

progress from the top of a high grass bluff, mounted his pony and rode off to spread the news of the steamer's arrival, which is quite an event in that isolated part of the province. We subsequently despatched one of the residents who came to call on the Duchess in search of pack and saddle horses, reconciling ourselves as best we could to a further delay of 24 hours till they could reach us, which we were able fortunately to divide between the adjacent country, over which we rambled for miles, and the hospitable steamer, as she did not leave till the following morning, having much freight to disembark upon the beach, where it was left in charge of the second officer, to be delivered when called for.

On Tuesday morning, August 31st, our three pack and two saddle horses arrived at eleven o'clock in charge of the Indian boy, who had been engaged to guide us to Cranbrooke. We were disappointed at having to accept a lad of 18 as a substitute for a man. He proved, however, so excellent a youth that our regret was promptly assuaged, and we soon realized with delight that it would be hard to improve upon him. The adult Indians are always much engaged at this season of the year salmon spearing in the Columbia river, to provide themselves with their winter supplies. No money would tempt them away from their favorite pursuit; hundreds of Kootenays come down from the interior of the district in the early autumn for this purpose, as the numbers we met with on our up country travels fully indicated.

My horse, which was sent me from Captain Armstrong's ranche at Wildermere, proved to be a stout roan pony, about 13 hands high, and up to any weight, as he had never seen a habit. I jumped on his back while the other horses were being packed to try his paces and mettle over a clear bit of open glade near the river, and found him quiet as a lamb, with the peculiar lope or slow canter which is the characteristic of all western horses, a pace to which they are broken and can keep up all day, being remarkably easy both to themselves and riders. All these nags are, moreover, remarkable for their perfect mouths; they can be guided with the slightest pressure of either rein on the neck, or the least motion of the wrist, a mere turn of it seeming to affect their sensitive muscles. Most of the Indian women ride their ponies with a noose of rope through their mouths, while some even dispense with this, and direct their movements with a piece of stick applied to either side of the animal's neck, further controlling them with the voice alone, which would seem to testify to the intelligence and tractability of the much abused cayuse. Whatever his good qualities may be, he undoubtedly possesses some evil propensities when used as a pure and simple beast of burden. Proud he may be to bear the noble red man, but the sacks, packs and bundles of the white man he despises, developing in their transport an amount of cussedness which causes him to be designated as the meanest of created brutes; they will stray off the trails along which they are being driven single file and rush in among big trees and undergrowth, often tearing off the packs and scattering their contents right and left, and, knowing as they are, will suddenly and unexpectedly betray an amount of stupidity and obstinacy only to be equalled by the temperaments of pigs and sheep. The Indian pony or cayuse is redeemed of his bad points by being wonderfully sure-footed and capable of travelling day after day, over hundreds of miles, with enormous loads, feeding only on the native bunch grass of the Pacific Province, and never tasting corn or oats. Mules were at one time extensively used in packing, but they have now almost entirely disappeared from British Columbia and are costly and rare animals.

We took our departure from the Duchess soon after noon with many regrets and sorrowful farewells to her gallant captain and polite crew, and had two miles tedious riding along the edge of the grass benches on the east bank of the Columbia, the trail following the river as far as Lilacs, where it strikes inland. It was a very warm day, but the sun (fortunately for us) was obscured by a cloud of smoke hanging between earth and sky, which did not hide the scenery, but veiled it in a silver mist, and, combined

with the perfect silence of nature, lent a weird ideal beauty to the landscape. Dust was the great drawback to our expedition; it lay, not inches, but feet deep, along the trail; and on the face of the cliff, where there was no alternative but to follow the beaten track in single file, it was most oppressive. Our backs once turned upon the Columbia, however, we came upon an open grassy plain stretching away into dim distance, over which we cantered for some miles with much pleasure and appreciation. A suitable camping place presenting itself early in the afternoon at Wildermere, on the ranche of Mr. Aylmer (who was away from home), we decided to avail ourselves of a level sheltered spot, with abundance of wood and water in the immediate neighborhood; a halt was called and a general unsaddling and unpacking undertaken. We pitched our tent about 4 o'clock opposite a fine Rocky Mountain peak, just above a fine creek, which rushed noisily through a thickly wooded dell below us. It faced part of the main range, which seemed almost within a stone's throw, while behind us rose and fell grass benches dotted with groups of the everlasting conical evergreen. The horses, relieved of their heavy loads, were turned out to graze; and the evening meal, my first experience of camp cooking, was partaken of in the usual picnic fashion, in that uncomfortable sitting posture which civilized human nature abhors, especially when it has its inevitable association of plates on laps and knees and its deprivation of clean dishes and table napkins. Fortunately, I was hungry enough after my ride not to feel particularly dainty or discriminating, and to do ample justice to beans and bacon, washed down by tea in the cups. The repast concluded, and the days being short and the travellers weary, we retired, I to my first night under canvas. I found that a tent comfortably arranged by my husband's skilful hands was not an abode at all to be despised in favorable weather. At the same time I was distinctly conscious throughout the night of various mysterious and inexplicable noises which disturbed my rest with visions of prowling wild beasts.

Our Indian boy, Baptiste, did not turn up with the horses till nearly noon the next day, my husband having vainly scoured the neighborhood for him all the morning. He had requested permission the preceding evening to go salmon spearing in the Columbia, some ten miles off, promising to return at sunrise. We confiding, inexperienced tourists kindly consented, and I believe it is a fact worthy of record that he should have torn himself away from his fascinating amusement under 24 hours notice. It was 1 o'clock, consequently, before all the horses were packed and ready to start, though Baptiste was assisted by another lad, rejoicing in the name of Dave, a half-breed, whom he had engaged to assist him in his arduous duties.

A western camp outfit is certainly a novel and picturesque sight. First came two well-mounted riders, behind them three Indian ponies not twelve hands high, unbridled, bearing two packs slung on each side and on top of the pack saddles, and secured to them by yards of rope girthed round and round the poor animals, drawn and fastened tightly by extraordinary and incomprehensible diamonds and other hitches, warranted not to slip, slide, or give on the most serious provocation. The leader of the cayuses was decorated with a sonorous bell, and the band were driven along by our two juvenile Indians, attired in coats and trousers, riding sturdy little nags, with excellent Mexican saddles and bridles. The dust and noise made by the rear of our procession were so unpleasant we found it advisable to keep well ahead. We had now 7 horses in our outfit, and made quite an imposing party as we drew out in single file across the open country.

Count Tolstoi's home, Yasnaya Poliana, has long been a refuge for the homeless poor, where they are clothed and fed, and loaded with useful gifts. Its master's strong face is already quite familiar, through the various illustrated papers which have lately printed his portrait. A Russian newspaper, one of whose reporters recently called upon Tolstoi, writes that the great novelist now lives in a common country house, consisting of one immense room, and filled with all sorts of necessary articles, including libraries of useful books and manual tools. His children work in turn at the bench or at the desk. When the one quits his manual labour, the other leaves his intellectual task and takes his place.



CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.—A child with an inquiring turn of mind often teaches its elders by means of the questions asked. It is not for us to inquire as to whence comes the intelligence that prompts inquiry. It is enough for our present purpose to know that inquiries are often made that confound the inquired of, and demand the exercise of thought and elements of study that might otherwise be left uncultivated. And what, pray, would a child be worth to itself or others, that never asked questions? Some of them may be hard to answer—but should they not, nevertheless, be answered?

DOX'T.—The fact that the kissing habit furnishes an easy vehicle for the dissemination of disease germs is of itself a sufficient reason for its abandonment. Many instances have been cited to demonstrate its dangerous character in this regard, and medical men have repeatedly sounded the warning against its continuance. A little thought will emphasize the point in the reader's mind. The woman who goes about kissing all her women friends and their children, respecting whose hygienic conditions she has no knowledge, can hardly plead that the practice is innocent of danger.

THE LOGIC OF POLITENESS.—Some good people feel and express great contempt for the little requirements of behaviour that have grown up under what are known as the forms of good society and pertain variously to etiquette, good manners and good breeding, and denounce them as silly and foolish and even childish. But the true reason for the punctilios of etiquette is regard for others. St. Paul expressed the kernel of it when he said: "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." It is much easier and better for us to subscribe to and observe these little things, even when they appear to us unnecessary and even silly, than to go on in a course that we cannot help seeing is offensive to our friends and gives them pain without giving us any corresponding satisfaction, and finally makes us disliked or pitied.

IT WAS THE GIRL NOT THE GOLD.—Every jeweller has doubtless met with many curious incidents in his business career, but I think that a recent experience of mine is worth relating. Shortly after the holidays there came into my place a pleasant-mannered young man who expressed a desire to look at some gold necklaces. It is needless to say that I sold him one. It was 14 carats and very pretty. Two days later the door was flung open and in rushed the same young man, boiling with rage. He threw the necklace on the counter, demanded the return of his money, and threatened to expose me as a swindler. It took half an hour to learn his story. It seems that after presenting the necklace to his lady love he had taken her to a reception ornamented with his present. After the first dance there was a commotion in one corner of the room, and the rivals of our customer's best girl were tittering among themselves and whispering about her. The young lady looked in the glass and almost fainted at the sight. Her beautiful neck was almost black from the friction of the necklace. She changed her mind about fainting, returned home with her brother, and sent the necklace back to her young man with a note that she did not like his brass. I tested the necklace in his presence, and proved to him that it was full 14 carats. About that time a young physician called to purchase a scarf pin. He had overheard part of the story and asked to hear the balance, as he believed he could throw some light on the subject. Pretty soon he laughed outright and said: "Why, sir, the trouble is with your girl and not the necklace. She has too much sulphur, iron, mercury, salt, or acid in her blood, and as any of these substances has an affinity for gold the explanation is clear. I have patients for whom mercurial medicines have been prescribed, and the result is that their fingers upon which rings are worn discolour at once." My customer cooled off and carried his purchase away.—*Jeweller's Weekly.*