

# WILD WILL.

A STORY OF THE WOOLLY WEST.

Not to have seen and known Custer City would, so recently as six years ago, have been looked upon as a serious defect in a Western man's education. Never to have met Wild Will would at once have stamped one as a "backfoot."

Wild Will, his real name was J. B. Hickock; but this had long been forgotten, and his famous sobriquet stuck to him more closely than his shirt. His reputation as the greatest scout in the West was spread far and wide; but Western scouts, like majority of mountain guides, do not amount to much. They are great in the personal reminiscence way, and can drink deeply with impunity, or with any one who invites them; but in other respects they are generally of the class described as "frauds." Wild Will, however, was one of the few whose deeds overshadow their words. His supreme courage and physical strength had endeared him to the rough miners and cowboys, who regarded him as a hero, and rendered his name a word of terror to every red man west of the great Missouri.

Custer City lies in the Deadwood region of the famous Black Hills, and is pleasantly situated in an open park, hemmed in on all sides by gradually rising hills, rock-ribbed, and crested with dark towering pines. At the time of which I write the streets were regularly laid out; and the buildings chiefly constructed of logs or rough boards taken from the hill-side forests, might be roughly estimated at about one thousand in number. It looked like a promise of good things to come; but the greater attractions of Deadwood slipped it in the bud, and from a mining town, Custer sank into a centre for supplies.

Life in the wild Black Hills is more real and earnest than in stagnation in the schools and banks of the old country, as many a former "varsity man," or sometimes dapper clerk, has discovered; while its wholesome sternness somewhat compensates for its not infrequent brevity. Even persons are apt to develop "clear grit" in the bracing atmosphere of the Hills. A clerical friend of the writer's cheerfully pursues his duty at Lead City, Dakota, notwithstanding that his immediate predecessor was shot dead in the street by a drunken Indian, and that he himself weekly finds "drunk-cheeks" and cartridges figured in the collection plate. This last eccentricity is only the way of the boys, who do not hesitate to play practical jokes upon the man for whom they would die, so gentle is he with the victims of the "accidents" which are constantly occurring in a mining camp.

The God of Custer was whisky, and his temples in the shape of saloons were in every street. The principal one of these was kept by High-priest Moriarty, an Irishman, red-headed, red-armed, and red-hot. The crowd had assembled at Moriarty's after mining hours in order to drink and see the fun. There was a scuffle in the large bar-room. A slightly-built lad not more than eighteen or twenty years of age, was struggling in the vice-like grasp of a muscular, brutal-looking miner of twice his age. It was plainly only a question of minutes when the burly ruffian would crush his youthful opponent. But before the older man could see himself from his delicate-looking but agile antagonist, the younger got in a nasty blow, drawing streams of blood from his opponent's face. The throng laughed at this. Stung by the sound of mockery, the irritated recipient, quick as lightning, drew a pistol from his belt and leveled it. The lad's fate seemed certain. At this moment some one stepped through the half-open door, laid his hand upon the brawny desperado's shoulder, and, without apparent effort, sent him reeling to the farther end of the bar.

"Wild Will!" The words ran in whispered admiration round the room. The miners clustered more closely together; the more timid, or, possibly, more prudent, of Moriarty's customers withdrew. There was certain to be some free shooting after what had occurred, and both were reputed handys with their shooting-irons.

The new-comer stood some six feet two inches in height, and was exceedingly powerfully built. His face was open and highly intelligent; his flaxen hair fell in long thick ringlets upon his broad shoulders; his eyes, blue and laughing in expression, looked one straight in the face while he spoke; and his thin, closely-compressed lips were partly covered by a heavy blonde moustache. He seemed such a one as women and children would instinctively cling to in the moment of danger. This hero, who appeared strangely out of place in a Western bar-room, wore a costume which was a curious combination of the attire of a prairie ranger with that of a fashionable dandy. From underneath the skirts of his elaborately embroidered buckskin coat gleamed the butts of a pair of silver-mounted revolvers, which were his inseparable companions.

The burly speedily recovered himself. Staggering to his feet, he started back toward his assailant, only to recoil with dismay from the dark muzzle of a revolver and the calm mischievous eyes which gleamed coldly and cruelly behind it. "Drop that shootin' iron at once, sarge."

The pistol fell with a crash upon the floor.

"Curse you, Will!" growled the fellow, as his hand moved stealthily toward his belt. "What do you interfere for? 'Tisn't no business of yours."

"Hands up, Jack—sharp! or I shoot," Wild Will said.

"I say, mate, that lad's in luck."

"Send I may die but I wouldn't stand in old Colorado Jack's shoes for nary red cent."

Such were some of the remarks which the miners addressed one to the other.

Clearly Wild Will was a prime favorite in Custer City.

"The quarrelsome ruffian, who had been called 'Colorado Jack,' felt this, friendliness and alone in the crowd. He shifted uneasily, first on one leg, and then on the other, and at length managed to bluster out: 'It isn't the first time, you hound, that you've spoiled

my game; but it's got to be the last. One of us shall be wined out, and I don't much care which."

"Be it so," said Wild Will, with the faintest possible flush suffusing his fair face. "You hear him, gentlemen. I accept the challenge."

"Then we'll settle this little business here and now!"

"No, but you don't!" thundered Moriarty, snatching up a Winchester repeating rifle. "I'll have no bloodshed in my place.—Go outside and do what you like; but you shan't bring the Sheriff or the Vigilance here; so I tell you plain, Jack."

"Hold!" The word rang out like a bugle-note. It was Wild Will who had spoken. He continued, firmly, and coldly: "As I am the challenged person, it is my right to select both place of meeting and weapons. There is no need for further interruption of the evening's amusement.—Colonel Coldey, you will act for me.—Moriarty, I stand round."

"Hurrah! for Wild Will, the bravest scout, and the dashingest Indian fighter on the hills!"

So the company shouted as they clustered around the bar and prepared to drink at their threatened hero's expense.

This openly evinced partisanship was more than Colorado Jack could endure, so he scowlingly withdrew from those who no longer desired his presence. As the meekest of living things would seem to have some parasite, so it was with him. He was followed by a low-browed, bandy-legged, villainous-looking Mexican, who was known as Custer City by the name of 'Chuckhalter.' The fellow had acquired this name from his once having narrowly escaped hanging for the unpardonable crime of horse-stealing, at the hands of justly incensed Arizona cowboys.

When the two worthies had got well out of sight of Moriarty's, Jack turned round to his follower, and inquired: "Well, Chuckhalter, what have you got to say?"

"You should have wiped him out," answered the Mexican. "I would have done a hundred ounces to have seen it done."

"Ah, I remember, mate, you've felt the weight of the skunk's hand too. 'Tain't a light 'un."

The Mexican twisted his features into an ugly grin; but he answered nothing.

"Well, I'm waitin', Chuckhalter. You see, it couldn't be done, or I'd 've done it, surely. But how's the job to be finished off now? What do you say—shall it be knife or pistols?"

"If you are wise, neither. You are no match for him whom you call Wild Will. I say watch, and wipe him out with a snap-shot as he goes to his diggers."

"What do you mean by that? The boys 'ud be certain to spot me.—No; not that game, old boy, anyway."

"Take your own course, my friend; only, don't expect me to bury your carcass."

"All right; cease your croaking, can't you?"

Perhaps Colorado Jack saw the angry flush mount to his companion's forehead, anyway he proceeded more quietly. "You go, Chuckhalter, and see that old dunderhead, Coldey, and arrange this affair for me. Tell him I select bowies across a handkerchief to-night, in one of Moriarty's rooms."

The Mexican looked at his companion with a glance equally composed of surprise and admiration, as he replied: "It shall be done. And I hope you will come safely out of it; that I do, Jack, with all my heart."

"I don't care much; but I'll take good care that he shan't.—Go now, and remember that I have entrusted my honour into your hands."

"Honour! How easily may the little word be degraded!"

Meanwhile Wild Will and his friend Colonel Coldey had been talking together in a low tone. The Colonel was a Virginian, and therefore a gentleman. He had seen service, having been severely wounded under Beauregard, at the battle of Bull Run. Like an old war-horse, he felt his blood quicken at the prospect of a fight.

Wild Will was speaking. He said: "I scarcely know what to suggest, Colonel. You understand these matters as well as I do; only be good enough to consult me before deciding anything, for I should not like to take a man's advantage of even such a coyote as Colorado Jack."

"Let your mind be easy, my friend, answered the old soldier; 'your interests will not suffer in my hands.' Just then the Mexican, Chuckhalter, sheepishly approached and requested an interview with the Colonel on behalf of his principal. This was immediately granted, and Wild Will withdrew.

"Capital!" chuckled the warrior cheerily as he listened to the Mexican's proposals. "Neat, close, and about fair for both men. Your fellow is plucky, too. Dash my wig! I had hardly expected it of him. To meet Wild Will with the bowie. H'm! Rather than me."

"Then we may look upon it as settled that they fight it out here to-night?"

"Not so fast, I had nearly forgotten. I must speak to my man first, but there is no doubt he will agree."

"He must do so," responded the Mexican, "or else Jack will publicly cowhide him into dog's-meat."

"Tush, tush! Don't rave. Jack would not dare do any such thing. However, just wait half a minute."

The Colonel unceremoniously adjourned the meeting in order that he might confer with Wild Will.

The principal listened in silence until his second had concluded, then decisively shaking his head, he said: "No, old friend; it wouldn't do at all; I must refuse."

The Colonel, with a look of surprise, fell back. Had he, after all, over-rated Wild Will's courage?

"Nay, I mean no offence, least of all to you; but hear me. I ask you now, squarely, are Jack's terms fair?"

"They are bold ones. He certainly is no coward," the Colonel responded.

"It is not that, see! And the famous scout raised himself to his full height as he said: 'I once fought four Indians at once when only armed with a bowie knife. I am able to hit a dollar with it at thirty feet. There is not a man in the territory whose eye is as quick and hand as sure as mine is. No; I won't meet the fellow so; it would be simply murder.'"

"But the terms are of his own choosing. What does that signify? I am the

challenged one. If I meet Colorado Jack in deadly strife, it must be on equal terms."

"I know it, Will—I know it!" So saying, the veteran clasped the scout in his manly arms.

"These, then, my trusty comrade, are the only terms on which I will consent to meet him; and Will went on to speak earnestly in a low, but animated tone.

"Good, but think, lad, you will be running an awful risk."

"It cannot be helped. It is about the only fair way that I can think of."

The Mexican emissary of Colorado Jack was beginning to grow impatient, when his restlessness was checked by the Colonel's return.

Colonel Coldey's first words were: 'I have to inform you, sir, that my principal declines your proposition.'

The Mexican sprang excitedly from his chair. "But he cannot. He is bound—"

"Excuse the interruption," interjected the old soldier; "we are the challenged party, and so have the right of choice. Here is our proposal. Let your principal be on the prairie on the southern side of the city in an hour from now. You and I, sir, must be there somewhat earlier. The weapons will be named on the ground."

"Sir! I really must refuse—"

"Pardon, I think, Mr.—Eh! Ahem! our conference is ended; and as I have a pressing engagement, I must request that you will excuse me." So saying, Colonel Coldey withdrew, leaving Chuckhalter to digest his chagrin as best he could.

The great prairie to the south of Custer City was infested with prairie-dogs, a kind of marmot whose deep burrows constitute a constant source of danger to cowboys and horsemen generally. These burrows are favorite places of resort for the deadly rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*), which, as the miners and trappers believe, dwells in peace with its marmot host.

The sun was setting, a great red ball, in the west; the long shadows of the hills lay athwart the prairie when the seconds met. The two snaked together for a few seconds, and the Mexican laughed convulsively as if at some singular pleasantry. Then they wandered into the thick sagebrush, and were busily engaged poking aimlessly into the holes of the prairie-dogs, when the two men who were intent upon a deed of blood were seen approaching from opposite directions.

The four met. The principals bowed in silence. The seconds withdrew a little apart, then returned, and the Colonel spoke. He said: "Gentlemen, we need not waste any time. Unless Jack will apologize and withdraw his challenge, we may as well proceed to business. The light is already falling."

At this Colorado Jack could not contain himself, but with a scurrilous laugh, he exclaimed: "I apologize. Well, by the jumping Jehosophat, but that's cool. I only hope Will here won't down on his marrow-bones, the white-livered cur!"

Even the Mexican had the grace to look ashamed at this outburst, and laid his hand upon the arm of his brutal principal. "Don't let us talk like children, interposed the scout, 'when we ought to act as men."

The Colonel only ignored the vulgarity, and said: "These are the terms of the duel. We, as your seconds, and guardians of your honor, have mutually agreed upon weapons. Colorado Jack, he continues, turning towards the man whom he addressed, 'it is well known to us that you are not Wild Will's equal either with pistol or knife; so, in order to make the game square, we have decided that you shall each place your bare arm up to the elbow in the hole of a prairie dog, such hole being selected by us as seconds; the one who escapes being bitten by a snake to be the victor."

"Strike me blind if I do!" yelled Colorado Jack.

Wild Will smiled, and said simply: "I agree."

"Gentlemen, exclaimed the Colonel, 'you will do exactly as we have arranged; or the paused significantly—I shoot the one who refuses.' He went on: 'You will draw for choice of holes. Now, Jack, you first. Observe! It is black for the right, white for the left.'

Jack sullenly reached out his hand.

"Ah! you have the black. I wish you luck. Half an hour is the time, gentlemen."

The participants in this singular duel were then placed in position. Colorado Jack, with white face and trembling limbs, threw himself upon the sword and thrust his arm into the hole of the office. Wild Will, having first lighted a cigar, calmly followed his opponent's example. So the two remained for the space of half an hour.

The two seconds meanwhile looked on, quietly smoking as only Western men can do.

At length the allotted time expired. The signal was given, and Wild Will rose calmly to his feet. Colorado Jack did not stir. When they raised him he was dead. Yet his arm was uninjured.

"How do you suppose it was, parner?" inquired a miner the next day of the Mexican, Chuckhalter. "They say as how old Jack wasn't bitten by any of 'em varmints."

"I can't tell how it was," replied the other. Then, lowering his voice: "Madre Dios, do you think that there really is a God? Surely there must be, for when that old fire-and-soldier was not looking, I tried to do our friend a good turn, and made sure that there was no snake in his hole. But it was of no use, you see, mate; he got wiped out all the same."

"And Wild Will is the hero of the hour?"

"Yes; but let him watch: Jack has left friends behind who will avenge his death."

Not long after this Wild Will visited the new mining camp at Deadwood. He was sitting at a table playing cards, when an assassin came up behind, put a revolver to his head and fired, killing him instantly. A dozen hands flew to as many pistols; but the murderer had gained the door; turning for a moment, he displayed the features of the Mexican, Chuckhalter; then he threw himself upon a foot horse, and galloping off, was lost in the darkness.

The next day the great scout was buried. Beside the dead man lay his rifle and pistols, which were to be buried along with him. The funeral service was brief but impressive, and at the close of the ceremony the mourners walked in lowly procession past the pit of death, each one taking a last, long, sad look at the spot where their hero lay buried. When the last had gone, the sextons did their work, and filled in the first grave in Deadwood.

# AMONG IOEBBERGS.

A Traveller Talks Very Pleasantly of His Alaskan Trip.

Dr. Parker, of Boston, who has just returned from a trip to British Columbia and Alaska, gives the following account of his journey. Says the Doctor: "Think of sitting down to a breakfast of juicy steaks and roll in the month of August with icebergs all around you! Impossible as this may seem to Le, Dr. M. G. Parker says that he ate several morning meals under those circumstances this summer, and heartily enjoyed himself, too. That was in Alaskan waters. That territory was purchased by the United States in 1867 from Russia for the sum of \$7,500,000. In some sections of the States there is a great deal of talk about the purchase even to this day. When the doctor left Lowell in the middle of July he went to New York, where he was joined by Mr. John R. Reed, of Charleston, S. C. and the two sailed up the Hudson river, across Lake Champlain, thence up the St. Lawrence, across Lakes Huron and Superior, where at Fort Arthur they took the cars and after a pleasant journey over the continent and through the Rockies, reached Vancouver, in which city he found considerable enterprise, and a place of great future promise. A week was spent in the cities around Puget Sound and then they took passage on the steamer Queen at Tacoma for the Alaska trip. Dr. Parker then says of the journey: 'The steamer that was to go on the next 14 days was a strongly built craft, about 500 feet long and with cabin capacity of 250 passengers. We were a merry party from all parts of the country, warmly clad and ready for anything. We were soon steaming out on the Gulf of Georgia, and after a delightful voyage arrived at the first place in Alaska territory, Fort Tongas. As we go up the Clarence Strait to Fort Wrangle, the scenery begins to assume a grandeur that keeps up on deck the greater part of the time. From Fort Wrangle we go to Juneau, and land opposite at Douglas Island, where in the leadwell gold mine we see the largest stamp mill in the world. And now as we go further north we begin to pass the glaciers, great fields of ice coming slowly but surely from the mountains. At Taku glacier we obtain a supply of ice every five minutes. Finally we arrive at the Muir glacier, which is an abrupt wall of ice a mile and a quarter wide, 300 feet above the water and 2,000 feet beneath the surface; with white pinnacles top from long exposure to the sun, but of a deep, brilliant blue, where the last iceberg has broken off. This process is constantly going on. Ice falls on an average every five minutes. The straits are now full of icebergs, some of them the size of a house, others half a mile in extent. Their colors are brilliant in the extreme. On one side they are from blue to white, on another emerald green to white, while a ray of the sun coming through another icy prism shows all the colors of the rainbow. The steamer works its way cautiously among them, forcing a passage where none is clear, for the last boat was obliged to turn back at this point. Although we are surrounded by ice the thermometer does not register below 35 degrees and the water, sheltered by the mountains, is as smooth as glass. The sun, too, is very kind at this season of the year, for it shines from 3 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock at night. The vegetation is worthy of notice. We have wild, ways been led to suppose that in Alaska there is plenty of moss and a few stunted trees. This is true in the mountains but in the valleys everything grows luxuriantly. The trees grow to a height of 200 feet, clover leaves are the size of our oak leaves, and berries are five times their usual size. I have also gathered flowers on the top of a glacier when they have found an island enough in which to grow. As we travelled north we found the bays full of whales, seals and bay salmon. The Indians have an ingenious way of shooting a seal. They tie their canoe to a detached piece of iceberg, and thus concealed push it near enough to the animal to be able to hit it. At Fort Simpson we found an Indian band that played the God Save the Queen and Hail Columbia, and at Sitka we attended a full dress ball in the town hall. In Glacier Bay we were treated to a mirage twenty miles in extent. Chilkat was the point farthest north that we reached, and here we found the natives living on fish, berries and sea moss. We returned south by a different route, stopping at Fort Wrangle, where we had previously left Sir Richard Murray's hunting bears. We found him on the lookout for the steamer, and when we asked him if he had any luck, he pointed to four heavy skins. There is not one of us who will ever forget that pleasant trip. It was one every person anxious to see the grandest scenery of the continent, that along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rockies, should take. This route is certain to become a very popular one with tourists and the travelling public generally."

"Thomas" occurs, on the average, thirty-nine times in every 1,000 names.

The finer the nature the more flaws it will show through the clearest of its life; and it is a law of this universe that the best things shall be seldom seen in their best form.—[Ruskin.]

The amount of the Paris fund over which the two Irish factions are fighting is \$173,000. It was subscribed mostly by the Irish of America in aid of the home-rule movement and for the support of evicted tenants. It was deposited with the Monroes in Paris by the trustees of the Irish Parliamentary party—Parnell, Biggar, and McCarthy. McCarthy is the only surviving trustee. He has sued for the funds, pledging himself to devote them to the use of the Irish evicted tenants. Mrs. Parnell has sued for them as heir-at-law of Mr. Parnell. In her suit she has employed an attorney attached to the British Embassy at Paris, and this has aroused the ire of the Irish Nationalists, who are, moreover, desirous that the money shall be obtained for the evicted tenants. All around it is an ugly mess.

It will be noticed how tenaciously our contemporary clings to the hope of better times. But the trust is illusive, for, unfortunately, even a revival in ship-building would be but a drop in the bucket, implying as it would, a growth of imports rather than of exports. If it were English goods that were being carried in English ships all would be well, but it is foreign goods shipped outward through English houses and foreign goods brought inward from foreign houses. If the mother country can retain its status as the world's distributing mart all might yet be fairly well, but every year, German shipping interests, for instance, are growing, signifying all too plainly that in the time to come, European goods will be carried in European bottoms and American goods in American bottoms. And then, what? If British statesmen continue to willfully shut their eyes to the necessities of the future will all too plainly answer for itself.

# The Ocean no Longer Trackless.

We speak of the ocean as "trackless." It is no longer so. If two vessels sail from New York for Calcutta they will, if intelligently navigated, follow so nearly the same course that their paths, if plotted on a chart, will hardly diverge by fifty miles at any point. The same is true of every other route. Let us consider the case of a vessel bound to New York from Liverpool. Her captain might, if prepared for a constant and winter gales, select a route not very different from that followed by ocean steamers between those ports. Otherwise he would follow the southern route laid down by the sailing directory, and, after beating to the westward a few hundred miles to make sure of clearing the coast of Spain, would shape a course to the southward, passing as far west of Madeira as the westerly winds of these latitudes will permit. Between Madeira and the Canaries, but a few hundred miles to the westward of both, he would fan his way across the baffling "calms of Cancer," and pick up the northeast trades. With these astern and freshening every mile, he would sweep down to the south and west, and when well over toward the West Indies, haul up to the northward toward Bermuda. Here he would have to work again across the calms of Cancer, and then, with the uncertain but probably westerly winds of our Atlantic coast and with the Gulf stream in his favor, he would stand on and make his port, having sailed 4,500 miles between two ports less than 3,000 miles apart, but with winds and current almost uniformly favorable, and with fine and bracing weather.

# A Surprise for a Yankee.

An American stopping at a well-known hotel in Southampton, was continually boasting about the superiority of everything in the States, and depreciating the productions of Old England. The landlord at length, getting rather tired of his sort of thing, determined to be even with the man. Producing half a dozen fine, healthy and active crabs from Hamble, he poured them into the Yankee's bed, and telling his guest his bed was ready, he lighted a candle and anticipated what would follow had he left the candle, and going and looking at the bed, coolly remarked:

"Them's seas; can you beat them in the States?"

The landlord was outside the door, and anticipating what would follow had he left the candle, and going and looking at the bed, coolly remarked:

"Them's seas; can you beat them in the States?"

# The Dee.

I swam the wetsome river Dee,  
Because beyond the rolling sea  
There lives a maid of high degree.

This maid's degree is very high,  
Her father is a Russian "ski."  
The more should I have gone there dry.

I heard the birds sing in the trees,  
I smelled the perfume on the breeze,  
But what cared I for those things?

And what did I receive for this?  
A Russian maiden's rapturous kiss?  
My whole adventures went amiss.

For she had no recompense;  
She simply said, "You may go hence  
And hang yourself across the fence."

"What! hang myself up there to dry?  
No! maiden with the haughty eye,  
Not that for any Russian 'ski.'"

Then back I swam across the Dee,  
And told my neighbor, Bessie Lee,  
"I've swam across and back for thee!"

[New York Advertiser.]

# Insuring a Pernal.

Frank—What are you cutting that piece out of the paper for?

Cumso—I'm going to take the paper home and I'm very anxious for my wife to read the article, as it is on economy in dress. If I merely take the uncut paper home won't she see it?

Frank—But I don't see how she's going to see it if you take the paper with the item cut out.

Cumso—Well, when she sees the place where the article was she'll be so curious to know what was cut out that she'll send and get another copy.

Considerable difficulty was experienced recently by the Frenchman who paid the King of Dahomey his annual pension of 20,000 francs, because he could count only as high as one hundred. Eventually the silver, in which the pension was paid, was done up in packages of twenty five-franc pieces each, and these packages, were delivered one by one to the forty chieftains whom the king had summoned to see that he was not swindled. Upon the delivery of each package, the chieftain who kept books laid aside a shell. When forty shells had been laid aside, the bookkeeper indicated to the other chieftains that the payment was complete, and all then affixed crosses to the receipt presented by the French agent.

An amusing story is told by the *Fancier's Gazette* of two Newfoundland dogs which made an attempt to rescue a man from the water, who in their opinion required their assistance. The dogs were accompanying their masters on either side of a river, and, seeing a man in the water, both sprang in to the rescue. Unfortunately, however, for the man, each dog wanted to convey its capture to its owner, the consequence being that it was a case of "pull devil, pull baker." In the end the man's coat tails gave way and the dogs returned in triumph to either side of the river carrying in their mouths a portion of the fractured garment. The water being shallow, the man stepped out, only too thankful that his would-be-rescuers had departed.

"The end of November is the time when the outlook for the winter can be fairly defined; and attention is drawn to it by the fact that in Middleborough the outlook is not favourable. There has been a sudden increase in the number of applicants for poor law relief, and there are similar reports in many unions north of the Tess. In the iron trade the position is distinctly worse than it was a year ago, the furnaces in employment being fewer, and the forges and rolling mills working less regularly. In the coal trade there is visible a considerable fall in the price of coal—steam, gas, and manufacturing alike—while if household coal maintains its price it is more through force than reason. In the chemical trade less employment is afforded; and shipbuilding—though it promises much better—is at the time worse than it was a year ago. Its revival will undoubtedly influence for the better the two allied industries of iron and coal, but probably not to any great extent this winter."

# British Columbia Timber.

The *Timber Trades' Journal* has the following reference to the specimens of timber brought home by Mr. Burall, of Wisbech, from British Columbia: "We have received from Mr. W. T. Burall, of Wisbech, who has lately returned from British Columbia, a section of a piece of piling timber, hewn by a saw, after being in the water two years. The timber was round wood, and the perforations are confined to the inside, the outer crust apparently not being touched. These destructive worms seem to follow the grain and thread their way along, almost hollowing out the tree. Mr. Burall, speaking of the immense growth of trees in Vancouver, says he saw timber being cut in the saw mills 6 feet square and 118 feet in length. We have a specimen of these pines in the cargo from Fugate Sound which G. F. Neame & Co. are now landing. Amongst the arrivals in the Surrey Commercial Docks the Saratoga, from Puget Sound, has a full cargo of Oregon pine, a wood which is rapidly growing in favor for all purposes for which great strength, durability and extraordinary dimensions are esteemed. The cargo referred to will, we anticipate, add to the reputation of this timber, and as a curiosity we may mention that it contains a few pieces of waney board pine 24 in. up to 28 in. square, and 37 ft. to 43 ft. in length. We often hear of the giants of the American forests, and a sight of these enormous planks will probably assist the trade here in becoming a little less credulous on this subject than they are at present."

The perditional tone at the Christian missionaries in China are now having to endure some of the chief causes by malicious false statements that are made concerning the character of the religion that they teach and practise. The Chinese people have been led by statements and native publications to believe, just as the people in Europe a century or two ago were brought to believe concerning the Jews, that the Christian missionaries are not thorough-going immoral people, but that it is a part of their creed to kidnap and kill little children. Ordinarily, the Chinese are entirely indifferent as to religious professions, but the fear that the lives of their children are endangered arouses them to a high pitch of excitement, under the influences of which they have no hesitation in putting to death any Christian missionaries upon whom they can lay their hands.

# DEATH OF A DUKE.

Elevation of the Marquis of Hartington to His Father's Estate.

The Duke of Devonshire, who has for a long time been lying ill and near to death's door at his residence, Bolker hall, Milnethorpe, died on Monday evening. By his death his eldest son, the Marquis of Hartington, succeeds to the peerage, thus leaving a vacancy in the House of Commons for the North-east division of Lancashire. The late duke had never fully recovered from the shock caused by the tragic death of his son, Lord Frederick Cavendish, who on May 6, 1882, shortly after being appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, was assassinated in Phoenix park, Dublin with Under Secretary Thomas H. Burke.

The Duke of Devonshire (William Cavendish) has not been a prominent figure in English politics for many years, although he was at one time. He was born in 1808, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1828 was returned as one of the members for the University of Cambridge. As Lord Cavendish he represented North Derbyshire from 1832 until he succeeded to the title of the Earl of Burlington in 1834. Chancellor of the University of London from 1840 to 1856, he succeeded his cousin to the Devonshire dukedom in 1858. He was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire in 1858, and succeeded the Prince Consort as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge in 1862. Of late years he has attended much to the development of his estates taking little part in politics, though he recently accepted the position of chairman of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. He has been a great patron of fine arts and literature.

Lord Hartington has always been an important figure in English politics, and his influence will be greatly increased by his accession to the title of Duke of Devonshire. Up to the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Cabinet in 1886 he was an ardent admirer and disciple of the great old man, and held important positions in the Liberal cabinets. There he became the leader of the Liberal Unionists, and as such he is classed to-day.

The Duke of Devonshire traces his descent to William Cavendish, whose services during the reign of Henry VIII were rewarded by a baronetcy and some rich church lands. His second son was made a baron, which entitled him to a seat in the House of Lords, and he afterward received an earldom. The fourth earl rendered good services to Charles II and James II, which, however, did not prevent him from corresponding afterward with William of Orange and inviting the Holland monarch over to England. For these "loyal" services he was created a duke by William III. Since that time the family was more engrossed in making good matches than giving its services to the state, and at the death of the sixth duke the enormous possessions of the Cavendishes, Boyles, Cliffords, Hardwicks and Spencer-Comptons became the heritage of the present and seventh duke.

The family has always been known as the great Whig house in English politics. Their immense wealth gave them proportional power. The family owns 220,335 acres of land in England and Ireland, of which 193,322 acres belong to the duke as hereditary estates. The duke has seven seats—Chatsworth, Halker, Hardwick, Balton Abbey, Compton Place, Lismore castle and Devonshire house in London.

Perhaps the most beautiful of the Devonshire seats is that of Chatsworth, in the county of Derbyshire, about 12 miles from the busy manufacturing town at Sheffield. Chatsworth's gardens are, perhaps the most famous in England. The grand conservatory is 300 feet long, 145 feet broad and 65 feet high, comprising an area of about an acre, traversed in the centre by a carriage road. The great glass house of the Victoria Regina lily was built under the direction of Sir Joseph Paxton, who designed the Crystal palace.

The park is about nine miles in circumference. The mansion is about 180 feet square, and is built round an open quadrangular court, with terraces in front 1,200 feet long. The interior corresponds exactly to the beauty of the exterior. It is furnished with sculptures by Canova, Thorwaldsen, Westmacott and Chantrey, and paintings by Murillo, Rembrandt, Titian and Landseer.

Chatsworth was for 13 years the prison of Mary Queen of Scots. While in captivity she carved a legend out on the walls of the dungeons and Frederick Cavendish, who was the second son of the Duke of Devonshire, one of the victims of the Phoenix park murders, is buried in the little churchyard near the palace.

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