# The Midnight Coach.

I was used to the eeriness of Kilmacshogue from my infancy, yet I never ceased to be terrified of it. How many nights I have pulled the coverlet over my head so that I might not hear the woman's voice crying in the trees outside; and if the house had been on fire I do not believe I should have descended the stairs after dark, lest I should meet them coming up, or worse, hear their silken skirts failing with a liquid sound like water, as they came down the stairs, along the ghostly corridors behind me.

But worst of all was I frightened of the carriage that swings through the entrance gates at midnight, all along the avenue, and draws up at our hall door. The person who sits in the carriage was murdered a hundred years ago in a rising of the country-folk. And if I should see him I know what I should see. His brains were blown out by a chance pistol. Sibbie Doran, my nurse, has seen him often, and told me all about it. The coachman also drives with his head under his arm, and I have no wish to see that. It is bad enough to listen to the rattle of the wheels as it drives round to the stable-yard on some night of high wind. Besides if I looked I might see a hearse which comes for a death in our family. And that is the greatest fear of all, for there are only my grandfather, Lord Kilsnandra, and myself, Maeve MacNeill, and we love each other dearly.

I have no other tie on earth except with my cousin, Theobald Carew, and he was away in the wars fighting, and if the hearse should come for him, it would be worst of all, for he is also my lover. Of course, I am attached to the servants, and to the dogs, and my pony, and all creatures within the walls of Kilmacshogue, and to many persons and creatures outside the walls, but my grandfather and my grandmother, and my cousin Theobald—these are the three creatures on earth without whom I could not live.

We were very poor at Kilmacshogue. Often my grandfather used to say that the luck had gone with Luke, who was my uncle, and went away after killing a friend in a duel, and no more had been heard of him.

He was the only son, and it was a cruel thing that he should have left them in that way, and we could hardly doubt that he was dead, though my grandfather would not believe it, nor would Sibbie, nor Rose Doyle the housekeeper, nor Brannigan the butler, because the banshee had never cried for him. And I believe in his heart my grandfather also took comfort from that, though he would shake his handsome old head till the powder flew, over the follies of women and peasants, while he fingered the great bunch of seals that hung from his fob.

I had been an orphan so early that I never knew my father and mother, though of the latter I have a fleeting image; but whether it is of her spirit as it came to my bedside in sickness as Sibbie will have it, I know not, but think it must have been so, since she was taken from me in infancy. I know she had mild brown eyes with the tenderest light in them, and the sweetest pale red lips, and a long neck and soft fair curls. But so much you may see in the water-color portrait of her that hangs in the book-room, and my grandfather will have it that my memory of her is no memory at all, but gathered from the picture, which Sibbie used to take me to look upon from my earliest days.

Kilmacshogue is buried in trees, and has as much of it sunk below the earth as is above it. But in these latter days we lived in the story above ground rather than in that below, because we were too poor to burn the many wax candles the rooms below required for their illumination. So that when Cousin Theobald and I were children together those downstairs rooms were something of mysterious treasure-houses to us, with their chandeliers wrapped in holland bags, and all the mirrors veiled, and the furniture taking huge, muffled shapes in the gloom.

We are very poor at Kilmacshogue, yet till the time that Theobald went out to the wars we were very happy. Never was any old couple so tender to the young as Lord and Lady Kilshandra; and our childhood and our youth, and young love grew up under their smiles and blessings.

They had grown very like each other, as I have observed it with old couples devotedly attached to each other. They had rosy cheeks, as pink as a pink rose-leaf, with little fine veinings through them as though the rose-leaf had wrinkled. And they had the bluest eyes, and the same soft, kind, dreamy expression. They spoke to each other as though they were still young, he treating her like a lover, and she still wearing the coquetries of the mistress. And they rejoiced when the love sprang up between me and Cousin Theobald as though they were young again and new lovers.

Even the thought of Uncle Luke had not power to sadden my grandmother; indeed, the hope of once again seeing him made so bright a flame in her life that I often thought she would die if it were extinguished. I know the old servants kept his room exactly as though he might come at any time, and I remember the awed interest with which Theobald and I, having found Rose Doyle in high good humor one day, were permited to gaze upon his flowered waistcoats, and silk coats and breeches, and white silk stockings and buckled shoes, and the fine yellow underlinen, all of which proved Uncle Luke to have been a prince of bucks in his day.

Indeed, all that time before Richard Damer came on the scene looks to me now lige a fair, gently-smiling landscape by contrast with what followed. For suddenly the bolt was launched from the blue, and all that peace and love were withered before the breath of flame, and what had been so happy was now all parched and destroyed.

I remember coming into the drawing-room and finding my grandfather and grandmother sitting there very stiffly—quite unlike their gracious, polite selves—entertaining Mr. Damer and his son, who had come to live in a great house, Portmacsun Abbey, of the neighborhood. We had all heard of Dr. Damer and his guineas, even at Kilmacshogue. He was an old yellow man, as yellow as his guineas, and he wore a bottle-green coat and small clothes, shining with much wear, and his expression was crafty. However, it was not so much him I minded as the youth who accompanied him, and whom he introduced as his son; Richard, like himself. I felt his cold black eyes upon me the minute I entered, and burned with an odd feeling of fury and shame, as though some one had tried to do a wrong to the love between Theobald and myself. And all the time I sat there, with my eyes down, looking at my mittened hands in my lap and the toes of my scarlet shoes, I was conscious of that insolent gaze.

It was something I had to endure in the time to come, for the Damers, in spite of their cold welcome, came again and again, and although Lord Kilshandra threatened that Brannigan should say "Not at home" to them, somehow that never came to pass, and the reason I presently discovered.

It was that Mr. Damer had known Uncle Luke and had somehow rendered him a service. The reason, be sure, prevailed with my grandmother if it did not with my grandfather, and the end of it was that we had Damers, Damers, Damers, nothing but Damers, and if they were not dining or supping, or visiting at Kilmacshogue, then we were at Portmacsun, which was very fine, and crowded with tall footmen to the doors, and silver plates for our food, and all a-glitter with candles and torches, and I know not what fine doings. I think we all went unwillingly. When Brannigan, who could be coachman at a pinch, mounted the box in a livery too big for him, and drove us to the Abbey, I had seen a look in the dear old rosy faces which said they were not happy. We met other company there—people thought only of Damer's gold, it seemed, and not at all of how he had won it—but Lord and Lady Kilshandra seemed ever the principal guests, which was as it should be. But I have seen my grandfather wince when it was "Kilshandra" here and "Kilshandra" there, and my grandmother would wear a bewildered look as though wondering to find herself in such company.

As for me, Heaven help me, I never guessed at what was coming, nor that young Richard Damer would force his suit upon me, knowing that I was already promised to my cousin Theobald.

The blow fell on me, indeed, with a startling suddenness. One evening my grandfather had supped alone at Mr. Damer's house. Neither my grandmother nor I had been bidden to the meal, and for that I think we were both grateful.

We supped together in the little Oak room, which was bright and pleasant with its fire of logs and its wax candles in scones, and we were happy, though we missed Lord Kilshandra's company.

It was quite midnight when he entered, and I know we both turned a little pale when we heard the carriage drive to the door, for fear lest it should not be he, but the ghost. That was a fear that recurred every midnight, although, perhaps, because we had grown used to it, it did not greatly trouble our days.

However, we heard the carriage stop, and the great double doors open, and my grandfather's foot in the hall. Yet it had a wandering and uncertain sound, and when presently he opened the door of the Oak room and stood on the threshold we saw that the dear old roses of his face were withered. He looked like a man stricken by a heavy blow. He came nearer, and looking up at him I saw thin films drawn over the blue of his eyes, such as I would die ten thousand deaths rather than bring to eyes I loved.

Lady Kilshandra stood up with a sound like a moan, and took his hand to her breast for a second. Then they sat down side by side, holding each other's old hands, and we waited for him to begin.

He sat for a few seconds as though he could not speak. Then he began a rambling tale of how Uncle Luke's honor was in Mr. Damer's hands, how he had lost a great sum at cards to Sir Theophilus Hoare, how the next morning he had fought and fled; and Mr. Damer held the I. O. U.'s, and they had not been paid, although Sir Theophilus Hoare's sisters had beggared themselves that their brother's name might go clean.

He trembled piteously as he told the story, and my grandmother's face became, as she heard it, as piteous as his, although she fought hard for courage as I could see.

"And the end of it?" she said, when he had finished.

"The end of it," said Lord Kilshandra, "is that he requires Maeve's hand in marriage for his son."

"But you told him," I cried out, "you told him I was already plighted to my cousin?"

Lord Kilshandra's head fell on his breast.

"I told him that," he replied; "and his answer was that the I. O. U.'s should be made public."

I looked from one old face to the other, and never have I seen such trouble and terror.

"If it were anything but honor," said my grandfather, "I would bid him do his worst. If it were only poverty, though he stripped us bare, I offered to redeem the I. O. U.'s. I should do it if I had to sell the last stick in Kilmacshogue. But he would not hear of it. Your hand was the price of the I. O. U.'s, and failing that, our dead son will be dishonored, and our name blackened for ever."

"Our dead son will be dishonored," my grandmother repeated, and I realized that at last she believed Luke was dead.

I stood up and went to the mantel-shelf, and laid my forehead for an instant against the cold marble. Then I turned to the two who had always been so tender to me.

"Dear Heaven," I cried, "what is it you want me to do?"

They looked at me helplessly, and I saw that their own trouble had made them forget mine. The entreaty in their eyes stabbed me like a knife. They had never refused me anything.

"And Theobald," I said. "What of Theobald?"

"Theobald would sacrifice himself for the family honor," said Lord Kilshandra.

"You can marry me to Richard Damer," I said, "but I had rather you thrust a knife in my heart."

And then I turned and went out of the room.

All that night I heard the woman cry in the trees outside, and was not sure if it was her or my own voice I heard. I was distraught with trouble. I was sure of one thing, that I would not live after the shame of my marriage with Richard Damer. Perhaps Theobald would forgive me, and think of me as white once more, when I was only a poor dead girl, and he knew why I had done it.

As I have said, the Damers were not people to let the grass grow under their feet. Before the next day was over, I had Richard Damer's ring on my finger, and his kiss on my lips. And I do really believe that from that hour I began to die.

After the first night of fierce struggle, I fought no more. I was like an animal led to the slaughter-house, incapable of resistance. My very soul was sick with the shame of his caresses, and I think I was dying of that sickness. And it seemed that the more I shrank from this terrible new lover of mine, the more he desired me. He was one who liked the pleasure of the chase rather than the capture, and I have heard him swear he would not give two pins for any woman, however beautiful, who was ready to fall into his arms.

So the days turned round to my abhorred wedding day. I had stood up in my bridal gown of silken tissue, with my grandmother's old lace upon it, and seeing myself in a long mirror, I was aware that I was not less beautiful in the fire that was consuming me, but rather more. I had sprung up very tall of late, and my eyes were unnaturally bright. There were flickering flames in my cheeks, which had used to be soft and pale, no one but myself seemed to know that the fire was feeding upon my life; but I knew, and was comforted. I should not long live as Richard Damer's wife.

After I had worn the wedding gown, and he had beheld me in it, and gloated over me, and hung me with pearls and diamonds, so that I was like an Eastern slave and no Christian woman, he departed and left us together.

We sat that evening in the little Oak room, the same to which Lord Kilshandra had brought the tale that had broken my heart. We sat clinging together and saying little. Once my grandfather tried to console me, saying that Richard Damer was a fine, generous, handsome lad of spirit, unlike his father, and that many ladies would have welcomed his wooing. To which I said nothing.

"And remember, Maeve," he went on, "that he knows nothing of his father's bargain. He is not to be blamed for his father's sins."

For a second I had a wild design of telling my bridegroom, and flinging myself on his mercy; yet, on second thoughts, I relinquished it. He would not give me up now for anything; I was too sure of that, whatever he might have done earlier.

"You will never let Cousin Theobald think that I did it for anything but for love of you," I said.

"Why, child," cried my grandmother, "any one would think that you were going to die—our bonny Maeve!"

At that moment, above the clashing of the wind in the trees outside, there came the roll of wheels and the sound of horses' feet. And almost at the same moment the great clock in the stable yard began to strike twelve.

"It is the ghost," said my grandmother, turning pale.

"It is the death-coach," I cried out in a feverish exultation; "and it comes for me. Perhaps I shall not live through to-morrow."

"For you!" said Lord Kilshandra. "Why, you are young, child. It comes for me."

I heard my grandmother moan. My grandfather had taken one of the silver candlesticks in his hand, and gone out to the great dark hall, whither we followed.

"Whoever comes he is welcome!" said my grandfather, holding the candle above his head with one hand, as he fumbled with the great bars of the door.

Suddenly there was a tremendous knocking at the door. The bars fell with a crash into their sockets. The door swung open, and we saw the tall figure of a man between us and the coach with its lit lamps.

He stepped into the hall without a word. Then there was a cry from my grandmother: "Luke, my boy, Luke!" Down went the silver candlestick with a clatter on the floor of the hall; and then the big stranger lifted my grandmother in his arms as though she had been a child, and carried her back into the Oak room, where he laid her tenderly on a couch. Then he turned to Lord Kilshandra, who was trembling and crying, as though all at once his age had found him out.

"Father," he said.

"Luke, my boy," cried Lord Kilshandra, clinging to him. "Do you know what Damer says of you, my boy? That you lost a great sum at cards to Sir Theophilus Hoare the night you shot him. He showed me the I. O. U.'s. I ought not to have believed him. Now that you are here, I believe him no longer."

Indeed, looking at Uncle Luke, it was difficult to believe that he had ever done anything so dishonorable.

"Ah," he said, with a flash of his white teeth. "I shall flog Damer for a cur and a liar. I paid the sum before we fought. Afterwards I lost the I. O. U.'s in my flight; and he or his fellows must have picked them up. I have poor Hoare's signed receipt for the money. I thought all these years I had killed him, and that I was better dead than be tried for killing my friend. I only heard lately that he had died of an old trouble of the spleen. I have been cruel to you and my mother, but I never meant it. And I have brought home money enough to fling guineas with Damer himself."

My grandmother was looking at him with eyes of adoration, as though she could never look enough.

"You will leave us no more, Luke?" she said.

"Why, no, mother," he answered, "never again. I would never have stayed away if I had not believed that my return would bring you worse sorrow. I have been in strange lands, places where gold grows instead of grass, else I should not have gone ignorant so long."

"You come in time, Luke," said Lord Kilshandra, who was standing with his hand on his son's arm, looking so proud and pleased that it seemed as if twenty years had rolled away from his head. "We would have married Maeve to Damer's son to-morrow to save your honor."

Then Uncle Luke turned round and seemed to see me for the first time.

"What, little Maeve!" he cried. "She was a toddling child when last I saw her. She shall never marry a son of Damer's. A better man shall marry her."

"She will not have to seek him," said Lord Kilshandra. "She was promised to her cousin, Theobald Carew, now at the wars. She is a good child, a good child. For the honor of our family, she was ready to sacrifice herself."

"She was too brave!" said Uncle Luke, a great softness and compassion flooding his gaze. "We shall have to bring the young man home from the wars to nurse her back to health."

And indeed, the fever which had been in my veins had somehow died out, and I felt weak and trembling. Then Uncle Luke put me on a chair, and fetched some wine, and held it to my lips, and I fell asleep there after a little while.

I remember that the last thing I heard Uncle Luke say was:

"Tell me now: Is Mary Sallenger still unwed?"

And I remembered, though with a noise of water in my ears, to have heard that Miss Sallenger, our beautiful, pale neighbor at the Mount, had remained unwed for Uncle Luke's sake, and I rejoiced weakly because at last she would be happy.

After that I was ill. And when I came to myself I was three months older, but the whole face of the world was changed for me, for my lover Theobald was by my side. And as soon as I was able to drive to church there was a double wedding, my Uncle Luke marrying Miss Sallenger at the same time that I became Lady Carew.

## Jetsam, Jokes and Jingles

"Where are you going?" inquired a lady as her husband started to leave his seat in the stalls directly the curtain fell on the first act.

"I think there's a fire somewhere near, and I'm awfully fond of conflagrations, dear, as you know," she replied confusedly.

Ten minutes later he returned.

"It wasn't a fire, after all," he said briefly.

"And it wasn't water!" replied his wife, with a significant sniff.

Young Hopeful—Father, what is a traitor in politics? This paper says Congressman Jawweary is one.

Veteran Politician—A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one.

Young Hopeful—Well, then, what is a man who leaves the other party and comes over to ours?

Veteran Politician—A convert, my son.—Boston Transcript.

Clara overheard her parents talking about Bible names.

"Is my name in the Bible?" she asked.

"No, dear."

"Didn't God make me?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't he say something about it?"—Harper's Magazine.

"Pardon me," said the masher, "but you look like a young lady I know."

"Pardon me," interrupted Miss Bright, "but you look like a man I don't know."—Philadelphia Press.

Little Ruth visited a large wholesale grocery store with her aunt. While there a clerk gave her a small sample bottle of ketchup. That evening she tasted it and seemed much pleased.

"Oh, auntie!" she exclaimed some time later, "when you go to that store again, please tell the clerk I would like another example of ketchup."—Little Chronicle.

Tommy Figgjam—Paw?

Paw Figgjam—Yes, my son.

"Is a female count a countess?"

"Yes, my son."

"Is a female duke a duchess?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then" (baiting his hook afresh) "is a female perch a purchase?"—Baltimore American.

"I wisht I wuz president of the Lumber Trust," said Jimmy, "and de baseball manager had ter come to me fur de boards fer deir fences."

"Why?" asked Tommy.

"Why, I wouldn't sell dem a bloomin' board dat didn't have a knot-hole in it."

Tom—Young Huggins has a cheap look about him, yet he is decidedly popular with the fair sex. How do you account for it?

Jack—Oh, I suppose there is a sort of bargain-counter charm about his cheap look.

"Why did the congregation hurry out so suddenly after the benediction?" "The sexton makes them leave their umbrellas in the vestibule, and those who get out late haven't much of a choice."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Teacher—Which letter is the next one to the letter "H"?

Boy—Dunno, ma'am.

Teacher—What have I on both sides of my nose?

Boy—Freckles, ma'am.

He—"You say that she is a business woman, this friend of yours. What business is she interested in?" "Everybody's."—Detroit Free Press.

The Midnight Promenade. — She — "Henry!" He—"Huh?" She—"Just imagine baby is one of those sick friends you sit up all night with."—Harper's Bazar.

"Who does you reckon will be in de White House nex' year?" "Deed, honey, I hav'n' stopped to figger. I hav'n' got my own rent paid yet."—Washington Star.

"Madam, your dog just bit my boy. I wish you would lock him up and see if he develops hydrophobia." "What! do you think the little boy is 'mad'?"—Judge.

"You have a pretty tough looking lot of customers to dispose of this morning, haven't you?" remarked the friend of the magistrate who had dropped in at the police court. "Huh!" rejoined the dispenser of justice, "you are looking at the wrong bunch. Those are the lawyers."—Chicago Daily News.

Solomon was thinking of his thousand wives. "I think that I shall give this anti-divorce movement my support," he mused. "It would bust any man to pay alimony to that bunch."—Cleveland Leader.

"I advertised in your paper last week for 'a half-grown girl; good wages to the right party, etc.,' and I didn't get a single reply," complained the man. "No?" replied the country editor. "Perhaps—er—the right party wasn't quite half-grown last week. Try it again this week."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Knicker—"So you want your husband to give you something he has made himself?" Mrs. Bocker—"Yes; about $500."—Harper's Bazar.

"De only thing dat some people gits out o' education," said Uncle Eben, "is de ability to talk so's other people can't understand 'em."—Washington Star.

"Bridget, you must be more careful with your dusting. I declare I could write my name upon the piano." "Deed, ma'am, it's yerself has the gran' eddycayshun."—Town and Country.

"No, Harold," said the sweet girl; "I can only be a sister to you."

"Well, then," he savagely replied as he heard a subdued chuckle, "as your brother, I shall claim the privilege of lying under the sofa while you make fools of the other fellows."

Mr. Gayboy—"You certainly look fine. You're getting stouter." The Widow—"You flatter me." Mr. Gayboy—"Not a bit. You're as plump as a partridge." The Widow—"At first I thought it was flattery, but now I see you are trying to make game of me."—Brooklyn Life.

"I hear you were disappointed in the town meeting's orator. I suppose your complaint was that he didn't rise to the occasion." "No; my complaint wasn't that he didn't rise to the occasion, but that he seemed disinclined ever to sit down again."—Philadelphia Press.

A Heavenly Possibility.—Bronco Bill—"Just before Roarin' Dan was lynched, he said he hoped he would meet all de boys in heaven." Grizzly Pete—"Did, eh?" Bronco Bill—"Yes; an' de boys said dey hoped so, too, so dey could have de fun uv lynchin' him ever ag'in."—Judge.

"Does your coachman have any perquisites?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "He had one once," replied her hostess, "but the doctor said it was brought on by bein' out too long in the hot sun. My! I don't know what I'd do with a person around me that had them regular."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her complexion is very clear," said the casual acquaintance. "Yes, indeed," her dearest friend agreed; "anybody can see through it."—Cleveland Leader.

Backus—"I suppose your wife is still very dear to you, old chap?" Cyrus—"Dearer. She has running accounts in three of the biggest department stores."—Boston Transcript.

"They are saying that you bought and paid for your election." "That's right," answered Senator Sorghum. "I can look the world in the face and say, 'I owe no man a penny.'"—Washington Star.

"You reckon you'll come out purty good on yer crop this year?" asked the Billville citizen of his neighbor. "I reckon so," was the reply. "The sheriff is a-hangin' 'round, an' 'pears to feel confident!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Ugh!" Mr. Skinnay, who was being uncomfortably crowded by the jolly looking fat man, "these cars should charge by weight." "Think so?" replied the fat man; "why, they'd hardly think it worth while to stop for you."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Uncle Ephraim, what do you do for a living?" "I preaches an' I raises punkins, boss." "Which pays you the better?" "Well, o' co'se, I gits mo' money out'n de punkins, but I gits nuff distinction out'n de preachin' to make up de diff'unce, boss."—Chicago Tribune.

"You might not think so, but Heeler has done quite a little to diminish bribery in politics." "He has?" "Yes. Many a time when money intended to bribe voters has been placed in his hands he has kept as much of it as circumstances would permit."—Brooklyn Life.

### "BREATHLESS WE STRIVE."

Breathless we strive, contending for success,
According to the standards of our day.
What is success? Is it to find a way
Wealth out of all proportion to possess?
Is it to care for simple pleasures less
(While grasping at a more extended sway),
And sacrificing to our gods of clay,
Submerge the soul, at last, in worldliness?

By Grasmere stands a cottage small and poor;
The Dove was once its emblem, and the sign
That marked it as a wayside inn obscure;
But, frugal, dwelt high consecration here,
And gratitude still guards it as a shrine,
Hallowed by that success which time but makes more dear!

## A RATE WAR.

### The American and Dominion Lines Vieing for the Northern Business.

"A lively rate war is now being waged between the Dominion Telegraph Company and the Seattle-Valdez cable system for the purpose of determining over what lines the bulk of telegraphic messages shall be carried to the far Northwestern territory," says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. "The Americans are determined to make the cable a remunerative investment for the government and do not intend that the Canadians shall get the slightest advantage over them.

"The present broken condition of the government cable between Sitka and Valdez has been taken advantage of. While it is not the idea of the Dominion people that they can put the government cable 'out of business' by making the competition sharp, it is said by those who for business reasons keep a close tab on such matters that the Canadian company is planning to block the extension of the American cable from Valdez to Dutch Harbor. They think that by making the present cable unprofitable congress will refuse to further extend the system. To illustrate how the new Seattle-Valdez cable has cut into the profits of the Dominion company, the officers of the cable ship Burnside state that the old rate to Valdez via Dawson over the Canadian system was $5.50 for ten words, and at that the Canadians claim that they were losing money. The new cable takes the same message more quickly and at a profit, and charges but $2.50 to Valdez. The old rate to Juneau over the Dominion line was, before the present break in the cable north of Sitka, $4.80 for ten words. Over the United States government cable it is $1.75."

### YUKON PATROL.

Northwest Mounted Police Will Provide a Special Service This Winter.

The Northwest Mounted Police are preparing the most extensive system of patrols for Yukon territory the coming winter that ever have been maintained in the North, according to Dawson advices. A patrol will be made from Dawson to Fort McPherson, at the mouth of the McKenzie river, by way of a pass in the Rocky mountains west of Dawson, and patrols maintained regularly all winter between Dawson and Duncan, Dawson and White Horse, Dawson and Forty-Mile, Forty-Mile and Glacier Creek, White Horse and the Alsek and other places.

Between Dawson and White Horse a patrol will be maintained in such fashion that the entire length of the trail will be covered one way each week. The rounds will be made with sleighs drawn by horses, and the police will maintain a light express and mail service for their own convenience as well as to cover the country for the protection of the people along the route.

On the Yukon river a patrol will be given each week between Dawson and Selkirk. Above Selkirk to Minto the overland trail patrol will cover the river, and beyond Minto the trail runs so close to the Yukon that it is not considered necessary to have a winter patrol on the Yukon.

Between Selkirk and Dawson the same posts will be open along the river in winter as were maintained in summer, and on the winter trail posts will be maintained at Grand Forks, Wounded Moose, Stewart Crossing, Grand Valley, Selkirk and Minto.

The patrol for Fort McPherson will leave Dawson in January, make a trip to McPherson and return before spring. Only one round trip will be made during the winter. This patrol will cover perhaps 500 miles actual travelling distance. An Indian guide will accompany the police. Two or three police will be detailed from Dawson on the trip. The greatest difficulty on the trip will be carrying sufficient feed for the dogs.

Three stages a week will be run each way over the winter trail as soon as the crossings are frozen over and a regular schedule can be put into operation by the White Pass.

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G. R. LAWRENCE:—

Please take notice that should you fail to meet your portion of expenditure for assessment work for year ending Sept. 11th, 1904, on mineral claims Cascade and Forest King, on head waters of Chemainus River, your interest in same will be forfeited in time and as provided for by statute.

A. R. SHERK.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date the undersigned intends to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following tract of land situated on the right bank of the Skeena River, Coast District, British Columbia: Commencing at a post marked W. D. McIntosh, S. E. corner (adjoining F. Round's S. W. corner, about one and a half miles west of Kh-yex River), thence running north 20 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south to the shore, thence following the shore east to the point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

W. D. M'INTOSH.

Sept. 9th, 1904.

Notice is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land situated on Lion Point, Portland Canal, B. C., Coast District, opposite Salmon River, commencing at a post marked G. C. S. W. C., thence north 20 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 20 chains to the place of commencement, containing eighty acres more or less.

GRAHAM CHAMBERS.

Aug. 4th, 1904.

Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 320 acres of land, more or less, commencing at the southeast corner of the Indian Reserve at Quat leo, thence south 80 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 80 chains, and thence east to point of commencement.

(Sgd.) THOS. JONES.

Sept. 25th, 1904.

Sixty days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to lease 160 acres of grass and tide lands, comprising part of Section 16, Township 4, Rupert District, to be used for grazing cattle.

Sept. 13th, 1904. ELIJAH BARNETT. JOSEPH SHELFORD.

### SOUND HIND SIGHT.

Toronto Telegram.

The Dominion opposition simply did not deserve to win on its own merits.

The opposition's merits were few, of no practical value except its tardy declaration for public ownership that saved the day in Ontario.

In the main the opposition lacked industry. It lacked courage. It was often lazy, and not seldom cowardly.

### STEP TOWARDS POLITICAL UNION.

New York Tribune.

The natural persistent interests of both Canada and the United States demand commercial union. The boundary between them is wholly artificial. This country needs the vast natural resources of the territory to the north. Canada needs our highly developed industries and their products. The next congress will leave a most important duty unperformed if it does not inaugurate a policy looking toward the commercial amalgamation which nature intended. Political union will follow if commercial union proves the success anticipated.