

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

By a Special Correspondent.)

In the year 1877 our lumber operations carried us beyond the head of the Grand Lake on the Dumoine. It may be remembered by many that during the year in question, and the year following, that region, all along the northern slope of the Laurentians, at the source of the Ottawa and the various streams between the Gatineau and the Dumoine, was infested with wolves. The fact is all the more remarkable as the wolf scarcely ever frequents the haunts of the Moose, but rather follows in the track of the Red Deer. Bears have always been plentiful up there, but not wolves. It must have been perfect starvation that drove these ferocious animals into the north and the land of their greatest enemy. At all events they were there and they had a way of making their presence felt.

During the course of that winter a man named David Wright, came to hunt moose throughout that region. He was a jovial, fine fellow. He had shot chamois in Switzerland, tigers in India, gizzly bears in the Rockies; he was a soldierly-looking man of about five and thirty. He told us that he had an office, in partnership with his father—an eminent lawyer—at 19 Pine street, New York city. He had selected a Tete-de-Boule Indian as his guide and general help. He was perfectly well equipped for moose hunting. He spent several nights at our depot, and I found him to be an exceedingly well educated man and a most interesting companion. He could talk upon almost any subject, and the knowledge of the world gleaned in his extensive travels made him still more instructive. In fine, it was a delight for us to have him in our camp, and his presence helped to banish the lonely monotony of the back woods life, while his rifle brought us in many a splendid meal of game. Amongst his many little treasures and keepsakes was a magnificent diamond ring. It was worth not less than \$350, and the setting was most unique. We had all admired it on more than one occasion, and he told us the story that was connected with it.

About the end of February he came our way again, to say good-bye, and thank us for any little attentions we might have paid him. He told us several encounters with the wolves that would make his trip to that country very memorable. Finally he left us to return home.

It was about two weeks later that I had occasion to go to Booth's depot on the Black River, a distance of about forty miles. In the company of a foreman, named Napoleon Drouin—who is still alive at Pembroke—I took the journey, on foot, across the hills. When we reached the Coughlin creek, at the head of the Black River, we came upon what appeared to us to be an old camping place of some hunter, or traveller. It was evident, at first glance, that the place had been visited by an immense pack of wolves; but how long since we could not well say. The suns of early spring had already commenced to change the aspect of the country; and thaws and succeeding frosts, with occasional flurries of snow had obliterated most of the traces left behind. But we were not long in discovering that a tragedy had been enacted at that lonely spot. We found the bones of a human being, and part of a skull; but they had been gnawed almost out of shape by the teeth of the wolves. As we were about to leave the place Drouin caught sight of a rifle, the end of which was projecting from behind a stump. On examining the rusty and ill-used arm, I was astonished to find that it was the one used by David Wright. Had there been anything wanting to confirm our fears as to his fate, that evidence was at once forthcoming.

Amongst the broken bones we found the diamond ring. That settled the question. In all likelihood poor Wright had discharged the Indian at the Carreau, and being once more upon the main road to civilization, he proceeded alone to complete his journey. In so doing he only followed the general rule; but in this case he did not calculate on the wolves.

I took possession of the rifle and the ring; I intended keeping the rifle as a memento of the ill-fated hunter, and of sending the ring to his father, whose address I possess with

a letter explaining the sad circumstances. I am not a good messenger of evil, and even the thought of writing that letter worried me considerably. When we reached Booth's Depot there was a communication awaiting me that demanded my presence in Montreal, as soon as it was possible for me to get there. I consequently resolved to write to Mr. Wright when I would be in Montreal. I placed the ring on my finger as a perpetual reminder, and started on my homeward journey. I took three days to reach Pembroke; the next day I spent in Ottawa; and on the fifth day I was in Montreal. The business upon which I had come was so urgent that I had no time to think of anything else. Before I had completed the transacting of that business, the head of the firm, which I represented in the woods, asked me if I would run down to New York for him, before returning to the Dumoine. I was glad of the opportunity and readily agreed.

I left Montreal by the Delaware and Hudson, at night, and reached the 42nd street depot early the following morning. After breakfast I found that I could do not business until about noon, so I made up my mind to hunt up Mr. Wright, of Pine street, and I was not long in reaching the door of number nineteen. I found this to be a large, six-storied building, almost entirely devoted to offices; lawyers, insurance agents, accountants, etc., were hived in the edifice, I actually did not allow my mind to dwell upon what I was to say when I would meet the unhappy father, or how I would break to him the story of his son's fate. I went in with a desperate determination of trusting to circumstances.

The elevator man led me off at the third floor, and told me to go to rooms 18 and 20. On the door of room 18 I saw the simple sign, in gold letters, "Mr. Wright." I knocked, was asked to come in. On entering I found two clerks seated at a long desk, perched on their high stools, and an office boy fumbling over a book at a small desk in the corner. I asked if I could see Mr. Wright; the elder of the two clerks, told me to step into the office—the door of which was marked "Private"—and I did so. As I entered I found an elderly, elegant and fresh-looking gentleman—of about sixty-eight, or seventy—seated at a flat desk and facing me. Behind him another, and apparently younger man, was examining some law books on the shelves. I bowed; the elderly gentleman asked me to be seated. I took the chair, and began by saying: "I am speaking to Mr. Wright, the lawyer, I believe." "Yes, sir," was the reply. At that moment the tall, and younger gentleman turned around, glanced at me, came forward, extended his hand, and said: "Hello! How goes moose-hunting on the Dumoine?"

Just imagine my surprise. It was none other than Mr. David Wright, a live and looking splendid, and beaming a genuine welcome upon me. I was so overcome with astonishment that I could not speak; the reaction was electrical. He introduced me to his father, told him a string of kind things about me, invited me to be his guest during my stay in New York, and so rushed along in his enthusiasm, that I had no opportunity of telling him why I had come to the office. Finally I got my innings; and I related the events, just as I have now written them; and in proof of my good faith I handed him his own diamond, adding that I had the rifle at home.

It was now my turn to be surprised, for he also had a queer story to tell. He had been so thankful to the Indian for the attention he had paid to the hunt, for the work he had done, and the skill he had displayed, that Mr. Wright made him a present of the rifle as a souvenir. The next night, which was to be their last in actual and solitary camp, he felt very ill, and seemed to be overcome with a kind of sea-sickness. He slept very soundly, and when he awoke next day his guide was gone, and his diamond ring had vanished. He managed alone to reach the next shanty and thence to be driven down by a portaging team. The only conclusion we could come to was that the Indian had been tempted by the glitter of the ring, had put tobacco or some herb in the tea, and having got possession of the valuable, made tracks for the forest. In his haste to get away, and go as far as pos-

sible beyond the reach of the law he must have neglected his usual precautions. As a punishment he was attacked by a hungry pack of wolves and the bones and skull that we had found were those of the unfortunate Tete-de-Boule.

That evening, at dinner, in Mr. Wright's beautiful home on Lexington Avenue, he suddenly remarked: "It was luck the wolves did not swallow the diamond ring—if one had done so we would not have you here to-day."

Some Strike Statistics.

Before leaving Washington for his summer home in Massachusetts, last week, Commissioner of Labor Carroll D. Wright remarked to the correspondent of the Brooklyn "Eagle" that "the present strike among the miners of the anthracite coal region promises to be the longest and the costliest of any strike in the history of the United States." Col. Wright is the only unbiased official who has made a thorough investigation of the causes leading to the great strike, so his opinion will be accepted with considerable weight.

The Department of Labor has recently published a report covering the strikes and lockouts of the twenty years ending with 1901, and an examination of the tables contained therein shows that Colonel Wright's prediction in regard to the present trouble in Pennsylvania is well founded. The history of the labor disturbances in the period covered by the report indicates that it is high time that employers and employees should unite on some form of arbitration commission to avoid the frequent paralysis of various lines of industry resulting from quarrels between labor and capital.

With but occasional exceptions the number of strikes each year since 1881 has grown steadily and the number of establishments involved and the number of employees thrown out of employment because of such troubles have increased in the same proportion. The tendency of the past twenty years has been toward the shutting down of factories, mines and other plants, owing to the failure of disputes between employers and workmen to be satisfactorily settled. During the twenty years covered by the report, there were 22,793 strikes, with only 471 in the first year, 1881. The number of strikes during 1882, 1883 and 1884 remained under 500. In 1885, however, they increased to 645, while in 1886 they more than doubled, being 1,432 for that year.

The number was practically the same in the succeeding year, but in 1888 there was a considerable decrease, the total dropping below 1,000. In 1889 the number of strikes jumped above the thousand mark, and in 1890 ran up to 1,833. There was a decline during the years of 1891, 1892 and 1893, but since then the number has been getting gradually larger, being 1,797 in 1899 and 1,799 in 1900. The greatest number of strikes occurred in 1890 and 1891 and in 1899 and 1900, the two periods of greatest prosperity and industrial activity.

The record in regard to the number of establishments involved in the strikes is about the same in point of fluctuation. There were strikes in 2,928 establishments in 1881, and the number grew with regularity up to 1890, when more than 9,000 establishments suffered severe labor troubles with their employees. In 1899 the establishments numbered 11,317, and in 1900 they were 9,248. The total for the twenty years was 117,509.

The total number of employees involved or thrown out of employment in the whole number of strikes during this period was 6,105,694, not including thirty-three establishments from which data could not be obtained. Of this number 660,000 were thrown out of work in 1894; over 500,000 in each of the years of 1896 and 1900. Ninety per cent. of the employees affected by these strikes were men.

The growing strength of labor organizations in their influence on the nation's industries is shown by the fact that over 63 per cent. of the strikes in the past twenty years were ordered by the officers of labor organizations. The walking delegates and others who direct workmen to desert their posts appreciate their increasing power, as is indicated by the steady growth of strikes resulting from the orders of labor organizations. From a percentage of 47 in 1881, the figures advanced year by year, with but two exceptions, to 74, in 1891, from which point a

slight decrease is noticed, ending with 65 per cent. in 1900.

Tables are given to show that the percentage of successful strikes has been much greater where they were ordered by labor organizations than was the case where the strikes were not ordered by such bodies. Of the 103,000 establishments in which strikes were ordered by labor leaders, the strikers gained their demands in 54,000, or over 52 per cent. of the establishments. They succeeded partly in 13 per cent. of the balance, and failed entirely in 33 per cent. of the cases. On the other hand, the strikes not organized under the direction of labor leaders gained their ends in only 35 per cent. of the establishments affected, while 55 per cent. of the strikes failed entirely.

Millions and millions of dollars have been lost to the contending parties in strikes of the past, but when the history of the present coal strike shall have been written it is believed that the total damage created by it will eclipse that for any past warfare between employers and employees. The figures for the period covered by the Labor Department report show that the workmen got the worst of the struggles with their employers in the matter of money lost.

The strikes of the past twenty years involved a loss in wages to employees of over \$257,000,000, while the loss credited to employers in the same period of time is a little less than half that amount, \$122,000,000. In the lockouts that occurred during the same period, the workmen also sustained the greater loss, losing in wages \$48,000,000, against a loss by the employers of \$19,000,000.

Labor organizations are rendering better financial assistance to their striking members than they formerly did, the amount of money paid out to help idle workmen having increased steadily in recent years. The assistance thus given in the past twenty years amounted to over \$16,000,000.

When Commissioner Wright said that the coal strike would last longer and prove costlier than any other strike in the history of the country he doubtless had in mind the memorable struggle of 1892 at Homestead, and the mixture of strikes and riots at Chicago in 1894. According to the testimony taken by a commission appointed by the President, the railroads lost in property destroyed, hire of United States deputy marshals and other incidental expenses, \$685,000 by the Chicago troubles. The loss of earnings of these roads was estimated at \$4,677,000. Some 3,100 employees at Pullman lost in wages about \$350,000 and about 100,000 other employees who were affected by the spreading of the strike, lost an additional \$1,300,000 in wages alone. But the loss to the country following the paralysis of Chicago as a distributing centre was almost incalculable. In the riots that accompanied the strike twelve were shot and fatally wounded, 515 were arrested by the police and indictments were found against seven-tenths of the federal statutes. A force of over 14,000, including United States troops, State militia, marshals and policemen, was called on to restore peace and order.

The Homestead strike grew out of a quarrel between the Carnegie Steel Company and its employees over the adjustment of a new scale of wages, and was marked by much rioting and bloodshed. One of the features of that strike was the systematic plan adopted by the steel company to carry on its business and keep the strikers at bay. To do this it built a fence around the works, three miles long and twelve feet high upon a barrette three feet in height and covered with barbed wire. This led the operators to refer to the works as Fort Frick. Over twenty deaths resulted from the troubles that followed in the wake of the strike, and the loss of money ran up into the millions.

The spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction would appear to be strong with the workmen of New York, judging from the table showing the record of labor disturbances by States for the past twenty years. New York heads the list with a total of 6,460 strikes, or 28 per cent. of the whole number for that period. The strikes that have occurred in Pennsylvania have been of more serious consequences than those in New York, as proved by the fact that 2,846 strikes in Pennsylvania since 1881 served to throw out of employment 1,660,000 men, whereas New York's 6,000 and more strikes cost employment to 1,190,000 men. The great bulk of strikes in New York State in the past twenty years has occurred in New York city, which

has a record of 5,090 during that period. Chicago comes next, with 1,737.

The coal miners have not been as successful in their strikes as workmen in other industries. The average of successful strikes when ordered by organizations was about 50 per cent. for all trades. But only in about 20 per cent. of the coal strikes ordered by labor unions in the past twenty years have the men been successful. There was utter failure in just about half of the cases. The percentages were about the same for the coal strikes not ordered by organizations.

One-fourth of the total strikes in all industries since 1881 have been for increase of wages, and of this proportion 50 per cent. have been successful.

It is a significant fact that employers have fought harder against recognition of labor unions than any other contention that has been raised, and that is one of the chief causes of trouble in the present coal strikes. Of all the strikes of the past twenty years founded on this principle 87 per cent. failed. There were strikes in 750 establishments for increase of wages and against the use of material from non-union establishments, and all of them failed. Sixty-nine per cent. of the strikes for better wages and recognition of unions have failed. Strikers have been more successful in their efforts to keep out non-union men, 67 per cent. of their strikes for this cause having been won.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

For Weak, Sickly and Fretful Children of All Ages.

If the children's digestive organs are all right, the children are all right. They will be hearty, rosy, happy—and hungry. Get the little ones right, and keep them right by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine cures all stomach and bowel troubles, nervousness, irritation while teething, etc. These Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous drugs and mothers who try them once will not be without them while they have little ones. Mrs. D. E. Badgley, Woodmore, Man., says: "When our little girl was about six months old she caught a bad cold, and was much troubled with indigestion and constipation, and very restless both day and night. One of my neighbors brought me some Baby's Own Tablets and in a few days my little one was regular in her bowels and rested well. I found the Tablets so satisfactory that I now always keep them in the house and have since found them valuable when she was teething. I can truly recommend them for the ills of little ones."

Children take these Tablets readily, and crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the smallest infant. The Tablets can be obtained at all drug stores, or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Queer Animal Worries Farmers.

Cadiz, Ind., Sept. 5.—A mysterious animal has caused a reign of terror among the farmers living in this vicinity. Several persons have seen it, but no one knows what it is.

As near as can be ascertained it is about five feet long, its body is the size of a 200-pound pig, and its legs about ten inches in length. It has the head of a panther, long ears, pointing up and penciled, and has a short, broad, bushy tail.

Gliding about like a phantom, here, there, and everywhere, it ravages the stock pens, killing and devouring pigs, sheep, poultry, and, in a case or two, young calves. It has attacked horses as well.

To state the case mildly, the farmers of the region have for the past few weeks lived in a condition of fearful anxiety for the safety of not only their stock but their families.

Several times little children walking along the roads have been frightened by the wild scream of the beast. The reports of the children have caused the parents to exert the greatest care over their little ones.

The appearance of this foe of the farmer dates back some five weeks, when partially devoured carcasses of sheep and hogs were found. The next act in the tragedy was enacted a week later, when a farmer living west of Cadiz went out in the early morning to do his feeding and beheld with terror the monster scampering

from his barnyard with a young pig in its possession.

After several hogs had been lost and numerous fowls had disappeared in a mysterious manner, the farmers became aroused and procured hounds to track the marauder to its lair.

While these preparations were being made the animal appeared again, this time some two miles from the scene of its former exploits, and for the next two weeks its territory covered a radius of seven miles.

A number of people caught glimpses of the strange animal during this time. A Mr. Mayer, a traveling salesman, was driving from Kennard to New Castle last Monday. He had heard reports of the beast, and by his friends had been jokingly advised to defer his trip for fear of coming in contact with the animal. As Mr. Mayer is not of a timorous nature these admonitions affected him not at all.

However, he did see the animal, and while no injury was done him he received at least a small scare.

He had just entered the Bailey woods, this side of Kennard, when, for some unaccountable reason, his horse refused to go a step farther. While attempting to indulge his hobby he stepped to proceed along the road he was startled by a wild, unearthly scream. Looking around he beheld the strange beast.

At this moment the horse got beyond all control, and doubtless Mr. Mayer was perfectly willing to leave the spot as soon as possible. The unknown beast made no attempt to attack the man and the horse, and the two escaped from the dangerous neighborhood a little shaken up and with a demolished buggy.

A large dog belonging to Charles Bailey was secured and started on the scent.

In the evening it returned to the home of its master terribly lacerated. It crawled under the barn, whining piteously, and within two hours was dead. The dog was a valuable specimen of the shepherd family and was thought to be a good fighter, but it was no match for the wild beast.

Since this occurrence the animal has been seen by a Mr. Cavanaugh. It was going through the woods at a lively gait.

The posse, which was organized for the purpose of seeking out the animal and destroying it, met with no success in its search.

On the day set for the hunt nearly 500 men and boys, all armed with guns, and a collection of dogs of almost every variety under the sun, numbering between 100 and 200, gathered at the rendezvous.

Everybody was intensely excited, and there were numerous bets as to who would be the first to catch sight of the animal and who would be the lucky one in laying it low.

The Bailey woods was considered, from all the testimony of those who had seen or heard the strange beast, as the hiding place of the object of the hunt. Accordingly this spot was surrounded and a systematic search begun.

For a whole day the party of 500 determined men examined every nook and corner in the neighborhood of the monstrosity—to no avail. The strange animal was just a little too cunning for the hunters.

The failure of the farmers in their first attempt to rid themselves of this pestilence has not disheartened them in the least. Already a new party is being organized, and as the depredations of the animal have increased it is certain that the residents will not give up the fight in a hurry.

Where the animal hides itself so effectually is a mystery, but a close watch is being maintained, and a heavy charge of lead will greet it should a chance present itself.

Several claim to have heard it at night recently, and describe its cry as resembling a child in distress. All are awaiting its next appearance with impatience akin to fear and anxiety.

Various theories are advanced as to where the animal came from and what it really is. Some think that it has escaped from a traveling show while others are of the opinion that it is not so large as claimed and that fright has greatly magnified the animal in the eyes of those who have seen it.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A man's character is all he has, it is his own great possession, and if he loses that he loses all, absolutely all. With self-respect, the consciousness that your integrity is unsullied, you can face all worlds and look with undimmed vision on the throne of the Eternal. Neither wealth nor poverty is known in Heaven or regarded, but what you are, in the fibre of your being, what you are in the moral timber of which you have made yourself, what you have done that is worth recording in a world filled with pitying angels, these alone have weight and bring credit.