HOW THE OLD COLONEL FELL.

A Rocky Mountain Story of the C. P. R.

Being a Truthful Record of the Downfall of a Man with an Inflamed Imagina-tion—He Waxed Fat at the Expense of Mic Fellows Until He Was Turned from the Error of His Ways.

the Error of His Ways.

Old Colonel Henderson used to be a lighthearted wayfarer, but he has experienced a
change of heart, and to-day he takes life
most seriously. He is not a military man,
having received his title from an admiring
public by reason of his erect figure and his
genial personality. All along the division
over which he rups he is universally known
and esteemed. No conductor in the employ
of the C.P.R. has a larger stock of imaginative yarns, or a more numerous clientele on
whom to exercise his talents. At all times
and szasons he has, whenever opportunity
offered, and when circumstances seemed
propitious, advanced his highly interesting,
but withal, grossly untruthful tales and
theories on whoever would listen. The
young Ontario farmer, fresh from his native
heath, was a favorite victim, but the dolonel
was suave enough and nervy enough to endeavor to enlighten in his own way the man
who, dressed in broadcloth and an air of
annui, reposed in the parlor car. For a
long time, the boys say, the colonel escaped
his just deserts. But his time came at
last.

Eli Perkins was on a trip out west, on

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Eli Perkins was on a trip out west, on his way to Japan, over the C. P. R., and it was before Eli that the colonel fell. Mr. Perkins was telling of a religious experience, when Mr. Henderson opened the cardoor and swayed down the aisle. He had the old smile, and his usual air of just having been left a large fortune clung to him.

"Pleasant day, gentlemen," said he to us, as he punched our tickets. "We're not doing much of a business to-day." There were but a few passengers on the train. Eli and the conductor smiled at each other pleasantly as the were introduced.

"Shake hands with Mr. Jothan Beech, of Price's Corners, Ontario, Col. Henderson," said I. Eli was dressed like a hayseed out on a holiday, and he will probably never lose that indefinable air of the farm which characterizes him. As the colonel surveyed his paper collar, waging eternal war with his coat in an endeavor to be uppermost, and noted his travelling store clothes, purchased to save better, his bosom heaved, and it could be seen the old passion was on him.

"Remarkable county, this Mr. Beech,"

him.
"Remarkable county, this Mr. Beech,"
he remarked hospitably, as he sidled down

he remarked nospitacity, as no salicular into the seat.

"It is that, sir," returned Eli with a vigorous farmerish bob of the head.

"There's nothing like it around the Cor-

ners."
"No, Jothan," continued the colonel, in

"No, Jothan," continued the colonel, in an ingratiating, whole hearted way, and as he slapped Eli's knee he added enthusiastically, "and by heavens, man, there's more to be seen right on my run than anywhere clese in America."

The colonel's "run" was from Medicine Hat, out on the plains, in what is known as the "banana belt," to Donald, B. C., up in the Rocky Mountains, a distance of 364 miles. His statement regarding the sights on his division was true, for more diversified and grander scenery was not to be found anywhere.

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We were pulling along the Foot hills and the mountains rose in awe inspiring grandeur before us. There were peaks and ravines, snow capped summits, and stretches of smiling plain to be seen from our car window. And at that particular point, where the wondering easterner is impressed into silence, his mind ready to receive the most highly colored mountain stories, the colonel's greatest triumphs had been won.

"Ab, sir," said he to Eli, "I envy you your sensations. This magnificent scenery is an old story to me, but I can well remember the impression the first sight of the Rockies made on me. But would you believe it, Mr. Beech, wonderful as the mountains are, there are places and things in them fully as interesting to the new comer?"

"If it wouldn't be too much troubles."

comer?"
"If it wouldn't be too much trouble, sir
"' began the other. The colonel wanted to be pressed. Forthwith he was Mr. Per-

exclaimed Eli, whose open-mouthed and wild-eyed astonishment hugely delighted the railway man.

In due time he left us and the train reached Donald, where Eli was billed to lecture that night. Being the end of the colonel's run and his home, he stepped off the train to see his family for 36 hours and lay in a fresh stock of mountain stories.

At the lecture that right we saw Mr. Henderson and his family walk into the hall sharp on time, and the usher put them in the front row.

The colonel was simply dumbfounded when he saw his pseudo agricultural friend on the platform. He left that something was going to happen, and in a sort of in distinct way he imagined he would be hurt when it did. But he could neverdesert his family to run from Eli Perkins even. He wished in a vague way that he had not tried so hard to hang Eli up for a hayseed, and silently he resolved to forswear talking at random to strangers if he got away alive.

The lecturer arose and smiled at the house. There were, perhaps, 200 people present at half a dollar a head. Notwithstanding the colonel had put up \$2. Eli never looked at him.

The first part of the lecture dealt with the general aspects of religion as applied to travelling men and conductors. From that by easy stages, Mr. Perkins drifted to a dissertation on the magnificent seenery and vast area of the North-west and British Columbia. It was a subject the audience could appreciate also the lecturer was ap-

plauded at every turn. The colonel was feeling easier and had about concluded the spurious Beech had forgiven him.

"A country of magnificent distances!" bawled Eli. "Where is there the equal of it? Everything is on the same grand scale, and man's handlwork here is in keeping with that of the creator. (Applausa.) Look at that stupendous work, the C. P. R.! (Cheers.) No where on this earth is there its equal. (Renewed cheers.) Among human undertakings I say it stands first."

"That's so," from the colonel, who was growing enthusiastiz.

"Everything in connection with that road is on the same magnificent scale. Consider the runs of some of the conductors, for instance. (Applausa.) Now from here to Medicine Hat, the other end of the division to the east is—ah—is—let me see—is—."

And here the colonel fall

division to the east is—ah—is—let me see—is—."

And here the colonel fell.

"Three hundred and sixty-four miles, he prompted in a loud voice, feeling it would be wrong to keep silent when a man he had so wronged was in deep distress. For the first time the lecturer took notice of the colonel, and walking as near to him as the platform would permit, pointing a long bony finger at him, he transfixed him with a stony stare and said in an aggrieved tone:

"Now, look here, you, I don't know who you are, and I don't want to, but I wish you to understand that you can't come here and disturb my meeting. If you wish to lecture, come up on the platform. If you don't, keep quiet. While I'm up here I'll do the talking. I've been keeping my eye on you for some time, and I'll have you understand that you can't act here as you please. Now, keep quiet or I'll have you put on. I don't wish to have to warn you again."

Is it necessary to tell more? The colone does not know how he lived through the lecture, and the first thing he remembers afterwards was taking a drink with the man from the east. To-day, as has been intimated, he's a changed man.

TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An Attempt to Override British Author-

A Zanzibar despatch says:—Alibin Said, Sultan of Zanzibar, is dead. As soon as his death was known his son Kalid gained admittance to the palace by a back entrance, evidently with the intention of claiming the throne in defiance of British authority. Kalid caused the portals of the palace to be barred and made preparations to defend himself in the structure, which, besides being the finest residence in Zanzibar, is also very strongly built for defence. Gen. Matthews, acting in the absence of Sir G. A. Portal, now on his way to Uganda as British commissioner to examine the situation in that country, took a prompt and vigorous course. Proceeding to the palace with a strong force of troops he amine the situation in that country, took a prompt and vigorous course. Proceeding to the palace with a strong force of troops he demanded that the gate be opened, as otherwise tne place would be carried by storm if necessary. Kalid was dismayed by the resolute attithde of the British, who were supported by the native authorities generally, and he saw no prospect of success if he should challenge a conflict. Many of the natives sympathized with Kalid on account of British opposition to the slave trade should challenge a conflict. Many of the natives sympathized with Kalid on account of British opposition to the slave trade and for other reasons, but they did not dare to come out openly in defiance of the British. Kalid and those who had acted with him concluded to yield, and the doors of the palace were thrown open and the troops admitted. Kalid was then removed from the palace under a guard of soldiers, and Hamid, who has been designated heir to the throne, and recognized as such by the British, was proclaimed by the British authorities as Sultan, and at once installed in anthority under the British protectorate. Hamid Brin Thwain is a son of a deceased brother of the late Sultan and was heir to the throne according to Mohammedan law as recognized in Zanzibar, and the effort of Kalid to seize the throne was, therefore, an attempt at usurpation. Gen.

therefore, an attempt at usurpation. Gen. Matthews remains president of the council under Hamid, being the same place he held under the late Sultan Ali.

under the late Sultan Ali,
Peace has been maintained without a break through the prompt and vigorous action of the British. The British, it appears, were waiting for the Sultan's death, as they anticipated trouble, and immediately upon the Sultan breathing his last, at 10 minutes before 3 c/clock in the morning, marines were landed from Her Majesty's ship of war Philomel and seized the entrances to the palace and compelled Kalid to yield to British authority. The native police, under the command of British officers, kept order in the native quarter and prevented any display of insubordination.

"If the wouldn't be too much trouble, sir—"began the other. The coloned wanted to be pressed. Forthwith he was Mr. Per"Dyes see that peak over these?" and Mr. Henderson pointed to a distant many than the seed of the coloned was the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not touch at the place as I'd like I when not like I was point to like I was possible to like I was point to like I w

The Only Chance He Had.

Mrs. McCordle—" It strikes me that it is awfully disagreeable for you to talk in your sleep every night."
McCordle—" I agree with you, my dear, but I have to improve my opportunity, you

If I can put some touches of a rosy sun-set into the life of any man or woman, then I feel that I have walked with God.

POETRY.

Of mortal tunuit to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should
be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts
lasting to the end.

The Mother's Prayer-BY THEODORE TILTO

A mother's holy arm caressed
A babe that laughed upon her breast.
Then thus to heaven she cried in prayer:
Now, even as his face is fair,
Oh, Lord! keep Thou his soul within
As free from any spot of sin,"

From heaven the Lord an answer made: Behold! I grant as thou hast prayed." Within the door the darkness crept And babe and mother sweetly elept. The belfry rang the midnight bell, The watchman answered "All is well."

Awaking at the cradle side The mother knew the babe had died. With grief to set a woman wild She caught and clasped the marble child Until her heart against his own Was broken, beating on a stone.

'Oh God!" she cried in her despair,
'Why hast Thou mocked a mother's prayer
Then answered he: "As I have willed
Thy prayer, Oh woman, is fulfilled,
If on the earth his soul remain,
His soul shall gather many a stain." At thy behest I reach my hand.
To lift him to the heavenly land."
The mother heard and bowed her head,
And laid her check gainst the dead—
And cried, "Oh God—lare not pray—
Thou answerest in so strange a way!"

In shadow of a taper's light, She sat and moaned the livelong night, But when the morning brought the sun, She prayed, "Thy will, Oh God, be done!"

To Those Who Fail.

Courage, brave heart, nor in thy purpose fal-ter; Go and win the fight at any cost. Though sick and weary after heavy conflict, Rejeice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits
Who nobly struggle till the strife is done.
Through sun and storm, with courage all u
daunted,
Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters.
The brightest jewels in the darkest mine, and through the very blackest hour of midnight.
The star of hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! Press on! The path is steep and rugged,
And storm clouds almost hide hope's light
from view;
But you can pass where other feet have trodden;
A few more steps may bring you safely
through.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors;
By patient toil each difficulty past,
You then may see these days of bitter failure
But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.
—[Chambers' Journal.

Jack Chiddy.

Brave Jack Chiddy-oh, well you may sneer, For the name isn't one that sounds nice in the ear; But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best, And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast. Now, I heard you say that you're fond of a

tale,
If it bears upon railway-men and the rail,
Well, here is one that will suit you. I knoThough it happened a good many years ag Jack Chiddy—there, you are smiling again At the name which I own is both common a

At the name which I own is both common and plain—

Jack Chiddy,—I say, wrought along with his mates. Year in and year out, on a section of plates. Simple enough was the work, with no change But to see that both lines were in gauge and Farrange Fartange, and tighten a bolt, All to keep fast trains from giving a jolt.

Strange when one thinks where a hero may

Of colling smoke and a glitter and gleam
Of iron and steel, and then down fell the
steam.
Not a breath could we draw, but stood blank
with dismay,

with dismay,
As the train tore along, making up for delay;
Till at last from us all burst a shout and a when we knew that the "Dutchman" had passed and was clear.

And Chiddy? Ah me! you will pardon these tears,
For he was my mate on the rails many years,
When we found him one look was enough to
reveal That Jack's life blood was red on the engin

Brave Jack Chiddy? Now don't you sneer At the name which I own is but harsh to the ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more, deeds
are best;
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

SAVED BY A BLAZER.

A Gaudy Tenuis Jacket Awes Belligere

Action to the second property of the control of the Canalbais.

E. J. Glave, the African traveller, writes:
—In 1886, when leaving England for a three years' journey in Africa, I had among my extensive outfit a flannel jacket, gaudily colored in bold yellow and black stripes, two inches wide. I packed this away in the bottom of a trunk, deciding to reserve it for the far interior, feeling certain that my dusky friends there would be deeply impressed by the dazzling garment.

A few months later I was journeying in a small steamer on the upper waters of the Congo River, visiting all the native settlements on my way. Upon nearing the large populous Village of Lulungu I resolved to render my landing as imposing as possible by wearing my brightly striped jacket. I had imagined that my bri liant appearance would create a great deal of interest, but I had not expected to fascinate the whole tribe into a state of bewilderment. My arrival arrested all occupation in the village, street and hut were deserted, and an admiring crowd scurried to the beach and grouped themselves around me in a huddled mass. Some of them, spell bound, stared and gaped at me without saying a word; others more bold expressed their wonderment in stuttering whispers; neither flery comet nor noon-day eclipse could have held this savage audience more thoroughly bewitched; bearded warriors with arms and chests scarred by many a stubborn fight; women clutching their startled babies, and a host of children watching my every movement. As I moved toward the village the dusky crowd followed, and bore me company everywhere I went.

TAMING WILD ELEPHANTS.

Novel Method of Capturing the Anim in Indo-China.

In Indo-China.

Dr. C. W. Rosset, the traveller and explorer, who is well known for his country. It is set to ethnography, is now in this country. He was long in the service of Gen. Gordon in the Egytian Sondan, and of late years he has been exploring in the virgin field between Annam and the great Mekong River, where he has brought to light four tribes whose existence was barely known before he made them a study. Dr. Rosset contributes this account of wild elephant catching as practised by one of these tribes in Indo-China:

"The Benongs live about midway be-

toward me with uplifted trunk and fierce trumpetings. I had no time to spare to take good aim, and so I fired into the open mouth of the beast. The tremendous recoil of my gun threw me to the ground, and at the same moment I heard my servant fire twice.

"I quickly raised myself, but was unable on account of the smoke of my gun to see the elephant. Then I suddenly felt something graze my face, and I was hurled a distance of several yards, and lost consciousness. When I recovered the Cambodians stood around me. They had thought that I was dead. My clothes were sprinkled with blood, and a pain in my upper jaw convinced me that there was something wrong. I found that several teeth had been knocked out. The elephant had knocked them out with her trunk, and had disappeared. Three balls had not killed her. A deadly wound can only be given when the ball enters through the temple or the eye.

"As the elephant has keen zeent and hearing, a European needs long experience before he can hunt the animal successfully The native, who creeps noiselessly in his Annamite costume, has, in spite of his inferior weapons, a better chance of success than a European with his creaking boots and breech-loader. The Benongs kill elephants with poisoned arrows, which, although they cannot penetrate the thick skin, may inflict a deadly wound in softer parts, as the trunk. In such places the poisonous substance, prepared from extracts of herbs, acts so violently that the animal often dies within ten minutes."