NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1902 NO. 27

THE NELSON ECONOMIST

SLAUGHTERING SALE.

For the next thirty days I will make a great slaughtering sale on all lines in stock consisting of boys' and men's clothing, furnishings, hats and caps, and boots and shoes, in order to make room for spring stock. I must slaughter some of my present stock and also to give my many customers the benefit thereof. Now is the chance to partake of some of the best bargains ever offered in the Kootenays.

The sale is genuine, the stock new and the prices away down. Call, get prices, examine goods, and be convinced that I am offering the greatest bargains ever offered in Nelson.

J. A. GILKER, 217 AND 219 BAKER STREET.

WEST KOOTENAY BUTCHER CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Camps supplied on shortest notice and lowest prices.
Mail orders receive careful attention.
Nothing but fresh and wholesome meats and supplies kept in stock.

J. C. TRAVES, Manager

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GENERAL BROKER

Three dwelling houses for sale on easy terms.
One lot on Stanley street, opposite Royal Hotel for sale at a bargain.

One seven-roomed house and one three-room house for rent.

From the warehouse in England to the Merchant in Nelson, large consignment of Woollens and Trimmings will arrive about Xmas. Consigned to

ARTHUR GALE,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

J. STEVENS

TAILOR

Gentlemen's Fine Suits A Specialty

H. McCAUSLAND, SHOEMAKER

Boots and Shoes made to order. Invisible Patching a Specialty. Only Union Men Employed. My stock of fine ready-made work lowest priced in the city.

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1876—ESTABLISHED IN NELSON—1895

Before stock-taking this month a

Reduction of 25 per cent

will be given on every dollar.

But come early and you shall have our prompt attention. Engraving free of charge. As I employ the best watchmakers and jewelers, all our work is guaranteed. Both mail and express orders shall have our prompt attention,

Jacob Dover, "The Jeweler."

Boys

The Great Illustrated Weekly Paper of Canada is

Toronto Saturday Night

and you and other enterprising people may positively *earn money* handling it. Over 600 boys and agents at work. The terms are very favorable and the paper is popular. Just now running a series of articles on Egypt, Palestine and Italy, and readers are greatly interested. If you wish to

Make Money

in this respectable way write for our pamphlet telling all about it. Address—

CIRCULATION DEPT.,
Toronto Saturday Night,
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We solicit your patronage in these lines, and can suit your requirements.

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JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

FINE WATCHES A SPECIALTY

DIAMONDS MOUNTED, &c. &c.

NELSON ECONOMIST

OL. V. NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1902. NO. 27

HE NELSON ECONOMIST IS ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY. SUBSCRIPTION: $2.00 PER ANNUM; IF PAID IN ADVANCE, $1.50. CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL INTEREST RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED. ONLY ARTICLES OF MERIT WILL BE ADVERTISED IN THESE COLUMNS, AND THE INTERESTS OF READERS WILL BE CAREFULLY GUARDED AGAINST IRRESPONSIBLE PERSONS AND WORTHLESS ARTICLES.

TO-MORROW the ratepayers of the city of Nelson will determine the exact obligation under which they consider themselves indebted to Mr. John Houston. If, as is claimed by Mr. Houston and his friends, the affairs of this city cannot be intelligently conducted without his immediate supervision and dictation, and if the majority of the ratepayers take this view of it, they will signify it by voting for the candidate the friends of Mr. Houston threatened to place in the field. There is no getting away from this real issue of the campaign, and it is therefore opportune to consider calmly, dispassionately and without prejudice the evidence on which this high spirited and honorable-minded gentleman bases his claim for distinction. Lord Brougham's definition of a great man was one who knew a little of everything and everything of something. We will see how far Mr. Houston fulfills the requirements demanded by Brougham. To begin with, the friends of Mr. Houston advance his ability as a writer as the strongest possible evidence of his genius. We might reasonably question the authority of his friends to pass intelligent judgment on a matter of this kind. But that is neither here nor there; those same friends even sometimes claim that all virtues and all accomplishments are united in their hero. All we know of Mr. Houston's literary merits and style is derived from a perusal of that chaste and classic publication, the Nelson *Tribune*. We do not know if the literary genius who presides over the editorial columns of that publication has taken the writers of old Attic comedy for his models, but we are forced to admit that like them he adds force to his attacks on alleged vice by coarseness and personality. In this connection his learning and erudition may be regarded as merely a side issue. There are some who profess the belief that in more than one respect Mr. Houston's style resembles that of Marcus Tullius Cicero, and that his learned discourses on public men, and economic questions are the result of his wide reading, meditation, hallucination, aggravation and observation as well as of his unrivalled practical experience. For our own part we frankly confess that we do not agree with this contention. We rather incline to the belief that Mr. Houston is under no obligation to Cicero for his inspiration, and has rather struck out on new lines for himself, establishing an original school of thought, and one that if strictly adhered to would speedily and surely land the country in perdition. We, therefore, submit that no matter what merit Mr. Houston may possess, or rather modestly claims to possess, as a writer his logic is at fault, and that on this structure he cannot establish his right to be considered a great man. Again, his friends insist that their idol is a great orator and statesman. Also in this contention, we believe there is reasonable ground for debate. It is admitted that Mr. Houston is a forcible speaker and clothes his thoughts in words that no other orator from Demosthenes to Edmund Burke dared to employ, but does he carry that conviction which after all is the prime essential of oratory? We submit that he does not. The simple assertion that a man is a ——— liar does not prove that the person referred to is absolutely incapable of telling the truth. It merely conveys the impression that the speaker's estimate of him is that he is a person who has acquired the accomplishment of prevarication. Moreover, the adjectives with which Mr. Houston punctuates his remarks may either imply that he is an emphatic speaker or a man with a very limited and impoverished vocabulary. In instituting comparisons between Mr. Houston and the orators, statesmen and patriots of ancient Rome, we may be regarded as biased in favor of the local genius, but our apology is, the Romans invited criticism by their persistent display of egotism. We have purposely avoided, in this connection, any reference to Quintus Hortensius, whose accuracy of statement, ornate style and sonorous voice commanded the profound admiration of Cicero. The champions of the Houston school of oratory and statecraft do not hesitate in claiming the same qualities for the Kootenay statesman. Also Cataline has been overlooked. He, as every follower of Mr. Houston will tell, meditated the ruin of Rome and plundered the treasures. Cataline evidently was a firm adherent to the principle of ownership of municipal "utilities." However, we will leave the old Romans, and glance over briefly a later age of oratory. It so happens that the great orators of the past two centuries were Irishmen. We do not make this statement with the intention of creating invidious comparisons, but rather

to render long-deferred justice to the memories of Sheridan, Burke, Grattan and O'Connell, by associating them with the Kootenay orator and statesman. Sheridan, we are informed, was a wit, boon-companion, orator, politician and dramatist, at a time when eminent men were abundant. Just note the similarity—"orator, politician and dramatist." In nearly all these qualifications does Mr. Houston excel, except as a dramatist, and it is in this respect alone that he falls short of the measurements of Sheridan. Somebody asked Dr. Johnson if he did not think that Burke resembled Cicero, and Johnson answered, "No, sir, Cicero resembles Burke." Without discussing at length the qualities of those two renowned statesmen, we are confident that we voice the prevailing sentiment among the friends of the Nelson light in saying that "Burke resembles Houston." Of Grattan it was written, he found his country a province—he made it a nation; he found it the prey of a rapacious oligarchy—he raised it to independence; to use his own striking words, he "at by its cradle, he followed its hearse." We do not think it is an exaggerated construction to place on the conduct of Mr. John Houston that he hopes to "follow the hearse" of his country sooner or later. He has certainly done something in the way of preparing the corpse for interment. We scarcely think it is altogether fair to O'Connell that his style of oratory is sometimes brought into comparison with the delicately rounded periods and harmonious inflections of John Houston. O'Connell lived in an age that lacked "yellow literature," and consequently this source of inspiration was denied him. The Nelson man has had all the advantages of Norman Monroe's library of fiction, and is quite as familiar with the adventures of Old Sleuth as the majority of the people are with their alphabet. However, to draw an already too long criticism to a close, we started out to demonstrate that Mr. Houston did not completely fulfill Lord Brougham's requirements of a great man, but we are not sure that we have established our proposition to the satisfaction of the former gestleman's learned followers, but if the ratepayers of Nelson give Mr. Houston hie quietus to-morrow, we shall at least feel assured that the majority of our citizens agree with us in our estimate of the Nelson dictator.

As every one knows, East Kootenay contains some of the richest silver-lead deposits on the Continent, perhaps in the world. The task of developing these properties has been beset with many difficulties. Labor troubles at one time tied up the whole district, but peace now reigns, and, though wages are high, it is better probably to pay high wages than to have fresh strikes. The price of pig lead in the United States market is so much higher than the price in Eastern Canada, China or the United Kingdom and that market itself is so much nearer the base of operations here that, with free trade between Canada and the States, every pound of lead produced in the Kootenays would go to the States and yield a far higher profit to the mine owners than he can possibly get in the more distant markets just named. Unfortunately Congress has levied a duty of 1½ cents per pound on lead in ore, with a duty of 2⅛ cents on pig lead. Thus our product is practically excluded from its nearest and most lucrative market.

Under the Dingley tariff American smelters are at liberty to smelt Canadian ores in bond on condition that they export 90 per cent of the resulting lead. For some time past, however, the Smelting Trust in the United States has refused to buy Canadian ore, simply because the Trust is unable to control absolutely the out-put of lead in the United States and consequently has more lead on its hands than it can get rid of, unless, of course, at the risk of bringing about a reduction of the price, namely, $3.50 per 100 pounds which it pays for the out-put of American ores. Our Canadian ores, therefore, have to be smelted at Nelson or Trail or at Everett, Wash., and San Francisco, these two American smelters being the only ones within reach that have not been absorbed by the Smelting Trust. Hitherto, for this reason, the smelting charge, or as it is called the cost of freight and treatment paid by Kootenay mine-owners has been somewhat high; but quite recently it has been reduced from $19 to $15 per ton. This reduction has been forced by the fall in the value of silver and lead, which amounts to about $20 per ton of ore.

The freight and treatment charge could be still further reduced if we had cheaper coal and coke. The cost of coal and coke represents 25 or 30 per cent. of the entire cost of smelting lead ores; and at least 50 per cent. of the cost of smelting the gold-copper ores of the Boundary country. The entire fuel supply of the Kootenays comes from the Crow's Nest. The Crow's Nest Coal Company, organized by certain persons in Toronto, is the pioneer of the industry at the Crow's Nest, and, naturally has had to spend a good deal of money in experimenting, in obtaining a knowledge of the peculiar local conditions. On this account the Kootenay mine-owners are quite willing to pay it enough to yield a fair return upon the capital invested. But the present price, namely, $2 per ton for coal and $4 for coke on the cars at Fernie, is without doubt too high. In any event it is essential that there should be competition, that the Crow's Nest Coal Company should cease to have a monopoly of the fuel supply of southern British Columbia. Let it be understood here that there is no hostility whatever to the existing company. It deserves much credit for the enterprise it has displayed. But the time has come, now that we are entering upon a period of depression, to terminate its monopoly and introduce competition into the market.

The situation is aggravated by the fact that Mr. J. J. Hill has come into possession of a large interest in the Crow's Nest Coal Company. There is no coal or coke so good as this on the American side of the line, that is, at any point within convenient

reach of the American smelters. Mr. Hill is building a line from Kalispell on the Great Northern to Fernie, which will be completed in July. He will then, it is said, secure a controlling interest in the Crow's Nest Coal Company. He would scarcely spend the money to build a road to Fernie unless he were sure of getting full control of the mines. With this road finished he will at once begin to feed American smelters with coal and coke, and, of course, will be in a position to "hold-up" the Canadian smelters and in truth to drive the smelting industry of British Columbia into the United States.

All this adds to the necessity of establishing competition with the Crow's Nest Coal Company and the establishing of it at once. It has taken the Crow's Nest Coal Company three years of hard work to be in a position to ship 1000 tons of coal a day. Any new company would require at least six months or more to open up its mines, get its machinery in working and be ready to compete on anything like an equal footing with Mr. Hill and his Toronto friends.

It so happens that there are only four available places for mining in the Crow's Nest. At two of these, Michel and Coal Creek, the existing company has started mines and it will soon begin to mine at a third point north of Morrissey Creek. The only remaining point lies on the south of Morrissey Creek and is embraced in the area reserved by the Dominion Government for the purpose of "holding a stud" over Messrs. Hill, Jaffray and Cox. Naturally enough these gentlemen wish to get possession of the deposit south of Morrissey. This would give them absolute control of the entire Crow's Nest coal measures. They could not very well ask Mr. Sifton to convey the land south of Morrissey to themselves, that is, to the Crow's Nest Coal Company; but they are trying to induce him to convey it to a company which while it may have a different name, will be in reality an offshoot of the present company. Failing in this they will insist that Mr. Sifton should not leave the land south of Morrissey at all, but should tie it up and keep it out of the market in order to shut off competition against themselves.

As may be imagined, the Kootenay mine-owners do not relish this prospect. The coal deposits at Crow's Nest are the one thing in which we have an advantage over the Americans. It is our one ewe lamb and to see it carried off by Mr. J. J. Hill in the interest of American smelting is more than human nature can stand. No one supposes, however, that Mr. Sifton will allow himself to be cajoled by Mr. Jaffray into consummating the Hill monopoly in that fashion. The Canadian Pacific Railway, whose Crow's Nest line traverses the coal measures, is not at liberty to mine, is debarred from going so by an agreement made four years ago with the Crow's Nest Coal Company, when no one had any idea that Mr. Hill would ever appear upon the scene. It is obvious, however, that the only effective competition against Mr. Hill that could be established would be a competition carried on by a rival coal company on such friendly terms with the Canadian Pacific that the two together would leave nothing undone to cut prices and give Canadian smelters a good article of coal and coke. As it is, the Canadian smelters declare with one voice that the Crow's Nest Coal Company is shipping its best coal and coke to the United States via Lethbridge and supplying them with inferior stuff at at an exorbitant price.

Happily, the subject has nothing to do with party politics. Mr. Jaffray is President of the Toronto *Globe*, Mr. Cox a Senator and a supporter of the Dominion Government, but it is needless to say that they are not the whole Liberal party nor the whole Ottawa Cabinet. As said, no one seeks to injure them or their company. All that the Kootenay mine-owners ask, and it is a reasonable request, is that honest competition shall be set on foot so that Mr. Hill may not have it in his power to discriminate against Canadian and in favor of American smelters, and that the present high price of fuel shall be reduced now that we have to curtail outlays of all sorts because of the tremendous fall in the value of silver and lead. No doubt Mr. Sifton will do what is right and do it at once. It is essential that the new coal company, whoever may compose it, should be able to start development work without delay in order that it may be able to begin shipping to Canadian smelters so soon as Mr. Hill's road is finished, otherwise the process of wrecking Canadian smelters by discriminating against them may be carried so far as to leave the situation here quite hopeless.

To indulge in the luxury of a man like Mr. Houston has cost us something in the past. Are the citizens disposed to perpetuate the extravagance?

PREMIER DUNSMUIR has at last spread his "comprehensive policy" before the electors of British Columbia. No matter whether it was written by Joseph Martin or Charles Lugrin, no one will waste time in reading it.

THE evidence is now all in. The question before the ratepayers is Houston or the people? Ratepayers, consider well the evidence and render your verdict accordingly.

HOUSTON claims he creates and destroys councils at will. In any city in Canada this nauseating exhibition of self-conceit and despotism would receive a fitting condemnation at the polls.

"Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"

THE public meeting called by Mr. Fletcher and his friends was well attended. The Mayor gave a faithful account of his stewardship, which seemingly carried conviction to his listeners. It was a business statement by a business man.

VENT AND OSSIP

THE vaudeville performance, given under the direction of Herr F. Steiner, by Nelson amateurs, last Friday and Saturday nights, gave unqualified satisfaction. It is scarcely comprehensible that a town the size of Nelson should have such a number of really talented people in the operatic line. The programme opened with a lively overture by the orchestra. Mr. Thompson, in costume, sang Toreador from the opera Carmen, and rendered it exceedingly well. Next came the Lilliputian song and dance artists, Flossie Johnstone and Harold Cameron, as Bill and Mugs, from The Belle of New York. This little couple sung and danced like professionals and received tremendous applause. A very charming bit of the performance was the sextette, Tell Me Pretty Maidens, from Florodora, by Mesdames Macdonald, McLeod and Parry, and Messrs. Parry, Crickmay and Sherwood. The ladies were gowned in white with black garnitures, black gloves and black Gainsborough hats, the gentlemen wore Prince Alberts and silk tiles. Mr. Criddle's rendition of Coster songs brought down the house, and he proved himself a splendid entertainer. The first half of the programme closed with the Scene Celestial with special scenic effects, Mr. Kydd singing the solos, Triumph and Palms, assisted by a quartette composed of Messrs. Crickmay, Day, Sherwood and Parry, with Mr. R. Thompson at the organ. Mr. Kydd has a fine tenor voice, and used it to good advantage, especially in the latter solo. The second half of the programme began with a selection by the orchestra, followed by baton swinging by T. J. McAstocker. A very attractive feature was The Purity Brigade, composed of Mesdames Davys, Armstrong, Goepel, Heathcote and Macdonald, their uniforms being white with red trimmings, with white bonnets Salvation Army shape, faced with red. Mrs. Macdonald, as captain of the brigade, sang the solo part, and sang it very sweetly, her enunciation as always being perfect. The programme closed with several selections from The Bohemian Girl. Mrs. Parry looked charming in the costume of a gipsy maiden, and was in capital voice. She sang, I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls, which was one of the gems of the evening. Mr. Day's clear tenor voice was heard to good advantage in that beautiful solo, Remember Me. Mr. Thompson sang The Heart Bowed Down in a most acceptable manner. The performance throughout was bright and pleasurable, and its success was largely due to the painstaking efforts of Mr. Melville Parry and Herr Steiner.

The composer of Florodora, Mr. Leslie Stuart, in an autobiography in "M. A. P." gives some interesting details of his career. He says: "My limited resources caused me to become a musical heretic, and to be regarded as such by my young friends. I practised my piano for as much as twelve hours a day, while they were cramming themselves with the golden rule of how symphonies were written. I became organist of a cathedral before I was fifteen years of age, and never had a lesson in my life. I played from memory almost every mass written by Mozart and Haydn and on the piano every one of Beethovens sonatas, while they were drawing out diagrams of how they were written. They ceased to know me when I wrote a song that reached the barrel-organs. One of them is now a prosperous potato merchant; the other I met on race-courses in the capacity of a bookmaker. We both had adopted new names—he to screen his identity, I to establish mine."

Dr. Johnson once met the village postman trudging along the dusty road on a hot summer afternoon. The postman observed that he had still a mile to walk to deliver one newspaper. "My goodness!" exclaimed the sympathetic doctor, "I'd never go all that distance for such a trifle. Why don't you send it by post?"

F. Irvine & Co. are continuing their clearance sale this week and are offering splendid bargains.

The head of the King without the crown will figure on the new British stamps. Mr. Emile Fuchs, a prominent sculptor, is the designer.

The Nelson Boat Club held one of their series of dances last night at the Phair. The dances given by this club have become quite celebrated for their popularity, and the one given last night was a decided success.

Death has recently claimed two eminent British artists, Edward Onslow Ford and Sir Joseph Noel Paton. Mr. Ford was one of the most famous of British sculptors. One of his last works was a bust of Edwin A Abbey, which is now on exhibition in the Carnegie institute at Pittsburg. Sir Noel Paton's fame rests principally on his religious paintings. The late Queen bought several of his most important paintings, and it is said he was her favorite artist.

John Higgins, a brakeman, who had both legs cut off in a railway accident near Emporia, Kansas, last September, has made a rather curious settlement with the railroad company. He is to be taught telegraphy at the company's expense and is to have employment for life; also he is to be provided with a pair of cork legs.

Mrs. B. P. Cheney (Julia Arthur), who has just returned to Boston from the west, denies that she is to return to professional life. "The report started," she said, "that I have been engaged by a New York firm to appear in A Winter's Tale. I have been greatly annoyed by letters from managers seeking to

make contracts. I have not the sli htest intention of returning to the stage, nor have I even meditated such a step since I gave up More than Queen. I am happy and contented, and there is no reason or desire to again take up the care and arduousness of professional life. I have given it up forever.

The Conspicuous Service Cross is an entirely new decoration, the first of which the King recently personally presented to naval officers for services in South Africa and China. It is composed of heavy silver and bears in the centre the monogram " E. R. I." surmounted by the Imperial Crown.

Rev. F. W. Graham, late of Trinity Church, Montreal, entered upon his duties as rector of St. Saviour's Church, Nelson, Sunday last. A very pleasant social was given on Monday evening, for the purpose of welcoming the new pastor. Dainty refreshments were served and an attractive programme rendered.

Mr. G. K. Tackabury has returned from California, where he has been spending a month's vacation.

There is to be a hockey match next Monday evening, at the rink, between the senior hockey team and the Sandon team, and a lively game is expected.

Some of the very newest of the brand new songs that are making a hit are the following: For the Blue Juniata I'm Longing, De Pullman Porter's Ball, But Why and Come Back Dinah. The two-step, Clorinda, and Carmelita, a Mexican dance, are becoming very popular.

A school has been established in Rubinstein's native town to bear the name of the composer, the funds being contributed by his admirers. Special attention will be given to the musical training of the pupils. The plan of memorial includes the making of the house in which Rubinstein was born into a museum.

London has declared war upon music as a dining-room feature of hotels and restaurants. It is asserted that it is destructive of that important accompaniment of a pleasant d nner—easy talking.

The future of the Lakes of Killarney is shadowed forth by the purchaser, Mr. A. G. Peck. His idea is to live in the mansion and keep 1500 acres for a home park. Part of the remainder of the total 14,000 acres of the Muckross estate is to be cut up into fifteen acre lots, on each of which a fine house is to be built, with a frontage to the lake. The tenants are to produce a guaranty that they are men of wealth and to pledge themselves to employ fifty Irishmen per annum. The scheme of making a colony consisting only of the rich is not a new one. It works well in certain American seaside resorts and might answer at Killarney. It is supposed the lakes will remain free to the public.

The Eiffel tower has been turned to practical use by the Paris police, who use it as a watch tower from which to spy out those chimneys that throw up more smoke than the law allows.

England's postoffice savings bank has seven million depositors and six hundred million dollars of funds.

The people of Hungary are reputed to be great lovers of music, but recently a singer who had undertaken to give a performance in a public hall of Maros-Ujvar, a town of 3,500 inhabitants, had to break his engagement because he could not find a piano in the town.

Of every £1,000 of assets, the United Kingdom gives £4 to charity, and France gives £6.

Frank J. Schreiber, who is supposed to be the oldest postmaster in the United States, has just resigned, after 43 years of continuous service. He was appointed postmaster of Cruger, Woodford Co., Ill., during President Buchanan's administration.

A dispatch was sent out from Youngstown, Ohio, saying that on a certain day the Salvation Army would sell ten children to the highest bidder. The State Board of Charities was inundated with protests, but it turned out that the auction was a crowd-drawing fake. Certain bidders were to offer "honor" "riches," "success," beauty," and finally "Christianity," for the children, the latter of which was the highest bidder.

Long engagements are rather expensive in Russia, as the groom-elect sends his fiancee a present every day.

Local skaters aro making excursions to Mirror Lake, where the skating is said to be good.

Chinese girls are to be employed in San Francisco as telephone operators. There are so many Chinese inhabitants using the telephone that operators who speak the language are in demand.

An English officer in South Africa who recently asked permission to take his wife with him to Bloemfontein had his letter returned to him by the general in command with a blue pencil comment on the back: "Officers upon active service (under the rules) are not allowed animated comforts."

A New Year's Blizzard.

IT was on the 27th of December that a woman rode into Pine Hill Station from the west on horseback. The station agent had been there seven weeks without seeing the face of a woman, except such as appeared at the window of the passenger coaches. He sat looking out of the window as the woman rode up, and she had not yet come to a halt when he said to himself:

"The Widow Jennings, from Sunrise Ranche. Boys call her a daisy. Big ranch—droves of cattle—money in bank. All alone except for a little daughter five years old, but she's full of business and the boys have to hustle. I'll help her off.

The widow said she was going down the road for three or four days on special business, and her pony was turned loose to find his way home. The agent, who was by no means a bad looking fellow, laid himself out to play the agreeable during the hour the lady had to wait, and when he finally handed her on the train he flattered himself he had made a favorable impression.

The same evening a wind and rain storm set in and lasted for three days, and the telegraph lines were broken in a score of places. On the fourth day one of the boys came in from Sunrise Ranche with an extra horse, expecting the widow to arrive. He remained at the station all day, waiting in vain, and when night came he said to the agent:

"See yere, pard, I'm goin' back to the ranch, as I'm needed thar'; I'll leave the pony up in the thicket, and if the widow shows up in the mornin', send her along.

Next morning the wind had the feel of yet another storm, and there were snow-clouds creeping over the hills. The 10 o'clock train came along on time, but the widow Jennings was not a passenger. The pony had been fed and watered, the train reported, the water-tank refilled, and the agent sat in the depot keeping track of the line repairers and growling over the situation, when there was the echo of footsteps on the platform and the door was pushed open by a man about 35 years of age whose looks and raiment at once gave him away for a tramp.

"Oh! it's you!" sneered the agent, as he looked up and sized up his caller at a glance.

"I was passing by and thought I'd call," replied the man, as he backed up to the red-hot stove and looked about him.

"Thanks, awfully. My assistant will be in from the freight house directly. He is the man who does the kicking for the establishment."

"If he can kick any luck my way I shan't object," quietly remarked the stranger.

"Hang the whole boiling lot of you!" growled the agent, as he turned around to get a better view of the tramp, "Hungry and dead broke, like the rest of 'em I suppose? Well, you won't get even a bone to gnaw on here. Where in the devil are you headed for this time?"

"Just making a change of climate."

"Oh, that's it? Well, keep right on and you'll strike a red-hot summer. Maybe you'll find a bite to eat on a shelf in there, but don't make a hog of yourself. If I had my way about it I'd give every tramp at least five years in the jug."

At noon a freight train came in and the Widow Jennings stepped from the caboose and said to the agent that she had tried to telegraph, but the breaks were not all repaired yet. She had missed the passenger train and coaxed the conductor of the freight to bring her on. She asked the agent to fetch her pony and put on the saddle, and while she waited she looked out of the window at the snow-clouds creeping up in a slow and menacing manner.

"Have you far to ride ma'am?"

It was the tramp who spoke. She had simply glanced at him as she entered the room, and his ragged clothes had given him away at once. She answered that she had 15 miles to ride, and he threw open the door and observed that there were signs of a coming blizzard. He respectfully offered to ride to the ranch and return with a vehicle of some sort, and the widow turned to take a second look at him. He had the grim and the tatters and the look of a professional tramp, but his speech was not that of a tramp. His voice was gentle, his manner respectful and there was real anxiety in his tones as he addressed her. She thanked him for his kind offer, and added that she was a horsewoman and knew every foot of the trail.

Ten minutes after the pony was brought to the platform the widow was out of sight among the flying snowflakes. As the agent looked after her the tramp moved away, and five minutes later the assistant came in to say that the tramp was headed for the west and following after the woman. It was true that the fellow was headed out on the plains, instead of taking the railroad track. With his cap pulled down and his shoulders humped up he was driving before the gale and following the trail the woman had taken. The two men shouted after him, and he turned and waved his hand. As he did so they raised their revolvers and twelve leaden messengers were sent after the fast disappearingg form as rapidly as fingers could pull the trigger. Perhaps he was hit—perhaps he escaped unhurt. If his plan was to overtake the horse and the woman he stood not one chance out of a thousand.

"Co-ee! Co-ee! Co-ee."

The widow knew that the storm was about to break and she seated herself in the saddle for the long ride, but she hoped to gain the ranche before it reached its worst. At first the gale was at her back and she did not feel its force, but she had not gone over three miles when the wind veered into the west, and its icy breath made her shiver. Dropping the reins on the pony's neck, and covering her head and muffing her hands, she left everything to the animal, but his speed slackened almost at once. He was stumbling forward in an uncertain way, confused and blinded by the icy hail, when he fell into a hole and the woman pitched over his head. When she struggled up the pony had disappeared. There was no such thing as her breasting the storm. In her attempt to do so she was flung down with violence, and snuggling her wraps around her, she waited for death.

It was the sound of a human voice close beside her, and as she struggled up she made out the form of the tramp through the swirl. Without attempting to utter a word he picked her up in his strong grasp and staggered forward, but he had not gone thirty feet when they fell and rolled down a bank together and found themselves among a score of sheep huddled together for warmth. The tramp picked up three or four animals and flung them aside, and in the warm place thus vacated he deposited the frozen woman. Then he pulled off his old coat, flung it over a bush to protect head and shoulders, and when he had made her as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, he flung out a couple more sheep and took their places. In half an hour there

s a covering of snow two feet deep above the cast-
ays, and this place was to prove their salvation.
The night came down and the hours dragged on
d after what seemed an eternity morning dawned
nd the storm was spent. In the warm wraps the
oman had suffered but little. In his old and thin
abiliments, added to the loss of his coat, the tramp
d been savagely treated by the cold.
One month later, the assistant at Pine Hill called
ut to the agent:
"I've got a bit of news for you, old man. Do
ou remember the tramp who was here the day
f the blizzard? We sized him up for a bum, but
e were mistaken. It appears he is a gent by birth,
ut a tramp by misfortune. Educated at Hartford
r Yale, speaks three or four lingoes, and is a heap
f a feller in ragged clothes."
"But what is all this to me?" asked the agent
ith careless indifference.
"Oh, I don't know, except he's to marry the
Widow Jennings, and your name is mud!"

SHORT STORIES

As a preface to his attack upon the recent army appointments in England, Rudyard Kipling tells a story of a man who was carrying a bag, and of whom a fellow-traveler asked, what it was that the bag contained. "Mongooses,' was the answer; "my brother sees snakes, and I'm taking the mongooses up to kill them." "But your brother doesn't see real snakes." "No; but these aren't real mongooses."

On one occasion Hans Richter was present at a concert given by a brother composer, at which the latter performed a long and not particularly interesting work of his own. When the composition came to an end Richter expressed his criticism in a very few words. "Well," he said, "I too haf written compositions to make a pile so high," raising his hand three feet from the ground; "but I haf burned them!"

Hans Jensen, a Dane, who appeared before a Kansas judge in order to take out naturalization papers, very easily demonstrated his fitness for the privilege. "Hans," said the judge, "are you satisfied with the general conditions of the country? Does this government suit you?" "Yas, yas," replied the Dane, "only I would like to see more rain." "Swear him!" exclaimed the judge. "I see that he already has the Kansas idea."

A story is being told in the London clubs about King Edward. A discussion once arose among a circle of his intimate friends as to how they would each meet a sudden reverse of fortune. One of them turned to the Prince—it was before his accession—and said: "If the monarchy was overthrown here, sir, what would you do?" The Prince of Wales thought for a moment, and then replied: "Well, I think I might support my family by lecturing in the United States upon how it feels to be Prince of Wales."

Haydn had a peculiar way of determining the time in which a piece of music should be sung. On one occasion a female singer in high esteem at court had been appointed to sing on of Haydn's compositions. At the rehearsal she and the conductor differed as to the time of the music. The matter was to be settled by referring it to Haydn himself. When called on to decide, he asked the conductor if the singer was handsome. "Very," was the reply, "and a special favorite with the prince." "Then she is right," replied Haydn.

Cyrus Townsend Brady tells an amusing story in his Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West, of a little boy he knew on the frontier, who belonged to a family who had trained him to believe in the deepwater form of baptism and was experimenting with the household cat and a bucket of water. The animal evidently did not believe in immersion, for she resisted, bit and scratched until finally the little boy, with his hands covered with scratches and with tears in his eyes, gave ub the effort to effect the regeneration of the cat. ', Dog-gone you!" he cried, "go and be an Episcopal cat if you want to!"

Colonel Daniel F. Anthony, brother of Susan B. Anthony, and the last of the fighting editors of Kansas, is on record as the only man who has had his aorta severed and lived. In a newspaper feud with a gambler named Jennison, Anthony was shot. The doctor told him he could not live. The wounded man did not say anything but bade his sister good-bye and went to sleep. When he awoke he asked the nurse: "What time is it?" "Six o'clock," replied the nurse. The colonel chuckled for a moment, then said: "Say, that's a good joke on the doctor, isn't it? He said I'd be dead at five-thirty." He fell asleep again, and when he awoke the doctor acknowledged his mistake.

Sir Henry Hawkins, who was raised to the peerage as Baron Brampton after a long term on the criminal bench, was a notable terror to evil-doers. Toward the close of his career he happened to arrive at a railway station, and was at once accosted by a rough fellow who seemed very anxious to assist him in handling his baggage. Struck with his friendliness, Sir Henry said: "You seem very desirous of helping me, my friend." "That's what I am, sir," replied the man. "You see, sir, once you did me a good turn." "Yes?" asked the judge. "When and where, pray?" "Well," said the fellow, it was when ye 'ung Crooked Billy. Me an' Billy onct was pals, but we fell out, and Billy says as 'ow next time 'e dropped eyes on me 'e'd do for me with a knife. I knowed Billy, and knowed 'e do as 'e said; and so 'e would, sir, if you 'adn't 'ung 'im in time. So I'd like to do you a good turn, too, Sir 'Enry."

During a heated spell last summer, Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, took a run down to Atlantic City, and on arriving made themselves known to none, but went to a bathing house incog. Clad in the shapeless bathing-suits that are furnished hapless strangers, they soon issued forth, with a broad-rimmed straw hat tied tightly down upon the head of each. In spite of their shapeless costumes, however, there was something distingue in the appearance of the two men, and so it happened that some of those in the throng that huddled along the beach gazed at them with mild curiosity. One home-like countrywoman, evidently on her first seashore visit, was especially interested in watching the two men, who were enjoying themselves with constantly increasing gayety. At length the dignitaries heard her say critically to her husband, in what she thought a safe aside: "Well, the old man, he looks kinder thin and peaked, but the old woman—seems to me she's quite hearty and strong!"

MINING NOTES.

The total tonnage of ore of Boundary district for the year 1901 was 380,000 tons, divided as follows :

	Tons
Granby mines	233,424
Mother Lode	89,034
B C	47,405
Winnipeg	1,040
Snowshoe	1,731
Athelstan	550
Sunset	802
King Solomon	875
Jewel	350
No. 7	850
R. Bell	560
Carmi	890
Ruby	80
Total	380,000

(Phoenix Pioneer.)

The side of the new 300 foot shaft for the Snowshoe has been cleared.

The deal between the Brooklyn and Mother Lode, it is said, is not yet off.

Persistent rumors are afloat that the Gold Drop will resume in the near future.

This week the Ethiopia, of Long Lake camp, shipped a car of ore to the Greenwood smelter.

It is reported that work will be resumed on the jewel mine, Long Lake camp, in the near future.

Part of the new hoisting engine, two carloads, arrived this week for the Sunset mine Deadwood camp, from the Jenckes Machine Co., of Sherbrooke, Quebec.

(Slocan Drill.)

The machine drills are knocking out a number of men at the Enterprise.

During December the ore shipments from the Sandon district were 2091 tons.

John F. Holden, manager of the Tamarac, has written in, stating that work would commence as early as possible in the spring.

W. Harvey received a cable from England yesterday, asking him to forward at once a 500 pound sample of molybdenite from the Lemon creek deposits.

Legal entanglements over the Rabit Paw is the reason given out for the close down of the Slocan Star. In the meantime 12 men are kept at development.

The machinery at the Enterprise concentrator is rapidly getting down to shape and is giving satisfaction. The plant has been so adjusted that the loss in the tailings has been greatly reduced.

In the Pontiac, situated on the south side of Ten Mile creek and close to Aylwin, a two inch streak of ore has been encountered, which gives assays of 900 oz to the ton. This is in addition to the regular paystreak.

Ore shipments have started off well for the new year, though they are confined solely to the Arlington. Despite the bad roads resulting from the continuous thaw, the mine has sent out from the 1st inst 210 tons, which all went to Nelson. From now on the shipments from the mine will run about 20 tons a day. The Enterprise has a couple of cars in sight and so has the Ottawa, while the Neepawa purposes making an 80 ton shipment during the month.

For 1900 the exports from this division amounted to 284? tons, made up from ten properties. Last year the exports totalled 6514 tons, from 14 properties. Following is a full list of the shipments this year to date:

Arlington	210

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Special Blend Ceylon Tea, per pound.	0

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Where located:—On Toad Mountain, about one quarter of a mile east of the Grizzly Bear claim.

Take notice that I, Arthur S. Farwell, acting as agent for William B. Wilt, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 82,410, 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 12th day of September, 1901.

A. S. FARWELL.

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