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Special to the COLONIST.]

NOTES FROM BILL NYE.

His Well is Doing Quite Well at Present—Letter from a Texas Cowboy.

The Sad Story of a Pair of Tan Colored Shoes—A Colored Dream.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]

BUCK SHOALS, N. C., August.

Times here are quiet, but the weather has been cool and delightful in the western North Carolina mountains, and health—course, ruddy health may be seen on every hand.

Water was struck in my well in paying quantities a short time since, and to-morrow I will go down into it to wash off the powder stains and kalsomine same. I shall put in pumping works in September and lay a wire screen to keep the largest of the children from falling into it and giving a chalybeate taste to the water.

Berries have been very plenty this season, straw, black and whortle, at five cents per honest quart. They are very fine indeed, and grow in great profusion everywhere. I never saw a country so

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

well provided with berries and small fruits. Everything in the way of fruit and colored people grows almost spontaneously here. One pickaninny seems to call for another, as I heard a man say in Buncombe county not long since.

And what are we to do with the race problem at the south? Everywhere I hear that question, especially where there are no colored people. Hence there seems to be no more probability of a race difficulty than there was when the first shipment of colored people was received from the coast of Guinea. There are no strikes where colored labor is employed. Wages are very moderate, and while a state militia has to be called out now and then in cities where there is no race question, the south, with all her former woes, has had very little trouble of that nature.

The colored man will yet prove no doubt a blessing when new industries open up in the south, and with his wonderful powers of imitation and quickness to learn all sorts of manual work he is most assuredly a safer man to employ, if he could have the training, than a fire eating, disturbing, dynamiting outcast from Europe.

I hope I am saying nothing that may weaken my social position which is now the wonder and delight of all who have examined it, but if some philanthropist like Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Gould would start a colored kindergarden for the training of young colored men in the trades, so that a peaceful but dependent race might have a job, it would make the disturbing element pay attention and be a great and good work applauded by God and humanity.

There is little news here in our country, except that it has not rained since I began this letter, and a neighbor from Transylvania county, who agreed to supply us with butter from last February until our ard cow should again give milk, and who has never been here since, just dropped in to say that he had no more milk than he needed himself, but would be glad to supply us with frogs' legs next spring.

The following item I take from the Skyland Advance, published at Skyland, this state:

"The other day as we were taking a walk, a motherly blue hen sailed down upon us with her hair standing on end. We knocked her over with a strip of bark and fired two stones at her and she retreated and talked about it the rest of the day. She mistook us for the editor of that proof sheet affair, which has had to suspend publication because they lost a letter s, who she could run all over town."

This shows that even in Skyland there are bickerings and jealousies among journalists unworthy the age in which we live.

Will the class please parse the sentence, "She mistook us for the editor of that proof sheet affair, which had to suspend publication because they lost a letter s, who she could run all over town?"

The following letter has been received from a Texas cowboy, whose name is suppressed:

BEAUMONT, Tex., July 20.

Mr. E. W. Nye:

MY DEAR SIR—I have a friend over at Beaumont wh take a newspaper which publishes your most highly pleasing letters, and he sometimes brings them out to the *ranch* for we fellows to read, and we have a regular mule-bray laugh when we look at your pictures and read about your *chickens* and your *well* and your farming and your neighbors. We imagine you ar quite a nice and polished gentleman and would l ke to have you visit us, that is if you ever leave *home*. Our ranch is on Aligator Bayou, and we boys have had a great deal of fun this Spring branding and marking our stock, which consists of *cows*, horses, mules and their descendants; and as we are about through for this season, and as it has been the custom for two of us to get a leaf of absence each summer, and as this is the summer fur Jim Rakestraw and me would like to know of you if your part of the country is a summer resort, and if so, how should a cowboy dress to come among you, and further more would it be in keeping with propriety, should I come, if you said so, to bring my spurs and riding habit, quirt, saddle and lassoe, and show those TAR HEELS what a native *Texasan is* and what he can do with a horse.

I am to be married this fall, that is, we have agreed to do so, but if you should think we could enjoy the month of August up there I will hurry the affair up and give you the pleasure of intertaining a *bride and groom*. She is said to be "under a good character too." Yours truly, JOE ——.

Thanking you for your cordiality, Joe, I would say that we dress here in an offhand way to suit the season. It is very warm at present. If you come now, your "leaf of absence" would answer very well I think.

Your Texas clothes would not get you into trouble here if you were under a good character. You could ride in one of our tournaments also.

We had a passage at arms last month here at Asheville. Each Sir Knight wears what suits him best. We had one Sir Knight who wore a suit of quoted mail. He was the homeliest man ever born in captivity.

We also saw in the lists a fat Sir Knigh with tin trousers and a white yachting cap. You could wear almost anything, as I say.

The joust consisted in filling up the peasantry with lemonade and warm watermelon at so much apiece and then giving them what is called the grand laugh.

Two thousand of our yeomanry from Sandy Mush bought seats in the grand stand, and when they had seated themselves, surrounded by sour watermelon and all that goes to make life enjoyable, the directors moved the show to another place over towards Biltmore, thus leaving the grand stand to amuse itself by playing beanbag to the music of the Skyland Silver Cornucopia band.

The field marshals were pretty plenty and looked well on their nice ambling steeds. The Sir Knights also looked ferocious, especially one of them called Little Lord Fauntleroy, who wore a velveteen waist and knee panties and rode a livery horse costing three dollars per day.

The officers of the day were so thick that while they were trying to keep the peasantry back several of them got run into and severely injured. One Sir Knight fell from his horse, and the brute, it is said, stepped on his panoply.

I did not hear how the tournament came out, for it got so late that I had to go home and do the chores right after the trial heat and just as the show was being moved again toward Busbee.

I do not care to be a Sir Knight. I would rather sit in a hammock and keep the flies of the Queen off Love and Beauty. I can ride a hammock longer

KEEPING FLIES OFF THE QUEEN.

and with more grace than I can a tall horse with his tongue out and froth onto him.

Once I had a fierce horse with a flashing eye and bright red gooms, but he tried to go through a barbed wire fence with me, and when he got through he was short several vital organs.

I passed over the fence describing an arc. I described it at the hospital after I regained my senses, such as they were.

North Carolina has a begger lady who is known as the Flower Girl of the Land of the Sky. In the springtime she sells trailing arbutus that has been a good while on the trail. Later on she sells laurel and goldenrod to people who are new here and want to do good or elevate the lower classes.

Early in the spring the Flower Girl of the Land of the Sky ran out of wormless apples with which she had been supplying the trade in winter and went on the road for the purpose of begging, as she found times dull at her home in Asheville owing to a temporary sag in real estate. So she took to the Hendersonville road, sleeping at evening wherever night overtook her.

Returning from California three years ago, I bought at Spokane Falls a pair of tan colored shoes made of undressed elk skin. They were very comfortable, though perhaps a little too pronounced. I wore them here last year during the tennis season, so that they were well known west of Salisbury and along the Richmond and Danville road.

This summer the Flower Girl of the Land of the Sky (who is no longer young, she and the war of 1812 having been brought on together) in her tour of Buncombe county and the French Broad, paused at our house and, appealing to us for aid, showed that her feet were almost out and also that her limbs were barely healed up after being apparently very much injured, so that when I saw them I turned away and buried my face in my hands.

Now, thought I, is a fine opportunity to do good. So I gave her my tan shoes and a pair of long bicycle hose, and then read a book while she put them on.

Soon after that she got more forehanded and traveled in the cars. Now in almost every mail I get several letters and quite a lot of postal cards, saying that the Flower Girl is wearing my tan shoes and bicycle hose, but that the writer will not say anything regarding it if I will send on cigars, etc.

Last week I got telegrams from all along the line of road to Charleston signed by friends and saying: "Beggar lady wearing your undressed tan shoes and bicycle hose passed here at 9:35 a.m., bound south. Do you know of it? Shall we turn her over to the authorities?"

It is said that the sweetest joy in this earthly life, akin only to the joy of a celestial reward at the close of a pure and noble life, is to do a kindness in secret and have it discovered by the public, but this is different. I was telling my physician about the Flower Girl awhile ago, and how my heart bled for her when my wife told me how the limbs of the poor thing had been barbed and battered by travel through the briers and woods.

"Yes," he said, "I took an interest in her, too, and examined her injuries. My diagnosis was that she had tarred her legs to excite sympathy. She does that every spring."

Ah, here is the telegraph boy! He has a message with seventy five cents due on it. It is dated Hendersonville, last evening, and says: "Begger lady wearing your tan shoes and bicycle hose arrested here to-night for vagrancy. How did she come by same? Your reply will be treated as entirely confidential."

Hereafter when I do a kind act it will be done publicly and found out in secret.

BILL NYE.

FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

The Only Occupation for the Present Temperature—Bathing from an Artist's Point of View.

Shall Our Fat Aunts and Mothers Bathe in the Abreviated Costume of the Day.

NEW YORK, August 12.—By this time we have all of us come to the conclusion that the sea is the only place where life can be tolerated just now. Sporting in its briny waves, tossed like a shell in its surfy arms, we are content for a while to cease sipping iced claret, and taking Turkish baths. We are cooled down and freshened up so as to take a faint interest in the world about us. That world just now is jumping, struggling, leaping and screaming and showing itself in the most primitive form that it has ever attempted to exhibit since the time of Adam. A bathing dress is the next best thing to the human form divine, or the next worse thing as the case may be. I don't want to debar anyone from innocent enjoyment in this vale of tears, but I am an artist in sentiment, and it seems to me there ought to be some law to prevent very obese people from exhibiting their forms in the unblushing way that they do. We sit on the sandy beach, bathed in a flood of glorious golden sunshine, and the emerald sea, melting into the harmonious sky, seems a fitting setting for the agile figures in their bright-colored costumes, and the whole scene seems artistic, jubilant and gay. A few promenading figures in quaint and bizarre suits, a number of groups reclining in picturesque abandonment, the yachts and sailing boats in the distance, all these together combine to make a picture that stamps itself pleasurably on the imagination.

But what is this blot upon the landscape that comes towards us, progressing with a clumsy jog-trot? It wears a bathing costume that in the happy past may have fallen in graceful folds, but there is no room in it for folds now. It moves on legs that are all calf and no ankle, and these over-sturdy legs seem almost incapable of supporting a figure whose frontal development is quite disproportionate to the rest of the figure. This grotesque figure wears the usual jaunty blue and white suit, low in the neck and guiltless of sleeves, with continuations of abbreviated length suitable for a "bud" of sixteen, and under its treble chin a scarlet bathing hat is firmly tied. On the whole it is not a spectacle to command respect. There is a want of symmetry about it, an excess of fat, that mars the rest of the scene. And, then this scarecrow, as it promenades about, invites ridicule, which is a grievous thing when you reflect that it's somebody's mother—that's the worst of it; you feel that you ought to respect her, but you can't. It really is astonishing how much easier the fifth commandment is to keep when the object of veneration is clothed in long petticoats instead of short ones. Unshapely fat disporting itself in the tossing ocean is not a pleasant sight. As Digby Bell says, if I had my way, "I'd make a law to stop it." Very unjust and

Redfern this week shows us in his illustration, a light crepon gown, trimmed with frills of the material bordered with rows of narrow velvet. The sleeves have frilled epaulettes over them.

selfish, of course, but then I am afflicted with an eye for the picturesque.

Some of the costumes at the seaside resorts are very charming and show a great deal of novelty. These light silks, trimmed with a profusion of lace, seem the most fashionable, but these hardly look as suitable and pretty as the light serge blazers and skirts worn with colored blouses.

White flannel skirts are worn with blue or pink silk shirts which have Gui-

This is a visiting gown of heliotrope silk, with the fashionable shoulder frill of rich lace. Black velvet revers and band complete the costume, which is elegant and yet almost severely simple.

pure yokes and deep cuffs, sometimes transparent, sometimes mounted on the silk. Baby ribbon is run through these lace yokes and tied in a series of little bows from the termination of the yoke to the throat. Sleeveless vests of white flannel are often worn with these colored blouses turned back with reverse of white moire. The old-fashioned organdie muslins of our mothers and grandmothers are coming into fashion again trimmed with valenciennes lace and baby ribbon or very narrow velvet.

LE BARON DE BREMONT.

BENT ON PAYING HIS FARE.

He sat in a Sixth avenue elevated railroad car, and twirled a five cent piece expectantly. At length he turned to a New York Tribune reporter, who happened to be sitting near him, and said: "What's the fare on this road?" "Five cents." "Don't they collect it?" "Certainly not. You buy a ticket at the station where you get on and put it in the box on the platform." "That's strange," said the man with the unused nickel. "Somehow I've slipped in without paying. You see," he added confidentially, "I'm from California, and we don't ride around on this sort of thing out there. Guess I can put in a ticket when I get off, can't I?" "Well," said the reporter, "the elevated road crowds and hustles us so that some New Yorkers wouldn't hesitate to 'beat' the road if it were in such an unintentional manner as you have done it." "I think I had better pay," said the Californian decidedly. And at Fourteenth street he left the train and said to the ticket chopper: "Somehow or other I have ridden up here from Chambers street without paying anything." "Saved a nickel, did yer?" "I want to pay now." "Hay?" "I say I want to pay now." Don't live in New York, do you?" "No." "Didn't come from Jersey or Brooklyn, did yer?" "No." "Where did you come from?" "California." "Convention?" "Yes." "Well, you go round to that window," gasped the chopper, "plank down five cents for a ticket, and come back and put it in this box. Then let me look at yer. I've chopped tickets goin' on three years, but I never seed a man like you before."

CANADIAN NEWS.

The Toronto World Charged With Libel—Destructive Fire at Cornwall—Drowned.

Marquis of Dufferin to Aid the National Memorial—Old Official Dead.

M. C. Cameron's Libel Suit.

GODERICH, Aug. 5.—The preliminary investigation into the charge of criminal libel preferred by M. C. Cameron, ex-M.P., against W. L. McLean, M.P., publisher of the World, Toronto, was begun yesterday and adjourned to Monday to enable the defendant to produce the originals of the affidavits which had been published.

A Fifty Thousand Dollar Fire.

CORNWALL, Ont., Aug. 5.—A fire which broke out in the Stormont Mill, last evening, was not extinguished until this morning. The dye and trying houses were completely destroyed, together with a portion of the packing room and a large quantity of cotton under process. The loss will reach nearly $50,000.

Stock Poisoners at Work.

CASTLETON, Ont., Aug. 5.—Stock poisoners are again at work in Cramelia township, James Cooney, of the 10th Concession, losing three fine cows last night.

Drowned While Swimming.

KINGSTON, Aug. 5.—Tom Briggs, a dry goods clerk, was drowned while swimming in the river, last night.

Death of an Old Official.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Aug. 5.—John Wilson, city assessor, is dead. He held office for nearly thirty years.

Carried Over the Chute.

BRACEBRIDGE, Ont., Aug. 5.—Ralph Green, of Buffalo, aged 19 years, was carried over the square chute below Bala on Tuesday evening, and drowned. His companion, E. A. Eames, also of Buffalo, narrowly escaped the same fate.

The National Memorial.

KINGSTON, Aug. 5.—The Marquis of Dufferin has sent an autograph letter to Secretary Macdonald, of the National Memorial committee, enclosing his signature for the National Memorial Autograph Album, and promising assistance.

Penitentiary Inquiry.

KINGSTON, Aug. 5.—Prison Inspector Moylan is holding an investigation into various matters at the Penitentiary here, and the accountant, who is off on a vacation in Winnipeg, has been summoned to give evidence. Six weeks have already been consumed in the investigation, which will probably close on Monday.

Passenger Steamer Sunk.

PETERBORO, Aug. 3.—The passenger steamer Golden Eve, sprang a leak, filled and went to the bottom at Rice Lake, near here, yesterday, and her crew and passengers had a narrow escape from drowning.

Whiskey Smuggling on the St. Lawrence.

MURRAY BAY, Aug. 5.—Judge Chauveau to-day committed smuggler Bouchard for trial to the Court of Queen's Bench for resisting Capt. May, of the Constance, at St. Paul's Bay, on July 17th, and resisting the customs officers on the 19th July at Isle Aux Coudres. Bail was fixed at $3,000, which was promptly furnished and the prisoner, after pleading "not guilty" to the commitment, was released from custody. Judge Chauveau's charge revealed a shocking state of drunkenness existing among the people of the lower St. Lawrence parishes, caused by the smuggling of spirits into these places.

THE LONG LOST EAGLE.

Sensational Story of Indian Justice—The Torch the Punishment for Wrong-Doers.

The Owner of the Sloop Discredits the Report, and Thinks She is Now in Alaska.

About three years ago, two men, one of whom was Peter Hagstrom, left Victoria in the sloop Eagle on a trading expedition up the west coast. They left here with the expectation of returning the next spring, but the next spring and the next have gone, and the men have not yet come back.

Just where they are or what has become of them is a problem which no one seems to be able to solve, and consequently a great many rumors about the missing men are afloat.

The boat they took from here was an old one, hired from Mr. A. Magnesen, of this city, who, from the time of their departure, has never heard from them, though certain vague accounts of their movements have reached him.

One of the many stories circulated is that brought down by a gentleman who recently arrived from the North, who was told that the men had landed at Kyoquot Sound about three years ago. They immediately proceeded to get "beastly drunk" and during the day after their landing went to an Indian's cabin where they proceeded to "celebrate" with the assistance of a few Indian women, whom they supplied with liquor. The husband of one of the women came home during the night of the debauch, while the inmates of the house were in a drunken stupor.

The next morning the site of the cabin was marked by a pile of ashes. Other Indians say the white men and their women companions died in a furnace of flames kindled by the Indian husband

This story is discredited by Mr. Magnesen who says that from the accounts he heard the two were doing a big business in selling liquor to the Indians on the West Coast. They had arrived all right in Kyoquot Sound, but on hearing that the police were looking for them, suddenly disappeared. Nothing further had been heard of them except an unverified report that the two were in Alaska.

Owing to the sloop not being worth the trouble of looking up, Mr. Magnesen does not intend investigating the matter.

"THE BLUCHER TIE."

THE MOST ELEGANT LADIES' SHOE, EVER BROUGHT OUT.

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THE COLONIST,

VICTORIA, B. C.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described tracts of land in Alberni District:

Two River Arm, Sproat's Lake, Alberni District, commencing at a post on the shore at the southeast corner of the Arm marked B. C. P. Co; thence west along the shore 80 chains, south 30 chains, east 80 chains, north 30 chains to the point of commencement, containing about 160 acres, more or less.

South Shore of the Sterling Arm, Sproat's Lake, Alberni District, commencing at a post on the shore of the Arm, marked B. C. P. Co. thence east along the shore of the E. & N. Ry. Co's boundary post, about 40 chains, more or less; thence along the boundary line south 20 chains, west 40 chains, north 30 chains, to the point of commencing containing about 80 acres, more or less, for the British Columbia Paper Manufacturing Company, Limited.

H. CARMICHAEL, Secretary.

Victoria, B.C., July 1, 1892. jy2 d&w

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Okell & Morris Fruit Preserving Company, Limited Liability, have deposited with the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa a plan and description of the site and of the wharf proposed to be constructed by the said company upon the front or foreshore of Lot 14, Block L, Harbour Estate, City of Victoria, in the Province of British Columbia, and that a duplicate of such plan and description has also been filed in the office of the Registrar General of Titles at Victoria aforesaid, and that the said Company has applied to the Governor in Council for approval thereof in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 92, section 5 and 6 consolidated Statutes of Canada. Dated at Victoria this 6th day of July, A. D., 1892.

BELYEA & GREGORY,

Solicitors for the Okell & Morris Fruit Preserving Company, Limited Liability. jy6-wkly

SEND me 50 or more well preserved Canadian, Columbian, or other postage stamps, (old and new) and you will receive the same number of Swiss or other European ones.—R. Rieser, Postoffice, Wetzikon, Switzerland. a10

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