THE NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. V. NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1902 NO. 31

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Comfortable Footwear. We carry the largest stock of up to the minute Boots and Shoes to be found in B. C. We are exclusive agents for the following well known shoes:

The "Slater" Shoes
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Now that I am through stock-taking, I intend to reduce my stock by giving the public a reduction of 15 per cent off on the dollar. I invite you all and I guarantee all goods sold.

We have so many different lines that it is impossible to mention them all, but here are a few of them.

Diamond and Pearl Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Karn Pianos and Sewing Machines.

Jacob Dover, "The Jeweler."

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The Great Illustrated Weekly Paper of Canada is

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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

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NELSON, B. C.

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NELSON ECONOMIST

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THE 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.

THE outcome of the Liberal convention at Vancouver though scarcely unexpected, will not meet with the approbation of a majority of the Liberals of British Columbia. If any considerable number favor Joseph Martin as leader they certainly did not show it by their votes at the last provincial election, and there is no reason to believe that sentiment has changed much in his favor since that time. The truth of the matter seems to be that Martin had the convention packed with his own friends, and his selection in so far as they were concerned was a foregone conclusion. Again, his selection as leader of the Liberals will complicate the political situation even more than it is at the present. Martin is supporting a Government that is composed of both Conservatives and Liberals, and yet by the vote of the convention he is committed to carry on the next election on party lines. Of course, Mr. Eberts' adhesion to Conservative principles is not of a very pronounced type, and for the sake of holding on to his office, he might conveniently forget that he had ever been a Conservative at all. Once upon a time Mr. Eberts was looked upon as the logical leader of the Conservatives of this Province, but on account of his spineless behavior he has sacrificed the right to be even considered a Conservative. Mr. Martin's next move will be watched with some interest. In the meantime it is not considered possible that he will be able to create a following of Liberals, and the Liberal party is in just the same position it was before the convention.

SNOWSTORMS come high in the East, but the people must have them. The recent blizzard cost Montreal $40,000.

THE Conservatives of Manitoba are getting ready for another campaign, and W. H. Hastings, the former organizer is again getting to work.

THE appointment of Senator Templeman to a Cabinet position will be hailed with delight by both Conservatives and Liberals throughout the Province. Mr. Templeman has fought the battles of his party ever since he came to the Province, and that he should receive special consideration at the hands of that party is only just. He will not take charge of a department for the present, but that will come in due time, and then we may feel sure that the administration of his department will be carried on with the same honor and integrity that has been his guiding star in the conduct of his private business. British Columbia will be a great gainer by this appointment, and THE ECONOMIST congratulates both the Province and Mr. Templeman.

MANITOBA'S estimate for the year shows a probable expenditure of $1,288,868 and a revenue of $1,534,613.

THE Ottawa Humane Society is organizing a campaign against cock-fighting. It is about time British Columbia should send missionaries to the East.

IT is worth noting that all British Columbia newspapers are not published in British Columbia. For instance there is a journal in London devoted to the mining industry of this Province, and now we learn that the Rev. Charles McCrossan is about to publish a journal in Minneapolis, to be devoted to the British Columbia mining industry.

AN Illinois inventor is urging the substitution of printed slides for the brakeman's voice in the announcement of stations in moving trains. This will fill a long felt want. The epigrammatist who said "language was made to conceal thought" must have been thinking of the incoherent bellowing with which railway brakesmen are supposed to convey information to passengers.

AT a time when Boer laymen are baffling the genius of colonels and brigadiers of the British army, Canadian laymen may be permitted to doubt whether the secrets of military wisdom have been mastered by the colonels of Canada's permanent force, says the Toronto *Telegram*. Discipline is not belittled by critics who appeal to the records of the South African war to prove that the brain power of the irregular soldier has been of more military value than the discipline of the regular soldiers.

Canada could have safer guides to the goal of military wisdom than either Col. Otter or Col. Buchan. A knowledge of discipline and a mastery of the details of life in the permanent force are not the raw materials which can be built into a source of

infallibly good advice. Without the advantage of experience in the permanent force the much criticized Col. Sam Hughes did good work in South Africa. Without the advantage of experience in the permanent force Major Merritt handled irregulars in Brabant's Horse with results which were not surpassed by the work of any Canadian colonel. Without the advantage of experience in Canada's permanent force a rough-and-ready Western Scout, Charles Ross, entered the British army as lieutenant of an irregular mounted force and is now Lieut.-Col. Ross, D. S. O.

Canada should not choose all brains and no discipline or go to the extreme of all discipline and no brains. The hope of Canada in the military sense is in the capacity and intelectual breadth of her volunteer officers. If the volunteer officers of Canada must think according to the ideas of the colonels of the permanent force, than Canada's militia will lack the freedom, power and efficiency which have enabled the Boers to face over-whelming odds.

THE supply of hay, oats, flour, etc., shipped to South Africa by the Department of Agriculture for the War Office amount to $5,500,000 up to date.

FOR the second time since his succession King Edward has stood sponsor in person for a nonroyal infant. The lucky baby so honoured was the son of Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonston. As Prince of Wales the King was always willing to stand as godfather for the children of old friends. Among the peers who have the right to call their sovereign godfather are Lord Castlemaine and the Dukes of Marlborough and St. Albans. Elder sons of peers similarly privileged are more numerous. They include Lord Fincastle, Lord Dalmeny, the little Marquis of Blandford and Lord Wandover. Another godson is Sir Albert Naylor Leyland. All are frequently reminded of the fact that His Majesty is a judicious and generous giver.

COMMENTING on the proposed reform of the procedure of the British House of Commons a contemporary remarks: "The House, in its origin merely an advisory assembly, has long since become the supreme power, and the change in its functions may well call for a corresponding change in its rules. The danger attending the process in the present circumstances is that a Ministry with an enormous and mechanical majority may grasp the opportunity of subjecting independent speech and action too much to the control of Government, and thus turn the House practically from a free representation of the people into the registry office of a dominant group of placemen. The flood gates of parliamentry oratory might, however, well be partly closed. The speeches are not deliberative, they are volleys of controversial rhetoric fired by two political armies against each other. Most of them, in truth, are little more than watered reproductions of the editorials in the party journals of the morning. The press is now the form of the more effective discussion. This has begun to be felt, and reports of parliamentary debates are abridged accordingly."

THE *Times* notes that the demand for copper will be very great for years to come owing to the increased use of electic power, and it will gratify Canadians to know that the copper needed for Canadian requirements will soon be smelted as well as mined in Ontario. Mr. John J. Cate, who proposes to erect an 800-ton smelter near the Bruce mines, has had ample experience at Houghton, Michigan, and in Montana. He would not go into such a scheme unless he were satisfied with regard to the quality and quantity of the copper ore.

As an evidence of the high appreciation in which the Canadian troops in South Africa have been held it may be mentioned that greater praise could scarcely be recorded than that which was paid to the Strathcona Horse by the retiring Surgeon-General of the British army, Dr. J Jameson, C. B, Q. H. S. Speaking at a complimentary banquet given to him recently in London by the medieal profession of Great Britain and Ireland, upon the occasion of his relinquishment of office, he said:—"Experience in this war, on the other hand, tends to prove that a man without much military training may be a good fighting soldier—Lord Strathcona's Horse, for example. In it many men were killed, but no man ever surrendered, and there was no one the Boers had more cause to fear than the rough, untrained but plucky soldier from Canada, who always fought to a finish."

A DOCTOR has announced his belief that in diagnosing a patient's case it is as essential to observe his walk as to feel his pulse. From recent investigations in this branch of what we may venture to call pedestrial therapeutics, it appears that a person in vigorous and robust health walks with his toes pointed to the front, and that as health begins to go the toes turn gradually out and a perceptible bend appears in the knees. It will certainly come as a surprise to a good many people, drill instructors especially, to learn that it is correct, in the best sense of that loosely-used word, to walk with the toes to the front. At the same time there seems to be something in the idea. There is a suggestion of force and directness in toes kept rigidly to the front which is not conveyed by the present orthodox fashion of toes turned slightly outwards.

ONE of the latest developments of the common domestic clock is worthy of serious attention. It comes from Switzerland, and takes the form of a phonographic attachment to an ordinary clock, which at any desired hour will shout: It is (7) o'clock; get up! Now, don't go to sleep again!" The possibilities of an extension of this principle are immense. There might be clocks for the boxing ring, saying, "Time,

gentlemen," and clocks for the parliamentary bore with a cry of "'vide! 'vide!" Church congregations which have suffered many things at the hands of long-winded-preachers might subscribe for a clock which should utter a sonorous "Amen!" at the end of a suitable period. Equally valuable would be a time-piece which should convey a gentle hint to the unwanted caller; indeed, this particular development is so attractive that I am thinking of enlisting its aid for the purpose of shortening editorial interviews at *Truth* office, remarks a writer in that publication.

PREMIER DUNSMUIR has accepted an invitation to attend the coronation services. We surmise that he will not attend as Premier of British Columbia.

R. L. DRURY has been asked to enter the Provincial Government, but refuses point plank to have anything to do with Mr. Dunsmuir's hybrid Government.

HON DAVID MILLS has taken the oath as Supreme Court Judge, and Mr. Kirkpatrick has taken over the justice department.

The Ymir *Mirror* believes if it were made compulsory for our mines to give verified figures as to their output, returns, expenses, profits, etc., and then there will be an official guarantee of honest, upright action on their behalf.

It is announced that Republic ores will be received by rail at the Granby smelter within the next six weeks.

AFTER all the city of Grand Forks is not be called Miner, as was intended at one time. Grand Forks is bad enough, but Miner would be worse.

THE rise in copper is welcome news to the mining men of British Columbia.

THERE is said to be some probability of a wealthy meat syndicate entering the Kootenay in opposition to P. Burns & Co. It is composed of ranchers in the vicinity of Calgary, backed by a well known banking institution.

AGAIN it is reported from Victoria that Lieutenant-Governor Joly has informed Premier Dunsmuir that he must at once fill the vacant seat in Victoria and have a complete Cabinet before the House meets. This may or may not be true but it is a matter of surprise that the Lieutenant-Governor has not done something of this kind long ago. We do not profess to be an authority on constitutional law, but we would be very much surprised to learn that there had ever been a parallel political situation to that now existing in this Province. For months Premier Dunsmuir has carried on the business of the country with an incomplete cabinet; for no other reason apparently than that his Government was afraid to test its credit with the electorate. For this reason we hope that the rumor from Victoria is true, and that Premier Dunsmuir shall no longer be permitted to tamper the constitution under his feet.

THE death of Count Tolstoi would be a distinct loss to the world. Very few men of this age have accomplished so much for suffering humanity.

MR. G. EVANS, who for about three years had charge of the mechanical work of THE ECONOMIST, is now associated with H. S. Turner at Grand Forks in the publication of the *Evening Sun*. Mr Evans is a first class printer, and is about the kind of a man that should make the *Sun* a paying proposition.

JOE MARTIN is now leader of the Liberal party without one Liberal paper to endorse his leadership. The Vancouver *Province* says: "The convention, allowing it that name by courtesy, cannot claim to speak for the Liberals of British Columbia, after having excluded from its session, practically by main force, all the leading members of the party in the coast cities, even to Senator Templeman, the newly-appointed member of the Federal Cabinet.

As to the outcome of the political muddle, the Victoria *Times* contributes the following: "Mr. Martin may now either ally himself openly with Mr. Dunsmuir, stipulate for a cabinet which will conform to his ideas of a Liberal Government, or he may join forces with the opposition for the purpose of securing the passage of a redistribution bill and the defeat of the administration, with the result of an appeal to the country and another period of political turmoil. The general belief is that the Premier and Mr. Martin have had an understanding for some time. The one question is as to the effect the latest developments may have upon that understanding. If the Conservatives were also to declare for party lines now they might drive away the fog that obscures the future. We may expect the election in Victoria to be brought on now without loss of time. At such a critical stage in the history of our affairs it is obviously imperative that the House should meet with every constituency represented. No doubt the fight will be between a 'straight' Liberal, endorsed by Mr. Martin, and Mr. Bodwell."

FANATICS at Afghanistan are making trouble.

GENERAL SALARZA has been appointed Governor of Panama.

THE Japanese are driving bandits out of South Formosa.

VENT AND OSSIP

A wealthy Philadelphia woman has inaugurated a novel fad. She was extravagantly fond of a pet dog, and wished to have him perpetuated in some lasting shape. She consulted a well-known dealer in bronzes, with the result that Fido sat for his picture, which, with a scrap of his furry coat, was forwarded to Vienna. In the course of time the miniature Fido in bronze took up his position as a paper weight in the Philadelphia woman's house. The scheme was hailed with delight by other women, with the consequence that various pets, counterfeited in bronze, are adorning aristocratic homes.

To-day is Ash Wednesday, the beginning of the Lenten season. "The Story of the Cross" will be sung this evening during the service at St. Saviour's Church.

A certain large firm of London drapers, owning over thirty large shops and employing nearly 1,000 assistants, engage professional shoppers to test the ability of these assistants. These shoppers are told to give as much trouble as possible, and after looking at nearly everything in the shop, often go away without buying anything. Should the unfortunate assistant's temper not be equal to the strain, a report is sure to reach headquarters and lead to the immediate dismissal of the sorely tried clerk.

Fred Irvine & Co. are having a sale of a beautiful and complete line of whitewear at special prices.

One of the most charming things in Paris, says the *Argonaut*, is the smile with which the working class and the selling class meet their employer and their victim. If one could only make the American saleslady and servant understand that its value is above rubies in the domestic routine! The smile is one of the secrets of French mercantile success, especially with Americans. They smile and the customer buys, and reasoning from this hypothesis it will be seen that their smile is worth many millions of dollars per annum.

Paris and Vienna have gone mad over buffet automatique and New York is soon to set one up. This new-style restaurant has no waiters; it is nothing but a huge slot machine, and it beats even the quick lunch counters. Women and children, business men and workmen throng these restaurants. Abroad the machines are stationed in handsomely furnished rooms filled with marble top tables and upholstered chairs. One whole side of the room is fitted up with what looks like an immense buffet, with no eatables in sight. There are innumerable taps all labeled. If one wants a sandwich he drops a dime into the slot labeled "chicken sandwich" or "salad sandwich," as the case may be, and out slides a tray with whatever he has paid for, with knife and fork and napkin. There are salads and pastry and meats to be had and all kinds of drinks imaginable. Holding a glass under the tap, the visitor drops in a dime or nickel and when the glass is full of tea or coffee or milk—or even wine—the tap automatically closes. Children like to see the candies and sodas appear before them like magic; women think it is fun, and men admire the quickness of it. There is a manager who guides bewildered folks and a cashier to change bills for you if you have no dimes or nickels, but that is all the help in sight. In Paris all the boulevards have these automatic buffets and Vienna has one so large that over 400 kinds of food and drinks may be had.

The Nelson senior hockey team leave to-day for Sandon, where a match game will take place between it and the Sandon team.

Apropos of Tennyson's life at Freshwater Mr. T. S. Escott tells this story, says a London journal: "The only stranger I can remember to have seen there was a young American author, already of distinguished performance and of even more brilliant promise, who had brought with him a letter of commendation from Longfellow. He was painfully shy and absentminded at the dinner table, nearly forgetting to eat and quite, I think, forgetting to drink. In the latter respect he resembled his host, who on that day, while the dishes were on the table, touched only one of them. "With the dessert a small bottle of the laureate's favorite port, unfortified —such, he said, as 'Will Waterproof' once could get at the Cock in Fleet street—made its appearance. It was only sipped by the poet after intervals between conversation with his trans-atlantic guest or of reveries with himself. At last, however, the decanter was drained. The poet, as if surprised to find it empty, with a touch of plaintiveness in his melodious monotone, said reflectively to the visitor, who had not touched the wine, 'Do you always drink a bottle of port after dinner?' "

The melancholy death from hydrophobia of the Duke of Richmond, who was Governor of Canada in 18 9, has always been surrounded with a certain amount of mystery. What is believed to be the authentic story of his death is that told by Mr. Charles Cambridge, who was in Canada at the time, but returned to Ireland immediately after the Duke's death. He wrote Lord Bathurst from Ireland on his arrival there, giving the following details. The Duke had lifted up a pet dog to lick a wound in his chin caused by shaving, and the animal bit him. Five months afterwards, when he was in the wilds of Upper Canada, symptoms of hydrophobia appeared. One day in drinking wine at table, he suddenly turned from it with abhorrence. Shortly after, going through the forest, he heard the bark of a dog,

ran off so rapidly that his attendants could ccely follow him. He was ultimately overtaken barn, and removed to a miserable hovel, where lied. In his paroxysms he was heard to say, or shame, Richmond, shame, Charles Lennox, your sufferings like a man." According to an- er account, the Duke was bitten while separating me fox and a dog that were quarrelling and it is btful by which animal the bite was inflicted.

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ourteen cars of ore, from the Silver Hill mine, signed to the Trail smelter, passed through Nel- yesterday.

R. A. Rogers, head of the firm of R. A. Rogers & , Winnipeg, represented in Nelson by F. J. rkey & Co., is in the city.

Last Monday, at Winnipeg, in the bishops's apel, Miss Conkling was united in marriage to E. Coyle, assistant general passenger agent of the P R, Vancouver, a gentleman well and favorably own in Nelson. After an extended wedding tour, ey will return to their home in Vancouver.

Millward's orchestra furnished music for the asonic ball, given at Ymir last evening.

At a meeting Monday afternoon of the Church mmittee of St. Saviour's Church, W. Downie and W. Matthews were chosen as successors to T. J. ns and Percy Chapman, members of the commit- who have left Nelson.

In the Plymouth congregation, during Henry ard Beecher's pastorate, there was at one time a oman who had a harsh voice and a stiff manner of eaking, and her long-drawn-out, dull discourses earied the congregation. At last Mr. Beecher, too, ached the limit of endurance, and one evening, hen she sat down, after taking nearly half an hour, arose, and in his deep tones said, slowly: "Nev- theless, I still believe in women speaking in meet- g." She spoke no more.

There was quite an exciting hockey match at the nk last evening between the Nelson and Rossland niors, resulting in the defeat of the Nelson team.

The Ferguson smelter is practically completed, sting in the neighborhood of $80,000.

Mr. Justice Martin arrived in Nelson, and presided the sitting of the Supreme Court this morning.

The discussion of this matter at this time has been rought about by the death of Lady Sophia Cecil, ho died on Jan. 17th in London. She had eached her ninety-third year, and was the youngest and last surviving daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1807 to 1813, and was afterward Minister to Brussels, finally becoming Governor-General of Canada. Lady Sophia watched as a child the arrival of the "fair women and brave men" who attended the ball given by her father at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. She married in 1838 Lord Thomas Cecil, son of the first Marquis of Exeter, and had been a widow for nearly thirty years.

During Lord Methuen's march to the relief of Kimberly, the general and ais staff were inspecting some out-lying entrenchments protecting the English position at Graspan, when they came upon a company of Engineers busily engaged in widening a trench. Lord Methuen was amused to observe that while the others were industriously at work the sergeant in command did nothing but run up and down ordering and countermanding until red in the face with shouting. "Which work would you prefer," said the general to a young officer on his staff, "digging or shouting?" "There is but little to choose," returned the aide-de-camp. "The work is the same in both cases. They excavate while he hollows out!"

A successful conversazione and dance was held at the Phair Hotel last Monday evening in aid of the public library. Vocal and instrumental selections were rendered by Mesdames Davys, Bruce White and Hannington, and Mr. George Kydd. About sixty couples were present and it is understood that a substantial sum has been realized for library work.

In Emmanuel church parlors Monday evening a delightful social was given by the choir. Mrs. Murray sang "The Brook," and was enthusiastically applauded. Miss Manhart, who has a very sweet voice, sang "Last Night," followed by Miss Hanson who sang the ever popular song "O, Promise Me." The entertainment concluded with a short address by Rev. Mr. Monroe.

A peculiar custom is said to prevail at Norham, England, that if the banns are thrice published, and the marriage does not take place, the refusing party, whether male or female, pays forty shillings to the vicar as a penalty for "scorning the church."

The Cosgrove Merrymakers will give a performance in the Opera House this evening. Judging from the favorable press reports from the different localities where they have been, a very enjoyable entertainment may be expected.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will issue return tickets at one fare to the Rossland Winter Carnival, Feb. 20 and 21, good for returning Feb 24.

An Idyl of the HT.

IT is sunset at the HT ranch. Four or five cowboys sit gloomily about outside the ranchhouse, waiting for supper. The Mexican cook has just begun his fragrant task, so a half hour must elapse before these Arabs are fed. Their ponies are turned into the wire pasture, their big Colorado saddles repose astride the low pale fence which surrounds the house, and it is evident that their riding is over for the day.

Why are they gloomy? Not a boy of them can tell. One is from Princeton, too. They have been partners and companions and "worked" the HT cattle together for months, and nothing ever came in misunderstanding or cloud. The ranchhouse is their home, and theirs has been the unity of brothers.

A week ago a pretty girl, the daughter of one of the owners, came to the ranch from the east. She was protected in this venture by an old and gnarled aunt, watchful as a ferret, sour as lime. Not that the pretty girl needs watching. She is, indeed, in every move, propriety's climax. No soft or dulcet reason woos her to the west. She comes on no love errand. She is elegantly and profoundly tired of the east, and that is all, and longs for western air, and western sights. She has been at the HT ranch a week, and the boys have met her, every one. The meeting or meetings were marked by awkwardness as to the boys, utter indifference as to the pretty girl. She met them as she met the ponies, cows, horned toads and other animals, domestic and indigenous to eastern New Mexico. While every cowboy was blushingly conscious of her, she was purely and serenely guiltless of giving him a thought.

Before this pretty girl came the boys were friends and the calm tenor of their relations with each other had never a ripple. She was not there a day before each drew himself insensibly from the others, and a vague hostility shone dimly in their eyes. It was the instinct of the fighting male animal roused by the presence of the pretty girl. She, however, proceeded on her daily way, sweetly unconscious of the sentiments she had awakened.

"What did you go and take my saddle for yesterday, Bill?" said Jack Moore to a boy by the name of Bill Watkins

"'Cause I allows I'll ride it some," says Watkins. "I thought it might like to carry a highgrade cow puncher once."

"Well, don't take it no more," said Moore moodily, ignoring the gay insolence in the reply. "Leastwise, don't come a-takin' of it an' saying nothin'. You can palaver Americano, can't you? When you aims to ride my saddle ag'in, ask for it. If you can't talk, make signs, an' if you can't make signs, shake a bush, but don't go injunin' off no saddle of mine no more."

"Whatever do you allow is liable to happen if I take it ag'in to-morry?" inquired Bill in high scorn.

Bill was of a more vivacious temper than the gloomy Moore.

"You takes it ag'in, an' I mingles with you a whole lot mighty prompt," replied Moore in a tone of obstinate injury.

These boys were brothers in affection before that pretty girl came, and either would have gone afoot all day to lend his saddle to the other. Going afoot, too, is the last thing, let me assure you, a cowboy will do.

"Well, don't you fail to mingle none," said Bi with cheerful ferocity, "on account of it's bein' I crossed the trail of a Shorthorn like you over the Panhandle onct an' puts him in the fire an' h plenty of fun with him."

"Stop the play now, right yere," said Tom Rawlins, the HT range boss, who was sitting close hand. "You all spring trouble round here, an' I'll be in it. Whatever's the matter with all you people, anyway? You're like a passel of sorehead dogfer more'n a week now. You're shorely too many for me to sabe, an' I cl'ar gives you up."

The boys started some grumbling reply, but the cook called them to supper just then, and one animalism becoming overshadowed by another, they forgot their rancor and vague animosities in thoughts of supplying their hunger. Toward the last of the repast Rawline arose, and, going to another room, began overlooking some entries in the ranch books.

The pretty girl did not eat at the ranch table. She had little banquets in her own room and began singing in a low tenor some tender little love song that seemed born of a sigh and a tear. The boys at supper heard her, and their resentment of each other's existence began again to flame in their breests and burn deeply in their eyes. None of these savages were in the least degree in love with the pretty girl, either. They might have become so, all or any of them.

The singing went on in a cooing, soft way that did not bring you the words, only the music.

"What I says about my saddle awhile back I means," said Moore finally, turning dark looks on Watkins.

"See yere," said Watkins in an exasperated tone—he was as vicious as Moore—"if you're p'intin out for a war jig with me, don't fool round none for reasons, but jest let 'er roll. Come a-runnin' an don't bother none with ceremony."

"A man don't need to have no reason for crawlin' you none," said Moore. "You're fair game, you are. Anyone's licensed to chase you round jest for fun an' exercise."

"You can gamble," said Watkins confidently, "any man chases me round much will regard it as a thrilling' pastime. He won't get fat at it, none whatever."

"As you all seem to feel that a-way," said Moore, "I'll step out an' shoot with you right now."

"Well, I'll shore go you," said Watkins.

They arose and stepped out at the door. It was gathering dark, but was light enough to shoot by.

The other cowboys followed in silence. Not one said a word in comment or interference. They were grave and serious but passive. It is not good form to interfere with other people's duels in the Southwest. The pretty girl was still singing, and the strains fell softly on the ears of the cowboys. Every one, whether onlooker or principal, felt inspired with a lurking, pleased anticipation of the blood to be soon set flowing. Nothing was said of distance. They separated about forty paces and turned to face each other. Each wore his "Colt's 45," the loosely buckled belt letting it rest down on the right hip. Each threw down his big hat and stood at apparent ease, with his thumbs caught in the pistol belt.

"Shall you give the word or me?" said Moore.

"You give it," said Watkins. "It'll be funny

age in American history if you get your artillery
e front any sooner than I do then."
Be you ready?" asked Jack.
Shore."
Then go!"
ang! bang! bang! bang! went both pistols to-
er and with a rapidity not to be counted.
ore got a crease in his left shoulder, a mere
nd to the flesh, and Watkins fell, with a bullet
his side. Rawlins, the range boss, came running
Hastily examining Moore, he discovered that
hurt was nothing serious. The others carried
tkins into the house.
"Take my pony, saddled at the fence, Jack," said
wlins, "an' pull your freight. This yere man's
n' to die."
"Which I shorely hopes he does," said Jack bit-
ly. "I'll go, though. I ain't got no use for
ne of these yere he Shorthorns around the HT."
So he took Rawlins' pony, and when he stopped
ing in the morning it was no marvel that the
or pony hung his head dejectedly, while his
nks steamed and quivered. He was almost 100
les from his last corn, and cooled his nervous
uzzle as he took his morning drink in the Rio Fe-
s, a stream far to the west of the HT.

* * * * * *

"Some shooting scrapes about their saddles,
iss; that's all." So reported Rawlins to the pretty
rl.
"Isn't it horrible!" shuddered the pretty girl in
ply.
The next morning the pretty girl and her gnarled
d twisted aunt paid the injured Watkins a visit.
his sight so affected the other three cowboys that
ey at once saddled and rode away to the north-
est to work some cattle on the Ocate mesa. They
ntended to be gone three months. They looked
lack and forbidding as they galloped away.
"It's a pity Jack Moore ain't no better pistol shot,"
id one as the picture of the pretty girl visiting the
ounded Watkins arose in his mind.
"That's whatever," assented the others.
The pretty girl was full of sympathy for the
tricken Watkins. It occurred to her, too, that his
rofile was clear and handsome. He was certainly
ery pale and this stirred the depths of her feminine
ature. She and her aunt came to see the invalid
very day. Once the pretty girl said she would bring
im a book to read and while away the hours which
eemed shod with lead.
"I can't read," said Watkins in tone of deepest
hame. "I never learned. I should like to read,
oo, but there's no one to teach me. So that settled
hat," and the rascal expressed a deep sigh.
Watkins lied. It was he who was the Princeton
man. He said afterward that this lie was the only
eal good work he ever did in his life.
So the pretty girl came every day and gave Wat-
kins a reading lesson, while the gnarled aunt read a
book and watched them through the open door.
"By the way," said Watkins one day, "where's
Moore?"
"Why?" asked the range boss, to whom the ques-
ion was pat.
"You tell him," said Watkins, his eyes beginning
o gather rage, "that when I get out I'll be lookin'
or him with somethin' besides a fieldglass."
"Oh, no," said the pretty girl, rising and coming
oward his couch. Her tones showed disturbance
nd fear at the thought.
As he gazed at her the look changed in his eyes.
Hate for Moore gave place to something else

"No," he said at last. "Tell him it's all right, Rawlins."
The pretty girl thought him very noble.
Watkins was out in five weeks and could go about the ranch. One night Rawlins thought he heard a pony in the yard and arose to remedy the matter. As he stepped out a couple passed him in the moonlight. It was Watkins and the pretty girl. The caitiff's arm was around her.

SHORT STORIES

Ruskin, who wrote so many famous books, said that the first lesson he learned was to be obedient.
"One evening," he says, "when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose; but I was resolute about it. My mother bade me keep my fingers back; I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said, 'Let him touch it nurse.'
"So I touched it, and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word liberty. It was the first piece of liberty I got, and the last which for some time I asked."

A story is told of how Paganini once came into the concert room, took the violin and touched the strings. First one string broke, and a smile went round the room; then another string broke, and there was more audible expression of mockery. When a third string broke, many people laughed out-right at his discomfiture. But Paganini stood forth with his violin as though nothing had happened and played on the one string, and the people ceased to smile, but listened spell-bound. Some of those who had derided him began to weep, and some even prayed.
Many a man had fallen helpless by the wayside when some great catastrophe turned the current of his life aside. The brave man pushes forward with one remaining talent and plucks victory from defeat.

Lawrence R. Jerome, known as Larry Jerome, was one of the best known of the old school of practical jokers and "men about town." With a friend Mr. Jerome was watching the progress of a real heart thriller of the old days, the plot, of course, revolving about the disposition of a mortgage that threatened to thwart the happiness of the heroine—the charming Mrs. John Hoey, in her day as popular as any actress of these times. With the plot at its thickest, the heroine in despair, the villain triumphant and the outlook in every way dark for the persecuted girl as the curtain was descending at the end of the third act, Larry Jerome, with tears rolling down his cheeks, rose from his seat and in most impassioned tones, his voice broken with sobs, but audible all over the house, exclaimed to his companion:
"By heaven, Tom, I'll pay that mortgage myself!"
Then this consummate old joker and clever actor strolled out into the lobby to enjoy one of the biggest sensations a first night audience at Wallack's had had in their lives. Incidentally, too, the ruse of Jerome's helped materially to the making of the play.

MINING NOTES.

Slocan Drill.

The Bosun mine expects to ship 16 cars of ore this month.

The Ivanhoe shipped 190 tons of concentrates last month.

Ore commenced coming down from the Neepawa on Thursday.

The mines in the Sandon camp shipped out 737 tons of ore in January.

There were no mining records of any description registered in the local office last week.

Jas. Tattersall fell down the shaft at the Myrtle a few days ago and bruised himself considerably.

Sam Bierce, formerly of this place, was seriously hurt at the Whitewater mine a few days ago, by falling rock.

An upraise of 70 feet is being driven on the Duplex. A fine streak of ore is being followed all the way up.

The ore sorters at the Enterprise have been let out, as practically all the vein filling is now being run through the concentrator.

The Slocan took up eight cars of copper bullion the other morning, being the heaviest barge load yet moved. There was upwards of 240 tons in the consignment.

A new shipper for the division has been added to the list this week in the Ottawa, which sent out 7 tons. The only other shipment was from the Arlington, amounting to 60 tons, making 67 tons in all for the camp. No ore was sent down by the Enterprise. They have laid of the ore sorters at the mine and are passing all the ledge matter through the mill which, if run to full capacity, will handle 50 tons a day. Ore from the Neepawa is coming down freely, there being 15 tons now at the landing. It will go forward next week.

For 1900 the exports from this division amounted to 2847 tons, made up from ten properties. Last year the exports totalled 6529 tons, from 14 properties. Following is a full list of the shipments this year to date:

Arlington	500
Enterprise	60
Ottawa	7

Miner-Gazette.

It takes no prophet to foresee that last year's mineral output of the province, amounting to $20,000,000, will be doubled and possibly trebled during the current year. The output of the Boundary district was nearly $5,000,000, or about $2,000,000 less than the production of all West Kootenay including Roesland. Of this production the Mother Lode and Granby mines easily produced 85 per cent, and as the capacity of their respective plants are practically doubled it will be apparent that the showing this year for the district will easily exceed $10,000,000, besides not many months will elapse before the Snowshoe and Brooklyn and Stemwinder will join the shippers. In the natural course of development during the year the Humming Bird, Winnipeg, Golden Crown, Morrison and Sunset should make substantial contributions to the mineral output of this section. Republic and other reservation camps will also soon be extensive shippers to Grand Forks, but while their showing cannot properly speaking be credited to us, the treatment of the American ores will give increased employment to Canadian labor.

Lardeau Eagle.

The methods of the honest and fakir mining broker are so near alike that it is hard to discriminate. But it is best to make your inquiries—not by asking for cheap advice from the local editor—before you buy. Figure the capitalization of the company, then the price asked for shares. Multiply these figures, and ask yourself a plain question.

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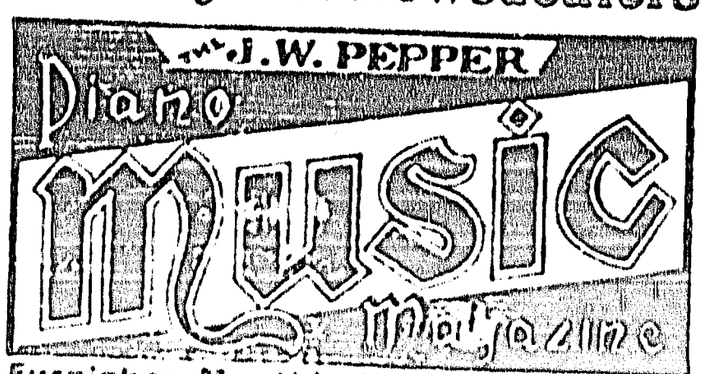

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CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

Caribou Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

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

Take notice that I, Arthur S. Farwell, acting as agent for William R. Wilt, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 52,440, 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.

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18-9-01

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