YEARS' HOODOO.

ia's Magnificent Play, Footballers Win, e to Four.

Tennis Club Re-organ- rosse and Yacht b Meetings.

arch 11.—(Special.)—Vic- agnificent game of Rugby t this afternoon, but they little fluke—a lucky drib- on goal. Although Van- an excellent team, the Vic- ger in the scrum, showed n play, and were in far for a hard game; but, as a marked, "We cannot win We outplay them at we have been hoodooed for-

ted as referee. It rained atch and the ground was sides played with intense land, the Dublin boy, for Victoria in the d the entire team work, faultlessly. Haines particularly distinguished first half was decidedly to Victoria, but both teams Woodward, Senkler, Buell gain and again saving the second half some very bril- made on each side, but ed until fifty minutes of up, when it was forced o the Vancouver's 25 in a ges, where it was heeled Morris made a run and a ss to Foulkes, of tennis le champion flew to win dodging some of Vancou- d landing on the ball be-

econd, five blue bodies had e Ackland to earth, but column was the oblong safe. Most unfortunately not improve on Ackland's

saw Vancouver's chances must win in ten minutes— arry Senkler made a mag- the field to within three but Foulkes collared him, m, amidst tremendous sus- as worked back to centre, dribbled it against the y-five. Here it was heeled n, in front of Harry Alex- peared to be near him and bled the ball to touch, over the line and ground- he great! went wild with delight, bluejackets embraced the won them the day, and d, who had been kicking ough the game, redeemed g a difficult goal, the ap- eased to a screech of joy. fter time was called with

WN TENNIS.

ED FOR THE SEASON.

arch 11.—(Special)—The Tennis Club held their ting at the Agricultural his afternoon, with Mr. F. l in the chair. The report retary, Mr. Edward Mus- eived, as was also the report of the treasurer, balance of $80 in hand. current year were then President, A. Pimbury; er, F. Maitland Dougall; Shaw, J. Musgrave, W. zett and G. Hadwin. Saturday afternoon re- b, so justly celebrated in continued this season, and embers will win further urts before the close of grave, the present lady ish Columbia, is a member Lawn Tennis Club, as was , who held the champion- ntive years.

LACROSSE.

OCIATION MEETING.

NSTER, March 11.—(Special) zie, honorary secretary of mbia Amateur Lacrosse As- led the annual meeting of Saturday, April 8, at 2:30 er. The general conven- ation will be held at 7:30 evening. Each club will tes, who, with last year's ncil, will form the con-

HE FAR NORTH.

ates people are very subject the natural remedy is also ame climate. Dr. Wood's rup cures coughs, colds, , bronchitis and all throat Price 25c. and 50c.

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M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

The Editor Forgot His Dignity but Only for a Moment—Owning Up.

Harold is Gently Reminded not to Trifle with a Young Girl's Affections.

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THE ARIZONA KICKER.

HE EXCUSED US.—One of the members of the common council of the city of Omaha arrived in town the other day, traveling incog., and just as he entered the mayor's office in the town hall we were engaged in pitching a deputy United States marshal through a back window. We felt chagrined to have any stranger catch us off our dignity in that fashion, and doubly so when we learned his identity. The fact is that about a dozen different critters in this town have a hankering to run our office. They take possession of our chair and desk, use our official stationery, and it is rare that we find less than half a dozen cigar stubs lying around

OFF OUR DIGNITY.

on our official papers. As the boys all voted for us, and as some of them backed us when we first appeared in a white shirt and a silk hat, we have been rather easy with them. Three months ago, when we found the coroner with his boot heels on a veto we were preparing, we flung him down stairs and dislocated his shoulder. We hoped the rest of the crowd would take the hint, but it was lost on them. The deputy above mentioned is a good fellow and a regular subscriber to THE KICKER, but a little thick headed. We left the office for half an hour to drive a cowboy out of town, and upon our return found the man lying back in our swing chair with one heel on an official communication to the mayor of St. Louis and the other on an official invitation to visit the mayor of Tucson at an early date. On the impulse of the moment we picked him up and slammed him, and the doctors are still engaged in extracting splinters of window sash from his anatomy. The honorable gentleman from Omaha seemed to tumble to the situation at once, and it wasn't three minutes before we had gained our composure. Omaha was once a border town and had its trials and troubles, and her people will realize that it requires time to get the wheels of civilization in running order.

IN ERROR.—We notice that some of the eastern papers, taking their cue from the sensational article which appeared in the columns of our esteemed contemporary two or three weeks ago, are announcing that the editor of THE KICKER has been stuck to the tune of $10,000 on a breach of promise suit. This is an error, and one calculated to do us an injury. The case referred to was settled out of court for the sum of $65 in cash. We are a single man. We don't deny that we are impressionable. We are ready to admit that there are times when the Goddess of Love seems to get the better of our horse sense. It was so in the case referred to. We fell in love with a widow at first sight. For a time we were so blinded by love that we couldn't detect her bleached hair, her false complexion and the certain air of toughness plain to everybody else. We might as well own up that we were ass enough to write her a love letter and to humiliate ourself by publishing it, as follows:

OFFICE ARIZONA KICKER, Feb. 14.

"MY SWEET ANGEL—I could not sleep last night for thinking of you. Your sylphlike form seemed to be moving about the office. Through the darkness I could see the flash of your hazel eyes. I love you. I want you to be my angel sweet forever and forever. Hand in hand we will go down the path of life together, and each day shall be one long, glad dream. I will be the towering oak, and you shall be the clinging vine. When shall the wedding bells peal forth? Make me the happiest man on earth by setting an early date. I hug you 1,000,000 times. I kiss you 2,000,000 times. I cannot live without you. Can you live without your

TURTLE DOVE?"

We admitted that we were an ass. We now readmit the fact. It's a sort of fever that seizes the average man at times, and he cannot be held accountable. His brains run down into his heels, and a bran mash fills the vacuum in his head. About the time our "sweet angel" entered THE KICKER office and demanded $10,000 cold cash for the above epistle we began to detect her bleached locks and other artificial adornments. We went out of the towering oak business at a gait of 40 miles an hour, and the widow's sylphlike form and hazel eyes faded into dim distance as a cold chill galloped up and down our spinal column. She threatened, and we bluffed. She sued, and we hunted up her record. She offered to settle for $500, and we cut her to $65. That's the whole case in a nutshell. We are still single, but we are not in love. We are not getting up at 3 o'clock in the morning with the thermometer marking 11 degrees below zero to write to any more sweet angels. The wedding bells may peal, but not for us. We've gone out of the hugging and kissing business for good, and callers at the office will no longer find us moody and abstracted, with a melting, faraway look in our eyes.

HOW THEY SEPARATED.

Harold Dubois was an hour late in coming. Ever since 8 o'clock, local time, Vivian Merriweather had been stalking about the parlor of her father's residence like a caged tigress. At a quarter past the hour which usually brought him she had kicked a leg off the tete-a-tete. At half past 8 she had slammed the small clock down on the floor with a scream of fury. Fifteen minutes later she upset three chairs and howled. She had just ripped the Gobelin tapestry from its hangings and wrenched off a doorknob when the well known ring pealed through the house, and Harold stood before her. With a little cry of joy she flew to embrace him, but he waved her away. He had gone into the cold storage business.

"Harold—darling—what has happened?" demanded Vivian as she stood with arms extended.

He was silent, but his breast heaved as if he had a cat tucked away in his bosom and it was trying to get out.

"Harold, your birdie is speaking to you! She chirps for information! Do not keep me in this fearful suspense or I shall perish!"

"Miss Merriweather!" he replied, controlling himself with a great effort, "I have called to say that all is over between us!"

"Oh, Harold!"

"Do not plead with me! I am implacable! Base one, your perfidy is discovered! This afternoon, by mere accident, I met old Jim Schemmerhorn, who knows your whole family like beeswax!"

"Harold, let me nestle!" she pleaded.

"Not a goldurned nestle, Miss Merriweather!" he tenderly answered. "It seems that you have basely deceived me from the beginning! Old Jim says you have been engaged to about 20 different fellows!"

She drew herself up in a queenly way, but made no reply.

"You have also been married twice, and both husbands are divorced from you!"

Her queenly look increased 22 per cent, but she uttered never a word.

"No longer ago than last week," he went on in a voice which seemed made of sheet iron, "you boasted to certain people that you were simply playing me for a saphead, and that when I could no longer lend the old man money and trot you to the theatre you would give me the shake. Thus do I tear you from my heart!"

And he reached into his breast pocket and brought out a scarlet pewviper she had presented him and threw it on the floor.

"Harold Dubois, have you finished?" she coldly asked as he stood panting before her?

"I have!"

"And you no longer love me? You wish to chop our engagement in twain?"

"It is chopped!" he sternly replied.

"Then we'll have a little circus, my boy!"

Saying which she sprang forward and caught him by his manly throat. He was powerless in her grasp. She banged him against a cabinet of curios, dashed him against inlaid doors, mopped him over Persiam prayer rugs and slammed him athwart the massive marble mantel. He gurgled for mercy, but she had no mercy in her heart. He shouted for help, but her mother had rheumatism, and her father was at the Fifth ward caucus. At length, after the circus had lasted two or three hours, she opened the front door, kicked with both feet at once, and Harold Dubois shot out into the darkness of the evening. Not one word had she uttered during the performance. It was only after he had partly revived and jumped a 12-foot fence and disappeared from her sight forever that she drew a long breath, reached around and grabbed her stately train and murmured:

"Let this be a lesson to you, young man, never to trifle with a young girl's affections again! Hannah, bring a light that I may see if any small change was rattled out of his pockets!"

HIS AWFUL REVENGE.

I had stopped a colored woman in front of the courthouse to make an inquiry, and as we were talking along came a very tall and ungainly colored man, who seemed to be laboring under considerable excitement.

"Miss Johnsin, kin I spoke to yo'?" he queried as he halted.

THIS IS HOW THEY SEPARATED.

"Yes, sah," she replied. "Yo' kin spoke right yere if yo' dun want to say sumthin."

"I'd radder spoke to yo' in private."

"Yo' can't do it! What yo' want to say?"

"Miss Johnsin," he said after fidgeting about for a moment, "did yo' go to de pa'ty wid dat nigger Richards last night?"

"Yes, sah."

"And did he buy ice cream and candy?"

"Yes, sah."

"An took yo' to supper?"

"Yes, sah."

"An danced ebery dance wid yo'?"

"Yes, sah."

"An when yo' was walkin home did he dun put his arm around yo' and talk luv an ax yo' to marry him?"

"Yes, sah."

"An did yo' promise?"

"I did, an what yo' gwine ter do 'bout it?"

"What I gwine ter do 'bout it? What I gwine ter do? I'ze gwine ter git revenge! I'ze gwine ter make it so drefful bad fur yo' dat yo'll wish yo'd nebber bin bo'n!"

"Hu! How yo' gwine to do dat? Gwine to slash me wid a razor?"

"No, ma'am! I'ze gwine to do wuss'n dat! I'ze gwine right up an git married to yo'r mudder, an afore night I'll be yo'r stepfather an make de face of dis airth so hot fur yo' dat yo' will be callin upon de Lawd fur mercy! Good mawnin, Miss Johnsin! I'll see you later!"

HE HIT A SHELL.

While rambling over the battlefield of Chancellorsville I fell in with a one-armed negro man who was picking up bullets on a field lately harrowed. After some general conversation I queried:

"I suppose you colored people picked up a great deal of stuff here soon after the battle?"

"Heaps an heaps, sah."

"Did you gather up any shells?"

"Did yo' notice de perspicuous absence ob my left arm, sah?"

"Yes, I noticed that you had lost it. How did it happen?"

"By one of dem shells, sah. It was what dey call a discussion shell."

"You mean percussion."

"Reckon dat's it. It was a shell frowed by Mars Hooker at Mars Stunwall Jackson, but it didn't dun bust when it fell. One day my boy Reuben he dun found it an brought it up to my cabin ober dar. Says I:

"'Boy, what you dun got dar? I nebber did see no cannon ball like dat befo'. Wonder what dem Yankees dun bin gittin up dis time?"

"'Fadder,' says Reuben, 'I reckon dis yere am jest chuck full ob powder fur dat ole gun ob yo'rs. Git de ax an smash him on de p'int. Mebbe we gwine to find some greenbacks inside, too.'

"Waal, sah, I jest walked all around dat shell an looked at him from ebery side. Dar wasn't any sign on him ob 'Look Out Fur de Locomotive!' but I sorter reckoned dar was wickedness hid away dar sumwhar. De ole woman cum an looked at it, an bimeby she dun believed wid Reuben dat dar was Yankee greenbacks bottled up inside. Seems like I looked at dat ole shell two hours

"AN DID YOU PROMISE?"

befo' I dun told Reuben to git de ax. 'But dat time long cum a nigger named Carter, an he said it was a canteen 'stead ob a shell, an dat we'd bust it open to find whisky."

"But didn't you know a canteen from a shell?"

"No, sah. Niggers didn't dun know nuffin 't all dem days. De ole woman an Reuben an Carter got clus up, an I hit dat discushun eand wid de ax."

"And what happened?"

"She sploded. Nobody never did find a single piece ob Reuben, an what dey found ob Carter an de ole woman wouldn't hev filled dis ole hat. I was dun blowed a mile high, had dat arm blowed off, an it was moas' a y'ar befo' I could walk around ag'in. I hain't as good a man as I was befo' I dun hanled off an hit dat shell, but I'ze got jest fo'ty times as much sense in my head. Mebbe it was all fur be best. If things hadn't disrupted like dey did, I should hev probably continered to be jest a common nigger, wid no mo' percolashun 'bout me dan a distinguished mewl."

M. QUAD.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

Three Weeks on an Iceberg—Through the Mist.

[Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.]

The noon observation had placed us 80 miles south of Cape Farewell, and from the crow's nest there were five large icebergs in sight. The wind had been dying away for the last couple of hours, and at length as we rounded the west side of a great berg it fell a dead calm, and about two miles away we beheld another whaler. It was early spring at the cape, but a finer day in that latitude no sailor ever saw. The sun shone bright and warm, the air was balmy, and except for the icebergs there was no reminder of the season and its dangers.

Our bark was the John Stafford of New Bedford and the other craft proved to be the Mermaid of Liverpool. When the whaling ships can make it convenient to do so, they always board each other and compare notes, exchange books and papers, and if one ship is lacking in medicines or supplies the other always sells her what is needed. It had been seven months since any of us had seen a strange face, and all were highly delighted at the idea of a "gam," or visit. No matter if only five or six out of our crew of fifty could go, they would exchange our books and bring back all the news. Ten minutes after we caught sight of the brig her captain was on his way to pay our captain a call. Our chief officer, Mr. Davis, thus obtained permission to pull off to the stranger. Indeed, it was etiquette that we should make the exchange. While the four of us who were to go with the mate were cleaning up and rigging out in our best he was getting the boat ready. When we came on deck, we found the men slyly poking fun at Old Careful, as Mr. Davis had been nicknamed. He had stocked the boat as if intending to make a voyage of a thousand miles. He had once been cast away and undergone great suffering, and after that he would not even lower for a whale without having his boat provisioned. While he was a splendid sailor and a fine officer, and while every one gave him credit for bravery, this notion of his was considered "womanish" and held in contempt.

We reached the stranger after a pull of 10 or 12 minutes over a sea almost as quiet as a millpond, and for two hours were royally entertained. We did not put off until the captain's boat returned. He sent to Captain Clark a jar of pickles, six cans of preserved peaches, a pound of tobacco and a smoked ham. What articles were given him in exchange I did not learn, but it was a "dicker" between the two captains. When we left the brig the sky was as clear and the sun as bright as you ever saw them. We had not pulled half the distance when a squall came down on us from the north with the speed of a bullet. There was not the slightest warning of what was coming. In an instant the sky grew dark, and the squall struck, and before we had pulled three times our length it was snowing as no man ever saw the flakes come down except off Cape Horn. The squall caught both ships totally unprepared, and both suffered considerable damage.

It wasn't two minutes before the spray was flying over us, and to save the boat from foundering she had to be brought head to the north. The fierce gusts seemed to dig great holes in the water, and we dropped from one into another in a way to startle everybody. The bark was due west of us and a mile away when the squall struck. Even if she could have held her position we could not have reached her. Had the light craft been brought broadside to the gusts she would have been upset in a trice. A sailor is always proud of his officers when they prove themselves sailorly men. I have always remembered with pride how quickly Mr. Davis grasped the situation. We were pulling four oars. Under his order they were lashed together and flung overboard for a drag inside of two minutes. Almost any other mate would have made a push for the bark, and thereby met with disaster. With her head to the wind the boat rode like a duck, but while the sea was struggling to get up it did seem as if she would be knocked to pieces in the turmoil. If you were to be seated in a box and drawn over the surface of a mountain, you would find it a pretty fair comparison. If you were standing on the walk and a man were cleaning a house roof of snow, you would get no more of it than fell upon us. We had to throw the water out with the bailers and the snow with out hands or find the boat sinking under us.

"It's not so bad as it looks," said Mr. Davis to us as the sea began to get up and the boat rode easier. "The chances are that the squall won't last long, and we shall find the old barkie in sight when the sun comes out again."

We felt that we might almost count on that, and yet we were doomed to disappointment. There wasn't over an hour of daylight left us when the squall came down, and when night fell the gusts had settled down into a steady gale. The snowstorm passed away with the puffs and gusts, and then, of course, we looked for the lights of the ships. No one was more than temporarily disappointed that we could not make them out. We would drive much faster than the bark or brig if they lay to, and if they had to run before it they were miles ahead of us to the south. At about 6 o'clock each man snugged down to make himself as comfortable as possible, and it was an hour later when the roar of breakers came to our ears. Every one instantly divined that we were drifting down upon an iceberg, and that we were also perfectly helpless in the matter. To have pulled in that drag would have been fatal. Before the oars could have been detached and flung out the boat would have been in the trough of the sea. Perhaps every man was praying to his God as the roaring drew nearer and the ghostly glare of the berg came to us through the darkness. We missed the northwest corner of the berg by not more than 20 feet, and the spray of a breaking wave half filled our craft.

We drifted along in sight of the great island of ice for 10 minutes before reaching its southern face, and then a current drew us into the lee of it, and we knew that we were temporarily saved. Now we got in our drag and put out the oars, and after rowing to the east for about a mile we found an inlet or bay and ran in and made fast. This bay extended back into the berg a quarter of a mile and was about 100 feet in width. It was like a river flowing down to the sea through great cliffs. We were perfectly sheltered here, and by the light of the boat's lantern we made a hearty meal off our provisions and then turned in for an all night's sleep. The weather had become freezing cold, but all were warmly clad, and we had the sail of the boat to cover us in. We could hear the wind howling above us and feel the berg tremble as the great waves flung themselves against the opposite face, but every man slept till daylight without a break. I have called the mass of ice an iceberg. Perhaps "ice island" would be a better term for it, as when we came to inspect it by daylight we found it to be over a mile long on each face. It was as if two bergs had stood still within a mile of each other until field ice had wedged between and frozen solid. The bergs were two mountains, and the field ice was the plain between, only the plain was great cakes of ice heaped up in the grandest confusion.

The gale was still piping away and a tremendous sea running when we awoke, and of course we had no thought of leaving the shelter we had so luckily discovered. The first move after breakfast was to get to the top of the nearest mountain and have a look for the ships. Mr. Davis took this task upon himself, but he made no discovery to reward his efforts. He, however, got a good idea of the size and lay of our island and selected a place for landing. When he returned we left the bay and pulled along to the east and landed upon a sort of shelf. We had the material at hand to build a hut, and before noon we had an ice cabin big enough to comfortably hold the five of us and the stores from our boat. While the stores were being unloaded Mr. Davis and I made our way over the hummocks to the north, to a heap of driftwood he had caught sight of when on the mountain. We found three or four dwarf pines, a log, two planks from a ship's bottom, portions of a cook's galley, two wood bottomed chairs and a broken cabin table. Those things told of a wreck, but we did not extend our search until three days later. The temperature began to fall, the wind to veer to the northwest, and by the time we had made two trips for fuel we were driven to the hut for shelter. We started a fire and blocked the entrance, but so intense was the cold when night came that not a man could have lived out doors for five minutes. Next day it grew somewhat warmer, but the gale increased to a hurricane, and it was impossible to move out. On the next the gale blew itself out, and we had rain, which froze as it fell. When we finally got out to make a further search of the island for wreckage, we solved the fate of the ship Golden Horn of New London, which had been missing for five years and was thought to be frozen up in the polar sea. We found one of her staved boats, the mate's chest, her maintopmast, two cabin chairs, and, strangest of all finds, a mirror 3 feet long by 20 inches wide, which had hung in her cabin. The name of the ship was painted on the frame of the mirror. How a thing of that sort could have knocked about the icefields without the glass being even cracked is a matter to excite wonder, but that same glass is hanging to-day in the office of a fish warehouse in Eastport, Me.

When the weather finally cleared away, our chances of rescue by either one of the ships had become almost hopeless. If not badly damaged themselves, they would certainly look for us, but we were now so far south that the whole sea was covered with floating ice, and icebergs were to be seen in every direction. It would be almost suicidal to follow us into the icefields, and Mr. Davis plainly told us that our fate lay in our own hands. What we could do to help ourselves, however, was the question. To leave the berg would be to freeze to death in the boat. To stick by it would be to drift with the gales and soon consume our last morsel of food. The mate now made an inventory of all our possessions, and it was figured that the five of us could live for four weeks on what provisions we had. This would cut every man terribly short, but would sustain life. If the winds were not too furious, the current sweeping down through Davis strait would carry us into the north Atlantic, and once down as far as the coast of Labrador we stood a good show of being rescued.

The storm I have described proved to be the tail end of winter. On the sixth day the weather became so mild that the ice began to melt, and Mr. Davis told us that our island had been caught in the current of the strait and was drifting south at the rate of two miles an hour. We were in peril now from the breaking up of the mass. On that same sixth day it turned completely around, and a great rift appeared right through the center. We launched the boat and pulled to what I called the east mountain. This was blue-white ice from a glacier. In size at the base it would have covered 20 acres of land, while its highest point from the water was fully 200 feet. When the field ice connecting it with the other berg should break up, this big lump would be in nowise affected. By noon of the seventh day we had transferred ourselves to the berg and erected another shelter, and we were not an hour too soon. The rift through the center continued to widen and deepen, and by and by there was a great crash, and the two bergs were separated. The waves then made short work of the fringe hanging to their bases. Before sundown our majestic berg had no encumbrance and was drifting along so steadily that it was hard to believe it was afloat. For three days and nights nothing happened worth relating, except that we harpooned and secured two seals as they crawled upon a ledge on the sunny side of the berg. As the winds were light our craft had no motion except with the current. On the morning of the fourth day, before daylight had yet come, our craft crashed into a berg which had probably grounded, and our escape from instant destruction was miraculous. The south side, or a large portion of it was split off, leaving our hut standing on the very edge of a cliff 60 feet high. We had to cut our way through the back wall to escape. Our boat went with the ice, and within two hours the berg heeled over on its side. This movement took place very slowly and brought us on the crest of the lump, instead of being on a shelf near the water. We soon had another hut up and our goods inside of it, and next day we made another strange find.

Inclosed in that portion of the berg which must have been 40 feet under water before the collision was a native Greenlander in full dress, with a sealing spear in his hand. Instead of being on his feet his position was reversed. We figured that in crossing some glacier he had pitched forward into a rift, though when we chopped him out we could not find that he had been injured by the fall. His eyes were open, his lips slightly parted, and but for his stiffness one would have been inclined to speak to him. We could not get the spear without knocking off his hand, and so we did not take it. We got his knife and a sort of gamebag, however, and also some handmade horn buttons from his clothing. He might have been dead one year or 100 years for all we could tell, as the ice would have preserved the body indefinitely. We heaved it into the sea after awhile, and it disappeared from sight like a stone. For the next eight days we moved steadily southward with the current, and the weather continued to grow milder. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the ninth day we sighted a sail, made a smoke as a signal and at noon were taken off safe and sound by the brig Frost King, bound from St. John's, N. F., to the Shetland islands. It was a year before we heard from the two whaling ships. Both were sadly knocked about in the furious gale, but both weathered it, and so it came about that the loss of the yawl was the only one sustained throughout the whole adventure.

THROUGH THE MIST.

We could see Indian scouts to the number of a dozen when we went into camp for the night on the banks of the Rio Pecos, and no one doubted that a body of at least 200 warriors was within striking distance. If they attacked us, we would beat them off. If they failed to attack us, we should get a full night's rest. That was about the way we reasoned, and no one was inclined to borrow trouble.

Twenty guards were drawn for the campfire on a side. Those on the bank of the river had the shelter of trees, but all others stood out in the open. It was a starlight, chilly night, with a mist rising from the earth. Sometimes, from my position on the east side of camp from 10 o'clock to midnight, I could catch glimpses of the horses on the line, while again I could not have seen a man 10 feet away. Half an hour after 10 o'clock the camp was as quiet as a graveyard. The fires had burned down, the men had rolled themselves up in their blankets until only their faced showed, and when one of the tired horses sighed out now and then the sound gave every sentinel an unpleasant sensation. You stared into the mist till your eyes ached, but you saw nothing but mist. You listened so intently that you found yourself standing on your toes, but you heard only the monotonous chirp of the crickets and the faraway howl of coyotes. All of a sudden, as a clock might cease ticking, every cricket stopped his song, and then the silence made your flesh creep. They stopped as if by signal, and you couldn't help your heart jumping while the insects waited for the signal to begin again. Sometimes a coyote would sing out not more than 50 feet away, and you could hear him sniff as he smelled the smoke or the remnants of supper. His outcry would almost lift you off your feet, and before you knew it your gun would be at your face. The more distant howls had a terribly lonesome sound, and yet, knowing how closely the redskins imitate them, you wondered if they were not signals and what each howl signified.

The relief guard stationed new men at midnight, while the old ones dropped down around the guard tent to catch what sleep they could. At 2 o'clock we are aroused, and the half awake men yawn and stretch and follow the corporal into the misty darkness. The man on post No. 1 challenges and is relieved. So with Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5. That accounts for the north side of the camp. No. 6 is the first man on the east side. There is no challenge. We advance to find him lying at full length on the ground. "Sound asleep!" mutter half a dozen men, but it is not so. He has been shot through the body with an arrow and is stone dead. We feel our way through the darkness to post No. 7. No challenge! The sentinel is dead with an arrow in his throat. So at Nos. 8, 9 and 10—every man down, every man a corpse—each one falling and dying without a cry.

The camp is alarmed, and every man turned out for the expected attack. It does not come. The sentinels are doubled, and the hours wear away till daylight comes. There is no one in sight. Men would say it was all a dream but for the five corpses lying in a row and covered with blankets. Our scouts move to the east to investigate. Fifteen rods beyond the sentinel line is a ridge rising from the level ground like a breastwork and extending for half a mile either way. Behind that ridge more than 300 Indian warriors had gathered for an attack. Not the twang of a bow string had been heard—not a groan or a fall. The whole force would have crept softly down over the dead bodies of the sentinels and found every soul in camp asleep and helpless. A yell, a rush, and our expedition would have been recorded as wiped off the face of the earth.

M. QUAD.

A Bad Cold

If not speedily relieved, may lead to serious issues. Where there is difficulty of breathing, expectoration, or soreness of the throat and bronchial tubes, with a constantly irritating cough, the very best remedy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It removes the phlegm, soothes irritation, stops coughing, and induces repose. As an emergency medicine, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral should be in every household.

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FOR GENTLEMEN!

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NOTICE.

The partnership heretofore existing under the name of Reid & Johnston, of Quesnelle Mouth, district of Cariboo, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the late firm are to be paid to James Reid, who will assume all liabilities of the same.

JAMES REID, W. A. JOHNSTON.

Witness, GEO. B. CLARKE. ja20-1m-d&w

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