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MORRIS MOSS' ABSENCE.

Many theories have been advanced to explain the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Morris Moss, of this city, who was last seen in Colville, in June, but Mr. Robert Stevenson, of Chilliwack, who for many years was Canadian customs officer for the Osooyos district, is able to speak of the matter from a more intimate knowledge of the district surrounding Colville than many. On returning from a trip to Similkameen the other day, among his first inquiries was whether his old friend, Mr. Moss, had been heard from. "I haven't lost hope," he said, "but Morris Moss will turn up all right." He then went on to tell his reasons to a reporter for this opinion.

The Colville Indian reservation will be thrown open for entry by prospectors within a month or two. The Indians of the reservation are very much opposed to the whites going through it, and arrest all who have not the tact and nerve to silence their boasting and frame a good excuse. There are Indian rumors of long standing as to the marvellously rich gold mines. When Mr. Stevenson was in Osooyos, 25 years ago, he heard of one which had been found by an Okanagan Indian four or five years before that, which assayed \$5,000 to the ton. He and a friend several times ventured on the reservation, trying to find the mine, the location of which the Indian had described in a very indefinite way. With a Mr. Leech he felt confident he was once within ten miles of it, but was obliged to return empty-handed. He is still confident he could yet find it. The talk of this rich ore has been silenced for many years, and Mr. Stevenson thought that himself and a Mr. John Ingram, of Kettle River, were the only people who had heard of it, and now that Mr. Ingram is dead he thought himself the only white man who had heard of these untold riches. When Mr. Moss disappeared it at once occurred to Mr. Stevenson that he had heard of this mine and had started to locate it, if possible, before the reservation was lifted.

A long and arduous journey, Mr. Stevenson said, was necessary before the vicinity of the mine is reached. A man could drive in a buckboard from Colville up to the Kettle River to Osooyos Lake, 90 miles, then 80 miles down the Okanagan River to the Fos-

ter Creek ferry, and after that it was 40 miles to where the mine is. That makes 210 miles, or with the return journey 420 miles, and no one is going to take that trip and stay only a week. The Indians, he said, would oppose his progress, but it was hardly likely they would harm him. He believed Mr. Moss was still looking for the mine.

There was an Indian story of another rich mine in the reservation. About 20 years ago, an Indian sold a piece of ore to Marcus Oppenheimer, after whom the town Marcus is named. On being sent to San Francisco, it assayed \$25,000 to the ton, but no intimation could be got of where such ore came from. Morris Moss, Mr. Stevenson concluded, is looking after one or other of these mines, and you will see he will come back some time.

RUNNING QUARANTINE.

Victoria people have hitherto been the acknowledged champions in the pastime known as "running quarantine," which has lately come into favor as a healthful and exciting sport, but the Vancouver Telegram believes that they will have to look to their laurels or the enterprising citizens of the Terminal City will carry off the palm.

Two ladies belonging to that city, Mrs. Cofort and Mrs. Harrison, were very desirous of going to Seattle, but had no mind to spend a long fourteen days en route. They, therefore, cast about for some means by which the lynx-eyed American health officers and guards might be evaded, and as a result of their plotting, a quiet party consisting of the two ladies and three gentlemen, left on Sunday night last in a naphtha launch, owned by a Cordova street real estate firm.

They reached Fairhaven without mishap, and there caught the Premier on her way to Seattle, and the two fair travellers were placed on board the steamer, which safely conveyed them to their destination.

The little craft, with her three hardy mariners, arrived back in the Inlet Wednesday afternoon.

Lady (to nursemaid)—Caroline, see you don't let the children sit on the wet grass; they might catch cold. If they are tired, you can sit on it yourself and take them on your knees.

GREECE STILL LIVES.

Historians of the neo-philosophical school are agreed that if Cleopatra had been adorned with a nose more reticent than it was, Antony, who hated snubs of all kinds, would not have fallen into her clutches, and the whole course of subsequent events would consequently have been different. Thus dire events from little causes spring. Who knows what may come of the terrible threat made by a Greek gentleman—who has Agamemnon, Achilles, and the whole of the 300 of Thermopylae among his ancestors—at the North London Police Court? His landlady regarded him as rather a nuisance, and wished to get rid of him, but he declined to go. The housewife's brother then tackled the lodger, and in the Homeric words of the Greek gave him "bump, bump, bump in the back." The magistrate asked him why he did not leave when the landlady wished his room instead of his company, and the Greek's answer was that he did not want to. He was now, however, determined to make an international question of it, and was resolved to go back to Greece, partly because he could not make a living here, but principally to see that the insult inflicted upon his back is avenged. "And," shouted he as he left the court, "I will tell the King of Greece of the treatment I have received!" What will happen then nobody foresees. In the meantime the person who has most reason to be satisfied is the landlady.

"Johnny, are you teaching that parrot to use naughty words?" "No'm. I'm just telling it what it mustn't say."

The only way the average man can express his disgust with lovely woman's present habit of wearing a trail is by stepping on it every chance he gets.

A New York man was killed in consequence of his politeness. He was on the elevated railroad sitting by a lady, and, thinking it impolite to sneeze in the presence of a lady, poked his head out of the window just in time to be struck by a loose wire and have his skull fractured. There is danger even in being too polite, but politeness is not usually a fault on the street cars.