NEWS OF THE PROVINCE.

Westminster Ratepayers Want a Government Audit—To Restrain the C. P. R.

Van Horne at Revelstoke—Interior Railway Construction—Columbia River Simoon.

(Special to the COLONIST.)

VANCOUVER.

VANCOUVER, June 8.—The License committee met yesterday morning, but adjourned without doing business.

Tupper Thompson has skipped to San Francisco. Thompson was utilized as a smallpox nurse during the epidemic. He was to stand his trial for seduction, and was allowed to go on his own recognizance. When wanted, he was found stricken with smallpox. Before he could be summoned again, he was *non est*.

Stanley Park bridge is being repaired, and is closed to traffic.

Siwashes and half-breeds had a desperate drunken fight at the rancherie yesterday afternoon. Officer McKeown arrested five of the peace disturbers.

Thursday evening the congregation will say good-bye to Rev. R. R. Maitland and Mrs. Maitland at a social in Homer street Methodist church.

Mr. James Crossan, Grand Master of the I.O.O.F. for British Columbia, has been visiting the interior lodges of the Province. On Saturday he visits the three lodges of this city. Mr. Crossan is Past Grand of the Knights of Pythias.

The tickets for the Australian steamer banquet have been sold to the limit. The success of the undertaking is assured.

Mrs. Jacko, the pet monkey at the Zoo, died yesterday.

The following officers were elected last night for Mt. Pleasant lodge, I.O.G.T.: Bro. H. Connacher, C.S.; Sister Connacher, V.T.; Bro. W. Brown, secretary; George Wood, F.S.; A. Secord, treasurer; A. Fee, M.; F. Gilby, guard; Bro. Williamson, chaplain; R. Smith, P.C.T.

The C.P.R. are to announce holiday trips at cheap rates. The steamer Aberdeen will run regularly next week to Pentiction and return.

VANCOUVER, June 9.—J. J. Sutton, late Sheriff of Bruce County, Ontario, passed through here on his way to Victoria yesterday.

W. L. Newsome, of the firm of Cunningham Bros., New Westminster, left for the East this morning, and will return in three weeks with a bride and make his home in Vancouver. The business of Cunningham Bros. will be removed to this city from New Westminster.

J. H. MacGill, with Corbould, Wilson, Campbell & McColl, received a telegram last night that his father had died suddenly at his home in Oakville, Ont.

Mrs. W. F. Wilson, of Hornby street, died yesterday afternoon of paralysis, after a long illness. Funeral from St. Paul's church to-morrow afternoon.

The C. P. R. are raising the track from Alexander to Hastings street, to comply with the altered grade of the street crossing. The Powell street tramway track is also being raised.

John Williams was fined $50 for supplying a klootchman with liquor.

At the send off given to Rev. Mr. Maitland and Mrs. Maitland at the Homer street Methodist church last night, each was presented with a handsome gold watch from their friends in this city.

The Dominion Day celebration committee met last evening. The Bicycle club asks for $500 for prizes. They promise twenty outside competitors and ten riders in each race.

The City of Puebla arrived yesterday with 210 tons mixed freight. She took away four cars of through freight from New York and Chicago.

A special meeting of the Council took place last night to consider the responsibility of double tracking Cordova street before the asphalt was laid, at an expense of $7,000. It was finally decided that the city double track the line and own the portion double tracked until renumerated by the company. If it is not paid in three months the city is to retain the light accounts until it is.

At 8:30 this morning Mayor Cope, the aldermen, President Keith, of the Board of Trade, representatives of the press and several prominent citizens steamed out into the harbor to greet the entrance to this port of the Miowera, whose appearance was the signal for a salute by the Indians at the Mission across the harbor, the blowing of steam whistles and a rush of people to the pier. As soon as she reached the wharf Mr. J. A. Fullerton, ship's husband, invited Mayor Cope, Ex-Mayor Oppenheimer, J. C. Keith, the aldermen and a number of citizens on board. Regret was felt that Mr. Huddart was not present, but Mr. F. W. Ward represented the owners. City Clerk McGuigan read a cordial address of welcome, expressing satisfaction at the establishment of direct connection with Australasia, hopes for the success of the line, that the advent of the steamship might inaugurate a profitable exchange of the commodities of Canada and the antipodes, and that the event of to-day might mark an important era in the progress of both countries.

When F. W. Ward was answering the address of welcome on board the Miowera to-day, he was handed a cable from Sir George Dibbs, premier of New South Wales, re subsidy, which reads as follows: "Parliament approved last night our joining to the extent of ten thousand pounds. Have cabled the Canadian Government our hearty congratulations. (Signed) Dibbs.

The Miowera brought twenty sacks of mail, of which eight are local. She brought 500 cases of fruit, six sample carcasses of mutton, a trial shipment of butter, salt beef, oranges lemons, pineapples, jams, arrowroot and refined sugar. From Honolulu she brought 1,500 bunches of bananas, 150 crates of pineapples and 100 water melons. The fruit shipment from Honolulu was selected by T. W. Harvey, formerly of this city. He is associated with A. M. Beattie and Thomas Symons, of Tacoma, to test the trade. Mr. Harvey will return by the Miowera and send out consignments by each steamer.

After delivering judgment in the case of the city of New Westminster v. the C.P.R. on Wednesday, Judge Bole discovered that he is owner of part of the property in dispute. On Thursday he announced his discovery, quashed his decision, and set the case to be tried at Vancouver on Tuesday.

WESTMINSTER.

NEW WESTMINSTER, June 8.—A petition was put in circulation to-day addressed to the Lieut.-Governor, praying him to put in force section 127 of the Municipal Act, and cause the vote of the taxpayers to be taken on the question of having an audit of the accounts of the city for the past six years. It is understood a dozen or more of the heaviest taxpayers in the city have guaranteed the costs of holding the election.

In Supreme court chambers this morning, before Chief Justice Begbie, Mr. Jenns applied for *habeas corpus* in the case of a man named Walters, sentenced to two years' imprisonment for larceny by the Police Magistrate at Vancouver, and also to have the conviction quashed. His Lordship reserved his decision.

The Fishery Department has purchased an additional two acres of land in rear of the Fraser River hatchery for the purpose of enlarging the reservoir. Applications are still being made daily for fishing licenses, the usual percentage of Japs being among the number.

A happy event took place at the residence of E. B. Knight, Popcum, on Monday last. It was the marriage of James W. Munro and Susan C. Campbell, both exceedingly popular with a wide circle of friends in the valley. The bride is a daughter of the late Samuel Cawley, of Chilliwack, and sister of Mrs. Knight.

A motion to make the injunction absolute restraining the C.P.R. from blocking up or in any way interfering with traffic on Thirteenth street and Queen's avenue, will be heard on Monday morning. The argument is expected to take a day or two.

The Royal City Planing mills are cutting an order of eleven car loads of railway sleepers for the Canadian Pacific railway.

The steamer Fairy Queen has been chartered by D. J. Munn & Co., to do river work for the Bon Accord and Sea Island canneries during the packing season.

The Government steamer Samson is temporarily out of commission. Her boiler is to be removed and replaced by a larger one, and she will go on the ways for a thorough overhauling to her hull. She will not be ready for service again before the end of July.

The Pharmaceutical association met in the board of trade rooms this evening at 8 o'clock for the annual meeting.

NEW WESTMINSTER, June 9.—James Crossan, Grand Master I.O.O.F., paid an official visit to the Westminster lodges this evening.

The man Walters, sentenced to two years imprisonment by Police Magistrate Jordan, of Vancouver, for larceny, was liberated on *habeas corpus* and the conviction was afterwards quashed, the Magistrate not having jurisdiction to impose such a sentence.

Gilbert, a convict who escaped from the penitentiary last fall, and was remanded for sentence, was sentenced by Judge Bole to one year imprisonment, to run concurrently with the term he is now serving.

Judge Bole will hear appeals from the city assessment on Friday, 16th inst. The Coquitlam appeals will be heard the same day.

Mr. Moresby had a slight turn for the worse last night, but there was nothing serious. It is expected he will be about again by the middle of next week.

The B. C. Pharmaceutical Association's annual meeting was held last night. After the minutes of the previous meeting had been adopted, the secretary's report was read, which showed that fifty-eight druggists were in business in British Columbia, with twenty-three clerks. The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of $350 The president delivered his annual address, which was an able effort and highly instructive. Coming from the pioneer druggist of the Province, it carried much weight and was greatly appreciated. The election of three new members of Council was next taken up, Messrs. Shotbolt, McDowell and Cochrane being appointed to fill the places of Messrs. Atkins, McDowell and Curtis, who retired. The officers elected for this year were: President, H. McDowell, Vancouver; vice-president, T. M. Henderson, Victoria; secretary-treasurer, Charles Nelson, Vancouver. The secretary read an amusing paper from the pen of Mr. White, Victoria, who was unable to be present, on "Drug apprentices." After the disposal of other business, and the association deciding to hold its next meeting at Nanaimo, an adjournment was made to the Hotel Douglas for supper, where a merry night was spent.

NANAIMO.

NANAIMO, June 8.—Steamer Bawnmore arrived this afternoon from Port Costa. An infernal machine was found in her hold when discharging a cargo of coal at Port Costa. The contrivance was similar to the one concealed in the after end of her hold two months ago. Her officers are of the opinion that the machine was placed on board here by members of the Seamen's Union. The steamer will be taken off the route next month, when her charter with the N.V.C. Co. is up.

NANAIMO, June 9.—In the Assize court to-day, the trial of Louis Underwood was continued. Several witnesses were examined, and the case will probably last over Sunday. The Crown has secured its witnesses. The trip of the court to Cowichan yesterday was an enjoyable outing for all concerned, but nothing of importance was learned. The remains of Johnny Tsair-to-Kum were examined and identified by a handkerchief around the skull, known to have belonged to Tsair-to-Kum.

Arrived, bark Sea King. Sailed, steamer Grandholm and ship Willie Rosenfeld.

KASLO-SLOCAN.

(From the Kaslo-Slocan Examiner.)

The first train load of supplies was landed at Trout Lake on the 19th of May, having been over two weeks on the road in. The supplies consisted of 1,200 pounds of freight.

The Chambers mine has twenty-eight feet of concentrating ore.

The Tiger, an extension of the Best, runs 300 ounces.

Huge chunks of solid ore, weighing over a ton, has been barred out of the Blue Bird. The Blue Bird has some wonderfully rich ore, any sack of which will average from 175 to 200 ounces. They have now about 800 sacks on the dump ready for shipment.

(From the Kaslo Claim.)

In the Rainbow and Coyote mines on the east slope of Palmer mountain, tunnelling has been going on all winter. The Coyote mine tunnel is 220 feet long and four feet of free milling gold ore has been struck. The Rainbow tunnel is 300 feet long and shows five feet of ore. A thousand tons of ore were on the Rainbow dump two weeks ago.

The owners of the Surprise intend to ship fifty tons as soon as possible, without waiting for the building of the projected railroad. It is expected to begin taking ore out of the Ruby Silver next July.

Recorder Lendrum reports business at his office booming.

The big tunnel is being bored at the rate of seven and eight feet a day.

The Columbian Consolidated Mining company is making arrangements to put in a five mile ditch to carry water on to the higher levels.

The Canary and the Horseshoe, two claims located in the Jackson basin, have been bonded by D. Grauman, for $10,000 cash. One thousand in cash was paid on each bond.

The Number One mine, located at Ainsworth, and held under lease, is going to be thoroughly developed. Fifteen men were put to work Tuesday, to do development work and to take out ore.

Development work is being done on the Prince Edward, Mountain Dew and Beaver, in the Blue Ridge district. Some hard carbonate is being taken out of the Beaver, averaging 60 ounces. The ore from the Prince Edward ranges from 45 to 70.

The Kootenay Placer Mining Company expects to begin sluicing on its placer fields at Seven Mile creek, in the Pend d'Oreille district. The ditch is now in working order. In some of the placer camps on the Pend d'Oreille river sluicing has already begun.

REVELSTOKE.

REVELSTOKE, June 6.—President Van Horne and party arrived from Nelson yesterday by the s.s. Columbia. In conversation with one of the prominent men of Revelstoke, Mr. Van Horne said he was much impressed with the activity and general appearance of the great Kootenay district. It was destined to be one of the best fields in British Columbia. The Arrow Lake branch would be constructed as soon as a few unimportant preliminaries are settled at Ottawa. A special train, consisting of the President's private car and that of General Superintendent Abbott, left for the East about an hour after the arrival of the Columbia. Among those who were travelling with Mr. Van Horne as invited guests, were Premier Davie and Mrs. Davie. They will return, however, in the course of a week or two and go down the river, where the Premier will speak on the political questions now troubling the minds of the people of the interior.

Although no notice has been given of a change in the time of the boats leaving, they have, during the past week, awaited the arrival of the train from the West at 4:20 a. m.

An exceptionally large number of cattle have been shipped down the river of late to supply beef for the men working on the construction of the Nelson and Fort Sheppard railway. Hull Bros., the well-known butchers, have the contract of supplying the meat at that point.

A very heavy wind and sand storm came on this afternoon. So strong was the wind that it swept up the gravel and sand from the steep bank of the Columbia and showered it down upon those who were unfortunate enough to be wayfarers at the time between the upper and the lower town.

NELSON.

(From the Tribune.

"Mike" Wallace, of the Neosho mine in Ainsworth district, is making preparations to proceed to Duncan river to get bonds on several gold claims in the interests of Seattle parties.

Assessment work is being done on a large number of claims in Ainsworth district, all of which tends to increase the volume of business transacted by local merchants.

About thirty men are at work on the Kaslo-Slocan wagon road, and should the weather keep dry for a couple of weeks, a team can be taken through to Watson. Except one land slide, the road is in fair condition to the Ten-mile house.

The steamer State of Idaho made her first trip to Nelson on Wednesday. She is a trim built boat, nicely finished, and lighted throughout with electricity.

The steamer Spokane has been made a British bottom and will hereafter ply between this place and lake points.

Reports from the Duncan river country are to the effect that the boys are finding promising ground. A good strong ledge carrying galena ore has been discovered on the east side of the river, a short distance below the Big Jam. Samples assayed at Nelson indicate that the ore will pay to work.

The Grand jury, sitting at Nelson, returned three true bills, namely, Regina v. David, manslaughter; Regina v. Lawrence, indecent assault; Regina v. Haynes, keeping a bawdy and disorderly house. David, on trial, was dismissed, the jury returning a verdict of justifiable homicide. The evidence went to show that he killed another Indian (his brother) in self-defence. The Lawrence and Haynes cases were postponed until Monday.

Messrs. Stevenson & Mikel, have run two tunnels on the Highland claim, one on the lower and larger ledge, the other on the upper and slightly smaller ledge. Besides, they have sunk three shafts on three different veins running from these ledges and cutting the formation. They have 150 tons of ore on the dump ready for shipment as soon as the wagon road to the cedar Creek bridge is completed. In the lower tunnel, on Saturday last, they struck at thirty feet from the mouth a solid ore body of nearly three feet in width, assaying 150 ounces silver to the ton. This has been done with an expenditure of less than $1,500.

(From the Miner.)

Frank McGuire recently found float in the bed of Eight Mile Creek where it joins the Duncan, and following up the indications struck the ledge about 1½ miles from the river. The width of the mineral-bearing rock is from three to ten feet. Croppings the entire length of 1,500 feet of one lead and 800 feet on another are found. The ledge lies at an altitude of 3,500 feet above the sea level, and is well placed for ore shipment.

There are about three hundred prospectors waiting at Duncan City and the Log Jam until the snow leaves the higher levels.

DUNCAN AND ARGENTA.

(From the Miner.

McKenzie's road party passed up the trail to put a bridge over Grizzly creek and commence the construction of a wagon road. Sweeney, with a party of twelve men, came up a day ahead of McKenzie's gang. They have already cut out and graded five miles beyond Duncan towards Healey creek. The distance from Duncan city to the Lardo stream is only 1¼ miles and the flat and pass from the Upper Kootenay lake through to the Lardo is only 90 feet above lake level.

SAYWARD.

SAYWARD, June 6.—A fatal boating accident occurred at Waneta on Saturday, the 3rd instant. Robert Anderson, who had but lately obtained the Government license for the ferry over the Columbia and Pend d'Oreille rivers, was taking across a party of five men when the boat got into a whirlpool formed at the junction of the rivers; the stern was sucked down and the boat filled. Three of the occupants got to shore, but Anderson and a man named McCrae were lost. The former is much regretted, as he was very popular and never refused the gratis use of his boats to men out of luck.

The wagon road from Sayward has now been extended for eighteen miles up Beaver Creek, and men and materials are being sent up daily. It is expected that in ten days or a fortnight it will cross the divide and strike the north fork of the Salmon river. On the townsite, many hundreds of trees have been felled, and a contract has been let, and is now in progress, for cutting and burning all the brush and fallen timber.

Messrs. Allan & Madden's hotel is in running order; the bar is open for the sale of soft drinks, pending the issue of licenses, which are prohibited by Dominion proclamation as long as railway work is going on within two miles of the hotels. The Sayward hotel, too, is doing a good business; but the proprietor, having had some misunderstanding with the customs authorities, as to the value of some second hand furniture from Spokane, has not yet completed his arrangements. All other businesses are thriving—freighting, teaming, laundry, bakery and restaurants—while the contractor's store is taking many hundreds of dollars daily. Mr. Larson is expected here with his family to reside for a time, and a house is now in course of erection for them.

The town is full of prospectors as well as railroad men, and notwithstanding the effect of the Slocan and Kaslo craze, this district of Trail creek, Sheep creek, the Salmon and Pend d'Oreille rivers steadily holds its own and is attracting more prospectors than ever before. Beaver creek will be thoroughly explored for mineral this year and several parties have already gone in on the wagon road.

Notices are posted on the Recorder's office of intended applications to the Gold Commissioner for twenty years' licenses for land at Sayward for hydraulic mining purposes. Recent careful washings by an expert have proved the presence of flour and flake gold in paying quantities. Several pits have been sunk and the results have steadily improved. A strong company has been formed for the purpose. The proximity of the Beaver creek waters renders the hydraulic process an easy and cheap one in this locality, a three mile flume or ditch being all that is necessary to secure an immense head of water. A grant of 6,000 inches has been applied for. This new development at Sayward will be watched with much interest, as it is the first attempt to deal with the golden sands of the Columbia river on the same large scale as has been successfully adopted on the Fraser river at the Van Winkle and other mines.

Dr. S. A. Metherell is established here in charge of the hospital corps. He has erected two large hospital marquees, with boarded floors, and has everything in first class order. An occasional broken limb or some old standing lung trouble appears to be the extent of the practice at present, but when work gets into full swing no doubt troubles will increase.

Mr. Joshua Davies left on the 5th inst., and has been indefatigable in his efforts to promote everything that might contribute to the prosperity of the town.

The Presbyterians held divine service here yesterday, and are contemplating the erection of a church.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

The Story of a Baggage Check—A Tiger' Spring.

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The train on which I had been a passenger for half a day was approaching a small town called Williamsburg. I had my window up and was looking at some horses galloping about in an inclosure when something fell from the sky, as it were, and landed on the bank of the railroad ditch on that side. I had time as we passed along to note that it was a brass baggage check. My first thought was that a child had thrown it from the car window, and I started up to give information, but there was no child in my car. I passed ahead into the next, but there were only two children in that car and both on the other side. I entered the second car ahead, but not a window was up on either side. As I had caught sight of the check before it touched the ground, it must have been flung out within a car's length of where I was sitting. The ditch was full of water and 10 feet away, and the idea had probably been to throw the check into the water. There were only four people on that side of my car—one man and three women. A glance assured me that their windows were down and that two of the women were napping. About midway of car ahead was a middle aged man in a seat by himself on the right hand side. That was the side the check had fallen from. The man seemed to be very much interested in his newspaper—too much so, I argued. Our stop was only for a minute, and there was a great deal of bustle outside. It wasn't exactly natural that he should be totally oblivious of the surroundings. No matter if he was in the habit of passing over the road daily, it was only natural that he should at least glance out of the window at the crowd on the platform or look up at the faces of the half dozen passengers entering the car.

"There's the man who threw that check away!" I said to myself after watching him a bit. "Baggage checks are not used as pocket pieces. People don't throw them away. A check means a piece of baggage. What was his object in getting rid of it? His window was down when I came in first, but has he had it open?"

Three seats behind my suspect was a man with a hard, dry cough. As I looked at him he rose up and came over to me and petulantly said:

"Some folks ought to travel in cattle cars instead of passengar coaches! I was mad enough for a minute to tackle three men of his size!"

"What's the matter?" I naturally asked.

"Why, that idiot shoved the window up and let in a rush of air and dust, and I won't get over coughing for an hour to come! If he hadn't put it down when I yelled at him, I'd have been in his hair for sure!"

I found out that he had taken the train that morning at Chester. He was sure the other man had taken it there. After a while I got a good look at my suspect. I put him down at 40 years of age. There was a slight tinge of gray to his hair, and he had black eyes, heavy black eyebrows and thin, cruel lips. As I furtively watched him I saw his hand go up to his face every now and then. That signified that he had been wearing chin whiskers. In 99 cases out of 100 a man wearing chin whiskers will stroke them every two or three minutes when reading or talking. He will do the same thing with a heavy mustache. This man was clean shaven. The skin of his upper lip and chin was whiter than the rest of his face. Those parts had certainly been protected from the weather. His left side was toward me as I examined him, and I discovered two good marks to remember. On the lobe of his left ear was a small mole. Across the knuckle of the little finger of the left hand was a small scar, probably the result of a cut with his own pocketknife. Was I a detective? No. Then why concern myself? Simply because I am of an observing turn and have a natural leaning toward causes and results. Soon after I began studying my man he seemed to fall into a doze. This was only pretense on his part, however. He adopted that method to give me a looking over and discover if I were watching him. That was the trick of a guilty man. I went back to my car to study the case, and the conclusion arrived at was about as follows:

"Here is a passenger who flings the check for his trunk out of the car window. If it was an estray check calling for nothing, he would hand it to the conductor to be returned to the baggage room or drop it on the floor. Without a check he will be put to much trouble to get his baggage. It looks as if he desired to get rid of that baggage. He did not act natural as we lay at the station. He suspected I was sizing him up. An honest man would not have given it a thought. He had a heavy mustache and chin whiskers up to 24 hours ago. He looked much better with them on and doubtless knew it. Why did he sacrifice them? But about the baggage. I think I can soon find out if that check represented anything in the baggage car.

I went forward into the smoker and sat down beside the conductor and offered him a cigar. Inside of five minutes I found that my suspect was going through to Weston, as were the other five in his car. There were three of us in my coach also going through, making nine full fare tickets. Under pretense that I wanted a look at my trunk I entered the baggage car. The through baggage was piled separately. There were nine trunks—one for each of us. One must belong to my suspect, unless some other passenger had two. You will think it queer, but I instinctively selected one of the nine trunks as belonging to him. It was an old trunk, but a large one, and it was secured with two leather straps. These straps were brand new, while the trunk looked as if it were taking its first journey for years. The number of the check was 662. When I returned to the coaches, my suspect had gone into the smoker with a cigar. This left me free to work among the passengers, and I went from one to another with my own check on my palm and queried:

"Excuse me, please, but does this belong to you?"

Every one of the seven took out his or her check to make sure they had not lost it. I thus saw the numbers of all, and none had the number above given. That settled the ownership of the trunk I had selected. It certainly belonged to my suspect. I dared not approach him on the matter of his check, as that would alarm him and destroy the case I had built up. The only thing I could do was to watch him when we arrived at Weston. There were three hotels there, but all a mile away from the depot. There were a north and south road crossing there, but we would get in at 7 o'clock, and no train would pass before midnight. I gave the man no further heed until we reached our destination. Eight of the nine trunks were sent up town, while his was left in the baggage room. Three of us went to the same hotel. Had my suspect been intending to stop for a day or two he would have had his trunk brought up. I figured that he intended to go north or south during the night. He made no inquiries about trains, however, nor did he visit the up town ticket office. At 9 o'clock he went to his room, leaving no word with the clerk. That certainly looked as if he meant to stay all night, but when I had seen him off I went and told my story to the chief of police. I was laughed at of course. I had made a rope out of sand. The officer patted me on the shoulder in a fatherly way and advised me to stick to my line and let the professional detectives do the detecting. That ought to have squelched me, but it didn't. When I left the chief, I started for the depot to have a close look at that trunk. It stood on end in the baggage room and was the only trunk in the room. The door was wide open, and as I reached it a dog trotted in off the platform and began sniffing and smelling at the trunk. After a minute he began to whine and paw, and as I approached he growled at me.

The actions of the dog would have attracted anybody's attention. I called to the baggageman, and after watching the performance for a bit he agreed with me that there was something to investigate. We drove the dog out and had a sniff at the trunk. There was a rank, unpleasant odor. One sniff satisfied me that I had made no mistake in working up my case. I had no proof that this trunk belonged to my suspect. It had come off our train, and I believed it to be his, but there might be a mistake. I returned to the chief, and though still inclined to ridicule my "case" he consented to go down and see the trunk. In about half a minute he was satisfied that there was something out of the ordinary, but could not see his way clear. We had no right to look into the trunk, and we had no proofs to warrant an arrest. By getting hold of the train baggageman I satisfied the chief that nine trunks had come down on the train. Eight of them had been taken away. If the owner of the ninth meant to take the cross line, he would of course recheck. The chief argued that my suspect would not have taken a room for the night if intending to go away, but I asked that he wait and see what might happen. At 11:30 my man came down in a hack. He had come down stairs at 11 and settled his bill and made excuses for his change of plan. He at once stepped to the ticket office and bought a cross line ticket and then began to walk up and down, saying nothing about baggage. I kept him in sight, but took care he should not see me. At 11:45, acting under instructions, the baggageman approached him and said:

"Excuse me, but you did not give me your baggage check. Where shall I recheck to?"

"Why—I—I—why, I have no check—no baggage!" stammered the man as he felt in his pockets.

He was badly upset, and even the cautious chief grew suspicious. I was so willing to stake everything upon a single move that I walked straight up to the man and asked:

"If that isn't your trunk in there, how do you happen to have the key to it? It's your trunk of course. I saw you check it at Chester. Why do you deny ownership?"

He wasn't a man of nerve. He turned pale, choked and stammered, and suddenly made a break for the door. The baggageman caught him, and he redeemed himself somewhat by giving the three of us a lively tussle for a couple of minutes. The key was taken from his pocket and the trunk unlocked. You have guessed its contents, a dismembered human body, and that of a female. Next day when the doctors got to work they said it was a young woman who had been killed by repeated stabs. It was eight days before the victim was identified. When that occurred, the identity of the man was also established. Fifteen miles west of Chester, in a village called Almont, our prisoner had kept a hotel. He was a widower, and his reputation was not above reproach. His victim was his own cousin—a girl 19 years old. What he did he had planned for weeks and gone over the route to make sure. He had given out that he was going to England on a visit. He murdered the girl in the cellar of his hotel and carried the remains to the barn and packed them in the trunk. He went about the thing so coolly that no trace was left to cause suspicion. He drove to Chester in the night, checked the trunk for Weston, 300 miles away, and he hoped it might be left there for several days before its contents were suspected. He threw the check away, as I have described, but retained the key. The check was found just where I saw it fall.

It took long weeks to convict the man, for he employed the best legal talent, but with conviction came confession and later on the gallows. His check, his trunk, the two new straps, his drive over to Chester, the buried clothing of the girl and a knife and hatchet had to be traced up and connected, but when the case was presented his doom was sealed. A detective? No. The profession is all right, but I should prefer almost any other. I simply keep my eyes open as I travel about, and when a thing happens I want to know the whys and wherefores of it.

A TIGER'S SPRING.

Our camp had been pitched under the widespreading branches of three great trees, with an open plain all about us. Behind us was a small creek, now nearly dry, and between us and the creek, a distance of 100 feet, were two bushes in line and about 20 feet apart. To have glanced around him one would have said there was not enough cover for a hare to approach us unperceived.

The four of us came in early one afternoon after having failed to rout out a tiger which had been marked down four or five miles away. We had dinner a bit earlier than usual, and the sun was still three-quarters of an hour high when we carried our campchairs outdoors and sat down for a smoke. There had been a shower that afternoon, and the evening was delightfully pleasant. We sat down in the form of a square, with the chairs perhaps six feet from the common centre. Major Grill was exactly in line with the bushes, back to them, and I was exactly in front of him. To my right and 100 feet away were the three tents of our natives, and our horses were staked out and grazing. It was a scene of peace and quietness, and no man had the remotest idea of danger.

"What is it, colonel? Looking for snakes again? Ha! ha! ha!"

The major was telling us about shooting his first tiger, and I had interrupted him to stand up and peer over his head. Somewhere between us and the creek I had caught a movement—something like the flight of a shadow made by a waving branch.

I sat down after half a minute rather ashamed of myself, and the major went on with his story. While I listened I looked straight over his left shoulder, and it was perhaps 10 minutes when I detected the same movement again. This time I thought I caught a fleeting glimpse of the tip of a tiger's tail, and even my look of wonder and anxiety was ridiculed.

"Why, man, the sight of those tiger tracks to-day has unstrung your nerves," exclaimed the major after a roar of laughter. "However, we've all been new at the business in our time and can sympathize with you."

Men dread ridicule. I settled back to pay closer attention to the major's story and looked in every direction except over his shoulder. Five minutes had passed, and the trees above us were casting long shadows toward the creek when I glanced at the bush again. My eyes had scarcely turned that way when I detected a movement through the foliage of the nearest bush. I was near the roots of the bush, and I wondered if it was not a pheasant seeking her nest.

"Why, man, you're looking over my shoulder again!" laughed the major. "Come now, but what is it? Let's all stand up and have a look. Does any one behold the lithe, striped body of the dreaded man eater stealing upon his human prey? Which of us has he selected? When does the banquet come off? Upon my word, colonel, but you must get a bracer on your nerves or you'll miss your first tiger at the muzzle of your rifle."

I was indignant with myself for having attracted such general attention, but the major had not been seated three minutes when my eyes wandered to the bush again. I saw the same movement as before, but there was something in addition. I caught a glint of fire, as if live coal had been passed from right hand to left. That I believed to be a firefly. I had partly turned my head when something I took to be a great bird rose above the bush and came sailing toward us. It alighted half way between us and the bush, rose again as if on wings, and next instant a man eating tiger crushed Major Grill to the earth. As he alighted upon the unfortunate officer he struck a powerful blow with his right fore paw, and that blow killed the man stone dead.

"A tiger! A tiger!" I heard the servants shouting, but I did not move. Neither did the others. It had come so swiftly and so unexpectedly that we were paralyzed for the moment. The beast seized the major by the shoulder, gave him three or four shakes, and then let go and stood with his fore feet on the body and looked at us and growled and licked his chops. He made a circle in shaking the body, and his long tail struck our legs as he moved. Half a dozen of the servants ran into the tent and armed themselves, but they hadn't the nerve to fire. The tiger turned and faced them, his eyes gleaming and his fangs displayed, and a steady hand and a true eye could have dropped him with a bullet. The natives kept backing away from him and finally threw down the guns and scrambled up into the trees. Then the tiger turned and glared at us and kept up a low growling. No man moved a finger. After a long minute the beast seized the body by the shoulder, gave it a twist over his back and went off at a smart trot, and he was across the creek before one of us was on his feet. Ere a hand clutched a rifle the tiger was at the edge of the jungle, and it was too late.

From the bush nearest us to the creek was a shallow furrow scooped out by the rains. The tiger had come down the bed of the creek for a quarter of a mile and then crawled up this furrow, and at two or three points I had caught a brief glimpse of him. His first spring was only 12 feet, as he had to clear a bush 9 feet high, but his second was 21. We could do nothing that night. Next day we could only look for the remains of the unfortunate man. The tiger carried the body into the jungle for about half a mile, and what he left the hyenas and jackals devoured. We found a few fragments of clothing, two or three goldpieces and a badly battered watch, but nothing which we might give burial.

M. QUAD.

MARINE MOVEMENTS.

Everything of value in or about the wreck of the steamer Michigan is now in this city, the last load of wreckage having been brought into port by the steamer Mascotte yesterday morning. The Mascotte has been working on the wreck periodically for the past three weeks or more. On leaving here for the Coast she took a portion of the machinery for the new paper mill at Alberni, which she found considerable difficulty in delivering, the river to Alberni from Barclay Sound being so very shallow that in attempting to navigate it the steamer broke two of her propeller blades. The accident necessarily caused a delay, for the vessel had to be beached in order to receive a new propeller. After landing her cargo the Mascotte returned to the Michigan wreck, and there secured all sails, rigging, etc., together with the different parts of the machinery. An attempt was made to secure the boiler also, but the tide being against her, the Mascotte had to abandon the work until high water next day, when a heavy storm arose making it impossible for the steamer to get near the boiler which was on the beach. The following day, however, it was found that the boiler was completely destroyed, and not worth the trouble of taking. Before returning to port the steamer visited the scene of the bark Sarah's wreck, where she picked up a fine large anchor. Some of the crew of the Mascotte say the woods in the vicinity of the Michigan wreck are strewn with empty whiskey flasks and barrels, which demonstrates the fact that the Indians had their share of the spoils of the wreck. In speaking about the wreck, the Indians say "hiyou potlach—hiyou whiskey." The natives camps were found to contain carpets belonging to the wreck for miles about the vessel, and to get them back again the crew of the Mascotte had to "arbitrate" with the chiefs of the tribes.

THE M'DONALD'S SUCCESSOR.

Captain McGregor, who operated the J. R. McDonald up to the time of her loss, has begun the construction of another vessel. The keel was laid at Seattle, Wednesday. The dimensions of the new craft will be: Length, 120 feet; beam, 24 feet; and depth of hold, about 12 feet. She will be supplied with triple expansion engines, capable of driving her at a good speed. Work will be pushed, and it is expected the craft will be finished in seventy days. The engines will be built at Detroit, and Captain McGregor left Tuesday to superintend their construction. In exterior appearance the new vessel will resemble the Premier. The estimated cost is $30,000.

THE HAYTIAN REPUBLIC.

The charges laid against the Haytian Republic, which is libelled at Portland are very numerous. In one instance the vessel is alleged to have carried 2,000 pounds of prepared opium into Portland, on the 26th of November last, and in another 1,000 pounds into the port of St. John's, on the Columbia river, on the seventh day of the following month. Still other complaints are laid against the steamer, such as smuggling Chinamen into the United States from British Columbia on several different occasions.

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN'S CARGO.

The C.P.R. steamer Empress of Japan is due here from the Orient on Tuesday. She carries a full cargo, including a large consignment of this season's tea and 1,000 tons of general freight for Pacific Coast points. As passengers she has 125 in the saloon and about 300 Chinese, the majority of whom are for Havana.

MOVEMENTS OF THE COLLIERS.

The steamer Bawnmore, uninjured by the second attempt to destroy her with dynamite, passed up to Nanaimo yesterday to load coal, the Romulus also leaving to complete her cargo for San Diego. The Wellington is due this evening to load at Departure Bay for San Francisco.

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