FIBRE WARE. Some ken. We use nothing but ibre, pressed into shape nd Indurate it by a patent o heat, cold and liquids. imparts no taste or small htest, sweetest and 'most

S AND COUGHS nt. He had lived in this prov

ears and besides his official pohad a half interest in one of ranches in Chilliwack. other of the Rev. Donald Mac lictoria.

d Case of an Old Miner. nt Langley and Provincial Con oosen had quite an experience rday. They started out in a Sooke lake to bring in an old ed Baade, who is reported very ithout food. Shortly after they arson's Bridge obstacles Over a foot of snow hindered ess. The snow became deeper er and a large number of trees the roadway. Beyond Gold ne snow became still deepe large trees finally blocked the hey abandomed the buggy and rse along for four miles They endeavored to make thence to Baade's cabin or river over a narrow ut the trail was soon lost in snow, and they returned ke for a guide. No one would Am old resident of the place would not take \$50 and make The rescuing party to Victoria, and they had alpleasant an experience return ng. They learned at Sook there were miners on the

er near the old man. melts the police will make an rt to reach him. Old Fred ha hing gold on the Leech no or nine years, but the prec now far from plentiful m. He was one of those w in the rush to the Leech rs ago, when there was pay for washing. he had mined in Caribo Stickeen, and still earlier ha on the old Hudson Bay steam nere. He mined in Caribo l years before returning e he is now stranded.

ing residents of Roberts, Ga., g of forming a club, and as er of the organization marries are to give him \$5 each.

experience com

miners. Baade is a native of

and is about 65 years of

s-an

wers' association has been Dresden. No man can join wife is dead, and if he marhe becomes an honorary mem-One of the chief purpose eciation is to help newly-made by looking after their wives caring for their children vill also meet for mutual symentertainment. There are members



SMITH, of Towanda, Pa. onstitution was completely down, is cured by Ayer's illa. He writes:

ight years, I was, most of the reat sufferer from constipadney trouble, and indigesthat my constitution seemed apletely broken down. I was o try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and rly seven bottles, with such results that my stomach, nd kidneys are in perfect conin all their functions, as as clock-work. At the time aking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my as only 129 pounds: I now can 9 pounds, and was never in so lth. If you could see me beafter using, you would want traveling advertisement. this preparation of Sarsaparilla best in the market to-day."

's Sarsaparilla y Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. others, will cure you AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

News of the Week From the Upper Country Papers.

MANY SNOW SLIDES ALONG THE LINE

Timber Wolves Numerous in the Slocar Country-Death of a Poincer at Golden Railway and Navigation Notes-

(Nakusp Ledge.)

Work at the Mines.

W. C. McLean expects to finish his contract on the railroad in a few days. The Hall company is applying to the gislature for permission to put a tram e from the Silver King to some point or near Nelson; also to erect concen electrical and smelting works. A big body of high grade ore has been ruck in the 50 foot tunnel now being on the Noble Five mine. Ore is so constantly being taken from the uplevel, and the owners expect to have last of their 1000 tons shipment out Kaslo by the first of March.

H. C. Carpenter, of Three Forks, was passenger in from the coast on the Arw on Monday. He reported Victoria as being excessively dull, with many failures; while Vancouver on the other hand was full of life.

One of the Slocan miners who makes his headquarters in Spokane is W. S. O'Brien, owner of the Chicago, who has returned to the city for the winter. to has unlimited faith in the mines and not afraid to back up his faith with

'At the present time there are 19 mines apping ore," said Mr. O'Brien, "and 15 hers are being worked although they re not ready to ship. It is safe to say at as many more claims will be opened during the coming summer, and the output will be far more than doubled ext winter. At a rough estimate from fifteen to twenty thousand tons of gal-ena will be taken out this winter. The average values range from \$100 to \$250 Taking the minimum amount and value, this winter's work will proluce \$1,500,000 worth of lead and silver. And yet the district was a howling wildernes only eighteen months ago."

Returns have been received of an asof ore from the Reno mine, the second extension from the Surprise, showing 527 ounces of silver and \$61 in gold. This claim is owned by Russell Bros., of

Last week the train service on the Revelstoke & Arrow Lake railway from Revelstoke to Green Slide, was discontinued for the winter, as it is not expected that any more freight will come in by that route. What freight was at Revelstoke for Kootenay points has been brought down to the end of the track, whence teams are hauling it to the lake. The express matter will not be brought lown till navigation is resumed in the spring. All the supplies required by the raders on that railway will be freighted rom Revelstoke, the first team being exected through yesterday. The clearing of the right of way is being vigorously rosecuted, together with the grading and the bed will be ready for the irons as soon as the snow melts off. The steamer Arrow will run to the head of the lake all winter, carrying passengers and freight so that it will be a comparatively easy

final touches on the station house. Messrs. Daly and Osler were well eased with the work performed by the intractors on the railway east of Slocan ake, and which they inspected last week. Grev wolves abound in the neighborood of the Narrows, generally travelling packs of 20 or 30. It is a dangerous indertaking for any of the ranchers to e out alone after dark because of the rutes, which are said to be in a fiercely venous condition.

Word has been received of a strike of ralena on the right of way of the railway, but a short distance from the town, an assay of which went upwards of 200 unces in silver.

Nakuspites experienced some sharp weather at the end of last week, followed by heavy falls of snow on Sunday and Monday. Thursday night the thermoneter registered 5 degrees below zero,

the coldest of the season. The steamers Nelson and Spokane have een engaged transporting ore from Kas-Five Mile Point for shipment over the Nelson & Fort Sheppard. One hundred and fourteen tons were taken out

by the latter and 64 by the former in one day. Upwards of a ton of mail consigned to this place has been accumulating at Rev-

elstoke during the past three weeks. In requesting the discontinuance of the advertisement calling attention to the sailings of the steamer William Hunter on Slocan lake, the manager states that there is no likelihood of any passenger traffic again until spring."

Last week the proprietors of the Comque at Kaslo was fined \$50 for showing without paying the regular fee of \$10 a night imposed by a recently passed civic ordinance. The entire legal profession of the city were in attendance at the trial.

Davie is the name of a new town shortly to be placed on the market. It is situated on Kootenay Lake, two miles from Pilot bay. Yet another is that of Dvansport, lying at the mouth of the rm, about 12 miles from the head of pper Arrow lake.

(Kootenay Star.) At a meeting of the directors of the Revelstoke Printing and Publishing Co. n Tuesday, Mr. W. M. Brown was electd managing director and Mr. A. H. Hollich secretary.

Hugh Mackenzie, who has been cutting wood at the camp about a mile up the river for some time past, was brought to own last Saturday on a toboggan by ome of his fellow workmen. He was suffering from acute rheumatism and was quite helpless. J. D. Macdonald and two three friends canvassed the hotels and usiness places in town and collected nite a sum of money on behalf of Macwho was sent to Kamloops hospi-

Sunday night. The little screw steamer Arrow which was built at Revelstoke, is making daily trips from Nakusp to the head of the lake, connecting with the eleigh road from the Green Slide. During the soft weather she is able to reach a point three miles this side of Bannock Point, where the water is deep and never freezes. She has been carrying 30 passengers at one

McGillivray went to Nakusp on Wednesday to pay off the men employed

on the N. & S. railway. Several have arrived up during the past few lays-25 at the Stockholm, 16 at the Central and 8 at the Columbia. About 100 are expected up to-day.

The recent warm weather has been the cause of several snow slides and washouts on the C. P. R. both east and west. Small slides occurred at the summit of the Selkirks, and a large one at the 13th crossing of the Illecillewaet, washouts and mudslides at Lytton and Spuzzum, a few miles west of Kamloops, and trains have been delayed in consequence. But the greatest delay was caused by deep snow and drifts at Swift Current on the plains. Friday night's mail from the east was delivered here on Sunday, and Saturday's and Sunday's mails from the

west reached here Monday. A meeting of the Selkirk Snowshoe and Toboggan Club was held last night, at which Mr. J. W. Haskins was elected cantain and Mr. W. G. Paxton honor iry secretary and treasurer. It was arranged to hold the toboggan meetings each Saturday evening and the snowshoe tramps on Monday evenings during the season

John Hector, bartender at the Prospect Hotel, Nakusp, was stabbed by a Finlander last Monday afternoon. Hec tor had put a man out of the house for creating a disturbance, and when outside the Finlander drew a long knife and made a vicious stab at Hector, cutting a deep gash in the upper part of the left arm. The Finlander was brought before the magistrate at Nakusp next day and received a sentence of six months'

(Golden Era.) The Upper Columbia company have determined to establish a telephone exchange, if enough subscribers can be obtained to pay the current expenses. The annual charge will be \$15.

At a quarter past 12 on Sunday night, Archie McMurdo, pioneer prospector of East Kootenay, died in the hospital of Bright's disease. He belonged to Prince Edward Island and came to British Columbia about eleven years ago from Mon-Since that time his name has been connected with some of the rich est finds in this district. Only a few years ago he sold a promising claim, the International to a Toronto syndicate.

A club has been organized in Mission City with a membership of 25. The club occupies temporary rooms in the Bank Block, but the committee is endeavoring to secure a suitable building for future occupancy. As soon as that is secured they will give a grand ball and supper, which will be free to all those invited.

Messrs. Bain and Boyd of Nicomen Island, were visitors to this city last Wednesday. They claim that if they had a bridge across the slough that they could transact all their business at this place, anyway they should have a bridge and an outlet. If our representatives had paid more attention to these absolute requirements the people would feel more grateful to them than they now do. Horace Chamberlain Clark and Miss Emma Rachel Gillman were united in the holy bonds of matrimony Saturday. January 13th, at Nicomen Island, at the residence of the bride's mother. officiating clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Winslow of this city. The bachelors are passing away one by one.

GENERAL DISPATCHES

matter to communicate with the outside. News in Brief From Various Parts of the

J. McMartin has finished his main con Berlin, Jan. 18.—The Cologne Sazette tract on the railway at Three Forks, confirms the report that the Russian government has applied to the government of Greece for the keys to the extensive naval magazine on the Island of Paros in the Grecian archipelago. The island was formerly used by the Russians as a naval depot, and the present application is made on the ground that the Russian government is desirous of replenishing the storehouse. The government has not yet arrived at a decision in the matter, as the question of the ownership of the land upon which the buildings stand is in dispute. It is also understood that the government of Greece is consulting with the powers as to what action they should take in the matter.

Philadelphia, Jan. 18.-George W. Childs, the philanthropist and editor and proprietor of the Public Ledger, is said to e seriously ill, and grave fears are entertained with regard to his condition. Persons who profess to be correctly informed, say Mr. Childs was unconscious for more than an hour after an attack of vertigo at his office this afternoon, and intimate that it was apopleacic in

its nature. Rome, Jan. 19.—The Alpine troops who were ordered to Carrara have arrived These troops are accustomed to operations in the mountains and their services will be invaluable in dealing with the band of Anarchists who have sought refuge in the mountains about Carrara and Massa di Carrara. All the mountain passes are now guarded, and it is evidently the intention of the military authorities to starve the anarchists out The passage of food or provisions of any kind into the mountains is prohibited. Gattoni, the anarchist leader, was captured last night. On the whole the situation is now better. A large number of the workingmen who have joined the anarchists through fear of them, and who had to quit work when told to do so, have gone back to their employment knowing that they will be protected by the police. London, Jan. 19 .- Hundreds of persons gathered in the cemetery at Burton-on-Trent to-day to attend the funeral of Town Councillor Charles Wileman. When the members of the family were about to take a last look at Wileman's face before the coffin lid should be screwed down, two persons said they saw signs of life. Physicians who were summoned ronounced Mr. Wileman alive. The funeral service was suspended and the crowd was dismissed. Mr. Wileman was

medical treatment. Paris, Jan 19.-The remains of Tex-Minister Waddington was conveyed to Chapelle de la Grande Armee on Wednesday, where the funeral services were Among those present at the funeral were President Carnot and a large number of the senators and deputies. Premier Casimir-Perier, Leon Say, Baron de Courcel and three senators acted as pall-bearers.

taken from the coffin and is now under

London, Jan. 18.-Lord Hannen, Lord of Appeal in Ordinary and Behring Sea arbitration, continues to lose strength. He is restless and suffers much pain. Paris, Jan. 19.-Ex-Minister Meline has been elected president of the standing committee on customs of the Chamber of Deputies. M. Meline is a strict pro-



SPECIMEN.

"Tales of Ten Travellers Series."

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

"La paz de Dios sea en esta casa!" donkey, and Matagas had conducted the (The peace of God be upon your house!) professor to a comfortable hut. Water "Y venga con voz!" (Come you with and wine were first brought, and then that blessing!)

The little gray old man who had utmoonlight which poured through the rifts patronizingly to remain. of the giant forest trees there in the alern Cuba.

The very radiance of the moonlight added years in appearance to the weebegone face of the rider, despite his deep and almost sparkling black eyes. It silvered the white of his hair, the gray of his | Indeed, would not Matagas permit him to travel-stained clothing and ponderous patched panniers, while what little of the shaggy hair of the donkey, whose head was already touching the ground with slumbrous intent, could be seen, took on the same weird and spectral appearance. Stranger still in the moonlight was the figure confronting them. It was of a bareheded and barefooted man, clad in black-mot linen and the skins of wild beasts. He was almost a giant in height, huge of frame, and his great round head, uriously begrimed, was nearly covered

black hair. Though his left hand was extended with a gesture of friendliness, in his right was grasped a Cuban machete at least three feet in length, whose twoedged blade was as broad as its owner's tremendous palm. The arm that held this savage weapon was mighty and corded, and the timorous rider suddenly reflected that despite the man's hearty welcome, this arm and blade could in a twinkling sever his own and his donkey's heads at

one swift stroke. "Hagame el favor de comido y refugiar?" (May I crave food and shelter?) asked the rider in a quavering tone of supplication.

"Desmontesen y tomen los dos ambos!" (Dismout and receive both!) responded the immovable figure with the machete

The little old man was not yet sure of his strange host. He looked anxiously about him upon the night fires of a weird and unaccountable camp. He seemed about to turn and plunge down the tortuous way he had come. Then with a glance at his jaded beast he began, without dismounting and as if completely distraught, a stream of personal explanations in a most lugubrious and disheart-

ened tone of voice. "Good sir, I am Don Eduardo zales—Professor Gonzales, of the Royal University of Havana. I am sometimes known among my fellows as a naturalist -more often I am known," he concluded," as if recollecting his present forlorn and helpless condition, and as he saw the man before him was grinning broadly, "by the merry routh of Havana as a dots, charcoal burners and wood choppers, foolish old ass. They are right, sir; they they were now, here and there in the are right. I without your generous aid countless and almost maccessible Cuban I shall never return to dear Havana with

these precious specimens!" entirely, and after affectionately and whimperingly patting the ragged panniers wiped a tear or two from his dusty eyes, gave his donkey a vicious dig with his heel, as though that patient animal were the cause of all his misfortunes; and turned to the huge forester with an air of supreme resignation, which plainly "Professor or ass, my race is run. said: I am ready for food and shelter or drawing and quartering at once. Whichever it is to be, make no delay!"

"A sad history!" said the forester, still smiling. I am also feared and hated by some, called a fool by others. But I am free and happy here in the mountains with my comrades; while you-Bien!caramba!-you are still a slave!"

Don Eduardo drew himself up as haughtily as his sore limbs would permit. but the other continued, scarcely noticing the unconscious assertion of professional dignity, as he threw the panniers over his arm and began leading the donkey and its rider into the camp, "You have heard of Matagas?" "Jesu!-Maria! You are not Matagas, the outlaw?"

"Si si senor: none other." The old don trembled violently, ould have fallen to the ground had not Matagas supported him. "And worth, that is, my head is worth twenty thousand pesos to any one who will present it safey with his compliments to His Excellency Governor-Gen-

eral Sebas Marin.' The professor groaned outright. "Have no fear; have no fear. We are all honest carboneros here," continued Matagas soothingly. "Look there beside that choza. Do you see? There is my wife Tomasa. There is my daughter good for-nothing, bird-catching Juanita. Reassured, the don peered sharply among the camp fires and huts. He saw a yellow old crone dozing in the shadow of a hut door, and a beautiful girl of splendid stature sitting beside her, softly thrumming a guitar, while a score of strange birds flew in and out of rude willow cages, hanging against an old tree trunk, now and then poising and tilting about her head, her arms and Fear instantly departed from the old man's face and his dark eyes lighted

"Six-seven-nine!" he broke forth in almost boyish glee. "And not one in my collection!"

Matagas turned quickly and almost savagely, but observing the naturalist's eyes alone gloating over the twittering birds, he smiled again, and nodding his head a little said sadly and ruminatively, Yes, yes. I understand it somewhat. I was once in the Royal University;" and then aloud to the don, "You see you are as safe with us as in your own bed. Even Matagas could not harm a guest

where these are, Don Eduardo? "No, mo, no!" responded the professor, mpetuously, as though the outlaw thought only of the birds, and alighting from his donkey with youthful alacrity, "I pray you to take me at once to Juan its and the birds?"

"Manana!-manana! To-morrow, senor -Juanita and the birds will wait. You shall first have food and rest."

osme substantial food. As the don ray enously began his meal the outlaw started tered the invocation and the little gray to withdraw; but his guest, now that the old donkey beneath him, were sorry look- genial influence of wine and ungrudging ing objects in the wondrous summer night | hospitality was upon him, begged him

Where might he be? How many folk most unknown mountain district of south- were in the outlaw's band? How far could it be to Cienfuegos, to Trinidad, to Guines, to Havana? Would Juanita spare him some of her specimens? Were there strange and peculiar beasts, reptiles, insects, birds and floral near the camp? unpack his panniers that his host might enjoy a view of his splendid specimens there at once? These and countless other questions fell garrulously from the pro-

fessor's lips. Many were deftly parried, some were answered unhesitatingly; others were silently tolerated, until with a kindly shrug of his shoulders, as though the old don's childish simplicity and endless contemplation of his single life aim had put him quite outside the metes and bounds of other men's measurement, he bade the a wiry beard and shocky, glossy absorbed naturalist a kindly "Bueno noche!" and took his way to his own little

hut. There in the firelight a moment later he could have been seen explaining it all to Tomasa and Juanita; tapping his shaggy head significantly; making many merry and derisive gestures towards Juanita's bird cages, his stout sides shaking with laughter; while old Tomasa's face slowly changed from merriment to something akin to passive reflection; and the face of the girl beside her, at first as mirthful as her mother's, settled gradually into a grave, glowing look of ineffable hunger and desire that had never before touched it in her whole wildwood

The professor's elevated bunk, laid with the silvery white and downy lengua de yaca grass, was where he had an almost unobstructed view, through an aperture in the palmetto side of the cabin, of the carboneros' picturesque camp. If he reflected on aught save the wonderful promise his situation gave of increasing his scientific store, the strange scene before him, what the outlaw had with perfect frankness disclosed, and what he must himself have known, could not but give

marvellous interest to his surroundings.

Here were hundreds of families living n the forest in true communistic manner. Their common outlawry, in the eyes of hated and merciless Spanish law, had brought them all together. The endless heart sob of Cuba for freedom, ever strangled by Spanish tyranny, ending again and again in uprisings, revolutions, butchery and despair, was their one tie of brotherhood. Carboneros and labrable to the cowardly Spanish soldiery, with now and then a daring fellow like Matagas at their head who terrorized only Spanish hirelings, and those most through the frenzy of their guilty fear; but all living lives of Arcadian peace and simplicity, until anew should be raised that glorious standard of white and blue and red, gemmed with a single star, which had waved such terror to Spaniards over the blood-swept fields of Camaguay. All this is what the professor could

have known, or knew. As it was still early evening, what he heard was the tuneful thrum of the guitar, the tremulous notes of the bandurria, the chiming twang of the mandolin and the sharp click of castanets, in soft accompaniment to Cuban songs of love, of daring and of war. Now and then these rose to startling choruses among the huts and far beyond, where the night watches were busy at the smoldering

At last the spell of the melody brought them all together before Matagas' hut. There these half-wild, happy-hearted men and women, big-eyed and half naked muchachos and ninas, loutish guardabosqueros and coquettish maidens, danced upon the grimy, smooth-worn earth such hilarious zapateos, such outlandish Habaneras and such grotesque fandangoes as would have caused even a plaster Spanish saint to wink, and so dazed the old don's eyes that he turned them with a sigh toward the stars pulsing in their tropic fires above; and then fell softly to his swarthy forms, huge machetes and one deep forest beauty's face, starred roundabout with marvellous specimens and unknown birds, throughout the livelong summer night.

Don Eduardo slept late into the morn-When he awoke and had partaken of the fruit and food placed beside him, he found the carboneros' droning along peacefully in its every day aspect. His precious panniers were safe. No harm had befallen him. The weird experiences of the previous night seemed like halfcaught memories of some fantastic dream. Yet there were the burning charcoal Tethered not far distant stood his Dyres. faithful donkey. Faint and distant thuddings, like the proud boomings of the prairie fewl in northern frosty springtime mornings, told of the wood-choppers' steady toil. Women and children were carrying tree limbs and stacking them in pyramidal piles. Ninas and maidens were going and coming between

cabins and mountain-side fountains. Wise old Tomasa stood beside her hut door, stripping some cocoa leaves and roots, which with delicious chicharones or porkscraps were to serve for the coming meal and out there at the camp edge was Matagas, still bareheaded and barefooted, moving with fine strong tread toward an almost completed pyre, with an ox team's load of timbers upon his splendid shoulders and head. "A strange bandits' stronghold," thought the don, "where on every hand

are serious labor and sturdy love!" the witchery of that last word! Why did this weazened scientist, the instant it escaped his lips, as if with some swift and subtle sympathy of relevancy. let his eyes eagerly sweep the campside In a few moments more mestizes at the for Juanita and her hirds? And where call of Matagas had tethered and fed the is the pen to trace that subtler instinct

of human sympathy and human emulation which, long before the don, had arisen, had prompted this wild thing of the camp to gather together her cages and barus and set out neetly, with flame in her cheeks and a trill on her tongue, to the lianos and sunless woods!

It was a lonely day for the old man. He fretfully pothered with a few mountain insects; passed in impatience the wondrous mountain ferns, petulantly examined the rare and almost unknown virgin woods about him; and was scarcely even scientifically interested in a huge maja, most hideous and harmless of Cuban reptiles, which Jose, a mestizos woodchopper of stealthy Indian blood, had victoriously brought to camp, sending its women shricking to their huts for their amulets and their beads.

Even the long midday siesta failed to soothe him. As the shadows began to lengthen among the open rifts of the for-est, he plied Tomasa with plaints at Juanita's absence and inquiries as to the way she had taken. Jose suddenly stood besidehim, humbly offering to show the don the way. His brow clouded a little, but he graciously accepted the Indian's guidance, and was soon panting after him in | to the mighty stems of the parra cimaro-

the shadowy jungles. They had scarcely left the sounds of the camp behind them, when, on breaking through the tagle of the brushwood encircling a sunny opening, they came face to face with their quest. Laden with cages filled with new made captives, these, with her own weird callings whistlings, plaintive and joyous trillings, were luring campward almost a cloud of rilliant songsters, which whirled and twirled about and above her head. "Death on you, Jose! Why did you ollow me?" she cried out, in savage pit-

usness. "See!-the charm is done. Her hand described a swift, fluttering circle above her head, most pathetically suggestive of the quick, wild flight of the birds; and as her face was lowered for another vengeful scourging of Jose, her

yes me those of the professor. Sombrero in hand—gallant caballero that he was!-he stood at the edge of the pening as if in an ecstatic trance of rapurous wonder and admiration.

"By all the saints, Donna Juanita," urst forth the professor when his tongue had loosened, and rapidly advancing to wards the girl with outstretched hands, 'you are a wizard! But make me know hese wondrous secrets and I am your slave forever!"

Something must be allowed for the old lon's boundless enthusiasm; something for the flowery exuberance of Spanish adulation; something for a scene which ruly thrilled the old naturalist with vis-ons of professional acquisition and triumph; and something still for the perfect savage innocence of the girl who formed the central figure, and the equally childish innocence of the little old man, who had never until this moment given any human being deeper thought or better place than musty Latin classification and

But then and there in the wildest wilds of Cuba this shrivelled old classic, despite the scowls of Jose, strode straight to the girl, grasped her hands joyously, saluted her with a stately kiss upon her bared head; and then, as if instantly oblivious of the girl, the Indian and of all the wide universe about him, fluttered around those cages as tremblingly and tremulously as the bride of an hour will fondle and croodle her priceless wedding

Thus, pirouetting and fluttering, haltthey were low, here and there in the countless and almost inaccessible Cuban forests, mountain forests surely inaccessible to the coverage of the carboneros' huts, and this Indian hawk of be late when I return!" when she sprang the jungles and the forests, made their again to the donkey's head, and with h way to the camp And Juanita had never been called

'Donna' before. Perhaps it was this one magical word that proved the professor's open sesame to deeper secrets than even Juanita's most wondrous woodcraft wiles! From this moment there was no reserve between the naturalist of the schools and the naturalist of the woods. The professor was Matagas' guest, and none could question his coming and going. Juanita was Matagas' daughter. She went and came at will, more feared than loved by even Matagas himself for her strange nature craft and secret power

over reptile, bird and beast. "Two crazy children together!" Matagas would say with a grave smile to old Tomasa, as the professor and Juanita set out each morning to the llanos, the jungles and the forests; but Tomasa, ike so many other women past the glorious heyday morn of life, and now transformed to a bird of ill omen, would mere ly sniffle and groan, and ruefully shake her prophetic head.

The professor, as pack mule pannier laden for carrying their spoils, and Juanita, armed with short machete and dexterously wrought guiebracha club, as an arrow and with knobbed head, the whole as heavy and strong as iron, were continually in transports; scholasticism for the once standing joyfully agape before simple nature-wit; while Juanita, child of anture that she was, had never until now quaffed that sweetest of inslumbers, wherein he was haunted by toxicants, the ecstacy of revelation to one who hungers and who knows. In the mighty forests she disclosed to

> her companion the marvels of the virgin and taught him volumes never found in books; of the guiebracha, toughest of all woods, hard as iron, lasting as iron. deadly as flint in a bandit battle: of the lordly almiqui, statelier and more crimson in fibre than the noble redwood of the west: of cedars tremendous in size and height, past all record of books; of the caobas, almost touching the clouds and twelve times her reach from finger tips to finger tips in circumference; of the mantequeros with its March drifts of lossoms, like millions of snowy camelias. whose drowsing odor left the wood chopper's arm helpless at his side; of the very gueso, the "bone-wood" of the Cuban oxen yokes; of the sabina or sandalwood whose fragrance fills countless lingerie closets in all the zone of homes; of the palma de manaca, whose broad leaves form the roofs of the carboneros huts for seven years without renewal; of the mystic laurel and royal paim; and of the cocoa, mystic and lone, with the tropic breezes ever chanting and soughing among its sky-piercing, pinnate

Continuing in her endless surprises she would fling her machete in the trunk of a beautiful tree, the carne de doncella, Dexterously withdrawing the blade, its edges and point would drip as if with blood; when she woud gleefully shout: "Mira!—la sangre de la Doncella!" ((See!—the blood of the Virgin!) while the professor, long since at the end of

Shortly her companion would hear a soft "Che-ip-a-dee! Che-ip-a-dee!—Che-ip! che-ip! che-ip!"

Rustling and chattering would always follow. In an instant more the glowing faced girl would bound back to the don with a fat, squirrel-like huita dangling from her upraised hand.

So, too, her seductive luring of the wild pigeons was astonishing to Don Eduardo. With her two hands she first made loud, sharp clappings, gradually softening these to a perfect imitation of the wing-flapping of homing wild fowl. This would be followed by her vocal call, so like that of a wild pigeon that one seemed really nestling there above their heads. To these would come low, halfdoubting answers from the interlacing branches of the trees. Again the tremulous voice call of the girl and the scurrying and rustling of the deluded birds when Juanita, with outreaching head and lightful eyes would walk straight to the covert and return with the charmed pigeons poising and trembling upon head, shoulder or arms.

Again, if they were athirst, she would lead the professor like a helpless child na, or wild grape, which like weird Moorish fret-work was interwoven between earth and overhanging branches beneath a score of stately trees.

"Here is Aaron's rod!" she would laughingly exclaim, as she fondled the blade of the machete. "I will give you

drink! With one stroke the huge knotty trunk would be severed and from the mouth of the hanging tube they would drink their

fill of the winey, refreshing sap. In this idylic way passed the days and weeks of summer. Every sunlight hour brought the professor some new and precious specimens. Every one had pressed him to remain save Tomasa and Jose. But each time he looked in the face of the girl who had been the sweet and loving companion in every waking hour of this strangest experience of his life his heart failed him entirely. Her magic had seemed to part from her very self into and become a part of every specimen he had secured. It had wrought further still. It had first taught this shrivelled specimen himself that subtler wizard charm of perfect human companionship. To Juanita it had opened a heavenworld of aspiration, intangitue, indefinable, but vaster and more ineffable in its glory than the dome above her which held the glowing stars. She stood at the

threshold of such a world, longing, hungering, panting for entrance; and the don's going was as the closing backward upon her of some Eblis door forever:
But at last the partings had all been said. "Felix viage!—felix viage! Dios le a compane!" had been cheerily shouted to the departing naturalist; and at the edge of the camp the don, the donkey and the bursting panniers were receiving the last embraces and blessings of the giantframed, sunny-hearted outlaw Matagas.

Suddenly Juanita, machete at her side and guiebrahaca stick in hand, stood there beside them. "The don shall not return by Cienfue-

gos," said the girl quietly. "I will show him our secret path over the mountains to Guines. "Good!" answered Matagas heartily. 'He will not reveal it."

And so the outlaw and the naturalist parted. Juanita turned the donkey's head in the opposite direction, led it and its burdens silently through the camp, hesitated a moment as the forest was entered, and then, swiftly returning to Ma tagas and Tomasa, who had resumed their labors, kiesed both impulsively with the partings words, "Do not fear if it

companion set forth upon their way. But Jose was missed among the carboneros in their work that day. Early in the afternoon he came bounding like some fierce animal into camp and sought Hatagas' side. But a word or two was spoken, when Matagas and Jose swiftly disappeared. Never was such speed made by Cuban foresters in shadowy forests, through echoing canons, across sun-baked llanos and through almost impenetrable jungles, as by these. Just as the sun was dipping behind the western mountains and flooding the valley of Guines with waves of saffron and of gold, they came to the top of the hills along its splendid southern wall. Standing there like a Nemesis of vengeance, Matagas looked long and sternly at two specks travelling along the far, white valley road, almost beneath the walls of the

ancient city of Guines. What he really saw was a donkey now laden with panniers and the figure of a woman, while a sprightly old man walked side them, his right arm resting across the donkey's back and lovingly encircling the form of the one who rode. Matagas' face grew dark and darker for a little. Then it softened in the mel-

low sunset glow. Soon his lips parted, first with a smile and then in speech, as though he were thinking aloud. "No, no, Jose! So I once robbed Tomasa's father of my wife. Let them go -bugs, bats, birds and all; even if Don

Eduardo has taken to his Havana collections the finest specimen in Cuba!"
"Felix viage! felix viage!—Don Eduardo and Juanita! Dios le a compane! shouted Matagas deafeningly but cheerily withal. And without another word the outlaw stoic turned his kindly face toward Tomasa and his mountain hut.

Its valuable properties as a speedy cure for pain cannot fail to be generally appreciated, and no family should be without it, in case of accident or sudden attack of dysentery, diarrhoea or cholera morbus. Big 25c. Bottle.

Successful This Time. San Francisco, Jan. 19.-H. Schwab son of Senator Schwab of Hamburg, and whose mother was Countess of Lubeck, committed suicide in this city yesterday by cutting his legs with a razor. Schwab twice before attempted his life, once by jumping into Salt Lake, and another time by shooting himself, in this

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Langley & Co.

INFORMATION WANTED of Patrick Cummins, native of Wheatville, Wisconsin, supposed to be up north logging. If he writes immediately to me he will learn of important news. John Mahony, Genoa, P. O. Cowichan, B. C. w-1m

NOTICE.

verbal adulation, could only gasp and gesticulate his praises and delight.

If in their far pilgrimings they lacked for food, it always came at Juanita's bidding.

Motioning the don aside she would glide noiselessly into the forest depths.

I hereby give notice that I, John Stewardson, of Beaver Creek, have this 1st day of January, 1894, given to Wm. Thompson, of Beaver Creek, my power of attorney to transact any business on my behalf till the 31st day of December, 1894.

Beaver Creek, B. C., January 1st, 1894.