

Paradise of the Hunter

The grouse-shooting has commenced under favorable auspices, and all the big Scotch moors have found tenants. For a fortnight previous to the twelfth, the departure stations in London have borne witness to the ever-increasing attractions of Scotland at this season of the year, and few sportsmen who could be among the grouse if they wished to surrender to other attractions. For the next few weeks we shall hear of heavy bags from the moors that start in Derbyshire and stretch at intervals almost as far north as Sutherland; the birds will be new to the guns, and many will never live to entertain suspicion of them. After a time when the walking is over and the driving affords the only means of getting the birds within gunshot, the size of bags will diminish, until they become so small that sportsmen remember the attractions offered by partridge and pheasant, and leave the grouse in peace before the legal close season recommences on Dec. 10. If Scotland claims so many visitors in the autumn, it is not only on account of the grouse. The deer forests, the salmon rivers, the pheasant preserves, and the great beauty of the scenery all combine to make the country desirable and to draw patrons from every class of moneyed men, from royalty down to company promoters. The amount of money spent by Englishmen in Scotland every autumn must run into some millions of pounds.

King Edward has his own sporting estates of Balmoral, Balmuccie, and Birkhall, and rents Aberfeldie, which is near them. The Duke of Fife has the deer forest of Mar. Many of our dukes have immense sporting estates in Scotland, yielding annual rents that would in old time have sufficed to buy the land outright. The Duke of Sutherland's shootings in his own country are said to be worth more than thirty pounds a year, but they include vast deer forests like those of Kinloch, Glendhu, Assynt, and Glencaisp. The aged Duke of Richmond and Gordon has great estates in Aberdeenshire and Banffshire, and the Duke of Argyll in his own country and Dumbarton. Caithness calls the Duke of Portland master of many fine estates highly rented and prized. Dumfriesshire's best estates, or some of them, belong to his Grace of Buccleuch. The Marquis of Breadalbane owns splendid shooting in at least three counties—Argyllshire, Dumbarton, and Perthshire; while the Earl of Dalhousie in Forfarshire and Lord Lovat in Inverness have some of the most desirable country in Scotland. The very big estates can only be shot by very rich men, so the prices that rule by way of rent are astonishing, four-figure sums being quite common.

This year, as I have said, the good shoots are well tenanted, and at the moment Scotland must contain some of the greatest names, biggest brains and longest purses in Great Britain. Turning to individual holdings, Lord Landsdowne has let some of his own estates, and is renting shooting near Blairgowrie, in Perthshire. The Marquis of Queensberry is renting the Colonsay shootings from General McNeill, and the Duke of Portland will get his sport, or part of it, in Inverness. Mr. Justice Kekewich, whose enemies have been heard to say that he is better as a sportsman than a judge, has the Killochan shooting in Ayrshire, Sir R. J. Waldie-Griffith has rented shooting from the Duke of Roxburgh and Sir John Dickson-Poynder in Roxburghshire. The famous deer forest of Balmacran, in Inverness, belonging to the Countess of Beaufield, has been let to Mr. Bradley Martin, who has the Balmacran and Lochlether shootings in the same delectable county. The Earl of Home has Hillend and Whitecamp, in Lanarkshire, and Castlelaw, in Berwickshire; the Earl of Durham has rented the Glendoe deer forest, in Inverness-shire, from Lord Lovat; Lord Escher has rented Callender Hill, in Perthshire, from the Earl of Ancaster, who has extensive sporting estates; and the Earl of Eglinton has three or four estates in Ayrshire, including three of Lady Montgomerie's places. Sir Francis Tress Barry is shooting in Caithness, and the Earl of Mar and Kellie in Clackmannanshire, on his own shootings at Alloa and Ferryton. Mr. Justice North has rented the Laggan shootings in Morayshire.

Perthshire's many sporting estates are crowded this year. The Duke of Atholl and the Earl of Dudley have Atholl Forest, Sir James Bell rents Ardoch, and Sir Donald Currie has Duncaves. Lord Willoughby de Eresby has Lord Ancester's Comrie shootings, and the Countess Beauchamp has Birnam House. Mr. Jardine has rented the Glenbruar Forest from the Duke of Atholl, who has let other sporting estates in the same country, including Loch Vail-

gan, Kindrochet, Glenloch, and Glen-shee. Mr. Stroyan has the Ochertyre shootings near Crieff, and Mr. Carnegie has Strathyre, among other places. Loch Kennard goes to Mr. Bayclay Walker, and most of Lord Landsdowne's Perthshire shootings are let to the Duke of Bedford, whose Duchess is reputed to be one of the best lady shots in the country. Perthshire is set above Inverness-shire by many sportsmen, who claim that it is the best all-round sporting county in Great Britain. It has the heaviest rent roll and the best grouse moors in Scotland, but, in point of deer forests, it must yield pride of place to Sutherland, Ross and Cromarty, Inverness and Aberdeen. As a county, it has more attractions for sportsmen of moderate capacity for fatigue than the northern counties, which are more exacting.

It must be confessed that the lot of the members of the sportsman's family who take no interest in sport is not always an enviable one. Many of the sporting estates lie far beyond the ken of villages, the postman is a stranger, and there are no intruders from the outside world. In the silence the grouse and black game thrive, ptarmigan rest fearlessly on the hills, the raven, almost extinct in England, may be seen at work or play; but the man or woman whose health or inclination is opposed to sport feels buried alive. Worse still is the plight of certain sporting men who cannot afford to keep their own estates, who live on them in the depth of winter, the early spring and the first heat of summer, but must retire early in August, leaving their moors to the guns of some rich Englishman and his friends, and their beautiful gardens to alien workfolk. Yet this hard case is experienced by many a man who is enabled to spend eight or nine months in the home of his ancestors only by leaving it at the most attractive season of every year. To lack a shooting in Scotland is bad enough; to have one and be too poor to use it is worse.—London Sketch.

Where Rolls the Oregon

In the year 1905, it will be one hundred years since Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, with a handful of men, completed the first journey of white men overland from the Missouri river to the Pacific Coast.

Having no authentic maps, no route assigned them, and being well aware of the savagery and treachery of some of the Indian tribes they would encounter, these two explorers proceeded with but forty-five men on this daring and perilous expedition. The enterprise was not inaugurated in the spirit of adventure or for gain, but was the result of careful, deliberate planning and preparation under direction of President Jefferson, with the object of discovering an overland route to the Pacific Coast, learning the topography of the intervening territory and of securing to the United States her rights therein. The two men commissioned to do this work were admirably fitted for it by training and disposition, being intelligent, vigorous, fearless, and kind of heart.

Meriwether Lewis was a man of education, military training and experience. He had also been private secretary to President Jefferson in the times when boundary lines were uncertain and the United States was acquiring much additional territory, while foreign countries were eagerly endeavoring to gain for themselves foothold in the grand new country. He was, therefore, familiar with the plans, aims and attitude of the government on territorial matters.

Captain Clark had also rendered his country military service. Having grown up in the wilds of Kentucky, which was then the extreme frontier, he was familiar with hardships and danger, and was also alert, acute and full of tact in dealing with the Indians. These latter traits were an important consideration, as the expedition was to be not only one of discovery, but also a mission of peace and good will to the Indians.

Equipped with mathematical instruments, arms, ammunition, presents for the Indians, medicine and necessary camp equipage, with three boats constructed especially for the expedition, on the 14th day of May, 1804, the party set out from St. Louis.

They ascended the Missouri river, encountering various Indian tribes, holding friendly pow-wows with them, giving them presents, and departing left a peaceable spirit with the tribes.

By the time winter set in, they had reached what is now Northern Dakota, having traveled 1,800 miles. They wintered there, remaining four and a

half months. In the spring, after dispatching fourteen men back to St. Louis with documents, trophies and collections, the diminished party undertook to complete the journey into the unknown country.

The beginning of the trip, like that of the preceding season, was pleasant, the Indians being either friendly or easily won, and game plentiful. But after the headwaters of the Missouri were passed and the journey over the Continental Divide commenced, game became so very scarce that the men were many times reduced to the verge of starvation. Thus weakened, with moccasins worn to tatters by the sharp stones they waded swift, icy streams, guiding the rude boats which contained their stores, or, with bruised and swollen feet, staggered over rough mountain passes carrying both loads and boats. Yet they never complained, never suggested abandoning the enterprise, and always guarded with utmost care the charts, notes and instruments of the two explorers. These two men, also weakened by hunger and exposure, and filled with anxiety for their comrades, still faithful to their trust, continually made careful observations of the country they traversed and carefully recorded their conclusions.

Finally the friendly hospitality of the Nez Perces and Shoshone Indians did much to lighten their hardships. Through these Indians they found their way to the headwaters of the Columbia, down which they made a perilous but successful journey, and on the 7th of November, 1805, they caught the first glimpse of the blue Pacific.

The winter was spent near the mouth of the Columbia, within hearing of the roar of the ocean's breakers. In the spring, the backward journey was commenced, although scantily clad and without means of barter and trade with Indians, whereby game and horses could be secured.

In crossing the divide they again encountered every hardship and danger. But, undaunted, they pushed their way to the Missouri, and with but few further adventures floated down the river to St. Louis, reaching there September 23, 1806; having blazed a path more than four thousand miles long.

The maps and reports which they brought with them went a great way toward securing to the people of the United States the Great Northwest, and it is in honor of the memory of these two men and the expedition which they so heroically commanded, that the Lewis and Clark Centennial, American Pacific Exposition and Oriental Fair will be held in 1905.

A Precious Memory.

No heritage which a son can possess is worthy to be compared for a moment with the blessed consciousness of having done all that he could to make father and mother happy during their lifetime. An impressive, little story to which nothing need be added was recently told by a man whose form is now bent and whose hair is white with years.

When he was a boy of twelve he was returning one evening from the hay field, where he had been at work since daybreak, when his father met him with a request that he go to town to do an errand for him.

Any one who has lived on a farm, and who knows what a day's work, "from sunup to sundown," means in haying time, will understand how the boy felt.

"I was tired, dusty and hungry," said the old man. "It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper, and to dress for the singing class."

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was angry that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think."

"Of course, father, I'll go," I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said. "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong today."

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town, and as he left me he put his hand on my arm and said again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'"

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house I saw that something unusual had happened. All of the farm hands were gathered about the door, instead of being at the milking or other chores. As I came near, one of the men turned to me with the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father," he said, "is dead. He fell just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour for those last words

of my father—'You've always been a good boy to me.'—Youth's Companion.

A Critical Moment.

Sir Edward Malet's "Shifting Scenes" carries the reader to Egypt at a stirring time in the history of the young khedive, and shows how courage won the day for him. When the moment came for the bombardment of Alexandria the young khedive refused to take shelter on board an English man-of-war, saying that his lot lay with his people.

He was khedive in nothing but name, the whole power having passed into the hands of the rebels, and his chances of escape were hardly greater than those of a martyr in a Roman arena before the wild beasts were uncaged. They did not send wild beasts to tear him, but they did send a captain and his company with orders to despatch him. The wit and presence of mind of the khedive changed what was intended to be the supreme tragedy of the revolution into a comedy.

He saw the band of soldiers coming toward the palace. When they arrived, prepared for resistance and intending to break in the doors, they found the aide-de-camp of the khedive at the foot of the great staircase. He met them civilly, and told them that the khedive was expecting them, and that he had given orders that they should be conducted at once to his presence.

Half-sobered by the unexpected reception, the soldiers mounted the grand staircase and were ushered in to the presence of the man they had been sent to murder. He stood alone calm and unhurried, in the centre of the great reception hall. He at once addressed them, telling them that he knew the errand on which they had come, but that before they carried out their instructions, he, like every man who was condemned to die, had a right to speak.

To this they agreed, and he proceeded to explain the situation with a quiet good sense that won their attention. He told them that in the long run the greater power must conquer; that as matters stood he had the pledge of the English to maintain him, as khedive, but that if he no longer existed they would be likely to take the country for themselves; and that therefore from a patriotic point of view they had better to let him live.

After discussing the matter at some length in this strain, he proceeded to play his last card. He told the officer in charge that he would at once raise him in rank, and confer upon him the order of the Medjidie. With regard to the soldiers who accompanied him, he would constitute them his personal body-guard at that moment, as they might already have perceived that he was very much in want of soldiers.

Thus it came about that the little band which had come to kill remained to bless.

Wellington's Tender Heart.

Mrs. Charles Bagot, in her new book entitled "Links With the Past," gives some interesting glimpses of the Duke of Wellington and his kind heart, as well as an amusing and impressive record of the confidence which the people of that time had in the great soldier.

"The duke came into Lady Westmorland's opera box, where I was sitting. Lady Westmorland reminded him that by my recent marriage I had become his great-niece. He spoke very kindly to me, took my hand and kept it throughout the act. My husband said to me afterward: 'Why did you not speak to the duke?'

"I could not," was all I could say. I had been brought up with such intense admiration of him, by my father and uncles that I was struck dumb. I simply felt that I was sitting hand in hand with the saviour of England and Europe."

As an instance of the confidence the duke's presence inspired, Lady Mornington tells the story that when firing was heard in Brussels (where she was staying) at the opening of the Battle of Waterloo, she went to wake her maid, a woman called Finlay. The woman merely sat up in her bed and said:

"Is the duke between us and the French army, my lady?"

"Yes, Finlay."

"Oh, then, my lady, I shall lie down and go to sleep again."

Lady Mornington says further that when she first saw the duke at Brussels after the battle and congratulated him, he put his face between his hands to hide his tears and said:

"Oh, do not congratulate me! I have lost all my dearest friends!"

When the duke was told of the death of Alice Gordon he shed tears.

"Indeed, Mr. Goodleigh is a most generous man," asserted the village gossip.

"Is he, truly?" we asked.

"Yes. Why, he often gives away clothing before it is completely worn out."—Baltimore American.

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