Concern:

This is to certify that as I am removing from Town, G. W. GRIMMETT, Watchmaker and Jeweler, of Sandon has purchased my business.

I beg to thank my numerous customers for their patronage in the past and I hereby respectfully request that they will give their patronage in the future to MR. GRIMMETT.

W. HALLER,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.

F. W. GROVES,

CIVIL and MINING ENGINEER,
Provincial Land Surveyor.

Underground Surveys. Surface and Aerial Tramways. Mineral claims surveyed and reported upon. Kaslo, B.C

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

NEW DENVER,

Has been re-opened under new management. With nicely furnished rooms, and good, substantial meals to back them, this hotel expects to acquire a reputation second to none in Kootenay. The bar has a full stock of the most modern nerve elevators.

JOHN HALPIN, Prop.
GORMAN WEST, Manager.

THE SELKIRK HOTEL

SILVERTON, B.C.

Is a new three-story hotel situated near the wharf. The house is plastered and the rooms are furnished in a manner calculated to make travelers call again. Mining and Commercial men will appreciate the home comforts of this hotel.

BRANDON & BARRETT

The Nakusp Sawmill

Having placed some new machinery in our Mill, we are prepared to furnish all kinds of rough and dresse

Lumber and Shingles at Reduced Prices

PRICE LIST:

Rough Lumber, narrow,	$10 00
" " wide,	$11 00 to 12 ..
Joist and Scantling, sized up to 18 feet long,	11 ..
8' to 24'	12 ..
24' to 30'	13 ..
Flooring, T & G, 6"	20 .
" " 4"	22 ..
V joint Ceiling,	22 ..
"Rustic,	19 ..
Shiplap,	14 ..
Surfaced Dressed,	13 ..

A liberal discount on large orders for Cash.

PETER GENELLE & Co

THE KASLO HOTEL

Family & Commercial.

Large And Comfortable Rooms

Fitted with every modern convenience. Special protection against fire. Rates $2.50 and $3 per day.

COCKLE & PAPWORTH,
Proprietors.

To Prospectors and Claim Owners

Mining Properties of all kinds wanted for English market.

Send full particulars to

RICHARD PLEWMAN
Mining Broker, P. O. Box 756, Rossland, B. C.

Carpets, floor cloth, rugs, mats, curtains. Bedroom sets in ash and oak. Largest stock in Slocan-Kootenay. CROWLEY, above LEDGE Office, New Denver. Freight paid to all Lake Points and Sandon.

The Leland House

NAKUSP

Is the largest hotel upon the Arrow Lakes and is unsurpassed by any in Kootenay. Do not fail to stop there when travelling to and from the Slocan.

Mrs. D. A. McDOUGALD.

J. A. McKinnon & Co.,

General Merchants

Silverton, B. C.

Ship goods to any part of the District. Their store is the largest in the Slocan country.

John Cholditch & Co.

NAKUSP, B.C.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Agents for B. C. Sugar Refinery and Royal City Planing Mills.

M'CALLUM & MILLSPAUGH

Dealers in

Hardware, Tin and Graniteware

Miners' Supplies, Paints, Oils, Glass and Putty, Doors & Windows.

SLOCAN CITY, B.C.

THE WORLD

Has often been electrified by the wonderful bargains offered from time to time by people with something to sell, but it remains for . . . . . .

THE LEDGE

to exceed all such propositions. For the sum of $5.00—any kind of a five that will be recognized in monetary circles—we will send THE LEDGE to any address in America for one year and a box of 50 Trail Blazer Cigars. Ponder over this, gentle and refined reader, and send the $5 before this magnificent chance fades into the oblivion of past opportunities. . .

R. T. LOWERY.

A GOLD SEEKER'S LAMENT.

Five thousand of us caught and crammed in this here one-horse town,
Five thousand of us crazy men, a-stampin' up an' down;
Er cowerin' on frozen logs, an' cryin', while our tears
Freeze stiffy in our hollow cheeks, to shame us—
"out who keers?
We're all in the same boat, boys: there ain't no us in lyin'
A-cussin' an' a-cryin', a-starvin', an' a-dyin'
God! but we're hungry an' we're cold!

I was thinkin' as I sat to-night an' watched the shinin' stars—
The only things that's clean around this trampled town of ours—
Was thinkin', s'pose we do pull through, an' strike a Klondike claim,
Will't pay us fer the time we've had down here—fer all the shame
O' cussin' an' o' cryin', o' starvin' an' o' dyin'—
God! bein' hungry, bein' cold!

I was thinkin' as I dropped my head atween my shiverin' haus',
The woman, over home there, do ye s'pose she understands?
D'ye s'pose she knows how hard I've tried, d'ye s'pose she names me "fake,"
Whilest I am here in Dyea, a-waitin'—fer her sake—
An' cussin', an' cryin', an' starvin', most a-dyin'.
God! but I'm shamed, an' I'm cold!

An' do ye s'pose that girl o' ours, that Kitty girl o' mine—
That pretty black-eyed mischief 'll keep straight with Bill Devine.
It makes me shake from head to foot to think—while dad's away,
My Kitty girl! my beauty—if she should go astray?
While I'm a-cussin', cryin', starvin', too, near dyin'—
God! but I'm fearful, an' I'm cold!

We had enough at home, there, we had enough to eat,
A cozy home, a warm home, a home 'twas good an' sweet!
Until the rotten Klondike craze I never ached fer gold—
An' here I am in Dyea, walked over, dead beat, sold!
A-cussin', a-cryin', a-starvin'—wish 'twas dyin'—
God! but it's lonely—an' it's cold!

Pickings from The Mother Lode of Wit

Jenkins, writing to thank his aunt for a large goose she had sent him for his Xmas dinner, says: "You could not have sent me a more acceptable present or one that would have reminded me of you more pleasantly."

When on his death-bed in Bermuda, a caller said: "What a nice place for rest and change?" "Y-y-es," said Travers, "th-the waiters g-g-get the ch-change and the h-h-hotel-k-k-keepers g-g-get the r-r-rest.

Mrs. Guzzler (who holds the purse-strings)—D) you mean to tell me you were not drunk last night, Guzzler.
Major Guzzler—Well, perhaps I was loaded, my dear.
Mrs. Guzzler—I should say so. Now remember, Guzzler, the next time you come home loaded you are going to be fired.

Prospective Suitor—Sir, I love your daughter.
Her Father—Well, don't come to me with your troubles.

Aunt Geehaw—I declare, Joshua, I hain't heerd that long-haired city dude, boardin' at the Hidgebees', say a sensible thing since he's been here in Nitville.
Uncle Geehaw (charitably)—Don't be tew hard on him, Mirandy. He was walkin' with Sary Jane, down by the old mill, an' I heard him say to her, "What a scene fer a painter." An' you know the old mill do need paint purty bad, m' dear.

Mogalong Mosey—Say, wot dy'e mean by keepin' us a waitin' like this?
Weary Works—Wot's eatin' youse? Did ye ever know me to hurry? I wuz lookin' in a ash barrel for a shoestring.
Mogalong Mosey—Oh, wuz dat it?
Weary Works—Yes, dat's it. You didn't think I was stoppin' to insert gold clauses in me leases, did you?

Tommy—What animal is that, Pa?
Pa—That is an old hyena, Tommy.
Tommy—Why, Pa, that doesn't look look a bit like you. Ma doesn't know what she talks about half the time, does she?

The cannibal chieftain nodded gravely as the new missionary touchingly spoke of the qualities of his predecessor "Generous?" he repeated. "Yes, indeed! He was one of the largest-hearted men I ever knew."
Those of his dusky followers who were cognizant of the royal fondness for giblet stew turned away to hide their emotion.

An Irish woman residing in Pollickshaws recently went into the Glasgow Dog and Bird Market to sell a live cock, which had, unfortunately, lost an eye in warfare. While exposing the bird for sale a man offered her three "bob" for it.
"Be off wid yer!" exclaimed Biddy. "Three bob for a cock like that!"
"Well," said the man, "it has only one eye."
"Wan eye, did you say?" roared Biddy. "Can't you see the cratur is only giving me the wink not to take your offer?"

"My wheel," said the inexperienced girl, "has seemed to run awfully hard. It almost was as if it wanted to run backward."
"You," said the experienced wheelwoman, with the air of one who could explain it all, "have got your bloomers on wrong side before."

Abe Johnsing—Did yo' heah about Gawge Wash'ton Johnson how he done die aftah he eat two big possums an' a peck o' sweet potatoes?
Henry Clay Jones—Nuh, I didn't heah about dat. What was de mattah wid him?

When the woman at whose cabin I took dinner on the crest of the Cumberland Mountains told me that she was a widow I felt it a sort of a duty to enquire if her husband had died by sickness or accident.
"Neither one," she replied. "He died of too much softness."
"How was that?"
"He'd licked one b'ar in a fair fout and he thought he could lick two. He was sot to do it, and one day he run across the b'ars and sailed in."
"And there were too many bears for him?"
"Thar was When the fout ended he had killed one b'ar, but t'other critter and me was widders and hev bin so ever sence."

Two young ladies entered a cigar store and one of them said timidly:
"Have you any choice cigars, sir? I want them for a present."
"Oh, yes, Miss," replied the tobacconist, "we have any choice you want, from a cent apiece up."
"I think I will take some of the one-cent one. ones, then, if they are choice. I had no idea that choice cigars were so cheap. Won't Charlie be delighted?" she said to her companion as they left the store. "Poor boy! He is so fond of a choice cigar, and they will taste all the better," she added with a little blush, "for having come from me."

A colored exhorter who was holding a revival meeting in a Georgia town was approached by a member of his congregation, who said:
"Br'er Williams, dey didn't like yo' sarmont last night."
"Dey didn't?"
"No, suh—dey didn't."
"Why—what been de matter wid it?"
"Well, suh, you took and said dey wuz folks in dat congregashun dat would be in hell fo' sun-up."
"Did I say dat?"
"Dat's what you did."
"Well, I declar' ter goodness!" exclaimed the parson, "my intention wus ter 'low 'em ten days."

Mistress—Bridget, these eggs are as hard as rocks. How long have they been boiling?
Bridget—About thirty minutes, mum.
Mistress—Thirty minutes! Didn't I tell you that three minutes was sufficient time to boil an egg?
Bridget—Yes, mum, but I cooked ten av them together.

The hat of a short-sighted master of Eton College blew off one stormy day. As he started in pursuit a black hen flew past him out of a gateway. The school master taking the flying hen for his runaway hat, astonished all Eaton by hunting hatless and breathless a flying black hen from one end of the High street to the other.

BETS ON THE RAIN.

One of the most curious forms of gambling in the world is "rain gambling," in Calcutta. The principal rain-gambling den is in Cotton street, Burra Bazaar.

No one who has not visited the place can have any conception of the vast crowds which at every hour of the day and far into the night pass in and out.

The great majority are Mewaris, who are born speculators, but there are as well plenty of well-to-do Europeans, Eurasians, Jews, Armenians and Greeks, and women, too. All swarm into the small court-yard where this strange form of gambling is carried on through a narrow entrance barely three feet wide. The court-yard is about 200 feet square The far-famed tank with a spout falling into the court-yard is the one spot where all eyes are fixed. The tank stands at the edge of a second floor roof. It is about six feet broad by four feet wide and nine inches deep, with the spout opening inward, some three or four inches from the bottom From this it will be seen that it requires a pretty heavy downpour for at least ten minutes to cause the spout to flow. Intermittent drizzles, which partly fill this tank, do not count, as the shower to fill it must pour down uninterruptedly, and then the bets are won or lost.

Chances are taken either for or against the spout running. A gray-haired wizened old man is the owner of the den, and there is another similar place across the road, only smaller. On the roof, over the fifth floor, there is a small square watchtower, in which are stationed five or six men, whose duty it is to scan the horizon closely and report on the formation of rain clouds. On these reports the odds rise or fall.

A bet made and won one day is always paid the following morning. Everything seems to be "on the square," and, indeed, there is little chance for cheating. The odds range as high as 1 to 75 on some days, even in the rainy season. Many have made a fortune in a single day. One person recently won £5,000 in the course of a few weeks. But he worked system on scientific methods.

COURT KNEW WHAT WAS POKER

Paul Milliken, who is one of the most popular men on 'change, was yesterday on the floor rehearsing the latest poker incident. It is unnecessary to say that he secured a great many auditors, as there are numerous admirers of the great American game there. A private game had been broken up in a small town which was very religiously inclined, and the players arrested and taken before the county judge. The first prisoner was told by the judicial light to rehearse in strict honesty what was going on when the officer appeared.

"Well, —— had just dealt. It was a jack pot; said I, "Open it, but it will cost you $2 to come in." The next player put up the needed amount and said: "Well, it will cost just $5 more to be in this play.' The third one advanced it $3 more, and when it came to me I looked at my hand and found a pair of threes. I had been lucky, and concluded to go in the jack pot and did so."

"Prisoner is dismissed!" cried the judge, interrupting him in his story.

"Well, what's the trouble?" said the prisoner, looking about alarmed and studying the judge in surprise.

"Why, simply this: You are charged for playing poker, and your own evidence shows that you were not," replied the court.

There are four notices relating to railways in the Canadian Gazette. The first is for the incorporation of the Lake Tamagamingue Railway, from some point on the Canadian Pacific Railway in the townships of Springer, Caldwell or Kirkpatric, to some point on Lake Tamagamingue; the extension of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway to the Crow's Nest Pass Railway; the third for a road from the head of Miles Canyon to the foot of White Horse Rapids, on the Lewes river, and the fourth for a road from Edmonton to the confluence of Smoky and Peace rivers.

THE FADED COAT OF BLUE.

My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue,
In his lonely grave, unknown, lies a heart that beat so true;
He sank, faint and hungry, among the famished brave,
And they laid him, sad and lonely, within his nameless grave.

CHORUS.

No more the bugle calls the weary one;
Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown;
I shall find you and know you among the good and true
Where a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He cried: "Give me water and just one little crumb,
And my mother she will bless you through all the years to come;
Oh! tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven, in my faded coat of blue.

"Oh!" he said, "my dear comrades, you cannot take me home,
But you'll mark my grave for mother; she will find it if she come;
I fear she'll not know me among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue."

No dear one was by him to close his sweet blue eyes,
And no gentle one was nigh him to give him sweet replies;
No stone marks the sod o'er my lad so brave and true,
In his lonely grave he sleeps, in his faded coat of blue.

Just Where She Lived.

"When I came out on my regular trip the other morning," relates the Lee stage driver, according to the Kennebec Journal, "the only passenger I had was an old lady of very demure manners. I was almost dead for a smoke, but I had sort of got it into my head that the old lady was a fussy party. When we got along a piece, however, I got to fingering my tobacker, and, by snum, I just couldn't resist the temptation. So I turned 'round to the old lady and asked her if she had any objection to my taking a whiff or two. She straighted up like a monkey on stick.

"'By gosh, young man,' she shouted, 'you've hit me just where I live. I've been hankering for a smoke all morning. Gimme a match.'

"She pulled out a black T. D., and I tell you, mister, me'n that old lady made the stage look like a steam engine going up a grade."

The Southern Veteran.

A little Georgia school girl was asked for a composition on "The Confederate Veteran." A few days thereafter she handed in the following: "The Confederate veteran is one that fought and bled and died for his country. He is sometimes on one leg and sometimes on two. The state gives him enough pension to keep him in tobacco. Then the state builds him a home and sells the home before he can get in it. My pa says he is a veteran. He was wounded by having one leg sawed off in a Confederate sawmill while making coffins to bury soldiers in. The state don't help my pa much, and my pa says, 'Damn the state!'"

Mexican Matters.

There are ten volcanoes in Mexico.

The army comprises about 40,000.

There is a coast line of over 6,000 miles.

There are fifty-nine lakes and great lagoons.

The area of Mexico is about 750,000 square miles.

It was 1837 that slavery was fully abolished in the country of Mexico.

Mexico has vast deposits of onyx and marble, besides the famous silver mines.

The "valley" of Mexico is about 7,500 feet above sea level.

A mother sent her son to the country and after a week of anxiety received the following letter: "I got here all right, but forgot to write before. A feller and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over and a man got me out. I was so full of water that I didn't know anything for a long while; the other feller has to be buried when they find him. His mother came and cried all the time. A horse kicked me over and I've got to have some money to fix my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night and I should smile if I don't have some bully fun. I lost my watch and I'm sorry. I shall bring home some mud turtles, and I shall bring home a tame wood-chuck if can get 'em in my trunk.

T. H. HOBEN

Has an Immense Stock of .....

READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES

No necessity for freezing to death if you have a few dollars to invest in this kind of stock.

Call in.
The prices will astonish you.

F. LO CASTO,
New Denver.
TOBACCONIST, NEWSDEALER, and STATIONER,
Imported and Domestic Cigars, Tobaccoes, Fruits and Confectionery.

BOURNE BROS.

GROCERIES,
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES,
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES,
STOVES,
ENAMEL AND TINWARE,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
POWDER, FUSE, CAPS,
JESSOP & BLACK DIAMOND STEEL
CHATHAM WAGONS, ETC.,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

New Denver, B. C

Klondike

Start from VANCOUVER

Because

1. VANCOUVER is the best outfitting point on the Coast; goods considerably cheaper than in the United States.
2. VANCOUVER is the nearest port of departure to the Yukon District.
3. VANCOUVER is the terminus of the C. P. Railway, whose steamers will start from Vancouver this spring.
4. All north-bound steamers call at VANCOUVER.
5. Direct steamers to Yukon ports have now commenced to run from VANCOUVER.
6. VANCOUVER is the only Canadian port where passengers transfer direct from train to steamer.
7. KLONDIKE is in Canada. Outfit in VANCOUVER and save 30 per cent. Customs Duty.

W. GODFREY,
President Board of Trade, Vancouver, B.C.

THE COLUMBIA HOUSE

NEW DENVER, B.C.

Rooms and Board.

Rates Reasonable.

This House is plastered and is one of the most comfortable in the Slocan.

Everything new and first-class.

N. C. DINGMAN.

Rosebery

The northern connecting point of the C. P. R. on Slocan Lake.

Rosebery

Has the only safe harbor north of Slocan City.

Rosebery

It is at Rosebery where the beautiful Slocan steamer ties up over night and where the employees can bring their families.

Rosebery

Lots were put on the market June 28 and are selling fast. You cannot afford to wait if you want a lot. They are going up.

Rosebery

Men are now grading and clearing the townsite, and several buildings are about to be erected.

Rosebery

Is destined to be the distributing centre for the Slocan.

Rosebery

Will become the great Concentrating City of the Slocan, having abundance of water and being easy of access to the Mining Centre. Watch this.

Rosebery

Terms, ⅓ cash; balance three and six months.

For full particulars apply to
A. M. BEATTIE,
General Agent

Air Tight Heaters and Box Stoves at Bourne Bros. The largest stock and lowest prices in the Slocan.

The Windsor RESTAURANT

In NEW DENVER is always ready to do business. It has never closed its doors on account of the little financial breezes that blow adversely occasionally in the Silvery Slocan. The weary and hungry pilgrim has always been able to get his wants, and in consequence they call again when in town. Keep your eye on the Sunday dinners.

JACOBSON & CO.

HOTEL SANDON,
Sandon, B.C.

THIS NEW HOUSE, with the old name, is well equipped to accommodate a large number of Guests. The building is plastered and the rooms are unsurpassed for comfort in the Slocan, while in the Dining Room can be found the best food in the market.

Robert Cunnng, Proprietor.

The Clifton House,
Sandon.

Has ample accommodations for a large number of people. The rooms are large and airy, and the Dining Room is provided with everything in the market Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers.

John Buckley, Prop.

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If you are going to the Klondike take a copy of THE LEDGE with you. It will cheer you on the journey to that mecca of gold seekers.

The assessment is $2 in dust, Nuggets, or anything of Commercial value.

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Is the leading hotel of the city, and headquarters for Mining and Commercial men. The house is new, the rooms all plastered, and the furniture in use is of the latest and most serviceable patterns

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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, JANUARY 6, 1898.

WAR CLOUDS.

THE "dogs of war" are on the trail of the "Sick man of Asia." China is apparently too feeble to resist the occupation of choice harbors on her coast by the great maritime powers. The flamboyant toasts of Emperor William and the "hoch" party at Keil may be inspired by reasons of glory and prosperity which are extremely liable to prove illusive, for Germany, however well she might be supplied with Krupp guns and war material in her new Chinese harbor, could obtain neither coal or food with Great Britain or Japan as an active enemy. That German statesmen can be so obsequious to their imperial master as not to resolutely insist on the withdrawal of the German forces from their perilous position in the Kaio Chau bay is highly improbable, and the spectacle of Prince Henry's return to Keil at an early date without having added prestige or glory to his flag may be predicted, and although the royal admiral cannot expiate to any great extent on the trophies of the expedition he will thank his stars that he got back safely without experiencing the inconvenience of having his supply of sauerkraut cut off. Like the returning Klondiker he will be richer for his experience, and may be more than ever convinced of the wisdom of respecting his grandmother.

The position of Russia in the Chinese embroglio is entirely different. She is China's nearest neighbor and feels the natural want of a port that is not ice-bound for nearly half the year, but her growing capacity is a factor to be reckoned with, and now that she cannot furnish China with the needed loan, whereas, the British coin is available, the influence of Russia over China will be greatly reduced.

The new alliance in the Orient will be Japan, Great Britain and China, with Corea more entirely under British influence than before. These powers are at home on the Yellow Sea having their supplies so well at hand that even the alliance of Russia with France and Germany could not seriously interfere with them.

If war between Great Britain and Russia does not result from the present imperative demand of Great Britain to have the statu quo with Corea maintained, then the fear of a rupture may be indefinately postponed.

Winter is a most inconvenient season for Russia to enter upon a naval war and the probabilities are that Russia will pocket Britain's rebuff in Corea and save it for future use.

MR. GAGE GETS HIS ANSWER.

Secretary Gage of the U. S. treasury recently assailed the American Federation of Labor through its president, Mr. Gompers, for having the audacity to criticise and condemn, by resolution, his pet scheme of currency "reform." Mr. Gage was apparently much exercised over the matter, and went so far as to promise that if Mr. Gompers would show him that the gold standard was injurious to the country generally he would quit the gold cause and get off his gilded perch. Mr. Gage did not use this identical language but his meaning was the same. Mr. Gompers has complied with Mr. Gage's expressed wish and the information wanted has been furnished him. But Mr. Gage will not keep his promise. None are so blind as those who will not see, and Mr. Gage will continue in darkness, shaping his currency ideas in the narrow confines of Wall street, in compliance with the single standard policy of the money-changers.

Mr. Gompers' reply is very pointed and his argument forcible, and Mr. Gage will find small consolation in it. In part he says:

Those resolutions declare against your proposal for more thoroughly committing our country to the gold standard, a plan for destroying our greenbacks and substituting bank notes; a plan for weakening the control of the national government over that most important of all measures, the measure of values, and strengthening the banks; a plan aiming at what you call "currency reform," and which we call bank monopoly.

You ask what evils have resulted from our adherence to the gold standard. I answer that the evils are those that have grown and ever must grow from a dishonest measure of values, a measure that interferes with the just distribution of wealth, that deprives some men of a part of the earnings that is rightly theirs and confers it upon others who have earned it not. Any measure of values that thus forces an unjust distribution of the products of labor, that deprives the producer of the fruits of his toil, cuts down wages and profits, thereby destroying the incentive to enterprise, leads to industrial stagnation, enforced idleness, distress and public suffering. . . . You should at least show that the perpetuation of the gold standard will not result in making money dearer and human flesh cheaper.

In the statement you recently made before the house committee on banking and currency in support of your bill, you say, and repeat this truism, that "the less the government owes the less it will have to pay." Yet your plan involves the proposition of the retirement of the greenbacks, on which we pay no interest at all, and the issuance of bonds instead in the sum of $200,000,000, which we will still owe and upon which we shall be required to pay interest. The inconsistency of your statement and your plan seems glaring.

Should Mr. Gage attempt to prove that the perpetuation of the gold standard would not result in making money dearer and everything measured by money cheaper, he will have to combat and disprove the compilations of such world-famed statisticians as Soetbeer, Sauerbeck, and the London Economist. He will have to prove that dozens of men like Sir Robert Giffen, Europe's eminent supporter of the gold standard, and Speaker Reed of the present house of representatives of the United States, do not know what they are talking about.

When the royal British commission was appointed to inquire into the agricultural depression of Europe Sir Robert Giffen was a member. The commission reported that the depression was directly attributable to the appreciation of gold, the standard money, resulting from the demonetization of silver. Sir Robert dissented from the majority report, not on this point, however. As a remedy for the evil the report suggested a fuller recognition of silver as a standard money, if not straight bimetallism. It was this suggestion that Sir Robert would not agree to. In his dissenting memorandum he stated that in his opinion "it was a great misfortune that some monometallists, as appeard in the course of the evidence before the commission, have refused, and still refuse, to recognize the general fall of prices in the last quarter of a century as being, in economic language, an appreciation of gold. The facts are beyond dispute." Sir Robert's remedy was to allow things to adjust themselves on the gold basis; that, since the world had adjusted itself to the gold standard, it would be unwise to disturb the financial centres by going back to high prices.

Speaker Reed, in the last campaign, when he was stumping the country for his party, made speeches voicing the sentiment of Mr. Giffen. It was our pleasure, or displeasure, to hear that eminent gentleman say that he was "one who wanted to see low prices growing lower right along."

The question is no longer "what is the cause of universal depression," but "shall the policy be perpetuated that has caused depression the world over." The laboring people of the world are against it; while the money lords favor it. With such odds against it the experiment of monometallism cannot long survive.

Kellie sat in the look-out chair,
With fringes on his pants
And hay in his hair,
He exclaimed, loud and bold,
"I am compelled to quit you cold,
My dear Honorable, Mr. Turnaire!"

EMBEZZLING A CHISTMAS TURKEY

"My first fee, he?" mused the veteran lawyer.

"Well, I suppose every lawyer has a right to be proud of his first fee, especially when it comes to him as a sort of Christmas surprise, as mine did. But there were one or two little circumstances connected with the earning of my initial fee which were not exactly flattering to my mental acuteness, and it was a long time before I did any boasting about it. Through the perspective of 30 years I can see the humorous side of the case, and enjoy it as well as anybody.

"It was the day before Christmas, in '67, if I remember right, that my first client dawned on me in my little 10x12 office in a prosperous Western village. I was seated alone at my desk, as usual, waiting for the tide of business to begin setting in my direction, when the door was cautiously pushed open about a foot, and the smiling countenance of Sam Johnson—a gentleman of African lineage, who was a sort of happy-go-lucky character and general chore boy about the town—appeared in the opening and a soft, melodious voice drawled:

"'Good afternoon, Mistah Lawyer. I'd like to see yo' on a little business mattah, sah, if yo' got time to 'tend to it.'

"'Plenty of time. Walk right in, Mr. Johnson, and take a seat,' urged I, delighted at obtaining a customer of some sort at last.

"In compliance with this cordial invitation, Mr. Johnson ventured the rest of the way into the room, cap in hand, and carefully seated himself on the extreme edge of the chair reserved for callers, glanced shyly around, as if to assure himself that we were alone, and then began:

"'Well, Mr. Lawyer, it's dis way. We will s'posin' a case. S'posin' a pusson buys a eighteen-pound turkey, an' gibs a quarter to a culled gemman to escoht de buhd home foh dem, an' s'posin'—s'posin'—'

"'The suppositious gentleman of color absent mindedly conveys the suppositious turkey to his own residence instead of to the abode of the party who purchased the fowl and employed said suppositious colored gentleman to deliver it. Is that the point your driving at, Mr. Johnsan,' interposed I, thinking to help him out.

"'Yes, sah; dat's prezactly de p'int I was tryin' to arrive at,' he exclaimed, smilingly; 'an' golly, boss, de way yo' dun rattle off dem big words I s'pects yo' must be a mighty smart lawyer, an' now, if de pusson we've bin s'posin' 'bout secures a turkey in dat ar way, would he hafter go to jail foh it, or could yo' git him clear?'

"'Certainly I could clear him,' I answered, jokingly; 'a case of that kind would come under the head of embezzlement or breach of trust, instead of larceny, and it is not only unconstitutional, but a violation of the writ of habeas corpus to lock a man up simply for embezzling a turkey.'

"'Mighty tickled to hear it, sah,' he chuckled. 'Here is a quarter foh de information, sah, an' I disgages yo' foh my lawyer from dis time on. Good-day, sah, an' any time I git in trouble dat way I'll depend on you to help me out.'

"And before I could utter a word of protest or stop him, my grinning caller had dropped the quarter on my writing table and hastily bowed himself from the room.

"'This is a fine joke on me. Wonder if the black rascal thought I was in earnest?' muttered I to myself, picking up the liberal fee which my first client had left behind him. The coin was of an ancient date, and somewhat battered, though not sufficiently injured to depreciate its value as a circulating medium. I was still examining it, and wondering if it would prove a mascot or otherwise, when my wife came in from her Christmas shopping. Handing it to her, I proudly remarked:

"'There is my first fee, my dear. You may have it for a keepsake if you wish.'

"'Why, Henry!' she cried, 'where did you get this quarter? I am positive that it is the very one I gave to Sam Johnson down at the market this afternoon when I engaged him to bring home our Christmas turkey!'

"I didn't ask for the affidavit," concluded the veteran lawyer, with a smile, "I got the witness off the stand as soon as possible, adjourned court, and then went out in pursuit of fresh air and Mr. Johnson. I found him, told him I'd send him to the penitentiary if he ever breathed a word of the affair; then I purchased a duplicate of the embezzled turkey and sent him home with it (to my home, I mean), following along behind him to see that he honestly earned the quarter this time; and it was fully a year later, when prosperity began smiling upon my efforts at last, that I plucked up sufficient courage to tell the story of my fee, even to my wife."

[L.S.]

THOS. R. McINNES,
CANADA,
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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

To Our faithful the Members elected to serve in the Legislative Assembly of Our Province of British Columbia at Our City of Victoria—GREETING.

A PROCLAMATION.

A. G. SMITH, Deputy Attorney-General.

WHEREAS, We are desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet Our people of Our Province of British Columbia, and to have their advice in Our Legislature:

NOW KNOW YE, that for divers causes and considerations, and taking into consideration the ease and convenience of Our loving subjects, We have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Executive Council of the Province of British Columbia, to hereby convoke, and by these presents enjoin you, and each of you, that on Thursday, the Tenth day of the month of February, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, you meet Us in Our said Legislature or Parliament of Our said Province, at Our City of Victoria, FOR THE DISPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, do, act, and conclude upon those things which in Our Legislature of the Province of British Columbia, by the Common Council of Our said Province may, by the favour of God, be ordained.

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

By Command,
JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

Badger State Mineral Claim

Situated in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Near Slocan City Sandon.

TAKE NOTICE That I, George Alexander, free miner's certificate No. 7100, intend 60 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 4th day of January, 1898.

Bank of Montreal.

Capital (all paid up) $12,000,000.00
Reserved fund : : 6,000,000.00
Undivided profits : : 859,698.40

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Suits ranging from $20.00 up

Pants from $6.00 up. Overcoats that will astonish the natives.

Do not miss this opportunity for our Worsteds, Serges, Tweeds, Trouserings and Overcoatings are the newest and best in the Slocan country. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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MINING ENGINEER,
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST,
& ASSAYER.
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Dominion & Provincial Land Surveyor.
Slocan City, B.C.

DR. A. S. MARS, L.D.S.
Dentist.
Kaslo, B.C.
Graduate of American College of Dental Surgery Chicago.

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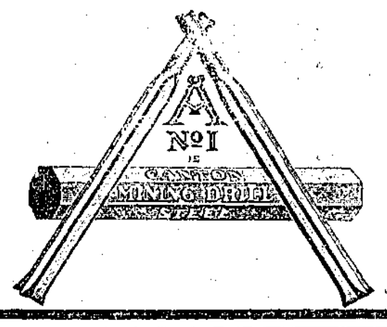

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I carry one of the largest and best assorted stocks of Hardware in West Kootenay, and shall be pleased to quote prices upon anything required in my line.

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Of Elegant, Useful Furniture. Twenty styles of pretty Ladies' Chairs.

Rockers in Cane, Reed Work and Upholstered in French Silk Brocatelle, Plush and Damask: ornaments for any Drawing Room—

at $3.50 each.

Handsome and acceptable presents in Ladies' Secretaries, Bookshelves, Fancy Polished Tables at $1.00 each.

I have too much stock for the times, and am reducing prices to cost of freight and handling. Another large car has just arrived for me and is now unloading at Denver siding.

Stock too heavy; Prices to Zero.

Fifty dozen A1 chairs at 60 cents each.
Fifty patterns of silk and other covers with trimmings for sale by the yard

UNDERTAKING PARLORS, and Embalming by a professor of the art. Caskets in Oak, Walnut, Rosewood and Solid Metal. Coffin materials; cloth, handles, trimmings. Wholesale to the trade. Agent for Owen's Chicago Embalming Fluid. D. M. CROWLEY, Undertaker.

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Gold, Silver, or Lead, each	$1.50
Gold, Silver and Lead, combined	3 00
Gold and Silver	2 00
Silver and Lead	2 00
Copper (by Electrolysis)	2 00
Gold, Silver, Copper and Lead	4 00
Gold and Copper	2 50
Silver and Copper	2 50
Gold, Silver and Copper	3 00
Platinum	5 00
Mercury	2 00
Iron or Manganese	2 00
Lime, Magnesium, Barium, Silica, Sulphur, each	2 00
Bismuth, Tin, Cobalt, Nickel, Antimony, Zinc, and Arsenic, each	4 00
Coal (Fixed Carbon, Volatile Matter, Ash, and percentage of Coke, if Coking Coal)	0

Terms: Cash With Sample.
June 20th, 1895.

FRANK DICK,
Assayer and Analyst

Chas. A. Stoess,
Assoc. M. Inst. C. E. M. Can. Soc. C. E.
CIVIL ENGINEER.
Provincial Land Surveyor. Mining Surveying
Kaslo, B. C.

In the Michipicoton.

Michipicoton as a mining country has only been in existence for a few months, although it was familiar ground to the courreur du bois of a hundred years ago. Its name is of Indian derivation, and means a clear, cloudless sky. The region is part of a belt of land extending along the north shore of Lake Superior, which is rich in mineral. In June last the first discovery of gold was made there on the shores of Lake Wawa, a body of clear water six miles long and two miles wide. An Indian named Thady made the find, and gave the information to a newspaper man in North Bay. The latter took up several claims for himself and induced some of his townspeople to interest themselves in the matter. They in turn brought the country to the notice of Montreal capitalists.

In the meantime news of the discovery had reached Sault Ste. Marie and numbers left that place to take up locations. In a couple of months nearly the whole country in the vicinity of Lake Wawa had been surveyed. The men who went in were for the most part speculators and boomers of the most pronounced type, and they sent glowing reports of their finds back to their homes. Then followed the reported discovery of placer gold, which resulted in a rush into the district.

How or by whom the placer gold canard was started is not known, but it was evidently the work of interested parties, aided by unscrupulous or careless newspaper correspondents. It was regarded as genuine at first, for men who had been through the country knew that the river valleys were filled with gravel, and several geologists of known standing gave it as their opinion that the surface indications were favorable to the existence of placer gold. It was not until the middle of September that the myth was finally exploded and the gravel beds were proven to be of glacial origin, in places over 100 feet in depth.

On September 9th, 1897, an Order in Council of the Ontario government declared the district a mining division, embracing an area of about 51,500 square miles "limited upon its east side by the meridian of the east end of Dog Lake, or say 84° west from Greenwich, on the south side by the latitude of Cape Gargantua, say 47° 30', on the north side by the latitude 48° 30', and between the westerly ends of these lines of latitude, where they touch Lake Superior, by the shore lines of said lake." The greatest length, that of its northern boundary, is a little more than 100 miles. Its greatest width is about 65 miles.

There are three routes into the country. The one more generally adopted is by Sault Ste. Marie, from which port a steamer sailing two or three times a week lands passengers and freight at Little Gros Cap harbor, on Lake Superior, a distance of 125 miles. A prospector taking this route will have to purchase his supplies before leaving Sault Ste. Marie.

Missanabie, a station on the Canadian Pacific railroad, is the seat of a Hudson's Bay Company's post, where the necessary supplies can be obtained. It is situated on the north side of Dog Lake, the head waters of the Michipicoton River, and is used by many as a starting point. It is a convenient place at which to outfit, as from it diverge several canoe routes.

Garsett, a station 35 miles west of Missanabie, can also be used as a starting point, but no supplies are to be had there. It is three miles from there to the Magpie River, the nearest stream navigable for canoes.

The rocks of Michipicoton belong to the Huronian and Laurentian systems. Of the latter the rock is almost universally a fine-grained gray gneiss. In some localities it is thoroughly granitic in character, and in other places it is found to be coarser grained. It is usually dull gray in color, but occasionally red feldspar is found. Small areas of syenite also exist. The Huronian is most common in massive diorites, dibases and hornblende and chloritic schists. Slates, quartz, porphyries, felsites, quartzites and sericite schists occur less frequently. Of still less frequency is the occurance of conglomerates. At the contact between the two formations it would appear that the Laurentian gneiss had been erupted into the Huronian rock and consequently is later in age. The schists strike in various directions depending on their relation to the intrusive granites. They are nearly always vertical. Dykes of diorite occur frequently in both formations. In structure and in composition the rocks bear a very close resemblance to those of the Lake of the Woods country.

The river valleys are choked with glacial debris, near Lake Superior. The morainic material runs from course sand to immense boulders. Much of it is well rounded, showing that it has been carried long distances.

The district will, from present indications, be in time a producer of minerals. Gold, of course, has been the most sought for, but discoveries of silver, nickle, iron and copper have also been made. The number of quartz veins is large and many are very wide. The quartz generally is white and seldom carries any large amount of sulphides. Free gold occurs frequently, sometimes in fine particles scattered through the quartz and not infrequently in nuggets the size of a grain of wheat. Galena and pyrrhotite are occasionally found in quartz, but iron and copper pyrites are the chief minerals. The veins are usually of the bedded variety and follow the strike of the schists, which is, as a rule, northeast and southwest. Assays of samples of the quartz have gone high in gold, although most of the ore is of a low grade. In no case thus far has any of the ore from Michipicoton been found to be refractory when tested, and experts have pronounced it free milling.

The most promising finds were made in the vicinity of Wawa Lake and on the shores of Manitowik Lake. But a very small part of the mineral bearing belt has been gone over, and this in a very indifferent way. The shores of Dog Lake, the "tote" road east from Manitowik Lake, the areas lying between the north end of Manitowik Lake and the Magpie river, and the Magpie from its mouth to within 25 miles of the railway are all known to be in the Huronian. The coast of Lake Superior, west of Michipicoton River would probably repay investigation, as there are areas of eruptive granite, Laurentian and Huronian, and experience shows that the richest veins often occur near the lines of contact.

Actual exploration was not carried on for more than two months this year when work was interrupted by the setting in of winter. During that short period nearly 200 claims were recorded, and in each case an affidavit of discovery of valuble mineral was made. Several parties have remained in the field and will continue operations during the winter. A number of companies are being organized to begin work as soon as the season opens up next spring.

Michipicoton Post, the headquarters of the inspector of the division, occupies a fine situation half a mile from the mouth of the river. A little above it, at the junction of the Michipicoton and Magpie rivers, an enterprising syndicate of Toronto capitalists have surveyed a townsite. The old lake terraces, which rise in succession, one above another to the base of a mountain, which from its resemblence to the eminence back of Montreal has been called Mount Royal, are admirably adapted for the platting out and building up of a picturesque town.

Canoes are indispensable for prospecting work. The old Indian hunters and trappers employed by the Hudson's Bay Company long ago connected the lakes with portage trails which are still in a passable condition. They can be followed in almost every direction. To walk over the country with any degree of speed is an *impossibility*. Tangles of fallen trees and steep bluffs confront the pedestrian. The district presents innumerable obstacles to the prospector. It is rough and devoid of population. A hundred yards from the rails of the Canadian Pacific, which passes through its northern extremity, it is in its primeval condition. There are probably 50 white men in the district, and this number is made up of railway employees, Hudson's Bay Company officials and a very few hunters and fishermen on the Lake Superior coast line. Its surface is dotted over with lakes varying in extent from one acre to 50 square miles. Rocky ravines, with steep, precipitous walls, cut through the country rock every few hundred yards. About one half of the area is burnt over, leaving a mesh of fallen and charred timber. In the unburned parts the undergrowth is very thick. Added to this, the rocks are clothed with a mantle of moss from 6 to 12 inches deep, which has to be scraped away before the surface can be examined. The only thorough way in which prospecting can be prosecuted on the table lands is to crossent this moss, a slow, laborious work. The method most generally adopted by prospectors is to follow along the base of escarpments, which are frequently perpendicular and neither hidden by moss nor timber, and when quartz is discovered to ascend to the plateau above, remove the moss and so follow the course of the vein. In several instances the faces of escarpments were found to be wholly composed of quartz.

The prospecting done last season was of the most superficial character. Of the hundreds of people who entered the country only a small percentage had any knowledge of mining. Many had never been in the bush before. Many could not tell quartz from country rock, or distinguish between gold and pyrites.

To get mining machinery into Michipicoton ought not to prove a difficult task. It can be landed at Little Gros Cap Harbor by boat or at Missanabie or Garsett by rail. From these points winter roads could be constructed with comparative ease and cheapness, following as far as possible the water courses. During the construction of the Canadian Pacific the materials and supplies were shipped inland from Little Gros Cap by way of "tote" roads, which are yet in good condition, save that the bridges have rotted away and the road beds are covered with young brush. From Little Gros Cap the main "tote" runs northeast to Lake Wawa. From the east end of Wawa one road goes north to Garsett station, 38 miles as the crow flies. Another road goes northeast 24 miles to Manitowik Lake. At the northeast end of Manitowik two miles of road connects that body of water with Dog Lake. At the same end of Manitowik Lake another road 20 miles long extends to Dalton station, on the Canadian Pacific. In the construction days small steamers ran on Dog, Manitowik and Wawa lakes, so connecting the roads in the summer time. In the winter teams crossed over on the ice.

There are ample supplies of pulp wood. Fully one-half the country is timbered with poplar, birch, spruce, jack pine, tamarack and balsam. Isolated patches of white and red pine occur, and in the valleys some cedar. Waterfalls of 10, 15 and 25 feet are common, while falls of much greater height are met with on the Michipicoton and Magpie rivers. The Michipicoton River falls over 400 feet in 60 miles. The Magpie has a fall of nearly 500 feet in the same distance, fully one-half of the whole fall being within three miles of its mouth. If these waterfalls were properly utilized they would afford practically unlimited power.

Hunting and fishing are the only occupations of the inhabitants of Michipicoton. The former is carried on by the Indians, but not with much success, as a century and a half continuous trapping for the Hudson's Bay Company has pretty well exterminated the game animals. The Indians, too, are few in number. Formerly there was a Hudson's Bay post at the mouth of the Michipicoton River, but it closed two or three years ago, and now only the post at Missanabie remains. It is at Missanabie that the canoe route to James' Bay begins, crossing the short and low divide to Missanabie Lake and thence down the river of the same name to Moose River, and so on to James' Bay.

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An Incident of Gettysburg

By T. J. MACKEY, Late Captain C. S. A.

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Though never a war was fought with more earnestness than our own late war between the north and the south, never a war was marked by more deeds of noble kindness between men, officers and privates of the contending sides. Serving at the front during the entire war as a captain of engineers in the Confederate army, many such deeds came under my own personal observation, while many more have been related to me by credible eyewitnesses. Here is one especially worthy of record:

The advance of the Confederate line of battle commenced early on the morning of July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg. The infantry division commanded by Major General John B. Gordon of Georgia was among the first to attack. Its objective point was the left of the Second corps of the Union army. The daring commander of that corps occupied a position so far advanced beyond the main line of the Federal army that while it invited attack it placed him beyond the reach of ready support when the crisis of battle came to him in the rush of charging lines more extended than his own. The Confederate advance was steady, and it was bravely met by the Union troops, who for the first time found themselves engaged in battle on the soil of the north, which until then had been virgin to the war. It was "a far cry" from Richmond to Gettysburg, yet Lee was in their front, and they seemed resolved to welcome their southern visitors "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." But the Federal flanks rested in air, and, being turned, the line was badly broken, and, despite a bravely resolute defense against the well ordered attack of the Confederate veterans, was forced to fall back.

Gordon's division was in motion at a double quick to seize and hold the vantage ground in his front from which the opposing line had retreated when he saw directly in his path the apparently dead body of a Union officer. He checked his horse, and then observed, from the motion of the eyes and lips, that the officer was still living. He at once dismounted, and seeing that the head of his wounded foeman was lying in a depression in the ground placed under it a nearby knapsack. While raising him at the shoulders for that purpose he saw that the blood was trickling from a bullet hole in the back, and then knew that the officer had been shot through the breast. He then gave him a drink from a flask of brandy and water, and, as the man revived, said, while bending over him: "I am very sorry to see you in this condition. I am General Gordon. Please tell me who you are. I wish to aid you all I can."

The answer came in feeble tones: "Thank you, general. I am Brigadier General Barlow of New York. You can do nothing more for me. I am dying." Then, after a pause, he said: "Yes, you can. My wife is at the headquarters of General Meade. If you survive the battle, please let her know that I died doing my duty."

General Gordon replied: "Your message, if I live, shall surely be given to your wife. Can I do nothing more for you?"

After a brief pause General Barlow responded: "May God bless you! Only one thing more—feel in the breast pocket of my coat—the left breast—and take out a packet of letters."

As General Gordon unbuttoned the blood soaked coat and took out the packet the seemingly dying soldier said:

Resting on one knee at his side, General Gordon read the letter.

"Now please take out one and read it to me. They are from my wife. I wish that her words shall be the last I hear in this world."

Resting on one knee at his side, General Gordon, in clear tones, but with tearful eyes, read the letter. It was the missive of a noble woman to her worthy husband, whom she knew to be in daily peril of his life, and with pious fervor breathed a prayer for his safety and commended him to the care of the God of battles. As the reading of the letter ended General Barlow said: "Thank you. Now please tear them all up. I would not have them read by others."

General Gordon tore them into fragments and scattered them on the field "shot sown and bladed thick with steel." Then, pressing General Barlow's hand, General Gordon bade him goodby, and, mounting his horse, quickly joined his command.

He hastily penned a note on the pommel of his saddle, giving General Barlow's message to his wife, but stated that he was still living, though seriously wounded, and informing her where he lay. Addressing the note to "Mrs General Barlow, at General Meade's Headquarters," he handed it to one of his staff and told him to place a white handkerchief upon his sword and ride in a gallop toward the enemy's line and deliver the note to Mrs. Barlow. The officer promptly obeyed the order. He was not fired upon, and, on being met by a Union officer who advanced to learn his business, he presented the note, which was received and read with the assurance that it should be delivered instantly.

Let us turn from Gettysburg to the capital, Washington, where, 11 years later, General Gordon held with honor, as now, a seat as senator of the United States, and was present at a dinner party given by Orlando B. Potter, a representative in congress from New York.

Upon Mr. Potter's introducing him to a gentleman with the title of General Barlow, General Gordon remarked, "Are you a relative of the General Barlow, a gallant soldier, who was killed at Gettysburg?"

The answer was, "I am the General Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg, and you are the General Gordon who succored me." The meeting was worthy of two such brave men—every inch American soldiers.

I should add that on receiving her husband's note, which had been speedily delivered, Mrs. Barlow hastened to the field, though not without danger to her person, for the battle was still in progress. She soon found her husband and had him borne to where he could receive surgical attendance.

Through her devoted ministrations he was enabled to resume his command of the Excelsior brigade and add to the splendid reputation which it had achieved under General Sickles, its first commander.

THE END.

The Unhealthy Bangkok.

An average shade temperature of 85 degrees during about ten months of the year in Bangkok is accompanied for at least six or seven of these by damp so depressing that for many hours of each day the grasshopper is a burden and sustained thought almost impossible. The Siamese recognize the drawbacks of their climate, and they seldom attempt to do anything through the hottest hours of the day. The king sleeps through those hours, reviving again about 5 o'clock with the sudden coolness of approaching sunset. Cabinet and court, and, in fact, every Siamese in the land who can do as he pleases, follows the royal example in this, and the cabinet sittings are held through the night.

Even the sturdiest Europeans suffer and degenerate if they persistently forget that life in tropical plains must go slower than at home. Many a tombstone in the Bangkok cemetery and some nameless graves in the jungles and swamps of the interior attest this fact. A low level of vitality is so inevitable that the common Siamese excuse for nonappearance, "Mai sabai" ("Not well"), creates no remark and no special interest. The chances are that the excuse is valid, but whether or no what does it signify? In Siam it is quite normal to be ill.—Contemporary Review.

Ants Have Ladies' Maids.

We know well enough that ants are the most advanced of all the insect world, that they can talk to one another and have regular laws and regulations in their tiny colonies. But the last discovery about them is, perhaps, the most astonishing of all. A naturalist has been making observations on their toilet and has discovered that each insect goes through a cleaning process as elaborate as that of a cat, only not performed by herself, but by another, who acts for the time as lady's maid.

Ants of the genus atta were the subject of these observations. These, he found, slept in relays for about three hours. When they woke up, they would stretch their limbs just like warm blooded animals. Even under the microscope he could watch them yawn. Then begins the toilet. The assistant starts by washing the face of her companion and goes on to the thorax and legs. The attitude of the cleansed is one of intense satisfaction, resembling that of a dog or a cat when its head is being scratched. She lies down with all her limbs stretched loosely out, she rolls over on her side, even her back, a perfect picture of ease. The pleasure the creature takes in being thus combed and sponged is really enjoyable to the observer.—New York World.

A Berlin Custom.

In Berlin there are iron posts or stanchions fixed on the curb at convenient distances, marked "halting place," for omnibus or tramcar. At these places the passengers wait, and the drivers are not allowed to pull up at any other spot. When an omnibus approaches one of these posts, the conductor calls out, "Halting place!" and if a passenger wants to get out or if any passengers are waiting to get in the driver pulls up; if not, he passes on.

The following are said by a Swiss hunter to have been found near the nest of an eagle he recently discovered in the Alps: A hare, 27 chamois' feet, 4 pigeons' feet, 30 pheasants' feet, 11 heads of fowls, 18 heads of grouse and the remains of a number of rabbits, marmots and squirrels.

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WHEN POSITION ...FAILS.

By Clinton Ross.

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In 1776 our representatives declared in the enthusiasm of the moment the paradox, "all men born free and equal." 'Twas a neat enough statement for paper, but some in America believed it not. Was there an equal for General Washington? Did we not cringe a bit to rank when a French marquis—albeit a tall, red haired boy—came among us? A title caught even then many a good appointment, and I doubt much sometimes if Alexander of New Jersey would have been so much esteemed if he had not had claim to the Scottish earldom of Stirling. I am sure many inefficient foreign adventurers had service with us because they had titles. Two of these gentlemen proved conclusively great natural abilities—one, of course, M. Lafayette, who, a boy of 20, came so cleverly out of the affair of Barren Hill, and the other, Casimir Pulaski, the Pole, whom I saw fall with a wound in the thigh during the charge on Savannah. Taken on the brig Wasp, he died as she was putting to sea, esteemed a good friend, a gallant captain.

It was only the night before that he told me the truth of that affair at Warsaw which led to his service in America. He was not, the Count Pulaski assured me, himself a partner in this matter, although he was indeed a member of that confederation of boyars sworn to fight for Polish freedom to the very end. But circumstantial evidence led to his banishment, as it had to that of so many others. Despairing of Poland and eager for a career, he came to America.

Yet, although my friend was not himself in this affair, the story he told of it appears to me new. The picture of the king and his assassin walking side by side reasoning together of the rainy night in the wood of Bilany has had more than passing effect. The story proves that our revolt against a king was not the first. Ah, history is full of these instances—King John, Charles Stuart, Stanislaus of Poland, Louis XVI, George III, by proxy in America, and many another account!

Now, this is the account of the affair, as I remember it, that began in the street of the Capuchins, Warsaw:

The king had been to his summer palace that day of Sept. 3, 1771, and his coach was returning along the street of the Capuchins; how it was 9 o'clock of a rainy night as the leader of the king's guard of some 17 dragoons was astounded when suddenly a man leaped before his horse with the loud command, "Halt!" The lieutenant struggled to bring his saber down on the fellow's head. His horse careened, stopping indeed the whole company and the coach, whence the king's head suddenly projected.

At the moment a shot from a window of a supposedly deserted house grazed the king's face, instantly killing the servant who was with him in the coach.

"The king is assassinated!" The cry was raised from guards and passers. "His majesty is dead!"

Stanislaus, who ever was considerate of his inferiors, shouted at this:

"It is Felix, the heyduc, who is shot! Quick, catch the assassin!"

Suddenly down the street came the sounds of horses and cries:

"Down with Stanislaus, the creature of the Russians!"

At the same instant men rushed out of the house whence the shot into the coach had come, swearing, shouting and firing. One of the king's guards cried:

"A plot! An ambush! There are a thousand!"

Instantly the panic became general.

The lieutenant of the guards, who had succeeded in running through the fellow at his bridle rein, now found himself confronted by the horsemen. Turning, he led the flight, and the king was left almost alone in his coach hugging the dead body of his poor servant and oblivious to everything else. The horses of the coach, rearing and plunging, required all the attention of the postilions, who themselves were frightened out of whatever wit they may have had.

By this time the leader of the attacking horsemen was dismounted by the coach door.

"Out, Stanislaus!" he cried. "You are to come with me.'

The king, perceiving this to be Count Kolinski, cried out to him:

"Kolinski, traitor, I am your king!"

For an instant Kolinski hesitated. The sight of the king, placed as he was with the dead servant in his arms, and yet still the king, with that dignity Stanislaus always possessed—that scene, shown dimly by the lantern of the coach—shook for a moment the conspirator's resolution.

But the others were behind him, desperate and knowing that if the issue of the adventure were not successful death was certain.

"Pull him out!"

Then Stanislaus looked up from the dead heyduc in his lap, the dark, handsome man he always was, now with no fear, but with a mastering anger at the indignity.

"You shall hang for this!"

Ah, they knew that danger too well! They could not hesitate if pity for a moment had weakened their purpose.

Roughly they dragged the king from the coach, he struggling and crying and clinging to the dead and the sides of the coach.

I can imagine nothing more horrible than that scene—the king now outside in the mud, the dead body of the servant dangling from the coach step, the postilions struggling with their horses, the conspirators, some on foot and some mounted, surrounding the king, one bringing the flat of a saber against his head, and the crowd of townspeople who suddenly had gathered.

And then a cry went up:

"The guards are returning!"

Kolinski was on his horse now, and he caught the king, who, between the struggle and horror at his dead servant, was in a half dazed state. Another seized Stanislaus' other shoulder.

"The guards!" rang out the cry again. "The guards!"

Kolinski lashed his horse, dragging the nearly lifeless king. On they tore, Kolinski again and again having to slacken his horse's speed lest the king should be killed. So much more slowly was the progress made by those who were dragging the king that the others, now seized with panic, ran as they could, and when the ditches beyond the city were reached only seven remained. Here Kolinski paused, uncertain about the path in the darkness, made denser by the rain. They were outside the city with their captive, but whither should they take him? Kolinski cursed. The king braced himself without a word against the dripping horse. Stanislaus

"You shall hang for this!"

had lost a shoe. His foot was torn and bleeding. Never was man or king in sorrier plight.

"Do you remember, sire, that you danced at the palace last night?" Kolinski asked with bitter mockery.

"Ah, fallen king," said Stanislaus, "I remember and can foresee, wretch, how high you will hang."

"Hang!" muttered Kolinski at this. "Ah, I may."

In the meantime one of the others called back:

"This is the way."

Kolinski then spurred up his horse, again dragging the king. But the way was uneven. He stopped to dismount, releasing Stanislaus for an instant.

"Yes, we shall have to walk," said one of the others. "But where are we?"

"In the wood of Bilany," Stanislaus himself answered.

"Yes, but where?" asked Kolinski, peering into the gloom. The rain trickled from the leaves, and then came another sound.

"The Russians!" whispered one. "The Russians!"

"A patrol?" questioned another. "Quick! Save yourselves." Panic seized them, as it had the others. They disappeared among the trees into the darkness.

Then the king laughed a jarring, mocking laugh.

"Kolinski, my captors have fled. We are alone, you and I. Come, let me go. We are man to man."

"Man to man, Pole against Russian. I have sworn, Stanislaus, to take you. I'll not give you up."

"But can I not call out to the Russians?"

"Bah! Cry out! Do you suppose they would believe you were the king? Do you suppose they could hear? I do not believe they were Russians, but only the panic fears of my friends."

"And you have no fear, Kolinski?"

"Fear? Yes, I have enough of it, but I am little less likely to die—and I have no wish to die—if I carry this out."

And here the king interrupted by shouting at the top of his voice.

"How useless!" said Kolinski, trying to put his hand over the other's mouth. "Do you not see that you are as likely to be heard by my friends who will hasten to help me as by a Russian patrol?"

The king, who was much exhausted, as one may believe, had thrust Kolinski's hand aside. Now he said:

"Aye, true."

"But where are we?" asked Kolinski.

"I know not save in the wood of Bilany."

"We must walk and find out. We cannot go over these ruts with the horse."

"We must walk," said the king. "It avails neither of us to stand as we do in the rain."

And, leaving the horse, they walked on through the dripping wood, not knowing the direction, although Kolinski was careful to take that which he thought led away from Warsaw. And as this odd pair stumbled on, the king sore and sad and weak, so that Kolinski, he knew, would have no difficulty in controlling him alone, the king said:

"Villain, you shot my servant Felix!"

"I would to heaven it had been your majesty."

"And in what have I wronged you, Kolinski?"

"As you have every Pole, by ruling Poland for her enemy's sake."

"Yes, granted, man. That may be the fact, but how do you know that I may not think it for the better?"

"And why?"

"Because you Poles cannot rule yourselves, nor would you let me."

"No, we have stolen your majesty that you may not rule."

"And how did you get into Warsaw without arrest?" said the king, when the other answered:

"Your majesty need not suspect your police in this matter. We entered disguised as peasants, and some of us hid in hay carts."

Now, in this strange conversation, without any further appeal by the king to his companion's pity, Kolinski yet in some way was influenced. They both were equally lost in the wood of Bilany, captive and captor, and now that Kolinski reflected about the matter he saw that it was equally necessary for both to find some way out, yet he must not let the king escape him. His freedom—nay, his life—probably depended on his keeping the king.

After stumbling along, the rain now having stopped, the pair noticed a light through the trees.

"The convent of Bilany!" said the king.

With a cry of dismay Kolinski recognized the building, which declared that for all their walking they had proceeded in a circle, the building not being a league from Warsaw.

"Shall we ask aid of the nuns?" the king asked.

For answer the other clutched his arm.

"Not on your life, fool!" he cried.

As he spoke the great gate was suddenly thrown back, casting a bar of light over a road that was revealed and the dripping oaks beyond. Out of the gate came slowly an old monk stumbling along. Kolinski clutched the king's arm the tighter, knowing that he was lost should the monk discover them. But he did not. The door closed; the monk passed down the road. The place was still, when suddenly the notes of the organ in the convent chapel broke in on the silence. The king crossed himself, muttering a prayer.

"For my heyduc, Felix, whom you killed, man."

"Come," said Kolinski roughly. "We cannot wait here."

The king followed, and again Kolinski wondered why the king had not tried to communicate with the monk.

"Why did you not speak? Why do you come with me?" he asked curiously after a moment. "Why, man, do you not struggle with me?"

"Because, Kolinski, I would win you."

The count paused at that. Again they were in the forest. Again he was not certain of their path, but it was not of this uncertainty he was thinking now, but of the king.

"Why did you not cry out to the monk?"

"You would have been caught."

"Of course, but so much the better for you."

"No," answered the king, "so much the worse, Kolinski."

"And why? I have asked."

"Count, has not tonight proved how much the king of Poland needs friends—strong, daring men?"

"And you are trying to gain me?"

"I am trying to gain you."

Count Kolinski was ever most suspicious. Now he saw the king's cunning, he thought, in endeavoring to gain him.

And suddenly he asked himself why would it not be better for him to side with the king. The issue of the adventure was uncertain. He was alone with the captive, who, of course, was disabled with the wound in his foot and the rough usage. He, Kolinski, easily could let the king escape. It would be easy to persuade his fellow conspirators that he had been forced to abandon the captive, as all the others indeed had. By aiding the king he might purchase for himself immunity. The thought was tempting, possibly more so because of a certain dignity with which Stanislaus had borne himself since the first of the adventure. Kolinski felt himself, you may see, grasping a horn of the dilemma he had not before taken. And as he thought of his position he remembered the strong oath he had taken to carry out his object.

"Come," he began.

"But"— Stanislaus began.

"I have sworn, sire," began Kolinski almost humbly, for he understood well the significance behind the "but."

Stanislaus threw himself on the ground wearily.

"Ah," said the other, with sudden pity, "I had forgot your wound."

"Yes, Count Kolinski, you have forgot much."

"And what, sire?"

"That he who takes an oath against his king takes no binding one."

"Sire, it is Poland's interest I have sworn to protect, and yet"—

"And yet, Kolinski?"

"This night I have grown to think differently of you. I have come to respect you as a man."

"A king is but more—or less—than a man?"

"The king of Poland I held less up to this night."

"And have you changed?"

"If I should free you, I should be taken—executed."

"Count," said the king at this, for Stanislaus had a shrewd wit in times of need, "if I be more than a man, a king, my oath should be good, and I swear to you that you shall meet no harm. Should my guards come on us now I would direct them to the road contrary to that you take."

"If I could believe you."

"And why should you not?"

"You have suffered so much from me."

"You can believe me if you will reflect."

"And why?" asked Kolinski, again wondering.

"Because I want your brain, your daring. Should I persuade you, I should have you as my servant."

"True," Kolinski reflected. Some creatures stirred in the forest. A little wind waved the trees and swept their faces. The phases of the matter presented themselves. Which was the better—the safer? To serve the king? Certain he would be a fool not to, should the king succeed or fail. The scene in the street of the Capuchins occurred to him again, the king with the dead servant in his arms, lit by the fitful glare of the lantern of the coach. The wandering in the forest had changed his idea of Stanislaus.

"You are the king, sire. Forgive me—if you may."

Ah, could he after that night's adventure? For the moment he hesitated again. Suddenly Stanislaus extended his hand to him.

"Thank you, Count Kolinski."

"But I have not said."

"I know your thoughts. It is your interest to serve me, they tell you, count."

"I have thought that, sire."

And then with the quickness daring men arrive at decisions he cried:

"I will serve you. They—my comrades—have run, leaving it all for me to do. My interest is with you, sire."

"If I had not thought you would arrive at this conclusion, I should have cried out to the monk," Stanislaus answered. "For do you not see how truly your interest is with me? It is doubtful, would I resist, if you could get me to your friends. On the other hand, we both are lost in the forest. We need each other."

"I have considered that, sire."

At this they were groping their way again, the king saying that they must be near the mill of Mairement. They had come on a path which he was certain was one he remembered when hunting in that part of the wood.

By this time, the clouds lifting somewhat, they were able to see that the conjecture might prove true, and presently they heard the brook tumbling over its stony bed below the raceway of the mill.

At the door of the low, darkened building Kolinski knocked, once, twice, thrice and again. When there was no response, he grew impatient.

"Where do you suppose the miller of Mariement may be?" he asked.

"Inside, thinking we may be robbers," said the king.

At this Kolinski picked up a stone and sent it crashing through the window, while he shouted:

"Open to the king!"

Then there came a light and an old man's querulous, fretful tone.

"What want you?"

"The king is here at your door, rascal! Open!"

The miller was not persuaded even then, but at last between his fear and curiosity he opened his door. And even then he had dificulty in recognizing Stanislaus in the miserable figure the king made after his sorry experience.

"Pardon, sire!" he cried, falling on his knees. "Pardon!"

"Up man! I do not wonder. The Count Kolinski and I were set on by assassins in the forest."

"Assassins!" cried the miller of Mariement.

"Yes, assassins," Stanislaus answered, while he pushed into the bare little room where the miller's wife and son stood staring their astonishment.

Kolinski now began to tremble for himself. Would Stanislaus keep his word with him now? The king's manner had changed. He was writing to General Coccei of the guards in Warsaw:

"By a kind of miracle I am saved from the assassins. I am here at a little mill of Mariement. I am wounded, but not badly."

He called to the miller, who was now eager enough to gain the royal favor, to carry the letter to Warsaw.

While they waited Kolinski again hesitated; but, being a brave man, he saw that regrets availed nothing. Possibly Stanislaus was equally suspicious of him. At any rate, they both showed their relief in their faces when General Coccei, who had believed the king to be dead, arrived at the mill door in his carriage.

But then again Kolinski trembled.

"He is one of the conspiracy, sire. I have proof positive," the general of the guards declared.

"Proof positive!" Stanislaus answered, smiling. "I have proof positive that Count Kolinski has saved my life."

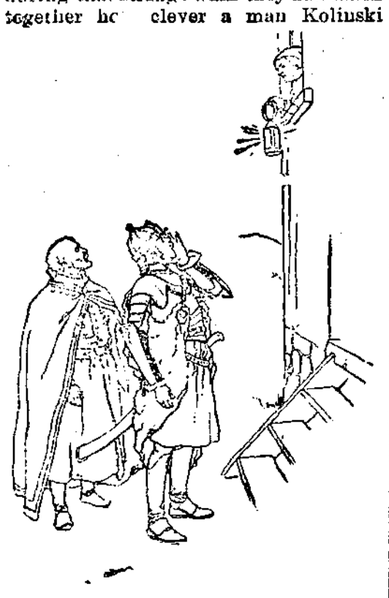
Kolinski had listened to every word.

"Sire," said he at last, "am I indeed pardoned?"

"Hush!" said Stanislaus. "We are friends. Our fortune lies together. Your friends will accuse you of siding with me. Ah, you have!"

"You have the proof, your excellency," Kolinski said, turning to the commander of the guards. He had courage. The adventure of the wood had changed his politics—nay, his opinions. Stanislaus appeared to him as he was, a likable gentleman, misplaced as king of Poland.

In the event Stanislaus kept his word given in his desperation. He had seen during that strange walk they had taken together how clever a man Kolinski



"The king is here at your door, rascal!"

was. He alone received pardon. He alone of all the conspirators escaped the flat of the Polish law.

Two of the conspirators, Strawenski and Lowenski, accused him very bitterly of their betrayal. They execrated him as they ascended the scaffold.

But Count Kolinski answered the charge boldly. He said the other conspirators abandoned him. He could not keep the king without aid. When he had discovered that Stanislaus was inclined to be clement he had accepted his clemency, and the king had kept to his word. However erroneous Stanislaus' political opinions and practices might be, he at least had not lied in this and was ever, as far as he was able to be, the good friend of those who supported him. At least Count Kolinski declared that the "man" was greater than the "opinion."

If these declarations were influenced by fear, I am sure that Count Kolinski had good, prudent reasons for his conduct. At least I have a very vivid picture of the strange scene between king and conspirator, of the rainy night in the wood. I fear I have not made the scene so clear as the account Casimir Pulaski gave of the adventure that began with the abduction in the street of the Capuchins.

On the last night of Casimir Pulaski's life, as I have said, he told me this. The morrow was to bring the fatal assault before Savannah. Possibly the whole scene is more vivid to me on account of that memory, for Count Pulaski, although we were very jealous of foreigners, was a most excellent captain, as his achievement in the southern department showed.

That he served with us at all was entirely due to the adventure of which I have given a poor enough description, and in which, although it led to his banishment, he himself had no part. Although I have heard many stories to the contrary, I have no reason to doubt the strict truth of this statement, for in my own experience I ever found Casimir Pulaski a man of his word.

THE END.

Reminiscences of Dickens.

George Dolby, manager of Charles Dickens on one of his reading tours in this country, is still living, and the London correspondent of the Chicago Record reports at length some of Dolby's reminiscences. Among other things the quondam manager says: "He was the kindest hearted man I ever have known. Many and many a time while on tour we came across old associates of his who were down on their luck. Dickens would say to me after the reading, 'Joey, let me have £20 in crisp, new bank notes, and I want to be alone tomorrow from 12 to 2.' I knew what this meant. He had invited his old friends to call upon him at this hour, and such friends didn't go away poorer. * * *

"Dickens was fond of reading his own books. Once at Liverpool, where we had an off night, I was obliged to leave him to himself for an evening. He asked me to call at a bookseller's and send him something to read. I asked him what he would like, and he replied, 'Anything of Sir Walter Scott's or my own.' I purchased 'Old Curiosity Shop' and took it to him myself, whereat he was delighted, saying he had not read the book for years. I was curious to see the effect of his own work on him, and upon my return was amused to find him laughing immoderately at certain incidents in the book. He explained, however, that he was not laughing at his own creations as much as at the recollections of the circumstances under which certain passages and incidents had been written."

A Slender Thread of Mercury.

While almost any one knows about the principles on which an ordinary thermometer operates, there are a number of things about this apparently simple little instrument which are not generally known, and which are of a good deal of interest. One of the most peculiar of these is the question of the length of tube which the mercury in the bulb of an ordinary thermometer would fill if it were all stretched out in a single column the size of that in the tube.

Most people, when asked how long this would be, would probably say from 5 to 15 feet, while as a matter of fact this column of mercury would in an extremely delicate instrument be miles in height. The reason of this is that the column of mercury, while it appears quite large, is really of almost infinitesimal size. If the tube of a thermometer is broken one is at first at a loss to see where the mercury goes in, but a close examination will disclose a fine line, much thinner than a hair, running across the end of the tube, and this is one end of a little slit in which the mercury rises. As it has its flat side toward the eye it appears to be quite large, and the convexity of the outside of the tube, through which it is seen, magnifies it and gives it that rounded appearance which is so deceptive. The reason why the slit is made so small is to give the greatest ratio of result for the expansion of the mercury in the bulb.—Boston Transcript.

A Poor Wrapper.

"Yes, poor Mrs. Barcley is all wrapped up in that son of hers."

"And he isn't much of a wrapper, eh?"—Detroit News.

Color Run Mad.

Are we not losing any innate perception of grace of line and harmony of coloring that we may once have possessed through our weak minded submission to chameleon coated Dame Fashion, who plays pranks that at times are positively sardonic? I saw a woman the other day in a bonnet that boasted three shades of pink, two of magenta, four of green, three of yellow and a fine blob of scarlet like a "little round button at top." And at first I thought she looked nice! It took time to realize that each tint clashed with the other tint, so decadent had become my taste in millinery.—Woman.

ENNUI.

A wide, bare field 'neath blinding skies,
Where no tree grows, no shadow lies,
Where no wind stirs, where no bee flies.

A roadway, even, blank and white,
That swerves not left, that swerves not right,
That stretches, changeless, out of sight.

Footprints midway adown its dust.
Two lagging, leaden feet that just
Trail on and on because they must.
—Grace Denio Litchfield in Century.

STYLES IN PARLOR STOVES.

The Evolution of the Self Feeder—"High Art and Low Feed."

The modern American self feeding parlor stove, which also was originally made cylindrical in form, is now almost without exception made square. The self feeder commended itself at once upon its introduction and it soon came into wide use. Its utility was everywhere recognized. It was not then, however, so perfect in detail as it has since been made. The magazine was at first made larger than was really necessary, even for the purpose of such a stove. In a large size self feeder, standing pretty high generally, the opening into the magazine at the top, through which the coal was poured, was so high that it became quite a task to lift a scuttle of coal up to it. This was not so much noticed at the very outset, when people were more impressed by other features, but it speedily became a consideration of importance. It was said at the time that in feeding some of the stoves a stepladder was needed. It certainly did require a considerable degree of exertion.

The ornamentation of the stove at that time consisted of moldings and bands, and perhaps of wreaths in low relief, cast upon the upper part of the cylinder, looped around the top, and the stove was often surmounted with an ornamental urn. All this made a handsome stove, as stoves went, but it was felt that something better might be produced in the way of style and finish and that it was practically essential that something should be done to lower the feed. These two requisites to the highest development and greater success of the self feeding parlor stove were formulated in the phase "high art and low feed" once familiar in the trade. The demands were promptly met.

To bring the feed lower, the whole stove was lowered wherever it could be done, a trifle being taken here and there, the grate was lowered a little, and the magazine was reduced in size where that could be done and still leave it of ample size to meet essential requirments. The effect of these changes was to bring the feed down to where it is today, within convenient reach, and the general lowering of the structure of the stove was in keeping also with the new outward shape that was adopted, square instead of round, the fire pot, however, remaining round.

At first in the ornamentation of stoves of the new design tiles were used freely and some of the parts of the stoves or their trimmings were nickel plated. Tiles are still used to a considerable extent. Nickel plating is more freely used than at first, and bronze is now used also. While the stoves are in outline and effect square it does not follow that they are flat sided. Some are recessed, some have swell sides. They are made in various modifications of shape and in a great variety of styles of finish as to ornamentation in tiles and nickel plating, and in a great variety of ornamental patterns reproduced in the castings themselves. Many of these stoves are tasteful as well as elaborate. "High art and low feed" are combined in them.—New York Sun.

A Lake of Ink.

In the midst of the 3,500 Cocopah volcanoes of Arizona stands the lake of ink, into which run scores of streams of clear, hot, mineral charged water. It is only a quarter of a mile long by half as much wide, but no bottom has ever yet been found to its gloomy depths. The black water rises to within three or four inches of its level shores, and the temperature at the edge is 110 degrees F., rising at a depth of 250 feet to 216 degrees—4 degrees above boiling point. To the touch the water feels smooth and oily, and when it is in repose ashes and oily matter cover the surface half an inch thick. Although the water is jet black, it does not discolor the skin of a bather. The coloring matter seems to be held in suspension and will adhere to a white cloth dipped in the lake. To the taste the water is warm, salt and bitter.

To the bather the sensation is most delightful, exhilarating to such a degree that a bath of 15 minutes makes one feel as if under the influence of the very best brandy.

Millions of bubbles, formed by escaping gases, keep the surface at all times agitated, till it rolls, boils and foams as if ready to roll over its banks and escape. Whenever the neighboring volcanoes rage with anger, the lake follows suit, and the sight of its maddened waters will not soon be forgotten.

The cures wrought on the Indians who bathe there and on the few white men who have so far visited the spot are almost incredible.—London Answers.

Market Rate.

Some of these big magazine editors are humorous at times. In response to this inquiry from an amateur, "What does poetry bring in New York?" one of them replied:

"We have no regular prices, but if you ship it in crates or carloads we believe that you can realize 1¼ cents a pound for it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dubious.

"I dropped around to see how our safe stood the fire," said an agent to the proprietor of an establishment which had been destroyed, as the two surveyed the ruins.

"Well," replied the owner, "I think your safe is a first class article to keep unpaid bills in."—Pittsburg Chronicle

ON A POSTER BLUE.

Said a Beardsley boy to a Bradley girl
Whom he met on a poster blue,
"I haven't an idea who I am,
And who the deuce are you?"
Said the Bradley girl to the Beardsley boy
"I'll tell you what I think.
I came into being one night last week
When a cat tipped over the ink."
—Robert B. Peattie in Clack Book.

SWEETHEARTS ONCE.

"What!" exclaimed the laundress, pausing in counting the linen. "You do not know what has become of Camille?"

The young man in his shirt sleeves, who was searching the disordered chamber for cigarettes, stopped short and replied:

"Certainly not. How should I know? It is so long since—and then," he added, with an air of bored indifference, "what does it matter to me?"

"Oh, but I know where she lives—and happily too!"

Then, changing her tone as she tied up her bundle, she said:

"However, if you do not care about hearing"—

Maurier took long whiffs of his cigarette. He had the day before, after reading his brilliant thesis, received his diploma and was now an M. D. In another week he would return to Trivas, his native city. The name and memory of Camille, the milliner, who had been his sweetheart for a year, at the end of which he had brusquely cast her off, were not altogether indifferent to him.

"Camille! Oh, yes, that was a long time ago!" he said as he looked at the laundress, a good, ugly soul from Versailles, whom he had employed since his early student days.

"Not so long, after all," said the laundress. She was looking at him now, her hands on her hips, her keen face expressing a sort of maternal interest. She was not to be so easily imposed upon. She resumed:

"You were rather cruel to the poor little woman, weren't you?"

Maurier shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly as he took from his closet a bottle of cognac and two glasses, saying, as he filled them:

"I broke with her when I found the matter taking too serious a turn; that is all. One must have amusement. But to compromise a career—zut! To your good health, Mother Legrain."

The laundress as she drank the brandy said:

"It does not prevent her being happy now."

As she did not continue, after a short silence Maurier, curious, asked:

"What is she doing, anyway?"

"She is married. What do you think of that? To a fat haberdasher—a handsome shop, really—Aux Trois Princesses, Place Clichy."

"So much the better."

"And three children—loves—round and rosy as apples. You would never recognize her," said Mother Legrain insidiously.

"Do you still see her?"

"Not longer ago than a week, M. Maurier. I was at my door, Rue Morgue, when she passed with her husband and children. They had come to Versailles to visit the chateau and the park. She stopped and talked with me a full minute. And dressed! Not as she used to be—oh, no! One could see that her husband was well to do."

And satisfied, when Maurier feigned to yawn, that he was inwardly piqued to interest, she slung the bundle of clothes over her shoulder with a "Good day, M. Maurier—until Monday—good day."

Maurier prepared to go out, indulging in the following monologue:

"Ah, me, poor Camille! Well, it is better so. She has found a chance to—has got married, in fact. Curious I should so entirely have lost sight of her! She was pretty, was Camille—a trifle thin, but a good girl and full of droll humor; a piquant face, always dusted with poudre de riz, and her silky hair like an aureole about her head. How the years fly! And she is married, and I am a doctor, ripe for patients and domestic life. Really, I am not curious, but it would be quite amusing to see her again—to see her in her new surroundings. And who knows? She loved me when I sent her from me and afterward wrote me heartbroken letters. She lives in Place Clichy, eh? Stop a minute—bah, she must have forgotten me! Still, does a woman forget when she has suffered? No. It would be queer if, after all!—What have I to risk? I leave Paris in a week. I'll go to see her. My heart tells me to try my luck."

With these edifying reflections Maurier went down and took the Odeon-Clichy omnibus, upon the top of which he sat humming until he reached his destination, Aux Trois Princesses. In the windows looked out upon the world an artistic arrangement of silks and linen, a forest of walking sticks and umbrellas and gorgeous cravats. Although not large, the shop indicated prosperity.

Maurier hesitated, suddenly embarrassed, not daring to enter for fear of encountering the husband or perhaps a clerk. At length, however, he entered.

Camille was behind the counter. He recognized her at once. Her fair face was dusted with rice powder, as it used to be. Her silky hair formed a nimbus about her head, as he remembered it. She raised her eyes and glanced at him expectantly, but with no sign of recognition.

"You wish something, monsieur?"

This greeting was unlooked for. He stammered:

"I would like some collars and neckties."

She came out from the counter, saying, "The clerk is at breakfast, but I will show them to you."

She did not look at him, opening the boxes as though she had never seen him, as though he were a passing customer, absolutely unknown. He felt actually timid. She played her part without affectation.

"These ties are the most worn. Extra is an English article of very good quality and extremely reasonable."

Maurier stood mute and undecided.

"If she remembers me," he thought, "she must think me a prodigious fool."

And believing that he saw hovering about the corners of her lips an indefinable smile—a smile which he well knew—he said to himself, "She is paying me back, that's certain." So he, too, began to smile, a foolish, fatuous grin, which was promptly extinguished as he realized that she was not looking at him, but seemed to be absently waiting until he should make his choice of a cravat. Finally he said desperately:

"I will take this, and this, and that."

"Is there nothing else? Monsieur wished to see collars."

He nodded. Why did he not speak? He was alone with her, the clerk at the midday meal, the husband absent, and he could not say the words which were strangling him:

"Camille, it is I. Don't you remember me?"

Yes, undoubtedly she did. Again there flitted across her lips that half smile so familiar to him. Certainly she knew him.

"What size?" she asked.

He made an awkward gesture of ignorance. She unrolled her tape measure and placed it in a businesslike manner around Maurier's neck. For a second, as she stood before him, their faces were so near together that he could have kissed her.

"Fifteen," she said, opening some collar boxes for him to choose from. He picked out four boxes; then, still unwilling to go, asked to see some umbrellas, after which he bought a muffler and some handkerchiefs. Camille had not once flushed, paled or otherwise betrayed herself. Nevertheless, that she recognized him he would have been willing to wager his right hand.

"Is there anything else?" she asked again.

"That is all."

While paying for the articles an idea suddenly occurred to him.

"Might not these purchases be sent to me?" he said.

"Certainly, monsieur What address?"

He looked at her scrutinizingly while she composedly wrote in a large book. Then he said very distinctly, "Robert Maurier, M. D., 15 Rue Cujas."

"Cujas," she repeated tranquilly.

For a second he had the foolish hope that she would herself bring the packages, but he was speedily undeceived.

"The boy will deliver the order tonight or tomorrow morning."

"I shall count upon receiving them promptly," said he, "for I am quitting Paris."

She replied, with mechanical politeness, "Oh, they shall be sent in time!"

"Good day, monsieur."—Parisian.

Dominos In a Lion's Cage.

A game of dominos in a lion's cage was the novelty recently offered to the bewildered gaze of the visitors to a menagerie. The players were the "tamer" and a worthy citizen who, on the strength of a bet, had entered the habitation of the king of beasts. Seated quietly at a table which had been brought in for the purpose, the pair got on very well for a time, the lion watching their movements apparently with intelligent attention. He seemed, however, to arrive at the conclusion that the game was a poor business, after all, for instead of allowing the two men to finish it in peace he suddenly made a dash at the table and sent it spinning with the dominos in wild confusion into the air, much to the horror of the onlookers, who feared that a shocking catastrophe was impending.

The amateur, however, was not slow in taking the hint. On the contrary, he lost not a moment in bolting out of the cage, and the relief was general when he succeeded in putting the bars between himself and the demolisher of the table. The lion appeared to be a very magnanimous creature, for during the next performance he allowed a friend of the fugitive domino player to pay him a visit and actually condescended to accept from him a piece of meat presented as a propitiatory offering. As, after doing justice to the morsel, he began to regard the intruder with wistful eyes, and by other signs and tokens to manifest an inclination to make a closer acquaintance with him, the tamer promptly intervened and another strategic movement to the rear was executed, fortunately with success.—Paris Letter in Chicago Chronicle.

The Youthful Kaiser and Mr. Frith.

Although Professor Knackfuss is usually credited with assisting the kaiser in the production of his surprising pictures, the German monarch owes his earliest introduction to the mysteries of art to an English painter. The first time the kaiser handled a brush was at Windsor, when Mr. Frith was painting the picture of the Prince of Wales' marriage for the queen. All the royal personages gave sittings to the artist, and the kaiser, then a little 4-year-old prince, spent several mornings in the room where the picture was being painted. To keep the child quiet, Mr. Frith gave him some paints and brushes and allowed him to dabble on one of the unfinished corners of the canvas.

As the natural result of this very injudicious proceeding the prince's face was in a very few minutes covered with streaks of green, blue and vermilion. The sight of his smeared face terrified his governess, who begged the artist to remove the colors, and Mr. Frith, armed with rags and turpentine, had nearly completed his task when the pungent spirit found its way into a scratch upon the child's cheek. The future kaiser screamed with pain, assaulted the eminent painter with his fists, and hid himself under a large table, where he yelled until he was tired. Mr. Frith declares in his "Reminiscences" that the little prince showed a most unforgiving spirit and revenged himself afterward by sitting so badly that the painter failed altogether to produce a satisfactory likeness.—London Chronicle.

A TEXAN ON THE JURY

HOW HE WON THE OTHER JURORS OVER TO HIS OPINION.

The Verdict In an Italian Homicide Case Which Astonished the Court and Lawyers In New York—Convincing "Kill or Be Killed" Logic.

"It was known as the murder of the feast of the turkey," said Assistant District Attorney Hal Bell, who handles all the Italian homicide cases in the criminal courts. "The murdered man was Nunzio Iallaz, and he was stabbed to death on the afternoon of Nov. 26, 1896. The man who killed him was Giuseppe Ladierre. I put Ladierre on trial in the criminal branch of the supreme court. The indictment charged him with murder in the first degree. His counsel, Lawyer Palmieri, offered to enter a plea of guilty to manslaughter in the first degree, but the plea was not accepted, as it seemed an easy matter to convict the defendant. There was no denial of the fact that Ladierre stabbed Iallaz to death with a knife 15 inches long.

"After the jurymen had been sworn I learned that one of them, a big, handsome fellow, was a Texan. When I found this out, I became satisfied that I would have a hard job getting a conviction, for when you get a full fledged, raw Texan on a jury in a murder trial he'll simply decide the case according to his own judgment, regardless of law. He has only to be convinced as to whether the murdered man ought to have been killed. The actual crime has nothing to do with the case. The Texan has his own ideas about such matters, and, knowing this, I was sorry to think I had a full fledged, raw Texan on the jury trying Ladierre.

"The story that the jury got from the witnesses was that Ladierre met Iallaz on One Hundred and Fifty-second street; that the men had a wordy quarrel; that Ladierre slapped the face of Iallaz; that Iallaz drew a big knife from his belt, and then ensued a scuffle, the knife falling to the sidewalk; that both men fought to get it, and that Ladierre, being the quicker of the two, got hold of the knife and plunged it into Iallaz, who died from the effects of the stabbing. These were the undisputed facts that were given to the jury, and we all believed that Ladierre would be convicted of at least manslaughter. But the jury promptly acquitted the man after Ladierre showed them on the witness stand the way in which he did the killing.

"Defendant's counsel, Lawyer Palmieri, was greatly surprised at the verdict. Justice Giegerich was unable to understand such action on the jury's part. But I believed I knew the secret of it all, and to satisfy myself I began a quiet investigation, which has resulted in my learning that I was right in my first belief. The handsome man from Texas just gave the other jurymen to understand that he was there. He was not to be bullied. He was not to be cutvoted either. If the jurymen wouldn't listen to the way they settled trifling cutting scrapes in Texas, he would see about it; see to it that they would. Plunging a knife into a man's heart—that was nothing. The question to be decided was, did the deceased deserve the plunge? According to the Texan, he did, or the live man wouldn't be alive. If Ladierre had not killed Iallaz, probably Iallaz might have killed Ladierre. This was a case, the Texan argued, where quickness won the battle, and quickness should be rewarded, not censured. Ladierre simply got in first stab, argued the man from Texas, and he ought to be complimented on his stabbing speed.

"There were two little men on that jury and they believed the verdict should be murder in the first degree. The Texan just roared at them, and they slunk away to a corner of the room. The other jurors backed away toward the wall. The big Texan then made a speech, telling the jurors how they ran things 'down in my state,' and the other 11 jurors stood open mouthed, gazing in wonderment. He recalled shooting bees, and stabbing parties, and hanging picnics, and gave graphic illustrations of how 'Sim Gardner cut th' damned gizzard out'n Budd Allen, when Budd jest said he'd make Sim eat th' dust.'

"Then he asked if there 'war enny man in th' room who'd be man enough to say this were a lie.' But there wasn't a man there who didn't believe it, and the Texan said, 'Come, boys, th' verdict's not guilty.' Then they all got in line, filed into the courtroom, and the clerk recorded the verdict. Eight of the jurors were pale faced when they came in. The faces of three were very red. The twelfth man was the Texan. His face appeared normal, and as he warmly grasped the hand of the man who did the deed he remarked:

"'Yer did right, pard. I'd er did it meself if I war thar.'

"Now," said Mr. Bell, "you wouldn't believe such a thing could happen in great New York, but it did, and Ladierre is back home in Morrisania now."—New York Sun.

Knights of St. Lazarus.

At a very early period in the history of the Christian church a special order of knighthood was instituted, having for its object the care and supervision of all those afflicted with leprosy of every nationality, and, as its headquarters had originally been located in the vicinity of Jerusalem, the order was generally designated Knights of St. Lazarus, or of St. Lazarus and St. Mary of Jerusalem.

A Stayer.

"Aren't you getting gray about the temples?" he yawned after sitting there till after midnight.

"I presume so," she smiled wearily, "though there was not a silver thread in my hair when you called."—Detroit Free Press.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Province of British Columbia. Nelson, West Kootenay, to-wit:

BY VIRTUE of a Warrant of Execution issued out of the County Court of Kootenay, at Nelson, in the suit of Anthony D. McGinty, Plaintiff, Archibald B. Docksteader, and to me directed against the goods and chattels of the Plaintiff, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and interest of said Plaintiff, Anthony D. McGinty, in the Tiptop, Maggie and Nellie D mineral claims, situated about 2½ miles east of Cody, in the south fork of Carpenter creek, in the Slocan Mining Division, and recorded in the Mining Recorder's office at New Denver, B. C. To recover the sum of $71.30, amount of said execution, besides sheriff's poundage, costs and all other legal incidental expenses, all of which I shall expose for sale, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said Judgment Debt and Costs, at the front of the Court House, Nelson, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1898, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated, New Denver, Dec. 23d, 1897.

WILLIAM P. ROBINSON,
Deputy Sheriff.

Note: Intending purchasers will satisfy themselves as to interest and title of said defendants.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Province of British Columbia, Nelson, West Kootenay, to-wit:

BY VIRTUE of a Warrant of Execution issued out of the County Court of Kootenay at Nelson, in the suit of Kate W. Terrill, Plaintiff, and William Kari, W Wilson and D. Karr, Defendants, and to me directed against the goods and chattels of the Plaintiff, I have seized and taken in execution all the rights, title and interest of said plaintiff, Kate W. Terrill, in the Apis mineral claim, situated near the city of Sandon, B. C., and recorded in the Mining Recorder's office at New Denver, B. C., to recover the sum of $82.00, amount of said execution, besides sheriff's poundage, costs, and all other legal incidental expenses, all of which I shall expose for sale, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said Judgment Debt and Costs, at the front of the Court House, Nelson, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1898, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated, New Denver, Dec. 23d, 1897.

WILLIAM P. ROBINSON,
Deputy Sheriff.

Note: Intending purchasers will satisfy themselves as to interest and title of said defendants.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

Reciprocity Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Twenty five miles west of Kootenay Lake and about 10 miles east of Slocan Lake, and about four miles south of Seaton Creek, a westerly extension of the Maid of Erin.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Charles A. Stoess of Kaslo, B. C., acting as agent for the Slocan Reciprocity Mining Co., foreign, free miner's certificate Fo. 84,829, 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 as under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 30th day of November, 1897.

Lillian No. 4 Mineral Claim.

Situated in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Payne Mountain slide.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Charles A. Stoess of Kaslo, B. C., acting as agent for the Slocan Reciprocity Mining Co., foreign, free miner's certificate No. 84,829, 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 30th day of November, 1897.

Ocean Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Near Maid of Erin on Payne Mountain adjoining said claim on West.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Charles A. Stoess of Kaslo, B. C., acting as agent for D. W. Moore, free miner's certificate No. 4500A and Jas. Waugh, free miner's certificate No. 77,622, intend sixty days from 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 30th day of November, 1897.

Silver Star Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Four Mile Creek at mouth of Granite Creek, adjoining the Mountain Boomer

TAKE NOTICE that I, R. E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., free miner's certificate No. 94420, intend 60 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 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Vancouver Fraction Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On south side of Four Mile Creek, adjoining the Vancouver No. 2 and the Zilor claims.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., free miner's certificate No. 94420, 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 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Napier Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On south side of Four Mile Creek, adjoining the Mountain Boomer on the west.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., F. M. C. No. 94420, 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 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Inverness Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division. West Kootenay District. Where located: On Red Mountain about two miles northwest from and about nine miles from the mouth of the North Fork of Carpenter Creek.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Robert E. Palmer, of Sandon, acting as agent for John Brown, of Sandon, free miner's certificate No. 79108 intend, sixty days from 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 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Ajax Fraction Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On West Fork of Noble Five slide, 1000 feet from summit of R. E. Lee Mountain, adjoining the Maiden and Duluth on the south by Ajax and Crown Point, east by Treasure Vault, west by Rushford and Lee Fraction.

TAKE NOTICE, That I, E. J. Matthews, acting as agent for Wm. Braden, free miner's certificate No. 76,135, 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 25th day of November, 1897.

Ricardo Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: South side of Four Mile Creek adjoining the Zilor on the West.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., F. M. C. No. 94420, 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 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P.L.S.

American Girl Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Adjoining the Queen Bess claim on the east about two miles south of Three Forks.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for Wm. Glynn, F. M. C. No. 85255, and James H. Moran, F. M. C. No. 83046, 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 11th day of November, 1897

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

First Extension Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Lying south of the Young Dominion claim on Howson Creek about two miles south of the Idaho Concentrator.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for Wm. Glynn, free miner's certificate No. 85255, 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 11th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P.L.S

Midnight Fractional Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Mt. Adams, adjoining the Adams and Britomarte two miles southwest of Sandon.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Adams British Columbia Co. Ltd, free miner's certificate No. 6335 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 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 11th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P.L.S.

Pelly Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Four Mile Creek, near mouth of Granite Creek, adjoining the Mountain Boomer.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., F. M. C. No. 94420 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 18th day of November, 1897;

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Concord Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Adjoining the Young Dominion on the north, about 1½ miles south of the Idaho concentrator.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer acting as agent for Jas. H. Moran, F. M. C. No. 83046, John A. Finch, F. M. C. No. 79534, Wm. Glynn, F. M. C. 85255, and Peter Larsen, F. M. C. No. 83717, 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 11th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P.L.S.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following parcel of land situated on the east side of Slocan Lake, Slocan Mining Division, West Kootenay District, commencing at the southwest post of A. M. Wilson's pre-emption, thence running north 40 chains, thence running west to the Nakusp & Slocan Railway right of way, thence running south along the line of the Nakusp & Slocan Railway right of way to the northwest corner of the townsite of Rosebery, thence east to the point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.

Dated, Nov. 28th, 1897.

A. M. BEATTIE.

NOTICE

Sixty (60) days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at S. Walker's northwest corner post, running north forty (40) chains, following the Columbia river, thence east eighty (80) chains, thence south forty (40) chains, thence west eighty (80) chains, and containing three hundred and twenty (320) acres of land, more or less.

ELLEN McDOUGALD.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1897.

Atlantic Steamship Lines.

From Montreal

California, Allan Line
Parisian, "
Carthaginian "
Labrador, Dominion Line
Vancouver, "

From New York

Umbria, Cunard Line
Etruria "
Campania, "
Majestic, White Star Line
Teutonic "
St. Paul, American Line
St. Louis, "
State of Nebraska, Allan State Line
Southwark, Red Star Line
Noordland, "

Cabin $45, $50, $60, $70 $80 and upwards.
Intermediate $30 and upwards.
Steerage $25.50 and upwards.

Passengers Ticketed through to all points in Great Britain or Ireland, and at Specially low rates to all parts of the European Continent.

Prepaid Passages arranged from all points.

Apply to A. C. McARTHUR, C.P.R. Agent Sandon, or

WILLIAM STITT,
General Agent,
C. P. R. Offices, Winnipeg

By sending 10 cents to The Ledge,

New Denver, B.C.

You can obtain a copy of Mr. Carlyle's

Carlyle's Report on the Slocan.

6 PASSENGER 6 TRAINS

EACH DAY. EACH DAY

- Between -

Trail and Rossland

On the

Columbian & Western R'y

Run Made in one Hour.

No. 6 Leaves Rossland at 7 a.m.; Connects in the morning with Steamer at Trail.

No. 3 Leaves Trail at 8:15 a.m.; Connects at Rossland with Red Mountain train for Spokane.

No. 2 Leaves Rossland at 11:00 a.m.

No. 1 Leaves Trail at 12:30 p.m.; Connects with C.P.R. main line Steames from the north at Trail.

No. 4 Leaves Rossland at 3:00 p.m.; Connects with C.P.R. main line Steamers for the north of Trail.

No. 5 Leaves Trail at 5:45 p.m.; Connects with Steamer Lytton at Trail.

F. P. GUTELIUS, Gen'l Supt.

Trail, B.C., June 4, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Quickest and Cheapest Route East or West.

Steamer leaves Nakusp every morning, making close connection at Revelstoke with trains or all points East or West.

Before you travel get information from C.P.R. Agents as to time and rates. It will save you money Apply to nearest Railway Agent or to

H. DOUGLAS, Agent.

H. M. MacGREGOR, Trav. Pass Agt, Nelson, or to E. J. Coyle, Dist. Pass. Agt, Vancouver, B. C.

Spokane Falls & Northern

Nelson & Ft. Sheppard

Red Mountain RAILWAYS

The only all rail route without change of cars between Nelson and Rossland and Spokane and Rossland.

Only Route to Trail Creek and Mineral District of the Colville Reservation, Nelson, Kaslo, Kootenay Lake and Slocan Points.

Daily, Except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.
9:20 a.m.	NELSON	5:35 p.m
12:00 "	ROSSLAND	2:50 "
8:00 a.m.	SPOKANE	6:40 p.m

Close connection with Steamers for Kaslo and all Kootenay lake points.

Passengers for Kettle River and Boundary Creek connect at Marcus with stage daily.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION & TRADING CO., LTD.

Strs International and Alberta

On Kootenay Lake and River.

Time Card in Effect Oct. 1st, 1897. Daily Except Sunday. Subject to Change without notice

Close connection at Five Mile Point with all passenger trains of the N. & F.S.R.R. to and from Northport, Rossland and Spokane.

Through tickets sold at Lowest Rates and Baggage checked to all United States Points.

Lv. Kaslo for Nelson and way points, 5:45 a.m
Ar. Northport 12:15 p.m.; Rossland 3:40 p m.; Spokane, 6 p.m.
Lv. Nelson for Kaslo and way points, 4.45 p.m.
Lv. Spokane 8 a.m.; Rossland, 10:20 a.m.; Northport, 1:50 a.m.

BONNER'S FERRY AND KOOTENAY RIVER SERVICE.

The Alberta awaits the arrival of the International before leaving for Bonner's Ferry.

Lv. Kaslo, Sat., 4.00 p.m; Ar. Boundary, Sun. midnight; Ar. Bonner's Ferry, Sun., 10.30 a.m.
Lv Bonner's Ferry, Sun., 1 p.m.; Ar. Boundary, Sun., 5 p.m.; Ar. Kaslo, Sun., 10 p.m.

Close connection at Bonner's Ferry with trains East bound, leaving Spokane 7.40 a.m., and West bound, arriving Spokane 7 p.m.

The last trip this season on the Bonner's Ferry route will be on the 6th and 7th November after which date the Bonner's Ferry service will be discontinued.

GEORGE ALEXANDER, Gen'l Mgr

Head Office at Kaslo, B.C.

Kaslo, B.C., Oct. 1, 1897

KASLO & SLOCAN RY

TIME CARD

Subject to change without notice
Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

Leave	8 00	A.M.	Kaslo	Arrive, 3 50	P.M
"	8 36	"	South Fork	" 3 15	"
"	9 36	"	Sproule's	" 2 15	"
"	9 51	"	Whitewater	" 2 03	"
"	10 03	"	Bear Lake	" 1 55	"
"	10 18	"	Meadows	" 1 32	"
"	10 38	"	Cody Junction	" 1 12	"
Arr.	10 50	"	Sandon	Leave 1 00	"

CODY LINE.

Leave 11.00 a.m.	Sandon	Arrive 11.55 a.m.
" 11.25 "	Cody	" 11.20 "

ROBT. IRVING,
Traffic Mngr.

GEO F. COPELAND,
Superintendent

For cheap rates and steamship tickets to and from all points, apply to

S. CAMPBELL, Agent, Sandon.

MINING RECORDS.

The following is a complete list of the mining transactions recorded during the week in the several mining divisions of the Slocan. Those of New Denver were as follows:—

LOCATIONS.

DEC 28—Bob Fractional, Carpenter, London Hill Mining Co.

DEC 29—Maude Fractional, Cody creek. James Croft.

ASSESSMENTS.

DEC 30—Early Bird.

JAN 3—Burlington No 3.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

DEC 30—Eagle No 2.

TRANSFERS.

DEC 28—Power of Attorney, W L Price to J M M Bennedum, Aug 26.

J M M Benedum to Wm McKinnon, all interest of W L Price in all mineral claims situated in the West Kootenay district, Dec 9, $1,000.

DEC 29—Apis ½, Kate Terrill to Susan S Gibson, Aug 4.

Fountain 1/6, Ira W Black to Mrs. Jennie Knapp, Aug 26.

JAN 3—California ¾, Clipper ¼, O J Marino to Patrick Burns and W J Wilson, agreement to sell, Dec 24 $15,000.

JAN 4—Lake View Fraction ¾, Jas. M M Benedum to J Wm Kyte, Jan 5.

SLOCAN CITY DIVISION.

TRANSFERS.

DEC 23—Golden Wedge and Highland ½, Henry Smith to Wm Brasch.

DEC 24—Two Friends ½, W E Bole to Edward Murphy.

DEC 28—Florence 1/6 and Ontario ½, D McKinnon to C N McMillion

DEC 29—Cedar ½, Ed Brown to D Mowat.

NEWS IN PLACE

Grant Thorbourn went to Nelson on Monday.

Jack Lynn is again behind the counter at Bourne Bros.

School opened Monday with Mr. Strickling in charge.

Rosebery contains 21 children in a total population of 85.

A dancing school is the latest innovation to New Denver society.

Pete Angrignon has finished his ice house. Now where's the ice?

A concentrator and saw mill will be erected on Lemon creek this spring.

One hundred and eighty tons of ore were shipped from Silverton last week.

Frank LoCasto is temporily disabled, the result of a nasty fall on Sunday night.

Frank Pyman will commence work next week on his building on Sixth street.

The Scotch of Silverton are organizing. Watch the war cloud burst in the Slocan.

Slocan City is to have a regularly organized band in two months time—if all goes well.

Dan Dunn, probably one of the most familiar landmarks of this section, is very ill with kidney trouble.

It is said that the sampler at Rosebery will be ready to treat 100 tons of ore a day by the first of April.

Mr. Crowley's lecture with lime light views of the Klondike will be held in the Methodist church, Jan. 15.

Another whistle on the lake. This time one could shut his eyes and imagine a toy boat steaming into port.

John Vallance returned on Monday from Idaho where he has been engaged in placer mining for the past summer.

The big 200 ton blast furnace and the four roasters and reverberatory furnaces of the Hall Mines smelter will blow in this week.

The body of Napoleon Bonlanger, better known as "Charles Kelly," was found floating in the water near Nelson wharf, Kootenay lake, last week.

About 40 people went from New Denver to participate in the Foresters dance held in Silverton New Year's Eve. They all report a good time.

There is a change of management at the Queen Bess. R. C. Campbell-Johnston and Foreman Whittecomb have resigned. Mr. Rathbourn has charge of affairs for the present.

Percy Wilkinson got first prize for dancing at the masquarade ball in Sandon on New Year's Eve. The handsome Charley Greenlee was a prize winner with his Highland costume.

The gift tree held at the Presbyterian church New Year's night was greatly enjoyed by the children, and the program which preceeded the gift services was very entertaining to all present.

New Denver Lodge No. 22 Knights of Pythias is one of the most successful organizations of its kind in the province. There is now a membership of in the neighborhood of 75, and applications are being received at every meeting.

Divine services will be held in the Methodist church as follows: Morning at 11; subject, "Following Afar Off." Evening at 7:15; subject, "Remember Thy Creator." Preacher, R. N. Powell. All are earnestly invited, and will be welcome.

Divine service in the Presbyterian church next Sunday at 7:15 p.m. Everybody welcome. Also a meeting at 3 p.m. for the purpose of organizing a Bible class for all young people who may wish to attend. Services conducted by W. J. Booth.

Weston Coyney, formerly on the staff of the LEDGE and New York Herald is now editing a paper in Juneau. In the spring he will likely be connected with the Midnight Sun, a journal to be started in Dawson City by the proprietor of the Alaska Mining Review.

Much complaint is made that the mail from Nelson way is yet sent around by Kaslo instead of via Slocan City. The change would bring the mail from the States in to any Slocan point one day ahead of the present service, and there would be no delays caused by slides, etc.

N. K. Franklin, better known as Ben, is spending a few weeks in Montana. He writes from Spokane that the people of that city are stuck on New Denver's leading paper. Ben sent in his subscription in hard cash which goes to show that his memory is fresh and green.

Kit Carson has gone north to look up business for the C. P. R. Kit will drive a dog team through the country adjacent to Teslin lake and extol to the natives the many virtues of Canada's greatest railway. Captain Hugh Cochrane, formerly of New Denver, will leave Barkerville in the spring for the Klondike.

Here's a bright natural. When the band boys turned out on parade on New Year's day Henry Stege took advantage of the occasion to inform them that to show his admiration of the organization he would furnish them with all the music they wanted. What's the matter with Henry? He's all right! Who? Henry!

THE WAY OF THE WORLDLING.

"I want to buy a little something for a young lady," said the young man with the waxed mustache and bay-rum odor to the aged jeweler.

"Yes, sir," responded the jeweler blithely, as he laid his hand hesitatingly upon a tray of paste diamonds and imitation pearls. "Is she a sister, or a—something in that line, eh?"

"Oh, no," cried our hero of the perfumed countenance, "she is not a relative—only a friend—an acquaintance—in fact—er—it is for Miss Dolly Sakalegge, the skirt-dancer."

"Oh, I see," said the jeweler, going quickly to the safe and producing a tray of genuine brilliants; then you want something like this," and he held up a little $50 brooch that flashed and glittered in the sunlight like a caliph's diadem.

The young man made a quick calculation of what he owed for board, room and laundry, rum, tobacco, shaves, daily papers, shines, having his trousers pressed, borrowed money, flowers, confectionery, installment dress-suit, winter under clothes, and gold crown work on six front teeth, and finding that he could easily buy the $50 broach and still have enough left to temporarily stave off these fiends of the creditor class, he purchased the gem.

"And now," he said, thoughtfully, as he deposited Miss Shakalegg's trifle in his vest pocket and turned in a half-uncertain manner toward the door, "I suppose I ought to buy a little something for my dear old mother."

"Of course, of course; you must not forget the old folks!" cried the jeweler warmly, as he placed the tray of "genuines" back in the safe and turned lightly to the next customer; "you will find a ten-cent store right across the way."

Christmas on the Ranch.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear on Stockman Roundup's ranch, on the Bitterwater. There were signs of life all about the ranch as the glowing orb of day surged above the horizon, and all the men were up save a few sleepy sluggards who were still in their tarpaulins, dreaming of catching mavericks without number and branding them with their own private marks, with bridle rings heated red hot in buffalo-chip fires.

At last the door of the well-built house opened and Bossie Roundup, the only daughter of the house, stepped out into the crisp morning air. As she turned towards the corrals and the quarters of the cowboys, she noticed Dick Roper, the handsomest rascal who ever cut out a two-year-old, throw away a cigarette and reel in her direction with that awkward yet graceful gait which indicates a long use of high-heeled boots and a life in the saddle. He approached her in a modest and respectful way, and lifting his broad sombrero, said:

"Good morning, Miss Bossy, and Merry Christmas! And what did you find in your stocking this morning? It must be something nice for I heard the jingle of Santa Claus' bells last night."

The young girl, with her color heightened by the frosty air, and her eyes snapping with mischief, looked archly at him a moment, and then replied:

"Wal, Dick, yer right, I did get something nice. I got the two prettiest calves that ever came on the range. But they're mavericks, for there ain't a mark on ary one of 'em, and so I'm going to keep 'em out of the sight of the boys, you bet."

Petroleum in Newfoundland.

According to Canadian authorities the petroleum producing district of Newfoundland appears to extend over an area of about 250 square miles, and in geological formation consists of limestone and conglomerates thereof, shales and sandstones. An analysis of the crude oil gathered from the surface depressions, gave the following results: Illuminating oil, 14.5 per cent.; lubricating, 82.5; solid residue, 3.0; sulphur, 0.099. The oil obtained from a depth of 1000 feet was much lighter, and yielded a higher percentage of illuminating oil. The crude oil was dark olive green in color of aromatic odor, and had a specific gravity of .844 at 60° F. On distillation it yielded: Naptha, 7 per cent.; illuminating oil, 56; lubricating oil, 34; coke, 3. The products of distillation have a pleasant odor, and are very easy to refine. The illuminating oil is water white, of high flashing point, and burns with a brilliant flame. The crude oil is very free from grit and other foreign substance, and consequently the heavy oil, after suitable treatment, makes a very good lubricant. The quality of the oil compares very favorably with the best American oils. All the wells hitherto sunk belong, with one exception, to the Newfoundland Oil Company, with whom an English company is stated to be negotiating for the acquisition of the property. These wells are close to the sea, and only 6 to 10 miles of pipe will be required to convey the oil to the water.

How They Bet 'em in Dawson.

The game had been kind of insipid that night and had died young. The boys were just sitting around the Slocan telling stories between drinks—some of tha stories were long—when Rus spoke up.

"Oh! Say, did I tell you fellows I got a letter from my old partner Pete to-night. Yes, he's in Klondike now. Call him Poker Pete these days. Says they bet 'em high in Dawson."

"So!" says one o' the rubbernecks as he changed feet.

"Yes. Some awful big games running there now. They haven't got any chips you know. The boat got wrecked. They just bet by the shovel. Yes, on the dead. When a man comes down from the mines he just unloads the pack-train and hires a couple of men with shovels to ante for him."

"Where does the house get off at?" asked another fixture.

"Oh! they have a chunk of sewer grate in the middle of the table. All that's small enough to go through goes to the house providing it don't fall into some man's boot-tops. Pete has six barrels in the cellar now. Says he is going to buy the Astor House next year and entertain his friends."

A Disastrous Phrase.

What great consequences sometimes result from the quick wit of a man who sees the full bearings of an event is illustrated by an incident in the life of the late Colonel John Tracey. In 1884 he was a reporter on the New York Star and did work for the Democratic national committee. He was at the Fifth Avenue hotel when the delegation of clergymen called upon Mr. Blaine. He was listening carelessly to the addresses which were being made, when his ear caught the phrase, "party of rum, Romanism and rebellion," which the Rev. Dr. Burchard uttered. He knew that it was the intention of the reporters to give small space to the speeches and thought the chances were good that the now famous expression would not be quoted. Seeing the use to which he could put it for the Democratic party, he rushed to a telegraph office and sent a short dispatch to several papers and to the party headquarters. There was time enough before election for the remark to do its work and not enough for any sufficient antidote to be applied. It is admitted that the expression had a marked and perhaps decisive effect upon the election. Tracey's alert mind had affected the future of the country in a thousand ways.—Buffalo Express.

Curious Errors In Titles.

A publisher handed me, not long since, a postal card which he had received from California It read thus: "Have you any Treties on The Edable Frog?" Another treasured card in his possession, coming from South Dakota, asks for a price list of his books, "especially the one that treats of Pharo." The last word was at first spelled "Faro" and then "corrected." At the same time that the publisher showed me this card he told me that he had recently received an order for a copy of "The Fair Rose of the Bondage." As you have guessed, the book referred to by the first two writers quoted above was Dr. Charles S. Robinson's "Pharaohs of the Bondage."—Critic.

The Mistake She Made.

At a party the hostess said to a guest: "I want you to entertain Mr. Blank a little. He looks bored to death. I will introduce him, and you must try to amuse him. You know his strong point is butter, on which he has written a book."

The lady guest graciously undertook the task of entertaining the man, inwardly wondering that he should be so interested in butter, of which she knew very little, when his face indicated a mind given to much profound thinking.

However, with butter in view, she began on the weather, gradually got to the country, then on to a farm, from that to cows and at last to butter. The man looked more bored than ever, the magic word "butter" producing not the slightest effect, and he left her somewhat abruptly and soon withdrew from the house.

"I did my best," she explained to the hostess. "I went through agonies to prove that I was deeply interested in butter, but it was all in vain."

"Butter!" exclaimed the hostess. "What possessed you to talk to that man of all men on butter? I told you he had just written a book on Buddha, and I knew how deeply you two were interested in the same subject."

And they said in chorus, "Gracious!" —Pearson's Weekly.

Gold and Grease.

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

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

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

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

Jabber's son, they say, could talk when only two weeks old.

That's nothing. The Bible says Job cursed the day he was born.

Pictures framed. A large invoice of frames and mouldings just received at Crowley's Furniture Store.

W. K. Richmond has bought a half interest in the Central hotel.

Furnish elegantly and cheap, Parlor sets in rugs and plush. New designs in fancy chairs, couches, etc. At lowest prices at Crowley's New Denver. Endless variety of Pillows, Beds and Mattresses.

She—Do you think it would be unmaidenly for a girl to propose to a man?

He—Certainly not, if she is rich enough for two.

Picture Framing ??

Bear in mind when you are thinking of having anything done in this line that

We do it and do it **well**

We can repair any article of furniture you have that's in need of it.

WALKER BROS. & BAKER,
New Furniture Dealers and Repairers
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