NUMBER 60.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE RAMPARTS

It was near the close of the evening. The sun was sinking in the heavens, and shone with subdued brightness on all beneath it. As the warder in charge of one of the convict gangs at Fort St. George reached the limit of his walk he looked with clear, vigilant eyes on the sea rolling and tumbling many feet below, and for a minute there was a curious sadness in the expression of his face. But the warder was not demonstrative, and before he had gone two strides farther was his old self again. Half-way down the paved footway he stopped by the side of a kneeling figure with an instinctive conviction that something was wrong.

"You seem to get on badly with your work, Number 60.

"Do I, warder? I am ill."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know; only my head burns. I feel as if I were being roasted by inches, and sometimes all is dark, and I have to grope to find my tools. It's been going on these four days, but to-day I am worse than usual."

The warder was humane, although a strict disciplinarian, and he spoke with unwonted gentleness as he bent over the kneeling figure.

"Humph! I don't think this is a case of malingering,' muttered the warder. "Hadn't you better go to the infirmary?"

"You're a good fellow, Smith, and I thank you. Infirmary be hanged? I'll have none of it. No; let me die like a dog, and be buried like one!"

The change in his voice, which grew hoarse and savage in a moment, startled the warder, experienced as he was in the passions of the worst class of humanity.

"Come, that won't do, 60; so cool down. I think you are really ill, you know, and you'd better by far take my advice."

"I can't, and I won't."

"Then there's no more to be said. I can't stop longer, and must continue my beat up to the guard-room," saying which he hurried off.

Number 60 stood very quiet and still.

"Even he despises me," he murmured; "even he thinks me beneath his notice. Is this to be my end? No sweet resting-place in a country church-yard, with the echo of Sabbath bells ringing over my grave; but the convict's shrift—buried in quicklime, and forgotten evermore."

He took up the mallet which he had been using and turned to his task. As he did so, a shadow darkened the ground, and there crept to his side a stunted negro, with the trunk of a giant and the short limbs of a child.

This man was a singular object to look at. His face was deeply furrowed, and across the right cheek, running from the temple downwards, was a long white line—the mark of a terrible wound received in some conflict.

"How now?" said 60, sharply. "What do you want, Pluto?"

"One little word, mate."

"Say it, then," rejoined the convict.

Pluto's thick lips closed over his grinning teeth, and a look of deadly malevolence shone in his eyes. 60 never noticed it; he was looking down and his thoughts were far away.

"Did you hear me tell you to be quick," he said, with a sudden start. "The warder will return and surprise us."

"I'd smash his head if I could catch him alone on the other side of the fort," growled the negro. "Never mind him. Do you care for liberty, 60?"

At the word "liberty" 60 eyed him steadily, conquering his impatience by sheer force of will.

"You have some plan of escape to propose," he said. "Don't torture me by keeping me in suspense. Out with it."

"You are a brave man, 60," began the negro. "I want a brave man for my comrade in this enterprise. You are a good swimmer, too."

"Fool!" retorted the other, contemptuously. "Was it worth while to come to me with any such proposal as this? Swim?—yes; and be picked up by one of the watch-boats, with the shame of my failure to haunt me ever after! Is that what you mean? Is your black skull as thick as your black skin?"

"You won't let me finish," returned Pluto. "You are a good swimmer, and if there is a boat of our own on the look-out for us, a boat manned by fellows who can row, and who will stick at nothing, why—"

The white man trembled, then made an imploring gesture. The negro grinned approvingly.

"Now for the details," he said. "There's a party related to the chap that keeps the lighthouse, and he has promised me to be out with his boat—he and another—at midnight. You understand? I mean to slip from my bunk through the window, the bars of which are already broken, and then dive off. That is easy. But you are quite at the other end. How are you to get away without the sentry giving the alarm?"

The white man said nothing, but appeared absorbed in thought.

"I will manage it," he said at last.

"Bravo!" returned the negro. "But hist! I hear the warder. Remember, midnight, after the bell has rung the hour."

Pluto winked by way of farewell, and wriggled himself off as noiselessly as a snake. Then 60 fell to work with astonishing fury till he heard the warder's friendly voice hailing him again.

"How are you now?"

"Just the same, Smith. I think I will take your advice," said the convict.

The warder gave vent to a cynical grunt. "You're as bad as a child," he remarked, good humouredly.

And he marshalled him on past glistening cannon and watchful sentries, till the pair came to a halt in front of a low wooden building, with a green verandah running round it.

Signing to 60 to come in, the attendant, a convict, closed the door. The warder, resuming his march, had not gone far when he saw an officer approaching, and stopped to salute him as he went by.

"Suppose that's the new officer come to relieve the captain in charge of the guard," muttered the warder, dropping his hand from his cap, and looking after the retreating figure. "Strange that he should be willing to do duty in such a place! Family trouble or no, I fancy he'll soon tire of it, and wish he was back were he came from."

CHAPTER II.

IN THE GUARD-ROOM.

The officer walked straight on till he reached the guard-room. Some soldiers off duty were lounging outside. The officer called to one of the men to follow him in.

"Do you know who I am?" he said.

"Yes, sir. Captain Stewart."

"Step round to Dr. Dod—you may, perhaps, know where to find him—and say that I have arrived."

The soldier withdrew. The officer sauntered to the window and lingered there a moment, then returning to the table, he unbuckled his sword, sitting down before a formidable placard headed "Notice to Convicts," proceeded to read it through with the earnestness of one accustomed to get at the pith and marrow of everything that concerned him professionally. Once he paused to make a note in his pocket-book, and then lit a cigar.

"Severe, but necessary, I presume," he said. "So I am to be responsible for the safe keeping of every man here, am I? A pleasant occupation, truly."

He sprang up as a spurred boot jingled in the passage, and opened the door. The doctor and he shook hands warmly, and drawing chairs to the table prepared to enjoy the inevitable chat about old cronies and old days that invariably follows such a meeting as theirs.

"Well, Stewart," he said, after they had exchanged compliments—"well, Stewart, when it was first rumoured that you were coming from England to join us, I was positively stunned."

"Were you?" said Stewart. "Why shouldn't I come, pray?"

"My dear fellow, if you are going to adopt the *argumentum ad hominem*, I lower my sword at once. It's not why shouldn't you come, but why did you come? Some call you whimsical; I don't. I never yet knew you to do a thing without a reason for it. Deuce take it! What's your reason now? A woman?"

"Say a man, doctor, and you'll be nearer the mark. In fact, unless I am mistaken, he is one of those convicts I noticed on the ramparts."

"Bless my soul!" cried the doctor, "what's he done?"

"I will tell you. But first let me ring for candles."

A soldier answered the bell, received his orders and went out. When he returned with the lights the captain opened his pocket-book and laid it on the table within reach of his hand.

"It is six years since you and I served together in Plymouth?" he said, after a slight preliminary pause.

"Your memory is better than mine, Stewart. You are posted in your facts, I perceive, and have your notes to refer to."

"I have the heads of my narrative by me in black and white, because the affair is too serious for me to run the risk of making a single false move. Can you remember a young fellow named Austin?"

"Austin! Austin!" The doctor twisted his chair round and drummed his fingers restlessly on the table. "Yes," he cried, suddenly. "Austin was the young ensign, and you and he were great friends."

"Were! We are so still, and shall remain friends to the last, if we ever meet again. Ah, poor fellow!"

At this point Stewart's manly voice trembled, and he bent his head to avoid the doctor's penetrating eye.

"Do you begin to understand now?" said the captain presently. "My good friend sold out and voluntarily sacrificed his good name and prospects—all that the world could give him or take away—for another's sake."

"You astound me, Stewart! If the man is here I'll have him set free on the spot. By Jove, sir! Talk about courage! What courage equals that?"

In a mighty bustle the doctor got up, with the evident intention of rushing out to the guard; but the captain restrained him, begging him to have patience till he had heard all. "Hear me first," he said, "and then act."

He glanced at the open page before him, and continued his narrative.

"Austin and I were friends, as you are aware, and being friends I got to know something of his family affairs. In most households there is a black sheep; and the black sheep in poor Austin's was his twin-brother Richard. Austin was always more or less in trouble on Richard's account, for they were the living image of each other. One day Richard was arrested for forgery—a clear case—no defence possible certain transportaion the penalty. Then Dolly came forward, took his brother's place in the dock, and was sentenced accordingly. How he managed it—whether by bribing the gaoler, or by visiting his brother in prison and passing Richard out in his stead—it is difficult to say. The sacrifice availed Richard nothing, however; he met his death shortly afterwards, dying of a wound inflicted by a negro who boasted the classical name of Pluto.

Before he could proceed further, the tramp of the relief on its way to the sentries sounded drowsily outside.

"So late?" murmured the doctor; and he crossed the floor, and drew the blind aside. "Rather a wild night, Stewart. Look!"

The red gleam of the lighthouse showed far away on the left; a burning, fiery eye in the face of the night, and wild and high leapt the waves as they broke against the rocks with a hollow, booming noise that rolled along the ramparts like the rapid beating of some funeral drum.

Dr. Dod put on his cap, and turned to leave the room.

"I have a few patients to visit at the infirmary," he said. "Will you finish your story when I return?"

"Most assuredly."

The friends shook hands and parted. Captain Stewart sat down again, and, leaning his elbows on the table, fell into a gloomy reverie.

The time wore on. The silence on the ramparts was unbroken, save by the measured step of the watchful sentries. But the lights burned steadily in the guard-room where the captain was, and the captain lay with his head on the table—asleep.

A sharp-eared sentry suddenly lowered his gun, thinking he heard a noise, though he could see nothing. The noise was not repeated. He shouldered his gun and marched on.

60 had not heard it for one, for 60 was looking in at the guard-room window at that moment, startled at the sight of the sleeping officer.

Then the convict glided into the room, and with a stealthy tread drew nearer and nearer to the sleeper.

There was no fell design in the mind of 60. The convict's face was pale and composed; his manner hardly less so.

He stood quietly by the chair. The captain's face rested on his arms, and his features were hidden. The convict's gaze settled on the red coat and shining sword, and his lips moved—he was speaking to himself.

"How many years ago is it since I wore that dress? Years—ages—which is it? I have done with the past, and even memory is dead, my life a bygone thing already."

Stepping back, his foot struck against something on the ground, and he stooped to see what it was.

A pocket-book.

"Is it his I wonder?" mused 60, examining it doubtfully.

He next unfastened the clasp, and turned to the first page to ascertain what name it bore.

He found it where he expected. Legibly written in a bold, free hand; the characters seemed to shine in letters of fire.

"Captain Stewart, 14th Regiment."

Long did the convict stand, rigid and motionless; and then he knelt softly down by the side of the sleeper.

"Can this be Stewart, my old comrade and friend?—the Stewart who read and chatted with me in the days when my dreams were of a future as unlike the hideous reality of the present as I am unlike my own self?"

The sleeping man never stirred. Unconscious of the presence of him whom he had sought so long, he slumbered placidly, and the convict dared not wake him.

As 60 rose to his feet again, still holding the book in his hand, he saw his own name on the opposite page, and lower——

A mist seemed to rise before his eyes; he could read no further. He sat down in the chair the doctor had occupied, tried to steady himself, and opened the book again.

Then in solitude and silence he read the story of his brother's death, and learnt for the first time that his self-sacrifice was a vain one.

"A broken life," he murmured; "ay! the mole is blind, the worm is mute, and in the grave there is rest!"

HOT COMFORT.

Places Where the Heat Reaches 140 Degrees in the Shade.

Those who have been quartered at Aden would not allow that any spot on this upper earth can be more awful than that. But unfortunates who have dwelt in Scinde mock the terrors of Aden. Visitors to Bushire, in the Persian gulf, talk lightly of Scinde, and Russians assert that there are districts in Central Asia more terrible than all three. One would incline to believe them also, if only it were proved possible to live through a Summer of heat more cruel than that of Scinde, for instance. Americans also put in a claim for their Great Desert. One thing is assured—that the famous Sahara does not approach any of those mentioned. In some parts of Scinde necessity taught the inhabitants ages ago to invent an aparatus for cooling their rooms, which we were glad to adopt under the name "windsail."

We have heard responsible officers of the old Indian flotilla avouch that they have seen the glass register 200 degrees in the sun at Bushire. It was a long time ago, however, and there lies their excuse. Perhaps 180 degrees has been recorded, for a brief space, under peculiar circumstances. But when 160 degrees is passed every fraction becomes horribly perceptible. Ten degrees above this is not uncommon. The coolest place to be found at Shikarpur sometimes has been 140 degrees. But 120 degrees in the shade may be regarded as the temperature of the very hottest climates in the world—when no wind blows. Fancy that as the minimum, for forty-eight hours at a stretch. At Sukkur—the year round mark—residents endure a minimum of 97 degrees; happily there are very few whites among them. But this is in a time when no wind blows; and winds are the rule from March to July. There is the Suk, which rises, as scientific persons allege, in the Kachi Desert, but ordinary mortals will not be persuaded that it has its origin in the upper world. All life withers before it. But there is worse. The Bad-i-simoon kills everything it encounters; not only that—it burns up tissue and cartilage, so that the limbs can be pulled asunder when the storm is passed by.—[London Standard.

Runaway Cars.

Mr. Crofutt tells of a thrilling experience in Echo Canon, when a train of sixteen flat cars, loaded with ties and iron rails, was making its rapid way down to Echo City. The train had proceeded but a few miles down the canon when it was discovered that it had parted, and four heavily loaded cars had been left behind. When the accident happened, the grade was easy, and the portion attached to the locomotive had gained about half a mile on the stray cars, but now the latter were on a down grade, and rushing upon the train with lightning speed.

Two men were on the loose cars, and might put on the brakes and stop the runaway. The whistle was sounded, but they did not hear; they were fast asleep. On came the cars, fairly bounding from the track in their unguided speed, and away shot the locomotive and train.

"Let on the steam!" came the order, and with wild and terrible screams, the engine plunged through the gorge.

"Off with the ties!" and the frantic men cast them off as they flew, in the hope that some of them would remain on the track, throw off the runaways, and thus save the forward train.

Down the gorge they plunged, the wild whistle, signifying "switches open," all the time thrilling the air. That there was trouble was well known at Echo City, though its nature could not be surmised, and the switches were all ready.

If the leading train had but the requisite distance, it could pass on while the following cars might be switched off the track, and spend their force against the mountain side. On they shot the locomotive the men still throwing over ties, and suddenly, just as they reached the curve outside the station, they saw the dreaded pursuer strike a tie and plunge down the embankment into the valley below.

"Down brakes!" screamed the engine, and in a moment more the cars entered Echo City, and came to a standstill.

The excited crowd, alarmed by the repeated whistling, set off toward the scene of the disaster to bring in the dead bodies. When they arrived, they found the two men hurt but bewildered, sitting on the greensward. They had slept through their perilous adventure, until the moment when they were tossed down the valley.

TRADE AND INDUSTRY.

Russia's woolen industries employ 5,000. Carpet manufacturers employ 800.

The Boiler-Makers' and Iron-Ship Builders' Union, of Great Britain, has a fund of $923,686.39 in the banks.

The Iron Moulders' unions, of Massachusetts, last week joined the American Federation of Labor's branch, of that State.

Resolutions are being passed by labor unions all over the country protesting against the closing of the World's Fair on Sundays.

The capitalistic combine recently formed in San Francisco to break up the labor organizations of the Pacific coast is said to represent at least $200,000,000.

The co-operative shop of the locked-out shoemakers of Haverhill, Mass., has been a failure. They cannot compete with the large capital invested by the bosses.

The earliest labor strike in the United States, of which there is any record, occurred in Philadelphia in 1796 among the shoemakers. It was for an increase of wages, lasted two weeks and proved successful. Again the workmen "turned out" in 1799, asking the same figure, which was allowed them.

The laws of nature are the thoughts of God.

HARD TO COUNTERFEIT.

The Paper Money of Europe—Why it Bothers the Counterfeiters.

"The paper money of the United States is the least handsome in the world," said the proprietor of a money exchange. "That is because this Government depends entirely upon the intricacy and elaborateness of the designs on its notes and certificates for protection against counterfeiters. In foreign countries, on the other hand, much effort is directed to making their currency beautiful with pictures and arabesques in the classical style. Not only are the results pretty to look at, but they serve their chief purpose better, for any engraver will tell you that real art work on a bill is far more difficult to imitate than any purely mechanical effect, no matter how complicated the latter may be made by the geometric lathe and other devices.

"Most beautiful of all paper notes are those issued in France and Prussia. Here is a pretty Austrian bill of 100 florins, printed in blue ink, with the design mainly composed of two large standing figures of cherubic children and an oval of children's heads. That seems a queer notion from our point of view for the ornamentation of currency, but it is certainly both interesting and handsome. This is a Russian bill for 100 roubles, done in pink and green. Here you have a Scotch note, issued by the British Linen Company, which promises to pay £5 on demand. In Great Britain the privilege of issuing paper money can be obtained by corporations other than banks from the Government.

"You will need a magnifying glass to examine this note with. It is Irish. The words 'one pound' are printed across it in big letters, but this broad stripe extending from one end to the other of the document is a curiosity. To the naked eye, even upon scrutiny, it seems to have no significance, but when magnified you will perceive that it is wholly made up of the words 'one pound' in microscopic letters. From the superficial appearance of the Bank of England notes you would suppose that they could be readily imitated by photography or otherwise, inasmuch as their designs consist of very little more than lettering in black that is almost severely simple. But that great financial institution depends altogether upon the water marking of its paper, which is wonderfully elaborate, as you can see by looking at the light through it. The water marking has been imitated, but never with success."

A TALE OF THE SEA.

Terrible Experiences of a Shipwrecked Crew.

Mr. T. Barton, of Fratton, North Cornwall, and chief officer of the Peter Stuart, whose loss near Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, was recently reported by telegraph, has written to his friends particulars of the disaster. He says:—"We struck on a rock about eight o'clock on Sunday night, and soon afterwards the masts went over the side. The sea was breaking over her all the time, and we all got into the mizzen rigging until it began to totter, and it fell over as soon as we came down. The captain, Mrs. Hughes (the captain's wife), and several of the crew, got into the boat, where she hung in the davits; but she soon got

WASHED AWAY

and capsized, and killed or drowned Mrs. Hughes, her little boy, and several others. Some of the rest got the boat righted again. and found the captain in her, nearly done for. Six of the crew, besides the captain, got into the boat, and she drifted away out of sight. I and the remainder of the crew were then in the forward part of the ship, where we remained until she broke up altogether. I suppose that would be about two-and-a-half hours after she struck. There was nothing left for it then but to get on the floating deals (her cargo), and we floated away from the wreck out to sea. We were floating on the planks all night and until six o'clock in the morning. When daylight came the fog lifted a little, but we saw no land. We sighted the ship's boat, with the captain and six men in her. They were pulling about, not knowing which way to go. They came and took us off—eleven of us—making a total of eighteen, all that were alive out of twenty-seven. We had not been in the boat more than a quarter of an hour before she filled, turned over, and threw us all into the water. We got the boat righted again, but could not pull or do anything with her, as the gunwales were under water. So we had to let her drift. This further accident lost us the second mate and one other man, and three others died from exhaustion before we reached the shore. When we reached the land we had only thirteen left out of the whole crew of twenty-seven. We drifted ashore at a place called Chobogue Point, about six miles from Yarmouth, and about nine or ten miles from where the ship was lost.

A Burglar in a Lady's Bedroom.

To wake up and find several burglars in one's bed room engaged in plunder is anything but a pleasant experience, the more so when one reflects that the slightest movement or attempt to summon assistance might lead to further and more disastrous action on their part. Such, however, was the very disagreeable position in which the daughter of a well-known publisher found herself a night or two ago. Her father has a villa in the environs of the metropolis, and during the small hours of the morning thieves affected their entrance into the house by one of the windows of her chamber having cut the glass through with a diamond. She was fast asleep at the time—a fact of which, no doubt, they had assured themselves on entering the room—and she was only disturbed by the noise which they made while busily ransacking a wardrobe. The first and natural impulse of the young lady was to cry for assistance, but with remarkable presence of mind she controlled herself. and prudently feigning sleep, waited patiently, though with no little trepidation, until the coast was clear. At last, having rifled all the drawers, and convinced themselves, as they imagined, that the girl was still fast locked in slumber, the burglars passed into an adjoining chamber. The young lady thus relieved of their unwelcome presence, lost no time in pressing the button of the electric bell close to her bed. Her parents were at once aroused, and the thieves finding they were discovered, made their exit from the window with the utmost despatch, leaving behind them all the valuables which they had collected. It certainly required no little nerve to act thus, and there is no doubt that, but for the cool courage displayed by the young lady, the burglars would eventually have made off with a considerable amount of booty.

Got a Vacation.

Bowles—Did Bullion give you a vacation?

Knowles—Two weeks. But I won't go back to work for him again unless he retracts his words.

"What did he say?"

"He said not to come back after the two weeks were over."—Jewelers' Circular.

HOW GORDON DIED.

The Arab Story of the End.

Major Wingate, in the United Service Magazine for July, gives us the sixth instalment of his papers on the "Siege and Fall of Khartoum, from Egyptian Sources." It contains the account of the final act of that long tragedy. The narrative begins on the 26th of November, when the Bordein arrived with letters. On receiving the letters Gordon erected a high flagstaff near the palace, and flew a red flag from it so as to guide the British on their arrival. He also ordered rockets to be sent up at night in order to show that the town was still holding out. He distributed biscuits to the poor inhabitants, but then discovered that he had none left for the troops, there-upon he had to requisition the grain stores of the natives. Afterwards more letters came in, but the troops did not arrive. Gordon is said to have written out a telegram, and given it to a messenger who was to send it from Dongola. The telegram was addressed to "all confederate powers." The story seems rather apochryphal.

NEARING THE END.

"The General used now to walk through the streets and lanes and see numbers of people lying dead from famine. He ordered the dead to be buried at once, and insisted on the Governor carrying out these orders.

"When the famine increased and prevailed throughout the town Gordon Pasha was obliged to send 5,000 people out of Khartoum to the east bank to seek their own food. He wrote a letter about them to the Mahdi to the following effect:

"Human beings are by nature merciful to each other; these people are the same as yourselves; government has supported them for one year, and now it is necessary to send them to you to look after them. Treat them as you think fit."

"But the dervishes, on seeing these people, used to strip them of their clothing and send them away naked and barefooted."

DESPAIR.

January began with fighting with the object of saving Om-Durman. "If Gordon had been able to send reinforcements he would no doubt have been successful; but he now felt that he could not relieve Om-Durman, which must soon fall into the hands of the enemy, as also must Khartoum, if the English troops did not come soon. He then wrung his hands and went away, leaving the principal medical officer to attend to the wounded."

STARVATION—GORDON WEEPS.

Then came the news of the battle of Abu Klea. Meanwhile the sufferings in Khartoum were intense. "The troops now fell into terrible distress through hunger. They used to hunt down the dogs and eat them; also donkeys, horses, and mules were killed for food. The one twenty-fourth of an ardeb of dhurra was sold for one hundred dollars; but it was difficult even to get that quantity. Women used to wander through the streets with their gold and silver ornaments in their hands, offering four or five okes of gold for a rubbeh of dhurra. If a fish were caught during the night, it would be sold the next morning for fifty dollars.

"Then the inhabitants of Khartoum fell into deep distress. The soldiers lost all their strength and energy, and laid down their arms because they could not carry them, and some of the regulars, Shaggiehs, and Sudanese, deserted, and joined the dervishes. The General, seeing this state of affairs, became full of distress, and he also despaired. He summoned the notables and principal officers, and obtained a loan of money in order to give the troops half a month's pay, as he thought this might check the desertion. But in such a crisis money was of no avail; and both natives and soldiers used to come to him, with pale faces and sunken eyes, complaining of their miserable state, and he would lift up his hands to God, meaning by this that God only was able to alleviate their sufferings; and then they left him weeping."

THE FINAL ATTACK.

The Mahdi's people were almost going to raise the siege when a traitor of the name of Omar Ibrahim deserted from Khartoum and told them how helpless the city was from the starvation of its garrison; thereupon they decided to attack the city: "When the dervishes had understood from Omar Ibrahim the real state of Khartoum, how numbers of the people had died, how weak the troops were, and that the open space near the White Nile was not fortified, they collected in enormous numbers in Wad En Nejumi's camp, and at midnight the Mahdi came over from Om-Durman, and stood up in the midst of them, saying: 'Do you intend to attack Khartoum to-morrow morning?' They replied: 'Yes, Lord of All.' He then said: 'Will you advance with pure hearts and full determination to fight for God's cause?' They replied 'Yes.' He then said, 'Even if two-thirds of you should perish?' And they replied, 'Yes' He then said, 'Let us repeat the Fatha,' and he lifted up his hands to heaven, and all of them lifted up their hands, and they repeated the Fatha. He then muttered some words which no one could understand, and, half drawing out his sword in the direction of Khartoum, he shouted three times, 'God is most great,' and then pointed in that direction, saying, 'Advance, Advance? with God's blessing. He then returned to his camp at Om-Durman."

The dervishes attacked in two bodies. They attacked one hour before dawn. There is no story of treachery in this Egyptian account; the dervishes simply overwhelmed the garrison, which they could have done long before if they had only known how weak it was. They were so numerous that the Egyptian troops were like a black spot in the midst of a white skin. The Egyptians fought well, but all was in vain.

THE END.

"The whole town was now filled with the screams of the people and the shouts of the Arabs. They killed every one they met, attacked the inhabitants in their houses, and massacred and ransacked every one. Mussa Pasha Shawki's house was also sacked, his harem seized and himself killed.

"Meanwhile the General, who was on the top of the palace, seeing the Arabs advancing toward the palace, shouting and yelling like wolves, and crying, 'Gordon! Gordon!' collected his men and opened fire on them from the roof and windows; but the Arabs gathered in great numbers, broke in the gate and killed the kavasses and guards. When Gordon saw this he went to his room, put on his uniform and sword and stayed by his room awaiting their arrival for he knew he was to be killed, although he might have escaped death by getting on board the steamer Ismailieh, which was waiting and ready for him from early dawn; but his noble spirit chose rather to share the fate of these whom he had governed. The dervishes rushed up in crowds, full of wrath, and stabbed him with their spears until he was cut to pieces, and his head was cut off and taken to the Mahdi at Om-Durman. This was early on Monday morning, January 26th; they carried Gordon's head on a spear, where it remained standing for three days. When the Mahdi received Gordon's head he gave orders for the fighting to stop."

NEWS FROM THE MINES.

Thousands of Prospectors Scouring the Kootenai District.

A despatch to the N. Y. Sun says:—During the last two years the Kootenai B. C., mining district has been attracting much attention both from prospectors and mining companies. The Kootenai River, from which it takes its name, rises in the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia, and flowing south, runs into Montana. There it bends back again towards the north, and crossing into Idaho, empties into Kootenai Lake, a large body of water in British Columbia, a short distance north of the Idaho boundary. The lake finds its ultimate outlet in the Columbia River. The Kootenai district properly embraces the whole region traversed by the Kootenai River, but the name is commonly applied only to the part in British Columbia. West of the Kootenai Lake is the range of Selkirk Mountains; west of them Slocan Lake; still west of that the upper and lower Arrow lakes through which the Columbia River runs, and beyond them the Gold Mountains and Okanogan Lake.

The principal town in the district is Nelson, on the west arm, or outlet of Kootenai Lake, leading into the Columbia River. This place, which is about two years old, has less than one thousand inhabitants. Just now the crying need of the Kootenai country is transportation, for few of the mines are so situated that ore worth less than $150 a ton could be profitably carried over the pack trails. The region is a rough one, not unlike that of the Cœur d'Alene, directly south in Idaho; but the ores seem somewhat richer. How they will turn out it is impossible to say, for no work but that of development has yet been done, and a few of the prospect holes are more than twenty-five feet deep. Two thousand prospectors are already in the region, and before the season closes, the value of the deposits will be more definitely known.

The oldest claim in the district is the Blue Bell, discovered in 1825 by some Hudson Bay Company trappers. From time to time a little work was done on it, but no attention was drawn to the country until seven years ago, When the Silver King mine was found on Toad Mountain, seven miles from Nelson. A Scotch syndicate has bonded the Silver King for $1,500,000, and experts are now making careful examination to determine whether the bond shall be taken up. Since the Silver King has come into prominence several hundred claims have been located on the same mountain, and the assays range from $10 to $500 in silver, while the ores also carry copper and lead. West of Nelson is a gold belt extending down the Kootenai River, and some placer mining has been done on a small scale.

During the fall of 1891 some rich finds were made in what is now known as the Kaslo-Slocan district, between Slocan Lake and the north end of Kootenai Lake. Into this division of the Kootenai a great many miners went this spring, and some extraordinarily rich ores are said to have been found. The prospect hole of the Noble Five in the Kaslo-Slocan has just been sold for $60,000, and the Climax, Hennessy, and Seaton claims are considered as good. The ore ranges in value from $58 to $150 a ton, and is from two to ten feet thick in ledges from twelve to twenty feet. A sample of ruby silver from the district assayed $2,200 to the ton, and one of native silver showed $5,000.

The confidence of mining men in these several ores is shown by the fact that Farrell & Hendryx are spending from $300,000 to $400,000 on a refinery and smelter at Pilot Bay, on the east side of Kootenai Lake. Real estate in the various mining camps is beginning to bring good prices. A lot in Nelson that sold for $100 two years ago was recently bonded for $3,500. Though there are only about fifty houses at Pilot Bay where the smelter is being built, lots are selling at from $450 to $1,000, and in Klaso at from $200 to $300.

THE SULTAN'S TROOPS REPULSED.

Several Severe Engagements End in Victory for the Rebel Tribesmen—Europeans Threatened with Death.

A Tangier despatch says:—The Sultan's troops marched in three divisions yesterday to attack the rebels, but returned to camp without having engaged in any fighting. Europeans here are much alarmed at the dangerous condition of affairs.

The Moorish troops threaten to shoot any Europeans who attempt to approach their camp.

At 8.30 this morning the Moorish troops made another advance in the direction of the territory occupied by the rebellious tribesmen. They ascended to the hills and set fire to a number of villages, the inhabitants of which fled. They also set fire to the bushes to prevent the tribesmen from finding shelter. A portion of the troops, assisted by a force of Kabyls, have made an attack upon the rebellious tribesmen, and two divisions are proceeding to support the Sultan's forces.

Evening—Two thousand of the Sultan's troops made two attacks upon the rebellious Augherite tribesmen to-day, and were driven back in great disorder. Orders were finally given for the troops to retreat, and the force, in a badly disorganized condition made their way to the camp at Tangier. It is feared the tribesmen may attack the city. The Moorish soldiers fared very badly in their engagements with the rebels, one hundred of their number being either killed or badly wounded. The Augherites, on the other hand, suffered but few casualties.

Theatrical Note.

A countryman and his bride applied at the box office for tickets.

"Orchestra chairs, parquette, or family circle?" asked the ticket seller.

"Which'll it be, Marier?" said the groom.

"Well," she replied, with a blush, "bein' as how we're married now, p'r'aps it would be proper to sit in the family circle."

Doing His Best.

Two small Quaker children were put to bed early the other night, and their mother hearing a murmur of voices from the sleeping room stole up stairs to see what was on foot. As she paused out-side the door she heard one say to the other earnestly:

"John, can thee swear?"

The reply was regretful:

"Not good, William, but (hopefully), I am learning."

Kind to Animals.

She—Yes, I am going to name my pug after you, Mr. Dudley.

He—Bah, Jove, that's not very complimentary.

She—O, it's all right, he won't know enough to care.