THE NELSON ECONOMIST

NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1902 NO. 37

.V.

WALL PAPERS

We beg to call your SPECIAL ATTENTION to our line of 7c. 8c, 9c and 10c. Wall Papers with Ceiling and Borders to match. We have also the BETTER GRADES in all the new shades and Colorings. ROOM MOULDINGS from 2c per foot up

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

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ARTHUR GELLATLY

MERCHANT TAILOR.

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He imports his Woollens, etc., direct from England. He has had 20 years' experience, a portion of which time was in the best West End tailoring establishments in London, England. He employs a staff of efficient Union Workmen. He gives better value (quality and style considered) than can be got elsewhere.

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

NEELANDS' OLD STAND, BAKER ST.

ESTABLISHED IN NELSON—1898

Jacob Dover, The Jeweler, Nelson, B. C.

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.

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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

Make Money

[illegible] for your [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Toronto.

Notice To Delinquent Co-Owners

[illegible] persons or persons to whom they may have transferred their interests in the "Big Chief" Mineral Claim situate about eleven miles up East Side of Wild Horse Creek, and the "Fourman" Mineral Claim situate about 16 miles east of Wild Horse Creek and twelve miles from Nelson and Fort Shepherd Railway, both in the Nelson Mining Division, District of West Kootenay.

You and each of you are hereby notified that I have expended two hundred dollars in labour and improvements upon [illegible] mentioned mineral claims in order to hold said mineral claims under the provisions of the mineral Act, and if within ninety days of the date of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your portion of such expenditure together with all costs of advertising your interest in the said claims will become the property of the subscriber under Section four of an Act entitled "An Act To Amend the Mineral Act, 1900."

H. Carmichael.

Dated this twelfth day of April, 1902.

PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS

[illegible]

PROMPTLY OBTAINED

OPINION AS TO PATENTABILITY

Notice To Delinquent Co-Owners.

To S. J. Mc[illegible] or to any person to whom he may have transferred his interest in the [illegible] and the Annie mineral Claims, situate on the North Fork of Wild Horse Creek in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay.

You are hereby notified that I have expended $[illegible] in labour and improvements upon the above mentioned mineral claims in order to hold the same under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within 90 days from the date of this notice you shall refuse to contribute your proportion of the above mentioned sum, which is [illegible] of the above mentioned claims, your interests in the said claims will become the property of the undersigned, under Section 4 of the "Mineral Act Amendment Act 1900."

Dated at Nelson, B. C., this 5th day of April, 1902.

D McARTHUR

PATENTABLE OR NOT

[illegible] and opinion as to

[illegible]

NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. V. NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1902. NO. 39

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.

DURING the week the proceedings of the Royal Commission have been interesting, instructive and at times dramatic. A document which was literally circulated by the Government forces during the recent campaign, signed by Messrs. Munsie, Todd and McQuade, expressing confidence in the bona fides of the Canadian Northern Railway contract, was produced before Commissioner Walkem and identified by these gentlemen. Evidence was forthcoming from the three grocers—Faith Munsie, Hope McQuade and Charity Todd—that they had met the Executive and had been "taken in" to their confidence, and on the assurances of certain ministers that the contract was a good and binding one they executed that memorable document, which will go down in the "railway" history of British Columbia as a classic.

THE session of the Royal Commission on Saturday was instructive, inasmuch as it brought up questions of natural history and medical jurisprudence. While it is generally acknowledged that Premier Dunsmuir is a statesman, philanthropist and renowned philosopher, it has not leaked out, even if it be known to his most intimate friends, that this great parliamentary debater has devoted many of his spare hours to the study of natural history and medical science. His technical knowledge of these latter subjects came as a surprise, when he stated to the Commission that Smith Curtis was "a crazy loon." Some people have been so unkind as to suggest that the Premier could not tell the difference between a loon and a coal mine mule, while it is now plain to others that during his long residence on the banks of the Gorge he has devoted many of his morning hours to the study of bird life under the distinguished tuition of Speaker Pooley. If so, it will be seen that this study has not been in vain as he can now at a glance define the mental status of birds.

THE tree is no more surely known by its fruit than is the intelligence of a people reflected by the class of men they send to the Legislature. In other words, a district that selects as its representative in the Legislature a man of low moral character must not complain if the conduct of their choice of legislator is accepted as a fair sample of the majority of the men of the district which he represents. "Either make the tree good and his fruit good, or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt, for the tree is known by his fruit." We are prone to complain of the brand of legislation with which the British Columbia Legislature supplies us, yet we must not overlook the fact that we are not altogether blameless, inasmuch as we get just such legislation as we might expect from the men we send to the Local House. Moreover, if the legislator, in order to recoup himself for an enormous expenditure in the way of election disbursements, sells himself to the highest bidder, he is only following out the principle of the men who elected him to office. It has been said that the intellectual and moral capacity of the candidate for legislative place touches the whole root of our political system. The British Columbia Legislature is to a certain extent exactly what we have made it, inasmuch as we have been altogether too ready to select men for office who are neither morally or intellectually qualified to fill places of honor and trust. The Romans were fighters and they sent to the Senate men imbued with the spirit of war; if the people of British Columbia are to be judged by their representatives in the Legislature small wonder will it be if we are regarded as little better than highwaymen and thieves.

THE political situation remains unchanged, and Joe Martin still holds the reins. The question that the people are now debating, is whether we shall have a general election with or without redistribution. There is no doubt that Joe will insist on the Government having the redistribution bill assented to before the close of the session, and in the event of a refusal he and his followers will register their votes with the Opposition. Should he force the Government to have the bill assented to, he will then have attained his end, and the Government will collapse, while Joe will have succeeded in wrecking one more Government, not much of a Government to be sure, but still designated by courtesy a Government.

IT transpired during the session of the Royal Commission that Premier Dunsmuir is a man of

great executive and practical business ability. His offer of the sale of the E & N Railway to Mackenzie & Mann for two millions of dollars without any cash payment or security, except mortgage bonds of the railway, shows the business acumen of the Premier. In other words, he offers to sell his railway and take a mortgage back for the full amount of the mortgage money. We would have no hesitation in purchasing Mr. Dunsmuir's railway or in fact any other railway, on similar conditions, and if he is still open to negotiate on these lines, we shall be pleased to have our accredited agent interview him.

Says the Fort Steele *Prospector:* "As the snow disappears and spring approaches we would say, miners and owners of claims get in and drill, and if you can't sell, ship all the ore that you have on the dump that will stand shipment, by so doing you will make your prospects pay for development. There is no use of denying the fact that men who have money to invest will refuse to invest unless the conditions are favorable, and when money is withheld from investment the country and all the people are bound to suffer. This is the condition of affairs in this province. The chaotic political situation is such that investors cannot and will not invest, and until a strong capable government is in control of the affairs of this province you will not be able to induce capital to invest. There was never a mining movement which did not have its attendant disaster and misfortunes. We have felt them here, but the future general results will be a tremendous increase in the population and mineral prosperity of South East Kootenay. The indications all point to a large immigration into South East Kootenay this year. Many will come from eastern Canada, and many will come from the states of Montana, Washington and Idaho. The fertile valley of the Kootenay offers superior advantages to the home seeker. Extensive mining operations and developments will be carried on all over the district during the current year. Future prosperity is plainly evident, and everywhere there is a rustle being made to have a share of it, and everybody in South East Kootenay should feel thankful for the excellent opportunities of rustling in 1902.

When Cecil Rhodes, who died recently at Cape Town, was told that his agent in Rhodesia, Dr. Jameson, had crossed the Transvaal frontier with a band of raiders, bent upon the capture of Johannesburg, he was so utterly astounded that for a time he lost the faculty of coherent expression. Pacing up and down his library at Groote Schurr, he spent an entire night muttering to himself and declaring over and over again that it was impossible that Jameson could have been such a fool. He had supplied the raiders with arms and equipments—this he afterwards publicly acknowledged—and he had set them upon the frontier, but with the understanding that there was to be no riding until the outlanders in Johannesburg were sure of their ground and in question to demand armed assistance in enforcing their demands upon the Boer government. Jameson made the raid inopportunely and upon his own responsibility, deliberately shutting himself off from all lines of telegraphic communication, so that Rhodes would have no chance of recalling him. Rhodes may have made many mistakes, but he was never directly responsible for a blunder, and the Jameson raid was one of the biggest blunders of modern times. It is small wonder that when the South African dictator heard the news he was rattled, but it is to his credit that he stood by Jameson to the end and never sought to clear his own skirts by denouncing or repudiating his friend.

Scientists are taking a great interest in an invention called the "Talking Lamp," which originated, it appears, in Germany, but has been greatly improved by a Parisan electrical engineer, named M. Charles Heller. It consists of a simple arc lamp, without a globe, placed on an electrical generator. The lamp is connected by a wire with a microphone. When the lamp is burning and anyone speaks or sings on the microphone the sound is transmitted with such purity and distinction that everyone in the room can hear. Electricians cannot yet account for this strange phenomenon. As the distance of the microphone from the lamp is a matter of indifference, it would seem that the "Talking Lamp" has a great future before it. Only two people can listen at a theatrephone, but its rival will enable hundreds to hear.

The *Lardeau Eagle* has faith in the future of that district. It says: "The mineral deposits of the Lardeau are beginning to receive the attention they deserve. There is an active demand for mining properties for which there is sufficient development work done to permit of an estimate being made as to their possible value. Moreover, the demand is made by parties who have the means to pay for what they get. With the advent of the railroad now being completed to the foot of Trout lake, and a Vulcan smelter situated in Ferguson all ready to begin operation, ores which were almost valueless in the past are now valuable, and will yield a profit when managed with the same prudence and intelligence granted other industries. There are a great number of prospects or undeveloped leads throughout our entire mining district. They are mainly owned by the original locators, who, for lack of means, are unable to develop them. The possibilities for capital in this direction are practically unlimited. It is but natural for the owner of a prospect when a sale is being considered to endeavor to obtain all he may, but he of all others appreciates his inability to develop his prospect into a mine, although he is thoroughly imbued with the belief that with development it will become a mine. He may therefore be easily induced to give capital an opportunity to develop it and take his chance of the pros-

get developing in accordance with his convictions. All prospects are more or less valuable and subject to great possibilities. All mines were at one time prospects. Comparatively small investments may change a prospect into a mine. The percentage is so great when backed by judgment, ability and persistence, as to offer great inducements to capital. Every dollar injudiciously invested in mining is to a limited extent an injury to the industry. In general, a few hundreds of dollars invested in a prospect, with the expectation of developing a mine, is an injudicious investment. Those who follow mining as a business expect, when taking hold of a promising prospect, to systematically exploit it so as to enable them to determine whether or not the property may be developed into a mine by the expenditure of more money. With several such propositions some develop into mines, and the profits accruing, if only one mine is obtained, generally far exceed the outlay on the whole."

The exchange of courtesies which are now taking place between Premier Dunsmuir and Smith Curtis will do a whole lot to restore confidence as to future legislation in British Columbia.

Without attempting to comment on the evidence as before the commission, it must be confessed that the Government, to say the least of it, did not act altogether in good faith in the matter of the alleged contract with Mackenzie & Mann.

Discretion

I've often been angry in my youth,
And had my reasons no one could deny;
And I would therefore up and tell the truth,
Or straightway give the liar back his lie.

But now my friend, I act another way,
And find it saves my temper and my time,
And what it is, and how I make it pay,
I'll tell you if you listen to my rhyme.

I write a letter, full of bitterness,
And having writ, I read it out to Sal,
Who listens till I'm done, and larfs, and sez,
"You'll never send it!" "Shan't?" sez I,
"I shall."

But that there letter on the mantel-shelf
Lies and matures throughout the bloomin' night,
And on next day I read it to myself
And burn it, knowing well that it was right.

It saves you trouble just to 'old your tongue;
I give it you, the wisdom of the old;
For you, my friend, are likely very young,
And things like this must 'elp you 'ere they're told.

The Country Paper

Amid the pile of papers
That swamp my desk each day
And drive me weak with clipping
And filing stuff away,
Comes once a week—on Thursday—
The quaint old four-page sheet
That's printed up in Pelham,
A drowsy county seat.

You see, 'twas up in Pelham
That first I saw the light,
And—well, my heart grows softer
And I feel my eyes shine bright;
Right reverent my touch is,
It spreads the columns wide,
The local's what I'm seeking—
No patented inside.

Ah here it is: "The County,"
And "Jottings," "Local News"—
You learn who's traded horses
And who have rented pews;
It tells about the school-house
Where we used to sit and dream
A-watching dust specks dancing
In the sunlight's shifty beam.

The sturdy names of boyhood
Come tumbling through our thought,
Of Tom and Brick and Patsey—
How we loved and how we fought.
The friends when years grew graver,
Called now beyond our ken,
In the type-lines of the paper
They live and speak again.

Oh, toilers in life's workshops,
Are not those dream-mists sweet
Which memory casts about us
When past and present meet?
And so I love that paper
From the village in the hills,
For the old life that it wakens,
For the weariness it stills.

Little Things That Count

How often in our busy life
We speak a bitter word:
We care not who the listeners are,
We care not where 'tis heard;
We do not know within our heart
To what it may amount,
And truly—it is only one
Of the Little Things That Count.

We often wound the trusting heart
By being insincere,
We do not think that which we do
May cause a lonely tear;
We give it but a passing thought,
And bother not about
The Little Things that rise and cause
The trusting heart to doubt.

We often wrong within ourself
The ones who love us true,
Because they tell us of a fault;
We're all impatient, too,
And do not down the angry words
That to our lips may mount,
But watch and wait—'tis only one
Of the Little Things That Count.

How often from our very heart
We let our anger rise,
And never mind the pleading looks
That come from soulful eyes;
We crush, we bruise, in passion's hour,
And scorn the falling tear;
Little Things—oh, Little Things,
What sorrow wrought you here!

You count oh yes—you Little Things,
You count, but not for gain;
You count to sadden trusting hearts,
You count for naught but pain;
You count as clouds in some one's sky,
You darken some one's day;
O cruel little deeds and words
We can't undo, unsay!

Then ever speak the kindly word
Instead of one of pride;
'Twill banish sorrow from a soul,
And anger turn aside;
The loving word and deed and glance,
Is borne on angel wings,
And angel voices echo true:
Be kind in Little Things.

VENT AND OSSIP

BARRY JOHNSTONE the leading juvenile man of the Frederick Warde company, was born in Ottawa, Ont., in 1864. His parents migrated to the States in 1867, and settled in Syracuse, N. Y. where they have since resided. Mr. Johnstone began his first real experience on the dramatic stage, strange to say, with Mr. Frederick Warde, as light comedian and juvenile man, in 1885. He later on played in Curtis' "Sam'l of Posen," then drifted into melodrama, playing the leading parts in "My Jack" and "The Power of Gold." In 1892 he was starred in a play called "Eagle's Nest," after which he played one of the leading characters in New York in a play of local coloring, entitled "The Inspector." Mr. Johnstone was leading man with the late Marie Prescott and R. D. MacLean for three years, after which he played in a comedy-drama called "The Sidewalks of New York," and in 1897 joined Mr. Louis James as his leading man, playing such parts as "Cassius," "Iago," "Romeo," and "Pharsarius." A year later when the combination of Warde-Kidder-James was effected, he was engaged as leading juvenile man. Mr. Warde withdrew in 1899 and the combination was James Kidder Hanford, Mr. Johnstone continuing Last season he was leading man for Madame Modjeska, and made a pronounced success as "Faulconbridge" in King John. The press all over the country pronounced Mr. Johnstone's "Faulconbridge" a most finished embodiment of Shakespeare's splendid soldier-knight.

Popular belief in India still credits Sanyasis and other holy vagabonds with miraculous powers. Even the native journals often chronicle marvels like the instantaneous cure of incurable diseases or the feeding of thousands out of a small measure of rice. One of these prints gives a description of how a saintly Sanyasi saved the lives of a certain rajah and his escort from a wild elephant. As the party was proceeding through the lower Himalayas a monstrous tusker broke out of the jungle and set to trumpeting. The rajah and his followers were considerably scared and were giving themselves up for lost when a noble looking Sanyasi appeared and, standing in front of the travelers, told them to shout a certain order to the elephant. This done, the animal bolted into the jungle, while the savior of the rajah and his party vanished without waiting to be thanked.

"A young friend of mine," says an Englishman, "charged with the repair of telegraph wires in the rear of Lord Roberts' army when the Boers were particularly active on the line of communications, had one or two black boys sick, and decided to ask a Basuto chief who was in charge of some hundreds of his tribesmen repairing the permanent way to supply them. The Basuto, with a billycock hat on his head, was sitting with his back against the corner of a truck, smoking a short pipe. To him our engineer, speaking very loud and clear in words of one syllable, said: 'We—want—two—boys—telegraphers, at the same time holding up two fingers and pointing with the other hand to certain 'boys' near. The Basuto swell took his pipe out of his mouth and slowly repeated the request. 'You—want—two—boys—and'——. So our engineer friend said it all over again. The Basuto, without changing his expression in the least, replied in incisive and rapid parliamentary English: "I don't know how far my instructions authorize me to detach two boys from the repair of the permanent way to assist you in the telegraph deaartment. However, I will stretch a point and do my best to accommodate you.'"

According to an old document just discovered in Australia, gold was first found by a convict near Parramatta in 1789. The unfortunate fellow was at once charged with having stolen a watch and "boiled it down," and, being convicted by the rude court of those early days, was given 150 lashes for his pains. In later years the record of this incident was closely examined by an undoubtedly competent authority, who was quite convinced of the genuineness of the convict's story.

In the interest of those who when they atttend the theatre desire to enjoy the whole play, it is a pity that some means has not been devised whereby the late-comers may pay the penalty of their tardiness. At every performance their are stragglers who come rustling down the aisles to their reserved seats, swishing their silken skirts and nodding their beplumed and beflowered heads, obstructing the view and distracting the attention of those who are so unfashionable as not to be behind time. By the time seats are adjusted, hats and wraps disposed of and the necessary or unnecessary amount of fidgeting, nestling and chattering gone through with before they are settled, the whole act is spoiled. Long ago, in school days, the opening exercise of each session was a class song, and it was a rule that all who were not seated before the song was announced were to stand quietly at the side of the room just within the doorway and remain there until they could pass to their places without disturbing the class. Some such regulation as this would be an undisguised blessing in places of amusement. A light chain fastened across the entrance to each aisle when the curtain rises would effectually put an end to the procession of tardy arrivals who, even if they care nothing themselves for the performance, should not be permitted to destroy the peace and comfort of others. The opinion appears to be that such a regulation could not be enforced—the "ladies would refuse to patronize houses where they were subjected to indignity," etc.—but the same was said of the high-hat ordinance. It was predicted that "ladies" would refuse to comply and

the management would be helpless. As a matter of fact the rule works with unexpected smoothness. Women have discovered that they profit quite as much as men by an unobstructed view of the stage. Moreover, it pays to be courteous.

I do not assume any responsibility for the following, which has been handed in for publication. Nor do I agree with any of the sentiments therein contained. In fact if I were to express an opinion it would be that false witnessees, like "Candid Peal," do a great deal of injury to a country, but THE ECONOMIST believes in all being permitted to state their grievances freely, and for that reason space is given to the subjoined effusion:

Nelson, B. C., April 10th, 1902.

To the Editor of the Nelson Economist

Sir:— You may have noticed that the bulk of European cities, in fact most old communities (e. g. Gloucester, Bombay, Joppa, and others too numerous to mention) have adopted the "Limerick" as an advertising medium. The wisdom and success of this is evidenced by their population and prosperity to-day. It seems that our recently formed "Tourist Association" might do worse than follow their example. I venture, therefore, to submit to you a few samples along the above lines, which might be inserted, to give variety, in the forthcoming "Tourists' Guide to Kootenay"—our local "Baedecker" to be. Should the following meet the approval of the Committee of the T. A, and they desire my services, I shall be very glad to hear from them, provided I am not engaged in the interim by any of the neighboring towns. Moderate terms with strict cash (the latter only because I am out of a job and broke) will buy the sugared verse of yours etc:

CANDID PEAL.

I.

There's a bright little city called Kaslo,
Twice busted, once burnt, but still—Kaslo.
She'll soon have a smelter?
An up to date melter,
While her 'Comique' is ready to dazzl' Oh!

II.

On a side hill, and side-tracked lies Ainsworth,
Some people still swear by it's veins' worth
Such veins are vanity
Producing profanity
And the candle's worth more than the game's worth.

III.

Note in passing, the boom-town of Sanca,
Where the brushwood grows ranker and ranker.
Why don't people get busy?
The remedy's easy,
Vote a bonus for stores and a banker.

[Note by Editor of Tourists' Guide—What's the matter with Sanca? The town has a splendid water power, and the inhabitant got married last week. Since then the population has doubled as they both reside there now. This is the only true way to add to a city's p— — prosperity, and is better than voting money, which no one will lend, for "public utilities".]

IV.

An attraction! 'Twixt Duck Creek and Sirdar
Lie Kootenay Flats clad in verdure.
Verdant flats, lying too
Tell of geese in that slough
Chased by wilder geese bent on their murder.

V.

There's a town—cant you guess?—without brains,
Where they don't know enough when it rains
To get out of the wet.
Now they're sorry—you bet!
While the sheriff goes round and distrains.

Yes it's ———, a city of fools,
Who are ruined by being the tools
Of an Editor "must"
And a Union that's bust
Every city or country it rules.

[Note by editor of T. G.—"Must" is an occasional state of frenzy, peculiar to the male elephant, during which, if not detected and secured in time, he can be relied upon to wreck any good-sized town in which he may be.]

VI.

There's that beautiful burg Pilot Bay,
Where all banking investments don't pay.
Give some sucker a hail:
"We've a smelter for sale!
Such a snap is not met every day."

VII.

Perpendicular, peter'd out Kootenay,
It's certain your tourists won't shoot 'ny
While the money made mining
Scarce pays for your dining
And there's d——d little chance to loot 'ny!

Too much of a complimentary character cannot be said with regard to the work now being done by the local Tourist Association. The association has undertaken a task that will require all the encouragement that can be given it to bring about the results desired, but that it will accomplish great and lasting benefits to the Kootenay there is not the slightest doubt. A few years ago a gentleman who had seen much of this world happened to be visiting in Nelson. He was being shown around the city by a friend, and during the course of a conversation he remarked: "Well, I have seen about everything that is worth seeing on the European and American continents, but I have never seen anything, even in Switzerland, that will compare with the scenery in and around Nelson." And this is the story of everyone that comes here. The work now undertaken by the Tourist Association should have been started years ago, but it is never too late to begin, especially in matters of this kind. Undoubtedly there is more money in tourists than in many other lines of industry suggested in the past, so far as Nelson is concerned.

The Apache.

NOT every Apache can get his fill of blood before sun up and his fill of mescal before noon. Yet Coyote That Bites had managed to achieve both those delightful ends, and all of the happy savages on the Colorado desert he was the most riotously, tumultuously happy. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of Jose Sanchez and his wife after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast when he silenced the yells of their two little children with the butt end of their father's own rifle! And then, when he had taken what gold was in the Mexican's bag, what mescal was in his demijohn, and had strapped Jose's rather loose cartridge belt about his sun brown belly, with what fierce pleasure he stole away from the scene of his bloody work and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder had wandered far down the dry arroyo, sipping from the demijohn the stupefying juice of the agave from time to time until he felt that he was growing drowsy!

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along until he had come to the railroad track. He stared stupidly at the bright steel rails and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to lie there behind the rocks, he thought, until some one would come along the track and then try a shot at him with his newly acquired weapon. The demijohn was growing light, and the rifle was growing heavy. Well, it was getting toward noon and rather warm even for an Apache, and he would lie down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of wires is a soothing sound, and no sooner had his head touched the earth than sleep took a mighty hold upon him and wiped out his realizing sense of joy, as sleep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side and his unspeakably hideous face turned up toward the blue that arched the desert.

It was quiet there and restful—no sound save the music of the wires. Stay: there were other sounds, but they came some time after Coyote That Bites had thrown himself upon the sand and gone off to the land of Nod. They came faintly at first and mingled with the murmurings of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

Had the red beast been awake he might have imagined that they were the haunting voices of the wee Mexican children whose blood he had so ruthlessly shed that morning, but he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices anyway, those tones that now piped forth so merrily as Dubs and Gay trudged down the line. They were walking to the scoop out along the roadbed, not on the track for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station, but Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Gay.

"'F on'y had sum matches to build a fire wiv," sighed Dubs. "I'd burn off vese prickes jus' like ve Injuns does."

"O-oh!" came suddenly from under Gay's sunbonnet. "Wot's dat?"

"W'y, it's a jug!" And Dubs left the 'toonies" and started toward the pile of rocks where lay the Coyote's demijohn and where also lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms, for he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep and no more to be feared than papa when he lay on the lounge in his midday repose Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was a "worky" Injun, like the Yaqui-, who shoveled and picked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease.

The Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so loosely strapped, had fallen off and lay by his side. There were a hundred very interesting bits of brass sticking in it, and the children soon had these scattered all about in the sand by the snoring Coyote. In the scramble for the share of the innocent toys Gay let one of them drop on the Coyote's leg. Perhaps the mescal's influence was on the wane, for a big brown knee was thrust quickly up from the sand and a big brown hand clutched the ugly knife at the Coyote's side, but the hand fell and the noble red man snored on.

Dubs tried on the cartridge belt and became an Indian, all but the indispensable knife, and he concluded to borrow that from the sleeper, whose fingers had lost their grip on the buckhorn handle.

"It's bigger'n mommie's butcher knife, ain't it, Gay?" the young savage asked as he grasped the handle of the devilish looking blade. "Now, you tand over vere, and I'll get 'hind vis wock. Ven you tum along, I'll jump out and kill you."

Gay demurred.

"Oh, it's on'y make b'lieve. Vese kind o' Injuns don't kill nobody." And he stuck a contemptuous finger toward the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y Paches 'at kills, an' vey's none yound here, mommie says. I'm a 'Pache, so you better look out."

It was a dubious sport for Gay, when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've woked him up an' 'poiled it all," said Dubs in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough, the Coyote That Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mescal held

him down. So, after turning over and burying his hatchetlike face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, standing it up on its butt and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell, but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon nearly an hour, while Gay poured sand over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long slant, and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mescal had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train clattering by, or, much less, a "—s—s—" brushing against his foot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his ear many of these would have set his brain to work again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's ear needed rubbing with a grease wood twig the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were murmuring louder than ever. The wee ones had sported in the black shadows long enough—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they were tired and their stomachs were empty. So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station a "dust devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote That Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a mad whoop and started about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. Here was the cartridge belt empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little foot-prints.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eyes rested on the empty demijohn. The expression that replaced it was one of demoniacal ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges—where were they? He saw Gay's mound of sand and kicking it, gave a grunt of delight to see the brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, grunting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a blood-hound, he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station he knew that he was late—too late—and he gave a grunt of disgust and was off like the wind over a side trail that led toward the sun-set.

In the low roofed station house the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked out over the desert, saw the sun touching the tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots, saw the prickly pear shrubs holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon and felt the inspiration of the scene, as she had often felt it before, for the desert has a beauty that is all its own. She knew that other women in the great cities and in the cool, green valleys might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Dubs came and leaned his head against her arm where she sat, and little Gay nestled down with a tired sigh. Yes, there was much, she thought, for which to be thankful.

And in truth there was.

SHORT STORIES

The following correspondence, ending in true Irish fashion, actually passed between two men in England some years ago:

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson and begs to request that he will keep his doggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson and begs to suggest that in future he should not spell 'dogs' with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson and will feel obliged if he will add the letter 'e' to the last word in the note just received so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being equaled by its vulgarity."

At a recent dinner in London the conversation turned on the subject of lynchings in the United States. It was the general opinion that a rope was the chief end of man in America. Finally, the hostess turned to a United Stateser who had taken no part in the conversation, and said:

"You, sir, must have often seen these affairs."

"Yes," he replied, "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings yearly."

"Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself!" broke in half a dozen voices at once.

"The night before I sailed for England," said the Stateser, "I was giving a dinner to a party of intimate friends, when a colored waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined, and the gentlemen of her party at once seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck, and at a signal from the injured lady, swung him into the air."

"Horrible!" said the hostess with a shudder. "And did you actually see this yourself?"

"Well, no," said the Stateser, apologetically "Just at that time I was downstairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blanc mange."

Shortly after Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" made its appearance, J. T. Trowbridge was walking with Lowell in Cambridge, when the latter pointed out a doorway sign, "Groceries," with the letters set zig-zag, to produce a bizarre effect. "That," said he, "is Walt Whitman—with very common goods inside."

MINING NOTES.

Slocan Drill.

Only the Arlington is represented in the shipping list this week, they having sent out their regular 80 tons. It is not likely their shipments will amount to much now, owing to the breaking up of the roads. Both the Enterprise and Neepawa will ship from Ten Mile next week, and the Fourth of July will make a shipment from town.

For 1900 the exports from this division amounted to 2847 tons, made up from 10 properties. Last year the exports totalled 6529 tons from 14 properties, Following is a full list of the shipments this year to date:

Arlington	1011
Enterprise	240
Ottawa	7
Neepawa	60
May	5
Paystreak	5
Duplex	7
	1335

More ore is coming into the drift on the Combination.

The electric light and power plant has arrived at the Payne.

Spokane parties are nibbling at some property on Twelve Mile.

The Sandon mines shipped 226 tons of ore last week, all over the Kaslo road.

A liberal quantity of supplies and equipment has been sent to the Ottawa during the week.

The Arlington and Speculator have been laying in supplies sufficient to last a month or so, as the roads are breaking up.

Several carloads of stulls for the Arlington are piled up at the roundhouse. The timber comes from near Slocan Crossing.

R. I. Kirkwood has been opening up a promising prospect on his townsite at Enterprise Landing It has a big vein, carrying much iron.

Hill Bros.' tug came down from the head of the lake Tuesday, bringing a barge load of lumber for the Ottawa mine. The material is to be used for new bunkhouses.

Part of the wages of the employees at the Iron Horse have been paid and the balance will be settled in a few days, as also the store bills. Angus McLean, the superintendent, went out to Spokane to arrange matters with the company.

Ymir Mirror

There was the usual gathering at the railway station last evening and a few well known face appeared on the platform. The old prospectors are coming back to the camp realizing that Ymir is a better place than Thunder Mountain.

Thunder Mountain is the latest big boom that is being worked up, and thousands of men are flocking in there attracted by the extravagant tales of the boomsters. That men, sane in every other particular go mad when some new ground is reported, is one of those problems yet to be explained. There are many settled sections of country already well prospected and proven of great richness. Why not devote some attention to these instead of flying to regions unknown on the mere strength of exaggerated reports circulated for the purpose of creating a boom. In the immediate vicinity of Ymir, for instance, are mountains of ore only awaiting development; yet this rich field is overlooked in favor of ore yet to be explored. Will men ever get sense or profit by experience?

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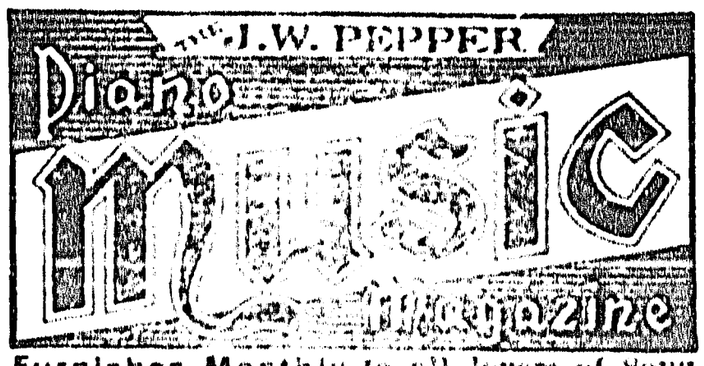

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