"THE LOWER LEVEL."

A California Story With a Cariboo Setting.

By D.W.H.

All Rights Reserved.

See they suffer death;
But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their torture grievous.
—Addison.

It was in the blustry month of March, in the year of Our Lord 1856, that I landed at San Francisco from the Pacific Mail steamship Sonora in company with about one thousand other ardent searchers after the yellow metal which, we had been given to understand, Yould be found in huge lumps anywhere among the hills and ravines of Califorsia. Such an idea as failure never entered our enthusiastic heads—there was no such word in our lexicon. The first day or two after landing were passed in securing habitable quarters. Some of my fellow-passengers took rooms at the miserable establishments that were dignified by the title of "hotel," but the larger number sought and obtained lodging on back streets where the rates were within their means. San Francisco at that time was a very primitive city. Many of the best buildings were of wood and the few brick structures were poorly constructed and gave no evidence of architectural merit. There were only three or four retail business thoroughfares—Montgomery street being the chief. The sand hills came down to and covered the ground where Market street and many other principal avenues of trade of the present day now run, and where a restless human tide flows unceasingly daily and nightly. At the time of which I write the population of the city was about 40,000. There were no street cars, neither sewerage, water supply, telegraph, railways, telephone nor any of the many concomitants which now go so far to make existence bearable. California was then more remote from civilization than Nome is today. That is to say, the only means of communication with the outside world was by a line of steamships which left New York twice a month, debarked her passengers at Aspinwall, whence they crossed the Isthmus by trail to Panama and there took another steamer for San Francisco. The trip from New York to San Francisco generally consumed 23 days, but passengers were often four weeks on the way. The party with whom I sailed for San Francisco on the 5th of March were especially fortunate. The passengers who left New York two weeks previously were involved in a train wreck on the bank of the Chagras river and many were killed and mangled. The passengers who left New York two weeks later were attacked on the Isthmus by natives and a large number fell victims to the bullets and machetes (a great knife) of the Colombians. We made the trip in 21 days. I was fortunate in securing a small room on Powell street, for which I engaged to pay $12 monthly, and then started out to find employment. When I landed on the wharf I found myself the possessor of thirty-eight dollars and twenty-five cents. In the course of a brief period this sum melted away and on the morning of the third Saturday after arriving I had spent my last quarter for a light meal at a restaurant. I had made a few acquaintances on the voyage out, but these had all disappeared. Some, not finding nuggets on the streets, had gone back discouraged. Others had gone to the mines or to towns in the interior, and of those who still remained in the city I knew not their whereabouts. Saturday night I went to bed supperless. In the morning I took a draught of water for breakfast and walked down to the water front. Was I contemplating suicide? Not a bit of it. Such a thought did not enter my head. I was young and ardent with an appetite like a young wolf's and life to me was precious. I gazed longingly into the bakery and restaurant windows that lay in my way, and wondered whether I should ever again eat a full meal. I recalled dishes which, in the days of plenty, I had spurned. At my boarding house in an Eastern city a standard dish each Sunday morning was fried tripe. I tried the dish but once and then I turned from it. As I walked along the water front on that bright Sabbath morning eleven o'clock struck and the bells were summoning worshipers to the various churches. I wanted to attend church, but who can listen with patience to a service and a sermon on an empty stomach? Try it, good reader, and you will find that to enjoy a mental or a spiritual meal the man or woman worshiper must be tuned up with wholesome physical food. So I elected not to attend service on that particular Sunday and continued my walk along the tumble-down wharves that then lined San Francisco's harbor area. Matters were getting desperate. For twenty-eight hours nothing save water had passed my lips. It never occurred to me that I might raise a small sum by visiting one of the numerous pawnbrokers, so I just pulled the strap of my trousers tighter—taking in, as it were, the wrinkles that had appeared overnight. I really thought myself the most miserable young man on the face of the earth—without money, food or friends in a strange land—and I began to think that all this misery was sent as a punishment because I had declined good food in the past.

"Why did I not eat what was set before me and be thankful?" I asked myself over and over again. "Yes, indeed," I mused, "there are worse things than fried tripe in the world. I wish I had a chance to get a meal of it now."

Such a craving for food then took possession of me. I saw a man with a wolfish, greedy look on his face devouring a large piece of pie which he held in both hands, and I wished he would ask me to join him; but he didn't. I strolled slowly on wondering where all this would end. I began to feel tired and weak and homesick. A man was unloading potatoes from a small sloop. He had a kindly look on his face, and I ventured to ask him if he wanted to hire some one to help him. "No," he said, "but if you should happen this way day after tomorrow I'll give you a job."

"Day after tomorrow," I thought, "if I don't get work or money before then I shall be dead or insane."

I continued slowly on for another block and just when I felt I must sink down from sheer weakness a baker's wagon swung swiftly round the corner. The driver, a smart looking young fellow, stopped the horse in front of a bar and proceeded to deliver bread and cakes to the landlord. As he passed round the back of his cart I noticed that his face was deeply pitted with small-pox—the worst case of disfigurement from that cause I ever saw.

"Surely," I said, "I have seen that face before—I know those marks—know that man."

As he reached the sidewalk with his arms full of goodies, I accosted him:

"I say, is not your name Varnum—Frank Varnum?"

"That's my name," he said, gazing at me with wondering eyes. "But who are you?" Surely—no—yes—it cannot be H.?"

"That's who it is," I replied.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Starving to death," I replied faintly.

"Good gracious,' said my dear old classmate. "Starving! Just hold on a minute. Wait till I deliver these goods." He ran to the bar and in an instant was out again. "Here," he cried, "get up alongside of me."

We mounted the box and in an instant were rattling over the planked streets towards his place of business. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "here, you might as well be eating as we go on," and he handed me a loaf of bread.

"Oh! Frank," I said, "I couldn't eat it—really I couldn't. I am craving something in the meat line—and I want you to lend me five dollars till I get some work." By this time I was so weak that I nearly fell off the box, and clutched Frank's arm to save myself.

Vigilance Committee Taking Two Murderers from the Jail, San Francisco, May 17, 1856—From Bancroft's Popular Tribunals. Vol. 2.

"Five dollars," said the grand fellow, "I'll lend you ten."

When we arrived at the bakery Varnum leaped from the cart and ran into the shop, quickly returning with a ten-dollar gold piece in his hand which he handed to me. He then insisted upon driving me to the New York restaurant on Keaney street, where he left me. I entered the restaurant and took my seat at one of the tables. A waiter approached and I gave him my order in a weak voice. I must have looked very woebegone and wretched—I certainly felt as if I had just risen from a sick bed—for the man gazed searchingly at me. Perhaps he thought I did not have the money to pay for the meal; but if he did he refrained [illegible]ing so. And what do you think my order was, of all things? Don't laugh—

"Fried tripe!"

The dish was a long time in coming—an age it seemed, I was so hungry; but when it did arrive I was quickly on good terms with it. I ordered three boiled eggs and coffee, too, and when I rose from that table I felt as the certificate of a quack doctor's advertisement would say, "Like a new man."

On the day following I got employment and nine months later I was part owner of a San Francisco daily newspaper—The Morning Call—and making money hand-over-fist.

On the 14th of May, 1856, an awful thing happened. About eight months before a man named James King had started an evening paper called the Bulletin. San Francisco had long been under the heels of a band of ballot-box stuffers, robbers and assassins. They had their representatives in all the public offices, even on the Bench. Three of the Supreme court justices were known to have been chosen from the very worst class. The chief justice—Murray—was an habitue of gambling and disorderly houses. One of his associates—Terry—was a desperado of violent temper and had killed his man in Texas before reaching California. In his early life he had been educated for the church, but he abandoned religion for the law and politics. The leading spirit in San Francisco was the famous Ned McGowan, who has already figured in these papers. Upon these men and their practices King's newspaper opened a savage warfare. He was a brave man without an ounce of discretion. In dealing with the ruffians who had polluted politics and poisoned society, he did not mince his words. He rightly styled them thieves, thugs and murderers and, of course, he was soon a marked man. He was accustomed to appear armed on the streets, and in his editorial room he sat facing the door with a loaded and half-cocked revolver on the table at his right hand. Young as I was I could see that King was inviting an attack by the preparations he made to repel it. Many men would have written just as effectively and escaped without injury. But King was aching for trouble and at last he got it.

One of the most obnoxious and dangerous wretches of that day was named James P. Casey. He edited a newspaper called the Sunday Times—that is, his name appeared as editor, but he could scarcely sign his own name. King ascertained that before coming to California Casey had done time in a New York state prison and he published the fact. An hour later Casey met King in the principal street and at a distance of fifteen paces shot him through the right breast. King lived six days, but while he lingered on the edge of the tomb a Vigilance Committee was formed and on the Sunday morning following that of the shooting, the committee with two pieces of cannon and armed with muskets, pistols and every imaginable weapon of death marched to the prison where Casey was confined. The cannon were pointed at the jail door and the building surrounded by five thousand armed men. The matches were lighted and a demand was made for the surrender of Casey and Cora (the last named some months before had murdered the United States marshal on a public street, because the marshal's wife had "cut" Cora's mistress at the theatre, and was awaiting trial) within five minutes. The prisoners were surrendered after a short parley and were taken to the Vigilance Committee room which, being surrounded by breastworks of gunnysacks filled with sand, was christened "Fort Gunnybags." King having died, the men were tried, found guilty and sentenced to be executed. On the day of King's funeral both were hanged from the windows of the committee rooms. I saw them bodies swinging from the ends of ropes in the afternoon breeze.

The condition of affairs in San Francisco consequent on these tragic events was most deplorable. Business was practically suspended and bodies of armed men took possession of the streets and public offices. They arrested many evil-doers and banished them from the state under peril of hanging should they return. The committee also besieged the armories where the state militia had assembled and captured the entire force, with all their arms and accoutrements.

While the public mind was at fever heat a Welchman named Joseph Hetherington shot and killed a Dr. Randall in the St. Nicholas hotel. Randall was indebted to Hetherington and either could not or would not pay his debt, and for that default he was shot. Hetherington was hurried off to the committee room and locked up. The next day a young man named Philander Brace, who was suspected of murdering three men, was seized by the committee. These men were of more than ordinary intelligence. Both had been well educated. Brace was a New York clergyman's son and had a most innocent, interesting face. He was 21 years of age. Hetherington was about 35, and was strikingly handsome, with a full black beard around a somewhat swarthy countenance. He had been in trouble before, having killed a man five years previously, but he got off. The two were sentenced to be hanged by the Vigilance Committee. A gallows was erected in the centre of one of the streets and at a given moment they were placed thereon. Brace was profane, defiant and drunk. Some one had given him a large quantity of liquor before he was led out. Hetherington was grave and pensive and while a trifle nervous was cool and brave. His "last dying speech and confession" was frequently interrupted by Brace, but he managed to say that he did not consider himself a murderer, that he had all his life been a praying man and that he was not afraid to meet his God.

Brace's last words were that he would wrap himself in the American flag and die like a — —. I stood within ten feet of the scaffold and heard every word that was uttered. When the drop fell a shudder ran like an electric current through the multitude. My own heart seemed to stand still. I had gone there on purpose to see these men executed, and at the supreme moment my self-possession deserted me and I was absolutely unprepared for what I had expected and hoped for. These were the first men I ever saw hanged, and for a long time the scene haunted me.

I turned away from the dread spectacle while the bodies still hung on the scaffold and hurried around the first corner. On the next street two women seated in an open landau drew my attention. Both were weeping. One was hysterical and was sobbing and moaning pitifully. A by-stander, ventured the remark that the hysterical lady was "Mrs." Hetherington, who had just been told that her "husband" had been hanged. The same person told me that the woman was known as the "Scotch Lassie." I managed to get a good look at the woman's face. She was very beautiful and was dressed richly, but with exquisite taste. The landau drove off at this moment and I saw the women no more.

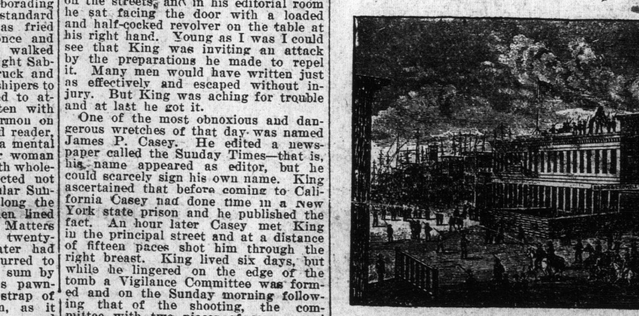
One day while a posse of the Vigilant police were about to arrest a man named Maloney, Judge Terry, an associate justice of the Supreme court, interfered and stabbed one of the police, named Hopkins, in the neck. The Vigilants seized Terry and held him pending the issue of Hopkins' injuries. After some weeks Hopkins recovered and Terry was set at liberty. Had Hopkins died Terry would have been hanged. In 1859 Terry challenged Broderick, a U. S. Senator, and the two met near San Francisco. Broderick was killed at the first fire. Terry escaping unhurt. Nearly thirty years later, Terry's first wife having died, he married a woman who was known as Sarah Althea Sharon. She had laid claim to the Sharon estate by virtue of a bogus marriage contract. After a long legal fight Terry and his wife were worsted by a decision of Justice Field of the United States Supreme court. Terry a few months subsequently attacked Field at a railway station and was himself shot dead by a man named Nagle who had been detailed to act as Field's body guard, Terry having threatened violence.

The state of affairs at San Francisco at the time of the Vigilance Committee can only be understood by giving a few instances of the moral turpitude of the chief men of the city. Casey was undoubtedly a bold, bad man, but he was only a type of the men who then ruled California. He was dyed deeply in crime—would not hesitate to shoot, cut and stab as his needs or the occasion demanded. But mark the strange inconsistency of the man. The allusion of King to his having been a jail-bird caused him to shoot the editor; and yet he did not hestitate to do the wickedest and vilest things in broad daylight and boast of them afterwards. He always acted as if the better instincts of human nature were dead within, but when he stood on the plank awaiting the fatal plunge he cried for his "poor old mother," and begged the Vigilants not to let her hear of the disgraceful manner of his taking off. One night he entered the fashionable gambling-house of Whipple & Burroughs. The faro tables were in full swing. Word was passed around that Casey was drunk. He approached one of the tables on which lay a heap of gold and drawing a bowie-knife thrust it into the table shouting.

"I want money, or I want blood!"

None dare say him nay. His reputation as a cut-throat had preceded him, besides it would not be wise to have murder done in the swell gambling house. The exposure would kill the trade, so he was led aside by Whipple, and plastered with a substantial gift.

On another occasion, with a band of ruffians, he entered the Mercantile hotel and proceeded to beat the landlord and his guests, men and women. He was arrested; but in an hour was liberated by an order from a justice of the Supreme court, one of his cronies. He returned to the hotel and renewed the assault, this time without molestation from the police.



Vigilance Committee's Headquarters San Francisco, 1856—from Bancroft's Popular Tribunals. Vol. 2.

San Francisco was an ideal Isle of Crete with this difference: Where Crete had but one Minataur, San Francisco had a thousand. Where Crete had but one labyrinth, San Francisco had a score. Instead of a tribute of only seven young men and seven young women to appease the appetite of one monster, the capacity of the San Francisco Minataurs required as many hundred, and the demand exceeded the supply. Nothing that was good that fell under their influence was good after it left their hands, and with the judges members of the gang of rascals did what they liked. Perhaps King, in attacking the monsters, thought himself another Theseus. Poor man! He resembled Samson more, for like the Scriptural giant he pulled the edifice down upon his enemies and himself as well.

When the Vigilance Committee had got through its labors and disbanded a purer moral atmosphere prevailed, and for years crime did not flaunt itself on every street corner or make itself hideous by openly outraging public peace and decency.

Two years rolled by and the Fraser river gold fever broke out. I became infected with and sold my business out and went to the new diggings, passed more than a year and a-half at Yale and came down to Victoria in February, 1860. In search of a room, I was directed to a house on Broad street near the corner of Trounce avenue, or alley. When brick buildings were needed on its site the building was moved nearer Fort street. It is now occupied by Mr. Catterall, contractor, whose sign appears on the front. At the time of which I am writing the building was maintained by a colored couple named Wheeler as a lodging-house. There were several other lodgers besides myself, among them being Mr. Philip Caddell, who devoted most of his time to writing long essays on artificial manures, which nobody but himself ever read, and a slim, billious-looking young man named Keller, who had a most astonishing penchant for attending funerals and acting as pallbearer; whether he knew the deceased or not made no difference to him. His sympathy was evenly distributed among friends and strangers. One day he brought home a corner and began to practice upon it. Of all the tunes in the world which do you think he selected as a preliminary study, "Make Me No Gaudy Chaplet," and the "Dead March in Saul."

After about a week of inharmonious torture, during which I was kept constantly in mind of my latter end by the dismal outpourings of those most melancholy of dirges, I was forced to give the landlord notice, and Mr. Caddell declared that some of his brightest and most valuable thoughts on the preparation of artificial manures were driven from his head—lost forever to the world. The Wheelers decided that Keller must either suspend his practice or leave, and he left.

In a day or two his room was taken by a young woman who gave the name of Miss Macpherson. She was a tall, handsome woman of about 25, with pleasant manners. She was beautifully clothed and gave out that she was on her way to meet her brother who had struck a rich mine of gold somewhere on the Mainland. A sewing machine was got in and Miss Macpherson began to make up a lot of goods for her own wear. I met her first on the stairs and was strangely impressed with the belief that somewhere in my travels I had met her, but cudgel my brains as I might I could not place her.

One day I chanced to mention that I had witnessed the execution of Hetherington and Brace, when she became strangely agitated, and burst into tears; then I remembered that she was one of the two hysterical women whom I had seen seated in an open landau a few minutes after the fall of the drop that launched Hetherington and Brace into eternity. The name she was known by at that time was "The Scotch Lassie," and she was known to be a warm friend of Hetherington. Mr. Caddell was greatly scandalized when I told him who the young woman was. He packed up and left at once. I followed him 24 hours later. We gave no explanation for our action, and the "Lassie" presently left for Cariboo to join her "brother" there. One morning, some years afterwards the unfortunate woman was found dead in her cabin at Richfield. She had been strangled overnight by some unknown person and all her valuables stolen. The murderer was never found. Into old Cariboo men tell of the deathbed of a popular business man there whose last moments were haunted by the ghostly presence of the poor Lassie and whose dying cries to be saved from her vengeance were pitiful to hear.

STANLEY DOLLAR WAS NOT SEIZED

Well Known Vessel Allowed to Load Under Japanese Protest.

Pekin, Sept. 4.—Telegrams received here from Port Arthur give details of the reported recent stopping of the steamer Stanley Dollar, owned by an American, by a Japanese gunboat as the steamer was attempting to enter Yoiampho, at the mouth of the Yalu River, Korea, to load number from the Russian concession on the river. The Japanese did not forcibly oppose the vessel entering the port, but protested strongly against her taking lumber on board on the ground that Yoiampho was not an open port. The captain of the Stanley Dollar telegraphed to the Russian company at Tientsin which had chartered the Stanley Dollar, that the Japanese were preventing him from loading, and he ultimately loaded and the vessel is now supposed to be on her way to Dalny. The Japanese legation is without information regarding the incident, which has created much comment. It bility or on instructions from his gov- is not known whether the Japanese commander acted on his own responsibility. If his action was due to orders from the government, there is much curiosity to know how Japan intends to support her protest.

At the hygienic milk supply exhibition, which was lately held at Hamburg, were exhibited a number of objects which, seemingly had nothing whatsoever to do with hygienic milk supply. There were combs, seemingly made of horn; cigar holders with amber colored mouthpieces; knives and forks with handles similar in appearance to ebony; ferrules for umbrellas and sticks, and balls, rings, chess figures, dominoes, etc. These objects were made of "galalith"—i.e., milk stone—and casein, the principal albuminoid substance of skimmed milk, is the raw material out of which galalith is made.

BRITISH TRADE IN CUBA.

Proposed American Reciprocity Treaty Restricts Business with Britain.

London, Sept. 5.—The report of the British minister at Havana, Mr. Harden, for the trade of Cuba for 1902, was issued today. He says the prospect for a reciprocity convention between Cuba and the United States, being eventually sanctioned by Congress, has not failed to affect British trade by deterring Cuban merchants from accepting proposals to open up business relations with British manufacturers. There can be no doubt that, with or without reciprocity convention, British merchants will have to bestir themselves if they wish to retain their present share of Cuban trade. Combination alone is likely to prove effective in maintaining our commercial position in this part of the world.

Victoria West Mail.—Capt. J. W. Gidley has received word from Ottawa that Mr. Ross, chief post office superintendent, will arrive in Victoria in a few days, when he will take up the matter of the petition from the residents of Victoria West for the installation of a letter box service. It is not anticipated that any delay in getting the concession will be experienced.

Collegiate School.—The head master will be at home on the mornings of Thursday and Friday next to receive parents and enroll new scholars.

To Wage War On the Crows

Board of Horticulture Urges That Bounty Be Offered For Their Destruction.

pple Crop on East Coast of Island Suffers From Their Depredations.

At the last meeting of the Board of Horticulture, the following resolution was passed:

"That whereas the Board of Horticulture has been appealed to repeatedly by sufferers from the depredations of crows, which have rendered profitable fruit-growing in many sections of this province impossible, and in response to a petition from settlers on Howe Sound now before the board.

"Be it therefore resolved that this board respectfully recommends the government to take into favorable consideration the plan of offering a bounty for the destruction of crows at such rate as may be found to be sufficient after careful investigation shall have been made by competent persons. And that notice of the intention of the government to deal with this important question be published immediately for the information and encouragement of settlers generally."

It appears that Vancouver and the districts adjacent to that city, suffer most from the depredations of the crows, but what is true of that sections is also true of the east coast of Vancouver Island and other islands in the Gulf, where beautiful, high-colored fruit could be grown with great profit were it possible to deal with the marauding crows which always attack the most highly-colored fruits.

Mr. Cunningham inspected several orchards on the east coast of Vancouver Island quite recently and found that immense quantities of early apples had been destroyed. The crows are not satisfied with taking what they can eat, but they peck and destroy for merchantable purposes fully one-half of the bright-colored apples for pure mischief.

It will thus be seen that this is a very large question to be dealt with, and individual growers cannot do it. Mr. Cunningham gave it as his personal experience that he could have shot several hundred crows in his garden since January but had he been permitted he cannot poison them for fear of injuring his neighbors' domestic animals, so there is nothing for it but to avoid the expense and aggravation incidental to local fruit growing.

The Natural History Society of Victoria is importing British song birds, amongst them being the English meadow lark, one of the most valuable birds in existence. Vancouver thinks it would be very nice to be able to share in the benefits of this worthy enterprise, but it would be extreme cruelty to turn to such valuable and innocent birds over to the tender mercies of the accursed crow, which has hardly one redeeming quality. Everyones duty is to assist in making warfare on the common enemy.

LARGER PREMISES.

Improvements to Their Extensive Factory by an Enterprising Firm.

Messrs. Smith & Champion, the enterprising firm of upholsterers, have recently undertaken considerable alterations and additions to their premises at 100 Douglas street. These have entailed a considerable expenditure, which the firm feel justified in going into in view of the phenomenal increase in the amount of business done during the present year. These alterations and additions are now completed and the firm has every facility for a much better display as well as a very much larger work room.

The new show room, which is on the first floor, is a large, well lighted room, handsomely finished and well lighted; it is 62 x 40 feet in size and the firm has a very tasty display of the latest in furniture, their own manufacture, a full line of iron and brass bedsteads, mattresses, pillows, springs, etc., everything in fact that one requires in their line. At the rear of the showroom is the new work room. The firm makes a strong specialty of repairing upholstered goods and very confidently solicit a large share of any business in this line.

The season is now here when careful house-keepers go through their household goods, and if any repairs are needed a 'phone message to number 718 will be sufficient—the firm will do the rest. Another of the firm's strong lines is window blinds. In this connection they are absolutely guarantee that the work is not considered completed until the customer is thoroughly satisfied with both fit and quality of goods. They also handle, cornice poles, etc.

The enlargement of the premises will enable the firm to undertake much more work than has hitherto been attempted, and while grateful to the public for past patronage, unhesitatingly request for a continuance. Those who have not hitherto paid the firm a visit are cordially invited. The firm say "it is no trouble to show the goods and the premises."

TATOOSH REPORT.

Tatoosh, Sept. 6.—6 p. m.—Rain; wind south, twelve miles. Inwards, U. S. steamers Conemaugh and Bennington, Astoria to Bremerton at 6:30; steamer Centennial, San Francisco to Seattle at noon; schooners Simpson and Samar, towing at 1. Outward barkentine Newsboy, Port Blakeley to San Francisco; bark Hesper, Tacoma for San Francisco; steamer San Mateo, Tacoma for San Francisco.

POOR OLD RIP.

He Stood Amidst the City Traffic of Victoria Amazed and Sad.

Yesterday afternoon there might have been seen standing all alone at the corner of Yates and Broad streets, leaning on a long staff, an aged Indian, evidently from some remote district and visiting the city either for the first time or after the lapse of many years, say twenty years, and the resemblance between the poor, hoary, dazed son of the wild woods and old Rip Van Winkle is complete.

He stood there, leaning on his staff, like a relic of the far-distant and disappearing past, pathetic, almost comical, in his perfect disagreement with his surroundings. These gallyard crowds swept past him in their trim Sunday clothes, casting glances of amusement at him who had come from the green dingles of the British Columbia forest to view those strange doings so cruelly different from anything he had ever seen before, or in his dim brain ever imagined. He cast his old eyes, sharp enough when the panther or the murmuring bear are on the path, or the leaping salmon is running beside the canoe, he cast his eyes up at the great buildings, a look of blank astonishment possessed his wrinkled and storm-tanned countenance as the devil wagon without horses rushed thundering past on its narrow tracks. The carriages rolling swiftly on the smooth roadway and cyclists, moved him to wonder as he gazed, motionless and silent, his ancient raiment like to fall off his bowed back and tottering limbs.

Maybe, as a stalwart young brave of one of the fighting tribes, he had stood a generation before on that same spot, proud in the feeling of possession with his red brothers. He may have brought down with his arrow or his javeline near that spot amongst the giant pines, perhaps one of the fierce denizens of the woods; maybe just there or thereabouts he and his clan had met in savage conflict the men of another tribe and fought and killed with the fury of hand-to-hand battle while the day held out to light them on to the slaying, until the sentinel star set its watch in the sky, and the living sank on the earth to sleep and the wounded to die.

No telling what thoughts swept through the poor old head; what bitter memories of past glories in the days when he and his were rulers where now they were landless, strangers where his race had flourished before the coming of the white man, the dispossessor.

He muttered as he walked slowly away in the direction of the harbor to rejoin his friends in their canoe, bound for the distant Illahie. He had come, he had seen the glory of the white conquerors, and he would go back to his forest aisles to fall, in good time, into the slumber that bears the weary, way-worn wanderer home to the happy hunting grounds, where the white men never come with their devil wagons or their mighty edifices, their thunder boats or their guns.

"Thank the great Manitou, the white man cannot deprive me of my right to die and go home to the bosom of my fathers!" he may have said as he tottered down the noisy street.

TO NICKEL PLATE.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Rogers, and Mr. J. C. Lalor, from Anaconda, Mont., are in the city, staying at the Driard hotel, having arrived from Montana via the Sound yesterday. They are on their way to visit the famous Nickel Plate mine, in the Kootenay. Messrs Rogers and Lalor represent the Daly interests, and are bound to the interior on a tour of inspection on behalf of those interests.

Mr. Lalor, who was seen at the Driard last evening by a reporter of the Colonist, said that there was not much to say about the present trip, as the party were merely going to have a look at the mine.

In reply to questions as to the state of business at Anaconda, Mr. Lalor said that the people there considered times rather quiet, although it was probably the liveliest town in the Western or Southwestern States today. The people of Anaconda, accustomed to a high monthly payroll, and its consequences of free spending, take it rather sorely when there is the slightest interruption to the flow of "the usual." Anaconda has now a population of sixty thousand, and it is one of the busiest places on the continent.

At present there is a great lawsuit on, involving the properties of the Boston syndicate which controls so much of Anaconda's mineral wealth and industry. The amount at stake is about twelve million dollars. Should the case go against the company it will be a severe blow to Anaconda.

Mr. Lalor spends his winters in New York, and his summers at Anaconda. The party leave today for the interior to visit the Nickel Plate mine.

Waives Extradition.—Lyford, ex-deputy treasurer of Rock Island county, Ill., has been in the custody of the city police since his arrest for stealing $12,000 of the funds of Rock Island county, last year. The police officer from Rock Island will arrive today to take Lyford back to that city for trial.

Protet Not Yet.—Enquiries by the Colonist at Esquimalt last night as to whether anything had been seen or heard of the French cruiser Protet, bound for that port from San Francisco, brought the reply that she had so far not reported.

GREAT EXTENT OF ALASKAN CABLE

Work to be Started Soon on Laying Wire Over 1000 Miles Long.

In the district of Alaska, since July, 1900, the government has constructed 1,619 miles of land telegraph and 121 miles of cable, says the Seattle P.-I. Within a few days work will be started by the cable ship Burnside, on a 1,050-mile cable line between Seattle and Juneau; a 208-mile line from Sitka to Juneau, and a connecting line of about 150 miles joining the Sitka line with the Seattle-Juneau system. All of this work will be completed this fall, when there will be cable and land telegraph lines from the North Pacific coast shore to every important point in Alaska, footing up an aggregate of 3,200 miles.

But at this the work of putting the rich northern district in quick touch with the outside world is not to be stopped. Next year, it may be almost definitely stated, the government will begin the construction of a new cable between Valdez and Sitka, which will make the United States' northern territory independent, in its telegraphic communication with the world, of any lines of the Canadian lines.

At the present time this is not the case, nor will it be with the completion of the cable now laying, except from the Lynn canal district. Although the western part of the territory is literally threaded with wires in all the important sections, the only outlet is by way of Eagle, on the upper Yukon, all the eastern border of the northern territory of the United States. Every connection must be made with the Canadian lines in Dawson and thence either via Ashcroft to Vancouver, B. C., or over the lines of the White Pass & Yukon wires to Skagway.

From the latter point, after the completion of the cable, messages will be handled by it and a share of the Canadian mileage cut off, which, it is expected, will be the means of greatly reducing the present expensive tolls. At the present time, however, and until the cable is finished, the only exit from the land wires of the North is by way of Vancouver.

The United States government telegraph lines in Alaska have been an expensive production, as well as fraught with great hardship to the corps of men engaged in the work. While mainly the object in their building was as war measures, they are also used for commercial purposes, and will be one of the instruments, in no small degree, responsible for the rapid upbuilding of the district.

From the remote western parts the tolls at the present time are so high as to preclude the general use of the lines in a business way. This is due to the fact that all through messages must pass over the Canadian system, where nearly two-thirds of the present charges are absorbed. With the completion of the work the department has laid out for this year these rates from Nome and other points in the territory will be materially reduced so as to permit of a greater commercial use of the lines.

At the present time there are forty-two land telegraph offices in the district of Alaska. They are as follows, beginning from the west: Nome, Fort Davis, Safety Harbor, St. Michael, Golsovia, Unalaklik, Old Woman, Kaltag, Nulato, Koyukuk, Grimikop, Loudon, Melozi, Kokrines, Briches, Fort Gibbon, Rampart, Cosna, Beaver, Glen, Tolavava, Nenana, Chena, Fairbanks, Salcha, Goodpasture, Central, Summit, Ketchumstock, Fort Liscum, Valdez, Saina, Teikhell, Tonsina, Capper Centre, Chistochina, Mentaska Pass, Tanana Crossing, North Fork, Fort Egbert, Skagway, Haines Mission, Juneau, Sitka and Seattle, the latter two to be placed in operation as soon as the cable is completed.

At each of these offices there is stationed an operator and through them the districts of Nome and the lower Yukon to Rampart on the upper Yukon, the entire Tanana and a greater portion of the Copper river are covered. This takes in the entire settled porton of the far North, each port of which is at the present time in direct communication with all parts of the globe.

ARRESTED AND DIES.

Accused of Diamond Robbery and Expires on Way to Prison.

Columbus, O., Sept. 6.—A man identified by the Daniels clerk as one of the two robbers who, late last night, covered M. J. Daniels with their revolvers as he was taking the diamonds out of his loan shop window on High street, and snatched a tray valued at $11,000, was caught later in the Hocking Valley railroad yards, and died suddenly after being taken to the prison. The cause of death is a mystery, there being no evidence that he had been hurt. The diamonds were not recovered.

Timely Sermon By Local Pastor

Rev. J. P. Westman Invites Labor Unions to Join Hands With Church.

How Working Classes May Secure Emancipation From Discontent.

Last evening at the Centennial Methodist church, the Rev. J. P. Westman preached to a large congregation on the subject: "What Makes Us Differ?" The preacher took as his texts the two following verses: Rev., 21:1, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth," and 2 Peter, 1:9, "But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins." He said:

"We must all admit that there is in our day a certain lacking in all things in this world. We see it in government, we see it in social life, in education and in man. The great apostle of old saw it in incontestible manner and dreamed—yes, had a vision richer and far better. He saw a new heaven and a new earth, in which was completeness in perfection; so it is in the New Earth with which we have to deal. If the earthly life is right, the heavenly will follow in due course, for we must all learn sooner or later, that if we get to heaven we must carry it with us. We have here a splendid vision of a lofty soul, a vision about which he had dreamed, prayed and struggled through a long life. John had often laid his head on the bosom of the Saviour, and listened as he talked to his friends of the Kingdom that was to come. It was here he caught the first visions of a ransomed earth, and I might remark that it is only by bowing low at the feet of Christ that any man can get a correct view of the new earth. For he (the speaker) that teacheth these things is blind, seeing only what is near. And now see John when he is old, he has seen God in his younger days, and now when he is old, God permits him to have a vision of the pure earth; a new earth of love and liberty, and law, and where all these unite in one, and all is at peace.

"John is not the only man who has seen visions. All grand souls who have lived and labored for humanity and tried to leave the world better than they found it, have seen the same vision. Savanarola died rather than say yes; Luther, John Howard, in prisons; Dorothy Dix in insane asylums; Dr. Sam G. Howon, in deaf and dumb asylums; Paul Wilberforce, Henry Ward Beecher, in his crusade to stop cruelty to dump animals; J. B. Gough in his temperance crusade; Frances Willard, and many other men and women see and have seen visions.

Nowadays, labor seems to be drawing away from mthe pulpit and the churches. This is a distinct loss to the laborer. The pulpit cannot be partisan to any class of people. Take the reply of Henry George when asked on one occasion why he was the friend of the working man, or rather lauded because he was, he replied, I am the friend of MAN. Henry George was great, but his reply was even greater; it was similar to the mind of Christ, who always worked hard, but always refused to be forced into any position of partisanship. Take for instance, the following incidents, when he cured blind Bartimeus, His life with the fishermen, the incident with the tax gatherer, with a wealth of simplicity Christ was always the friend of the laborer.

"Labor unions should join hands with the church in the better observation of the Sabbath; also in the destruction of the liquor dealings. The labor interests are going up hill, and while not yet at the highest mark, are getting there with improved advantages and possibilities. Take courage, therefore, and go forward.

"The reason of the dark days that have come to us, and the reason why we cannot see the new earth, is because of our blindness, caused by our forgetting the first elements necessary to human prosperity, that is, the cleansing from all sin. This is not the consequence, but rather the cause. It is the original sin, and here is the primary cause of difference of the spirit in worship, difference in life, hope, one forgets the cleansing, another deems it necessary and therefore knows nothing of the intense joy caused by this experience. The lack and the blindness do not make forgetfulness, but are created by it. Here is the starting point of deterioration—forgetting God, self-need, cleansing, brotherhood, losing faith, interest, hope, becoming careless, feeble, selfish and blind to the world's best interests, self's best interests and care for our neighbors.

"Imporvish creed and you sterilize morality, cease to pursue the ideal and we soon lose it. He that lacketh is blind, seeing only that which is near," he sees small policy, mean expedient, earthly and transient, and has no sense of the heavenly. He has lost the ideal.

"Note the position Paul gave to these elements. Take for instance the book of Romans, get the first eleven chapters into you, and the twelfth flows freely out. The epistle to the Galatians is founded on the same grand principal. Dethrone cleansing and you chill passion for perfectness. Search history. The Reformation became an enthusiasm of doctrine; the same may be said of the 18th century work of the Wesley's and the 19th century work of the Salvation Army. Exalt the doctrine of grace and you create the hunger for God. What we cease to crave for we cease to see. The laborer of today needs emancipation from discontent. This cannot be done by monetary or miraculous measures, neither can it be done by changing places with his employer; it will only be when he sees more than his present self, when he has a right retrospect to prospect. Take the emancipation of slaves. In 1791 a bill to abolish slavery in the British colonies was defeated by 88 to 63. Denmark abolished slavery by law in 1792, the U. S. A. in 1794, England in 1807, France in 1818, Portugal in 1823, yet the slaves were not emancipated in England until 1838, in France not till 1848, Portugal in 1858, Germany in 1863, and in the U. S. A. not until 1860.

"In the dark ages money had the control on men, time lifted the veil and showed that the course of strength was in the soil then followed feudalism. Then followed the advent of tools and machines, then manufacturing, and the laborer appeared as an operator. In all of these the aim of the laborer is his own independence. As labor advances capital retires in the background, and is content with owning the means rather than the person. We live in a mathematical age, and the laborer constitutes 30 per cent of the population. Labor has often no regard for religion and the privileges of its enjoyment. For the matter of that, capital is worse. In many instances, and makes the laborer put his religious convictions in the background and work seven days a week. In many places wages and living expenses are disproportionate. To sum up, what does the laborer need today?

1. A people spirit-filled, capital and labor living in the same atmosphere.

2. Phophets to utter the old truths to all people.

3. Encouragement in all tolls—in the home, shop, street, leading, not driving, teaching the simple Gospel of Christ.

4. A church where he can feel at home.

5 A nation freed from the connection with the saloon.

6. A broader view of the world and a better conception of his purpose in it.

"Man can know himself and his needs, only as he becomes acquainted with God, and narrow views of God or self cannot save from discontent. Man is not the subject of Providence, but is included in it. He is intellectual and this makes him the only part of Providence in which adding to the whole, it is left to itself. Man's intelligence is his way to knowledge and his only way of approach to God. Man's redemption is educational. The church is the organ of education. We call back to the primary truth, "repentance."

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let all men prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
"For only in Him is all solution."
"Amen."

PARLIAMENTARY P