

Capt. Carrol and F. C. Downing of the "Idaho," own in part the adjoining claim, and assays have proven it to be as rich as the Treadwell. The season is short and in summer much rain falls. Greatest heat 85 deg. and in winter the greatest cold is 18 deg. below zero. The Yukon can be reached from this district, two rivers, the Chilcoot and Tsileat cutting the coast range and falling into Lynn Channel. From the head of either of these an easy grade takes you to a series of lakes which are the sources of the Tah-Keena river, one of the branches of the Yukon. Gold has been found here in a number of places, but not yet in paying quantities.

The whole coast is a mass of islands and channels presenting unusual facilities for shipping. Several canneries have just been started for the preserving and export of the salmon and other fish of this neighborhood, which are said to be even superior in quality to those of the Columbia or Frazer. Game abounds in this region, and provisions are cheap, as steamers can go right up to Juneau, the present centre of that mining district, but fruit and vegetables are at a premium. Though but little is known of it, the indications are that in mineral wealth alone, this country presents a most enticing field for prospectors, as it would manifestly be of advantage to all concerned in the development of this country. That it should be better known, the local Government should be persuaded to expend at least a part of the money appropriated for exploring purposes, on this unknown land.

A KOOTENAY ADVENTURE.

Amid the many pleasing reminiscences of the Kootenay country, are some that induce a feeling of sadness as we recollect of the suddenness in which a friend or companion was cut off in the prime of life and strength; for there were no weaklings in the mines. The proximity of the dividing line that separated the little bunch of miners from the land of the great republic to the south, made it easy for the evil-disposed to commit any depredation and slip over the line before the process of law could be put in operation. So well did the community know that their safety lay in meting out even-handed justice, that generally the miners acted as judge, jury and executive, when their interference was required.

There are probably many men in the country yet who remember poor Jack Lawson's untimely end. Jack was constable up there, and a jolly fellow, great at an evening party and much respected.

One afternoon he lay taking a nap in the lock-up, when he was awakened by a gentle fanning and humming; and on opening his eyes there was a little

bird, fluttering, poised in air, a few inches from his mouth. Jack lay there and looked at his little visitor, without a wish to disturb or molest him in any way. It never occurred to him to attach any undue importance to the little stranger's visit, nor to wonder how he got into the house, and within the mosquito bar. Jack began to have a feeling of despondence that evening and was unusually dull, and when chaffed about it, said he felt bad; he thought he would get bad news next mail; he was "afraid he would hear of the death of his poor old mother." Judge Gaggin lay at death's door in the next room, and it used to be customary for some one to sit with the judge; for though his time was about up, and he knew it, yet he was in full possession of his mental faculties.

That night some Dutchmen from Colville Valley, came in and laid a charge against one Brown for stealing their horses. Though they dared not ask for, or take their horses, they had followed them into British Territory and now Brown was camped about three miles out, with the horses. Jack determined to go out and arrest him. (Brown was known to be a bad character: had just got out of jail in Lillooet by acting as hang-man.) But how was he to do it? All the government horses were out at Nigger Doc's ranch, and could not be got in before next day. He determined to borrow a mule. Portugee Joe had a mule in. Joe lent his mule readily enough, but when he found out what it was for, he said: "By G—d Jack I wouldn't take dat mule; she's bad luck; last man 'at was on 'er got killed off her back; you can have the mule, if you're a mind to, but I'd rather see you on foot." The recorder thought nothing of that, but he warned Jack that he was taking a useless risk. "He'll be in to camp to-morrow and then we can take him," etc. Jack went in to say "good bye" to the judge and cheer him up with a little pleasant banter, though the judge was not expected to live through the next twenty-four hours. Though he did not know of Jack's errand, he remarked, as he left, "Now be off Jack, I'll outlive you yet," and so he did, for he did not die till two, and Jack was killed at about nine.

Jack mounted and rode off with the Dutchmen and was nearly three miles out when the men said: "That's him. That's him," and Jack drew a bead on the stranger. "Throw up your hands," Brown did so, and Jack, pleased at such an easy capture—as he thought—quietly began to dismount; but had he watched Brown he might have seen him rapidly slip off his mit, and put his hand into his breast under his blankets. He drew out his revolver and fired at Jack, missing him; but the tables were so completely turned on him that he lost his presence of mind and