Another Chapter On Ghosts

Strange Illusions and Messages From--Where?

By D. W. H.

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Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. —Hamlet.

RECENT VISITORS to San Francisco have returned with astounding tales of the work of a certain medium in that great city who calls up the spirits of the departed, delivers messages from dead to living friends and mentions dates, names, localities and incidents with a fidelity that astonishes his audiences. In nearly every instance the persons dead or living were and are entire strangers to the medium who does his tricks (or call them what you may) in the full glare of the electric light and upon a platform which is destitute of cabinet or other furniture. The hall on the occasion of his public seances is packed. The medium advances to the front of the platform and after a short exposition of what he is about to produce begins by calling out a name.

"Did any one know a certain Mrs. Mary Brown when she was on earth?"

A lady's voice from some part of the hall responds.

"Yes, I knew a lady of that name."

The operator, without apparently noticing the interruption, continues:

"I am on a steamer. We are bound for the north. We have been three days at sea and we reach Vancouver. I cannot stop there. I go to another place—Victoria. Ah! there I see a lady. She is related to Mary Brown, deceased—a daughter, I think. Yes, a daughter. Mary Brown has a message for her daughter which she wishes you (looking in the direction from which the voice had come) to deliver. Tell the daughter that her mother says she has acted wisely and that prosperity is about to dawn upon her and hers. There is a gentleman here who wishes to speak to you (again bowing in the direction of the voice). He lived on Puget Sound. His name is ——. He is tall and strong looking. He wants me to tell you that you have acted nobly and your reward is certain. He awaits your coming with impatience. Did you ever know a person of that name."

"Yes," faltered the female voice. He was my husband."

"Ah!" exclaimed the medium, "here is a man named Max Popper. He has something to say to a Mr. Ernest Popper who he says is in this room. Is there such a person here?"

Agentleman rises and exclaims, "That is my name."

"Well, sir, your friend wishes me to tell you that you must stop playing the races or ruin will overtake you. He says you drink too much."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaims the earthly Mr. Popper, "that's my brother Max. He blowed his brains out when he lost two thousand dollars at the track last year."

The medium continues: "He says that you will not blow your brains out for a very good reason. But he bids me say that you are spending money that is not your own."

"Goodness gracious," interrupts Ernest Popper, in a great state of excitement, "that is so, but how does he know it? Who telled him? What else does he say?"

"Nothing. Is there a lady here named Mrs. Arabella ——?"

"That's me," a shrill female voice from the rear breaks in.

"You have lost something. It is of great value. Your husband's here. He says that if you look in the dark closet under the first pair of stairs in your house you'll find what you lost."

The female makes a quick exit to search the dark closet for her treasure.

"Is there a Mrs. Pollard—Mrs. Irene Pollard in this room?" he next asks.

A timid little woman in a faded shawl pops up, blushes, opens and closes her lips as though emitting a sound and sits down.

"Is your name Irene Pollard?"

"Yes, sir," comes back the nervous answer.

"I've a message for you—from your son George."

"But my son's dead," gasps the frightened little body.

"I know he is—that's why he sends you a message. He bids me tell you he is very happy. The other boys are with him and they are waiting for you. He says he wants you to forgive him for his neglect of you while on earth."

"Has—has he seen his father?" ventured the lady.

"No, and he says he doesn't want to see him, either. He adds that where his father is there is neither snow nor ice."

"Oh!" eagerly explained the little lady, "he was killed by an avalanche in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. George doesn't mean that he's in the bad place. He means that he won't be buried up again."

The audience laughs doubtingly but makes no comment.

"I see," continues the medium, a handsome girl of some twenty summers. Her long hair is hanging loose and her garments are wringing wet. She says that her name while on earth was Adelaide ——, and that she was drowned in the wreck of the Rio Janiero in San Francisco harbor. Does any one recognize her?"

Half-a-dozen persons sprang to their feet and all exclaimed that they knew the girl while in life.

"She wishes to speak to Mrs. ——."

A lady rose in the audience and in trembling accents responded to the call. "She wishes to say that she is happy—much happier than while in life. She says that you should not take the step you contemplate—marriage—for you will have nothing but unhappiness with the man who has proposed to you."

The lady gathers up her wraps and with a very red face and a little cry of dismay hurries from the room, looking as if she wished she had not come.

And so the seance goes on every evening, to the mystification of numerous audiences and the interest if not edification of the parties who are favored by their spirit friends with messages from the other world. It is said that the medium is unacquainted with either the dead or living persons who send and receive messages through him. This is probably correct. I long ago arrived at the conclusion that the wonderful powers possessed by clairvoyants cannot be ascribed to any cause at present known to man. It is a gift that few possess and the possession of which none can explain. "It was born in me," said fat Mrs. Sampson, the seeress at the Clarence who turned things in Victoria topsy-turvey in 1889.

"Am I clairvoyant?" a gentleman asked her.

"No, not a bit—you're too earthy."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that you're of the earth earthy. You're wedded to your fleshpots."

The visitor looked at the gross old woman as she leaned back in an easy chair and leered at him while a strong odor of onions flavored her breath and filled the room, and his choler rose.

"Well," he retorted, "I may be fond of my fleshpots, but I don't eat six meals a day and I don't weigh 300 pounds."

"Sir-r," she said, "how dare you say that I eat six meals a day and insinuate that I weigh 300 pounds."

"I dare say it and I do. And you not only eat six meals but you have a snack sent up after you have retired every night."

"Well, I don't drink whiskey, anyhow," she exclaimed.

"No," said the visitor, "but you eat onions, which is worse and—and you—"

The seeress waited to hear no more. She waddled out of the reception room into the bedroom and locked the door.

But for all that the old lady told a great many things that were true. I have already related my experiences with her and I have never been able to find out how she knew what she told me.

One bright moonlight night in the summer of 1892 a number of ladies and gentlemen stood at the corner of Government and Fort streets waiting for a street car. Presently, just as the "tram" swung around the curve, the figure of a man darted from the sidewalk and walked right in front of the advancing car. There was no fender and it seemed that the man must be run down. The people on the corner, horrow-stricken, called out a warning and the motorneer tried to check the speed. It was too late. The dashboard seemed to strike the man in the side. He paid no attention but kept on—looking neither to the right nor to the left, crossed the track and gained the opposite sidewalk. I watched him till he reached the entrance to the stairway of the Bank of Commerce Building and then he disappeared as if about to ascend the stairs.

The figure, the white hair, the dress were those of Hon. J. H. Turner, finance minister. At least a dozen persons witnessed the incident and commented upon the carelessness of the Minister.

In the morning I went to him and congratulated him upon his narrow escape from death.

"Why," he replied, "I was not out of my house all last evening. It must have been some one else."

Who was the "some one else" I never knew and to this hour am as deeply puzzled as any of the persons who with me saw the other self of Mr. Turner defy the car and, apparently, allow it to pass through his body.

One evening in the winter of 1892 I sat in the Speaker's chair at the Legislative Hall. The day had been most wearisome and when the evening session opened I was completely worn out. Hon. Mr. Beaven was the leader of the opposition and his seat was on the left of the Speaker. He was recovering from a severe illness and it was the practice not to push any legislation in which he felt an especial interest during his absence from the House. On the night in question I took the chair at 8.15 o'clock. I glanced along the rows of seats and saw a quorum. Amongst those I counted as present was Mr. Beaven. I saw him approach his desk, twirl his chair around and take his seat. He remained for several minutes fumbling with the papers on his desk. Then he rose and walked towards the lobby which was in the rear of the hall. Presently a motion to read a bill a third time was made. It was a bill in which Mr. Beaven felt a keen interest as it concerned his constituency, Victoria City. I rang the division bell and the members trooped in from the lobby. I waited one minute, two, three minutes for the leader of opposition to appear. Then I sent a page to summons him. The page returned shortly with the information that the gentleman was nowhere to be found. I still refrained from putting the question. Attorney-General Davie asked what the Speaker was waiting for?

I replied, "I am waiting for the leader of the opposition to take his seat."

"He's not been here to night," said one of the hon. members.

"But I saw him," I insisted. "I saw him in his seat and saw him leave the hall."

After another minute's waiting I put the question and the bill went through.

The next morning it transpired that Mr. Beaven had not left his house at all on the evening before. His appearance and disappearance were illusive, due to overwork or what is called at the present day "brain fag," on my part.

Some years ago a lady of this city died suddenly. While she was an earnest Christian her husband had serious doubts as to the future. They were devotedly attached and both were anxious to know whether, after death, they would meet again. Every possible means was adopted to quiet the husband's doubts and give him the assurance which his wife enjoyed and he so ardently desired. At last it was arranged that whichever passed away first should, if possible, send a sign to the other from the spiritland. When the wife died the husband waited for the sign, but none came for many days—several years in fact. He grew very despondent and his unbelief grew and strengthened until he became next door to an atheist. Time wore on until one day last summer the widower gleefully announced that he had at last received the overdue message from his wife and that he was now convinced of the reality of a future existence. He made no secret of the fact that word had come, although I am not aware that he disclosed to any one the nature of the message, except that it was in the precise words he had agreed upon with his wife. After a few weeks of apparent happiness and ease of mind, one evening he was found lying dead at his house. He had passed away in a fit of epilepsy to which he was subject.

Nearly thirty years ago I made one of a party of ladies and gentlemen who formed a circle for the investigation of the phenomena of spiritualism. We were accustomed to meet each week alternately at each other's houses and testing the palms of our hands on the top of the nine table received many messages by means of raps from forces that claimed they were disembodied spirits. Some of the messages were of a very pleasant nature, others were not, like some medicines, agreeable to the taste. The spirits were generally in a very sedate and serious frame of mind. Some of the knocks were nearly indistinct, as if the spirits were of a timid nature. Others were firm without being noisy. The knocks from the female visitors were generally soft and delicate, while the male knockers were more decided and were readily distinguished. After a while we were able to recognize certain spirits that came frequently by the nature of their raps. There was one unconscionable blackguard who often made his presence manifest by the most pronounced knocking and riotous behavior. He said his name was Richard Loo and that he had been a sailor. From the way in which he acted I should have thought that he was two or three sailors, and not very sober ones at that, in one. He would attack the table as with a hammer and would pound upon it with all the vigor of a strong man bent on destroying it. Then he would lift the table two or three feet from the floor and bring it down again with a tremendous jolt. Upon his approach the other spirits would seem to fly away, only returning when Mr. Loo had ceased his operations and flown to some other circle to continue his ill-conduct there. The gentler spirits used to refer to Richard as a "bad 'un," much given to swearing and the use of tobacco and entirely unreliable. The rioter himself said that he was kept near earth because he had been too wicked while in life to mingle with the better natures that inhabit the higher spheres. The whoppers that the former sailor told were so monstrously absurd as to stamp him as a lying spirit. When he took his departure he would give several heavy knocks and then raise and lift up the table, upset it and slam it on the floor to the imminent danger of the people whose feet were beneath it. In spite of the rough usage the table received it never showed signs of damage. One of Loo's specimen lies I will give as a sample of all. One night a gentleman asked,

"Do you know my name?"

Loo rapped out the querist's name.

"Have you met my brother in the spiritland?"

"Yes—know him well."

"Is he happy?"

"More than happy—he's married again?"

"Why, he's got a wife on earth."

"That makes no difference—it doesn't count here."

Then followed a stream of profane language in the midst of which the circle dissolved in haste and the rapping was suspended. The following day the "dead" brother arrived at Victoria.

I have been particular in mentioning the Loo incident because I am informed that the ancient mariner with the boisterous and profane manners and tobacco habit has recently appeared at a private circle in this city and that time has not mellowed his disposition or curbed his desire to make trouble for the more peacefully disposed inhabitants of the ethereal spheres.

A friend who was with me yesterday narrated some wonderful instances of slate-writing. He handed a visiting medium two slates securely tied together. Between the cords that bound the slates he inserted a letter in a sealed envelop containing certain questions that he wished answered. He kept his eyes on the slates and the envelop and in the course of a few minutes he was directed to untie the slates and found written upon them messages conveying the information desired. Amongst other things he was told of the death of a brother in Mexico and of the death of a friend in New Zealand. Old Cariboo and Cassiar men will recall Dennis Cain. He was lost on the Pacific. My friend and Cain had many heated controversies on the subject of religion while traveling in Cassiar. Upon these slates appeared a message from Cain in which he said that he had found out his mistake and now wished to say that he was happy and comfortable, having embraced a new religion after going down in the Pacific. Each message was in different hand-writing and expression, and as there were about a dozen the ingenuity of the medium must have been severely taxed to produce ten or twelve messages varied in character and dissimilar in chirography. But how did she penetrate the sealed envelop or get inside the slates?

When Eva Fay was here in 1896 she did some wonderful things. I entered a cabinet with her and held both her hands firmly in mine. In spite of which banjos and tamborines were played upon, vegetables thrown and my face was slapped by unseen hands. How were these things done? By spirits or jugglery? I incline to jugglery, but I have no proof. In explanation of her clever responses to written messages it was observed that her manager handed each person desiring to ask a question a slip of paper and a piece of cardboard upon which he was supposed to write his message. When the slips were gathered in by the ushers the pieces of carboard were taken up too and handed to the manager who stood in the right of the platform with paper and cardboards in hand. The popular theory was that when one wrote on the paper the pasteboard, which was chemically prepared, recorded a duplicate of the writing and ventriloquism did the rest. In writing my questions I rested the slip on the rim of my hat. When my name was called the woman failed. She said:

"You want to know something about your business ——?"

"No," I interrupted, "I know too much about that already. My question is of an entirely different nature."

"I must have got your message mixed with some one else's. I'll return to it later," she said.

When the list was exhausted and she was about to leave the stage the manager called out, "You've forgotten to answer that gentleman's query?"

"Oh! she said, "I can answer it now. Yes. Tell her to get a Fowler bicycle. It is made in Chicago."

My question was: "A lady friend of mine is putting on flesh rapidly and wishes to know if she should ride a bike to maintain a sylphlike form?"

Why did the medium not answer my question off-hand as she did the others? Was it because I used the rim of my hat instead of the cardboard to write upon? But how did she finally get the question correctly without having left the stage or, as far as the audience could see, communicate with any person? It is strange, passing strange, and still I do not believe that spirits had aught to do with it. If they had, surely they would have instructed their mouthpiece to foretell the bridge disaster and thus avert a lamentable loss of life. Some one in the audience asked:

"Shall we have fine weather on Monday for the Queen's Birthday celebration?"

"Yes," she answered, "you will have glorious weather and a good time."

Not a word about a defective bridge which even then was tottering to its fall. A word of warning from the medium might have caused an inspection to be made. It's a queer thing that these mediums should appear to tell so much and yet tell so little. I do not know—I cannot recall a single instance in my own experience where warning from spiritland prevented a catastrophe. Others may. I cannot. There have been presentiments of danger. I have had them myself, and on many occasions no harm has resulted. Why were not the Clallam victims warned of their impending doom instead of being lured to destruction by a fancied security?

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Dark Rays of Gaslight—Slag Cement—Electric Arc Burns—Carbon Wool—A New Oxygen Process—Novel Development of Hearing—A Mechanical Drill-Holder—Electricity for Consumption—Silver for Wounds.

THE N-rays of R. Blondlot should interest us, especially because they are so common about us. They were discovered while the light from a Welsbach burner was being concentrated by a quartz lens on a sulphide of calcium screen, the lens causing the luminosity of the screen to persist after the light was removed. They are now known to exist not only in the incandescent gas but also in the ordinary gas flame burning without a chimney, and in the radiation from a red-hot plate of silver or talc, and they excite radioactivity in various substances, such as a plate of lead. The invisible rays can be detected by the slight increase of luminosity of a phosphorescent screen or of a very small gas flame. These rays seem to be given off by the human body, and D'Arsonval has shown that a screen of platinocyanide of barium, made slightly luminous by radium, lights up on approach to a muscle, and is so sensitive that it can show the course of a nerve under the skin.

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While hydraulic cement from blast-furnace slag was made in London many years ago, the industry does not seem to have become permanent. The manufacture of Portland cement from slag and limestone has now been begun in Germany and Belgium, and the product is claimed to be cheaper and more trustworthy than that from the usual materials. Mortar of one part of slag cement to three of sand had a tensile strength of 383 pounds per square inch after 7 days, increasing to 551 pounds in 28 days.

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In late experiments of Jensen, isolated cancer cells restained their vitality for 18 days at 1 degree to 3 degrees C., 12 days at room temperature, and perished in 24 hours at body temperature. Bright light was rapidly destructive, as was also carbolic acid.

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A still unexplained effect of the electric light, somewhat resembles mild sunburn and sunstroke. The heat of the electric arc employed in the reducing furnace is so concentrated that it melts steel like tallow, but the thermometer a dozen yards away is scarcely affected. Even at this distance from the heat, however, persons experience a burning of the face and other exposed skin much like that produced by intensely hot sunshine. The skin becomes deeply bronzed and there is temporary blindness in natural light, with pain in the eyes, followed by headache and insomnia.

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In certain open coke furnaces, where air is admitted through openings and the gas from the bituminous coal is burned in the apparatus, carbon is deposited in the singular form of masses of fine threads. These deposits, which they call carbon wool, are found by two French chemists to occur in geode-like cavities in the coke and the finer filaments are about 0.0008 inch in diameter while the coarser ones range from 0.0012 to 0.0065 inch, the length being usually about 2 inches. The filaments are formed of rings, of which six were seen in 1-2500th of an inch.

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Oxygen has been obtained from liquid air by distillation, the nitrogen passing off first and the last 10 per cent. being about 90 per cent. oxygen. The oxygen volatilizes first but also condenses while the nitrogen is still in gaseous form, and U. Georges Claude has devised a new apparatus in which a partially frozen stream of air is made to return against fresh air, when it gives up nitrogen and takes oxygen. One end of the apparatus is thus made to give out nearly pure nitrogen, and the other nearly pure oxygen, 1,200 cubic feet of 92 per cent. oxygen per hour having been obtained.

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Radium has been found to have a distinct but variable influence on the growth of tadpoles, development being slowed, quickened or perverted.

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To train deaf-mutes to hear and to measure their sense of hearing have been subjects of experiment in Europe by Dr. Marage. A siren giving vowel sounds was used, and the intensity of the sound as it became audible became progressively less, many cases of complete deafness being thus made to give place in six weeks to the power of hearing ordinary sounds. The treatment proved to be pleasing instead of fatiguing or painful. The hearing was measured at different stages of the treatment by the air pressure necessary to make the siren audible, and the results were claimed to indicate that few persons are deaf and dumb beyond all cure.

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The novel drilling tool of Mr. Charles Simmons, of London, enables one man to do mining hitherto requiring two men. To an iron upright or spreader bar, about 9 feet in height, is attached a small cylinder, and an ordinary 2-foot drill passing through this cylinder is held in rigid position by a powerful spring and grip lever. The drill is revolved by a foot lever working in conjunction with a piston.

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An alternating current of high frequency is used by Dr. J. Cunningham Bowie in the electric treatment of consumption. In practice it has ranged from 300 to 800 milliamperes and from 50 to 70 volts, and has been applied from 10 to 20 minutes. Almond oil containing iodine, thymol and other antiseptics was injected into the larynx. The curative effect was noted much more quickly than with the antiseptic oils alone, and the experimenter is satisfied that the current has an important healing influence.

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A sheet of silver is the dressing applied by Dr. Reboul, a French physician, to wounds. It has remarkable antiseptic properties, and a fresh wound heals quickly without suppuration, while a chronic ulcer becomes gradually covered with healthy skin.

BUDDHA'S DECALOGUE.

Buddha, the great religious teacher of India, has at the present time about 300,000,000 followers. Condensed into ten short precepts, his doctrines may be given as follows:

1. From the meanest insect up to man thou shalt kill no animal whatever.
2. Thou shalt not steal.
3. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
4. Thou shalt speak no word that is false.
5. Thou shalt drink no wine or anything to intoxicate.
6. Thou shalt avoid all anger, hatred and bitter language.
7. Thou shalt not indulge in idle or vain talk.
8. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.
9. Thou shalt not harbor pride, envy, revenge or malice, nor desire the death or misfortune of thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not follow the doctrines of strange gods.—New York American.

The weevil, which is blasting the cotton bolls in Texas, traveled over 200 miles across burning sands and desolate wastes from the nearest cotton fields south of the Rio Grande. One pair of cotton boll weevils will produce in a season 134,000,000 full grown weevils, which must subsist exclusively on cotton.

Wonderful Resources of the Cariboo

"THE FATHER OF THE PROVINCE"

By Mrs. Macnaughton.

IN MY recent travels it has surprised me very much to find how ignorant—even the best informed are of the resources of Cariboo—the world-famed "Golden Cariboo."

Some think it is a British Siberia or cold barren country producing nothing but gold and inhabited by a few miners, Hudson Bay officials and Indians.

Cariboo is the largest district in the province of British Columbia, being eight times as large as Great Britain.

This vast area is partially unknown and unexplored. The best known part of the district is along the wagon road from Ashcroft to Barkerville, 280 miles in length. This road branches to various points in Lillooet District, Horsefly, Forks of Quesnelle, Chilcotes, Alexandria and other places. Along this well kept highway branching off these various points you will find some of the best farms and cattle ranches in the province. Fruit, flowers, roots and grains of all kinds grow and yield enormous crops. Even seen from the wagon road it is a veritable garden around Clinton; the traveler cannot fail to see the well cultivated fields and gardens. The fruitful valley of Lac La Hache (so called by the Indians in early days), meaning the lake of the axe, with its beautiful lakes abounding with fish, this valley is a veritable Eden and splendid farms are in evidence. Some of the best butter in the country is made there, the farms supplying to a great extent the upper country with these products. Thousands of acres are also used as ranges for the cattle. These farmers can cut hundreds of thousands of tons of hay every year.

Everyone who knows anything of Cariboo must also have heard of the Chilcotin that branches off from the 150-Mile House, a good bridge having lately been built from that point.

The cattle roam on a thousand hills in Chilcotin. Enormous quantities of hay and grain are grown in that section, many hundreds of acres being rolling prairie. I saw one field of grain last summer nearly two hundred acres in extent, the grain so high that a great part had to be cut with the sickle.

The same may be said of Soda Creek, Alexandria and around Quesnelle Mouth Town. Splendid farms in cultivation and plenty of land only waiting for the men of coal and oil enterprise and moderate capital, but a railway is wanted before much can be done to develop the country. The farmers must have a market for their grain. At present enough only is grown for their needs. From Quesnelle Mouth up the Fraser river and all along the telegraph line beautiful locations could be taken, and some are taken up. Chains of lakes abound with fish of all kinds and game abounds.

The great Nechaco valley is only awaiting developments to become one of the grandest of farming lands. Coal it is well known is in the vicinity. The town of Quesnelle and vicinity, twelve miles above that point has been taken up for coal.

Experts have found evidence of coal oil at Quesnelle mouth and boring operations may shortly be commenced for that valuable commodity. To within 15 miles of Barkerville, the headquarters for mining, you will find beautiful farms scattered and the so called desert, blooming like a rose.

When the district of Cariboo is given the advantage of railway facilities only then will be seen and known its vast resources. What the great Northwest is to Canada today so will Cariboo be to the province of British Columbia in the future. Its resources both for mining and agriculture are beyond my pen to describe.

Its climate is glorious, its rich resources illimitable. Miners and capitalists need not go so far as the Klondike for good mines; let them develop their own Golden Cariboo, get more roads and bridges, give the prospector, the unfortunate prospector, as the Hon. Attorney-General called them in a recent speech; give these brave fellows a chance to find the hidden wealth up the country. It is quite true they are often unfortunate but their hope of success never dimmed.

Much gold has been discovered on the Quesnelle river, and much more will yet be brought to light ere long. At Quesnelle mouth gold is washed on the bars of the Fraser and Quesnelle rivers every season, and several good mines are close to the point. There is a good road thirteen miles distant from Quesnelle to one extensive hydraulic mine on the Quesnelle river, which road is extended twelve miles further along that river would connect with another road to Quesnelle Forks, and so open up to prospectors that valuable section, and Quesnelle river would again produce millions to the enterprising miner for his arduous toil. There are many deep diggings—all hydraulic quarry mines—further north of Quesnelle. The old historic mine, the Bell of Lightning Creek, is now being worked. Large mining operations have been going on there for the past year under the able management of Mr. Bailey, and this year will see further great developments in mining. I visited some of the principal mines last summer and the vastness of the operations surprised me. Through the courtesy of Mr. Hopp, the manager, I descended the shaft at Slough Creek, a depth of three hundred and sixty-five feet. A large compressor was sending down pure air to the miners working below, some of them more than a mile from the bottom of the shaft. The men have to work in gum boots, coats and hats, sometimes with water up to their knees, enormous engines pumping out the water night and day.

At Willow river, Mr. Laird was preparing for the coming season and pumping out water at the rate of 1,000,000 gallons of water daily. He had an enormous wheel throwing out the water the wheel being 28 feet in diameter and 95 feet in circumference.

At Mosquito creek the Flinn brothers had just hoisted piping, but I was in time to see them sifting the gold out of the black sand. They had thousands of dollars in coarse gold and nuggets for their six weeks work, and these nuggets were shown me in scoops such as a grocer would use for tea or sugar.

The past season was short through the small supply of water this year, but their mine is at their door, never failing to yield its annual output. The historic Waverley, Towhee and other mines have all done well the past season.

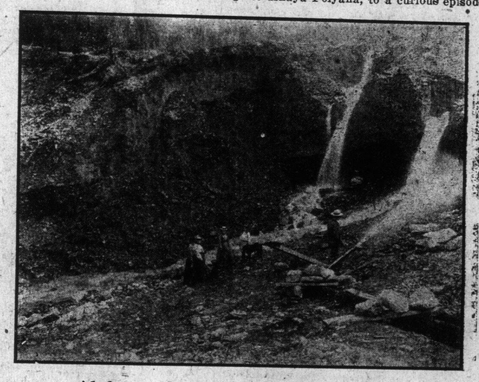
The Cariboo Consolidated Mining Co. is on the South Fork of the Quesnelle river and is the greatest hydraulic gold mine in the world. This mine, under the able management of Mr. Hobson, has produced over $1,000,000 in gold, and that under the most adverse conditions and with not sufficient water. Mr. Hobson has done work that will last. Every dollar spent by the company is there; a credit to its able manager Mr. Hobson.

Other mines as valuable lie awaiting development between Quesnelle mouth and the forks of the Quesnelle, some 45 miles distant, and part of a road in that direction is already made, thirteen miles in length, from Quesnelle mouth extending to Mr. James Deacon's hydraulic mine on the Quesnelle river, and only twelve miles more of a road from this mine would connect with Beaver Mouth mine and a good trail from that point goes on to the forks of Quesnelle. This road from Quesnelle mouth to the forks would shorten the distance between these points by many miles and would open up many valuable mines at present inaccessible.

This much talked of all-Canadian route to the Yukon cannot fail to pass through Cariboo and then will be brought to light its vast resources, both mineral and agricultural.

As I said before, when the district of Cariboo is given the advantage of railway facilities only then will be seen and known its vast resources. What the great Northwest is to Canada today, so will Cariboo be to the province of British Columbia in the near future.

Bird's-Eye View of Barkerville and Surrounding Country.



Alabama Claim on Mosquito Creek.

China Claim on Wolf Creek.

Waverley Claim on Grouse Creek.

THE RISE OF THE TOLSTOYS

The Russian family of the Tolstoys to which the great novelist belongs owes its rise, according to one of the pilgrims to Isnaya Polyana, to a curious episode.

The founder of this family was, in Peter the Great's time, a simple doorkeeper before the apartments of the Emperor. One day as he was standing at his post a nobleman approached and asked to be admitted. The doorkeeper, however, refused to let him in, declaring that the Emperor had given positive orders that no one that afternoon was to be admitted to his presence.

"But," said the noble, "I am the Prince ——"

"Still, I cannot admit you, sir," said the doorkeeper.

Exasperated, the noble struck the doorkeeper across the face with his riding-whip.

"Strike away, your highness," said the other; "but, nevertheless, I cannot let you in."

The tumult had been overheard by the Emperor. He now opened the door and asked what the trouble was. The noble told him. He listened in silence, and then he said: "You, Tolstoy, were struck by this gentleman for obeying my orders. Here take my stick and strike him back."

"But, your Majesty," exclaimed the noble, "this man is a common soldier."

"Then I make him a captain," said the Emperor.

"But I am an officer of your Majesty's household."

"I make him a colonel of my Life Guards."

"My rank, as your Majesty knows, is that of general," protested the nobleman.

"Then I make him a general, too, and thus the beating you are to get will come from a man of your own rank."

The noble then took his punishment philosophically. As for the young soldier, he was next day commissioned a general and made a count. From him the present family of the Tolstoys is said to be descended.—Modern Society.

Mrs. Highmore (at intelligence office)—I want a good cook. First class references, of course, will be insisted upon.

Matron—Of course. Let me see them, please.—Chicago Tribune.