

looking at the barrel of the pistol in my hand, half oblivious of Duggan, in the interest of the question, is this wad of rolled paper really the missing notes? when the attention of both was awfully recalled to the figure on the sofa with the mahogany box on its knees—recalled by an explosion, a gush of smoke, a horror of ghastly bloody confusion, and the fall of the dead man upon the ground, his head blown to pieces by a ball from the other pistol, which he had cocked and turned to his mouth unseen. In another instant the house resounded with the screams of women, and the terrified clerk in the outer office had dashed his head through the Judas window, and was looking in upon the awful scene.

Michael Quinlan is now manager of a more important branch of the Universal Bank than that of Tabber. He has given up hunting and whisky punch; but he adheres to his opinion that I am a fellow whom nobody can deceive and whom nobody can beat. He is not far wrong, but I sometimes wish that I had been beaten by James Duggan, that he had deceived me, and that I had never watched the slow surrender of his nerves through a Judas window.

SANDY OF ROARING FORK.

One of the real good men in our camp on Roaring Fork was J. M. Sanders. It was years afterwards before any one knew that he was anything but plain "Sandy," but if a man has a front name it is bound to come out sooner or later.

It was later when it turned out that "Sandy" was not only Sanders, but J. M. Sanders, and like as not some of his letters had "Esq." at the end of the name.

Well, Sandy was a good man—a real good man. He always had a remedy for every complaint, from chills and fever to being so homesick that the patient would have given his left arm for a sight of the old red farmhouse in the States. He was also a praying man, and on Sundays when he didn't have too much patching and darning to do he read from the Bible and exhorted us that the road to Heaven led through trials and tribulations and over hills where a man shod with the strongest faith had to look out for his footing.

Which I may remark right here was also the belief of several others in camp, including your humble servant.

Sandy didn't play cards nor drink nor howl around with his hat on his ear and his teeth on edge, and for this reason he was despised by some and admired by others. If he had a weak point it was his too forgiving spirit. Once in a while, when one of the men rubbed him a little too hard, there was a warning of danger in his big blue eyes, but he let a half-drunken miner spit in his face one day without betraying the least show of anger.

The same was talked over in camp, and we were divided as to whether it was fear of the miner's fist or pity for his befuddled condition which prevented a knock-down. However, there came a day when the old man settled the long-standing query of whether he had fight in him or no.

Two miles above us was the camp of the "Howling Wild Cats." One day big Jim Stevens, standing six feet two in his boots and having a fist as big as a two quart jug, got hold of some particularly good whisky, and after licking the best man in his own camp he came down to give us a whirl. Some of our men, probably out of mere deviltry, told Jim that Sandy was our fighting man and the hardest hitter west of the Nebraska prairies.

What did big Jim do but hunt up our parson and give him to understand that the awfulest, bloodiest, fiercest and most desperate struggle ever known on the face of this globe was about to take place.

"James Stevens, you go home," replied Sandy.

"Sandy, I'm going to lick you till you can't beller!" chuckled Jim.

"Go away! I've nothing against you," warned the parson.

"Sandy, prepare to be driven head first into the side!" yelled Jim, and with that he spit on his hands and turned on a full heel of steam.

We were all there, you know, but there was a sort of understood law or custom in the mining camps that a fight must be fought out without a third party chipping in. And besides, some of us had a sneaking suspicion that Sandy would astonish the country if cornered and compelled to use his muscle.

Big Jim rushed in like a locomotive going for a spring lamb, but he didn't get there. When he came within striking distance Sandy shot out and keeled him over in such style that some one called for three cheers. Jim got up slowly, made another rush, and the result was the same. He wouldn't have tried it again but for the jeers and taunts of the men. The third round was a beautiful affair. Jim advanced slowly, hands up, prize-ring fashion, and for a minute we watched our man. Foot to foot they eyed each other, and sparred for an opening. Then, like a streak of greased lightning, Sandy shot out with his left and Jim went down like a log and hat enough.

Then who washed the blood from his face? The parson.

Who brushed his clothes and brought him a drink? The parson.

Who lifted him up and walked him away, speaking as kindly as a woman? The parson.

Yes, it was, and it was the same parson who

walked to his camp with him, and on the way up the trail sowed such good seed that Big Jim changed from a drunken, brawling goliard—nothing to a sober, industrious miner; and when he struck a "pocket" and had the wherewithal to return home, the parson was the first to congratulate him and the last to shake his hand and bid him God-speed.

"Which I desire to explain," observed our camp shoemaker, one day some months after the fight, "some men can be coaxed or reasoned into being good, and some others never begin to mend their ways until after the third knock-down."—*Detroit Free Press.*

EMIGRATION MEETING IN SOUTH HORNSEY.

On Monday evening, a meeting was held in the Clonbrook hall, Allen road, South Hornsey, "with the object of forming a Kingsland and Stock Newington Assisted Emigration Organisation to Canada." The meeting was called by a number of working men interested in the movement, and at their request Mr. John James Jones, M.G.C., F.R.G.S., director of the London Samaritan Society, High street, Hamerton, delivered an address on "The Great Canadian North-West, and the chances a working man has got there."

Mr. Jones, who was received with applause, first referred to the importance of the subject of emigration to an over-populated country, and gave an opinion that where competition was carried to such an extent as it was in this country, it was prejudicial to the moral and social welfare of the community. Emigration, as they knew, had been going on for the past three or four thousand years. The four great empires of the world—the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman—all sent forth their legions to colonise the world; and England itself was colonised by the Romans. Thus they had a continuous tide of emigration, going on from the earliest period, and there was no doubt it would continue to flow until the end of days. Emigration was the natural outlet for surplus population; and what, the lecturer asked, would have been the condition of Europe at the present day had it not been for the discovery of America? Europe would have been overcrowded, and, under those conditions, existence an impossibility. Emigration was a necessity, and all that a prudent Government could do was to temperate, assist, and direct it; and he thought it a great and important question for our Government to consider whether it would not be good policy to give a limited annual number of assisted passages to our own colonies, in order to turn the tide of emigration that had set in to the United States of America. There was no doubt England was over populated; there were in many instances 50 men seeking for one and the same situation. Men, to lay, not only in England, but in other countries of Europe, were but barely existing—were, in fact, on the verge of starvation, and with no other prospects than those of the work house. And such must necessarily be the case when there were more men than work. Then came the question, what was best to be done? Every man had a perfect right, nay, a duty, to do the best that was possible for himself and his family; therefore, with regard to the carrying of this out in other climes, he (the lecturer) would take up the simple points—Who were to go, where to go, and how and when to go. If they went to their Boards of Guardians, or to some political economists, or to other interested persons, they would say, "Send out the worthless, the incapable, the pests of society, and those generally who are a burden upon us;" but he (the lecturer) said emphatically those were not the persons to emigrate. They wanted none of such in the colonies. The men who would succeed by emigration were only those of brain, muscle, energy, determination; men of pluck to encounter difficulties, and to fight manfully the battle of life. There were probably enough drones in the colonies already, and therefore, to speak simply, it was the busy bee, who would improve each shining hour, that was wanted. Then, as to the question "How to go about it?" For success in life, foresight and thrift were necessary, and his experience was that if a man got money for an object too easily, it was expended without due thought or care. If a man made up his mind to try his fortune in a new country, and laid by a certain sum to that end, it would induce habits of thrift, and the benefits accruing to him by such thrift would be proportionately appreciated. Then, "Where to go?" Well, if a man selected Canada, for instance, it would cost him, if an agricultural labourer, £4, and if an artisan, £5, including railway fare to Liverpool, there being Government assisted passages. His (the lecturer's) experience in several trips across the Atlantic with emigrants was, strangely enough, that those who landed with only a few shillings in their pockets were the most successful, and for the very reason that many men, as long as they had money in their pockets, would rove about in quest of better terms, and with the object of seeing what was to be seen, and then, when their money was all gone, they generally became discontented at having to commence again on nothing. On the other hand, those who had little or nothing knew that it was imperative that they should at once begin work. He would not advise men to land in Canada or anywhere else without a shilling in their pockets, but however it was, there was certainly no risk. Work could be obtained anywhere in Canada. As to the means

of going, he advised all to purchase their through tickets in London, as it was cheaper than in first paying the ocean fare, and then, on arrival, paying the remainder for conveyance to destination. With regard to the emigrants he himself had taken out, he had followed his system of telegraphing to the Government agents in the country that he had so many labourers, so many blacksmiths, so many plasterers, bricklayers, carpenters, &c., with him, and then within a few hours he received replies, "We can find work for so-and-so" and so-and-so, and thus he had obtained employment for men and women, and sent them off to their destinations in half a dozen hours after arrival. On arriving with his first party of between 700 and 800, he had offers of nearly 5,000 situations of one kind and another, and there was not a single person of the party who had not three or four chances of employment. Then in many cases the emigrants had free passes up the country, and not only that, but those who were impecunious were provided with free meals, prior to being sent to Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Toronto, and many other places in the grand province of Ontario. There was not one standard of wages in Canada, but there, as in this country, men made their own standard. The poor mechanic did not get the same as the good one. If people wished to go to Winnipeg, he would tell them there were no free passes there, and he would advise them in journeying not to go via the lakes, as the steamers—most of which carried cattle—were very uncomfortable for steerage passengers. Winnipeg, however, was undoubtedly one of the wonders of the 19th century, as shown by its youth, and yet by its enormous business and magnificent buildings, its well dressed people, and the push, and bustle, and energy everywhere apparent. It was Sandy evening when he first arrived in Winnipeg, and although it was small as compared with London and other large cities, till the appearance reminded him of one of our busiest thoroughfares in the middle of the day. For the intelligent, thoughtful, industrious working man who had his eyes open, Winnipeg was a grand place, and there was every chance for such a man to succeed. But if a man went there thinking he could continue his drinking habits, thinking he could keep "Saint Monday" and, probably, Tuesday, he would tell him candidly the people would not have it; they would not get accustomed to it; and he trusted they would always continue so. Those, however, who were determined to make the best of this life, he advised to go there. Working men had to carve their own fortunes, frequently out of very rough material; and in Canada, as in this country, they could not get all they wished; but he knew this, that in Canada they could all get sufficient to keep themselves and their families comfortable, and to provide for old age. Nothing could stand in the way if a man was industrious; he had a right to live well and succeed in Canada. The working man was looked upon in an altogether different light to what he was in England. If he behaved himself, the artisan was treated on an equality with the merchant, the banker, &c., and was admitted to the same social enjoyments and privileges of citizenship. Mr. Jones gave interesting anecdotes in point, and proceeded to say that nothing was known of caste or class provided a man conducted himself well; but when he misbehaved himself, he was voted out. Respectable men in Canada found themselves respected; they were not, because working men, treated as an inferior class of animal but accepted as equal with all. This, he had found by experience, was not the case in England. In conclusion, he would repeat that success in Canada was certain; and whatever part a man went to, it depended not so much upon the town, or city, or chances, as upon his own determination to succeed. He had seen, and all had seen, men who had never done well; and these, as might be imagined, would do even worse in a strange land; but to all with a will to strive, there were many more chances in Canada than in England. (A applause.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, January 29.

The *Figaro* has become the purchaser of the stones of the Tuileries, and, in a utilitarian spirit, is having them turned into paper weights, to be sold at five francs each.

The sale of M. de Bernhardt's jewels, ornaments, &c., took place on the 7th of February and two following days. The collection attracted crowds of curious and, doubtless, many desirous of purchasing *souvenir* treasures.

It is probable that M. Damala will renounce the direction of the Théâtre Moderne, in which case the lease returns to M. Balande, who has acquired a magnificent estate in Périgord, with the hope of enjoying the remainder of his life there in peace—vain calculation.

The Countess de Castellane, a lady whose connections among the highest French society are very extended, has just suffered a cruel bereavement. Her grand-daughter, Mlle. Maria de Lameth, lately died, and only two days after, Mlle. Marie de Lameth's mother, the Marchioness de Lameth, also succumbed from grief by losing her child.

The latest mania is to purchase a souvenir of the Tuileries, as the ruins are now in course of demolition. A Russian Grand Duke has purchased six candelabras once decorating the ball-room, but blackened and twisted by fire. The marble chimney pieces are much sought after, and quite a war is taking place as to who shall have the dial of the clock located in the dome.

The ball at the Marquis and Marquise de Saint-Aignan's, at Nice, on the 2nd of February, promises to be an event of great brilliancy, and certainly is one that has caused a considerable amount of preliminary excitement. The invitations specially for the ladies "confère poudrée" and for the gentlemen habit rouge, costume Louis XV.

A FRENCHMAN has published a rambling work on how to live comfortably on ten sous—half a franc—per day. It is a plea for cold water and vegetarianism; pease, potatoes, barley bread, and a little salt are, it seems, the little man wants here below. Another Frenchman publishes a guide indicating all the pleasures one can enjoy for nothing in Paris, and kept up at the national expense.

The great increase in the cost of living in Paris, occasioned by the enormous and exceptional amount of the municipal debts and consequent local taxation in that city, appears, from facts cited in the report of Mr. Plunkett, the secretary to the British Embassy, to be seriously affecting the rate of increase of its inhabitants. According to the last quinquennial census, while the increase of population in St. Pierre-Calais was over 30 per cent., and that of Nice over 24 per cent., in Paris it was only 15 per cent. In a list of the twenty-two largest towns and cities the capital occupies a tenth place only; and in the opinion of Mr. Plunkett it would have stood lower but for the fact that the census happened to be taken in December, when the passage of strangers through Paris is considerable, and when rich strangers who live in Paris only for pleasure are mostly in town.

No one who witnessed the arrival of the Empress Eugénie at the Hotel du Rhin could fail to be struck by the evidence of extreme weakness which the whole appearance of her majesty presented. The Empress was enveloped in the veil of black crape which she always wears. It is square, and falling over the face, yet covers the shoulders. Her whole deportment was so feeble that she was compelled to lean for support on the arm of M. Rouher, the long, black ebony cane which she carries in general having fallen as she descended from the carriage which conveyed her from the station and rolled beneath the wheels. It is said that it is as much in consequence of her failing sight as of her failing strength that she is compelled to use the cane to guide her steps.

The Tuileries, with its crowd of historical associations and its legend of the galleries said to be haunted by "Le Petit Homme Rouge," is being rapidly demolished and ignominiously removed by the contractor's dust-cart. No trace now remains of the galleries of the weird phantom, who stood in the same relation to the House of France as the banshee to certain old Irish families. His habitation was said to be in the Pavillon Philibert Delorme, where Catherine de Medicis used to hold conferences with professors of the black art. The spectre was supposed to show himself when a king was about to die or be assassinated. "Le Petit Homme Rouge" was the last thing in the way of a ghost that survived the Revolution, but it is held that he was more believed in by courtiers than by the people. However this may be, if the Revolution did not disturb him it was left to the Commune finally to eject him from his royal quarters, for with the last traces of the melancholy ruins the legend of a ghost even must necessarily disappear.

Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE in love! That is the story. The youth looks far too wise to be guilty of an act of folly of this kind. But when he was in Glasgow the other day a Scotch girl set her cap at him, and Robin's caught. His mother left the grand old man, sleepless and voiceless, to go off to Glasgow. The explanation is that "he" telegraphed to mamma to see the lady before he proposed to her—a most dutiful and proper family is the Gladstone family, and now all that remains is to fix the day. The lady is the daughter of one of the wealthiest of Glasgow merchants, and the engagement is the result of a chance visit of Herbert Gladstone to spend a few days. And yet people think all the romance is out of life!

The grievances of the public are manifold and pressing; they are great according to the notions of the grumblers, though many may cruelly scoff at them. Here is a papa who has a grievance against the Crystal Palace because his child had been weighed three times, and he found that "by one scale she was three stone three pounds, by a second scale three stone five pounds, and by a third three stone three-and-a-half pounds. These were all taken within two minutes, without any change of dress." It is manifest that in the interval between the first and second weighings the child must have eaten two pounds' weight of buns, and that she must have run about afterwards with such energy as to reduce her physical tissue one pound and a half. This is the simple solution of the difficulty.