

condition, thought in his folly that he would be doing a grand thing, to have revenge on the mine owners by wrecking the pumping engine which kept the mine clear of water. He did not realize, how such a thing would react on himself and his comrades, but, watching his opportunity, he exploded a dynamite cartridge (used by miners) beneath the pumping engine, with the result that he killed himself and the engine driver (who had continued to drive the pumping engine all through the strike), and completely wrecked all the machinery, so that the mine became flooded; and while new engines were being obtained the water gained in the mine to such an extent that it was long before the mine was clear and the starving miners and their families, who before this dastardly outrage were on their last resources, suffered terribly through a drunkard's folly and revenge.

Harry Westwood was a gunsmith, and things were bright and promising with him, till he made the acquaintance of the demon. Harry Westwood had invented an improved machine gun, of which he was very proud, and on the occasion of a grand pageant the route of which passed his premises, some friends of his were going to call and view the spectacle from his upper windows, and also inspect his new machine gun. All might have gone well had not his brother, William Westwood, called on him with a case of vile whiskey, for the intending visitors' use, and to drink success (?) to the new invention. Harry Westwood, who had previously been a total abstainer, foolishly allowed his brother to persuade him to have just one glass for luck (?) and that was followed by another, and again and again repeated, and all night after his brother had gone Harry Westwood continued to drink, till by the next day he was raving mad drunk; and when on looking out of the window he saw all the people in the street (who were waiting to see the grand pageant pass), he thought in his delirium that they had come to do him harm and steal his new machine gun; so, fitting the cartridge belt on to the machine gun, he opened fire on the vast crowd in the street below, mowing the hapless spectators down by scores, and he did not desist until all the ammunition was exhausted. He then began throwing everything he could lay his hands on out of the window, till in his frenzy he overbalanced himself, and falling to the ground, was instantly killed.

William Westwood became a trader and might have amassed a considerable fortune, but, not apparently satisfied with seeing the fatal and terrible result of the use of strong drink in his own family, he must introduce it to the Esquimaux (with whom he traded), and thus exterminated a whole tribe, as well as himself. Their remains were discovered by a party of the North-West Mounted Police, who were going up to do duty in the Klondike regions in 1895, and from whose report the following is taken—'We landed on a small group of islands called the Penucks, and had no sooner landed than we saw a large number of huts, approached by curious drain-like passages, which had for the most part fallen in. These passages were zig-zag in shape and extended for some distance beyond the entrance. The huts were built like mounds, two-storeyed, and below the level of the ground, thus showing that they had once been inhabited by Esquimaux.

'Not a living soul was to be seen. We approached the huts with considerable curiosity, and made our way into many of them. To do this we were mostly obliged to knock

off the roof, as we had not time to clear out the debris from the passages. Every one bore manifest traces of having been inhabited. There were even lamps, partly filled with blubber, but in every one which we entered there were one or two skeletons of human beings lying on the ground, some of them in hideously distorted attitudes, showing that death had been accompanied with great agony. It was a veritable city of the dead. The huts also contained large quantities of what we should call "objets d'art," all made of ivory, whalebone, or wood-drift, or wreckage. There were also raw hides, buckets of walrus hide, and ivory fish-hooks, some of them bearing frozen bait. The ivory, taken from the walrus tusks, was for the most part petrified and by no means perfect. We returned to the ship with a whole boat-load of knick-knacks, and the skull of the only white man that we found amongst the skeletons; all the rest were undoubtedly Esquimaux.

'One hut especially attracted attention; in it there were two perfect skeletons of dogs, with the jaws locked tightly together. They had evidently died in the midst of one long protracted struggle to devour each other. The skeletons were complete; but fell to pieces when we tried to bring them away.

'On making enquiries at St. Lawrence we got a clue to the tragedy. About three years previously we learned these islands had been inhabited by Esquimaux, who depended entirely on hunting the whale and walrus during the summer time. In the winter they ate the flesh, and fashioned these curious implements out of the skeletons and ivory, lighting their underground huts with the blubber. American boats called in the spring and traded with them for their stock as were sufficiently perfect to find a market, and left them to replenish it during the summer and winter. One spring a schooner had arrived with a cargo of whiskey, which it exchanged for the ivory. There history ends; imagination must supply the rest.'

Evidently these poor wretches had spent the summer in one long, protracted 'drunk,' the result of the spring's trading. Autumn overtook them before the whiskey was finished. When they at last regained their senses, they found the hunting season passed, the sea frozen, and themselves without any food laid in for the winter, and with no chance of getting any. There was no timber on the island, and they had collected no drift. What provisions they had must have run out before autumn had quite given place to winter, and they must have found themselves reduced to the awful situation of having to lay down and wait for death, without food, without fire, without light.

It is a horrible thought, that it was perhaps the one white man whose skull we found who initiated them into the deadly cult of spirits, which caused their extermination.

Subsequent enquiries were made by friends of William Westwood, and the captain of the trading schooner on which he sailed in the spring of 1892 proved that he landed him, along with a cargo of whiskey, on the Penucks Islands, and that therefore no doubt William Westwood was responsible for the terrible and awful tragedy which caused so many dreadful deaths.

Wrong.

Wrong is forever wrong!
It may be glossed until we know it not,
And painted till it glistens as the dews of heaven;
Yet, still 'tis wrong, and the Omniscient Eye
Discovers it.
—Selected.

The Lost Bank Notes—A True Story.

(By Alice Armstrong.)

(Continued.)

Days and weeks of illness followed for the poor widow, when, but for the kindness of neighbors, people not much better off than herself, she would assuredly have followed her lost Willie to the mystic shores of the Great Beyond. At this time of trouble, little Jack, her eldest son, threw himself manfully into the breach. With a basket on his arm he went to the neighbors buying what they could spare of fruit or vegetables, which he peddled from house to house in the city, thus earning enough to keep the family from actual starvation, until the stricken mother, struggling back from the shadowy border land, took up the burden of life once more, for herself and her fatherless ones. The washtub and the needle, in her frail hands, kept the ravening wolf from her humble door, until the setting in of an unusually early and severe winter, when one by one her thinly-clad, and ill-nourished children, succumbed to colds and croup, adding to her already heavy burden. Still she struggled on, till the day before Christmas we find her standing, in her little kitchen, looking round with the expression of a hunted animal in her despairing eyes. The wild north wind shrieked round the frail little house, rattling doors and windows as it sought to force an entrance through every crevice. Little Mollie, the baby, coughed hoarsely from a lounge beside the almost fireless stove, behind it, on an old mat, lay Jack, her brave little Jack, tossing and moaning, almost in delirium; the other two, a little boy and girl, wrapped in a ragged quilt, crouched as close to the stove as they could get, telling each other what they would like Santa Claus to put in their stockings if they had any. At times the thought of that money in the bank, money stained with her Willie's blood, crossed her mind, always to be dismissed with a shudder. Now it came again, and as she looked round on the picture of misery presented by her sick and starving children, with a cry of bitter anguish and despair she sank upon her knees and acknowledged herself beaten, covering her face with her rough hands she prayed for forgiveness if she had done wrong in not using it sooner. She must do so now, or see her children die of cold and hunger. Having yielded, her mind was quickly made up. Getting a neighbor to stay with the children, she prepared for her long walk to the bank. The day was cold, the icy winds seeming to turn the very marrow in her bones to ice. She reached the bank just as a supercilious clerk was about to close the door. He stared at the poorly clad woman who sought to enter, remarking in a surly tone, 'We have nothing here for beggars.'

'I am not a beggar, sir,' answered poor Jennie, timidly. 'I want some money which has been placed here for me.'

I once heard a facetious gentleman remark that 'Bank clerks lived on airs for the first three years of their service;' if that is the case, this one must certainly have had more than his share, as he positively seemed to expand as he gazed with scorn on the poor trembling woman.

'You have money in the bank,' he sneered. 'You'll have to prove that my good woman, and I have no time to wait on you now, its time to close the bank.'

'Oh, sir, the money is indeed here, and I must get it, or my children will die,' wailed poor Jennie, on the verge of tears.

(To be continued.)