

# NELSON ECONOMIST

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THE political situation at the coast remains unchanged. At the time of writing, Mr. Dunsmuir has not succeeded in securing a Minister of Mines, the impression apparently being that the life of the Government will be so short that the office will not be worth filling. The belief seems to be gaining ground that Mr. Dunsmuir is beginning to realize that he made a great blunder in going over to the enemy to secure Cabinet material. That the Government was divided on the wisdom of the act is quite apparent. Mr. McBride in his speech at New Westminster stated openly that it was the intention of three of the other ministers to resign. This is denied by Mr. Dunsmuir's pocket organ, on the strength of a telegram signed by Mr. Wells. Unfortunately for Mr. Dunsmuir and the *Colonist*, no one places much confidence in the statement of Mr. Wells. However, it does look as if Messrs. Eberts and Prentice were satisfied with their offices, and have no intention of keeping faith with Mr. McBride. There is very little doubt that both these gentlemen led Mr. McBride to believe they would stand by him, but weakened at the last moment. They had the desire all right enough, but their hearts weakened when the opportune moment arrived. This leaves those gentlemen in the position of having fully endorsed the monstrous conduct of their leader. The resignation of one or both of those gentlemen now will not appease the wrath of the people. They have missed the golden opportunity.

THE Vancouver *World* states the political situation exactly in the following:

"At New Westminster the other evening Mr. Joseph Martin endeavored, by that order of special pleading with which he is so familiar, to convince the electors of the Royal City that his was in reality the stronger party when the Legislature last met for the despatch of business. He had it all nicely worked out that there were just so many Turnerites, so many Conservatives, one or two stragglers under the banner of the Provincial Party, and a Labor champion—none of these alone mustering a follow-

ing equal to his own. He forgot to mention however that on the one definite issue of the campaign then just decided—the issue on which the battle had been fought and won, which divided the House, and which produced a natural and necessary fusion of the factors he had named as against him—a very different division was presented. The issue was quite well understood by the people throughout the length and breadth of the Province. It was Martinism vs. Anti-Martinism. The verdict was overwhelming, and as a result when the House met, it found Mr. Martin and his party mustering nine; while opposed to them were the solid twenty-nine elected with the warrant of the people to make an end of Martinism. There had been no question during the campaign as to its issue. Everyone was aware that the verdict was to be upon Mr. Martin's appeal for an expression of confidence from the people. Everyone was equally well aware when the votes were counted that that confidence had been most positively refused. Failing thus to obtain control by fair and direct means of the Government of the Province it would seem that Mr. Martin and those of his associates not above such methods, are now aiming to obtain by subterfuge and intrigue what the sovereign people have denied them; while the weakness of the Premier or his proneness to a dictator's methods has led him to become an accessory in such perversion of the principle of representative Government. The people of British Columbia have said that neither Mr. Martin nor those who endorsed him at the last general election shall be entrusted with the reins of Government; in placing a portfolio in the hands of Mr. Brown and accepting the counsels of Mr. Martin, Mr. Dunsmuir has gone the unpardonable length of declaring his authority superior to that of the people."

THE result of the contest in New Westminster will have very little effect on the general political situation. The election of Mr. Brown would not prove that Premier Dunsmuir had not made a great blunder in going out of his own ranks for a cabinet minister.

GEORGE KENNAN has arrived in Boston and is talking about his expulsion from Russia. He has not yet said that he expected it, but every one else believed that he would not be allowed to stay in the Czar's dominions. His book on the exile system is not allowed to circulate in Russia because according to the official censors, it does not fairly describe the conditions, and also because it tells how he violated the prison regulations and communicated with the

exiles. Aside from the truth or falsity of his descriptions he had become the ally of the political criminals and taken messages to them and carried messages from them to their friends. When such a man returned to Russia, of course he would be watched by the police, and of course he would be asked to leave the country. Nine-tenths of the sympathy for the Nihilists comes from flabby intellects without any comprehensions of the gravity of the crime of murder. There is not a country in the world which would not punish the men who conspired to blow up a railroad train to kill a public official whether he were the Czar or the president. And the men against whom evidence of a plot to poison an official was discovered would be sent to prison just as if the plot had been made against the life of any citizen. And the convicted criminals would be put in the prisons along with burglars and forgers whether they had been petty nobles or schools teachers or college students.

THE sympathy of the whole civilized world goes out to the people of the United States in this the hour of their affliction, and it is not affectation to say that nowhere does this sorrow find deeper expression than in the Dominion of Canada. The dead statesman was honored not only for his genius, and statecraft, but also for the true Christian spirit he manifested throughout his life. He died as he lived, his last words giving evidence of the faith that was in him. As was said of Brutus: "His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up, and say to all the world, 'this was a man.'" No language can be employed that will adequately express contempt for the cowardly rascal who robbed the people of the United States of their most distinguished statesman. For base cowardice Czolgoz's crime has never been paralleled in the records of crime.

CHARLES GIBBONS has been retained as editor of the *Vancouver World*. Mr. Gibbons is one of the most capable newspaper men in British Columbia, and is certain to make the *World* a power in the land.

THE *Province*, of Vancouver, is evidently of the opinion that Mr. Brown will be defeated in New Westminster. It says:

"That the Dunsmuir-Martin government was doomed to an early and well-merited end has been a generally accepted fact ever since the details of the unholy alliance were first made public, but even the most determined among the enemies of the government were not at the outset any too sanguine of defeating the temporary provincial secretary at the by-election in New Westminster. The prestige of a cabinet position: the claim, however ludicrous, of parentage of the Fraser river bridge scheme; and his intimate association with the Royal City affairs for many years; made him admittedly a strong candidate, but the developments of the past few days

how that even Mr. Brown is not strong enough to bear the double burden of the sins of Martinism and Dunsmuirism. The difference between the meeting held in Mr. Brown's interests on Saturday night, and that held to endorse Mr. Gifford last evening, was very marked. The former was poorly attended under the circumstances, and not more than half of those present were in sympathy with Mr. Brown or the cause that he represents. Mr. Gifford's meeting on the other hand, was a triumph of enthusiasm. The candidate himself, all unprepared for the campaign though he was, nevertheless put an able exposition of his views before the electors. He was assisted by labor men, by Conservatives and by Liberals alike; in fact a more harmonious blending of elements at times discordant it would be impossible to conceive. The meaning is plain. The people of New Westminster are in line with the vast majority of the people of this province, they will visit the swiftest punishment on the men who by trickery and treachery seek to impose themselves on the public. Much depends on New Westminster, and that Mr. Gifford be returned will be the wish of all who have faith in the future of British Columbia."

SOME one has remarked that Gaudaur is not the first one who has been unsuccessful in the ore business in the Lake of the Woods region.

THE *Victoria Times* with manly emphasis expresses the opinion that it is time to cast out all who would debase the tone of the public life of the province in the name of Liberalism, Conservatism, independence, or any other party, cult or clique.

THE late Dowager Empress Frederick's relations with count Sechendorf, the Grand Marshal of her court had been the subject of international gossip long before her death. It had been frequently said that she was married to the Count. *London Truth* makes the following unqualified statement concerning her will: "The fact has transpired that there is a legacy of three million marks to Count Sechendorf, with whom her late Majesty is alleged to have contracted a morganatic marriage."

MISS MAUD MAHON, of Brockville, is nurse in charge of President McKinley, and now the *New York Sun* is demanding that a Canadian physician or one "not inferior in attainment, or in reputation, should be intrusted with the incomparable responsibility of giving to the president all the aid toward recovery that science and wisdom can furnish." The *Sun* says: "Without questioning the standing of those who have been at the president's bedside since he was shot, and with due respect to Dr. Park, it is proper to say that among physicians of national reputation there are, for example, Janeway and Delafield of New York, and Osler of Baltimore."

Commenting on the foregoing the *Ottawa Citizen* refers to the fact that the last named is the son of the late Rev. F. L. Osler, an Anglican clergyman of

Bondhead, and Dundas, Ont., and one of several, illustrious brothers, including the late B. B. Osler Q. C., the eminent criminal lawyer; Hon. Feathers-ton Osler, judge and jurist, and Edmund Boyd Osler, M. P., financial agent. Prof. Osler, now of Johns-Hopkins university, Baltimore, is a product of the Canadian home and school and occupied the chair of physiology and pathology in McGill till 1884, when he left Montreal to accept the chair of clinical medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1889 accepted the professorship of the principles and practice of medicine in Johns-Hopkins. As we have remarked, we are not so many, but we are as good.

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THERE is no foundation for the statement that the name of Czolgosz is on every lip. Indeed, there are very few who are willing to make the attempt of pronouncing the noted assassin's name.

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A FEW years ago the *Victoria Colonist* regarded "Winchester" Brown as being more or less of an anarchist. But with the aid of glasses manufactured by Premier Dunsmuir that paper is now enabled to see in Mr. Brown a peaceable, well-disposed citizen.

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THE inquiry from several British firms to secure the names of dealers in Canada who would be able to supply them with molybdenite, comes at an opportune time. John Devlin was looking over the samples from his various mines the other day, and has reached the conclusion that he will be able to supply not only Great Britain but the whole of Europe with that mineral. Molybdenite is used as an alloy for a special high grade of steel, and the world's supply is very small. It also makes a fine electrode and is an excellent substitute for platinum in all electric work. Molybdenite is worth \$18 an ounce. There are several known deposits of this mineral in Eastern Ontario, but none of them have been developed as yet.

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THE *Silvertonian* has been forced to suspend through lack of support. It deserved a better fate, a fact which the people of Silverton may realize some day.

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THE charge that Canada has not yet produced a really great novelist, seems to be disproved in the contribution of the prospectus of the Similkameen Valley Coal Co. to the literature of the day, by D. R. Young, Journalist. Of course it will be contended that Novelist Young is only a Canadian by adoption. To our mind this point is not well taken. Those who knew Mr. Young when he first took up his residence in British Columbia will agree with us that at that time he manifested no visible signs of having the divine afflatus concealed on or about his person, although it will be recalled by those same

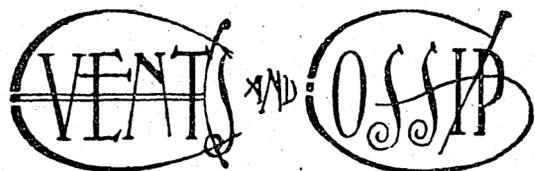
people that the now famous novelist was always given more or less to weaving fairy tales, and making occasional pilgrimages into the more contracted paths of poesy. We therefore maintain that we are quite within our rights in claiming for the Dominion of Canada in general and the Province of British Columbia in particular the credit of having given to the world the great genius whose virile power as a romancer has been so recently manifested in the prospectus of the Similkameen Valley Coal Co. It may be interesting to note at this time that Mr. Young first abandoned himself to a literary life in the classic surroundings of Slocan City. There he scaled the lofty heights of Parnassus, although no confidence is violated in confessing that the ascent was not made without a struggle on the part of the poet. His poems at that time, although lacking in the refinement of his latter day productions, gave promise of the great genius which was in a few years to spring forth in all its luxuriance on a hitherto unsuspecting public. Their most notable characteristic was a sublime contempt for the narrow and circumscribed rules which had been the guide of poets of the B. J. Perry school. In short, the Slocan poet broke away from ancient models and created a new school for himself. It cannot be successfully maintained that Mr. Young has evidenced the same striking originality in his prose; nevertheless the Similkameen Valley Coal Co. brochure will find many interested and amused readers. Of course nothing in this criticism is to be construed as insinuating that the wealth of the Similkameen Valley Coal fields is not all that has been pictured by the great novelist. This work has not yet reached its second edition.

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JEANNE DE LAMARRE, manager of the Societe Miniere de la Cumbie Britannique of Paris, operating an extensive hydraulic plant on Boulder creek, Atlin, has informed a reporter that he has made an arrangement with his bankers to place on exhibition at the Victoria fair the monster nugget found on Boulder creek in July, 1900. It weighs 48 ounces 12 penny weights and 4 grains, and is of pure gold, with no quartz adhering to it. It is worth intrinsically \$875, and is the largest nugget ever found in the North. Mr. de Lamarre exhibited it at Paris, where it attracted much attention and served as a good advertisement of the Atlin gold fields.

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SIR CHARLES TUPPER made some emphatic statements in an interview on the subject of preferential trade in London the other day. Sir Charles insisted that preferential tariffs are bound to come. Great Britain will soon have a federated South Africa. The Australian Commonwealth and the Dominion of Canada are both pressing for preferential tariffs on a reciprocal basis, and Great Britain will have to give way and do as other countries—look after herself and the Empire.



THE campaign now in progress in New Westminster will be notable in more ways than one. For instance, it is announced that Premier Dunsmuir will make a speech. An oration by the eloquent leader of the government should be an attraction second only to the visit of the Duke to the coast.

Mr. W. A. Galliher, M. P., has left for Ottawa on legal business. While at the capital Mr. Galliher will suggest to the department several changes in the new postoffice.

Lady Butler is engaged on a representation of the exercise of tent-pegging in India. An evening sun shines on the scene, and the horses are in full tilt. The subject, differently viewed, is an old favorite with the artist, who made with a water color drawing, widely reproduced, one of her early successes. The present picture in oils is on the easel of Lady Butler in her studio in Government house, Devonport.

On account of being detained at Victoria to superintend the decorations on the Parliament buildings in honor of the visit of the Duke of Cornwall, William Henderson, Dominion clerk of works for British Columbia, will not be able to visit Nelson for some time. Mr. Henderson was expected here to settle the trouble between the architect and the contractors on the new postoffice.

A pack of ivory playing cards, said to have been carried by Prince Eugene, the colleague of the Duke of Marlborough in the campaign against the French under Marshal Villars, has just been purchased by Queen Christina of Spain. The "court" figures are all hand painted, but of no particular merit. The pack was at one time in the possession of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, father of the Prince Consort, and grandfather of King Edward VII. The cards were given by the Duke some sixty years ago to a Spanish nobleman, who visited his court in a diplomatic capacity, and a grandson of the latter is in such reduced circumstances that he was glad to dispose of the pack to the queen.

Mr. S. S. Taylor, K. C., will defend the officers of the Miners' union, against whom actions for damages have been entered by the mine-owners of Rossland.

In his speech on Tories at the Eighty Club in London, the other day, Sir William Harcourt said: "The old Savoy song says that every child alive is born either a Liberal or else a Conservative, and it appears that the elder sons are born Conservatives and the younger sons become naturally Liberals. That is a satisfactory condition of things, because by the law of nature we younger sons are in the majority; and I hope I am addressing a great number of younger sons. My brother to whom I was greatly attached, was the elder and I was the younger son; and we naturally had different political ideas. He one day said to me: 'My dear fellow, you have no landed ideas.' I said: 'No, I have not; that is very natural. You have got the land, and why should

I have the ideas? There was another incident, which pleased me very much, which he told me one day. He said he had met in the Carlton Club a gentleman whom I knew a little. He was the elder brother of Mr. Gladstone—Sir John Gladstone—who was an excellent Tory, and he came up to my brother, with whom he was in sympathy, and he said: 'Mr. Harcourt, you and I have two very troublesome brothers.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hume left Nelson yesterday on a visit to California, which will extend over the winter months. Mr. and Mrs. Hume will spend several weeks at Eureka, thence proceeding to Los Angeles and San Diego.

Paris is suffering from a pearl famine; the pearl necklace has become so fashionable that pearls are fetching enormous prices. In relation to this famine, it will be interesting to know what has become of Linnaeus' receipt for the manufacture of pearls. That philosopher, in the year 1761, informed the then king of Sweden that he had discovered a method by which mussels might be made to produce pearls, and offered to disclose it for the benefit of the country. Bechman says he saw some of the pearls produced. The offer not being accepted, Linnaeus subsequently disposed of the secret for a sum of money to Bagge of Gothenburg. In 1780, the heirs to Linnaeus were desirous of selling the sealed receipt to the highest bidder, and it has been said that the secret is in the possession of a London merchant.

The Nelson Operatic Society has decided to produce "The Chimes of Normandy" at some date to be decided upon within the next few weeks.

An English writer, H. Whates, in the preface of his biography of King Edward the Seventh, which is soon to be given an American publication, says: "This little sketch will excite the disdain of the courtier and the surprise of the sycophant. It is written for neither class, but for those to whom loyalty is not synonymous with servility nor respect with fulsome adulation. An attempt has been made to give an estimate of His Majesty's capacities which shall be free from the nauseating flattery of conventional biography of modern royalties, and to write an account of the facts of his life from which trivialities and mawkish sentimentalities are excluded."

The fame of Jacob Dover's goods extends even to Africa, that gentleman having recently received a large order for watches for members of the Baden-Powell police.

The art of writing great novels may or may not be dead, but the art of writing great serials, thinks the *Bookman*, certainly is. In the days when Dickens and Thackeray were running side by side there was a different order of things. People of judgment and discrimination did not then content themselves with waiting until a story had run its serial course; they sedulously followed the careers of Mark Tapley and of Martin Chuzzlewit, or of the Brian Newcomes and the Hobson Newcomes from month to month, taking each instalment as if it were something of an entity and commenting that this number was more interesting or less interesting than the last. Perhaps this method was not conducive to what Mr. Howells would call "the

finer novel." But it had its advantages. A novelist who wished to hold the attention of his public was obliged to put more or less brains into every chapter that he wrote. It was not a question of padding out a certain number of pages with balderdash in the expectation that the reader would skim them without protest and forgive them on account of the interesting events which were to come a little later in the book. The novels of this school may have been discursive and inartistic, but they possessed fire and humor, and who would exchange them for any amount of the fiction of to-day? Then, too, they were great serials.

Mr. Robert Green, M. L. A., is now speeding to the coast as fast as a C. P. I. train will carry him. It was rumored in Victoria last Sunday, that Mr. Green would be offered the portfolio of Mines. This portfolio has been held out as a bait to half-a-dozen other members of the Assembly and in due course of time got around to Mr. Green. In each case it was refused and it is not likely that Mr. Green will prejudice his political future by accepting the empty honor. The Dunsmuir Government is now in the throes of death, and even the remedies administered by Nurses Martin and McInnes cannot prolong its existence.

Very little interest is being taken in the New Westminster contest, the belief being that the influences at work will secure Mr. Brown's election. The result will not be regarded as either an endorsement or condemnation of Premier Dunsmuir's somewhat original methods of gathering in Cabinet ministers.

The Rossland mine-owners and striking miners are now coming to close quarters. The former are advertising for men, but so far have not succeeded in securing enough to encourage them in the hope that they may eventually succeed.

Smith Curtis, posing as the laboringman's friend is not the least amusing feature of British Columbia politics. How, when and where did this man Curtis do anything which should recommend him to the support of honest labor? Curtis is more of a demagogue than Joseph Martin.

Once when the Prince of Samos was retiring from an audience, he stumbled in his backward step and fell. In a moment the Sultan had pressed a spring behind him. The wall opened and he vanished within, safe from the suspected attack. Abrupt gestures in his presence often cost dear. Several victims are mentioned, one a gardener in the royal park, whom Abdul shot dead for rising too quickly to an attitude of respect. Another time he found the child of a palace domestic playing with his mislaid revolver, and he had her tortured in hope of revealing a plot. His magnificent Yildiz is a monument to fear. It is assassin proof, bomb proof, earthquake proof, fire-proof, microbe proof. Architects and engineers are building and rebuilding incessantly. Some new secret retreat is always under way. The entire domain is surrounded by an immense wall, 80 feet high, and the choicest troops of the empire stand guard around it. An inner wall 12 feet thick with gates of iron incloses the private residence itself. The walls of his own dwellings are filled with armor plate, in case of projectiles. It is said that a mysterious passage connects with 10 secret bed chambers, forming an intricate labyrinth.

No one but his body attendant knows where the Sultan may sleep during any particular night. He has electric lights and telephones in his own apartments, but forbids them in Constantinople. Telephones might prove handy for conspirators, and he believes that a dynamite cartridge could be sent over a wire into the palace. He fears electric explosions, so Constantinople still gets along with gas-light.

John Houston has abandoned his time-honored occupation of sawing wood and devotes much of his time to agricultural pursuits. A sample of what Farmer Houston can produce in the way of potatoes may be seen in the window of F. W. Teetzel & Co.

Vienna, the capital of Austria, is chiefly noted for producing three things—coffee, music and women. The word 'jolly' describes the temper of the Viennese woman most aptly. She lives only for to-day and lets the morrow take care of itself. She is as good a housekeeper as her German sister, but not quite so particular; she is quite as economical, but dresses herself more artistically; she is just as good a mother, but a more loving wife. She is somewhat nervous, and the quarrel with her husband is as regular as the amen in her prayer. The truest and prettiest type of the beautiful Viennese woman is that which comes from the south. In common with the majority of her European sisters, the Viennese makes marriage her goal, but retains her girlish ways, her jolly spirit and much of her beauty, and even to guess at her age is not only a crime, but an absurdity.

Jim Naismith, an old-time hotel-keeper of Winnipeg, has taken over the Silver King Hotel, and will remodel it, making it a first class house in every respect.

Mining operations in the Slocan are of a character to inspire the greatest degree of confidence in the future of that district.

Business in Nelson is gradually improving. Merchants speak hopefully of the volume of trade being transacted. P. G.

#### In Doubt.

Ella, the summer days quickly are flying,  
Every morning brings nearer the fall;  
Say, ere the dog days come closer to dying,  
Do you mean anything, Ella, at all?

Off in the evening together when strolling,  
Hand clasped in hand, while the summer winds puff,  
Amorous words from our dual mouths falling—  
Tell me, oh, Ella, are yours but a bluff?

Further we go, for our lips press together,  
Languorous sighs from our bosoms are rent;  
Won't you explain to me, dear Ella, whether  
Chesty upheavals on your part are meant?

Verily now I desire a confessing  
As to the passions pervading your soul;  
Summer maids ever keep youths all a-guessing:  
Is your heart fractured, or is it still whole?

Fain would I cease from this dubious dreaming,  
Which is opposed to exuberant glee;  
Fain would I quit this expensive ice-creaming,  
If there be naught further in it for me.

WANTED—Situation as housekeeper in private family in the upper country. First-class references. Apply Secretary Y. W. C. A., Corner Howe and Dunsmuir Streets, Vancouver.

## The Benefit of a Birthmark.

IN June, 1867, while General Custer, with his command, was at the forks of the Republican river, in western Kansas, and the Indian war had fairly begun, I was doing duty with several others as a scout. On the morning of the 19th a young man named Robinson reached the camp and reported that he with three others had been hunting to the west of us and had been stampeded by the Sioux Indians. One had been killed, as he believed, while the others had made a dash for it and scattered, each taking his own course. Robinson had blundered upon our camp after riding all night.

Custer was at this time hopeful of making peace with the redskins, and the camps at the forks would be permanent for at least a fortnight. It was with this understanding of the situation that I set out with Robinson, after he had had an all day's rest, to hunt up his stampeded companions and bring them in. We left camp just after dark, both of us heavily armed, and rode straight to the west. As I had never seen Robinson under fire I was more anxious than if one of my fellow scouts had been with me, but in the course of a couple of hours I made up my mind he had plenty of nerve and could be depended on. As near as he could judge his party was 30 miles west of the forks when stampeded. At midnight, after an easy canter of five hours, we halted, dismounted and went into camp for the remainder of the night, believing we were close upon the spot where the hunters were attacked. Both of us slept from that hour until just before sunrise.

We had a cold bite for breakfast and had scarcely mounted our horses when we caught sight of a carcass of a horse lying on the plains about a quarter of a mile. As soon as we reached it Robinson identified the animal as having been the one he saw fall as the stampede began. His rider was a man named McHenry, who had previously been employed as a civilian at Fort Larned. The buzzards and wolves had been at the carcass, but we made out that the horse had received three bullets and dropped in his tracks. Saddle, bridle and all other portable property had been removed. Robinson estimated that the attacking party numbered 50. After half an hour's search I put the number at 20. He believed all who dashed away were pursued. I found that none of them had been followed over half a mile.

Had McHenry been killed or seriously wounded by the volley which killed his horse his body would have been found lying beside the carcass. As it was not I reasoned that he had been captured unhurt and taken away a prisoner. The trail of Indians led to the north, as if making for the south fork of the Platte river, and we followed it at a cautious space. At the end of five miles we came to a spot where the band had encamped for the night. It was on the banks of a small creek, in a scattered grove, and the first thing we saw was the dead body of McHenry. The Sioux chiefs had declared their anxiety for peace and were professing the greatest friendship for the soldiers. Indeed, Pawnee Killer had visited Custer to shake hands and sign a declaration and protesting his whole tribe was making ready for war and indulging in atrocities. While the big chief was "how-howing" in Custer's camp and declaring his love for the white man, one of his bands only 30 miles away was subjecting a hunter to the most agonizing tortures. They cut out his tongue, blew powder into his body, cut off his toes, broke all his fingers, pricked him with knives and finally ended

by scalping him. He must have suffered many hours before death finally came as a glad relief. The body was not yet cold when we found it, and there were evidences that the Indians had not been gone more than half an hour. Of the two who stampeded and got clear, one went to the northeast and the other to the northwest. Robinson had held due north and thus reached our camp, although he was not aware of its location. We took up the trail of the one going to the northeast, believing that he was in the greatest danger. He went at a wild space for at least ten miles, never seeming to have looked back and discovered that pursuit had been abandoned or to have turned to the right or the left to throw the redskins off his route after darkness came. It took us three hours to cover the distance he rode in one, as we expected to see Indians at any moment. About 12 miles from the spot where we found McHenry's horse we came upon that of Jackson, whom we were following to the northeast. The wild ride had exhausted the animal and as he fell down Jackson had abandoned him and pushed along on foot. The animal was on his feet and grazing as we found him, but so lame that he could scarcely move. We removed the saddle and blankets and found Jackson's revolvers in the holsters.

From this point we had no trail to guide us, and the ground was badly cut with ridges and washouts. We rode forward during the rest of the day, hoping to overtake the man and neglecting no precautions to insure our own safety. Just at sundown we followed a dry gully up a long ridge and debouched from it, seeing a sight which for the moment appeared to be an optical delusion. There were Indians on our right, on our left, in front, and I turned in my saddle to see other Indians closing in behind us. As we halted and looked around us many of the redskins expressed their humor by grunts. They had probably been riding to the right and left of us for hours and had finally formed this cul-de-sac for us to ride into. It was taking a great deal of pains for nothing, but the Indian sometimes exhibits a queer vein of humor. They were not disappointed in thinking we would be surprised.

It was fully two minutes before a chief rode forward and said "How-how?" and extended his hand to me, and as he did so the whole body closed in. I am so unfortunate as to be marked on the left temple with that birthmark known as a wine stain, the spot being as large as a silver dollar. My hat was well up and the instant he noticed the mark he let go my hand and said something to those crowding up. Pretty soon he pushed in and touched my face, perhaps thinking the mark to be a wound or sore. Others did the same, and when they found that it was a part of the skin they expressed much wonder and reverence.

While I had served as a scout only a few months I knew considerable of the Indian character and was not long in realizing that I had made a hit. While no violence was offered us we were led behind the ponies of the Indians as we moved off to the east. We traveled until about midnight before halting, and then reached an Indian village on Soldier creek. As we descended from our horses Robinson was led off by two warriors while I was conducted to the wigwam of Red Trail, a subchief in command during Pawnee Killer's absence. I had been busy planning during the ride and had made up my mind to pretend to be without the power of speech. I found opportunity to whisper to Robinson to pursue

the same policy, but unfortunately he had not the nerve to carry out the idea. The fact of his being captured broke him all up. The recollection of what McHenry must have suffered unstrung his nerves, and I heard him begging and entreating as he was carried away.

Red Trail closely examined the mark on my face and was as much mystified as the others. I still had a power in reserve. Having served through the war in the navy it was but natural that I should carry a sailor's passport. On my left arm was a tattoo representing an anchor. This was seen as two warriors stripped my buckskin shirt off to look for further marks. Not an Indian in that camp had ever seen anything like the mark, and when the examination had been completed I felt sure that I was looked upon with awe and mystery, if not veneration. I was conducted to a tepee and motioned to turn in and had every reason to congratulate myself on the plan I had pursued. I had made signs that I could not talk, and the information had been accepted.

Next morning Pawnee Killer arrived in the village. He had agreed to surrender his tribe and go on a reservation, but it was bold faced lying on his part. His very first move was to order the village to pack up and move back about 20 miles. This consumed the entire day. As we were to start I received my horse to ride, and my hands and legs were left entirely free. I saw Robinson brought out, and he was loaded down with kettles and led by a rope. At no time during the day was he near enough to exchange a word, but on several occasions I saw him kicked and beaten by the squaws and boys.

It was 9 o'clock in the evening before I was taken into the presence of Pawnee Killer. He seemed to have accepted the belief of the others, and in less than a quarter of an hour waved me out of his wigwam. I may state here what I learned two or three years after. It was the belief of the Indians that I had been struck by lightning as I slept and that the fluid had left the two marks to prove that I was invulnerable. They further reasoned that I lost my speech at the same time and was therefore an object of veneration. I was in nowise hampered or restricted, but I found shelter as soon as possible and was soon asleep. I wanted to do something for poor Robinson, but just how to do it I could not figure. The treatment accorded him during the day did not augur well for the future.

When morning came again, I had a hearty breakfast, and then two old men, armed with only bows and arrows, took me down the creek about a mile and then sat down on the grass. It was an hour or two before I could make out the significance of the move, and then I heard sounds from the direction of the camp which satisfied me that Robinson was being put to the torture. One of my guards soon left for the village, and an hour later the other suddenly rose and without a word walked quickly away in the same direction. Unable to make up my mind what to do, I remained where I was during the entire day. In later years I learned from one of the warriors of the fate of Robinson. His tortures lasted nine long hours before he was dispatched.

I had a much closer call than I knew. The two old men who took me out doubted that I was what the others took me for. They had some arrows made on purpose to kill witches and keep off bad spirits, and they were to take me off and see if these arrows would kill me. In going down the creek one of them came near stepping on a rattlesnake, and this was taken as a sign that they must not shoot. When they returned to the village and reported, it

was hoped that I would go away, and therefore no one came near me. As night fell I started off to the west, expecting every moment to be overhauled, putting in a good 20 miles before daylight. I was picked up by a scouting party of cavalry just before noon.

It was about three months after my escape before the Indians learned that I was a government scout and that they had been duped. Red Trail and Pawnee Killer then offered five ponies each to the warrior who should bring in my scalp, and for the next year perhaps I was "wanted" more than any other man on the plains. It was a curious turn of affairs that, while Red Trail had no less than five of his best warriors out on an expedition after me, I crept into his camp one night and secured his own scalp lock, rifle and pony and got away.

## SHORT STORIES

A Yorkshire miller, noted for his keenness in financial matters, was once in a boat trying his best to get across the stream which drove his mill. The stream was flooded, and he was taken past the point at which he wanted to land, while further on misfortune again overtook him, to the extent that the boat was upset. His wife, realizing the danger he was in, ran frantically along the side of the stream, crying for help in a pitiful voice, when, to her sheer amazement, she was suddenly brought to a standstill by her husband yelling out: "If I'm drowned, Molly, dunnot forget that flour's gone up two shillin' a sack!"

A good story is told of one of the dignitaries of the Scottish Church. Before he became known to fame he was minister of a remote parish in Perthshire, and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher. At his suggestion extensive alterations were made in the transept of his church, and these had the effect of sweeping away considerable seating accommodation. One day after the alterations had been effected, he visited the church to see how it looked. "What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked of the beadle. "Improvements!" exclaimed John in disdain. "They're no improvements at a'. Whaur are ye goin' to put the folk?" "Oh," said the minister, "we have abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation?" "That's a' very weel the noo," returned the beadle, "but what will ye do when we get a popular meenister?"

In "The Love Letters of Victor Hugo," it is recorded that the great Frenchman proposed to his wife in this way: Adele, bolder and more curious than Victor (for she was a girl), wanted to find out what was the meaning of his silent admiration. She said: "I am sure you have secrets. Have you not one secret greater than all?"

Victor acknowledged that he had secrets and that one of them was greater than all the rest.

"Just like me!" cried Adele. "Well, come now, tell me your greatest secret and I will tell you mine."

"My great secret," Victor replied, "is that I love you."

"And my great secret is that I love you," said Adele, like an echo.

After a calm consideration of the matter, we have arrived at the conclusion that Victor didn't propose at all. Our guess is that Adele did it.

Never before was there so many men working on the mining properties in this district. Nor has the outlook for the winter ever been brighter. No further evidence of our mineral resources should be necessary, when we can make such strides of progress in the face of a demoralized silver-lead market, no railway (though now under construction), and the general depression said to exist in other camps in the province. The Lardeau appears to be the best camp in the province at present. Under anything like favorable conditions, with a capable and progressive government, she would fairly hum.—*Lardeau Eagle*

The construction of the Silver Hill tramway is to be commenced at once. Byron C. Rible, the tramway builder, has concluded arrangements with the London-Richelieu company for the commencement of the work. No time is to be lost in getting construction actually under way, and as all the plans and surveys have been completed it will only be a matter of a day or two before the construction gang will be hard at work. The tramway is to be completed within 90 days, and the company intends to ship extensively to the Trail smelter during the approach-winter.

The big tunnel on the Last Chance which is now nearing the Galena ledge is being watched with eager interest by the mining fraternity of the Slocan. It represents the most formidable effort at deep mining that has ever been undertaken in the camp. The Galena tunnel is a continuation of the No 4 tunnel of the Last Chance and is being driven in to tap the Galena vein, a vertical ledge to the Chance, at 1000 feet vertical depth. This tunnel is now crowding 1800 feet in length. It is 8 feet in the clear, built for a double track and high enough for the tallest miner in the province to walk in without being able to touch the roof with his hands. It is driven through lime and granite, the hardest formation in the Slocan, and hundreds of feet of it stand without a timber of any kind. Two shifts have been at work at it for many months, making an average time of 5 feet a day. Twelve five-foot holes are put in on every shift with the Ingersoll drill. Thirty-seven and a half pounds of 40 per cent powder are used at every blast. The tunnel is as dry as a powder house and for a long distance the floor is as clean as a kitchen table. The grade is five inches to 100 feet, especially adapted for the use of motors when the time comes and engineering

and mining is so perfect that looking back from the face daylight shows in an exact square at the tunnel mouth. In the last twenty feet a belt of slate and schist has been broken into and stringers of quartz are coming into the tunnel carrying quantities of water. All this is taken to indicate that the ledge is near at hand and the announcement may be expected any day that the Galena vein has been opened. Then for a new era of development in the Slocan.—*Pay-streak.*

Information received from a source believed to be reliable is to the effect that the vein in a shaft now being sunk on what is known as the Railway ledge of the Winnipeg mine, in Wellington camp, is widening and looks very promising. It is declared that one car of ore from the vein, sent out last week, averaged \$34.09 in all values, with gold the principal precious metal. A small hoist has been placed over the shaft and a gallows frame erected, and the ore as it comes from the shaft is lowered to the cars. The big ore body discovered about two months ago at the 300 foot level continues to open up well, and the eight foot vein met with on the other side of east dyke, in a crosscut south from the same level, is improving as it is being driven in.

The Granby smelter treated 4,646 tons of ore last week.

The B. C. mine is sending about 100 tons daily to the Greenwood smelter.

It is probable that operations on the Deadwood property will be resumed in the course of a few weeks.

A bill of sale was recorded last week transferring from L. Ernst, of Nelson, B. C., to B. B. Mighton, who, it is understood, represents an English syndicate, the Majuba group on Hardy mountain. This is the place where the fine showing was reported a couple of months since and where subsequent development showed the first promising showing to be merely an indicator of what was to come.—*Grand Forks Gazette.*

**San Francisco Excursion Rates—**  
\$51.50, Sept. 23 to Sept. 27.

On account of Episcopal church meeting at San Francisco the Canadian Pacific Railway will sell round trip tickets via Portland and Shasta route at \$51.50 good till November 5 for return. Full particulars from local agents.

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