

HOW I MET THE COLONEL.

"YES, I had heard of the colonel," said Hearsam, after a variety of anecdotes had been passed around the table, "but then, you know, in those days he was called major and had not arrived at the dignity of rank which he now possesses. He had been held up to me as a paragon of everything that was arduous, brilliant and learned, and so, of course, when I met him I was duly impressed. When I say he had been mentioned to me before, I want to tell the truth and be perfectly frank, because if he had been spoken of once his name had been mentioned hundreds of times, until major, or colonel, as he is now called, Blanksam had become a nightmare from which I was only too willing to be rid. After numerous semi-appointments which never materialized I began to think that the colonel was an apocryphal character and a visionary entity who never existed, and that it was bound to be my lot to hear of his brilliancy and of his knowledge and of his travels, etc., etc., and never to meet the man.

But finally the day did come when I met the colonel, and I will tell you how I met him and what he said. I had been working hard grinding out my daily quota of copy for the Hardecibbler, and just before the time for lunch I entered the house thinking of a theme of a poem which I was going to inflict on the community the next day, when lo! and behold! I perceived a gathering in my usually quiet little library, which distracted my thoughts and surprised me for a moment. I had hardly recovered from my surprise, and I tell you, boys, various experiences have taught me to get over a surprise at one jump and without any delay, when up stepped a lady, and said:

"Why, my dear Hearsam, I am delighted to see you, I want to introduce you to an old friend, Colonel Blanksam, of whom I have spoken to you before."

I, of course, shook hands with the colonel, and welcomed him to the house. All the languages I had at my command, and in a few moments we were seated around the table.

As the soup was being served, the lady who had mentioned the colonel once or twice before, remarked:

"Now, colonel, do please tell us about your adventures at Lucknow and at Delhi. The colonel, a wiry little man of about five feet eight inches, with a partially bald head and with gray hair and whiskers, said:

"Well, really, my adventures at Lucknow did not amount to much. As you know, I was in the English army, and as we charged the battery our captain was shot through the left lung, the first lieutenant was dismounted and I was left alone to lead the daring charges, which surpassed even that of Balaklava, and brought renown to all who were concerned in that engagement. Dashing on with my sturdy steed at his fastest pace, and holding my sword in my right hand ready for action, I suddenly felt a shock, and at the same time a sharp, tingling pain in my hand. A bullet weighing probably an ounce had broken my sword near the hilt and had sent a splinter through the tender ligaments of my left hand which now hung loose and

helpless at my side. But this was not a moment for crying over a hand; what was a hand?—nothing. I wound the reins around the injured member, and pulling my revolver from its holster, and urged my horse on to still greater speed, while with my right hand I shot right and left until I had won my way to the front and captured the battery. Here is my medal and by the two bars you will see what I did and what the government thought of what I had accomplished."

"Well, colonel," I said, "that was certainly a wonderful feat, and you can well be proud of so historical a decoration. "But colonel," said I, "I am interested in surgery, and I would like to see the scar made by that terrible bullet." At this moment the lady at the head of the table offered the major a little more salad and the conversation changed to other topics, equally interesting. As I realized that it was useless to secure any further satisfaction concerning this terrible cicatrix I gladly joined the divergent stream of conversation, and asked him about the wonderful things he saw in India among the Yogis, those incomprehensible representatives of the theosophic cult.

"Well," said he, "the things one sees there are remarkable. I was once at Tiffin with an English sahib in front of his bungalow, when a fakir appeared in front of the house, dressed in a long flowing garment of white and a long grey beard, and asked if he might entertain the sahibs present. My host answering in the affirmative, he uncoiled a small, closely woven cord from his left arm, not larger than your ordinary clothes line, and right in the opening and before us, threw it into the air, and it uncoiled and stretched up until the farther end was out of sight, the whole cord being perfectly tense and perpendicular. Then he coiled the lower end three or four times around his right wrist, gave the cord two or three pulls and was elevated into the air, by no visible agency, for a distance of at least 20 feet, and remained there suspended for fully five minutes. Then at a signal he lowered himself to the ground, and pulled down his cord which still remained perfectly tense and vertical, and coiled it around his arm."

"Was this before or after dinner?" said I to the colonel, knowing the regular liquid accessories which are used at Indian banquets; but the colonel was busy talking with one of the ladies at the table and did not answer.

"Well," said I, after the colonel deigned to turn his glance in my direction again, "that is certainly a wonderful thing. Have you ever seen anything else of the same nature?" "Certainly," said he, those things are very common with us. I once saw a man take a piece of cane, and, after waving it in the smoke produced by a powder which he burned at the intersection of two pieces of cane of equal size, threw it into the ground, and half of it wiggled off and disappeared in the neighborhood like a mammoth snake."

"Well, now, colonel," I said, "this surely must have been after dinner, because nothing of the kind could have appeared before." But the colonel was talking to the hostess, and while the coffee was being served I ruminated upon his remarks, "Well," said he, "dropping

in his second lump of sugar and refusing to take cream. "speaking of India; now there is Honduras. Why, do you know, I went down into Honduras when they were having a h—of a revolution—beg pardon, I mean a very bad revolution. I not only saved the life of the President, but I reorganized the government and put everything in working order within fifteen days. There is a statement extant that another man defended a certain pass with a Winchester rifle, and picked off every one who came in sight, but I want you to understand I was the man who did it, and when everything was finished I was presented with a sword by the President himself, through the hands of the most beautiful senorita in the capitol." I started to say, "was this before or after dinner," but realizing that the remark was not pertinent, I forbore.

"But," continued the colonel, warming to his subject, and growing more and more interested, "that is nothing when it comes to my knowledge of languages. I speak not only all the living tongues, but quite a few which are now moldering in their grave."

At this juncture I addressed a few remarks in Spanish to the colonel, but after a few halting words, poorly pronounced, he turned to his neighbor on the right and requested a little ice, as his coffee was too hot. I did not think much of this, but when the colonel, after a few moments of rest and recuperation, started in to tell me how many of the early French volumes, almost lost to literature, he had translated, I asked him a few questions in French about the colossal work he had undertaken and was met with a blank stare—probably internally blanked.

"I have not space here to repeat the other wonderful accomplishments and capabilities of this wonderful man; but when I met the colonel—I was glad I had met him—he was sui generis, and entirely different from anything in the human species I had ever met before. He is a wonderful man, and it is a pity the government cannot utilize his services. His modesty is probably the one thing which prevents a true recognition, and if I can in any way by this short screed assist in bringing him to the front, I shall feel that my labor and that of my stenographer, has been amply repaid."

Salmon Arm crops are in a very precarious condition owing to the spring freshets; nearly the whole of the valley is flooded.

The hop plantations in Okanagan Mission Valley are looking exceedingly well this spring and from present indications the crop will be a large one.

The Wellington Coal Company has given an order to the Royal Electric Company, Montreal, for an electric mining locomotive to be used in their mines.

The Nanaimo fire department have appointed a committee to confer with the fire wardens in regard to better water supply and improved appliances for combatting the fire fiend.

A survey party in charge of Mr. W. Plnder has started from Nanaimo to survey the proposed extension of the E. & N. Railway. The party has been engaged for four months.

NS.
the four ports of the Province
April, 1894:

WESTM'N'R	NANAIMO	TOTAL
\$ 31,559 00	\$ 15,381 00	\$ 46,940 00
13,968 00	1,908 00	15,876 00
\$ 45,517 00	\$ 16,849 00	\$ 62,366 00
\$ 9,595 33	\$ 4,758 44	\$ 14,353 77
182 49	563 20	745 69
\$ 9,778 84	\$ 5,321 64	\$ 15,100 48
\$ 23,373 00	\$ 200,531 00	\$ 223,904 00
9,881 00		33,254 00
678 00		37,832 00
454 00		38,286 00
4 00		38,290 00
930 00		39,220 00
\$ 35,340 00	\$ 200,531 00	\$ 235,871 00

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k garments may be clean with clear black coffee, wntity of water added and ach of ammonia and alcoh t. A silk dress should ed with a very soft cam Whisk brooms are too hilk.

ackeen your eyebrows, ntly with a little cocoar ning and evening; them and improve may color the lips gently with a little b A very little is need prefer a drop of eau this is on the lips, to a little milk or cream.

little tot of from four combination of straw t has a low round cro de brim in front sligh and narrowing to noth the trimming is pink gau and pink ostrich t into the straw in pu ard to say if the hat ed with straw, or str ither way it is very dai id when it is tied un ppled chin by fancy p an fancy the little harming.