

OUT WEST

Jim, who, in common with the rest of the regular old mossbacks out there, hated the immigrants, proceeded seriously to explain that once a large party of Canadians en route to the mines had passed by there, and then nonchalantly pointing with his whip in the direction of the trees, without any bark, he remarked: "Gents, that's where them Canadians stopped for lunch!"

Judges, Juries and Coroners' Inquests were then in their infancy. I heard a strange yarn of the first Coroner's Inquest.

A colored gentleman had been in the habit of annexing the water-melons of a farmer down on the flats.