

The Colonist.

FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1892.

HEALTH CORRESPONDENCE.

The Times has not published the correspondence which it undertook to describe and to criticize. It appears from what it says it did not see the correspondence on which it passed judgment. This is characteristic of the organ of the Opposition. It is always ready to condemn those with whom it differs, whether it has good grounds for doing so or not.

We have done what the Times, to make good its assertions, did not see fit to do. We have procured copies of the letters, and our readers will be able to judge whether they are "kisses" or not, whether the Times or the Board of Health had good ground for describing any of them as "actually insulting."

The reader will see that the Premier made his requests with a due regard to official etiquette, and that his letters will compare very favorably, in point of courtesy and clearness, with those penned by Mayor Beaven. It will also be seen that Mr. Davie was the opposite of arbitrary in the request which he considered it his duty to make. He from the first did not ask the Council or its committee to take his word as law. He advised them, indeed, he urged on them, to consult the city solicitors as to the legality of the suggestions which he made, and when the legal soundness of those suggestions was called in question by the Mayor, he took steps to have them submitted to the judges of the Supreme Court. All this is the reverse of despotism. In fact, it would be difficult to see how the Premier could have proceeded more moderately or with greater deference to any objections that reasonable and well disposed men might make.

Our courteous contemporary, when it sees the correspondence which it pronounced upon, will, we think, consider that it was rather hasty when it condemned the Premier's letter and passed an opinion on the part of the Mayor, "unfathomable," as the boys say.

We will not be so uncharitable as to suppose that the Times ventured the assertion that one of the Premier's letters was "actually insulting." It must have been told that the letter was offensive. Who was it that gave our contemporary the false information, and induced it to publish what was demonstrably untrue? We imagine that we could, without much trouble, guess the first letters of his name.

It is curious to observe the Mayor's unwillingness to test the soundness of the Attorney-General's opinions before the Supreme Court. Is it because he knows that it is one thing positively to declare that the suggestions which the Premier made at the conference were not according to law, and quite another to submit them to men known to be learned in the law and who are in a position to authoritatively declare whether or not they can be legally carried out?

How is it, too, that the Mayor in his letter ignores the resolution of the Council to carry out the Attorney-General's suggestions. Such a resolution was, we are assured, moved by Alderman Styles and regularly carried. It is usual for the Mayor to carry out the decisions of the Council and not either to ignore or override them. If our information is correct Mr. Beaven had no discretion in the matter after the 28th ult., when Mr. Styles' resolution was carried. It is, we submit, his Worship the Mayor who is acting like a Czar in flying in the face of his council, and not the Premier, who is ready to submit the legality of his proposals to the decision of the highest tribunal in the province.

A GOOD MAN'S OPINION.

Prohibitionists are ready to condemn those who do not believe in prohibition, as being lovers of strong drink and unsound on moral questions generally. This is by no means the case. There are men who do not drink themselves or countenance drinking in others, who are convinced that as long as human nature remains what it is, prohibition will be impossible. They see that prohibitory laws are systematically violated wherever they are enacted, and that in some places where they have been approved by large majorities, they cannot be enforced. Good men seeing this have come to the conclusion that it is better to have no prohibitory law, than to have one which people, even those who voted for it, will not obey.

Among the witnesses who appeared before the Prohibition Commission in Montreal, was Mr. George Hagde. Mr. Hagde is a gentleman well advanced in years. He is manager of the Merchants Bank and one of the ablest financiers in the Dominion. He is also a working Christian and a zealous social reformer. We do not know whether he is a total abstainer or not, but it is well known that he has no sympathy with those who give way to the appetite for strong drink. He is of opinion that the drunkard should be made to feel the full responsibility of his acts. He believes that harm is done by blaming the law of the land rather than the drunkard for his weakness and folly and for the evil consequences of his excesses. With respect to a prohibitory law, this is what this Christian gentleman said:

With regard to prohibition, it is, of course, understood that all license laws are to a certain extent prohibitive, and such prohibition can be enforced. But the experience of all communities in which a total prohibition has been carried by the resolution of a small body of popular representatives shows that such a law will not be obeyed except by those who abstain on principle, and would obtain no matter what the law was, and further, that the general enforcement of the law by fines, penalties, etc., is practically impossible. Experience seems

to lead up to a conclusion something like this: That no prohibitory law will be obeyed or can be enforced in any given community unless a very large majority of that community (almost the whole, in fact) have agreed on other grounds to give up the use of intoxicating drinks. But then it is evident that in such a community no prohibitory law would be needed at all.

As a conclusion of the whole matter, I am driven to the conviction, as I said at the beginning, that it is a great pity and a diversion of energy into an illusory channel, the placing of resolutions and laws upon statute books. I give this opinion with a certain diffidence, but it is founded on experience and observation. I have long thought it to be deplorable that ministers of religion should in so many instances, have ceased to testify against drunkenness as a sin, and should so generally have concentrated blame upon the material by which the sin is committed, as if the sinner but mere material substances called wines, whiskey, or alcohol, had abandoned the use of the material for a moral offense. This unfortunate diversion of blame from the man to the liquor has, I venture to think, done much mischief. There is all the more reason for the church and philanthropists to testify against drunkenness from the fact that in so much of popular literature a glamor and a charm are thrown around it. Every reader of Dickens knows this to be the case, and even Scott is not free from the same mistake. There are only samples of a great stream of literary influences that is constantly operating to make drunkenness appear as a form of good humor and fellowship which nobody need be particularly ashamed of; and the drunkard himself, not a sinner against God and in danger of eternal perdition, but a jolly good fellow, whom every body likes.

It is evident that Mr. Hagde has thought much and deeply on this subject. And his conclusions agree with those of many who have had an opportunity of observing the operation of the Scott Act. It was seen that that Act could be enforced where it was not needed, that is, in communities where there was little or no drinking, but in towns where there were large numbers of habitual drinkers it was, in many instances, little more than dead letter.

Prohibitionists think that what they hope for and expect must happen, but when they get their law they are often disgusted and discouraged to find that many of the men who sided them in their agitation in favor of the prohibitory law, are among those who have habitually violated it, and who give their sympathy to the breakers of the law and not to those who are entrusted with its enforcement.

What Mr. Hagde says about casting the whole blame of the drunkard's wickedness on the "rum," rather than on the sinner himself, is well worthy of serious thought. To hear some people talk, one is apt to conclude that the man who sacrifices everything that makes life pleasant and respectable, to his appetite for strong drink, is an innocent victim—almost, if not altogether, a martyr, and not a weak and wickedly self-indulgent man, who, disregarding the claims of those who are near and should be dear to him, continues a habit which ruins his health and wastes his substance. We, like Mr. Hagde, think that it is not wise to make "rum" or anything else the drunkard's scapegoat. He should be left without a single excuse for the injury he does himself and the misery he brings on others.

ROSEBERRY'S CHOICE.

The Russian outrages in the North Pacific will give Lord Rosebery an opportunity of proving that Mr. Gladstone did wisely in selecting him as the Foreign Secretary of his administration. Lord Rosebery was not the choice of the Premier alone. The whole nation looked to him as the only possible Foreign Secretary among the men of Mr. Gladstone's party. His appointment therefore met with general approbation. The Liberals considered that he was the only Gladstonian qualified to be at the head of the Department of Foreign Affairs, and the Conservatives said that since a Liberal must have the position, Rosebery and Rosebery only, was the right man. His Lordship has now his opportunity. The way in which he deals with this question will show whether he deserves the high opinion formed of him by both Liberals and Conservatives. It appears that the Foreign Secretary has already asked for an explanation of the Russian outrages. This is what the Canadian Gazette says:

It will be interesting to see what answer the Russian Government will make to Lord Rosebery's request for an explanation of the seizure of Canadian vessels by Russian coast-guard boats on the high seas from thirty to forty miles from the nearest land. The narratives supplied by the crews of the three sailing vessels to Admiral Hotham, and now in the hands of the Imperial authorities, leave plenty of room for explanation. The barbarity and disregard of all international obligations, which all the crews agree in attributing to the Russian officials, is almost incredible. The men were, according to their accounts, treated after a seizure far worse than common malefactors would be treated in any civilized community. They say they were robbed of all they possessed, and finally turned adrift at Petropavlovsk without money, without food, without fitting clothes, and in a desolate district that they were glad of the hardy-sealed shelter of a filthy Russian galley, and even then they were packed into a hold some ten to fifteen feet by ten feet. These statements have of course to be sifted, and it is not right to assume, in the absence of more definite information, that even if substantially true, such high-handed and tyrannical proceedings were more than outbursts on the part of some petty official accustomed to the public mind with Russia's association in the public mind with Russia's treatment of her prisoners, political and otherwise. But Lord Rosebery's assurance that the matter is receiving the "earliest attention" of Her Majesty's Government is welcome, and we have a right to expect that he will not rest until he has seen justice done.

It is difficult to imagine what reply the Russian Government will make to Lord Rosebery's enquiries. But it is to be hoped that the whole matter will be thoroughly investigated and that ample reparation will be made to all who have suffered injury.

FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

It is the Thing for Girls to Have Characters, Nowadays—Specialties.

If you Are not Extra Clever at Some One Thing you Need Not Live.



NEW YORK, Oct. 18, 1892.—It is thought a good thing now for a girl to have a character. Nobody used to trouble about this; in past ages they used not to have them, the men had them, but never the girls. Sir Walter Scott's heroines—with the exception of Edith Vernon—were quite free of them; but now in our modern novels, men instead of marrying girls for their beauty and goodness are moved to intense admiration because they notice that the ladies have a distinct leaning to frailties or aberrations or show some strong (so-called) sign of a strongly developed character.

Although "beauty draws with a single hair," it is being made less and less of every day now. We say of a pretty girl, "Why did he marry her?" "There is nothing in her!" You see we have come



This one is from a very recent Parisian design of Redfern. The bodice you will notice is all gracefully drawn, and has no revers. The chemise portion is all shirred and has a row of handsome little bows a little to the left side. The sleeves are elegantly draped. The skirt has only a very slight train and has a novel sort of trimming in the shape of swallow shaped bows at intervals, with a row of ballroom underneath. The small capote worn with this costume is quite the latest thing.

to expect such a great deal now in a girl that is married. A man used to fall in love (good old phrase), now he analyzes the girl's character, and having ascertained that "sensitiveness" accepts his bargain with quiet satisfaction.

A properly balanced character is not the thing to have. I gather this from the popular novel of the day. Some quality must be abnormally developed—in short every one must be a specialist, if only at a very trifling thing. You needn't be a very good musician, or artist, or actor, or poet. You needn't have composed an opera, or invented a steam engine; you need only place daily emphasis on some very simple matter. I have met people who made such a point of having a cold bath, and talking about it—of taking it at intervals, with a row of ballroom underneath. The small capote worn with this costume is quite the latest thing.



Seal skin coats are already beginning to make their appearance. Here is one of quite a new shape. It has a dainty little cape in the form of a deer's ear collar round the throat. This year they are made extra long and have very capacious sleeves.

who have never had their photographs taken, and I have met others who have posed before Dana, Vanderweyde and Falk and a host of others, and with these

different sorts of people now a small sort of notoriety for their small sets by trading on their peculiarities.

Then there are people who never read novels, and people who always send telegrams instead of letters, and people who never eat pastry, and people who write complaining letters to newspapers, and people who read year flannels all the year round. There are dozens and dozens of people who make a little stir in their little world by their little eccentricities.

The year 1892 is a year for specialties. You rarely hear of any one now of whom it might be said, "She was in no way remarkable." The quiet woman who did every thing "a little" and made no such much as a bubble in the pool of existence around her is a thing that we only read of now. The day for such is over! Every one is very "much so" in some particular direction now and those who are not get "left."

People dare to wear things now that at one time they would have trembled at. I strolled into Redfern's place and saw some very quaint, strange and striking garments. Some of the gowns had high stiff sort of wings to them. They appeared to be mounted on buckram and were made of velvet. As for sleeves, well, I never saw such and made no such wide, most of them. And then the little badge that hung at the sides of many of the gowns is quite a return to the real old Empire.

Some of the gowns have these sleeve wings made partially limp, and lined with ermine. The Redfern place is being reconstructed by Redfern, with every detail carried out successfully. Ladies, expect to see yourselves with sloping shoulders before long. Reception costumes will always stand being very recherche and elaborate, and Redfern is making them of very rich materials and with the bodices quite complicated matters.

LE BARON DE BREMONT.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

The Heroine of the Cabin on the Smoky Hill Fork—The Shadow in the Moonlight.

When the Indians turned loose in western Kansas and Nebraska in 1867-8 they found hundreds of scattered ranchmen and pioneers totally unprepared for either resistance or flight. The red man had no mercy in his heart for old or young. He took no prisoners—men, women and children were tomahawked and scalped as fast as they fell into his hands. From the Niobrara river, in South Dakota, to the Cimarron, down in the southwest corner of Kansas, he desolated the land with torch and tomahawk.

At midnight one night a wounded man rode into our camp on the Smoky Hill fork of the Kansas river, on the Overland trail. He had two bullets in his body, and he fell to the earth as he was challenged by our sentinel, but he had a story to tell before he died. Ten miles to the north of us a pioneer had stalked out his claim and set up his home in defiance of all dangers. He had come from the Missouri river, and the family consisted of himself, wife, a son fourteen years old and a daughter eight years old. They were almost criminal in his hope to thus escape their lives, but the frontiers of the west witnessed thousands of such instances. The family had remained too long. When it was decided to abandon the claim and seek safety the country was full of shadowy hints of vengeance. The wounded man was a pioneer, and he was just riding away from the cabin of the Applegates when fired upon. They might be able to defend the cabin for a few hours, but unless help was sent them they would be wiped out before noonday.

We were but a detachment of a regiment, with not enough of men to spare. The captain in command shook his head as the story was finished, and the shadow of death flitted over the face of the man who had come riding through the darkness to tell us of his life and death. The entire family would not have been strong enough to attempt a rescue even if they were free to move. He did not return to his sleep, from which he had been aroused; he sat moody and silent by himself, and not over twenty feet away was the dead man covered with a blanket.

"Look here, captain," said my fellow scout as we moved up to him, "a brief talk between ourselves, while you wait for your horse. While you wait for your horse, let me tell you a story. I have met people who made such a point of having a cold bath, and talking about it—of taking it at intervals, with a row of ballroom underneath. The small capote worn with this costume is quite the latest thing.

"How would you do it?" asked the captain.

"Was, pard and I kin make the distance afore daylight. If the family has bin wiped out we'll come help; if not we'll try to get in and help 'em hold the fort till the reds git tired or Outer drives 'em off."

The captain took five minutes to think it over and then gave us permission to go. The Indians had overreached themselves in their attack on the cabin—that is, they had betrayed their presence by firing upon the land looker too soon. As his horse dashed off with him the Applegates dashed down and windows and prepared to fight to the end. The cabin was constructed of logs, soda and stones—a temporary shelter to be replaced the next year by something more pretentious. It stood on a knoll, with clear ground all around it. Fifty feet from the back door was the spring from which water was obtained.

A mile from the house we turned our horses loose to find their way back to camp, and then crept forward. We felt certain that Indians were about, but we reached the cabin without seeing or hearing from them. Lying flat upon the earth we crawled cautiously up the knoll, and thirty feet away the house loomed before us. We were not alone. They were naturally suspicious of trickery, and it was a quarter of an hour before we got into the house. In addition to what the Mrs. Applegate had told us, we found that she had entered one of the porches, and another had struck the husband in the fleshy part of the leg and inflicted a painful wound. In the darkness we could not see each other's faces, and our conversation was in whispers. When daylight came the body of the dead man was laid on the bed and covered up, and we dressed the man's wound to his great benefit. The sister-in-law was named Lucy Rogers. She was a surprise to me. She had the voice and bearing of a born

lady, and I never saw a handsome girl. Such a girl ought to have been lying in bed, faint or walking about and wringing her hands and unweaving her hair, and instead of that she was calm and cool and rather inclined to take charge of affairs. The boy was only a boy in years, but when I looked him over I knew that he would count for a man in the attack which we might soon look for.

"Now here's the situation," said old Bill as daylight made our surroundings plain. "There are five of us here. We've got three Winchester, a cavalry carbine and three revolvers and plenty of ammunition for all. We kin stand off a hundred for a couple of days, and nobody need be scared. How's the grub and water?"

"We have plenty to eat," replied the girl, "but the water is about gone. I am now going to the spring with the two pails. You two scouts must cover me with your rifles."

The barbed wire was removed from the back door and the girl went out without the slightest hesitation. She was the first trip without incident. As she was filling the pails a second time the Indians discovered her. Not knowing of our presence, four warriors rose up from behind a ridge forty rods away and ran to capture her. Bill and I were lying on the ground half a mile away, and we fired the first shot. She heard the redskins yell, and she knew they were coming for her but she filled the pails just as coolly as if there wasn't a red within fifty miles. She was on her way back to the house and the nearest Indian was within a hundred feet of her when we opened fire. Six warriors had been sheltered behind the ridge. All were moving down upon her when we jumped up. I tell you only what you can find in the military records of that date when I say that we knocked over four of the six off-hand and wounded the sixth. The sixth was the one who had been left there for the night, probably, as we saw no others. While the girl was carrying water we stripped the dead of their arms and ammunition. We got one Winchester and three percussion rifles, and one of the warriors had a navy revolver. Everything which could be spared to hold water was filled. Not an Indian was to be seen at this time, but we had no idea of leaving the place. It might be an hour before any force showed up, but then we would have our hands full. As the girl finished her task she came to us at the door and said:

"There is a spider. Dig a grave close to the house for my dead sister. We must be cooped up here for three or four days yet."

It was the thing to do, but neither of us would have dared suggest it. While Bill used the spade I brought more water from the spring and drenched the house and the porch, and the girl went around. Everything which would burn was thoroughly soaked. Applegate sat on the floor, with a chair acting as a prop for his back, while the boy watched through a porthole at the other end of the cabin.

"Henry," said the girl as she beckoned us to the cabin, "we are going to bury Della just outside. Charlie (to the boy), go and kiss your mother."

We helped her to wrap the body in a quilt, and then we carried it to where the husband sat, and he kissed the dead face and covered his own with his hands. Lucy's face betrayed the torture of her soul, but she shed no tears. It was a shallow grave, and the body was soon hidden from sight. When the earth had been trodden down the girl said:

"While I am preparing breakfast do you men tear down that stable and bring up such material as we may want to strengthen the cabin."

It was a rough shed of poles and thatch, but a good portion of it was of value to us. We chinked up many crevices between the logs, made new portholes, and when through with our work we had made a bit of the shanty. As we watched a bite to eat the girl stood at the door and watched. We had not finished when she stopped back and quietly said:

"They are coming—a full 200! There is no hurry yet. While you eat I will distribute the guns and ammunition. Henry, let me draw you back a little. You can load the guns for the rest of us to fire. Charlie, take this Indian's Winchester in place of the carbine. I'll put the cartridges here beside you. One of you men take the front door, the other the rear. Now, then, we are all ready for them."

There were, as was afterward known, 238 Indians in the force which appeared. Within twenty-four hours they had massacred about twenty white people and as far as they knew, was composed of only two men and a young woman. Their contempt for us was shown in their first movement. Twenty young bucks, anxious to distinguish themselves, were selected to attack. They divided to take the shanty front and rear. They laid their rifles on the grass and drew their tomahawks, and at a signal came rushing upon us with the usual accompaniment of whoops and yells.

"In case either of you need a fresh gun call out," said the girl as Bill and I stood waiting.

As Bill always asserted when relating our adventure around the campfire, it was like sitting down to a good dinner. We began firing as soon as they were in range. Each of us had a dead rest, and it was no trick at all to send a bullet where you wanted to. Not one of our side got nearer than twenty feet. The fire was so hot that those who turned aside.

"Four down on your side and five on mine," said the girl as she came over to me, "and I think they are all dead. That's good shooting. They will now make a general attack. Charlie, be ready there, and I will take the outside. You men keep your places as you are."

By calling out to each other we all kept informed as to the general movements of the band. They held a council and then divided into four bands. That meant an attack on four sides of the shanty at once, and we were to be prepared. Each band marched off to its station, and men from each gathered bundles of dry grass. As the signal for a rush was given these bundles were ignited. Just what happened at such a time is hard to remember, and I describe afterward. The din made by over 200 redskins, each yelling at the top of his voice, was something awful. Each had his rifle and kept firing, and there was no checking such a rush. I

thought they would lift the shanty high in the air as they swept up. They pulled at the logs, battered the barricades and mounted to the roof, but our steady fire was too much for them. When they fell back a score of bundles of hay were burning against the logs, and they doubtless thought us doomed. The water I had thrown about saved us, however. Each bundle burned out without doing damage to the shanty. When the smoke blew away the sight was one to be remembered. In the retreat they had carried off their dead and wounded as far as possible, but there were twenty-three dead still lying around, and the dry grass was so stained and smeared with blood and there were so many bloody trails criss-crossing that it seemed like a map drawn in red ink. In that five minutes we killed and wounded more Indians than the Seventh cavalry could show for a year. Bill and I were shaking hands and yelling when we suddenly discovered that Applegate was dead. A stray bullet had entered the room and passed through his head. As we looked about we found the boy crouching on the bed with the girl binding up a wound in his chest as he lay.

"It isn't very serious," she said, as we came forward, "but will disable him for a time. We have given the redskins a bad dose, but they may come again."

"Did you know that—that he was dead?" I asked as I pointed to the body of Applegate.

"Yes, some time ago, poor fellow!" she answered. "What are the Indians doing now?"

No band of redskins ever suffered as great a loss at the hands of four people. The rapidity of our fire led them to believe that there were a score of soldiers in the shanty and that they had been overpowered. After about an hour a warrior approached with a flag of truce and demanded a surrender. Our reply was a bullet, which whizzed close enough to scare him. About thirty men then kept up a long range fire on the front of the house; while half a dozen tried to get to the back roof by means of burning arrows. Nothing came of it, and after parading about sundown, leaving perhaps a score of warriors to maintain a desultory fire and prevent our escape, they were so well satisfied that the fight was over that they simply maintained a lookout at each door. None of us slept. The boy was in too much pain, and the rest of us had no desire. An hour after sunrise 200 cavalrymen came galloping over the prairie to our rescue, scattering the redskins like rabbits, and our work was done. I looked to see the young woman break down then, but she did not. She requested that another grave might be dug, and the body of the husband given burial. Then she packed up a bundle of clothing, secured a few mementoes, and was ready to go. After our four days of captivity the boy went away to Hays City, and I have never seen either since. Two years after the event, however, Bill once showed a photograph under my nose. It was that of a feminine chap with his hair parted down centre and a baby look about his mouth.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Her husband."

"Why, Lucy, you durned idiot! Yes, sir, that ar gal has gone and done got married to this thing—to a fellow who'd has faded dead away at hearing them redskins yell that day! Waaah! I'm tired."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Her husband."

"Why, Lucy, you durned idiot! Yes, sir, that ar gal has gone and done got married to this thing—to a fellow who'd has faded dead away at hearing them redskins yell that day! Waaah! I'm tired."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Her husband."

"Why, Lucy, you durned idiot! Yes, sir, that ar gal has gone and done got married to this thing—to a fellow who'd has faded dead away at hearing them redskins yell that day! Waaah! I'm tired."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Her husband."

"Why, Lucy, you durned idiot! Yes, sir, that ar gal has gone and done got married to this thing—to a fellow who'd has faded dead away at hearing them redskins yell that day! Waaah! I'm tired."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Her husband."

"Why, Lucy, you durned idiot! Yes, sir, that ar gal has gone and done got married to this thing—to a fellow who'd has faded dead away at hearing them redskins yell that day! Waaah! I'm tired."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Her husband."

"Why, Lucy, you durned idiot! Yes, sir, that ar gal has gone and done got married to this thing—to a fellow who'd has faded dead away at hearing them redskins yell that day! Waaah! I'm tired."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Her husband."

"Why, Lucy, you durned idiot! Yes, sir, that ar gal has gone and done got married to this thing—to a fellow who'd has faded dead away at hearing them redskins yell that day! Waaah! I'm tired."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Her husband."

"Why, Lucy, you durned idiot! Yes, sir, that ar gal has gone and done got married to this thing—to a fellow who'd has faded dead away at hearing them redskins yell that day! Waaah! I'm tired."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Her husband."

"Why, Lucy, you durned idiot! Yes, sir, that ar gal has gone and done got married to this thing—to a fellow who'd has faded dead away at hearing them redskins yell that day! Waaah! I'm tired."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Her husband."

go up to the shanty, but no one volunteered. There was something so queer and uneasy that nobody felt like making a closer investigation. It was perhaps ten minutes after the figure entered the shanty before it reappeared. It passed over the same ground, in the same peculiar way, and as it reached the trail it halted for a moment as if looking back. Our eyes followed it up the plain, broad trail until it grew fainter and fainter and finally disappeared.

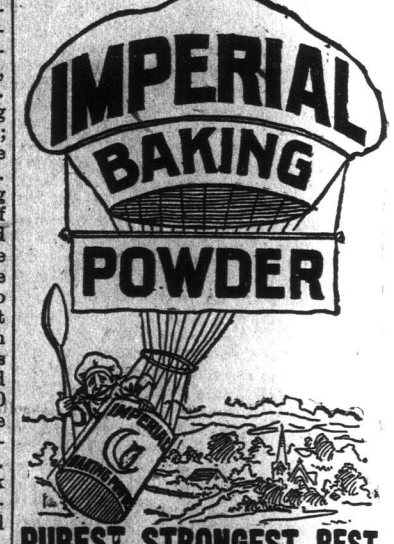
"What did it look like to you?" I asked one man of another.

"A little old woman, bent and feeble," was the reply.

All had seen alike. You may ask why some one didn't pursue. No man had ever seen a living woman on that trail, or expected to. This was a woman, and yet it was not. Its presence cast an awe upon everybody. Some of the men returned to bed, and others gathered in groups and talked in whispers until daylight came. There were fifty men who went up in a crowd to "Satan's" shanty. They found him fully dressed and seated in the door, and he had been dead for let me tell you his eyes were wide open, his vision seemed to have returned, and he was looking across to Top Notch trail just as a living man would—aye, looking and looking, and his face had softened and a smile had crept over it and been held there by the fingers of death.

"It was the spirit of his mother!" whispered the crowd as they stood and looked into the face of the dead man, and so we have ever believed.

M. QUAD.



PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS

ROYAL MAIL LINES.

Cheapest and Quickest Route to the Old Country.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.

From Montreal to London via Halifax, St. John's, and Liverpool.