NEWS OF THE PROVINCE.

The Nanaimo Electric Light Works—New Social Club—Cancer Claims a Prisoner.

Municipal Elections in Westminster—The Wintry Visitation—Delayed Trains on the C. P. R.

[Special to the COLONIST.]

VANCOUVER.

VANCOUVER, Feb. 1.—The double train, made up of yesterday's and to-day's Eastern expresses, will arrive about ten o'clock to-night.

Lung Wan, alleged to have burglarized G. T. Wilson's store, has been allowed to go for want of evidence strong enough to convict him.

The trial of Hedges Eyre, accused of incendiarism at the Morse mills, was postponed for the purpose of fixing the guilt on those who are supposed to have hired him to burn the mills.

The Customs collections for January were $24,681 90.

There were eighty-seven cases in the Police court during January.

The Inland Revenue receipts for January amounted to $6,654.16.

During January the city births were 18; marriages, 8; deaths, 13.

WESTMINSTER.

NEW WESTMINSTER, Feb. 1.—The thermometer dipped five below zero last night, and eight inches of snow fell. Sleighing now is splendid and the river is frozen fast. Hundreds of people crossed to-day.

Samuel Calbeck has lost his son and daughter, aged 19 and 31 respectively, by consumption, within the last three days.

The girls department in the Central school has been permanently closed till the cold snap is over. The heating apparatus was not sufficient to meet the occasion.

J. A. Calbeck, W. A. Handcock and Henry Hoy will stand for alderman in Ward 4.

A test was made of the city hydrants today and all were found working to perfection with over 100 pounds pressure on Columbia street, though nearly every tap in the city has been running steadily for a week.

Thomas Owens was elected to-day as adlerman for Ward 2, defeating James Cunningham.

NANAIMO.

NANAIMO, Feb. 1.—Fourteen Japs were among the passengers on the steamship Joan this morning to Union. They were arrested here on different occasions as vagrants. From what could be learned about them none of them could speak English, they had come from Union, where they had been employed at the colliery. Trouble arose between the Japanese and Chinese miners, and the former quit work for a time, then the "vags" cleared out, came to Nanaimo broke, and loafed around town until put in jail. Last evening they were up before Police Magistrate Planta, who gave them their choice of returning to the mines or putting in three months in jail. They unanimously elected to return.

James Codey, one of the eight waiting trial for the Bawnmore kidnapping affair, was this morning removed to the hospital on the order of the jail doctor, L. T. Davis. Codey is a very sick man, he is suffering from the growth of a cancer on the left side of his face, which will, in all probability, be the cause of his death within the next two or three months. His only chance is to undergo an operation.

For some time there has been much talk of organizing a social club in town, but heretofore the scheme has dropped at this point. Now, however, it appears as if something practical was to be done. A meeting of those interested—a numerous body—has been held, a president and other officers have been elected, and premises secured. Fred. Vahle is the president elect, Harry Hague is the treasurer *pro tem*, and Albert Rauch will act as steward. The basement of the McAdie block has been rented for club purposes, and will be properly fitted to suit requirements. A large number have already intimated their intention of becoming members, and within a week or two it is expected that the Nanaimo Social Club will be duly opened.

Since the Bawnmore affair, the local branch of the Coast Seamen's Union has been completely disorganized. Matters are to be straightened up again soon and the union put in good running order. Frank Waterhouse, the newly elected secretary, is now on his way up from San Francisco to take over the management of things here. He is expected on Friday.

The Street committee have made their report upon what they consider the necessary work for the present year. Whilst their recommendations are, as far as they go, excellent, it is a matter of general regret that they have proposed no improvements for Commercial street, the main thoroughfare of the city and the one most requiring attention. Apparently Commercial street is to remain an eyesore to citizens and visitors for all time; the long bridge will never be widened, the roadway will never be graded, and the sidewalks will always remain in their present painfully dilapidated condition. But while there is life there is hope, and the sanguine have yet faith in the improvements to be.

The appointment of a permanent city engineer is now being considered by our councillors. There will be opposition on the score of expense, but the move is one in the right direction, and meets with the approval of nine-tenths of the ratepayers.

Nanaimo is to be favored with a visit of the Provincial Health Officer shortly. The Sanitary committee purpose having the streets cleaned up, the sewers properly attended to, and much other good work done, so that Dr. Davie's inspection will not result in an unfavorable report of Nanaimo's cleanliness.

Ever since Mayor Haslam seized the electric light works, the 28th of June last, a controversy has raged between Mr. H. Shaw and his supporters and those who upheld the Mayor's action. At the recent civic elections this transaction was bitterly discussed and caused the only excitement that prevailed. Mayor Haslam was publicly charged with having acted in a most unfair manner in putting the bailiff in possession of the works. At the time Mayor Haslam briefly explained the causes which led to the seizure, and promised, whether elected or not to the mayoralty, to make a full and explicit explanation of all his dealings with Mr. Shaw in regard to the electric light works. This he has now done. In a letter published in the local paper he gives a clear and concise statement of the whole affair—one which should satisfy the most prejudiced. It is probable, though, that this letter will not end the trouble; replies are anticipated from Mr. Shaw personally and from some of the latter's friends, Mayor Haslam's opponents. In his letter Mayor Haslam makes public what has long been an open secret. He states that the works have been sold to Mr. J. Hunter, M.P.P., for the sum of $27,000. The sale was effected on the 12th December last. Since that date Mr. Stickles has acted as manager, and under his superintendence the works have been generally improved. Extensive alterations are now under way, which when completed will make the Nanaimo electric light works second to none on the coast.

COBBLE HILL.

A very pretty wedding took place here on Saturday, the 21st inst., when Mr. James Alexander, of Quamichan, the second son of the late David Alexander, Esquire, led to the altar Alice, the daughter of J. Townley Porter, Esquire, the proprietor of the Station hotel. The ceremony was performed at the picturesque little village church, the Rev. Canon Beanlands tying the nuptial knot. The bridesmaids were Miss Alice Johnston, Miss Mary Johnston, Miss Louisa Johnston and Miss Jamieson, who, as well as the bride, looked simply enchanting, and the groomsman was Mr. Horace Davie, of Somenos. After the ceremony the party, numbering about forty, drove back to the Station hotel and partook of a sumptuous breakfast, at which the Hon. the Premier of the Province, and senior member for the district, Mr. Theodore Davie, presided. The healths of the bride and groom, of the bridesmaids, of the parents, of the officiating clergyman, were drunk in rapid succession and suitably responded to. A most enjoyable time was had. Dancing was commenced soon after the conclusion of the breakfast and was kept up until the Sunday hour had arrived. The happy couple left on the afternoon train for Victoria amidst hearty congratulations and earnest wishes for their future happiness.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

The Queen's Visit to the Continent—Her Movements—The America Cup.

Anti-Parnellite Conclave—The Leadership—Direction of the Liberal Party.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—Edmund Yates cables from London: According to present advices, the Queen will leave Windsor Castle for Italy on March 22; as she and the Princess Beatrice are particularly anxious to be in Florence on Palm Sunday. The Queen will travel from Windsor to Portsmouth dockyard on the afternoon of the 22nd, intending to dine and sleep on board the royal yacht Victor and Albert, which will be moored in the harbor for the night of March 23. The Queen will cross the channel to Cherbourg, whence she will proceed by special train to Florence, travelling by the Mont Cenis route to Turin and thence by way of Genoa, Speria and Pisa. The Queen will arrive at Florence on the evening of March 25, and intends to reside for nearly four weeks at the Villa Palmleri, near Fiesole. All being well, the Queen is to go to Venice for four days when she leaves Florence, and will return home through Germany, it being her present intention to stay for a few days at Darmstedt with the Grand Duke of Hesse, in which case the Empress Frederick and other members of the German royal family will meet her there.

The Prince of Wales' racing cutter, which is being built on the Clyde, is to be named the Britannia, and will be commanded by Captain John Carter, who has been in charge of the Thalia during the last two seasons. Carter took the late Sir Richard Sutton's Greta across the Atlantic and raced her against the Puritan for the America Cup. The Prince of Wales is particularly anxious to win the Queen's Cup at Cowes with the Britannia, and the German Emperor's Meteor will also compete for that trophy.

To-morrow the anti-Parnellites, in conclave, will decide who is to be their chairman during the session. There is little doubt that Justin McCarthy will be chosen again, but it is by no means certain that he will be able to retain his post till the end of the Parliamentary year. His health was so indifferent, a few days ago, that he was imperatively ordered South, and his personal inclinations coinciding with the doctor's advice, it is probable that he will retire from active service before long. His withdrawal is only second in importance to that of Mr. Gladstone, for there will be at once a break-up—into how many sections cannot be definitely foretold—of the party which has such an important influence on Imperial affairs.

My forecast of the deposition of Mr. Schnadhorst from the control of the Liberal caucus, made many weeks ago, seems to be in a fair way to be officially justified ere long. He was, I am sorry to say, far from well when he left England, and is but little better now that he has landed in Australia, for the sea voyage had done him nearly as much good as was expected. He certainly could not stand the strain of commanding during another electoral campaign. No weight should be given to the semi-official declaration that things are in *statu quo* in Parliament in that office. Some one will have to be put in command within the next twelve months at the outside, and it is more than likely that the Liberal organization will soon definitely announce that Schnadhorst has been superseded by Hudson. This gentleman has to go to the South of France for his health's sake, but he is expected back soon quite restored. The other side will need that both officers and the rank and file be in the best of health and spirits when the next contest in the constituencies comes on.

FROM PORT TOWNSEND.

PORT TOWNSEND, Feb. 1.—(Special)—The fury of the storm scarcely abated here all day. The steamer City of Seattle which came in from Tacoma last night, bound for Whatcom, refused to go out and has remained tied up at her wharf all day. The Monticello which runs daily from Seattle to this city and Port Angeles, did not put in an appearance to-day. Steamer Garland which runs from this city to Port Angeles made several attempts to go out, but was forced to return. The steamer Evangel which runs between this city and the islands is also tied up. There are fully two feet of snow on the level and the thermometer reached as low as six degrees below.

Reports were received in the city to-day of the wreck and total loss of the schooner Lottie, owned by James Claplanhoo, a wealthy Neah Bay Indian. The Lottie went ashore on Monday off Dungeness and went to pieces. Her Indian crew deserted her and left the captain, a white man, to swim ashore. When he reached land his hands and feet were frozen. The Lottie was a thirty-ton schooner and had just equipped with supplies in Port Townsend, and was on her way on a sealing expedition North.

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE.

Third Session of the Sixth Parliament.

THIRD DAY.

February 1, 1893.

The Speaker took the chair at 2 o'clock. Prayers by Ven. Archdeacon Scriven.

TO CONFIRM MINERAL CLAIMS.

HON. COL. BAKER introduced a bill to confirm the title to certain mineral claims.

Bill read a first time; second reading to-morrow.

INSANE ASYLUMS ACT.

HON. MR. DAVIE introduced a bill to amend the Insane Asylums Act. Read a first time; second reading to-morrow.

ARBITRATIONS.

HON. MR. DAVIE introduced a bill respecting arbitrations. Read a first time; second reading to-morrow.

NOMINATION OF COMMITTEES.

The following members were nominated to constitute the various committees:

Private Bills and Standing Orders—By Hon. Mr. Davie, Messrs. Eberts, Smith, Hunter and Martin; by Hon. Mr. Beaven, Messrs. Semlin, Kitchen and Dr. Milne.

Public Accounts—By Hon. Mr. Davie, Messrs. Martin, Croft and Rogers; by Hon. Mr. Beaven, Messrs. Grant and Cotton.

Printing—By Hon. Mr. Davie, Messrs. Anderson, Fletcher and Hall; by Hon. Mr. Beaven, Messrs. Brown and McKenzie.

Railways—By Hon. Mr. Davie, Messrs. Booth, Hunter, Rogers, Eberts, Stoddart, Nason, Punch, Croft, Horne, Anderson and Dr. Watt; by Hon. Mr. Beaven, Messrs. Sword, Forster, Brown, Keith, Kellie, McKenzie and Grant.

Mining—By Hon. Mr. Davie, Messrs. Smith, Rogers, Stoddart, Punch and Dr. Watt; by Hon. Mr. Beaven, Messrs. Kellie, Cotton, Grant and Keith.

QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

HON. MR. DAVIE, rising to a question of privilege, said he wished to make a statement in connection with something that had been said at the last sitting of the House in regard to the railway belt.

HON. MR. BEAVEN interrupted the hon. Premier, who, he said, had no right to make any statement without giving notice of it in the form of a motion, so that all members of the House could be prepared to debate it.

HON. MR. DAVIE said the remarks he was about to make were of great interest to the House and to the public, and the subject matter could not very well be brought up on a special motion.

HON. MR. BEAVEN insisted on a strict observance of the rules of the House.

HON. MR. DAVIE said that if the remarks he was about to make would be objected to by the hon. leader of the Opposition, he would let the matter rest for the present, although he well knew that he was within his rights, and he felt sure the hon. members of the House would, if asked to do so, grant him by their votes the privilege he asked.

The matter then dropped, and the House adjourned at 3 o'clock.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

HON. MR. BROWN—To amend the Voters Act.

LEGISLATIVE NOTES.

MR. KEITH, of Nanaimo, took his seat yesterday for the first time this session, having been detained at Nanaimo on business.

Several bills were to have been introduced yesterday in addition to those presented, but they had to come down by message from His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and were delayed in consequence. They will be introduced to-day.

The bill introduced yesterday by the hon. Minister of Mines to confirm the title to certain mineral claims, is a simple measure to protect parties who, acting in good faith and without available knowledge of the alterations in the Mining Act made last year, located and recorded claims under the old Act.

MR. BROWN has given notice that he will bring up his Women's Franchise bill again this session. He says he hopes by bringing the question up time and time again to convince the majority of the members that it is the correct principle to permit the ladies to have a voice in Provincial affairs.

Under the provisions of the Insane Asylums Act which was introduced yesterday by the hon. Attorney-General, the Province will be protected from an evil which has existed for some time past. It has been found that in numerous instances insane people have been sent into the Province to be dumped at the doors of the asylum who afterwards became an unjust charge upon the public, inasmuch as they should be cared for in their own province or state. The bill provides the means for their return to the place from which they come.

What is said to be one of the most concise of the British acts of Parliament, is being copied by the province of British Columbia, in an act introduced yesterday by Hon. Mr. Davie, with respect to arbitration. Hitherto there has been authority in British Columbia under the common law for the holding of arbitrations, but no machinery was provided, and in consequence the working out of the law was found to be difficult. The new act provides for this. The original bill was drafted in England by one of the brightest legal advisers of the Crown, and is said to be as nearly perfect as any law of the kind can be.

There are several new reference books ordered for the Legislative library that will afford interesting and instructive reading. They include "The Law and Usage of Parliament," being a manual of the practice, procedure and usage of the House of Assembly of South Australia, by Edwin Gordon Blackmore, clerk; practice of the Legislative Council of South Australia, by the same author; decision of the Rt. Hon. Evelyn Denison, speaker of the House of Commons, 1857 to 1872; of Rt. Hon. Sir H. B. W Brand, G.C.B., speaker of the House of Commons, 1872 to 1884; and decisions of Rt. Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, speaker of the House of Commons on points of order, etc.

The Librarian of the Legislature will make his first annual report this session. Since the opening of the 1892 session, the following books have been placed upon the shelves, viz: Harrison's Municipal Manual, fifth edition, by Joseph; Constitutional Documents of Canada, Houston; Ben Hur, Wallace; Life and Letters of Stonewall Jackson; the Franco-German War, by Count Von Moltke; Von Moltke's Letters to his mother and brother; History of Canada, Vols I to VI, Kingston; Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers, Edwards; Hansard Debates, Statutes, Journals, Sessional Papers, etc., from Dominion and Provincial Governments; Report of Proceedings Royal Colonial Institute, 1891-92; Production of Gold and Silver in the United States, 1890 91, Leech; Early Biography of Ontario, Kingsford; Ontario Gazetteer, 1892 3; and Canadian Mining Manual, B. T. A. Bell.

FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT.

SIRS,—We use Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family for colds and sore throat and it is excellent. My sister had asthma since childhood, but on trying Yellow Oil for it she soon was cured.

MISS LIZZIE CHAPELLE, Baldwin, Ont.

HARVARD'S FOOTBALL CAPTAIN.

E. G. Waters, of Boston, Will Look After the Crimson Team of 1893.

Harvard's good work during the football season of 1892, with the Deland "flying wedge" and other new football tactics, has awakened more interest than usual in the plans of the crimson eleven for 1893. Consequently public interest just now centers around B. G. Waters, who has just been chosen captain of the team for next season. Upton, Lake and Evans, all excellent players, were Waters' rivals for the honor, but his great popularity and his thorough qualifications for the position resulted in an easy victory for him. Waters is a Bostonian and received a good impetus toward expertness in football in his two years' experience as captain and full back of the Boston Latin school eleven.

B. G. WATERS.

Upon entering Harvard in 1891 Waters played on the freshman eleven that defeated Yale and trained with the varsity crew, but rowed in the freshmen's boat. He quickly developed into a young giant 6 feet tall and weighing 180 pounds. In his sophomore year he was a valued member of both the varsity eleven and boat crew. As a junior in 1892 he played guard on the varsity eleven and particularly distinguished himself. Ex-Captain Trafford behind the line and Hallowell in the line are the only men Harvard loses, and substitutes Lake, Lee, Brewer and Gray all return to the university. Captain Stevenson, of the Hopkinson eleven, will enter Harvard and will probably play on next season's eleven.

August Belmont for President.

The famous young sportsman, August Belmont, who was called junior before his father, the great turfman and banker, died, will probably be the next president of one of the largest athletic organizations in the United States, the New York Athletic club. He has been named for the position by the nominating committee of the club to succeed President Weeks, who retires to the vice presidency, and nomination is about equivalent to election in the New York Athletic club. Mr. Belmont has long been known as an enthusiastic member of the club and as an active yachtsman, horseman and general devotee of legitimate sport.

AUGUST BELMONT.

His regime promises to be a very important one in the organization's history, for the reason that it contemplates the erection at an early day of a palatial clubhouse. The present building of the club is very complete, commodious and comfortable, but is hardly the equal of that of the Manhattan Athletic club, the N. Y. A. C.'s great rival, and for this and other reasons a new building is being planned. E. J Giannini, the present captain of the club, needs more time for his own business, and Sprinter C. H. Sherrill, late of Yale, will succeed him.

Bicyclist A. L. Banker.

The name of Banker is a very well known one in the bicycling world, for three brothers of that name, W. D. Banker, George A. Banker and A. C. Banker, have for some time been prominent on the racing path. A fourth brother, Arthur L. Banker, the youngest of the family, came to the front during the past season as a very promising rider. He captured fifteen first prizes and

A. L. BANKER.

got second place twice during the year, and is looked upon as one of the coming men in wheeling circles.

The most notable victories scored by young Banker were in the hill climbing contest of the Pittsburg Athletic club and in the one and two mile championship races of the same Smoky City organization. At present George A. Banker is looked upon as the brightest bicycling light of the Banker aggregation.

SPORTING NOTES.

After several postponements it is now believed that Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Hall will fight for the world's middleweight championship at the Crescent City Athletic club, New Orleans, March 8.

At Milwaukee recently H. A. Githens, the Chicago wheelman, defeated W. C. Sanger, the Milwaukee wonder, in a ten mile open race, but was twice defeated by Sanger the following day.

The William Greer Harrison challenge cup for cricketers was won by the Alameda Cricket club, of Alameda, Cal.

It is said that nearly $1,000,000 are invested in yearling race horses in America, and that at least $8,000,000 are represented in thoroughbreds.

Plenty, a 250 to 1 shot, recently won a race at the St. Louis track, and Arthur White, who had bet $2, won $500.

The four trotting wonders of the season of 1892 are Nancy Hanks, 2:04; Martha Wilkes, 2:08; Stamboul, 2:07¼; and Kremlin, 2:07¾. The pacing wonders are Mascot, 2:04; Flying Jib, 2:05¾; Direct, 2:05¼, and Hal Pointer, 2:04¼.

The Manhattan Athletic club will endeavor to get out of financial difficulty by selling its big clubhouse to members for $900,000, of which $250,000 is to be cash down for the payment of obligations due.

Actresses' Dresses.

Lillian Russell's mother designs most of her dresses; Mrs. Florence always designed hers; Annie Pixley not only designs but makes most of hers; Rose Coghlan designs nearly all of her costumes and in her play of "Diplomacy" wears some dresses that are as suitable for the drawing room as the stage. Of course her handsome figure adds much to their charm, but the costumes are elegant in themselves.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

An Editorial Robber—A Stampede of Cowards.

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

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of a September day, and I was journeying along the highway leading south from Joplin, Mo., when a man stepped out of the bushes alongside the road, leveled a shotgun at me and ordered me to throw up my hands and enter the woods on my left. I promptly complied and after walking about 300 feet came to a glade or opening and was there commanded to halt. Then my captor, who had been following behind, stepped around to face me and said:

"Now, then, let's see what you've got that's worth taking!"

It is my duty under the circumstances to inform the reader that I was a tramp printer—an all around man, who could write a fair editorial on the political situation, pick up local news, work a hand press, set up any sort of a handbill or circular, make up a form and run a weekly paper during the temporary absence of the editor. The woods used to be full of such men—a careless, happy-go-lucky lot, who didn't care to work more than two weeks in a town and always moved from one point to another by the king's highway. I was just four dollars ahead when I left Joplin bound for Neosho, which is close to the Arkansas line. I wasn't oversurprised at the appearance of the highwayman, as I had been held up two or three times before, and I wasn't much rattled as I headed into the woods to be despoiled of my small capital. I did happen to have on a pretty good suit of clothes, and I had another in a satchel, and I probably appeared to be a well to do traveler in his eyes.

"This won't be much of a haul for you," I replied as I began emptying my pockets. "I've got a suit of clothes in the satchel, and the extent of my cash is four dollars and a few cents."

In placing the money on the ground I dumped my pockets of their contents. I had a key, a knife, a compositor's rule, a rabbit's foot and other odds and ends. He stooped over and picked up the steel rule and asked:

"Are you a printer?"

"Yes."

"Where did you work last?"

"In The Banner office at Joplin."

"And where are you going?"

"Down to Neosho."

"Got the promise of a 'sit' there?"

"No; going to chance it."

He stood his gun up against a tree, sat down on a log near by and looked me over for half a minute before he said:

"Put your stuff back into your pockets. It may surprise you to learn that I, too, belong to the fraternity."

"You don't say!"

"I'm not only an old print, but I'm ex-editor and ex-proprietor of The Weekly Echo over at"——

"I've heard of that paper. It busted last year."

"Yes, busted itself, busted me, busted all my relations who could raise a dollar, and the sheriff cleaned me out. I believe somebody up in Iowa bought the outfit and moved it away."

"And now you—you"——

"And now I'm not occupying the editorial chair any more," he dryly replied. "I'm a good enough printer, but I think I made a mistake in mounting the tripod. Editorial work was too confining, and there isn't any show in this county for my peculiar style. I think I was too Shakespearean for this section of the county. When I wasn't too Shakespearean I was too much the other way—given to calling a man a scoundrel and a horse thief and of having to lie out in the corn field behind the office for three or four days at a time. My esteemed contemporary always vigorously insisted that I was no editor, and I reckon he was right."

"And is—is hunting your line now!" I asked with considerable hesitancy for fear of hurting his feelings.

"It is," he replied. "The spot I call my office is quite a tramp from here, but I've got a temporary one not far away. Are you in any hurry to get along?"

"Not at all."

"Then come along, and we'll have an old fashioned visit. Hang me, but I haven't met a representative of the fraternity in months and months, and it does me good to see one?"

We struck farther into the dense woods, and after going about a mile we came to his temporary camp among a mass of rocks on the side of a hill. He had an army blanket, a poncho, two or three cooking utensils and some bacon, flour and coffee.

"I got here yesterday," he said as he threw some limbs on the smouldering fire, "and things are not very shipshape yet. Here's a box of pretty fair cigars, and we'll have something to eat later on."

"May I ask how you came to drift into this line," I queried after we were comfortably settled.

"Because it seemed to be about the only sit open at the time," he replied. "I'd got tired of tramping, had failed as an editor and didn't have the ambition necessary to make my living with the axe or spade. The foreman of the office and I went into partnership, but he didn't last long. He was killed last spring near Shetopa, Kan. Poor old chap! I wanted to turn a rule for him on the editorial page and give him an obituary, but I couldn't do it!"

"Was he robbing some one when he was killed?"

"The papers said he was. I was ill at the time, and he was doing business single handed. Jim's great desire was to accumulate capital enough to enable us to go up into Kansas or Nebraska and establish another weekly. The papers said he tackled a stage full of cowboys and they proved too many for him. Poor Jim! He had no equal in this country at working a hand press. He'd make his 300 pulls an hour right along without any let up."

"And have you never been caught?"

"Never. This seems to be right in my line and is probably what I was born for. As a printer I was only a fair success. As an editor I was an appalling failure. As a robber I have made no mistakes. I've got money enough laid away to establish a weekly somewhere, but I hesitate to try it. Understand me, I'm no murderer. I've never even fired a gun at a man since entering into this business. For that reason a good many of my intended victims have escaped. I threaten and bulldoze, but there is no blood on my hands. Would you mind passing half or three-quarters of an hour here alone?"

"No."

"I want to run back to the highway and see if there is any business to be done. Just make yourself right at home while I'm gone. Should any strangers walk in on you, tell 'em we are hunting for lost stock and make 'em welcome."

He was gone about an hour. When he returned he began bustling around the fire to get supper and explained:

"A man came along on horseback, and I stepped out on him and invited him into the woods. He seemed to be a very quiet sort of fellow, but all of a sudden he turned and put a bullet through my hat, as you see, and dashed away. I could have easily brought him down, but, according to custom, I restrained my hand. He really ought to be very thankful to me, but he probably isn't. He will even raise a row about it to the first man he meets."

When supper had been prepared and disposed of and we had lighted fresh cigars he dug among the leaves and brought out an old satchel. The contents consisted of a dozen copies of the paper which had busted him, a liberal supply of print paper for writing on and half a dozen lead pencils. He took some of the blank paper and a pencil and scribbled away for a few minutes and then said:

"Although I am out of the sanctum, the old habit still clings. I want you to see my style and criticise it. Listen to this: 'Mr. Joseph Gillam, our esteemed fellow townsman, called at this office yesterday to report that while he was on the highway between Joplin and Neosho last Tuesday he was suddenly confronted by a highwayman armed with a shotgun, who ordered him into the woods to be despoiled and probably murdered. Mr. Gillam, who was taken completely by surprise, appeared to cheerfully acquiesce, but just as he entered the woods he quickly drew his pistol and turned in his saddle and fired point blank at the daring robber. As soon as he pulled the trigger he put spurs to his horse, and in the confusion of the moment he made good his escape. The robber fired two charges of buckshot at him, but he was not hurt. Had not his horse run away with him Mr. Gillam would have returned and killed or captured the scoundrel. Mr. Gillam is one of the pioneer settlers of this town, respected by the entire community, and all will be glad to hear of his fortunate escape. He had about $3,000 in cash with him at the time. He has a charming wife and two lovely daughters, and was the first man to introduce a lawn mower into this section. It is needless to add that he is a regular subscriber to this paper. That piece of poetry we published last week entitled 'Where the Sun Goes' was from the pen of his daughter Lulu, who will yet take rank among the greatest poets of earth.'

"What do you think of that?" asked the editor as he finished reading.

"It's very fair."

"But not up and up. It's too heavy—too Shakespearean. Our eminent fellow townsman, Mr. Gillam, would buy five extra copies of the paper to send away to his relatives, but the article would not produce widespread interest. That was my failing—nothing widespread about my writings. My esteemed contemporary said I didn't know enough to write an auction bill, and I've always believed he was dead right. I'd like to see your style. Just dash off something based on the same facts."

I wrote a "side header" about half the length of his, and when he had read it he said:

"That knocks all my plans in the head. I was going to offer you a partnership in this business, thinking you, too, were also too Shakespearean in style for this section, but I find I'm mistaken. It's an elegant little article—not a word too little or too much—something to catch the eyes of the scissors men all over the country. My dear boy, you've struck your line. Nothing Shakespearean about it. Don't leave it for any other. I'd take you in with me here and make an even whack, but I'd be doing an injustice to the fraternity at large."

The man had such queer streaks about him that I couldn't make up my mind whether he was a robber, as he claimed, or had gone daft over his troubles and was wandering about as crazy people often do. There was no cause to fear him, however, and we sat and smoked to a late hour and had a good visit. When morning came and we had disposed of breakfast he said:

"You probably want to be moving, while I must attend to business. I am truly rejoiced that you happened to come this way. Once in a while during the last year I've had a sneaking suspicion that I ought to have held to the newspaper line and tried to work up among the prominent editors, and when that feeling has come I've been ready to throw up my hands. But that article of yours last night settled it forever. Just boiled it right down to cold facts, and it read as smooth as a streak of grease. This is the line I was born for, and I'm sorry I wasted so many years finding it."

He urged me to accept $100 as a present, and when I firmly refused he wanted me to take a gold watch. In those days a tramp printer with four dollars ahead of the game was a millionaire. My refusal seemed to hurt his feelings, but he shook hands heartily at parting and wished me all sorts of good luck. In due time I reached Neosha, went from there to Fayetteville, Ozark and Clarksville, and about the middle of December brought up at Van Buren. One day I was sent over to Fort Smith to interview a man who was to be hung ten days later. When admitted to the presence of the condemned I was almost paralyzed to discover in him the whilom editor of The Echo. His surprise was likewise great, but as soon as he had rallied a little his face fairly beamed with smiles, and he said:

"What a godsend! Why, my dear boy, I'd rather see you than any other man on earth! It wasn't an hour ago that I was saying I'd give a day of the few left me to see you! You have come to interview me?"

"Yes."

"From Van Buren?"

"Yes."

"Good! Just look at this Fort Smith paper out to-day. There's a whole column article on me. You could have boiled that down into three stickfuls and made a beautiful thing of it—positively beautiful. Ah, I'm thrice glad to see you!"

"And what has happened?" I asked.

"Gun accidentally went off and killed a man. Pure accident, but I couldn't make 'em believe it. I am to be hung on the 29th. Too bad, of course, but it's too late for lamentation. You've been sent over to-day to get a preliminary—how the condemned looks and feels, no hope of reprieve—going to the gallows like a brave man, and so forth and so on?"

"That's it."

"All right. You can do yourself proud on that. Make about a column and put on three scare heads, all full face caps. And now about the other—the actual event. There won't be much to it. Don't try to pad it out. You can't make over half a column of leaded minion without padding. The salient features will be—reading the death warrant, coolness of the condemned, march to the scaffold, ringing down the curtain. See? Don't attempt anything Shakesperean. Make it all meat."

"I'll do my best."

"I'm sure you will. And one thing more. You are the only living man who knows I used to fill an editorial chair or tried to. I think you had better be silent on that point: You could point a moral by saying that unsuccessful editors made good highway robbers, but it would sort o' smirch the profesh. No use to hurt the feelings of our esteemed, you know. I shall look for you on the 29th. Good-by."

Owing to an accident I did not reach the fort on the 29th until all was over. He had left me a line when they told him I was not present. It read:

"Don't exceed half a column, and use only one top head. I leave you all my earthly possessions—twelve copies of the busted Echo and a revolver."

A STAMPEDE OF COWARDS.

Here on the broad acres on each side of the highway for two miles are the wagon trains belonging to the two corps which are fighting two miles down the road. With a wagon train you must count the vehicles belonging to the sutlers, scores of ambulances, hundreds of extra horses and mules, fifty ammunition wagons which may not go to the front, and in this instance a drove of 300 beeves to be slaughtered as needed. The wagon train is the tail of an army. As it creeps along over the highways sprinkled with blood it gathers unto itself cowards, fugitives, refugees and what not. Discipline is lax and vice rampant. When darkness falls upon a field of battle it is the wagon train which sends forth scores of ghouls to prey upon the dead and dying. When there is no battlefield they rob each othe.

It is not a blunder that our trains have approached thus closely. It is simply that the enemy was found in force two miles nearer than was expected. The right thing has been done in clearing the highway and sending back a heavy guard. An enemy's wagon train is worth fighting for. Our two trains are worth the sacrifice of 3,000 lives. They can be attacked only from a certain direction. The infantry takes position to ward off the blow. Here are 3,000 noncombatants swaggering about, all wearing revolvers and many of them carrying carbines taken from the hands of our own dead, but not ten men out of the lot could be induced to fight. It isn't ten minutes after the infantry comes up before there are signs of a panicky feeling in both camps. Sutler wagons begin to pull out for the rear; wagons are overhauled for plunder which can be carried off by hand; here and there a teamster makes an excuse to strip the harness off a horse and have him ready to mount in case of need; the men in charge of the ammunition wagons move to the front with their vehicles rather than the other way, and they of all will try to stand their ground in case the enemy makes a dash. They are soldiers.

"There they come!"

A thousand men shout the words in chorus. Half a mile away, just rounding a wood covered point, is a body of cavalry not over 500 strong. It is a "feeler" to see if the trains are guarded. They are advancing at a trot, but one volley from the infantry will settle them. There is not the slightest excuse for a panic. The herd of cattle are excited by the roar of battle down in front, but not one has broken away. Some of the drivers of the ammunition wagons are playing cards as they wait, and they do not even look up at the shout:

"Look out! We shall all be killed! Out of the way!"

Two or three men are responsible for what follows. There is a sudden uproar, which drowns the noise of battle, and next instant the spectacle is one which no beholder can ever forget. It is a stampede of cowards. A panic in the ranks means confusion, retreat and rally. Here 3,000 raving maniacs are turned loose at once. They upset wagons. They apply the torch to bales of hay. They shoot and slash at each other. Some kneel down and weep and try to pray, while others rush about shouting and screaming and hit at everybody within reach. The cattle herders take to flight, and the frightened beeves go dashing through the camp to gore horses and toss men on their horns. This causes a stampede of horses and mules. Every loose animal gallops about, and those in harness crash the big wagons together or upset them and fall in struggling heaps as they try to kick themselves clear.

In twenty minutes not a man is left in sight. There are two miles of wreck and ruin left behind them. Here and there is a wagon and its mules undamaged, but there are not ten instances to be found. Wheels have been shattered, tongues wrenched off, axles broken and forage or rations set on fire. At least one-half the animals have been killed or crippled and most of the others scattered. Thirty new ambulances have almost been ground into the earth; twenty sutlers' wagons are beyond repair; the wreck of sanitary commission vehicles proves that scarcely one escaped. The ground is littered with clothing, bedding, harness, forage and rations. We count sixty-six dead men amid this scene of desolation—sixty-six dead and forty-one wounded. Half a million dollars will not make good the government loss on stores alone. Not a shot had been fired into the trains. Not an enemy was within musket range. It was simply a stampede of the cowards who make up the tail of that monster we call war.

M. QUAD.