The Honor of Shaun Malia

(John A. Foote in Catholic-Irish World.)

Of the terrible periods of starvation that swept over Ireland, beginning in the year 1845, the famine of 1848 will be remembered as the most destructive and devastating. While the suffering in the congested districts of the larger cities was widespread, yet, to counterbalance this, there was in these places an organized system of relief conducted along both public and private lines. It was in the small hamlets and among the isolated tenant-farmers that the famine wreaked the greatest havoc, for among those people there were no philanthropists to give aid.

The cabin of Shaun Malia was situated on a barren tract of land, in the mountain region, some twenty-five miles northwest of Cork. There he lived with his wife and child for the five years that had ensued since the death of Captain Sanderson. This death marked an epoch in Shaun's hitherto uneventful life; for the old captain and his ancestors for generations back, had been lords of the broad domain that surrounded Sanderson manor. A typical country 'squire' of that period, the captain was a heavy drinker, an ardent sportsman, and a poor business man. His estates were so heavily encumbered at his death that his son despaired of reclaiming them, and subsequently they passed into other hands.

While the passing of the old family Shaun lost his position as gardener, for the manor house was boarded up after the sale and the Sanderson family moved away. Many a time afterwards while tilling the soil of his stony farm on the mountain-side, he sighed for the good old days of the easy-going captain. It was hard work, the markets were far away, and rent-day came with certainty whether the crop proved good or bad.

It had been a weary enough struggle since the first famine year to keep starvation away, but now, with the failure of the potatoe crop through the blight, the end seemed very near. For a while they managed to subsist on the half-decayed potatoes that they dug from the ground, but Shaun knew that this was almost as bad as starvation, and that they must soon be made ill by the decaying vegetables.

Even this source of food was nearly exhausted when little five-year-old Mary fell ill. The first day of her sickness Shaun sat by her bedsind, motionless, a despairing glare in his eyes, and his pale bearded face, haggard with both mental and physical anguish. Maggie, his wife sought to comfort him with words of hope as the night wore on; but in the gray hours of dawn, when she thought that he was sleeping, she stole softly out of the cabin. When he followed her he found her leaning against the window-ledge, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Come, Maggie, machree," he said; "sure it'll do ye no good to be actin' this way. I was thinkin' uv a plan just whin ye wint out, an' whin the daylight comes I'll thry it."

Drying her eyes confusedly, she allowed him to lead her back to the dwelling, while he eagerly unfolded his plan.

"A good many years ago," he said, "I had a chance to do a favor fur a great an' good man—a priest now he is, in the City of Cork. At the time he told me if I ever needed a friend to write to him. Maybe he's forgotten me, but it'll do no harrum to thry an' see. So whin the daylight breaks, I'll walk to the village, an'—although God knows it'll go aginst me to do it—I'll beg the price uv the paper an' postage, an' write to him."

"It's a long way to the village—a good eight miles," she said dubiously; "and ye're no sthrong."

"Yes," he answered wearily, as he sat on the side of the bed where the sick child lay tossing uneasily, "it's a long way, but it's our last chance. We must thry and save her."

With the first glint of the rising sun he made ready to depart, and he kissed the child before leaving. Maggie followed him to the door and laid her hand on his coat sleeve with a pathetic little gesture.

"Are ye sure ye have the strength, Shaun?" she said. "Ye know Pat Murray, the ould man, started for the village two days ago, an', an'——"

Shaun looked at her curiously as he noticed her hesitation.

"I know what ye mane" he said. "They found him along the road yesterday. But don't worry. I'm sthrong an' I'll be back to-night, with the help of God. Good-by!" She stood in the door, crumpling her worn apron in her hands, and watching him until he was swallowed up in the hazy mist of the dawn that covered the valley and made the landscape a nebulous blur. A cry from the sick baby drew her into the cabin. She smoothed the little sufferer's tangled auburn hair and moistened her fevered lips with water. Then, taking her in her arms, she crooned a soothing air until the child slept.

It was night when Shaun returned, dragging his feet after him as if they were weighted. He stumbled toward the bed, and lay on it with a long-drawn sigh of weariness, closing his eyes that he might the more thoroughly enjoy the sense of rest that came to him. Maggie came close to him, with evident anxiety to hear the result of his errand. After awhile he opened his eyes and spoke:

"I sent the letter on the first mail. I met Squire Bagley—him that used to visit Sanderson's—and I tould him that I wanted sixpence to post a letter. He gave me a shillin', an' I bought this for her."

He pointed with his thumb toward little Mary, and Maggie noticed for the first time that he held a package in his hand. She opened the parcel and found a sixpenny loaf of dark bread, and then she broke some of the loaf into water, treasuring the crumbs as if they were gold. Before feeding the mixture to the child, she offered some to Shaun, but he would not eat any, and turned to gnaw the sodden potatoes that were on the rude table.

Another day dawned with no change in the situation. Towards evening a gale began to blow, followed by a cold pelting rain—a hint of the approaching winter. Here and there the rain dripped through holes in the worn thatch and fell in monotonous splashes on the earthen floor of the hut. The scanty nourishment that had been given to Mary seemed to have served no purpose but to feed the fever that was consuming her, for afternight fall she commenced to rave violently. Towards midnight the air grew very chilly and Shaun put a fresh piece of turf, of which he had a plentiful supply, on the smoldering embers in the huge stone fireplace. The wind wailed dismally down the chimney, and, as if in answer to an unexpressed thought, Shaun shook his head dejectedly, saying, "No there's no use thinkin' that anny one would venture out to-night."

A few minutes later there was a contradiction to his speech in a guarded knock that came to the door. Shaun and Maggie both rose to their feet and listened. The knock was repeated.

"It's the answer to me letter," said Shaun, trembling with agitaiton as he started toward the door to unbar it. A tall, heavily-cloaked man in riding costume stepped in, in the wake of a gust of wind-driven rain and dead leaves. He shook the rain from his hat and took in the outlines of the room as best he could by the turf light, his eyes at last resting on Shaun.

"You are Shaun Malia?" His voice proportioned to his physique, was deep and resonant.

"I am," said Shaun.

The stranger walked over to the door, and after peering out for an instant, set the bar in place. Then he continued:

"You wrote to a certain priest in Cork asking for assistance. He was on the point of sending you some money when I came to him, a fugitive from justice on account of a political offence. My needs were urgent, immediate; I had to leave for America. I knew that I could not take shipping from Cork, so I decided to ride through these mountains on horseback to Limerick and sail from there. He gave me the money that was intended for you, and he told me that I might take refuge with you to-night, and tell you that he would send you relief as soon as he could—within two or three days at the longest."

Shaun reeled as if he had been struck.

"Two or three days!" he muttered weakly, clutching at the door-post for support. "Two or three days-" Lurid firès of anger burned in his sunken eyes, and grasping the stranger roughly by by the coat lapel he drew him over to the bedside of the sick child:

"Will death wait two or three days? ye tell me that, you that was so ready takin' what was hers to save yerself? Oh! but ye're a brave man to come an' tell me."

"Shaun! Shaun! cried Maggie, clutching his arm in alarm "don't be talkin' like that. The priest had a right to do as he plazed with his money, for 'twas not ours. An' sure he knew best anyhow. Don't be abusin' the man that comes to our door for shelter."

The stranger, surprised at Shaun's outburst, remained silent, gazing with an expression of sympathy at little Mary, who tossed and muttered in the throes of her fever. Then, when Maggie hesitated, he began, speaking slowly:

"I'm very sorry. Of course I did not know that things were as they are or I would not have taken the money. But it is not too late, and if you will accept——"

"No, no!" said Shaun. "Don't mind what I said. I'm not right in me mind, I guess, since she took sick, Maggie is right, the money didnt belonge to me."

"Hark!" said the stranger, and he stole over to the single window and peered out into the darkness. Commanding silence by a gesture of his hand, he listened intently for a few moments and then came back to the group at the bedside. He spoke without any evidence of excitement:

"It is as I suspected; my trail has been discovered, and I have been pursued. There is a company of soldiers down there in the roadway; even now they are surrounding the house. Of course, I cannot escape, so, my friend, you can free yourself of blame for harboring me and save your child's life by giving me up to the soldiers. There is a reward offered for me; if I am captured here it may go hard with you."

Shaun stood for an instant, dazed with the sudden turn events had taken.

"If ye can't escape," he said, his eyes vacantly following the outlines of the one room of the cabin, "an it'll mane life to her, I—O, God! help me; I can't be a thraitor!" He said this with a sudden energy, as if he feared that the temptation migh prove too strong for him.

"Quick! Decide!" said the stranger. "I hear footsteps outside."

Shaun, not answering, ran across the room to the chimney.

There was a loud hammering at the door and a voice shouted: "Open in the Queen's name!"

"Come on," answered Shaun; there's a way to escape. Off with yer cloak an' up the chimney. It's wide enough to hould ye, an it's built rough inside, so ye can climb. Go to the top an' stay there until the soldiers have. Maybe they won't find your horse."

"But—" said the stranger making ready to talk.

"Hurry," said Shaun, stripping off the stranger's cloak and throwing it under the bed. "In with ye now an' up; an may heaven speed ye!"

The stranger disappeared from view in the yawning black hole above the fireplace, and an occasional chip of plaster falling told of his progress upward. The hammering at the door redoubled; and Shaun quickly removing his coat to make believe that he had just risen, withdrew the bar and let the searching party enter. Two officers came first, followed by a file of soldiers.

"Well,' said the officer, "you seem to be mighty hard sleepers here; it took you a long time to open the door."

"I ax yer pardons, sirs," said Shaun. "We have sickness here, an' I'm not overly nimble meself."

"We are in search of an escaped criminal, accused of several treasonable acts against Her Majesty's government," said the officer. "We have every reason to believe that your are harboring such a person, in defiance of the law. But before searching the premises I will inform you that a reward of fifty pounds is offered for information that will lead to this man's apprehension."

Maggie sat by the bedside soothing the sick child. The little sufferer began to call her father's name in a piteous tone of voice, and he hurried to her and kissed her, whispering terms of endearment in her ear.

"Well, what do you say to my proposition? You need the money, your child requires attention; we will capture him anyhow."

Shaun sat at the head of the bed staring at the wall with a strange, blanched face.

"I need the money an' she needs it," he repeated, absently, fingering the bedclothes. Maggie looked at his face and became frightened at its expression.

"Shaun! Shaun! she cried. He buried his face in his arms and a half-smothered sob was heard. The soldiers looked on curiously.

Suddenly Shaun rose to his feet and shouted hoarsely: "Search the place; don't tempt me anny more; I can't tell ye annything!"

It took but a few minutes to examine the hut. The cloak worn by the fugitive, still wet with rain, was taken from under the bed. Preparations were then begun to start a roaring fire in the fireplace so as to smoke the fugitive out if, as they suspected, he had taken refuge in the chimney. Suddenly several shots were heard, and a soldier ran in, saluting the commanding officer, and said:

"Sir a man on horseback has just ridren through our lines on the roadway below. We fired on him, but did not succeed in wounding him."

"What luck!" said the officer, "we shall never find him now among these mountain roads. But to your saddles and after him; we must do our best."

Then he addressed himself to Shaun, saying: "The finding of the criminal's cloak in your dwelling looks bad for you, my man; but in view of your unfortunate condition, and the consistent though in this case reprehensible sense of honor you have manifested, I have decided to overlook your part in to-night's business."

In a few minutes the cabin was cleared of its unwelcome visitors and Shaun and Maggie, uttering prayers for the escape of the unfortunate they had harbored, sat down to wait the coming of daylight. But weakness, coupled with the exciting events of the night, proved too much for them, and after a while both slept.

Sunlight was streaming in through the window when Shaun awoke, and outside a blackbird was lustily warbling his last song before flying to the south. The sound of strange voices blended with the song of the bird, and Shaun, throwing open the door looked out. Two gentleman were coming up the path from the roadway. One of them was a stranger to Shaun, but in the other, a gray-haired, kindly-faced man in clerical garb, he recognized his Ireland of long ago—the man to whom all Ireland turned in the dread years of famine—Rev. erend Theobald Matthew.

"Thank God! Thank God!" was all that he could utter as the priest came towards him and grasped his hand.

"I was afraid that you had forgatten me, until you sint word last night," he managed to say at last.

"No, indeed, Shaun," said the priest; "I have often thought of you, and often prayed for you, since that time when we met in Cork."

Turning to his companion he said:

"Dr. Burnham, this is Shaun Malia, of whom you have heard me speak. He was a gardener in Cork when I was a young priest there, and one day I asked him to do some work on the grave of a dear friend of mine, Father O'Neil. I was away for over a year, and when I returned I learned, quite by accident, that he had cared for the grave all of that time. And he thought that I might have forgotten him!"

Father Matthew laughed—a merry, contagious laugh it was; and the doctor said:

"Father Matthe does not forget friend "Father Matthew does not forget friend in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry."

"Won't ye step inside?" said Shaun. The two visitors entered, and the doctor made an examination of little Mary while Father Matthew learned from Shaun and his wife of the escape of the mysterious fugitive. Then, the doctor having finished his diagnosis, they awaited his decision.

"It is a condition of malarial fever brought about by improper food and exposure," said the medical man, "and there need be no fear of an unfavorable prognosis if she receives proper treatment and nourishment."

"That's the point," said the priest. "Now Shaun, I have made arrangements with Dr. Burnham to have your little girl taken care of at his hospital until she is entirely well. The doctor needs a hostler and a gardener, so, if you can come to terms with him, the position is yours."

Father Matthew smiling expectantly, looked from Shaun to his wife. The little woman, overcame with joy, buried her face in her apron and sobbed hysterically; while Shaun, with a lump in his throat and his heart beating as if it would burst, could only say:

"God bless you- It's more than I desarve."

One afternoon, in the early autumn, about a year after these events took place, Shaun was trimming the hedge in front of Dr. Burnham's lawn when one of the servants handed him a letter. It was addressed in a bold hand and bore an American post-mark. A thought of the fugitive he had harbored and saved a year before came to Shaun's mind.

"It must be from him," he said; "now I'll find out his name."

He eagerly tore open the envelope and found enclosed two slips of paper. One of them was a draft for a hundred dollars, and on the other, written in the same bold handwriting, were the words:

"A birthday present to the little girl from one who has had reason to know and appreciate the honor of Shaun Malia."

BUYING HORSES.

Lt.-Col. Dent, Purchasing for Imperial Authorities Tells of His Work.

Lt.-Col. H. F. Dent, of the British Imperial service, who is purchasing horses for the mounted troops and transport service in South Africa is a guest at the Driard, where Mrs. Dent and daughter arrived a few days ago. He will remain in Victoria until tomorrow sight-seeing, and will then proceed to Vernon, and after buying what horses he can secure there, he will proceed to Fort McLeod in the North West. Lt.-Col. Dent has been disappointed with his visit to British Columbia for breeders of horses have shown little disposition to sell, and few horses have been purchased in this province of the six hundred all told bought by the officer in the West. He secured but sixteen horses at Kamloops. "There are plenty of horses in British Columbia," said Lt.-Col. Dent, "and fine horses too, but people won't break them or bring them in. It was the same in the Territories." The officer journeyed from place to place where he had been told hundreds of horses could be secured, and he says, he had to stop in some uncomfortable places, and when the sellers arrived, they would bring tens, where they promised hundreds. There was little disposition to sell. Not even cayuses could be purchased, for the Indians, like the white men, did not seem anxious to sell.

From Ontario Lt.-Col. Dent has shipped over three thousand horses to the scene of hostilities. On May 20 he shipped 750 from Montreal on the steamer Anglo-African for South Africa direct, and on June 6 the troopship Iona carried 800 from the Canadian port. About the end of the same month the Rembrandt carried 830 to the Cape, and on July 20th the transport Indian left the St. Lawrence river port with 1,000 horses. Another ship, the Raven, a new vessel, is also on her way to Montreal to load.

GAZETTE NOTICES.

Commission Appointed to Enquire Into Conduct of New Westminster Jail.

The current issue of the Provincial Gazette contains a notice to the effect that the first session of the commission appointed to enquire into the conduct of the offices of the gold commissioner and mining recorder for the Bennett Lake and Atlin Lake mining divisions, is to be held at Atlin on August 12. Chief Justice McColl is the commissioner.

Notice is given of the following appointments:

Farquhar Matheson, or Glenora, to be a justice of the peace for the counties of Victoria, Nanaimo, Vancouver, Westminster, Yale, Cariboo and Kootenay.

Miss A. Robinson of Vancouver, to be stenographer to the judges at that city; such appointment to take effect on the 1st proximo.

John C. McLennan of Nelson, clerk in the office of the government agent, to perform the duties of the undermentioned offices at Nelson during the absence, upon leave, of H. Wright, such appointment to take effect on and from the 15th instant; namely: Collector of revenue tax; district registrar of births, deaths and marriages; collector of votes; registrar under the "Marriage act," and assessor and collector.

Eli Harrison, jr., judge of the county court of Nanaimo, to be a commissioner under the provisions of the "Public Inquiries act," to hold an inquiry into the conduct of affairs at the provincial jail New Westminster.

The Lieutenant-Governor in council, under the provisions of the "Royal Columbian Hospital Act, 1901," has been pleased to appoint the under-mentioned persons to be members of the board of managers of the Royal Columbian Hospital, New Westminster, for the term set opposite their respective names, namely: Messrs. James Cunningham and Marshall Sinclair for the term of two years, and Messrs. Lewis A. Lewis and J. J. Cambridge, for the term of one year.

The Cranbrook Electric Light Company, Limited the Mountain Lion Mining Company, Limited, and the Oriental Power & Pulp Company, Limited, have been incorporated.

OBITUARY.

Vancouver, July 25.—(Special)—Duncan McAllister, brother of the British Columbia Immigration Commissioner, died last night in the city hospital from consumption. The late Mr. McAllister was 36 years old and had been ill for a long time.

The death occurred in St. Luke's Home yesterday of Mrs. Chapman, wife of Mr. Frank Chapman, manager of a transfer business in Vancouver. Mrs. Chapman was 21 years old and leaves two children.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are gentle, compatible, small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

Armored Train in Warfare

Use to Which General Kitchener is Putting It in South Africa.

Difficult for the Boers to Get Across Railway Patrol Line.

A special correspondent of the London Times in South Africa gives the following description of and the work which Lord Kitchener has given the armored trains in the rounding up of Boers:

It will be understood that Lord Kitchener opened his winter campaign with the object of wresting from the Boers their last main base of operations in the Northern Transvaal. This was the town of Pietersburg, situated 177 miles north of Pretoria. The importance of this move is obvious. Pietersburg was the sole remaining base in the two colonies in which the federals had been able to maintain more than a shadow of official government. Here they printed a government paper—the Zoutpansberg Wachter—centred a postal bureau, and stamped out a crude coinage. Plumer occupied it with his column with little opposition, and then, as a less mobile garrison followed him up, it became the natural pivot for further operations to the north under Grenfell and for the main movement into the bush veldt which was to stop the drifts upon the Oliphants river, while subsidiary columns drove the scattered remnants of the enemy into each others arms. The scope of the operations may be taken as covering the ground enclosed by a line drawn through Pietersburg and Lydenburg on the north and the Pretoria-Middleburg-Belfast line on the south. This area is immense, but it must not be imagined that the bush veldt is as difficult a country for operations as is generally imagined. The hindrance of close country falls with more heaviness upon the Boers than upon their pursuers. Of necessity they are obliged to keep to the roads and pathways. The density of the jungle growth and thorn prevents them when pressed from breaking up and vanishing as they would upon the high veldt, and, consequently when once a pursuing column is upon the spoor of a Boer detachment, it is simply a matter of endurance between the two—not one of lost scent and an invisible enemy with biting rearguards, as is the case in more open country.

As a result of the success which has attended the closing of the drifts on Oliphants river it was reported that a considerable commando, said to be under Ben Viljoen's command, was breaking back with the object of making the Magaliesberg. This being the case they would be obliged to cross the Pretoria-Pietersburg railway line, somewhere between Wonderboom and Pienaar's river station. This offered an opportunity for the armored train service, very similar to that which they brought to so masterly a conclusion at Haut Kraal in the colony. One train was already on patrol on the Pietersburg line, another was despatched at once, and, seeing that the occasion offered a very fair chance of studying the working of this branch of the service, I readily accepted the invitation of Major Nanton, R. E., to accompany him on No. 1 train, the "flagship" of the little "squadron" of railway "cruisers." Much has been written and said about armored trains much to their detriment, little to their advantage. This was only natural, for, not unlike mounted infantry, they were misunderstood, misplaced and their limitations miscalculated during the earlier phases of the war. But when the line of communication lengthened and the enemy developed a tendency to raid the railway communications in preference to giving battle, the real necessity for protected trains which would be able to cope with the raiders on the permanent way presented itself. A system of armored military trains was improvised to meet the new situation. As the exigencies of the service and the requirements of their particular role developed, changes and improvements were made until the present complete system of railway patrolling was arrived at.

The armored train is composed of a locomotive with all its most vulnerable parts protected and seven trucks and coaches. The motive power, naturally, is placed in the centre of the train, the "fighting" portions, for reasons that are obvious, being at both ends. The train consists of two protected bogies equipped with Maxims or pom-poms, and loop-holed for infantry. Then next to one of these trucks is attached a bogie upon which two 12-pounder q.-f. guns are mounted, which allows of a traversing fire of about 135 degrees on either side of the train—that is, approximately 270 degrees out of the possible circle. This is to be improved upon, but it entails specially constructed trucks. The rest of the train is made up with the officers' coach and trucks containing the electric and telegraph apparatus, dynamo, and construction material. In addition to the actual armored train a number of protected and loop-holed trucks have been made, which, manned with infantry, can be taken out by the armored train and dropped at convenient spots along the railway—at wagon crossings and like frequented communications. Thus it is possible to sow a length of line with stationary forts, which form points for the armored trains to patrol between. But possibly the most important factor of armored trains patroling is the facility of inter-communication between the trains and the various headquarters of intelligence. The train has but to halt and, if the telegraph wires are intact, it is in communication at once with every station down the line. It takes just 30 seconds to tap the wires and get the "buzzer" working.

Then by means of the phonophone each train on the beat is in communication as soon as it halts with other stationary trains. The value of this can be appreciated. When a section of the line is under observation the trains for economic reasons, are not patroling all night. Do what you may, a steam engine is not a silent scout and has a ravenous thirst for water. They lie quietly secreted at some strategic point, prepared to concentrate or divide on the call of the "buzzer." The intelligence officer at some centre receives information from his native scouts that the enemy are moving upon a certain point on the line. He calls up the officer commanding the nearest armored train, and in five minutes every armored train on the beat, if necessary, is concentrating upon the probable theatre of action.

The "crew" of an armored train—or garrison, if the term better commends itself—is small—twenty-nine rifles, which include eight sappers for reconstruction and search lights, three telegraph operators and wire men, four Royal Engineer firemen and drivers, two officers' servants, and 12 infantry men. This with the two officers and ten gunners to work the guns and Maxims, makes the fighting complement. Whenever the train is in motion there is an officer on watch in the forward and rear batteries.

I boarded No. 1 armored train at 4:30 in the afternoon, and in half an hour we were running up the incline on the Pietersburg extension between the Dasspoort and Wonderboom cuttings. Two other armored trains were already on the beat, and the information which had called our engine out of the shed was that a commando of Boers, pressed by Major Vialls from Plumer's force, had crossed the line from east to west a little south of Haman's Kraal, while a second commando, believed to be commanded by Ben Viljoen, was in the vicinity of Pienaar's River station, watching an opportunity to cross its wagons into the loop made by the Aapies and Pienaar's rivers. As this commando was pressed from the rear, and by the nature of the country was committed to the drifts of the two streams which enclosed it, and the existing roads and crossings in the bush, the enterprise promised a successful mission to the railway cruisers. The Pietersburg line, from Pienaar's river to Waterval, runs between the Aapies and Pienaar's rivers. In fact, as we started, there was news that the armored train under Lieut. Westmacott, 5th Fusiliers, was engaging detached groups of the enemy. It was during the brief moment of African twilight that we steamed through Waterval. The dilapidated wire carral brought back memories of the dark days when 4,000 British soldiers were prisoners at the spot. The country recalled the day of indignation, ten months ago, when, as the relieving squadrons rode up the rise, the enemy, prompted by their chagrin, turned their field pieces upon their helpless captives. But all this has passed into history, and we were standing on the footboard of the officers' coach admiring the great comet in the western sky, when the train jerked into Haman's Kraal, a garrisoned hamlet on the fringe of the bush veldt. Here we found a Field Intelligence officer brimful of the latest news. His information enabled Major Nanton to make his dispositions for the night, and No. 7 train was immediately rung up and ordered to concentrate upon Ha-

Three trains were now on the beat. The intelligence officer was positive that if the crossing was to be made it would be made in the vicinity of Haman's Kraal Siding, six miles further north. The senior officer made the dispositions accordingly. No. 3 train would patrol until 1 a.m. from Pienaar's river to a siding a few miles north of Haman's Kraal Siding, No. 7 would cover the distance between Waterval and Haman's Kraal, while No. 1 would hold itself responsible for the space between, dropping the three protected trucks garrisoned by a company of Cameron Highlanders, at some strategic point on the line.

Post equitem sedet atra cura. If black care is astride the crupper of a horseman, a thousand times heavier does it weigh on the watch in the forward battery of an armored train when patrolling at night. The officer sits with his eyes glued upon the ceaseless parallel of the metals, watching for signs of loosened earth. He dare not rest his eyes for a second, for should he miss in the ruffled surface of the ballast the sole evidence of the wrecker's work, a loosened fish-plate, contact mine or loaded culvert, may bring disaster to his train. On right and left the sentries scan the racing bush, while the man at the gun toys nervously with his Maxim belts. Silently each stands at his post, each a mark for the skulking sniper, all a possible prey to the sneaking train wrecker. The tension is endless; each curve in the line, each cloud which crosses the moon, each jolt of the couplings, or an uneven track, brings recurring apprehensions of mine, derailment and ambush! "Red light ahead!"

The officer's fingers close upon the cord which communicates with the driver. The brakes hiss, and the train jerks to a standstill. For the moment the tension is over, the tail-light of the northern patrol is twinkling ahead. The watch cover their eyes with their hands, for the head throbs and the hallucination of the great white metals is heaping and serpentining in the brain. It is a beautiful spot. The endless mimosa is somewhat cleared and the natives have sown the open thick with mealies. A road flashes white across the line. It is a likely crossing. The armored trucks are slipped, and after a brief conversation on the telephone the train reverses slowly back along the beat. The safety of the train now rests with the watch in the rear battery, and one sentry suffices in our portion of the train. Everyone is grateful for the respite.

Thus the night was spent until 1 a.m., when the patrols halted until daylight. Luck was against us or the intelligence was at fault, for no attempt was made to cross the line, and after the second night No. 1, summoned by wire steamed rapidly back to Pretoria, for its presence was urgently required on another portion of our gigantic communications.

TRAIN PIPE COUPLING.

A New Automatic Invention for Connection of Air and Steam Pipes.

From Montreal Witness.

The general public is well aware that with few exceptions railway cars are connected by automatic couplers, which do away with the dangerous hand coupling that in former years caused the sacrifice of so many valuable lives. But outside of railway circles there are not many who are aware that there still remains a problem connected with the coupling of cars that until now has never been satisfactorily solved. After the cars have been coupled there remains something to be done before the train has been made up, for in addition to the couplings there are three pipes to be connected, and this process, together with the necessary testing, takes anywhere from twenty to forty-five minutes to complete and often results in loss of life. These are two air pipes and one for steam. The air pipes serve the brakes, and the conductor's signal, while the steam pipe is for the heating of the cars in winter. These pipes have all to be connected by hand, and the connections hitherto in use, especially that for the steam service, are anything but satisfactory. The waste of steam is often considerable, amounting to from ten to twenty per cent and is a frequent source of delay to the trains, and discomfort to the passengers.

A device has now been found that will, it is hoped, do away with all these drawbacks, and in the future, by the simple action of shunting the cars together all connections will be made. A couple of cars recently arrived over the C. P. R. from Vancouver, fitted with Tretheway's automatic train-pipe coupling, and with the inventor, Mr. W. G. Tretheway, on board. The cars had been fitted up by the C. P. R. with the new device with a view to the thoroughly testing the same, and it is claimed that the coupling has come through the trial in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. It would be difficult to adequately describe, either by an illustration or description, the exact methods by which this new patent achieves its purpose. The coupling is attached to the drawbars, and is actuated by powerful springs, that keep the two parts in contact, independent of the motion of the train and it has been actually proved during the run across the continent that no matter how uneven the roadbed or how sharp the curves encountered, the coupling has been absolutely rigid and the connections uniformly perfect. The pipes for steam and signalling are each provided with valves, but the brake air-pipe is furnished with a stop-cock and the manipulation of this stop-cock is absolutely all that remains to be done after the shunting of the cars together. What a saving of time and expense this will mean will be fully understood by anyone who has had the handling of cars. There yet remains one test to be applied, and that is to ascertain how the new invention will act during intensely cold weather. It is not feared, however, that any difficulties will be encountered in this direction.

The inventor, Mr. Tretheway, is a Canadian, residing in Vancouver, and he has been working at this invention for over eight years. The coupling itself is exceedingly simple in construction, and, beyond the springs is constructed entirely of castings, and consequently should be very cheap to manufacture. It is understood that the C. P. R. intends to give the new coupling a thorough trial, with a view to its adoption if found satisfactory.

WELL-BOATS.

Keep the Fish Alive Till They Are Wanted.

Vancouver, July 25.—(Special)—Max Johnson, of Seattle, is responsible for the statement that a well-boat is being built for the West Coast Fisheries Company of Nanaimo. This boat will soon be ready for commission. A well-boat is a craft constructed for the purpose of keeping fish alive for an indefinite period. The idea seems to have originated in England. The fish in that country cannot be caught near the shore. Similar conditions exist in Japan. Last year several of these English well-boats were purchased by Japanese who have used them 1,000 miles from shore to catch the fish desired, and have operated them with perfect success, constantly renewing the water in the tank and feeding the fish on natural food. Not until the present time are well-ships being built in the United States. They are now to be used, however, for shipping live fish from Seattle to Japan and from Alaska to the Sound. It is not known here where the West Coast Fishing Company of Nanaimo propose sending their live British Columbia fish.

LAW SUITS IN ATLIN DISTRICT

Chief Justice McColl Arrives to Hold Court in the Northern Camp.

Atlin, B. C., July 18.—Chief Justice McColl and family arrived here yesterday, having come on the Islander from Victoria. His Lordship was accompanied by several members of the bar, including A. L. Belyea, D. G. Macdonell, S. B. Potts and others. By the same boat arrived M. De Lamare, with a party of his countrymen fresh from Paris, which they left on June 25 last. Mr. W. M. Brewer, M. E., Miss Watson and Miss Shrapnel of Victoria, and others, all of whom were gladly welcomed to the camp. E. M. Woods, the resident magistrate of Atlin went out to Skagway to meet the judge.

There is considerable friction between two of the principal hydraulic companies operating on Pine Creek, and this is likely to result in litigation, indeed certain to do so. Several other cases are spoken of, but are not yet officially known. The Yellow Jacket adjourned trial, McCawley vs. Clay & Perkerson (Lord Hamilton), Lamb vs. Christopher will be tried, and it is devoutly hoped that a settlement will be arrived at, and this rich and much-talked of quartz property be developed and worked.

The weather is magnificent, and gold is coming out in fair quantities, where no obstacle in the way of impending law suits are evident. Many fine nuggets continue to be taken out of Pure Willow and McKee creeks Atlin too.

BIG SALMON PLACER MINES

Lots of Good Ground in the District But All Is Staked.

The steamer Bailey returned from Mason's Landing yesterday morning, having on board a number of the White Horse business men who took in the trip to the gold fields, says the White Horse Tribune of July 17. Some of them had nuggets, others had gold dust and all had stories and opinions. The consensus of opinion is that the country is very rich, but not yet developed to a stage where its richness can be at all estimated.

Arriving at Mason's Landing on Friday, the Bailey tied up and was there for nearly three days giving its passengers a chance to go overland to some of the creeks and return. Most of the time of the party was spent on Livingstone creek, where Cavanagh & Peters are taking out gold at Discovery.

There are a large number of men in the district representing claims, but there has been a considerable shortage of supplies up to date and consequently very little work has been done. The facilities for distribution are such as to make the getting in of goods a very difficult matter at all times of the year. Shipments are now sent up the Hootalinqua river from Hootalinqua post to Mason's Landing and from there to the creeks on pack horses. Mr. Wisedeep has been operating the pack train, but in the earlier part of the season he had a limited stock of horses. From now on it is expected that supplies will be taken in as fast as required.

J. P. Whitney, Jos. Morton, N. D. Macauley, J. H. Rose, Robt. McIntosh and John McKillop were among those who returned.

Mr. Whitney arranged for the assessment work to be done on two claims on Livingstone creek. He says there is lots of gold on Livingstone, but that it takes time and money to get it out. The Big Salmon is not the place for the Chee-Chaco.

Jos. Morton knows there is lots of gold on Lake creek as well as Livingstone and believes that other creeks are also rich. Mr. Morton has a lot of Big Salmon nuggets with him. He will pay considerable attention to the district, believing that it has a great future and that its future is not very far off.

Norman Macaulay took the greater part of the trip seriously, especially the return from Livingstone to Mason's Landing. He was pretty heavily laden with specimen nuggets.

Bob McIntosh thinks that if the claim owners had had sufficient supplies all season a wonderful showing would have been made by this time. The gold is there beyond doubt, and will in time be taken out in good paying quantities.

J. H. Rose brought back a pocketful of Livingstone and Lake creek nuggets. He had also $1.40 in dust which he took personally from three pans of Lake creek dirt. He is going back again soon.

J. McKillop thinks the Big Salmon is a second Klondike in wealth, but figures that there is more difficulty and expense attached to the development of claims in the former than the latter.

Altogether here is nothing to justify a mad rush into the Big Salmon. All the creeks that are known to have gold are already staked and preparations for extensive development are being made. There is a vast amount of territory yet to be heard from, and it would not be surprising if richer things than have already been staked were found. There are many prospectors out and they ought to be in before very long.

THE NEW EMPRESSES.

London Shipping Paper Reports That the C. P. R. Are Contracting for New Vessels.

"Fairplay," the shipping journal in London, has the following items in its issue of June 27, among its "Maritime Notes":

It is rumored that the Canadian Pacific Railway company have just contracted for the construction of a large steamer.

It is stated that the Canadian Pacific Railway company intends to build some new boats for its trans-Pacific steamship line, in order to compete more successfully with the Great Northern railway.

News of the Waterfront

Tees Sails for Northern B. C. Ports With Good Freight and Many Passengers.

Steam Freighter Fingal Ashore—Queen and Farallon Sail North.

The waterfront had a quieter air than usual yesterday, the only sailings being those of the excursion steamer Queen for Alaskan ports early in the morning, the O. P. N. steamer Tees for Naas and way ports of northern British Columbia at 11 p. m. last night, and the Farallon of the Alaska Steamship company, which sailed for Alaska last night after loading a large shipment of lumber at the Sayward mills in the upper harbor for Skagway, and the usual ferry steamers. The Northern Pacific liner Duke of Fife arrived at William Head last night, and will come into the Outer wharf this morning to unload her cargo for this port. She has four hundred tons of general Chinese and Japanese merchandise, and will be at the Outer wharf all day. The Largo Law has not completed discharging at Esquimalt. The longshoremen on her have demanded forty cents an hour instead of thirty as heretofore. The Highlands is also still in port.

The Tees, which left at 11 p. m. for northern B. C. ports took a number of packages of food, clothing, etc., and some donations subscribed by Victorians through the Colonist for the burned out people of Metlakatla. Had it not been for the telegraph line to Port Simpson these goods could not have been sent north by the Tees, for the news of the fire would not have reached Victoria until the Princess Louise returned on Sunday. Bishop Ridley and Rev. W. E. Collinson were passengers to Metlakatla on the Tees, the former having foregone his trip to Atlin to return to Metlakatla. Other than the shipments for Metlakatla, and the supplies and outfit for the Pacific Northern and Omineca survey party bound to Kitimaat, there were few large shipments in the average general cargo loaded here, but at Vancouver the Tees will load about forty thousand feet of lumber today for the construction of the new salmon hatchery on the Skeena river. There was a full list of passengers. These included J. H. Gray, C. E., and party of surveyors and assistants who are to make a survey from the head of Kitimaat Arm for the Pacific Northern and Omineca railway, Bishop Ridley, Rev. Mr. Collinson, Rev. Mr. Jennings, and Rev. Mr. Pearce. Mrs. Cadwallader was a passenger to Alert Bay. Other passengers were H. Miller, C. Jeffrey, J. H. McGregor, G. Bennett, S. Wise, and Robt. Cunningham.

Of the Alaska-bound steamers, the Queen and the Farallon, the Queen carried a large number of tourist passengers, nearly all of whom were from the east. During her last trip she approached within two and a half miles of the face of Muir Glacier, and on this trip Capt. Wallace will endeavor to bring her closer. The Farallon had no passengers. She had an average freight, and from here she carried a heavy deck load of very lengthy lumber from the Sayward mills.

The Rosalie and North Pacific were late in arriving yesterday owing to heavy freights, so many merchants taking advantage of the four-bit rate. The order to the local agents not to sell any more round trip tickets was seemingly induced more travel, for record lists are being carried. The Utopia has been taken off the run for a day to take a cargo from Vancouver to Seattle for the Roanoke, and went from here in ballast and stores for being an American vessel she cannot coast on this side.

RICHES OF BIG SALMON

Collector Milne Gives His Impression of the Northern Country,

Collector of Customs A. R. Milne, who returned on the steamer Hating from his trip to White Horse much improved in health, as a result of his journey, was wonderfully impressed with the riches of the district about White Horse and the Yukon valley during his trip. When at White Horse he was shown quite a sum of gold at one of the banks there, which had been brought out from the new Eldorado on Lake creek, which is not more than a day's journey from White Horse. The stampeders went from there up the Hootalinqua and across a divide for about twenty-five miles to Big Salmon, where the rich placers have been discovered. The gold shown Collector Milne was very rich, valued at over $17 to the ounce. There was much excitement at White Horse over the find, which was expected to be a second Klondike. That a big strike has been made there, the Collector says,