

SPECIAL TO THE COLONIST.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

A Road Agent Who Pretended to Be a Gentleman.

The Hill Top of Waz.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]
It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon of a summer day, and the stage over a certain route in Montana held three other passengers. We were all prospectors, for the matter of that, but the others were "raw" hands in Kansas and not used to the ways of the country.

The driver had given me a hint that it was about time the stage was held up, again, for five weeks having elapsed, but when I passed the word along the passengers made light of it, and we were thus unprepared when the summons came. It was a hot day, and I guess we were all nodding, when the horses were suddenly pulled up at the crest of a hill. It wasn't thirty seconds later before a man was at the right hand door, calling out:

"Now, then, you are behind time, and I don't want to detain you longer than I can help! Climb down, gentlemen, and throw up your hands!"
Had we been ready for the call we would have killed him at the door. We were not ready, however, for the reason that a road agent has a greater respect for the press in general than I entertain. If I had turned road agent I should probably have become an editor. I am ashamed of myself, and I wish you would tell me how I can make a rule never to interfere with the liberty of the press.

"Mr. Blank, I beg your pardon. You are not Mr. Thompson, as I perceive. I further discover that you are a newspaper man. Tell me, Sir, for whose paper do you write? A road agent has a greater respect for the press in general than I entertain. If I had turned road agent I should probably have become an editor. I am ashamed of myself, and I wish you would tell me how I can make a rule never to interfere with the liberty of the press."

"Now for the boodle!" said the robber, as he secured the weapons. "I want watches, pins, rings and what you please. I shall search you all around, and the man who has kept back anything will be left lying here when the stage starts!"
We stripped ourselves of everything of value, and he gathered the plunder into a small leather bag, brought along for the purpose. He got nearly \$2,000 in cash, and he was so pleased with the haul that he gave each of us twenty dollars from the pile, explaining:

"I always leave a man a grub stake to begin on, and if you are ambitious and energetic you'll get along all right. Best country in the world for a poor man. You can now climb back into the stage."
Six months previous to that date a man named Thompson had made a rich "find" and sold out for \$85,000 in cash. He was still in the country, and as we were getting back into the stage the robber drew closer to me, lifted the hat off my head and exclaimed:

"Well, you are a rich man, aren't you? Well, I see you twice before and know you by your name. How come it you're so short of cash, and why'll you get along all right? You take the guns and I'll carry the sack. That's right, my boy, always submit to the inevitable. Turn in by that rock and keep to the west."

"What's your object in holding me a prisoner?" I asked, as I picked up the weapons.
"Oh, I've got three or four objects. In the first place, I want about \$3,000 as a ransom. Going to play Greek brigand, you see. In the next I'm confoundedly lonesome up here and want some one to talk to. Thirdly, I may induce you to go into partnership in this holdup business. There's both fun and profit in it. I forgot to say to you that if you should so far forget your manners as to make a sudden bolt for it I should drill a hole in your back in short order."

est hearty. That was a lucky find you made last fall, Mr. Thompson."

"No! I beg to differ with you. I saw you at Diamond City in December, and I'm sure I'm not mistaken. Have some more bacon, Mr. Thompson."
"Thank you. If I'm Thompson I'm worth \$3,000 to you, am I?"
"Thank the figure, Mr. Thompson. I may resemble him, but he's in Boise City, Ida., at this very date, while I'm here. Look into my wallet there, and you'll find cards and letters to prove who I am. I wanted to say as much to you before the stage started, but you were in such a hurry and so anxious to shoot somebody that I didn't get a chance. All the ransom money you can get out of me would buy you a pound of bacon."

"He looked at me very steadily for a minute and then went over to the mail sack, emptied out its contents and searched through my wallet. There were plenty of proofs that I was not Thompson. He was satisfied after four or five minutes, and he turned and held out his hand and said:

"I had a box of good cigars, and as we smoked we fell into a general conversation. My robber was a man about thirty, well educated, and a gentleman in his manners. He was returning to Bannock from a flying visit east, and he asked me a hundred questions about politics and general news. He knew Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia and New York like a book. He knew all the prominent men of the country by reputation at least, and was a great admirer of Zachariah Chandler. As we became better acquainted I began, in a journalistic way, to pump him for information, but he met my efforts with a laugh, and explained to me that I was not to use any additional facts to make an interesting article. Let's turn in for the night. The chances are that I shall have half a dozen men looking for me to-morrow, and I may have to hunt for a new hiding place. What do you think of this as a profession?"

"What? Stage robbery?"
"Exactly, I see. The first step is to restore your money, of course. Allow me to present you with this wallet and contents. No thanks, I'm not a swag maker. I'd like to see you interfere with the liberty of the press."

"I can't say it strikes me favorably. You are not only liable to be shot dead every hour in the twenty-four, but I can't see how you are to enjoy your profits."
"Wall, don't decide offhand, but think it over. There are some drawbacks, of course, but they don't count when compared with the excitement of it. After the first adventure or two I think you'd like it. Good night."

"What's your object in holding me a prisoner?" I asked, as I picked up the weapons.
"Thompson, I'm not a bad fellow unless you buck against my game. Just knuckle to circumstances and we'll get along all right. You take the guns and I'll carry the sack. That's right, my boy, always submit to the inevitable. Turn in by that rock and keep to the west."

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"I had no thought of it. We were in a wild spot, thirteen miles from a stage station and night was coming on. I took the lead as he directed and we traversed half a mile of very rough ground, and then struck the crest of a rocky gulch. We took the left hand side for a quarter of a mile and then descended, and as we reached the bottom I saw a smouldering fire and a cave under the rocky bluff. It wasn't exactly a cavern, but the opening of the rocks made a fine shelter. There were blankets and cooking utensils scattered around, as I could see when the robber threw on fresh fuel, and as I stood looking around he turned to me with:

BEHIND THE BARS.

The Youthful Van Horst Located and Says He Will Quietly Serve His Term Out.

The youthful Van Horst located and says he will quietly serve his term out. He tells the story of how he escaped—Assisted to Port Angeles by a Fisherman. Registered at the Hotel du Bastion, last evening, was a youthful tourist, who, during the past three weeks has seen more real solid, unadulterated life than he ever imagined could be jammed into that space of time. His name is the familiar one, "Van Horst," which has been for some little time synonymous with the term "bad boy," and yet, according to his own story, he is not such a bad boy after all. His weaknesses apparently is that human nature will grow out, and on the same principle the chief crime he has committed has been getting caught.

The story is briefly told. Six months ago or a little less, young Van Horst, a boy 14 years, was convicted before the magistrate of a boat from one of the city boats on the E. & N. railway. He was then sentenced to three months imprisonment in the reformatory, but twice before his term would have been served he was sent away, only to be caught and brought back. When the term had expired he was set at liberty, but was soon run in again, this time for stealing a boat from one of the city boats. For this offence he got another term of three months, a companion named Libby who was with him at the time receiving a similar punishment.

The bell trap has been ready for two hours when the prey appears. Our line has been pulled to the left until there are weak spots. This looks like one of them to the enemy who is searching. The boy of ground hides the abatis from his view and he can see only that part of the breastwork running over the hill. He has no plain sight here. We can see the men plainly as they form for a charge. The intervals between the bodies as they swing into position prove that there are four regiments. They leave the cover of the woods as steadily as if on parade, and it is a handsome sight to see them advance. The order is given to charge, and they advance with yell and hurrah. We are in double line without protection that living wedge would have driven its way through us to the rear of the army. Not a shot was fired until they had reached the breastwork. It broke their momentum and they were held in their tracks. After that, some flew down their muskets and sought to pull up the stakes others fired standing there exposed: some there were who broke back to the rear, but they were few in number.

We called it war, then, and next day our skeleton regiment was complimented in general orders for having saved the left wing. As one remembers it now he half fears to be charged with murder. They were here that they had had no chance. The jaws of the hell trap held officer and private fast while the muskets under the headlamps flamed and crackled and sent death into the confused and helpless crowd. They ought to have had the order to fall back at once, but they were not given. Again and again and again the red flames leaped almost into their faces, and by and by, when the lifting smoke disclosed them scattering back, we rose up and cheered. They believed it was for the victory, and they were not so. It was a tribute to their bravery and endurance—a shout of rejoicing that the jaws of the hell trap had opened to spare some of them a little longer.

And when the smoke had entirely cleared and we looked down over that abatis the sight was something that makes the oldest veteran shudder. The dead and wounded—ten dead to one wounded—were lying in heaps, three or four each other. There were rivulets of blood running down the short, green grass, and the water stains and spatters of blood over stakes and limb and bush—blood and horrible wounds and dead faces until who had created the spectacle turned away in horror.

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TO BUILD CEMENT WORKS.

A New Industry That Would be Very Valuable to the Cities of the Province.

Information comes from Montreal of a new move to be made in the near future by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company which would be of great interest to a large number of people in this province and of special interest to Vancouverites. It will be remembered that some time ago certain discoveries were made of a raw material which was capable of being manufactured into a first class hydraulic cement. These discoveries have been fully investigated and it is the intention of the C.P.R. at an early date to commence the construction of cement works of a capacity at least 100 barrels a day to start with, but as arranged as to afterwards increased to as much as 1000 barrels per day if necessary. The machinery for this work will have to be of special manufacture, and it will probably be some months before active operations can be commenced.

In connection with the above it is also learned that as soon as the cement works in operation, work will be commenced on the new docks at Burrard Inlet. It is a well known fact that one of the most serious obstacles to the construction of ocean docks is hydraulic cement laid in base on or in contact with water. This is because it causes the concrete to harden as solid as granite, and the whole forms a mass of solid rock. It is a fact that it is not possible to lay down a permanent or a semi-permanent wooden docks in Vancouver with cement concrete, and to build additional frontage, for instance, at Vancouver, where the old wooden docks have recently been taken down. Portland cement costs now, laid down in the neighborhood of \$3.50 to \$4.00 per barrel. If the manufacture of hydraulic cement works, as a new industry, this price will be greatly reduced, so that perhaps cement can be bought at from \$1 to \$1.50 per barrel. It is a fact that the building of a dock for the province, more especially in view of the fact that the city of Vancouver is now situated on a steeply rising bank, the permanent street paving. Whether it is intended by the C.P.R. to be a commercial venture, or if it is for the general public, or not, is not known, but at any rate, if it is shown that such a good star will be given to what may ultimately prove a valuable industry.

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The voice of a man is endowed with purity of tone, in a higher degree than any of the vocal animals, by which, in a state of nature, he is enabled to communicate with his fellows at a distance very remote. Providence has bestowed upon children a power of voice, in proportion to their size, ten times greater than the adult. In a state of nature, this serves them as a defense and protection; for it is well known that children have sometimes, by their cries, alarmed and kept off the attacks of the most furious animals—N. Y. Ledger.

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The young officer at the head of the troops deigned to lay aside military dignity for a moment, and condescendingly hailed him:

"Old Daddy, did you ever see so many men before?"

"Yes," was the prompt answer. "And where, then?"

"With Wolfe, under the walls of Quebec."
The officer stopped. Good-natured concession to the old Yankee countryman was changed to respect for the colonial soldier, 1776 and 1812 were forgotten. He ordered the command to halt, and with the other officers shook hands with the humble old man, proud to do honor to his name under the British flag, had followed a young, brave general to his last victory—Youth's Companion.

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THIRD

CAPITAL

Important Change Regarding Finance

Government Will and Furnish Quarantine

An All-Night Session Prospects

Ottawa, May 19

Commissioner recommends

that Parliament should

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more accurately gauge

tion in his budget.

Mr. Earle had

enough with the Gov't

the quarantine sta-

Ministry are alive

thoroughly equip-

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investigating appar-

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS

ROYAL MAIL LINES.

Cheapest and Quickest Route to the Old Country.

Table with columns for destination, line, date, and price. Destinations include Montreal, Constantinople, Alexandria, etc.

CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

FOR SALE.—A boat 25 feet long, fitted with 2 horse power coal oil engine and screws, with anchor, etc., etc., complete, in good condition, for sale at a low price.

WANTED.—Situation as infant's or invalid's nurse, by English woman; experienced; good references. C. Wood, 10 Blanford street, n.w.

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