

MAN-FAID-OF-THE-BULL.

On a cold day in November, 1879, Vincent Howard, a young man of the Canadian Northwest, mounted police, was on guard over a herd of police horses feeding in a sheltered valley about three miles from Fort Walsh. While he lay on the hillside near his picketed horse and watched the herd in his care, he saw two mounted Indians ride over the brow of a hill to his right, and gaze longingly on the fine chargers of the redcoats.

Young Howard knew that the temptation to steal horses is one which the Northwest Indian can seldom overcome. Indeed, he regards horse-stealing as a legitimate and creditable occupation.

Even the fear of hanging, which was the punishment meted out to captured horse-thieves by the pioneers, would not deter Indians who thought they had a fair chance of making off with four-legged plunder.

Howard jumped on his horse and rode toward the Indians. He could not have imagined that they had any design to steal police horses in the presence of a guard. He must have credited them with more curiosity. His wish probably was to relieve the monotony of his watch by inspecting their equipment and holding a short pow-wow with them.

They had not caught sight of him till he rode toward them, but they betrayed no surprise at his sudden appearance. The two sat quietly on their ponies awaiting his approach. They had already decided on their course.

I knew Howard well. He was a fun-loving, reckless boy, very handsome, generous and much loved in the force. Without a thought of danger he rode up to the Indians with the usual salutation, "How-how!"

They did not respond. It was plain that they were in no good humor. That was nothing unusual, for many of the Indian then entertained a grudge against the redcoat.

But Howard cared nothing for their sullen looks. He was accustomed to put all sorts of people in good humor; so he greeted the two with "How-how!" and his sunny smile, and went on with the few words of their language that he had learned.

Still they showed an unfriendly disposition. As they not quickly yield to his cheery ways, he incautiously tried teasing. I can fancy him prancing round the two strange-looking objects, mischievously pulling the tails or slapping the flanks of their stolid ponies, and sometimes gaily offering to shake hands. He was little more than a schoolboy, and could have had no conception of how his pranks deepened the anger with which the savages regarded him.

"Sulk, then, if you will," said Vincent, after finding that he could not mollify them either by coaxing or teasing. With that he rode away a few yards, turned his back to them, and rose in his stirrups to look over his herd in the valley.

At that moment the Indians both fired on him, and he fell dead, with two bullets in his back.

To days later we men of the Fort Walsh detachment found the body of my poor young chum frozen stiff on that little rise of ground; but many days passed before his exasperated comrades got anything like a trace of the murderers.

They had stolen no horses, they had left no trail. Alarmed at their deed, they had hurried away to their far distant lodges and proceeded to live in their usual manner. The strictest inquiry failed to disclose the names of any Indians who had been near the police herd that day.

Before long it became clear that our only chance of discovering the murderers lay in a well-known characteristic of these Indians. They are much given to boasting of their achievements during the excitement of their midnight dances; but the slayers of young Howard would probably keep absolute silence till they should begin to feel secure, and they would probably do their bragging while ranging at a great distance from Fort Walsh.

So we could do nothing but wait, perhaps for months, perhaps for years, till a rumor should be bruited up there; but the slayers reach our interpreters—a rumor that some savage at a midnight dance had bragged of spilling a redcoat's blood.

Nearly nine months went by before two Blood Indians were arrested on suspicion of the murder, and confined in the guard-house at Fort Walsh. There was little evidence against them. A report had come to the ears of our interpreter that one of the prisoners had told a Piegian named "Man-afraid-of-the-bull" how he and the other prisoner had killed a "Sumogian," or red-coated soldier, in the Cypress Hills. Howard was the first and only man of the force who had then fallen by Indian hands.

Now began the search for Man-afraid-of-the-bull. No doubt that he had been scarcely begun before he learned of our anxiety to find him. The Indians pass such news over hundreds of square miles with amazing and mysterious speed.

Man-afraid-of-the-bull was well known to half the force, and should have been easily found if in the country; but we could gain no news of his whereabouts.

A strong party galloped out to capture the skulker, while I volunteered to ride to Whoop-up and stop the detachment that had left us in the morning.

My mount was a good-looking colt which I had chosen two days earlier. I was confident of his ability to carry me over the forty miles to Whoop-up before dark; but I very soon discovered that my horse was not a "stayer."

Already he was beginning to lag. In vain I gave him the spur; there was no "go" in him. Is there any labor more exasperating than the effort to get speed out of a lazy, spiritless horse? Neither spur nor voice could get him out of that half-trot, half-canter. No position on the saddle gave me relief from that abominable gait.

Night was creeping on before I had covered half my journey, and I was nearly as much exhausted as the miserable creature I rode. It appeared that I must camp for the night in the Rolling Hills—a great stretch of prairie broken by unnumbered little hills; but at the thought of what would come of my failure to reach Whoop-up before next morning, I determined to push forward on foot when my colt should go down.

If the detachment should get away from Whoop-up without hearing from me, the prisoners at Fort Walsh would be released just when the witness against them had been found.

Twenty miles is no great walk for a fresh man, but I was very tired with the labor of urging that deceptive colt. Moreover, a man who is accustomed to riding detests the idea of walking a long distance.

The evening was exceedingly hot. I was sweaty and out of temper. Still the colt was "lolling" along faster than I could walk. I determined to get the last mile out of his legs before taking to my own. There was no danger of riding him to death—he was of the mean kind that go down with plenty of life in them from pure laziness and cowardice.

Turning suddenly to the left around one of the knolls, my thoughts were distracted from my horse by the sight of a gorgeously blanketed Indian riding parallel with me one hundred yards away. His Winchester barrel lay across his left arm. It was not concealed by his blanket. He was not looking at me. But I was sure he had been. He seemed to be skulking round the edge of a knoll as if trying to head me off. In a moment he disappeared behind the elevated ground.

The remembrance of Vincent's lonely death flashed upon me, with a sort of staring wonder what death would bring to me. But above all was the sense of my utter loneliness. No one would know how I died. No one could avenge me. All the world would be blank for me as for Vincent. These thoughts ran through my brain before any scheme for defending myself. But I was not excited. What I felt was an intensely clear sense of what death implied. In a moment I was calmly considering the situation.

I was certain that the Indian meant to ambush me—that he was skirting the hills to get a close, sure shot when my back should be turned.

Why should he wish to kill me? But why should he have a reason? Had not Vincent been murdered in pure wantonness? The Indian had a repeating rifle. I was sure it was a Winchester. My pistol would be of use against it unless I could get into very close range. But that seemed impossible. What chance was there for escape? How I hated the clumsy horse between my legs!

I tried to spur him into a gallop again, but still he went jog, jog, jog. No chance of riding out of the scrape, thought I. "Well, if the Indians was bound to kill me, I would at least tell my life as dearly as I could. So I whipped out my revolver, and made sure that it was loaded.

If I could but keep my face to the Indian! But where was he? He might have stopped to follow me. He might have outridden me, and be waiting far ahead. He might be on my right side now, though I had seen him on my left.

The edges of the knolls thereabout were sharply angled, the lanes through them in some places very narrow and quick in their turns. I might be within five yards of the Indian before I should see his leveled gun. Or he might shoot me as I passed by, and I never see him at all. The uncertainty as to his whereabouts was the most maddening thing of all.

Was he alone? I had seen but one. Twenty might be near me. No matter how many I must go on. To stop would be to give the enemy an easy shot.

Suddenly I caught a glimpse of the gay blankets again. For but an instant I saw it; the Indian had galloped across the trail about fifty yards ahead of me, and disappeared around the corner of a sharply edged knoll some fifty feet higher.

I instantly surmised that he meant to lie in wait at the farther end of the knoll, and shoot me as I went past. I knew the place well. He could stand concealed there within three yards of where the trail went by.

Now I made my plan in an instant. It would have been a very fine plan indeed, if the Indian had not had one quite different from what I presumed. Instead of riding along the trail to the right of the knoll I would dash round to the left, dismount, creep silently up on foot to my Indian's supposed hiding-place fifty yards ahead, and fire upon him while he was wondering what had become of me.

An excellent scheme—if the Indian were waiting where I supposed. But he was not doing anything of the kind. I cocked my revolver. Perhaps the new sound stimulated my pony. Perhaps I dug the spurs into a new place, or deeper than before. At any rate he broke into a decided gallop. Now the evening was becoming dark.

Instead of obeying my rein and turning to the left, my horse plunged on clear past the right side corner of the knoll before I could haul him up and turn him. When I put his head round he went back madly, and turned the corner to the left side of the knoll at a surprising pace. But his speed was not so amazing as its result.

Steps toward his rifle. If he had gone farther I should have felt compelled to put a bullet through him. But he stopped as I cocked my pistol and shouted, "Halt!"

At that he surrendered. I ordered him to lie down on his face. Then I secured his rifle, took away his knife, tied his hands behind his back with his own halter, and let him sit up as comfortably as he could.

According to the story he afterward told the interpreter at Whoop-up, he had not seen me at all till we smashed into one another. The poor fellow was deaf, and so had not heard my horse on the soft trail. If he had seen me he would have been more frightened than I was, for he would have supposed I was seeking to capture him.

On learning that news of his presence in the "dead trap" had been carried to the police, he had seized a pony and galloped for refuge to the Rolling Hills, intending to make his way to the States later. He had taken the left of the high knoll to keep clear of the trail, and galloped back simply because he found the road intercepted by a landslide.

What did I do with him? Well, I mounted him on my jaded colt, took his plucky pony for my own riding, and walked him before me into Whoop-up before next morning. Thence he was taken straight to Fort Walsh, and the trial of the two Bloods immediately began.

But the evidence of Man-afraid-of-the-bull sustained though it was by certain particulars, was not sufficient to convict the prisoners, though no one really doubted their guilt. They were released and went their way rejoicing.

Strange to say, both of them were found frozen to death in the Sweet-Grass Hills the following winter; and thus in the opinion of the police, God himself punished them for the murder of my dear young chum.

GOULD CHANGED HIS MIND.

On Second Thought He Didn't Want to Ride Fast on a Texas Road.

Jay Gould once made a trip to Mexico to inspect the International and Great Northern Railway. It was in the autumn of 1878 and, as usual, the millionaire was in a hurry. Meeting the gentleman who had the sale of the road in hand, he said:

"I'm a busy man, and it won't be long before I'm in New York next week. Rush me through."

A special train was made up and put in charge of Jake Lauer, one of the pioneers in Mexican engineering.

"Kush him" was the order, and Mr. Lauer did some hard thinking. He knew that the road was in a terrible condition, and that to run over twenty miles was taking desperate chances. Lauer had lots of nerve, but he felt the responsibility imposed on him by the officials in placing Gould in his hands. He concluded finally to use his own judgement, take no chances, and stick closely to the schedule time.

Between Marshall and Galveston the schedule called for 325 miles to be made during dark and daylight. Jay Gould did not retire early, and on that night seemed particularly wide awake. He sat reading a newspaper by a dim light, and every once in a while glanced out of the window impatiently. It was evident that the great man was becoming angry. Finally the storm burst. Turning to one of the officials accompanying him, he remarked testily:

"If this were a funeral train it couldn't possibly travel in a more decorous manner. Steam up and let us go along."

The gentleman spoke to was aware that the night ride had been specially arranged in order that the condition of the roadbed could be ascertained. Jay Gould, thus forced he had nothing to do but to order an increase of speed. The order was given, but the train moved along at the same speed.

"Send the engineer to me," said Gould. "I'll talk to him."

At the next stopping place Lauer was summoned and given to understand that the state of the roadbed was such that he could be expected to do but to order an increase of speed. The order was given, but the train moved along at the same speed.

"Get along! Push her! Let's see what the machine can do," urged Gould.

Lauer demurred and the railroad magnate concluded that he was afraid. "He's a coward," he finally said; "put another man in charge."

WEARING A CONVICT SUIT.

The Singular Conduct of a Wisconsin Man Who Voluntarily Dresses in Striped Ties.

There are few of us, says Harper's Weekly, who in youth escaped being immensely bored by high praise of moral courage. Commemorative lectures on this subject, next to remarks, applauding truth, are, perhaps, the most disagreeable things that a small boy has to face; and when he grows up, he observes that a man can get along very well in Congress without either alleged desirable quality.

It used to be, if we mistake not, that such men as Martin Luther were held up as examples of moral heroism. Later researches seem to confirm the view that Luther did have a fair amount of this commendatory virtue. He did very well for his time, but he wouldn't have cut much of a figure on this threshold of the twentieth century.

A conviction regarding the situation which becomes unavoidable since accounts of Mr. Howard Watson, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin, have begun to come in. The people of Wisconsin propose to send Mr. Watson to the World's Fair, and have him mounted in twin grandeur with the largest monolith ever guarded. But let us come to the point without any further throwing about of ideas.

We do not need to inform the intelligent student of the Badger State that the town of Fox Lake, the home of Mr. Watson, is near Waupun, nor that at Waupun is situated one of the State-prisons. The uniform worn in this institution is the usual one of the black and white endless stripe; indeed, some close observers claim that the Waupun uniform is the stripedest in existence, though it is probably only the standard thing.

At any rate, it is striped enough, and a man could not wear one and mingle in general society much, without sooner or later attracting attention. Now it appears that last October a man named Conley, feeling that he was not treated with that openness and confidence which he liked in Waupun prison, broke out one night and escaped.

Mr. Watson slept the sleep of the innocent. As he thus slumbered, the unconventional Waupun jailbird exchanged clothes with him, and winged his way thence with a lighter heart. In the morning, when the unsuspecting Watson arose and saw the striped costume on the chair where he had left his clothes the night before, he was at first speechless. Then he took in the situation, and made a clear, ringing remark, which we do not find it necessary to set down here. He then started for the closest get his other suit. He paused with his hand on the latch. Then he turned and said in a loud voice: "No, I'll not do it. I'll not be buncoed this way. I'll wear them clothes that the outthroat left if it kills me."

He had nailed his thesis on the door of his chamber. He then stepped on and found it an excellent fit. Mrs. Watson objected, foolishly, like a woman who has no moral courage anyhow—but Mr. Watson put on the suit.

Mr. Watson's business is that of market-gardening. This takes him much about the streets of Fox Lake, as he drives from house to house to dispose of his vegetables. On the eventful morning of which we are speaking, Mr. Watson started out with his load of "truck" as usual. Before nine o'clock he was heard to remark to himself as he made a vicious cut at his horse with the end of the lines, that he never knew that dress made so much difference before.

"They don't look at the man no more," he said, as he threw a potato at the patient animal, "but at the clothes he wears." But no thought of a backward step crossed the mind of Howard Watson. He dealt out half-bushels of onions and small measures of carrots with a calm, unruffled brow. Small boys and personal friends asked foolish questions and made superfluous comments, but he heeded them not. Before noon he was arrested by searching prison officials and taken over to Waupun.

He calmly estimated his innocence, and got back to Fox Lake in time to see his vegetable route. His wife made further weak and feminine remarks when he returned home, but he remained unmoved.

From this exciting day to the present time Mr. Watson has continued to wear the highly accented prison garments. Mrs. Watson reports gloomily to the neighbors that there is no prospect of the being wearing out. "There is one thing, though, I will never do," adds Mrs. Watson, firmly: "I will never out them clothes down for Willie." Mr. Watson has been arrested and dragged to Waupun by eager officers eight times. He has been shot at by still more jealous officials five times. Over two hundred times he has had to endure the cheap wit of friends who have asked him why he doesn't get with the ball and chain which naturally go with the suit. But of none of these things has the heroic Watson complained. Daily he goes about his work, and does his duty as he sees it. Some people think that they detect him wince a little at the stare of the stranger in town, and especially when he is exposed to the somewhat-marked observations of the British tourist who may happen to be passing through Fox Lake, but we cannot believe this of him; Howard Watson is not made of this sort of stuff; we would as quick believe that a man wearing a single eye-glass and a double-end cap could have looked inquiringly at Columbus on the quay, and caused him to abandon his voyage and turn back and apply for a position on the Falos police force.

If our teachers want an example of moral courage to hold up before the eyes of youth, let them take that of Howard Watson, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin.

Polly. She didn't shine at college. Has little school-book knowledge. Can't parse or pose in grammar. Can't wield geologic hammer. Knows nothing of astronomy, Political economy, Greek, Latin, mathematics, Still less of social statistics. She's green in Botany and geology. Half beastish in her logic. She makes sharp criticisms. On her higher criticisms, She never studied botany, Grand facts she hasn't got any, She isn't stuffed with art conceits, Nor puffed up with their counterfeits. In short, she's just a jolly. Model housewife is my Polly; Not a pedant, nor a shocking Brit. Stuck-up frump of a blue stocking. But a clever little woman, Born so gloriously human, And so through me all through life: That's why Polly is my wife.

WINTER WINKLES.

An old-time—Your great-grandfather's clock.

It is the slow man who must set the pace at last. The earth itself is merely a cold meteoric fragment.

It takes something more than cents to run a newspaper.

"What do you do in school, Polly?" asked Polly's aunt. "Wish I was home," said Polly.

Mudge—"Thompson called me an idiot." Yabobey—"You needn't mind that. Thompson always does exaggerate more or less."

He—"Woman, thy name is Healdy." She—"If it wasn't, she'd never consent to change it."

Love at first sight is like a Vain Arab, delicious when hot, but you mustn't let it cool.

Husband—"Didn't you promise to obey me at the altar?" Wife—"Yes; but we're not there now."

Any—"Why, Mabel, you haven't any mistletoe hung up?" Mabel—"Oh, Fred never seems to need any."

He—"Is that your school friend? Why she isn't so very ugly." She—"Ugly! Who said she was?" He—"You said all the girls loved her."

"Do your girls have chestnuts with your Christmas turkey?" "I should say so," replied the small boy. "I always try to be funny on holidays."

"My husband doesn't want me to make him a Christmas present." "And will you?" "I must. I need things for company that I can't get any other way."

"Why does Miss Antiquary persist in wearing her hat at all the Christmas balls and with mistletoe?" "She has it trimmed with diamonds."

Colonel Mooney—"I hear that Ned Birds-eye has given up his bachelor apartments." Dan McCoed—"Yes. He has changed his bachelor quarters for a better half."

Hicks—"Your wife, of course, is a lover of the beautiful." Wicks—"Generally speaking, yes; but she doesn't particularly object on the woman I consider beautiful."

Mr. Robinson—"That quartet isn't filling the church the way I thought it would." Dr. Ridgman—"Well, what can you expect? You've got a homely tenor and a married soprano."

It is discouraging to a newly married man to see his conscience praising his bustling little wife's first cake and then tell him that she got it at the baker's when she went down town.

Garden Gates—"Are you really so hard up?" Tramp—"Hard up? Why, boss, if suits of clothes wuz sellin' at a cent apiece, I wouldn't have enough to buy the armhole of a vest!"

Dashaway—"I hear, Bobbie, that you got a train of cars for Christmas and they had an accident. Tell me all about it." Bobbie—"I can't say a word. You see, I am one of the officers of the road."

PERSIA IS IN A VERY BAD WAY.

The Shah Now Under the Control of a Priestly Oligarchy.

The internal affairs of Persia seem to be proceeding steadily from bad to worse. A correspondent of the London Times, who declares that he has the highest authority for his statements, writes: "The priestly caste, which has always enjoyed greater authority in Persia than in Muslem countries of the Sunni persuasion although humbled by the present ruling dynasty, has exploited to the uttermost the religious content for the furtherance of its own ends and the revival of its own prestige. Mahdist doctrines—i.e., the belief in the speedy advent of the twelfth Imam, who is to sweep the unbelievers off the face of the earth—have always had a strong hold upon Shiite Mohammedans. During the last Muharram festival the priesthood announced in many mosques that a mahdi and savior upon Persia had risen at Samarra near Bagdad, in the person of Mollah Hajji Mirza Hassan Shirazi, and that he was predestined to rule over the land. This ominous announcement was rendered still more significant by the omission of the khutbeh, the prayer for the shah, which throughout Islam is the most ancient and sacred privilege of royalty. These incidents acquire all the more gravity that the shah feels himself helpless to cope with the impending crisis. Treachery is rampant within the palace itself, and the shah's third son, Prince Naib-es-Sultanh, who is at the same time minister of state, is known to be in secret sympathy with the malcontent leaders. It is no exaggeration to say that the shah rules in little more than name, and, as it were, on sufferance. The power, both in the capital and in the provinces, almost throughout his empire, has passed out of his hands into those of the priestly oligarchy who are the masters of the situation. The grand vizier himself—Emin-es-Sultanh—has been compelled to enter into secret negotiations with the most influential of these holy agitators, the Mollah Mirza Hassan. Any, in the hope, it is alleged, of persuading him that the deposition of the shah would involve the occupation and possible partition of the last great Shahi kingdom by the very Europeans whose presence is so loathful to every right-thinking Muslemian."

Fright Subsiding.

Latest reports from the nerve-centres of the United States indicate that the national health is recovering from the sore caused by Canada's construction of "three war vessels" on the upper lakes. The frightened population of the upper lakes, and besides, the Senator does not believe there is any intention of our turning the revenue cutters into war vessels. Neither do we. The assurance would have been given before, but the mighty soul of Uncle Sam has been so transfixed with horror and fright that there was little chance of being listened to. Returning sanity and clear perceptions in the public mind warrant the conclusion that the promoters of the scare have either accomplished their purpose of getting some fat contracts out of Congress for lake shipyards, or have given up the effort in despair. It matters little to Canada which. This country is minding its legitimate business of distancing Uncle Sam in the world's markets by its excellent qualities of goods, and will not take to war vessels, except as a last resort, and then for defence and not aggression.

AN OLD REGIMENT

Coming Back to Canada After an Absence of 70 Years.

The King's Regiment, the 8th Regiment of Foot, is coming back to Canada after an absence of over 70 years. This regiment was formed in 1685 and in 1768 embarked for Canada. In 1775 the regiment was in Upper Canada, some companies being at Niagara and others at Detroit. In 1776 part of the regiment was sent to Lower Canada, and in 1785 it returned to England. In 1808 the 1st Battalion landed at Halifax and in 1810 it was quartered in Quebec. In the autumn of 1812 five companies proceeded to Fort George. Two companies (the Grenadiers) of 175 men halted east of the Don bridge, on the Kingston road, and then marched up King street to the old Fort, and in April of 1813, the 8th and a first-class company of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment bravely fought the engagement that eventually ended in the capture and burning of the city. This regiment had the first Masonic field warrant issued by the Grand Lodge of England, granted in 1755. It was No. 156 for 1770 to 1780 and No. 124 in 1780.

The lodge held meetings in Canada at Niagara, but there is no record of the lodge after 1789. Joseph Clement, the ancestor of Jno. M. Clement of Niagara was made a Mason in this lodge.

Went to Prison for Another.

Among the convicts pardoned by the Governor of New Jersey the other day, under the influence of Christian charity was George Beni, a Sicilian, who was sent up seven months ago for five years for stealing a watch. Angelo Milazzo, another Sicilian, and a chum of Beni's, was also suspected, but as it was shown on the trial that Beni had pawned the watch, and he refused to implicate Milazzo, he had to pay the penalty. At the time it was whispered among the Italians here that Beni was not guilty of the theft, but had sacrificed himself to save Milazzo, the real criminal, because the latter had a helpless family dependent upon him. A month ago Milazzo died, and then the whole truth came out. It appeared that Beni had actually done as reported, and after his friend Angelo was beyond the reach of the law he acknowledged that he was suffering wrongfully. A petition for his pardon was instigated by the Governor, signed by the Judge that tried the case, together with the story of Beni's sacrifice, and the other day the pardon was issued.

There is room enough for all in fact, space itself is full of room.

"The Queen has been graciously pleased, on the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, to approve the appointment of Mr. Robert W. Hite, late 2nd Sergeant of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders (Seventy-ninth Foot), to be her Majesty's Trumpeter in Scotland."

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