

ROSON'S ROMANCE

"Sun" Relates How his Pioneer Farmer a Bride.

Findlay and Her which Reads Stranger a Fiction.

have printed the news of John Sanderson, the of the British Columbian none of them has a romance," says a long-time resident and, to a New York Sun Sanderson well, and tell the story more than was an incident in it, and he always regret.

a native of the Scotch he was between thirty and forty when he fell in love with a young girl. The girl's name was... she accepted Sanderson and they became engaged, following a sailor, named...

in 1851, Sanderson and San Francisco after a month. The outlook there, and hearing that agricultural lands in British Columbia were being offered...

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LARS A WHISKY LIFE.

Brandy People-The Thing Out.

A Canadian Agriculturalist has decided to give up his life for his Great English... the number of 1000... the number of 1000...

PECTS ARE BRIGHT.

Mr. James Huddart, Managing Owner of the Canadian-Australian Line, is sanguine.

Trade With the Antipodes and How it May be Encouraged—About Cold Storage.

If any outward and visible sign were needed to more completely demonstrate the fact that members of the B. C. Board of Trade are taking a keen interest in the new Canadian-Australian line of steamships, and in the trade which it is hoped will follow...

The newly elected president, Mr. A. C. Flamerfelt, occupied the chair for the first time, and in calling the meeting to order, took advantage of this, the first opportunity afforded by the program to thank the Indians who had been at the meeting...

Mr. Huddart, on rising to speak, was warmly applauded. It was unnecessary for him to say that it afforded him great pleasure to meet the members of the B. C. Board of Trade, representing as they did the industrial and commercial interests of the Province.

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not hope to receive the immediate benefit, and it was, therefore, only to those which would be advanced by the arrangement that the company could look at the most difficult time of their experience...

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the Board that he had in the morning paid a visit to the Premier, Hon. Theodor Davie, along with Mr. Huddart, and Mr. Davie, as a result of what he had heard in Ottawa...

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THE SALMON FISHERY.

A Friendly Remonstrance Against the Courts Pursued by the Fishermen's Union.

(From the News-Advertiser, July 15)

If the reports received in Vancouver, yesterday, from several sources are accurate, it would appear that the fishermen on the Fraser river have done things which must be condemned. It is stated that some of the members of the Fishermen's Union have threatened violence if the latter should go to work for the canners...

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FOR THE STREET.

The design at the right is of navy blue and yellow striped silk. The bodice is of plain blue silk, trimmed with frills of lace over the shoulder. The skirt is of the same material, trimmed with frills of lace over the shoulder.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

The Tavern at Golden Hill—Taking the Odds.

(Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.)

The old king's highway, running all the way from the mouth of the Fraser to the mouth of the Columbia, was the favorite route of the "moving west" by wagon. It was a stage route, and there were roadhouses or country taverns at frequent intervals. Many of these buildings, converted into farmhouses, are still standing, while others were abandoned when the railroad was opened and destroyed by fire years ago.

The Golden Hill tavern, as it was known in the old days, was presided over by a man known as Bill Endicott. It was not a stage station, but nevertheless a favorite house with travelers. The man was scarcely 50 years of age, and it was the general opinion that he was about gone with consumption. His wife was a singular contrast. She was 6 feet 1 inch in height, weighed 160 pounds, and was as stout as the average man. Both man and wife were gruff and unsocial, and the very opposite of other landlords, but the fare was better and the price cheaper than anywhere else on the road.

The tavern on the hill had been open about two years, when strange rumors were passed and down the road. Many people passed to and fro on horseback. One day a Baker set out for Illinois to buy cattle. He was a well-known character, and the horses he rode were known to stage drivers and others. Nothing being heard of him for two months, his wife sent a man over the route he was supposed to have taken. Baker was traced to Golden Hill and no farther. He was met by acquaintances within two miles of the tavern, and it being almost dark, it was inferred that he would put up there. Endicott kept no register. When asked for information, he stated that Baker had stopped there for supper and to feed his horse and had then pushed on, saying that he had been delayed during the day and must make up for it. The search was continued for weeks, other parties having been induced to take it up by the reward offered, but neither Baker nor his horse was to be found. While this search was going on a second was instituted. A light fellow, named Tom, was sent out for a horse, and a trip to Indiana was made by the man. While there he was offered a bargain in lands near Hillsdale, Ill., and he set out on horseback with over \$1,000 in money on his person. Wardell was a very tall man, with very long black whiskers, and wore a white horse. When he returned he was met by his wife, and until about dark, and Williams then decided to remain all night. Some immigrants ate supper, and there were three teamsters to stay all night. In pursuance of a policy he had outlined, Williams told the man that the show had been pried off in connection with the horse. He told them that under no circumstances should he set out until after breakfast, and something was said about trading horses next morning. Williams was given a bedroom and a second door, both opening on the back yard. There was only a strip of

carpet on the floor, while the furniture was poor and scanty, but it was the best room in the house. Williams was not a drinking man, but he took a whisky after supper, and upon his retiring to his room the landlord insisted that he take a "nightcap." This was imbibed when the traveler was ready for bed. He saw that the doors were fast, but it being in summer the night rather close Williams left the window open. The drink left a queer taste in his mouth. He fell asleep almost at once, but after about an hour suddenly awoke. Instead of being nervous or restless he was calm and quiet and felt that it would be a great exertion to even move a finger. He lay on his right side, facing the room, and there was enough light to enable him to make out all objects.

Williams had no doubt been given some sort of narcotic in the liquor. After the first effects he was stupefied only to a certain extent. His brain was active enough, but his nerves were numbed and his muscles were not in a condition to do anything. He heard the old clock in the dining room strike 11, and he thought it was about 10 minutes later when a trapdoor in the floor of his room and just opposite the bed was lifted up. A candle was first lifted up and placed on the table, and then the Endicott followed. Williams could not utter a word nor cry out. It flashed across his mind that the three missing men had been killed in this very room and that he was to be victim No. 4, but he was helpless. The landlord, armed with some thing which looked like a club, and his weapon afterward proved to be an iron bolt wrapped in a cloth. He came over to Williams, looked at him for a few seconds, and then struck him on the head. Medical men have differed as to Williams' condition. Some believe that everything happened just as he related, while others insist that it was a sort of after vision. According to his own story, he did not lose consciousness when struck. The landlord, after striking him, opened the back door and let his horse out as they stood before the bed he asked: "Do you think you finished him?" "He's dead as a log!" was his reply. "Well, let's get the money and dispose of the body," Tom went away with the horse an hour ago.

After removing everything from his garments the woman made a bundle of the bed, worked her right arm under his arm on her back. He was a man weighing 160 pounds and was all dead weight, but she carried him without an effort, and the husband went ahead with a lantern which had been left at the back door when she came in. At 50 feet from the back door they were in the scrub, and made straight for the ravine, and upon reaching it the body was flung into its depths. You will think it curious, but the three teamsters arose in the morning and made no inquiry after Williams. When Endicott, incidentally remarked that his other guest had been shot, they did not regard it as strange. They went their way and even forgot his name. Williams remained at the bottom of the ravine the rest of that night and all the next day, dimly conscious all the time of his situation. He was not revived sufficiently to quench his thirst at a little pool, and then he became fully conscious. He could not walk, but all night long he was crawling through the woods to get as far away as possible, except the murderers would come, and he might dig his grave. He spent the next day in the woods, but about dark reached the highway and hailed a passing team. Being left at a tavern about 10 miles from Golden Hill, a doctor was summoned, and it was a week before he could tell his story, and the Endicotts had taken the alarm and fled. In Dead Man's gully, only lightly covered with earth were the remains of the three missing men. The tavern keeper had no doubt worked in conjunction with the gang of horse thieves, and Tom was the man who rode the animals off to the point where they were turned over. Failing to get trace of the murderers, the indignant people gutted the tavern and then applied the torch, and the stranger who travels the highway to-day will be told by every farmer he meets to be sure to stop and view the spot.

TAKING THE ODDS.

We had just mounted our horses after a bite of breakfast when the Indian appeared on a ridge 1 1/2 miles away. The had picked up our trail at daylight and followed it as full gallop. We were on the broad plains, with the nearest post 30 miles away.

"How many, Texas?" asked the lieutenant of the scout.

"A million, maybe, but 200 for sure" was the growling reply.

Every man shaded his eyes with his hand from the morning sun and took a long look. Two hundred warriors to fifteen troopers is big odds. The first excitement was no confusion. The first Indians were within a mile of us and their yells plainly reached our ears when the officer uttered his command, and we moved off at a steady gallop. We could not expect to run away from them, for the warrior's pony never tires. We could not even hope to hold our own, for we had traveled 30 miles under cover of darkness. The lieutenant and the scout rode side by side at the head of the little column, one looking for a place to make a stand. Captures means more than death. It means hours or days of the most fiendish torture a merciless savage can invent and inflict, but not a horse is hurried beyond the pace. Every man rides to save his horse. Every rider scans the ground in front of him. The ears of every horse are laid flat to his head, and but for the hand on the bridle each would bolt away at the top of his speed and exhaust himself at the end of a mile.

We secondarily saw a few more Indians well, reminding one of furrows turned by some monstrous plow. The Indians gain a little. We know it from the note of triumph in their yells. The scout looks back, and I watch his face to read the situation. A smile fits over it. That means our chances are still good. He casts a rapid glance over the party, and his face expresses anxiety. The Indian breathing of some of the horses tells him that the pace cannot last much longer. "Ah! There is the spot!" as we raised a swell we see ahead of us a cone shaped

hill higher than anything else within a mile of it. That's the place to stand. The pace is increased a bit, and we thunder down the incline, across the bit of valley and spur the blowing horses up the hillside. It is a last effort. Four or five riders dismount and stagger as their riders dismount, and one of them falls on a plateau about 30 feet across. No water, no grass.

Down with the horses!" is the order from the lieutenant, and we lead and push them into a circle of 15 revolvers pop, pop, pop! Gallies of troopers, every one, but they must be sacrificed. The dead horses make our breastwork. Above us the summer sky, below the clouds of savages shrouding in glee that we have been driven to bay.

"Unpack the spare ammunition and then take distance around the circle! Every bullet has got to find an Indian! Hold your revolvers for close work!" We have worked rapidly, and the warriors are not up in time to make a rush. They part to the center and encircle the hill. That is always the first move, and we had expected it. We see no worse off, however. No help can be looked for from the distant post, and it matters not how they tact they adopt. The Indians take a mauling, and one of them is killed. The rest of the party are scattered, and then make ready for a charge. The base of the hill covers for two acres of ground. Warriors on foot step forth and form a circle numbering 135. The lieutenant counts them and gives us the number. The odds are nine to one, but the scout calmly lights his pipe and remarks: "Boys, you've got a picnic! They won't make a decent mouthful fur you to chew on!"

The officer and the scout have Winchester, and we have the 7-shot Spencers. Every man works himself down where he can secure protection and a deadly aim, and of a sudden, with yells such as devils utter, the circle dashes for the crest. No orders are given, no time needed. No man is killed. The circle is now a ring of lifted, only dead Indians were to be seen. We rose up and cheered, and our cheers were answered by howls and lamentations.

"Hold you so!" growled the scout.

"There's over 30 more scowled the scout's hanker after any more scowled right away. The next thing will be a rush by all hands. We've got 'em mad, and when an Indian's mad he ain't got no sense."

We were as ready as we could be when the entire band started a grand rush. The din was terrific, but every gun fired once, rest, and every trooper was sure of his first man. The impetus of the rush carried some of the warriors up to the breastwork, but only to die there. We rose up and cheered, and our cheers were answered by howls and lamentations.

"Waugh! You've broken their hearts," exclaimed the scout as he dropped a wounded warrior with an offhand shot. "They'll even be glad to see the dead behind in their hurry to get away."

And so they did. Defeat brought panic, and every warrior who could ride galloped away to the east and out of sight. The scout went down among the wounded, and he saw a man opened his lips. The number of dead there was counted, and wounded men were limping and crawling in every direction.

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"Where is Red Eagle—Little Horse—Rainy Day? Where are our husbands and sons and brothers?"

And Gray Fishhook will answer for all: "The buzzard and wolf are eating on them at the foot of a hill miles away. We followed the trail of a small band of white men. They made a camp on a hill. We fought them, but instead of a few there were a thousand. Let us find the white man's trail, and let us find the Comanche is no longer a warrior, but a dog soldier." M. QUAD.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

The Long Looked for Body Confounded With the Comet.

Astronomers the world over are watching the heavens very closely at the present time, and a discovery which is called the Star of Bethlehem, which is expected to make its reappearance at almost any time.

The star was last seen in 1572.

The star, which is believed to be the same heavenly body that was seen by the shepherds at the time of the Star's birth, is classified as a long period star, and is seen into view usually once in about 300 years. The same star, probably was viewed even before that time, as the astronomer, as the ancient Chaldeans recorded its appearance. The next time it was discovered in 945, A. D., again it was seen in 1248, and last by Tycho, the eminent Swedish astronomer, in 1572.

At that time it was brighter than Sirius and rivalled Venus, changing its colors from red to yellow, white and green. From November to a year from the following March, a period of seven months, the star of Bethlehem was regarded as one of the fixed stars, but as the expiration of that time it disappeared. During the time it remained in view the star could be distinctly seen at noon by the naked eye. The position of this celestial body was in the constellation of Cassiopeia, in the Southern heavens.

A comet recently appeared in the Northern sky which has more or less been confounded with the star of Bethlehem, and many have believed the comet to be the long-looked for star. O. C. Hastings turned to the same star in the constellation of the direction of the former body, Friday night, and found its position in the right ascension to be ten hours and eighteen minutes; declination, North thirty-eight degrees, thirty minutes. It is about twenty degrees above the horizon, and is travelling rapidly toward the East and South. Mr. Hastings said that the comet to be larger than Jupiter, and of the same degree of brightness. From his observations, on St. Charles street, no tail could be seen, and the comet seemed to be composed of two separate bodies.

VANCOUVER, Wash., July 15.—Fifty people, including ten women, intending to file a public lands, formed in line at 9 o'clock yesterday morning in front of the United States land office, with a view to holding their places until 9 o'clock, each morning, when two townships in Cowlick and Lewis counties will be declared open and a settlement of one hundred and fifty more are expected to take place to-morrow. The land is considered valuable.