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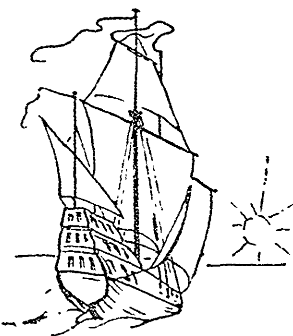

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The Newfoundland Magazine.

EDITED BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1900. NO. 5.

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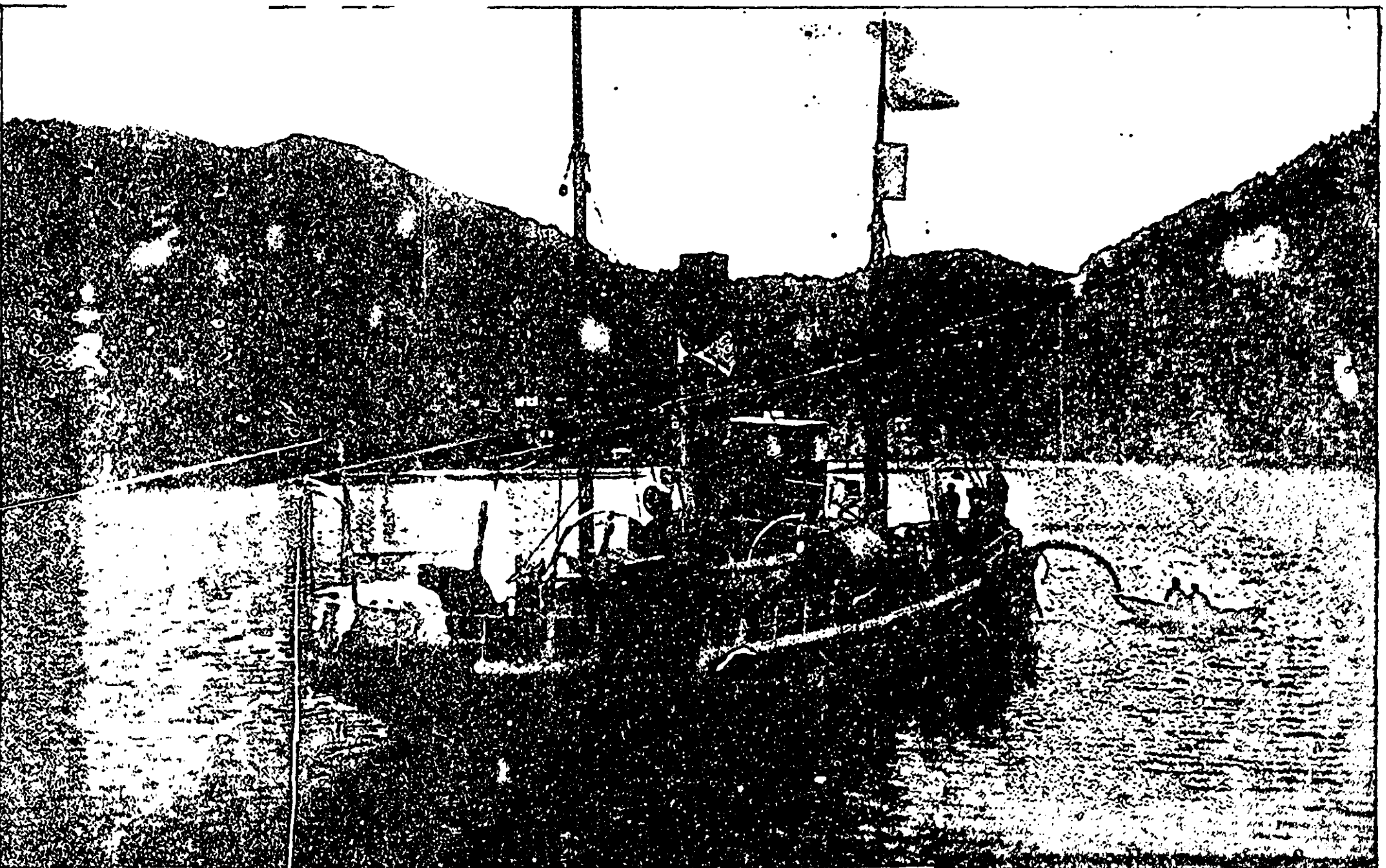


WHALING STEAMER "CABOT."

THE

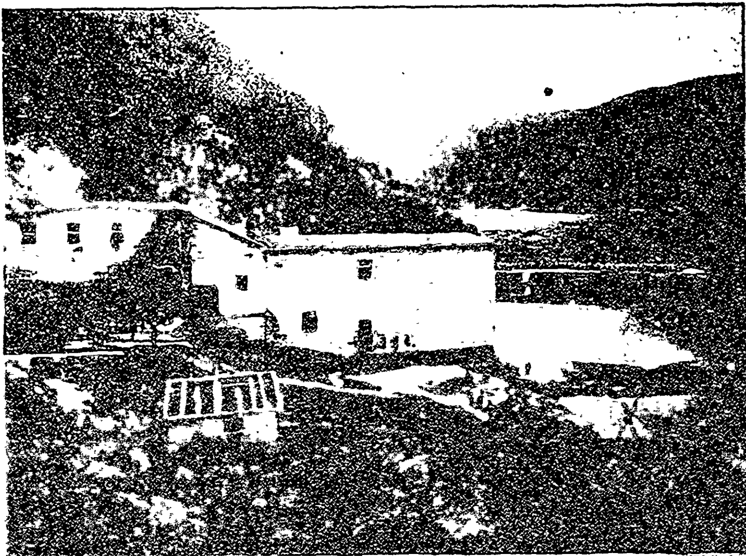
Newfoundland Magazine.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1900. No. 5

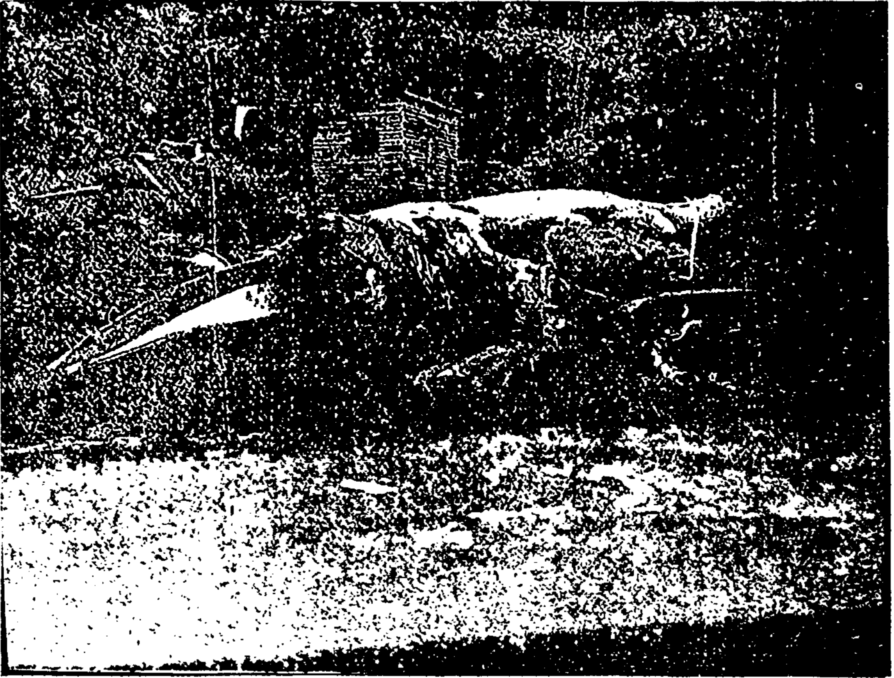
A VISIT TO SNOOK'S ARM.

BY R. E. HOLLOWAY.

AFTER a beautiful sail through the tickles and bays of Pilley's Island, we crossed Long Island Tickle, and lay snugly in the charming harbour of Little Bay Island. We had a full opportunity of seeing the striking scenery of the narrow entrance, for we had both the light summer wind and a strong tide against us—and we took two hours to go a few hundred yards. It is one of the prettiest harbours in our Island of pretty harbours, and we soon had some of its beauties recorded on our photographic plates. Our ship's company had enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. James Strong, and now the question was: Where next? Should we return in our steps, winding amongst the woody islands of Notre Dame Bay, or should we cross the bit of open sea which separated us from the high cliffs of the Tilt Cove mainland? The novelties of Tilt Cove and of Snook's



FACTORY AT SNOOK'S ARM.



CARCASS OF WHALE ON SLIP.

Arm turned the scale; we all wanted to see the Copper mines and the Whaling station.

A fair wind soon carried the "Argo" to the middle of the bay, and dropping, left us there. A splendid iceberg marked the half-way point between Little Bay Island and Cape John. We were all anxious to get near the iceberg, except Skipper Mark, who, while acquiescing in our desire to view it more closely, took good care to keep at a respectful distance. I have always found that our fishermen, careless of danger as they are, and often reckless, have a deep dislike to the proximity of icebergs. Away in the distance were Cape John and Gull Island. The latter was under the spell of what Newfoundlanders call a "loom." To all familiar with our big bays this phenomenon is a frequent experience. The conditions seem to be,—a calm sea, a hazy distance, and an imminent change of wind. Often a whole island, from 5 to 10 miles away will be reflected in the sky, in such a way that two islands appear, the real one and the reflected one, the latter inverted with its highest point touching the corresponding point of the real island. It is very interesting to note that while the real island is only in part visible, owing to the rotundity of the earth, the reflected image is all visible right down to the sea-line and outlying rocks. Once in rowing across Trinity Bay from Fox Harbor to New Perlican, we saw a small vessel, with its inverted duplicate, the tip of the mast of the latter touching the tip of the real mast.

Near Cape John too, but under the

land, we could make out the smoke of a steamer. It was the Cabot, out on its morning errand—the capture of a whale for the Snook's Arm station.

But to return—after a long sail, eked out by Skipper Mark's sculling oar, we got into Tilt Cove. Next morning early we left for Snook's Arm, a short distance to the South.

All along the shore we could distinctly see the yellow bands of Copper Pyrites which have made Green Bay famous. Unlike Tilt Cove, Snook's Arm is a harbour—and after traversing a long indraft we come in sight of the Whaling Company's premises. High hills surround the Arm, and in most places the land runs so steeply into the sea, that it is difficult to find a convenient building site. The whaling station is on a steep slope on the north side of the Arm. As we passed across the front of it, our ship sailed through a sea of diluted blood. Anchored to a buoy was a dead whale, and another, half dismantled, occupied the slip. There had been but little hot weather during the early part of that summer, so that the smell was less objectionable than we had expected. Nevertheless we chose our anchorage to windward of the melancholy "pound" of carcasses which slowly heaved with the swell. We met with many kindnesses from Capt. Smith and his men, who showed us all the operations, and with their spiked boots helped us over the slip (well-named) and the rocks and woodwork so treacherously smooth and greasy.

HUMPBACK WHALE ON SLIP—HALF TAIL-FIN CUT OFF.

Our pictures represent some of the things we saw; ill-luck, however, attended our photographic experiments,—for not only did we fail to find the head-screw of our large camera, but, in climbing up the greasy poles of the pier, an unlucky bump smashed our focussing-glass. An unused dry-plate quickly replaced it; but it meant

CARCASS OF FINBACK WHALE ON SLIP.

one plate less for pictures, and valuable time lost.

Professor True, eminent in America on all matters connected with the Balanidæ, was busy making notes and measurements. He joined us at dinner on board the *Argo* where our amateur cook prepared a meal which even a change of wind could hardly have spoiled.

MENU.

Pâtés de cœur de baleine,
Sausissons ã la Mer Rouge,
Pommes de terre trouvées par hazard,
Cotolettes rares et pas fraîches,
Bernaches ã la premiere fois.

The flesh of the whale, then under the desecting axes and knives, had in some parts an appetising appearance. It resembled beef where the fat and lean alternated in the well-known "streaky" fashion. No use, however, seems to have been made of the flesh, except that some of the Little Bay Island people have salted some down for their dogs.

While we were looking round, the *Cabot* came in with a whale at her bow. This seems to be the usual method. In order to haul the dead whale as near the ship as possible, one of its tail-fins is cut off—the donkey-engine then hauls it up as close as possible. The *Cabot* made generally two trips a day, bringing in a whale every trip without fail.

The Bay outside was simply like a huge farm, from which the proprietors sent out for a whale whenever they had room on the slip to manipulate it. In all 95 whales were captured and turned into commercial products last year. The whales are of three kinds:—Sulphur bottom, Humpback and Finback; the first is rare, the last common. During our short visit the *Cabot* brought in both Finbacks and Humphacks.

There is absolutely no escape for the unfortunate whale when once its jet of spray has betrayed its presence to the keen eye of the Cabot's barrelman. It

is said they never miss; the machin gun in the bow is fired at close quarters and the grapnel-like missile with its cable attachment has only to drag the struggling animal in.

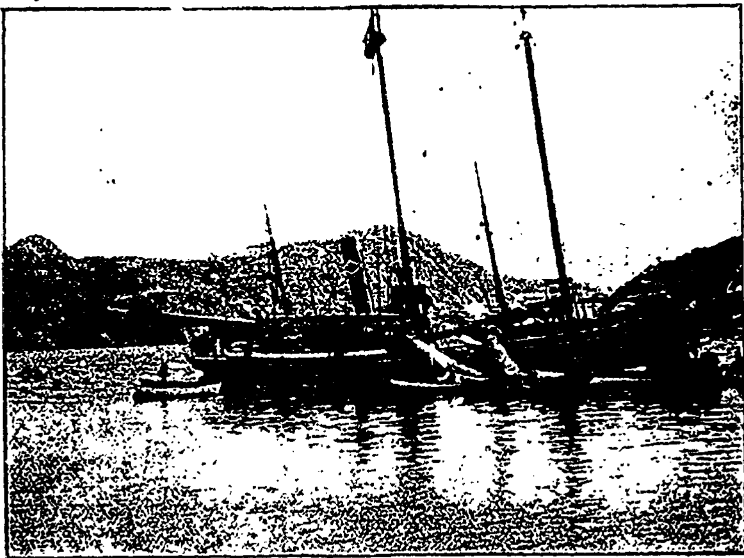
Our medical student secured the crystalline lens from the eye of the whale last caught. A poet might exercise his imagination on the strange and beautiful sights of submarine beauty which this lens had focussed on the retina of its mighty owner.

Frequently parts of the whale's body show bunches of barnacles. One of our photos shows some garlands of these mollusks—about 4 feet long—cut from the lips of a Hump-back whale. Many of the individual barnacles could stretch out from their shell as much as 6 inches, and no doubt they had lived an easy life on the whale—cheap rides and food always close at hand.*

The Finback which was on the slip while we were there measured about 65 feet, of which nearly a quarter was head. The "Right" whale is never caught here, and the whalebone from the other species is of but small comparative value. It is, however, carefully stripped and put on one side.

The fishermen of the neighbourhood, conservative as all fishermen are, prophesied destruction to the fishery, I think, on two grounds, (1), The whales drove the fish into the shallow water of the bays, where the fishermen caught them. (2) The carcasses would pollute the water. It appears, however, that since the factory has been in operation, the fishery has been good, better than before. I know that, the night we arrived at Tilt Cove—about 3 miles away--Harold and Bert with some Tilt Cove boys brought in about 30 fine fish, caught in about an

* This Photograph did not reach us in time for reproduction.—ED.



CABOT WITH WHALE IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.

hour—a few hundred yards from the houses. Also on our way to Snook's Arm the following morning, we saw several fishing boats at the entrance of the harbour apparently taking fish. For ourselves, as a rule, we needed only to throw out our jiggers to get fish—on only one or two occasions did we fail during our five weeks in Notre Dame Bay. It is not likely, however, that the remains of the whales will be allowed to pollute the water—they should, as fertilizer, be too valuable for that.

Will the supply hold out?

I cannot say, but, during our cruising in the Bays we saw large numbers. One night, off Fortune Harbour, the sea was alive with them, and in the darkness we were even a little afraid lest they should, by accident or design charge our small craft. Before dark we had seen the surface of the sea, in all directions, roughened by patches, which Skipper Mark said were herring. No doubt the whales were making a hearty meal on these.

ST. JOHN'S,
NEWFOUNDLAND.

UNDER BEAVER HEAD.

BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

BY weary journeying in a farmer's waggon, and then on foot for twelve miles, we came at last to the deserted lumber-camp under Beaver Head.

Behind the camp rose Beaver Head, cone shaped and warmly timbered.

In front dash'd the river Naskwaak, at this spot nothing but a narrow, rock-torn trout-brook.

Wilmot and I, tired of New York and the editorial room of the *Weekly Question*, had fled to the home of my youth, and past that, by smooth highway, boggy wood road and twisting trail, to the very heart of the wilderness. The season was September—in New Brunswick woods the most beautiful month of the whole year. With the help of the old farmer, who had driven us to the end of the waggon road, and his son, we managed to pack in our shot guns, our blankets, an axe, and enough bacon, cornmeal, butter, hard bread, and tobacco to last us for two weeks at least. With the help of our guns we would live like fighting cocks.

After the old farmer had smoked a pipeful of our tobacco, and the son one of Wilmot's cigarettes they said good-bye and started for home along the trail. By this time the afternoon was well spent and the shadow of Beaver Head began to lengthen across our cabin. The cabin itself was a rough affair of spruce logs, with a roof of small poles, birch bark, and sods. The floor was a solid one of hand-squared timbers. One end was taken up with bunks, and in the other stood the rusty stove, and the "deacon-seat." The door had fallen from its hinges; but lay intact outside. The glass in the two small windows was whole, tho' thick with the webs of the wood-spiders. Considering that the lumbermen had not been near it for three years, the cabin was in very good condition. About ten paces to the right stood the stables, or in the verna-

cular, the "horse shanty," with its lean-to roof badly bulged and great open chinks in its walls. Against one end of it leaned a discarded grindstone, and from a heap of half-rotted chips protruded the leg of a boot. These things, together with a horse-collar, and a pair of moccasons, which lay on the cabin floor, made us feel the loneliness of the place more keenly than if man had left no mark there.

We decided to do our cooking in the cabin and to sleep in one of the deserted bunks, for a September night near Beaver Head is apt to be frosty. Wilmot is a city man, born and bred, and tho' he has seen a good deal of the wilderness of late, at this time he was green. We unpacked our traps and stowed them inside the cabin and then replaced the door on its leather hinges. When these jobs were finished I took the axe into the edge of the wood, just where the foot of the mountain begins to rise, and chopped down a couple of yellow birches and a fair sized spruce. With a skill required in my early youth under the instructions of an Indian guide, I cut and split the birch and spruce into fire wood for the cabin stove, made some shavings with my hunting knife, and soon had a merry fire going. Wilmot undertook to gather enough fir boughs for our bunk while I filled the tea-kettle with water from the Nashwaak, got out the frying pan and cut the bacon. By this time the clear cold evening was well upon us. The sun had drawn his red glory after him, down behind Beaver Head, leaving a golden haze on the western sky. Our cabin faced the East, the little valley of the river, the scarlet maples, and the low, uneven hills heavy with woods. Here and there, in a shallow valley, a grey ram-pike stood up from the alder growth. The sky was blue green when we began our meal, but thickened afterwards, and from blue to grey, turned back to a deeper blue, pricked out with stars. A grey owl hooted from the woods on the mountain and a couple of hares scampered across the clearing in front of our door. We were hungry enough after our long tramp and ate the curled bacon and hard tack, and drank the black tea with relish.

There were wide cracks in the top and sides of the stove through which the red firelight shone merrily, touching up the interior of the cabin with tender fingers. We put aside our tin dishes, refilled our cups and lit our pipes. Wilmot had brought in a few extra arm fulls of boughs and these, with our blankets, made luxurious couches. We talked for awhile of the journey we had made on foot. Then we drifted back to the great city which we had left and to the dusty little rooms above the printing presses where the *Weekly Question* is concocted. We discussed other men's writings and our own; wondered at other men's failures and voiced our own ambitions. Presently I began to tell stories of the forests and rivers, stories that trappers and guides had told me in the days when I felt that the finest thing a man could do was to pole a bark canoe through a stiff rapid. Some of my yarns held the true spirit of the wilds—the spirit of a solitude too fine to name, too great to fully comprehend. Wilmot had never been alone in a great forest at noon, with a dog slinking against his legs and the shadows of the trees wondering at him and all the birds voiceless. But I described it to him until a shade of awe got into his eyes. Then I gave him some old Maliseet legends, helping out my memory with my imagination. I recited "The Walker of the Snow," and something about Gluskap's Hound. I told him stories of the Indian Devil, of the wolves that follow the little

red deer and of the shooting of a panther on the upper waters of the Tobique.

"And I have wasted all my life in the city," he said glancing uneasily over his shoulder at the open door.

"It is growing chilly, old chap, you had better shut it," I remarked. He had his hand on the edge of the door when a peal of idiotic laughter rang from the cover in front. For a moment neither of us moved. Then Wilmot closed the door with a bang and put his foot against it. After gathering my nerves together I slipped a ball cartridge into the left barrel of my gun and put my hand on the wooden latch of the door.

"What are you going to do," asked my chum.

I had to admit that I did not know, but that a great deal depended on circumstances. We went out into the starlight together and neither of us moved very fast.

"It sounded over there," whispered Wilmot, pointing with his finger.

We poked about the clearing very gingerly, keeping side by side. Suddenly Wilmot, who held a revolver in his left hand, clutched my arm and stared at the cabin door.

"Something went in" he whispered huskily.

This staggered me I must confess, and for what seemed several hours we leaned helplessly against one another and tried to form a plan of action.

"What was it"? I asked in his ear. "Something on its hind legs," he replied. We moved noiselessly to the dusty window and looked in. By the dim red light from the stove we discovered a figure crouched on my blanket. Presently the rattle of tin came to our ears and we saw that our visitor was helping himself to a cup of tea.

"Its only a man," I said.

"Or a devil," said Wilmot, who had listened too attentively to my stories. We stole around to the door and covered him with the revolver. "Now then, my friend, what are you doing here," I asked in my stoutest voice.

"Havin' a mug of tea," came the answer. We waited awkwardly in the cold while he drank. "Come in, come in," he said, "I'm not violent. I'm supposed to be touched, but it ain't true. I walk about at night and I laugh when I think of things. I'm as sound in the cock-loft as any of you fellers. But I think of lots to laugh about and I like to run away from the old man."

"Put more wood on the fire" I said "and lift off one of the covers."

He did what he was told without a grumble and by the increased light we could make out a harmless looking youth in high boots and rough home made jumper. We went inside and closed the door.

"Look here," he said, walking over to Wilmot, "I reckon as how you've read my books. If you h'a'int I'll knock your teeth into your watch pocket."

"I've read them" gasped Wilmot, "over and over again. Never read anything so delightful in my life."

"That's all right," said the strange youth. "I was thinkin' about my books when I laughed. You see I hav'nt writ them yet."

Poor Wilmot sank against the bunks.

"An' the old man thinks as how I'm an idjit," said our visitor, grinning.

I touched him on the arm and after pointing at my friend tapped my forehead.

"Don't mind him," I said.

"That's what I thought," he remarked "he's nutty, he's got spiders in his hay now and mice in his oat bin."

We sat down by the fire and the visitor filled a clay pipe and smoked contentedly.

Several times he said that he would like to laugh, but we always managed to change the subject.

It must have been close upon midnight when the door swung open and the old farmer, who had acted as our guide that morning, slouched in with his son at his heels.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, upon catching sight of our unbidden guest. "See what it is to be the pride of the family," remarked that worthy, smiling at us.

We fastened the door and made up some extra beds in the bunks, for our three visitors would not return to their farm until morning. The old man took me aside to explain matters.

"Sometimes," he said "I don't know if it's us who's cracked or if it's Alf there. He's everlastin' runnin' away to the woods and laffin' at himself. He thinks as how he's other people, an' all sorts of big bugs but he's wust when he thinks he's a feller called Ruddy Kiplard. He got it out of a book the school teacher guv him."

They left us early next morning, and about a week afterwards, our tobacco having given out, we returned to the northern town of my nativity, on our way back to New York. And here we heard that Alf was being treated for insanity at the Government's expense. He had tried to kill a Church of England Clergyman for not being conversant with his books.

A LITTLE GARDEN.

BY J. GOSTWYCKE.

IN one of the leading American magazines there is now appearing charming series of papers about a garden. That garden, I am sure, is rapidly becoming dear to a number of readers; but the owner, lover, and chronicler thereof has made one statement which leads me to take up the cudgels (figuratively speaking, of course) in defence of a little garden. This picturesque and vivid writer has said that to give real content a garden must be—*large!*

Now, I know that size is relative, and what seems small to me may be great to someone else, but I am sure the author of those papers means acres at the very least when she says large. And gently but firmly I protest!

There is more than content to be found in a little garden, and especially if you plant and weed and water it yourself. There is one garden, small and well-beloved, that I would gladly celebrate in some richly lyric—but the muse will not be gracious! Therefor I will do my best in plain and halting prose, and may the gentle garden-spirits pardon my failures. If you ask me how large it is, I feel like saying "just as high as my heart"—which would be a wild and random answer, since I suppose there is no limit to a gardens *height*, and it is its length and breadth that are commonly demanded. Well, it takes two lovers an hour to walk around it, in the twilight. More accurate measurements I cannot give;

This garden is pleasantly secluded. It is back of the house and the lawn, and shut off from the latter by a dis-used, vine-covered barn. You enter by a little

gate under an ivy-clad arch, and (if you are one of the garden's adorers) you leave the dull and dusty outer world and come into the green restfulness of day-dream-land.

Just within this magic domain, at your right, sweet peas, leaning from their frail support of branching twigs, greet you with an opal wealth of colour,—clear pink, and purple, white, dark red, and rarest blue. On the left are tall green stalks all crowned with gold—and Blake's sunflower poem sings itself in one's mind:

> " Oh sunflower weary of time,
> Who countest the steps of the sun,
> Seeking after that sweet golden clime
> Where the traveller's journey is done—
> Where the youth pined away with desire,
> And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
> Arise from their graves, and aspire
> Where my sunflower wishes to go !"

A straight green path divides the garden and leads to a seat under a fragrant fir-tree. Smaller paths go all around, near the fence. On each side of the main path, for more than half the distance, grow vegetables which possess a rare and marvellous flavour. Surely there must be a strange virtue in the soil and air! This small portion of a small but famous city may be a bit of the Hesperian Gardens, which, you remember, some of the mythologists situate in "the extreme north." I have not found the golden apples yet, nor even that important preliminary, an apple-tree,—but there is a cherry tree, and who knows what may adorn it some fine autumnal morning! At anyrate, the beans have a tang of ambrosia, and the carrots and beets are are of a wonderful sweetness, while as for beauty,—did you ever notice how lovely are the black-and-white blossoms of the windsor-bean, the black like velvet and the white like silk? Have you appreciated the fairy-like flowers of the pepper-grass, and the rich rose-colour of the rhubarb stalks?

Beyond the vegetables come most of my flowers—(not all, for bachelor's buttons and poppies nod among the beans)—growing in beds of various shapes and sizes, there are candytufts in profusion, in many delicate shades of pink and mauve, spicy stocks, sweet alyssum, and child-faced pansies, with mignonette to blend the scents and colours. Gorgeous nasturtiums run riot in one division, flaunting their banners of gold and scarlet and crimson, and smelling like honey from the slopes of Mount Hymettus. Coreopsis and marigolds catch and reflect the sunlight; gardenias droop their heads in the drowsy wind. One bed is a mass of blue forget-me-nots, planted in memory of one who could not be forgotten.

There are many other blossoms, old and new, and in one corner, close to the fence, is an arbour wherein to sit and watch them. This arbour is all covered with a luxuriant honeysuckle, and in its shade some thoughts have taken shape in song, and many dreams have been woven into waking life and made one with it.

The fence of this domain is a high plain board one, but the eye sees nothing save a close wall of vivid green, for the boards are entirely hidden by wreaths and wreaths of the graceful hop-vine, with its clusters of pale hops. Here and there a pole stands up and leads the vines to higher flights, so that they maker slender towers along the verdant wall.

Ah, little garden, green-circled, blossom starred! Every inch of your ground is in the map of our minds, every path leads on to fairer vistas unexplored. And when we watch from your gateway the wonder of the sunset, there stirs in our hearts a looking-forward and a longing for a far-off garden where winter and sorrow never come.

THE IZUT OF KHADAR BUX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY JUMNA'S BANKS."

KHADAR BUX, our khansama, was a tall lean man of doubtful age but decided dignity. The restless gleam in his bloodshot eyes was more than counterbalanced by the calm repose of his manner, and his imposing turban, and deep voluminous waist-band added not a little to the stateliness of his general appearance. He showed the same artistic touch in the cooking of our accounts and the cooking of our dinners, and his overcharges were made with such a mingling of condescensions and deference that we felt no loss of self-respect in submitting to them.

Khadar Bux possessed one weakness, but was periodically swayed by two passions that swept all else before them. The weakness was for his pretty young wife Golabi, and during his good days, and his prosperous ones he took great pleasure in decking her out in gold and silver ornaments, to the undisguised envy of every other woman in the compound, and to the supreme satisfaction of Golabi herself.

Through the screen of bamboo-trellis-work and creepers which we had raised up between the servants' quarters and our own, we frequently caught glimses of Khadar Bux,—much of his dignity laid aside with his head-dress and waist-band,—smoking his evening hooka and listening contentedly to the prattle of his pretty wife. But there were other days when Golabi wept silently behind her veil or stole about her household duties without the musical jingle of bracelet or anklet: when a nameless fear lurked in her eyes though she bore herself so bravely before her little outside world. Those were the days when Khadar Bux, under the influence of Bhung took to gambling and seemed hardly human in his reckless disregard of every restraint. The drug appeared to rouse the gambler's instinct and lash it into fury and he played till every possession had been staked; and and last, then the reaction came, the stage of sullenness was succeeded by remorse and repentance and the old condition of things began once more.

One breathless June afternoon the drowsy silence was suddenly cleft by a woman's shrill voice in angry expostulation, and instead of the hasty apologetic 'Hush!' which followed such outbreaks on other occasions this voice continued without any interruption and appeared to gain in anger and volume with each succeeding sentence. Something unusual was certainly happening, and I looked out in the direction of the noise for an explanation. Away under the shade of a big Mango tree, a crowd was collected, our own servants and others from neighbouring compounds; some stood, others sat or reclined, and all showed a degree of interest rather uncommon when their own immediate affairs were not in question.

A little apart from the crowd sat Khadar Bux and a boyish plump little man whom I knew as Chota Sall the Bunia and money-lender, Khadar Bux's favourite gambling companion. He was a well-fed, well-oiled, placid looking man, and in the keen interest of the game neither of the men appeared to hear or heed the angry woman who stood abusing them separately and collectively—Khadar Bux's

usual luck had been attending him, for in addition to the little piles of silver and copper money pushed over towards the Bunia, most of the poor Golabi's ornaments lay in a little glittering heap at her feet as she stripped them off, one by one, her passionate anger and humiliation transforming the girl-woman into a perfect fury. When she wrenched off her last bangle and flung it at the players her voice rose to a shriek, and she demanded:

"Having robbed and stripped me of everything; having blackened my face before all, why do you stop there, and why do you not add *me* to the Stake?"

Khadar Bux appeared to hear her at last and turning his inflamed face and bloodshot eyes upon her, said thickly:

"The thought is your own remember, but it is a good thought—What say you, Chota Sall—One more game? If I win, I keep the ornaments.

"If you win,"—he paused.

"Well if you win you take the woman with her gew-gaws!" and he choked and spluttered with insane laughter.

Chota Sall, startled out of his calm self-satisfaction, said hastily, "You do not mean that, brother, what words are these?"

"Not mean it!" Khadar Bux bursting into sudden fury stood threateningly over him. "Of course I mean it, and you shall play me, you dog! You are afraid my luck will turn, and you do not wish to give me the chance."

"Softly, brother! Softly! I am quite willing to play for any other stake, but not for the woman." Then he stopped abruptly as his glance rested on Golabi who stood mute now and dishevelled, with quivering lips and panting bosom, her passionate eyes fixed on her husband. The fear that had haunted her had been clothed in words by herself and now stood confronting her boldly. "Then, I will play you!" concluded Chota Sall in a different tone. Golabi shuddered but remained silent and erect, a woman of stone.

Nobody moved or interferred. perhaps they knew of old how useless any efforts would be in the madman's present condition, and the game proceeded. In a little while Khadar Bux flung down his cards, rose up heavily and reeled away to his hut. Chota Sall collected his money winnings and turned towards the woman and pointed to her ornaments. There was a pause of silent expectation and Khadar Bux's voice was heard:

"Take her away! Do you hear? Take her out of my sight before I do her or you, or both, a mischief. The she-devil who suggested her own dishonour. Go! Go!" he yelled like the madman he was.

Chota Sall, whose courage was not his strong point, rose hurriedly, and a titter, partly the result of excitement and partly also of malice, was heard from a group of women who had often enough envied poor Golabi in the days of her prosperity. She flung one glance of magnificent scorn in their direction, then stooping proceeded calmly to replace her jewelry, unheeding in her turn the ravings of her husband. When fully decked out once more, she pulled her veil over her face and without one backward look at home or husband she stepped up to Chota Sall.

"I am ready!" was all she said, and followed him quietly home.

The crowd commented over the incident, some even joked, then all slowly dispersed to fulfil their respective duties in as much time and with as little labour as possible.

If Khadar Bux had recourse to his favourite drug to still further deaden his faculties he showed no signs of it, and stood behind his master's chair as usual

at dinner that night, attending to his wants with the same stately dignity.—But next morning his lean brown face looked leaner and darker and there was no mistaking the haggard remorse in his bloodshot eyes.

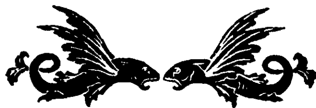
He requested an advance of two months pay and a few days leave on urgent private affairs.—When the days of his leave had expired, to our supreme astonishment, he punctually returned the advance but begged to give notice. 'If we could make it convenient he wished to leave at once, his home affairs had become so complicated they required his undivided attention. He had brought his brother, who was even now awaiting an interview. He would fill his place and give us every satisfaction.'

"So you wish to leave us Khadar Bux?"

His voice was a little husky:

"God knows I do not wish it, and am sorry to leave, but my Izut is spoilt: I could not remain!" And he hastily retreated, dignified to the last.

Poor Khadar Bux! Afterwards we heard how he had begged and borrowed the money and compelled the reluctant Chota Sall to play him again, how he had won back money and wife, and how Golabi had refused bitterly and scornfully to return to him. She found the Bunia very kind and easy to live with, and he could give her twice as many jewels as Khadar Bux had ever been able to afford. Besides she felt safe with him—was she then likely to return to a tyrant who kept her in constant dread, and who after trampling on her every womanly feeling had held her up to public scorn? No! a thousand times no. No. She had sounded certain depths of fear and degradation and she preferred to go no deeper. Khadar Bux implored and raved in vain. So his weakness had proved stronger than his passions in the end, and by Golabi's refusal to return his Izut was spoilt and his place knew him no more.



LONELY LABRADOR.

By P. T. McGrath

NEWFOUNDLAND'S chief dependency, and the seat of the greatest of her cod fisheries, is the vast unexplored peninsula of Labrador, a territory half as large as Europe, and yet containing a resident population of less than 10,000 persons. During the summer months Newfoundland fisher folk—men, women and children—to the number of 30,000, visit it for the annual cod-catching industry, and locate along the one thousand miles of coast-line which forms the basis whence the enterprise is carried on.

Geographically, Labrador is that portion of the Canadian mainland lying between Bell Isle Strait and Hudson Bay, but, save for a few miles inland from the seaboard, its physical characteristics, resources and general features are unknown. Historically its record is rather obscure. Cabot located it in 1497, but failed to explore it, and it takes its name from a Basque fisherman named Bradore, who settled in the bay of that name during the early part of the next century. Cartier charted its southern coast on his voyage up the St. Lawrence in 1534, and it was soon the centre of a large fishery, growing to such importance that the French maintained a garrison of 500 men in a strong fort at Bradore, relics of whose occupation of the place are yet found there. About 1760 the French abandoned Labrador, because of the ice-bound,

LABRADOR, A FALL SCENE.

HOSPITAL AT BATTLE HARBOUR.

dreary winters and the ravagings they suffered in summer during the wars which preceded the surrender of Quebec and the transfer of Canada to the British Crown. It was then placed under the jurisdiction of Canada, then of Newfoundland, then of Canada again, and in 1809 of Newfoundland once more, whose ward it has since been. It has no settled form of government, a primitive, patriarchal sort of existence being maintained by the settlers, and justice of a very elementary order being dispensed by the medical missionaries who labor in the region and who hold commissions of the peace for the purpose of enabling them to deal promptly with the trivial disputes which alone arise in small settlements such as are to be found invariably along that coast, where a simple, trustful, peace-loving people have their abode.

Since it was last attached to this colony, Labrador has served as an immense fishing centre. The shallows off the coast are the resort of countless "schools" of cod, and the fishermen net them from suitable points along the shore. The whole coast is fringed with barren islands of naked rock, with wide, deep channels separating them from the mainland. Deep fiords eat for miles into the granite steeps, and countless harbors are formed wherein the fishing crafts can lie in safety. The scenery is grand and impressive, the background being formed by lofty mountains, rising terrace-like from the shore, while for miles the perpendicular sea-face is torn by the giant-like force of the

winter's frost, and the rugged plateaus in the middle distance display great masses of rock dropped by the prehistoric glacier in its resistless sweep across this scarred and flinty track. Northward it is a treeless barren, but the southern section has many wooded areas and forest tracts lying in the ravines sheltered from the withering ocean spray, and here herd the game birds and animals of the region, in such abundance that only the comparative isolation prevents its becoming one of the great sporting resorts of the world.

BATTLE HARBOUR.

But it is little the fisherman cares for scenery or its sport. He is concerned in harvesting a sustenance from its ocean depths, and he allows nothing to interfere with this prime consideration. The world has probably nothing so unique as the annual migration of the Newfoundland fisher folk to this lonely region, nor an industry so strange in its general character. About May in each year the fisher people embark in their schooners, with all their household belongings, shutting up their homes, and they sail north from the Newfoundland coast to that of Labrador, where they distribute themselves all along that extensive seaboard. Every harbor there has its fishing station, or "room," as it is termed, and here the owners install themselves for the summer season. The "room" consists of the frame-house of the "planter," or overseer, a sod-covered cook-room or bunk-house for the helpers, and a stage and flakes where the actual process of cleaning and drying the fish is conducted. The fishermen are divided into two classes—"stationers" and "floaters." The former are the ones which attach themselves to particular rooms or stations, fish in the offing, and ship their cured product to market direct from the spot. The latter are often known as "green fish catchers," because they carry on their venture from their schooners, and cruise up the coast towards the north as the season advances. The

ESQUIMOS, NORTHERN LABRADOR.

"stationary" crews are usually conveyed to the coast in large schooners, frequently taking as many as 150 people, and when, as happened this year, the offing is blockaded with ice, and they have to seek shelter for two or three weeks in one of our northern harbors, the condition of their wreched human freight can be more easily imagined than described. The "floaters" carry a crew of about ten men and two girls, the latter to prepare the cod as they are caught by the men. About 600 floating crafts are annually engaged in the fishery, and the presence of girls on board is a phase of it which is very unpleasant to all concerned in the moral betterment of our people.

Along the coast the *modus operaadi* is practically the same at the various stations. The cod are caught by the fishermen by means of traps, seines, trawls and lines, these terms describing the different appliances in use. A "trap" is a large, square room-like contrivance of netting, into which the fish are led by a long strip of net called a "leader." A trap takes a large haul of fish at a time, but is too expensive for the majority of the fishermen, costing about $400 each. Seines are large nets of a form familiar the world over, weighted with lead on their lower side and buoyed with cork on their upper. Trawls are long lines from which a thousand or more hooks depend by short

lengths of twine, each hook being separately baited. Lines, more commonly known as "hooks-and-lines," are the simplest forms of fishing, prosecuted by the poorest class of fishermen. Large leaden hooks are attached to long lines, which are jerked up and down, the process being termed "jigging," and the cod being impaled upon the sharp barbs.

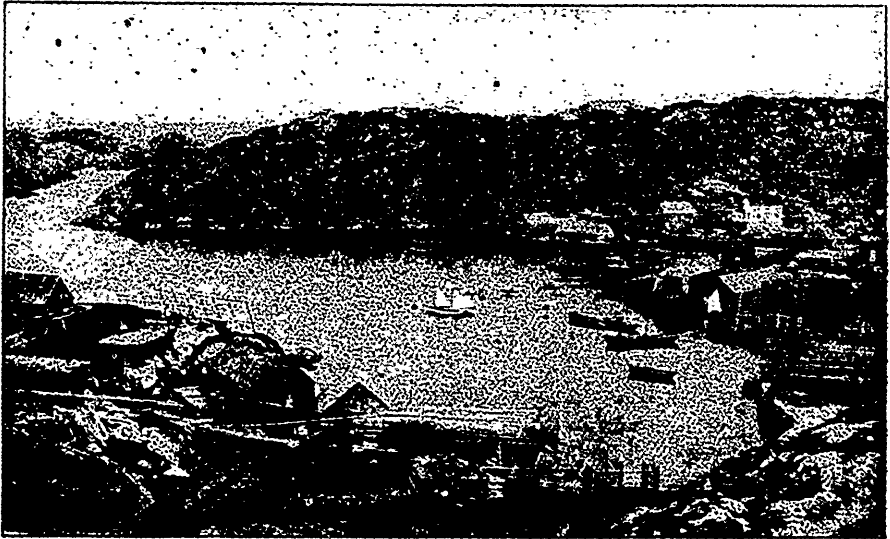
The fish taken by these several processes are brought to the stage-head, a sort of platform extending out over the water, so that the boats may be against it. The stage is upheld by stout posts fixed in the crevices of the rocks, and very substantially built, as the sea often demolishes the structure. The platform, or flooring, is of poles laid parallel. A rough shed is built upon this. In front of the shed is an open space, upon which the fish are thrown from the boats. A man seizes them and passes them to the "splitter." He stands at a table, and with lightning-like dexterity cuts the throat and eviscerates the fish, saving the liver, which makes the finest grade of medicinal oil. The viscera drops through a hole into the surf. The truncated cod is next washed, soaked in brine for a period, packed in a bulk until the moisture drips away, and then is exposed on flakes or beaches to dry. The flakes are upraised platforms of twigs and poles, erected in the full glare of the sun, and with a free circulation of air above and below. The beaches are formed by bringing rounded basalt stones to cover the required area, a sunny aspect and plenty of air being obtainable by this means also.

The salting and drying of the fish is usually done by the women and children. The fish have to be spread day after day, as the weather serves, until they are hard, flat, salt-crushed objects as devoid of moisture as leather. They are gathered up at eventide, and piled, back up and tail to the centre, in circular lots, covered with tarpaulins and weighted down with stones, to escape the night dew. When they are sufficiently dried to be fit for shipment, they are covered more securely and left until the time comes to forward them by steamer or schooner, to the European markets where they are disposed of. When the fish are plentiful on the coast, there is little rest, by night or day, for those about the fishing rooms, though the Sabbath is rigorously observed. Then all are happy, for a large take of cod means a comfortable winter, but if fish are scarce there is gloom and despondency, because a poor voyage brings in its train a period of wretchedness and want.

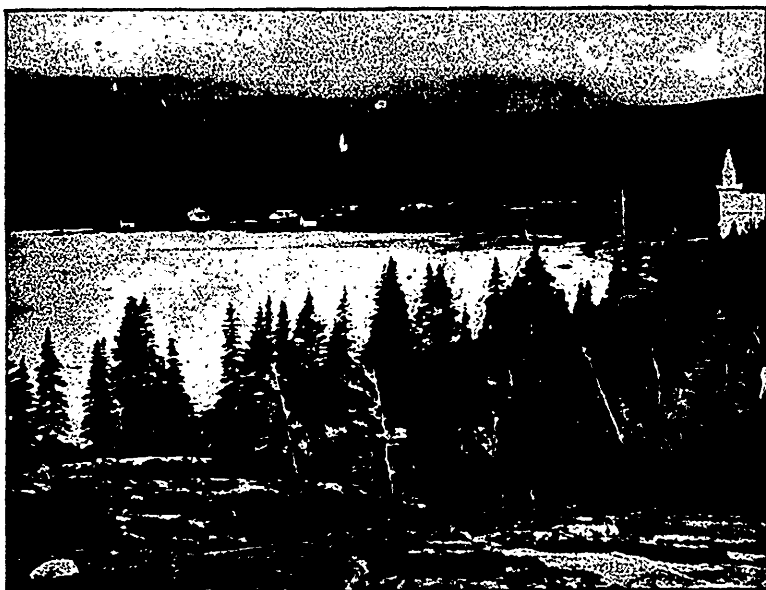
In October the fishing season is over, and the hardy voyagers from our shores return to their homes, leaving the long stretch of coastline to the occupation of the 3000 "livyers" who are settled there all the year round. These "livyers" (live here) are so-called to distinguish them from the summer fishermen, and they are scattered about, a few families in every harbor. They are, almost without exception, wretchedly poor, and the conditions under which they live and eke out an existence on that barren, rugged shore are the most miserable imaginable. Why they cling to their wretched surroundings and endure the destitution which is their almost inevitable portion every winter, it is difficult to understand, unless on the theory that they have become so accustomed to the life there as to feel themselves incapable of carving out a new career elsewhere, but their wholesale deportation to the more auspicious sections of Newfoundland has been urged by the missionaries who labor among them. During the summer the "livyers" reside along the coast for the fishing, but in winter most of them retire to the wooded

tracts at the heads of the bays, where there is shelter, warmth and a means of eking out their scanty food supply by the killing of the game which abounds there. The trapping of fur-bearing animals is also undertaken, the peltries being exchanged for food and clothing when the traders are on the coast in summer.

Labrador is a country without roads. During the brief summer all travel is by water, and in the winter, when the ice-floes blockade the coast snow-shoes and kometiks are resorted to. Until a few years ago the great gathering of fisher-folk every summer was without any medical aid, with results which can easily be realised. Then the colonial government placed a doctor on the mail steamer, but even that expedient did not suffice to meet the need, and the beneficent aid of the British Mission to Deep-sea fishermen was enlisted. This philanthropic organization has now two hospitals on the coast—at Battle and Indian Harbors—with a doctor, a nurse, and a steam-launch attached to each, and serving both the northern and southern divisions of the territory. The mission has also the fine steamer Strathcona, (the gift of Sir Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal), in which the Superintendent, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, cruises up and down the coast, visiting the harbors and fishing vessels, caring for the bodily ills of the people, distributing clothing and necessaries among the destitute "livyers," and ministering also to the spiritual needs of this large and itinerant community. The hospital doctors and nurses remain at their posts all the winter, and travel hundreds of miles, in a semi-arctic temperature, in the pursuance of their labor of love. During the summer clergymen of the different denominations are to be found on the coast, and now and again one volunteers for a winters sojourn there.



PUNCH BOWL.



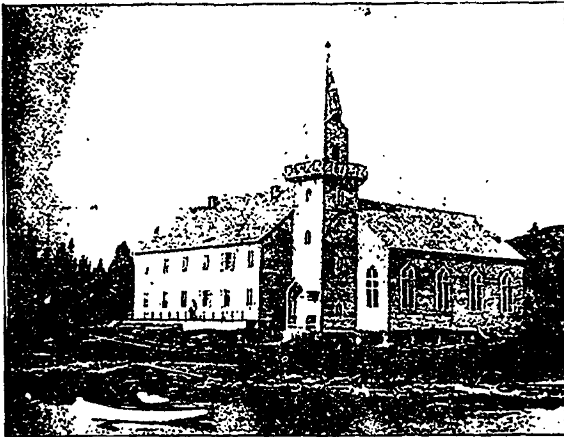
MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT AT HOPEDALE.

but the seaboard is so sparsely settled that it is almost impossible for them to reach their scattered flocks. Only a few months ago, however, a young Anglican cleric decided upon a six years stay among the heathen Eskimos in Ungava Bay, on the borders of Hudson Strait.

Farther south than this, in the region extending to Hamilton Inlet, and known to us as Northern Labrador, dwells a tribe of christianized Eskimos, about 2,500 in all, whose uplifting is due to the Moravian missionaries from Germany who have been laboring among them for many years past. These missionaries maintain six stations,—Hopedale, Zoar, Nain, Okak, Hebron and Ramah—and have done a great work among these heathen Innuits. Dwelling farther back in the wooded interior are Montagnais Indians, a branch of the great Cree tribe. These number about 3,500 and are hunters and trappers almost entirely. They roam the forests inland, and visit the posts of the Hudson Bay Company which are established at several inlets, where communication by sea can be easily kept up and supplies secured, without losing touch with the interior to which they are almost the only avenues. Steamers belonging to the Moravians and the H. B. Co. visit the coast each summer, with stores for the stations and to take away the stocks of peltries accumulated since the previous visitation.

To see Labrador at its best one should make the journey there by the splendid modern Reid line mail steamer, which runs fortnightly trips as far as Nain, and sometimes farther. During July there is daylight almost every hour of the twenty-four. The weather is delightfully fine and cool, the ideal reviver for the jaded dweller in great cities in southern lands, and the charm placid sea and rugged shore must sooth the nerves and strengthen the physique of the voyager. Countless icebergs, in Nature's most fantastic forms,

float silently southward like gleaming castles, to be melted by the amorous embrace of the gulf stream beyond the Grand Banks. The bluff head lands, the numerous fishing harbors, the countless islands, the deep fiords, the glacier-scarred mountains on the one horizon and the hundreds of fishing crafts on the other, all combine to make up a panorama which well repays the spectator for his cruise.



MORAVIAN CHURCH AT HOPEDALE.

The mailboat makes 97 calls on her round trip, so there can be no complaint of lack of variety, and as she passes along the north-east coast of Newfoundland on her way an idea of the seaboard of this island is also obtained. The "livyers" and fisher folk will be found most interesting studies—hardy, happy, industrious, simple-minded people, whose isolation sets them back almost half a century. There is no telegraph or postal service there, and all are cut off from the world outside except for the steamer's visits and her distribution of letters and newspapers.

Labrador is latterly becoming famous as a tourist and sporting resort, and its claims in these respects will soon be mo generally recognised. Its attractions f the tourist have been set forth in the pr ceding lines: its temptations for th sportsman may be briefly enumerate The big game of the region includ polar and grizzly bears, moose, reinde and caribou, wolves, foxes, and lynx the game birds comprise all the feathere varieties found in the northern zone this continent; the rivers teem wi salmon, grilse and trout of many varieties and in the sea are to be found whal walrus, grampus, cod, herring and caplin The visitor can camp at the side of almos any stream, and the Newfoundland gam laws, though theoretically applicable, ar more honored in the breach than in th observance on the Labrador. The summe can be spent most pleasantly there, an one can return with renewed health an an overflowing bag of trophies of th chase.

The amateur photographer can fin endless subjects for his camera, and th sightseer can satiate himself with th variety of views. The student of ethno

logy can put in his time to advantage among the Eskimos and Indians, and there is every inducement to study geology and its allied sciences, and to make researches into the fauna and flora of the region. If more adventurously inclined, a small schooner will carry one up to Hudson's Bay and Baffin Land, giving access to a region practically unknown to tourists. But a trip by the mail steamer along the better known route will be found to satisfy most people, and it will prove a most agreeable and beneficial diversion from the beaten track of travel in great tourist countries.

BY THE POSTERN DOOR.

JOAN DEVEBER'S twenty-fifth birthday brought her a gift of complete discouragement. The golden September weather, with its touch of crystal coolness, could not exhilarate her tired brain. Her soul loathed the view from her window. The brick pavements and the noisy streets impressed her anew with a sense of their intense dreariness.

The morning she spent in no holiday fashion. She went carefully over her accounts, and found that she had a small sum clear, and her lodgings were paid for a fortnight in advance. That was all of brightness that she could find in the situation.

A fortnight before, she had given up her position as teacher in one of the public schools, feeling herself too exhausted and nervous to be helpful to the children. She had taught for over two years, and though she had no especial gift for it, she had worked so conscientiously that she was regarded as one of the most promising among the younger teachers. But it had been simply a long grind to her. The one bright time in each day was the hour or two, snatched from sleep, that she spent every night at her writing desk. But lately, even this joy had evaporated. She had read over, while in a state of great fatigue, the little sheaf of stories that have grown so slowly under her tired hand, and they had seemed to her incredibly tame, flat and monotonous. Bundling them back into her desk, she left them, feeling like a child that has had all its toys taken away from it, and is left resourceless.

So her birthday morning passed in lonely retrospect, and anxious pondering on the problem of her future. After luncheon she went out and took a car for the nearest suburb, resolved to try what fresh air and the sight of trees and fields would do. Alighting at Rolanford, a region whose name attracted her, she set out for a brisk walk, but was disappointed at first by the commonplace appearance of the streets. Soon, however, she came to the outskirts of the town, and saw a really country-looking road stretching before her. She stepped from the little pavement upon brown, leaf-strewn earth, and went on for more than a mile between fields and scattering woods till she came to a place where the ordinary rough fence was replaced by a high stone wall. Over the edge of it peeped tendrils of woodbine, and the tops of red-berried trees.

"Oh," she exclaimed to herself, "an old garden—perhaps deserted, for I see no house. Though indeed there might be one behind that grove. I would like to explore it." And with quickened step she passed on till she came to part of the wall where vines grew up luxuriantly from the roadside, and two chestnut trees leaned toward each other as if guarding a secret. Without stopping to think, Joan squeezed past the trees, and pushing aside the tangled vines, saw behind them a little oaken door. She lifted the heavy latch and pushed, strongly suspecting that bolts and bars would make her efforts useless. But to her surprise, the door soon yielded a little, there was a noise of falling timbers on the other side; one more attempt and she entered, to find herself in a tangled mass of bushes. She stopped to close the door, and saw that it had been held by two stout sticks, which must have been carelessly arranged, she thought not to withstand her frail arms. She replaced them, and then, feeling like a Columbus, pushed through the detaining bushes and stood in wonder and delight in the deserted garden. Ah, such a garden! How came it ever to have been deserted?

It was limited to her vision by a low knoll crowned with pines; there was an enchanted castle, and perhaps a prince, an ogre, or a dragon. But the lovely, lonely garden was enough for Joan, and she wandered in delight down its grass-grown paths, between walls of cedar and hawthorne and felt that she had entered another world. Late autumn flowers still bloomed among the weeds—poppies in clear reds and violets, orange marigolds, and a light scarlet bloom, vivid as flame, which Joan had never seen before. She gathered a sheaf of it as she walked.

Presently she emerged on a neglected lawn, where moss struggled with sward for supremacy. Many strange ornamental trees grew in uncared for luxuriance, making lovely vistas and shady nooks. Grey urns held masses of trailing vines that had grown like the tresses of the sleeping beauty, and, unlike them, had turned red as Autumn came. A little, fanciful building, covered thickly with ivy, and with a quaintly carved door, stood near a cluster of barberry bushes, and seemed to Joan simply a castle-in-the-air materailized. She planned at once to take possession, for her sense of proprietorship had grown stronger with every step, but this door was securely fastened, and all her efforts were in vain. The tiny latticed windows were just too high for her to see through. So she retired to a weather-beaten seat under the barberry bushes, and there, with the red, oblong berries all about her, the branches bending low as if to form a shelter, she sat and let her eyes wander in delight over this fairy-like mysterious domain. "This shall be my especial nook," she thought, "and if I cannot enter my castle, I can at least guard it."

Then it seemed to her that she was a child again. Beautiful thoughts came to her, and fitting words wherein to clothe them. She wove a magic web of story, and the old garden was its inspiration. Presently the shadows were long, and the sunlight came low through the trees. That night, Joan wrote late; and the next day her pen flew steadily. By night, a story had been sent, with many hopes and fears, to one of the leading magazines. The next day Joan re-read the budget of tales which she had viewed so despondently not long before. She found them, on this reading, such as she herself could

enjoy, and concluded that she had been influenced in her former opinion by her mental exhaustion. So they, too, were despatched to seek their fortunes, and then she set out for another visit to her earthly paradise. This time the note-book went with her, and she wrote the first af a series of stories of which the old garden was the starting-point, the centre, or the goal.

All through September, and the first rich October days, she went twice a week to her enchanted garden, taking Wednes- and Saturday afternoons for this excursion. Her writing met with a success which quite bewildered her. Visions of a kindly publisher and an artistic volume began to light her dreams. And some sad eyes and heavy hearts brightened over the work of her brain; but this, which was best of all, she did not know.

* * * * * * *

At Ivy Grange, on the other side of the knoll, a quiet, scholarly life went on day by day. Hugh Clifton, whose "Age of Elizabeth" had placed him at once far up among historical authorities, lived here in great seclusion. An old wrinkled Scotchwoman kept the Grange —such parts of it at least as her master used—in order, served him excellent meals, and tyrannized over him in a mild way which he had grown rather to like. Her husband, more gnarled and wrinkled still, took charge of the lawn and small garden in front of the house. In most things this canny couple followed their own devices; in two only, Mr. Clifton was firm. His writing-table must not be touched, though dust should lie on it elbow-deep—but this in truth it never did—and into the old deserted garden behind the knoll no one but himself was to go. This restriction was at first very irksome to McKormick, who longed to conquer that weedy wilderness; soon, however, he came to regard it with somewhat of awe as the region where his Laird wrote books.

Hugh Clifton's aversion to society had a cause known only to his few close friends, and but surmised by others. His lameness (the result of a fall in childhood) had rendered him always unduly sensitive; for a little time he had seemed to quite forget it in the smiles of a beautiful and brilliant girl who for one winter had given him apparently devoted friendship, and glances from wonderful eyes, that meant far more. But Margaret Mowbray suddenly accepted the hand of someone else and went out of Hugh's life altogether.

Then the loss of his parents, within a year of each other, greatly broke him down, and he went to live at the Grange(which had been his mothers home in her youth) and found such consolation as he could in absorbing literary work. Nearly every bright morning found him in the garden, where the little vine clad buiding formed his study; and many moonlight nights saw him pacing the old paths among the hedges and tangled flower beds. He was writing another history, it is true, but a work which lay nearer to his heart was carried on chiefly in his favourie retreat. He was deeply dissatisfied with his poems; they were scholarly, refined, full of quite strength, but there was no colour, he thought, no lyric fervour or magnificence of diction.

It was on a dull afternoon in the latter part of September that he walked thoughtfully to the pavillion, pondering as to the supposed deficiencies in his verse, and conscious also of a very heavy loneliness lfke lead on his spirits.

He was about to enter the building, when something white caught his eye beneath the barberry bushes. He went forward to investigate, and on the mossy turf found a blank sheet of paper, while on the seat a little glove reposed. He lifted it, wondering; it was worn and shabby, of a dainty shade of brown, and smelt of cherry blossoms or some such sweet Spring bloom. Hugh stood regarding it soberly for some moments. He liked the shape it took; it seemed to lie in his hand like the clasp of a friend. He folded it carefully and put it in his pocket.

From that time, fauns and dryads began to appear in his poems, and something of wistfullness and mystery that they had never shown before.

It was some days later, that one of his most intimate friends, an old college chum who was always welcome in his den, entered the library at the Grange with a new number of "The Hesperian" in his hand.

"Did you write this old man?" he demanded without any preface, and laying the magazine on Hugh's table pointed to a sketch headed "In the Garden of Ursula."

"In the Garden of Ursula," Hugh read aloud; "Why no, certainly not. Why should you suppose it?"

"Read it," answered Blake, laconically, and he chose a cigar from a box on the mantel, and esconced himself in the easiest chair, whence he watched his friend's face as he read. Surprise, bewilderment and admiration were all expressed there. When he laid down the magazine he looked at Blake with a smile of great discernment. "It is capital, fine! I always said you had it in you. But—it does make my oasis a little public, doesn't it?"

Blake met the speech with a stare of amusement, and then burst out with—

"You old donkey, do you think I wrote it? For one thing; I couldn't; for another, I knew you held your precious garden sacred, and have sense enough, though you might not think it, to understand your feelings. The question is, to whom else have you shown it?"

Hugh shook his head in thought.

"To poor Johnson, the last time he was able to come out here, before—oh, its quite incomprehensible, Blake! Have you no solution to offer?"

"None whatever; what I took for a *non de plume* may be the genuine article, but who J. DeVeber is, I know not!"

When Blake had gone, Hugh paced up and down his library, filled with resentment at the trespasser, and also (though this he would not for a moment have admitted) with a most unphilosophical curiosity, and the thought of a little glove that smelt like cherry blossoms.

Day after day thereafter he haunted the garden-study and the grass-grown paths, but a whole week passed before his patience was rewarded. And then it was when, absorbed by a difficult saying of Plato's, he had quite forgotten that he was playing the spy. The rustling of branches aroused him, and while he sat listening with intentness, he heard a low laugh. "The trespasser," he murmured, and at once climbed upon his table to look out of the lofty windows. And there, under his barberry bushes, on his rustic seat, with his dearest bit of earth for her inspiration, sat a little lady of fragile build, with a pale eager face, and hair that glistened gold in the sun. She had thrown off her hat and twined a cluster of belated berries in her shining locks. He wondered if it were at that she had laughed, or at some happy thought—the latter, probably, for she laughed now as she wrote, and a charming dimple came in her cheek. Hugh watched her, fascinated;

[F]or some minutes she wrote on, then [s]eemed to grow uneasy, and looked from [s]ide to side as if in in search of some[t]hing.

"She knows someone is staring at her," Hugh thought, remorsfully, and he des[c]ended from his lofty perch, and came [o]ut of his fortress a captive, though he [d]id not know.

As he appeared, Joan lifted her star-like [e]yes from her note-book.

"Why—you were in my Castle-in-the-air!" She exclaimed.

"And you are in mine," quoth Hugh, and then wondered what he meant by that.

Joan blushed, and the conventions settled around them again. She rose hastily, begged pardon for her intrusion, and bade him "Good afternoon," rather distantly.

Mr. Clifton was dismayed. He felt as if he were turning her away from her own estate, and apologetically introducing himself, begged her to behave as if the garden were her own. This broke down Joan's sudden gravity, and her eyes danced, as she thanked him and said that she certainly had done so, but would now hand it over to its rightful owner.

She was so plainly bent on immediate departure, that Hugh, in a panic for fear she would refuse, begged to be allowed to see her home. "For," he said to himself, "I must find out if she wrote that story."

The intruder consented, after a moment's hesitation, and led the way to the postern door with an air of great dignity and almost hauteur, though in her heart she felt like a child that had been stealing cherries. The garden's owner followed meekly, searching his brains for some striking and original remark. What he did say, after the door was closed and the roadside reached, was direct and unadorned in the extreme.

"Did you write "The garden of Ursula?""

"I did," the guilty one answered. And then, with a sudden outburst of candour: "I feel as if all the stories belonged to you, Mr. Clifton. I got them all from your garden. And I'm writing another one now."

"Did they grow on the barberry bush?" asked Hugh. "I know it has strange fruit, for I gathered this under it not long ago," and he held the brown glove under her startled eyes.

It was impossible to get the conversation on commonplace grounds after that. They very slowly walked along, and soon Joan was telling him the wonderful fairy-tale she had just thought out, in which his house behind the hill was an enchanted castle, guarded by stalwart griffins, and he (she supposed it must be he) was an imprisoned prince. She had only gone half way, however, when she refused to finish it, said it needed changing, and turned the conversation into other channels.

Cars were unnoticed, and time unheeded; it was purple, dream-bringing dusk when they stood at the door of Joan's lodgings, and Hugh held her hand and tried to think of some way of prolonging the conversation.

She had promised to go with him to an exhibition of water-colours on the following day, and he was to bring his poems soon for her to read, and many delightful plans were dawning on horizons that had been so grey. Joan found herself thinking to-morrow very far off; and as for Hugh, the cool, collected, philosophical one, he longed to kneel down on the stone steps and "cast his spirit prostrate palpably before her."

"She will never look at me again if I propose to-night," he thought.

And then he bent over the little hand, and kissed it with tender homage.

"Good night—Princess Joan!" he said.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

JULIA WARD HOWE'S "REMINISCENCES."

MRS. HOWE is one of the veterans of American letters. Born in 1819, now in 1900 she is still bearing an honored part in the world's work. Not only in literature, but in philanthropy, in reform, in nearly every movement along the lines of ethical progress, she has freely expended the strength of her large nature and trained intellect.

Her "Reminiscences," which recently appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, give us many pleasant glimpses of her early life. She grew up among surroundings very favorable to the development of her gifts. Her father had strong literary tastes, a generous nature, and ample means. He kept watch over the lives of his children with anxious solicitude. They were not allowed much social gayety, as he dreaded frivolity and then dissipation of their powers. But he gave them a liberal education, and even added a picture gallery to his house for the encouragement of their artistic tastes. Julia was taught German, French, and Italian, and received excellent musical training. Later in life she added Hebrew and Greek to her linguistic store, and we hear of her deep delight in the study of Plato.

In her "Reminiscences," she gratefully acknowledges her father's care, and speaks of having had "the most delightful home, the most careful training, the best masters and books."

This beloved father died when Julia was about twenty, and she spent the next four years with her brother. During the latter part of this time she went much into society, but also continued her studies with ardour.

In 1843 she married Dr. Howe, the celebrated philanthropist, and they went to England and took lodgings in London. Here they met some of the most interesting literary people of the day. Carlyle, Dickens, Lord Houghton, Sydney Smith, and Rogers, are among the famous men that came into the circle of their acquaintances. They spent a winter in Rome, and here their eldest daughter was born.

On their return from Europe they went to South Boston, and lived in the Institution for the Blind, of which Dr. Howe had charge. It was about this time that Mrs. Howe began to take an active interest in the vital subjects which have since occupied so large a part of her life. Wendall Philips, William Lloyd Garrison, and Charles Sumner were among her friends, and in such a bracing mental atmosphere the helpful and hopeful side of her nature must have developed rapidly.

Julia Ward Howe's first volume of poems, "Passion Flowers," was not published until she was over thirty. It dealt largely with anti-slavery subjects, and with the struggle for Italian liberty. She has since published several plays, a book of travel, four volumes of poems, and her "Reminiscences." For one year Dr. Howe edited "The Commonwealth," with his wife as Assistant-Editor.

During the Civil war they spent a winter in Washington, and it was at this time that Mrs. Howe wrote her best-known poem, "The Battle.hymn of the Republic," which Bryant called "the most stirring lyric of the war."

The "Reminiscences," as they appear in magazine form, break off very abruptly and give us no record of her later years, but we know from many sources of her strenuous, earnest life, and her success as author, speaker, and organizer of many important clubs. She has great vitality, and the bright and vigorous spirit that puts old age to rout. On her eighty-first birthday the New England Woman's Club gave her a dinner, and in the course of her speech she told how, when she was a child, a friend said to her, "Julia, never give in to growing old!" Mrs. Howe says that she took the good advice; and the charm has certainly worked to perfection.

CONSTANCE AYLWIN.

FOR YOUNG READERS AND OLD.

PEOPLE IN THE WILDS.

No. I.

THE LAZY BEAR.

YOUNG Alexander Bear was lazy and fond of good things to eat. Other Bear's said he was fond of himself, and that his manners were indolent, insolent and *highfoluttin*. All this he made evident to them in many ways. One in particular I will name. He always gave his address as:

A. Bear, Esq.,
Whorts Patch,
West Coast of Newfoundland.

His friends (so called) knew that there were several thousand berry-patches on the West Coast. If poor Alexander had written himself "The Bear, Esq.," instead of "A. Bear," they could not have felt more put out about it. In fact Alexander was nothing but the younger son of a large family, and Joe Paul would sell you his skin any day (if he could get it) for fifteen dollars. So his friends just winked at each other and picked the berry leaves out of their mouths; and our hero grew in indolence as the weeks past over him. Even the whorts patch in which he lived (while the berries were ripe) was an inferior one. His friends did not often disturb him, as he was not an interesting companion. He lived very well on all sorts of roots and berries which he found in the woods and the grassy places, and sometimes he varied this diet with a young hare or two. But this happened infrequently, for he was a stupid hunter. The red foxes, and even the shy little hares whose modesty leads them to change the colour of their coats every spring and autumn, made all manner of fun of him. The fact is that, while he considered himself seventeen potatoes to the hill, all the other animals within ten miles wondered at his thick head and bad manners.

Last year, when the warm autumn days were all spent and the only berries left in the wilderness were marsh-berries, Alex. Bear, started up the side of a heavily wooded hill one morning, in search of a snug place in which to spend the winter. At last he discovered a small cave, formed partly of rock and partly of the trunk of a fallen spruce tree. He had eaten a great deal that season, and the snow was already

beginning to fall. He felt so sleepy that he found difficulty in keeping his eyes open. So with an awful yawn he scrambled into the cave and fell asleep. He was very comfortable, for the floor of the den was moss and soft earth. The snow fell and fell, very softly in the woods, for there was little wind, but across the dreary barrens it drifted and circled like giant ghosts. A few big grey jays hopped about in the spruce trees over the snug den, and grumbled about the cold. When the wind managed to get into the woods it sounded like a man striding along on wide snow-shoes. The Bear did not mind any of these things. He was very happy, dreaming about the millions and millions of blue-berries he had eaten. All that day it snowed, and the air continued cold enough to make the jays wish they had great-coats on. As the sun went down a big rough-looking bear with a frosty snout lounged up the hill. He sounded as if he had a bad cold in the head. "Shocking night to be out" he grumbled to himself," but there's a snug little bed-room waiting for me under the wind-fall."

He ploughed his way silently through the heavy snow. When he reached the mouth of the cave he took a sniff and then he made a horrible face. The jays in the trees above nudged each other and laughed.

"Look-ee-here," said the newcomer, reaching in and prodding Alexander in the ribs, "I picked out these diggings about three weeks ago."

"One more helping, if you don't mind, and pass the honey," said the other in his sleep.

"I'll honey you," snorted the rough-looking bear.

"Pull him out," screamed the jays. Alexander Bear, Esq., awoke.

"Who the dickens are you punching?" he enquired.

"You." replied the old fellow with the frosty nose.

"Then quit it," said Alexander, and returned to his dream.

The other bear was really of some importance and wrote M.H.A. after his name; which was Amos Heavy-Pelt to begin with.

"It's you in there, is it?" he snorted, "You, you lazy three-year-old whort picker? Come out, I say, or I'll have a close season put on blue-berries next summer."

"I'm one of your supporters," snored Alexander, "for heaven's sake leave me alone."

"Pull him out," screamed the jays, "he's never voted in his life. He don't know how."

Just then Joe Paul, the mighty hunter came along with his rifle. He saw one bear trying to get into a hole. He shot it.

As no one expected to see Joe Paul in the woods at that time of night the moral of my story is spoilt.

Alexander awoke in the spring and there was no close season on berries.

"BERTRAM NORTH."

IN THE OPEN.

NOTE.—English, American and Canadian Sportsmen desiring information concerning the Game Laws of Newfoundland, and where to obtain reliable Guides, should write to the Newfoundland Magazine. Postage from the United States of America, 5cts; from Great Britain and Canada, 2cts.—Ed.

A BOOK FOR ANGLERS WHO LOVE GOOD READING.

I READ Van Dyke's "Little Rivers" one June day in Boston, several year's ago, and that ended my stay in the city. With the music of a hundred little rivers and one great one in my ears I packed up my things and fled Northward.

Last year the same author published another book called "Fisherman's Luck," and in many pages of it he has marked down the same subtle charm that we find in "Little Rivers." One story in the new volume, the story of poor Beekman, who teaches his wife to fish, is absolutely devoid of the old charm—or of any, to my mind. But with the other pages no lover of nature or literature can find fault. It seems to me that simply in fluttering the leaves, a breath of spruce trees, and ferns, and the smoke of camp fires waft through the room.

In writing of salutations Dr. Van Dyke holds that there is none to equal the greeting of fisherman to brother fisherman. "As for my chosen pursuits of angling (which I follow with diligence when not interrupted by less important concerns), I rejoice with every true fisherman that it has a greeting all its own and of a most honourable antiquity. There is no written record of its origin. But it is quite certain that since the days after the flood, when Deucalion

> 'Did first this art invent,
> Of angling, and his people taught the same.'

Two honest and good natured anglers have never met each other by the way without crying out, 'What luck?'"

He thinks that a great deal of the charm of angling lies in its uncertainty. It is a happy and harmless form of gambling--a game at which you can not loose much and may win a great deal; what success brings more peace to the heart of man (for the time being) than the landing of a big fish?

"'Tis an affair of luck. No amount of preparation in the matter of rods and lines and hooks and lures and nets and creels can change its essential character. No excellence of skill in casting the delusive fly or adjusting the tempting bait upon the hook can make the result secure. You may reduce the charms but you cannot illiminaté them. There are a thousand points at which fortune may intervene. * * * * * There is no combination of stars in the firmament by which you may forecast the piscatorial furure. When you go a-fishing you just take your chances; you offer yourself as a candidate for any-

thing that may be going; you try your luck."

There is something in Dr. Van Dyke's way of seeing things and telling them that reminds me of Robert Louis Stevenson. He is a born writer as he is a born angler and sportsman. He is gentle and clear-sighted. He lends us his eyes with which to look at nature but he does not thump us with a sledge-hammer to make us look at himself. He tells us that there is a little white tent pitched behind a clump of willows further along the shore, and we look where his pen points and see the thin blue reek of smoke, and the tent and the fire, and the wide lake and clumps of willows become our own. Then again, he loves adventure, whether it be the adventure of falling into a trout brook or of being rolled over by the great heavy-sided world; of receiving a glass of milk from the hands of a pretty girl in a mountain cabin, or of shooting a moose. Few of us, I think, would have refused the pleasure of smoking a cigarette with Stevenson and few ol us would miss the opportunity of sitting by a camp-fire with Van Dyke. He says "The people who always live in houses, and sleep on beds, and walk on pavements, and buy their food from butchers and bakers and grocers, are not the most blessed inhabitants of this wide and various earth. * * * * They are boarders in the world. * * * * It is almost impossible for anything very interesting to happen to them. They must get their excitements out of the newspapers, reading of the hair-breadth escapes and moving accidents that befall people in real life. What do these tame ducks really know of the adventure of living? * * * * * But when man abides in tents, after the manner of the early patriarchs, the face of the world is renewed. The vagaries of the clouds become significant. You watch the sky with a lover's look, eager to know whether it will smile or frown."

He is a close observer and sees other things in nature beside fish. The songs and flittings of the birds mean something to him; he reads old legends in the rocks and mouldering stumps, and excellent stories in the leaves and ferns. And he is a student of other life, and of man, tho' he does not say so, and he does not show it by lecturing at you like a heavy master of all art and sciences.

He says "I am no friend to the people who receive the bounties of Providence without visible gratitude. When the sixpence falls into your hat you may laugh. * * * There is no virtue in solemn indifference."

Van Dyke knows also his brother angler.

"Such is the absurd disposition of some anglers. They never see a fish without believing that they can catch him; but if they see no fish, they are inclined to think that the river is empty and the world hollow."

In one of his sketches he gives advice as to the catching of pickeral through the ice. Now that November is upon us this is of seasonable interest and I venture to quote a few more paragraphs.

"You choose for this pastime a pond where ice is not too thick, lest the labour of cutting through should be discouraging; nor too thin, lest the chance of breaking in shou;d be embarrassing. You then chop out, with almost any kind of a hatchet or pick, a number of holes in the ice, making each one six or eight inches in diameter, and placing them about five or six inches apart. If you happen to know the course of a current flowing through the pond, or the location of a shoal frequented by minnows, you will do well to keep near it. Over each hole you

set a small contrivance called a tilt-up. It consists of two sticks fastened in the middle, at right angles to each other. The stronger of the two is laid across the opening in the ice. The other is thus balanced above the aperature, with a baited hook and line attached to one end, while the other end is adorned with a little flag. For choice I would have the flags red. They look gayer, and I imagine they are more lucky.

When you have thus baited and set the tilt-ups—twenty or thirty of them,—you may put on your skates and amuse yourself by gliding to and fro on the smooth surface of the ice, cutting figures of eight and grapevines and diamond twists (if you can) while you wait for the pickerel to begin their part of the performance. They will let you know when they are ready.

A fish, swimming around in the depths under the ice, sees one of your baits, fancies it, and takes it in. The moment he tries to run away with it, he tilts the little red flag into the air and waves it backward and forward. 'Be quick,' he signals all unconsciously; here I am; come and pull me up.'"

The book is full of graceful and interesting prose, and people who fish, and spend their holidays with nature, had better read "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck."

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

BY E. S. GALLOP.

IT is with some feelings of trepidation that I make my first attempt at describing one of those expeditions into the interior, which break the monotony of life in a western outport and furnish themes for those yarns by the camp fire which constitute such a charm to those initiated into the mysteries of life "in the open."

I had been fairly successful with deer, partridge and other game to be obtained in my immediate vicinity, but up to the time of the expedition I purpose describing, had been unable to indulge in any goose shooting.

However, "all things come to him who waits," and a dull season in business permitting, I started for Ship Cove in Bay Despair, and arriving on the afternoon of the 27th of April, was accorded a hearty welcome by "Skipper George," the head man of the place, who informed me much to my disgust that, owing to the increased traffic in the bay, caused by the establishment of a saw mill there, the geese had deserted their old haunts and instead of stopping about in the quiet coves, and on the barrens near the sea, for a fortnight or so as in former years, they had gone right on to their summer breeding grounds.

Being however, unwilling to give up my "wild goose chase" so easily, I procured the services of a couple of trappers, who were going in to take up some traps, and early next morning we started.

Our intention was to proceed to some marshes between Soulians Pond and Long Pond, about twelve miles from Ship Cove, and our way lay, for the first few miles, through a valley densely wooded and looking very beautiful in its spring foliage, across picturesque brooks dashing

through rocky gorges spanned by the trunks of single trees, till at length, mereging from the woods we found ourselves on "the plains."

A walk of about two hours brought us to the tilt, on the bank of the river flowing out of Long Pond; a splendid sheet of water some ten miles in length.

On arriving at the pond we found that, owing to the heavy rains it had overflowed its banks for twenty yards on either side, sweeping away all, or nearly all, of the boats usually kept there by the trappers for crossing the pond during the autumn.

After a short search however we found one which had been too safely fastened to allow of its being floated out, and after freeing it started to cross, but found that, in consequence of the flood the ice in the pond was breaking up and floating down with the tide, making crossing a risky proceeding.

Returning we secured the boat and walked out to a rocky point near the river where we had a good view of the ice coming down.

It was an impressive sight to see the huge pans come crashing down, now sweeping away trees with almost irresistible force, now piling up in huge masses only to burst and sweep away a moment later, and all the while accompanied by earsplitting groans and creaks as it ground its way over the boulders.

As we could not reach the grounds we had intended, we determined to wait till next day and try the marshes to the eastward.

On returning to the tilt we there found an Indian on his way to his spring trapping grounds. He had whilst coming in, seen a deer, and as he wanted the "shanks" for mocassins had killed it, bringing on the breast bone, tongue and marrow bones for a feast. After a hearty supper we rolled ourselves in our blankets and were soon lost to our surroundings.

The sun had barely topped the hill next morning, when we were stirring, and after a "mug up" we started.

We travelled nearly all the morning chiefly through marshes where the water, owing to the recent rains was nearly to the knees, but never a goose did we see.

Just as we were thinking of giving it up in disgust, and making for home, we saw what we thought to be two geese on a marshs about half a mile away. My binocular, proved our surmise to be correct, so we tried to get within shot, a by no means simple proceeding, as the goose is by far the most wary of our game birds and is more difficult to stalk than a deer itself.

After sending one of the men round to windward so that, should they take flight before we reached them he would have a chance to get a shot, we drew towards them, hidden by a small hillock which luckily intervened.

Then followed a very unpleasant crawl of about sixty yards on all fours through water nearly a foot deep and icy cold.

It was with difficulty we kept our guns and cartridges dry, but after a bad five minutes we reached the mound and peering over saw the pair about thirty yards away quietly feeding. They saw us the moment we broke cover and immediately rose, but a load of A. A. shot from my No. 10 intercepted one of them, which after circling round two or three times fell dead. He was a fine big fellow scaling, as we subsequently found, over fifteen pounds.

As it was now well on in the day and there seemed no prospect of getting more sport we decided on making for home which we reached just before dark.

On the way out I had the opportunity of testing Captain Kennedy's theory regarding the sight of the caribou which he maintains is very poor, and I must say he is correct, as whilst we were sitting on a mound in the middle of a marsh, waiting for one of the men who had gone for a trap, a big stag which he had disturbed came round the hill and in trying to get the scent of his footing trotted up to within two yards without seeing us, and would possibly have passed quite close, but we waved a handkerchief and shouted, when he soon made himself scarce.

Thus ended my first goose hunt, and though rather disgusted at my poor luck I had to console myself with the fact that the goose I did bag was, with a solitary exception, the only one killed in the neighborhood that season.

HARBOUR BRETON.

LONDON BEAUTIES OF THE PRESENT.

AMONG the present beauties in London, the Princess of Wales, although the grandmother of five children, is as beautiful as any *debutante* who this year made her courtsey to her Queen, and she looks so young, that it is little wonder that when she is anywhere under the public gaze strangers in town invariably remark: "It must be one of her daughters. It cannot possibly be THE Princess!" and it has been irresistible to those who are still under the influence of the pleasure that a glimpse of that gracious presence gives, to reply "Not one of her daughters can be compared with her—she is far, far prettier!"

If possible, she looks sweeter to-day—experience and sorrow having stamped her expression with deeper interest—than when she came from Denmark more than thirty years ago, to be a priceless jewel in England's crown and to win the love that a loyal public has lavishly bestowed upon her.

"Our Princess"—as we love to call her—Alexandra, Caroline, Marie, Charlotte, Louisa, Julia, is the eldest of the three daughters of the King and late Queen of Denmark, who are both lineal descendents of Louisa, daughter of George II. of England, who married Frederick V. of Denmark. The late Queen who was Princess Louisa of Hesse—Cassel, daughter of Landrap William, was neice to the Duke of Cambridge and cousin to our Queen. She was nearer to the Danish throne than the King, and would have been Queen, apart from her marriage, had it not been for the Salie law. They brought up their children upon simple lines, for before their accession to the throne they were poor for their position. They wisely educated their children to study the strict economies of life, in a manner which might be a salutary lesson to silly women who bring up their daughters to a butterfly existence and to be utterly oblivious to all knowledge of domestic duties, so essential to women in whatever class of life they may be born.

This instruction, so wisely taught by a devoted mother, must have been of \[illegible\]st usefulness, both directly and indirectly, in the high positions that her two lovely daughters occupied—one as Czarina of Russia and the other as wife of the heir apparent to the throne of England. Moreover, a lesson which if universally taught would save much heart-burning, and would minimize the difficulties of house-keeping and might lead to there being a maximum of honest servants, as it would deprive them of the temptation to trade upon the ignorance of their employers.

The Princess as a mother has been exemplary—she was no mere visitor to her nursery, whose dainty garments prevented her from fondling her babes. All the best of womanhood, viz., motherhood was her's in abundance. She has been an ideal mother and her children were a joy to her. She has been their friend and companion, and made Sandringham home in the truest sense a home ruled by a heart untainted by the world and under a banner of love.

Like her father, she is extremely fond of animals. Her kennels are famous, her birds many and the stables are daily visited by her to feed the pets with her own hands. Kittens too, have a particular charm for her.

In the matter of dress, the Princess has always shown exceptional taste. She is fond of pretty clothes and wears them perfectly. Her jewels are very fine, but in donning them she deviates from her usual rule of apparent simplicity of attire and puts them on in abundance. She has a magnificent collection of valuable lace—always a precious possession to a woman who knows how to dress, for it gives that one master touch to a gown, which no other adornment can, to distinguish it from what can so easily be classed as 'finery.'

That the Princess is courageous was shown in her early married life, while experiencing what might have proved to be a serious accident, when thrown from her horse, and again, within the last few months, when the dastardly attack was made upon the Prince of Wales' life in Belgium and two shots were fired by a vicious maniac, or otherwise an anarchist, which might have proved the death of both our future King and Queen, had he not providentially missed aim. The Princess then showed self-control under a test which might have unnerved the strongest of her sex.

She virtually rules society—Invitations may be sent to the Queen's garden parties, but out of the possible six thousand, the ones within the 'pale' are those personally known or acknowledged by the Queen and Princess, and she visits but a privileged few. A pretty story is told of her when she was visiting the wounded who had been invalided home from "the front." One man, whose jaw had been partially shot away, particularly claimed her sympathy. "Can you smoke my poor fellow?" she asked. And upon the man saying that he could, she tapped the Prince on the shoulder and asked for his cigarette case. This she emptied, saying as she gave them—"I am sure they are good for the Prince enjoys them. I hope you will do the same."

Lady Randolf Churchill was considered a beauty of her day, and was at the apex of success when her husband was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Randolf, found his bride, Jennie Jerome, in New York, where she and her two sisters were known as the "three pretty Jerome girls." She was the eldest and was a brilliant brunette. Her father had made his money in business in New York, and her grandfather was a farmer on a small scale at Pompey's Hill. His family originally 'hailing' from the Isle of Wight. All three sisters married Englishmen, the other two being Mrs. Moreton Frewen and Mrs. Jack Leslie.

Lady Randolf was clever and had a witty tongue, ever ready in 'smartness.' In this way she is supposed to have fascinated her husband, as he considered her the only match he had ever met in *repartee.*

Gossip says that through her exertions she influenced the powers that were to gain the Chancellorship of the Exchequer for her husband, and she then revived at their charming house in Connaught Place the nearest approach to a *grand salon* that the late Victorian age has seen. She had lively conversational powers and kept the best *chef* in London. Her dinners were, naturally, a brilliant success, for personages dearly love to be well fed and at the same time be amused, and it is not always that the two are simultaneously forthcoming. Lord Randolf Churchill was the youngest son of the sixth Duke of

Marlborough—only one life being between him and the title. His brief career was brilliant in the political world and he died when little over forty years of age. He left two sons—Mr. Winston Churchill—who was taken prisoner in the South African war and distinguished himself by a lucky escape and by writing an excellent account of his adventures—and Mr. "Jack" Churchill who followed his brother to join in the fight and was subsequently shot in the leg. He was nursed on board the hospital ship "Maine" by his mother, who was one of the American ladies instrumental in organizing its equipment.

In July of this year she elected to marry her son's friend and contemporary, Mr. George Cornwallis West—one of the handsomest men in London and twenty-one years her junior.

The marriage was conspicuous by the absence of the bridegroom's family and leading members of society. Gossip says that the Prince was asked to lend his genial presence at the ceremony, but that his answer was, "I always thought you the cleverest woman I knew—until now?"

Miss Fitzpatrick, afterwards Mrs. Cornwallis West, was her contemporary, and is now her mother-in-law. She was a pretty bride and developed later into a charming woman, and was one of the acknowledged beauties of her time—two to three decades back. She married Col. Cornwallis West, Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire and Hon. Col. of the 3rd Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers and grandson of the 2nd Earl de la Warr. But the Cornwallis Wests are not related to the famous house of Cornwallis. The father of Col. Cornwallis West was Admiral Cornwallis's most intimate friend, and he dying childless bequeathed him all his property, on condition that Mr. West added the name of Cornwallis to his own patronymic. They have one son and heir, who has so much disappointed them in his marriage, and two lovely daughters, the elder being the Princess Henry of Pless—one of the later day beauties—and Miss Sheila West.

Mrs. Cornwallis West was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, and on her mother's side, great grand-daughter of the first Marquess of Headfort.

Georgina, Lady Dudley, was a very lovely woman. She was one of the hand. some daughters of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe. She married Lord Dudley, who was born in 1817, and the difference in their ages made them resemble father and daughter.

Lady Dudley had a 'tiptilted' nose which was a butt for jealous contemporaries. Her face, nevertheless, was distinguished by that indefinable charm, which is the essence of beauty, and which is often wanting in a face boasting the most perfect features. Some few years before his death Lord Dudley was in a sad state of health and was cared for with much devotion by his lovely wife.

'Jennie' Chamberlain also was a beauty of that time—who afterwards married Sir Naylor Nayland.

Lady Spencer was of the statuesque type—'dignified unto stateliness.' She sat her horse as if she and the animal were hewn out of the same block of material. She was remarkably handsome. Lord Spencer was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Custos Rotulorum of Northamptonshire. Lady Spencer was the fourth daughter of Frederick Seymour, Esq.

Lady Warwick is still one of the beauties of this period. She has held 'her own' as school boys phrase it for some years past. She was Miss Maynard, daughter of Col. the Hons. C. H. Maynards and Blanche, afterwards Countess of Roslyn. She was an heiress and married the present Lord Warwick in 1881.

Warwick Castle, their historic home is now on 'show' at a shilling entrance, being in the hands of a syndicate. Electric light gives a modern touch to the old pile of buildings, which is difficult to associate with the events and environments of past years. Lady Warwick's tastes are of dlvers kind. She takes a keen interest in the Agricultural College in Reading, which she established, and she also has a shop in Bond Street for wearing apparel. She is a fine horse woman, an expert in gardening. She reads much and interests herself largely n the nursing and welfare of the poor. Sne has been painted by many artists, but perhaps the most charming portrait is the one by Robert Ellis. Her face is perfect inoutline and feature and her figure quite without fault.

Another noted woman of beauty was Mrs. Langtry, the "Jersey Lily." She was the daughter of the Dean of Jersey, Mr. LeBreton, and married Mr. Langtry, a wine merchant, in the early seventies. Her beauty attracted the attention of a royal personage and she was 'in society' for a time, When her husband came 'to grief' she separated from him and went on the stage, where she made a quasi success—which being interpreted means, that she was never a great actress, but her personal appearance, charm of manner and the association which surrounds a woman of her stamp who has taken to the stage, straight from the lap of the fashionable world—has resulted in a monetary success.

For many years she has kept race horses and made herself generally conspicuous where 'men do congregate.' This year, she too married a man more than twenty years her junior, Sir Henry de Bathe's son.

Years ago, Watts painted a portrait of her and called it The Jersey Lily. The picture was much admired and considered to be "full of subtle capabilities."

But we are not told which lily she was supposed to represent—for it does not require one to be a keen student of botany to remember that there are many kinds belonging to that lovely family. For example there is the eucharis lily which seems to breathe purity in its very name—and we also have the tiger lily which suggests another train of thought!

Mrs. Langtry was fair of skin and had a charming form, added to which she had cultivated the art of fascination.

It is a true adage, if old as old time, that a "prophet has no honour in his own country." The cases were parallel with the two contemporary beauties—Mrs. Cornwallis West and Mrs. Langtry. Neither as young girls, in their different neighbourhoods, one in Jersey and the other in Ireland, were considered to have much pretention to beauty. It was in London that they blossomed into note and notriety.

Not least, although last, we mention Miss Ellen Terry, our still - charming actress. She was, so to speak, born on the boards, her father and mother both being on the stage and allowed her to take 'a part' when she was but eight years of age. Our leading actress still looks beautiful in many of her characters, especially in that of 'Olivia' or the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' as we best know the story —and as 'Desdemona.' Although she as longer possesses the slim grace which was one of her great charms, all her movements are delightful. She is so womanly and so sympathetic in her acting and possesses that indefinable magnetism which keeps the spell of enchantment fresh, that she is still unrivalled. It is universally recognised that she unites the attributes of the muses of Tragedy and Comedy. A wonderful portrait was

painted of her by Sargent as Lady Macbeth. The face does not do her justice but the pose and painting of the gown is magnificent. The whole figure being most imposing.

At fifteen years of age her parents married her to the veteran artist, Sir Frederick Watts—on which occasion she wore a drawn silk bonnet and a 'paisley' shawl, and as Mr. Hiatt says in his "Reminiscence," she "thought herself grand?" Another item of interest in the charming books, with its many portraits of character study, is that she says the "first thing necessary to constitute a good actress is to possess a good *heart*." She has a good heart, and this perhaps is the key note to her brilliant success on the stage. When Miss Terry acted in conjunction with Henry Irving at the Lyceum, she gave him the opportunity to gain success. By one of those strange miscarriages of justice he was knighted for what Miss Terry has achieved. Sir Henry Irving's fort is in artistic stage managing, more than that of an actor. His unfortunate mannerisms and delivery grip every character he assumes. In stage effect and in carrying out every detail correctly in character costumes, and in stage-craft he is unsurpassed. But Sir Henry may try as often as he has already failed "to run" a piece without Miss Terry in it, and it always will, as it always has, end in failure. With money at his command he adopted the sumptuous realistic staging which was first attempted by Madame Vestris and carried out by him. And for years the Lyceum has delighted critical audiences. Ellen Terry ls always popular and has had a brilliant career. "Her face," said one able critic," among many beautiful women somehow always puts them in the shade."

Her characters she has either made her own or created, were always as fresh as new mown hay and will always linger so in the recollection of old play-goers.

Not long after her first marriage Miss Terry married Mr. Wardell, an actor, and as a grown up son and daughter. She has been a widow for some years.

SYLVAN.

ARROWS OF FLINT.

A STORY OF A LOST PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

A TOUCH OF HISTORY. · THE WOLF SLAYER.

AN aged Mic-mac squaw, who lives on Hall's Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, says that her father, in his youth, knew the last of the Beothics. At that time—something over a hundred years ago, they numbered (so the old woman says) between two and three hundred. They avoided the Whites but were friendly with the Canadian Indians,

One November day several Mic-macs tried to follow the Beothics on their return trip to the interior of the Island, but the trail was lost in a fall of snow. This was the last seen of the original inhabitants of Newfoundland, save of one woman of the race called Mary March, who died among the white people about eighty years ago.

It was the belief of the old squaw's father that the last of the Beothics destroyed themselves somewhere in the vicinity of Red Indian Lake, and that some day a great cave, filled with their bones, will be discovered.

Master John Guy, who obtained a Royal Charter in 1610 to settle and develop Newfoundland, wrote of the Boethics as a gentle and friendly people. "They are of middle size, broad chested, "and very erect. * * * Their hair is "diverse, some black, some brown, and "some yellow. Their wigwams are "covered with skins."

But later, the settlers found the original inhabitants everything but a friendly or gentle race. Their hate and distrust of the English knew no limits, They became treacherous and blood-thirsty. And the end of it was that the white settlers and the Mic-mac Indians from Nova Scotia, hunted them like wild beasts. The English made numerous attempts to protect them but were always met with wolfish distrust and hate. In 1762 a party of sailors, bent on a friendly mission, were murdered treacherously. In 1810 Lieutenant Buchan lost two marines at Exploits in very much the same way.

D. W. Prowse, in his well known History of Newfoundland, writes, "Bonny-"castle thinks they may have emigrated "in a body to the Canadian Labrador, "and he mentions, in confirmation of "this view, the arrival at the Bay of Seven "Islands of a body of Indians who were "neither Mountaineers nor Mic-Macs, "whom he therefore conjectures were the "remnant of our Beothics. This may "be so, but the general opinion of those "who have studied the subject most "closely is that the Red Indians were "exterminated, partly by the settlers "and the Mic-Macs, partly by famine "and disease."

To-day there are a few bones in the Museum at St. John's, and stories of grassy circles on the lakes and rivers where their wig-wams once stood. Nothing of their language is known and little of their history is remembered.

THE boy struck again with his flint knife, and again the great wolf tore

at his shoulder. The eyes of the boy were as fierce as those of the beast. Neither wavered, neither showed any sign of pain. The dark spruces stood above them with the first shadows of night in their branches, and the western sky was stained red where the sun had been. Twice the wolf dropped his antagonist's shoulder in a vain attempt to grip the throat. The boy, pressed almost to the ground, flung himself about like a dog, and repeatedly drove his clumsy weapon into the wolf's side. At last the fight ended and the great timber-wolf lay dead, with an ugly grin on his bloody lips. The boy ran down to the river and washed his mangled arm and shoulder in the cool water. Then he waded into the current up to his middle and bending down, drank unstintingly. By this time a few pale stars gleamed on the paler background of the eastern sky. A long finger-streak of red low down on the hill-tops, still lightened the West, and one purple cloud hung above it.

The boy returned to the dead wolf and skinned it with the aid of his clumsy knife. Then, throwing the heavy pelt over his shoulder and collecting his bow and stone-headed arrows, he started along a faint trail through the spruces, a trail which seemed to lead away from the river and yet followed it cunningly.

It was night by this time and the voices of the rapids sounded deeper. As the boy moved quietly along sharp eyes flamed at him and sharp ears were pricked to listen. Soft low shadows faded away from his path and questioning heads were turned back over sinewed shoulders, sniffing silently. They smelt the wolf and they smelt the man. They knew that there had been another violent death in the valley of the *River of Three Fires.*

Again walking swiftly for nearly an hour, following a path which our eyes could not have seen, the boy came out on a small meadow bright with camp-fires. Twelve or fourteen conical wigwams, made of birch-poles and caribou-hides, stood about the meadow, and in front of each wigwam burned the cooking-fire. The meadow was almost an island, having the river on two sides and a shallow lagoon cutting in behind, leaving only a narrow strip of alder-grown land, by which one might cross dry shod. The meadow, including the alders and a clump of big spruces, was not more than three acres in extent.

The boy halted in front of the largest lodge and threw the wolf-skin down by the fire. Then he stood straight and motionless. Two women who were broiling meat, looked from the great pelt, to the sturdy boy and then cried softly to him in tones of love and admiration. The skin looked fearful enough in the red fire light, for the head skull and all, was still attached.

"Now give me my man-name," cried the boy.

The older woman, his mother, tried to tend his wounded arm, but he shook her roughly away. She seemed accustomed to the treatment and still clung to him, calling him hundreds of great names.

A stalwart man came from the dark interior of the wigwam. He glanced from his son to the untidy mass of fur and skin. His eyes gleamed at sight of the boys torn arm and the white teeth of the wolf.

"Wolf slayer," he cried, and turning to the women—"let this be his man-name—Wolf Slayer."

And so the boy, at the age of fourteen years, became a warrior among his father's people.

The people of this great island—it was the whole world to them—though

all of one race, were divided into many small tribes. One tribe held the River of Three Fires from the head of Wind Lake (Red Indian Lake) North and East to the great sea-bay. It was divided into seven little camps, each camp under a chief and the whole under the great chief Soft-Hand. The seven camps together did not number more than three thousand persons.

Soft-Hand was a great chief, and wise beyond his generation. At this time he was heavy with age, for the snows of eighty winters had drifted against the walls of his lodge and the suns of eighty summers had warmed his straight limbs. He was gentle, and yet his people feared him. He was kind to women and children, and had honoured his mother and loved his wife, and yet the warriors dared not sneer. The village of this great chief was at the head of Wind Lake. Upon the night of young Wolf Slayer's adventure Soft-Hand and his grandson came to the village in the meadow. The youth was called Ouenwa, meaning the young man who dreams, and he and Wolf Slayer sat together by the fire, and Wolf Slayer held his wounded arm ever under the other's eyes, and talked mightily of his deed.

At first Ouenwa was smiling and polite. He was a slip of a lad, though quick and tall for his age. At last he became weary of his comrade's talk. He wanted to listen, in peace, to the song of the river.

"Ah! this wind," he said, "would kill a pack of wolves, or the black cave-devil himself."

"There is no wind to-night," replied Wolf Slayer.

"There is a mighty one blowing about this fire," said Ouenwa, softly," and it speaks altogether of a great warrior who slew a wolf."

"It is not the work for a dreamer," said the other, sullenly.

Ouenwa smiled at the fire but made no answer.

That night he and the great chief reposed in the chief's lodge, with Wolf Slayer and his father.

In the early morning they started up stream in their canoes, on their return journey to Wind Lake. And Soft-Hand was silent, and did not answer half of Ouenwa's questions, for he had grown moody in his old age.

The two warriors who worked the canoe poled and grunted and swore at the rapids. The sun came up clear and warm and the snipe zig-zagged across the river, starting up from every strip of pebbly shore. The king-fisher flashed his burnished wings ahead of the canoe and screamed his meaningless challange.

"King-fisher would have been a fitting name for the boy that slew the wolf," said Ouenwa.

"Nay," said the old man, "his is no empty cry. He will be a brave man and a cunning. Beware of him."

CHAPTER II.

THE ARROW-MAKER.

THE Arrow-maker dwelt alone at the head of a small bay. His home was half wig-wam, half hut. There were poles covered with skins for a roof, but the walls were of turf and stones. He was an old man and had once been a earles s and skillful warrior. He had loved a woman of a friendly tribe and she had given him laughter in return. Then he had turned all his skill and bravery to cunning, and had brought about a lasting war between the tribes. And even now he sat before the door of his lodge, shaping spear-heads and arrow-heads for the fight-

ing-men. Some arrows he made of jasper, and some of flint, and not a few of purple slate. And these last would break off in the wound. They were the arrow-makers darlings. "For the chase," he once said to a young man," I make the long shape of jasper, three fingers wide, and I fasten a heavy and long shaft to it. And this will hold in the deer's side and may be plucked out after death. For the battle I chip the flint and shape the narrow splinters of slate. All three are good in their way if the bow be strong,"

The warriors brought the rough stones to him and paid him for his craftsmanship in meats and furs, and smoked fish. He made a song, one day, as he sat at work in the door of his lodge. It was as rough as his arrows-heads and as true.

The days, the seasons, the years go by—
Fog-cloud and glint,
And I sit still at my joyful work
Chipping the flint.

Arrows of grey and arrows of black
Soon shall be red.
What will the white moon say to the proud
Warriors dead?

Arrows of jasper, arrows of flint,
Arrows of slate!
So! with the skill of my hands I shape
Arrows of hate.

Fly my little ones, straight and true,
Silent as sleep:
Tell me, wind, of the flints I sow
What shall I reap?

Sorrow will come to their council fires,
Weeping and fear
Will stalk to the heart of their great chief's lodge
Year after year.

When the moon rides on the purple hills
Joyous of face,
Thee do I give, to the men of my tribe,
Heads for the chase.

When the chief's fire on the hill-top glows
Like a red star
Then do I give, to the men of my tribe,
Heads for the war.

Arrows of jasper, arrows of flint,
Splinters of slate!
Thus, in the door of my lodge I nurse
Battle and hate.

One evening, as he sat in front of his lodge, looking toward the fading light in the East, his trained ear caught the sound of a faint call from the wooded hills behind. Without turning, he lifted his head and listened.

Again it came, very weak and far away.

"It is the voice of a woman," he said, and smiled grimly.

The light faded softly in the East. Again the cry whispered across the stillness.

"It may be the voice of a child, lost in the woods," said the Arrow-maker. He rose from his seat and blew his fire back to a tiny flame. Then he piled it high with faggots and started across the tumbled rocks toward the edge of the wood.

Though old, he was still strong and fearless and the frost that, years ago, had touched his heart, had not chilled it to the core. He made his way swiftly through the heavy growth of spruce, eager now to give assistance. Every now and then he paused to make sure of the direction. The piteous cry was repeated over and over again. The old man kept up his tireless trot through underbrush and swamp, and did not display either caution or weariness until he reached the bank of a small, turbulent stream. Then he drew into the shadow of a clump of firs and lay close, breathing heavily. The moon had risen by this time and shed its thin radiance over the wilderness. The water in the little river growled and worried at the fanged rocks that tortured it. The crying had ceased, but the eyes of the Arrow-maker were fixed intently on the further bank, directly opposite him. There seemed to be something wrong with the shadows. A bent figure slipt down to the edge of the stream where the water spun quiet in a silver eddy, and then dropt lower onto hands and knees. Again the cry rang weakly abroad, thin and high above the tumult of the falls. The watcher left his hiding-place and

waded the stream with difficulty. At the edge of the spinning eddy he found a woman lying exhausted. A long shaft still clung to her left shoulder and the blood was clotted about the wound. The old man lifted her against his breast and bathed her face with the cool water until she opened her eyes.

"Chief," she whispered, "pluck out the arrow."

"Daughter, you will bleed to death," he replied, "for it is an ugly shot."

"I pray you pluck it out," she repeated, "for the pain of it has eaten into my spirit. It is a cruel shaft and a cruel barb, and sprang to me from a little wood, and I heard not so much as the twang of the string."

The old man continued to hold the woman with his left arm, and with strong, gentle fingers he worked the arrow in the wound, and at last drew it forth. Then he bound his own belt of dressed leather over her shoulder. She sobbed with relief. The Arrow-maker let her slip softly to the ground and stood examining the weapon in his hand.

"It is a war arrow," he said to himself, "and it is none of my making."

(To be continued.)

GRAYLOCK'S BRIDE.

BY A. STEWART CLARKE.

HITHER and thither in the gray light, now circling upward with a rapid sweep, frisking and eddying in the clutch of a vagrant breeze, now driven in a reckless zig-zag fashion before some stronger blast, a solitary snow-flake fluttering slowly downward settled at last on the mighty crest of Graylock. For an instant it remained a feathery speck of gleaming white, the next, but a dull discoloration marked the spot where it had rested. Born of the sunbeams far out on the Pacific, nursed on the bosom of the restless waters, it had reached maturity in the upper air and had been wafted inland over fertile acres and arid wastes to die more than a thousand miles from the sound of the sea.

Three months had passed since the last drop of moisture had vanished from the sun-baked pinnacles of the Sawtooth Range, and now 'twas time for them to again take on their winter robes. For untold ages, Graylock's jagged peak, which seemed to leap from the shoulders of the lesser masses of granite upheaval in endless coufusion about the narrov valley, had sentinelled a wilderness untrodden by the foot of man, save that at long intervals, during the brief summer, some wandering band of Shoshones or Blackfeet had camped upon its lower slopes to hunt the bighorn or fish in the swift stream which flowed at its feet.

Lately, however, the white man had come, tunnels had been driven deep in the neighboring hills, and treasures, long guarded jealously by the forbidding cliffs, had been brought to the light of day. Herds of cattle and sheep had appeared on the lower ranges, and the red men had vanished deeper into the wilderness. From year to year the settlement grew until quite a collection of buildings bordered

the river, and Atlanta became a permanent camp.

As the sunlight crept over the naked crags and stole further and further into the valley, signs of life showed themselves in a neat log cabin which stood almost under the shadow of Graylock. Presently a woman appeared in the doorway, where she paused for a moment gazing at the big peak overhead, outlined sharply against the blue sky. More than once since she had arisen, she had scrutinized the neighboring heights and studied those more distant with minute attention. While she now stood with a troubled look upon her face, a girlish figure joined her and a slender arm crept round her waist. "I don't like the look of the weather, Nan."

Nancy Blake glanced in the direction her mother was gazing—there was uot a cloud in sight—and then as her eyes rested on the elder woman's features a look of tender sympathy stole over her face.

"There's a storm brewin' somewhere," continued Mrs. Blake. "See! Look at the streamers floatin' from the peaks in the south there! That means dirty weather sure."

The morning passed slowly, the sunshine losing something of its brightness as the noon hour approached. Mrs. Blake marked the deepening hues behind the grizzled summits, noted that each cliff and crag stood out in bold relief nearer than ever before, and her anxiety became more marked as she went about her work. Well she knew that ominous tint! A year before she had watched it spreading wider and wider, deepening as the hours passed, until with a sickening dread she had seen the first of the storm-clouds settle slowly over the face of Graylock. That night her husband had met his death: a victim to the fury of the storm which had raged for two days, piling the snow hundreds of feet in depth in the gulches, and carrying death and destruction alike to thousands of shelterless sheep and their unfortunate herders, who, deceived by the promise of fair weather and the mildness of the season, had remained later than usual in the higher hills. Now the advent of the storm, (unmistakable signs of which she was the first to note) recalled the events of the year before, and forebodings of evil filled her with a dread unrest.

After her household duties were over, in the afternoon Nan announced her intention of going for a ramble. Mrs. Blake's fears were roused at once at this proposition and it was with much difficulty that Nan succeeded in partially pacifying her upon promising to be back in an hour.

Nan loved the hills—she knew them, every trail and by-path—and it was not long before she was seated on a boulder some distance up a neighboring slope where it overlooked the river and afforded a glimpse of its intricate windings. Here she noticed for the first time that some of the larger peaks were now covered with clouds and even as she watched, a snow-flake brushed her cheek. Remembering her mother's anxiety she determined to cut short her ramble and return at once to the cabin.

Rising hurriedly to her feet she stood irresolute for a moment, seemingly in doubt as to the best way home. The nearest, lay through the big gulch just below her, but that would take her past the "Last Chance" and perhaps—Nan's cheeks flushed a little—but then it was *much* the nearest way and—surely he could not think that of her. Nan's hesitation vanished, and scrambling down the slope she made her way rapidly

down the gulch. The "Last Chance," the men of which boarded at the Blake's, was the only mine operating in Atlanta during the winter months, and Nan told herself that it was but natural that she should be interested in all that pertained to it on that account. Besides the superintendent had been so kind to them and she could not be ungrateful.

Ned Marsden was a gentleman too. Nan felt sure that he must be well connected "back east." He was to her the very embodiment of all that was manlike and manly and Nan had admired him ever since he had first come to take charge of the mine.

Then had followed her father's death, and the tender consideration he had evinced for her during the days of her desolation had completely won her heart. It was through him it had been arranged that Mrs. Blake should board the men of the "Last Chance" at a good figure: a God-send to her in the straightened circumstances in which she found herself after her husband's death. It was he who had secured for them the post-office, the returns of which, in the summer time, amounted to a snug little sum. Many unconsidered acts of his had revealed the kindness of his nature, and Nan had treasured their memory in a way that would have astonished the miner had he had the faintest notion of the regard in which he was held.

"Do you s'pose I'll ever see your sister?" she had asked him one day after he had received a budget of Eastern mail. Marsden had sometimes spoken to her of his mother and sister in that far away East, which she had never seen but of which she had such a wonderful idea, and since then they had been her daily companions in her imaginary journeyings in that enchanted region Marsden had smiled at her serious manner as she asked the question.

"I hardly think it likely, Nan," he replied. Then after a pause, during which his thoughts travelled far and fast, he added: "Well, who knows! Stranger things have happened."

Nan had brightened with pleasure at his words, and for a moment he was puzzled as he watched her. Then playfully patting her cheek, he had dismissed the matter with the idea tnat the question had been prompted by some idle fancy.

Busy with her reflections, Nan was passing the various buildings about "the works," when, just as she was opposite the hoist, she heard Marsden's voice in conversation with some one, and the next instant a door opened somewhere and she caught his words distinctly.—"Growing up in ignorance, with no other ambition than to excel in manlike accomplishments and no other desire than to roam the hills and attend an occasional dance in some log shanty." She heard her name coupled with some other remarks, and then the door closed with a slam.

For an instant Nan scarcely realized the import of the words, then their significance came home to her with a force that sent the blood tingling through her veins and brought a hot flush of shame to her cheeks. So he *pitied* her: that was all then. Anger, resentment and humiliation filled Nan's soul with a bitter flood of recollection. During her father's life-time she had all but lived out doors. She loved horses and could ride a broncho with the ease of a veteran cow-boy: she had learned to master the obstinacy and guile of the Norwegian ski, and few were more expert in their

use. Shortly after she was sixteen she had crossed the range in the middle of winter on her snowshoes to attend a dance at Rocky Bar, twenty miles away, and had returned the next day—a feat she had been rather proud of; but now it seemed but a vain thing; unwomanly, only worthy of an "ignorant" lttle savage.

Tears came to Nan's eyes as she hurried home through the failing snow. Her day-dream was over—crushed in the light of cruel knowledge. What a little goose she had been, but then no one should know it: her eyes had been opened in time for that she was thankful; but life could never be the same to her—the sunshine had gone—and as she lifted her eyes to her beloved hills, she noted with a thrill of melancholy pleasure that Graylock's crest was hidden in a dark mass of angry clouds.

"Well Nan, Graylock's got his winter coat on this morning. You'll be able to put on your skis." Nan colored as she looked at the speaker and her lip trembled an instant as she made some laughing rejoinder.

The night had passed. The force of the storm, which had amply fulfilled Mrs. Blake's predictions, had spent itself, though it was still snowing fast and the hills were hidden from sight.

Nan watched Marsden's stalwart figure as he ploughed his way through the deep snow—and she wondered vaguely whether he had noticed any difference in her manner towards him.

Marsden was unaware that his criticism had been overheard, and his remark as he had left the house was kindly meant: but with her knowledge of his opinion of her so freely expressed, it had hurt cruelly. Nan, however, was a brave little "savage" and resolutely putting aside her unhappiness she busied herself with her work, and it was late in the afternoon ere she seated herself by the parlor window which looked out upon Graylock's massive bulk.

It had cleared sufficiently to reveal the hills, now clothed in their first winter coats, and the air was soft and mild. A mist hung over the higher peaks and Graylock's crest was invisible. Once or twice Nan started suddenly and gazed anxiously at the snow-clad slopes. A low rumbling, like distant thunder, came from the direction of Graylock's shrouded summit, and on one occasion there appeared an unusual commotion somewhere in the mist, which seemed to roll rapidly downward for some distance.

Nan knew the meaning of that dreaded sound and glanced anxiously in the direction in which the "Last Chance" was situated, nearly half a mile away.

Rising presently, she went to the front door and opened it: the air was warm and saturated with moisture—a chinook! Coming right in wake of the heavy snow-fall, that balmy air meant a more deadly danger than the tempest to those among the hills.

In many of her excursions during the summer she came across the track of devastation made by "a slide" which had occurred sometime in the winter. Following a familiar trail, she would suddenly, at the bottom of some deep gulch, find her progress blocked by a mass of timber piled like matchwood, criss-cross in all directions. Great trees torn up by the roots, and boulders, bigger than the house she lived in, rested where the spent force of the avalanche had left them.

Resuming her seat at the window she went on with her sewing, keeping a watchful eye on the hills.

Presently, from out the mist that clung close to the sullen brow of Graylock, there burst into view a shapeless bulk whirling and twisting in frantic convolutions as it swept down the steep slope, leaving nothing behind it but the naked rock to mark its headlong plunge.

Nan sprang to her feet with a cry of alarm that brought her mother into the room, and the two women, spellbound, watched the awful spectacle. The whole side of the mountain seemed to crumble at the touch of that mighty deluge as it thundered downward into the valley. Big firs were scattered like straws in its furious clutch, and others were ground to pulp under the impact of pondrous masses of rock. No sound ever heard by human ears equals the fearsome note of an avalanche, and as the last echoes of its final plunge died away, the two women faced each other with pale faces, each reading the other's thoughts ere a glance in the direction of the "Last Chance" confirmed their worst fears.

At ten o'clock that night, Nan was standing in the doorway of the little cabin which had sheltered her since her birth. She had promptly made up her mind, as soon as she had ascertained the extent of the disaster, to carry a note to the letter-box, which had been placed for the convenience of scattered settlers on the summit of the divide over which ran the road from the distant railway to Rocky Bar. The mail-carrier would pass that way the next day and take the news to that camp from whence help might come in time.

She had only waited a chance of slipping away quietly, and now the opportunity had come. Her mother was with Mrs. Brown, a neighbour, whose husband of over seventy years was the only man in Atlanta beside those employed by the "Last Chance." In summer the settlement had quite a population, but few cared to risk the chances of sickness and possible privation which might occur during a period, the duration of which was always uncertain when all communication with the outside world was cut off, and accordingly those not intending to winter in the hills had departed earlier in the season.

It was thought that the imprisoned miners would have plenty of air to last them a week or more, and all might yet be well if she could but reach the summit. *If she could*—none knew better than Nan the danger she was about to face in the present condition of the weather. Death was abroad in the air and from its lurking-place under the big peaks might come in awful form at any moment.

The night was now clear and the stars shone brightly upon the snow-clad hills. Not a sound disturbed the silence which brooded everywhere. Graylock's grim visage seemed less harsh in the dim starlight, though Nan fancied she could trace the havoc wrought by the avalanche.

With a hasty glance at the towering hills and a final adjustment of the straps of her skis, she struck out on her long climb.

DOWN deep under beetling cliffs, a yawning gulf, invisible from the valley, opens suddenly on the traveler seeking to gain the bald, jutting crags which crown the topmost pinnacles of Graylock. All must pass near its fearful brink who seek the passage across the range or desire to plant their feet on the towering heights above. A lesser spur, rising abruptly from the shoulder of the big peak, leaves but a narrow strip at the edge of the precipice along which the trail runs. But for a brief time each year,

does the daylight fall on the lower walls of the forbidding crevasse, and no sunbeam ever dances on the snowy mounds which carpet the bottom of the abyss, over which the stars twinkle from the darkened heavens in the brightest days of summer. No living thing haunts the dismal depths; even the winged fowl of the air shun its chilly embrace, and no sound but some occasional echo from above disturbs the brooding silence.

Somewhere there, in her shroud of feathery white, a girlish figure sleeps peacefully amid the shadowy light where none will more disturb her slumber. The snow-flakes with dainty touch nestle close to the pallid cheek and wrap the graceful limbs with jealous care. The stars, always burning overhead, alone know her secret who rests so quietly in her snowy bed, and as they watch over her sleep they flash to other worlds the story of her devotion; while Graylock, ever faithful, bids defiance to all intruders and guards with icy breath the portals of her white-robed sepulchre.

In the valley below, men live who owe their lives to Nan's heroism; and when her story was made known among the natives, the red men said the white maiden had gone to be Graylock's bride.

A CHRISTMAS EXTINGUISHER.

BY C. T. JAMES.

OF all the number of my acquaintances the most genial and jolly is George Le F——, who holds Her Majesty's Commission for the conveyance of mails from Channel tc Dead Islands and return. George is about the best on a yarn that one could meet; is a firm believer in keeping up Christmas, and as good a guide on a Caribou hunt as any in the Island, and in spite of his nearing the allotted span, is more youthful than most of the young bucks around. To see George in pursuit of an old stag, with about fifty weight of grub to his back, is to see a never to be forgotten sight, and I remember a day in September eight years ago, seeing him on the chase, his pack loosely fastened and jumping about from side to side, as he dashed along at a pace which speedly threatened to leave the younger members of the party behind. In his excitement uncle had forgotten the weight of his pack, and that evening when he had pitched camp and started tea, we found that our butter, which was in a crock, and part of George's pack, had been turned to a greasy cream, which was untouchable. Our sugar jar also had come unstoppered and had mixed with the pepper and salt, making a highly delectable condiment fit for no other purpose than to cure the venison we did'nt get. From that time the tortoise of the crowd carried the reserve stores, but all this, as Rudyard K., says is another story.

What particularly struck me about our guide was his fondness for indulging in reminiscences of past Christmases, and lamenting over the decadence of the present age.

"No sir!" he would say to me when in the mood, "No sir, Chistmas is not kept up like it used to be," and seeing a yarn in the distance I merely acquiesced

and held my peace. "In my time sir," continued he "we had grand carryings on, a whole fortnight holiday, plenty of dancing and whacks of grog, but now if you want a little jollification the good people tell you that its wicked and belongs to the devil. It may be so, but we had the fun in them days."

I let him run on in this strain, enjoying his hits at modern life and ideas, until at last I concluded that it was about time to remind him of the promise he had made to spin me a yarn about a big spree on a bygone Christmas Eve at Dead Islands.

"Did I ever tell you," asked he, "of the time John H—— put out the light at a dance?" I shook my head. "Well then," he added, "fill your pipe and make yourself comfortable and I'll begin."

"About fifty years agone when fish was more plentiful than now, and the boys were more lively, and by the same token times was a great deal better, a crowd of us young fellows made it up to have a time at Christmas. We had whacks of St. Peters rum, two whole sheep, cabbage, potatoes and other fixings in abundance, in fact all the material for a big spree with a break down on the end of it. The whole harbor was all agog as we were bound to make it beat everything ever had there before, and I can say that we did that, far and away beyond our expectations. Well when Christmas eve came, all preparations were completed. One house was to be used for cooking and eating, another for dancing, and a third for a refreshment room. In the evening the boys donned their best pants and Shrewsbury shirts, the girls arranged themselves in their widest hooped skirts, poke bonnets and aprons, and pairing off they processioned to the dance-room. Then one lot was told off to look after the cooking, another to wait on tables, and a third party to see that the ball-room was properly prepared.

You must understand sir that the houses in them times were not mansions for largness, so you can easily see that the dance-room was limited, as one part of it was taken up by the 'dresser,' without which no room was considered furnished, especially when it was decorated with an abundance of willow pattern crockery and fancy glass-ware. The old-fashioned chimney backing took a big cut off the other end, which left but small space to welt the floor in. The ceiling too as was usual, was low and ornamented with gun-racks between the beams, the old 'long-tom flake longer' with its lock-flap of seal skin being the chief fire arm in it. This made the loft so low that in the promenade the boys were obliged to stoop, so that ends of racks would not knock off their caps,—

"What's that you say, caps on in a dance?"

'Why sir, the real style then was caps and shirtsleeves; coats were too warm, and beside it was regular rivalry among the boys to see who could wear the fanciest shirt and pair of braces. You can imagine how we were enjoying ourselves, when I tell you that the music was nowhere, everyone was keeping his own time and with an occasional clout at the jug which was passing around frequently dancing was somewhat wild. Shortly after midnight when the eating was over and the older women had cleared away the dishes, all hands gathered around to witness the dancing and to see who could heave the lightest leg. There were a good many competitors for this honor. Then it was that John H.— came into the room, and having been taking "hooters" enough to make him mischievous, conceived the idea of putting out the light by snapping a gun

cap at it just to show how steady his hand was. This was a common form of amusement then and one in great vogue. Accordingly he reached up and took the longest sealing gun from the rack and crossing the room seated himself on the dresser with his back to the crockery. Placing a cap on the nipple, (it was the first coming of percussion locks) he pointed the gun which he was holding loosely, at the light hanging by the chimney back and not heeding the remonstrances of the ladies, which was very ungallant on his part, he pulled the trigger. The result was appalling. Bang went eight fingers of powder and shot, and crash went the dishes as John was driven by the kick clean through the back of the dresser. The lamp went out in pieces and the oil spattered about and messed the girls clothes, the charge of shot went through the chimney back and rattled around the heads of a few old covies who were playing cards in the other room. The women shrieked and the men swore at John and complimented him in strong language on the accuracy of his aim. John's father, who was sitting in the corner and who had barely escaped having his head blown off, was at length heard to remark (He was a West countryman). "Well, I'll he danged if thee has'nt put en out lad!" When another light was fetched in it showed pieces of crockery and glass, bits of stone from the chimney backing, grimy faced women and men and John in a double bow-knot sitting among the ruins, trying to reach around to his back with one hand, and rub his shoulder when the gun kicked, with the other. When quiet was restored and the wreckage picked up dancing was begun again, but John did not take any part in, and it was a long time before ever he tried to extinguish a light by snapping a cap at it, without first seeing how many fingers was in the gun."

With which conclusion George threw some fresh junks on the fire, and rolling himself in his blanket was soon snoring loud enough to startle all the deer within a three mile radius of the camp.

CHANNEL, NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE FORSAKEN CANOE.

I sleep all day and count my dreams,
Live my gay ventures o'er again,
See the dead campfires, and the men,
The spruce-topped hills and willowed streams,
The grey geese, homing from far South,
The jammed logs at the river's mouth,
The cat-kinned alders near and far
Starting the banks with fairy gleams,
The drift-wood, swinging at the bar—
I sleep all day and count my dreams.

My master's love has passed me by,
But I remember those old things—
The splashing, and the beat of wings;
The flitting king-fisher's long cry;
The heron at the water's rim
With checkered shadows over him;
The songs the bending paddles knew;
The winds across the hollow sky.
All these come back, so dear, so true,
Though his brown hands have passed me by.

The frosts of winter chill me through,
The suns of summer do not reach
This dusty loft. On spit and beach
I know the sunlight washes true.
I know the clear wind wakes the trees
To honest, woodland melodies,
While I lie here, and spiders twist
Their webs, and those dear things I knew—
Taste of the rapids, trick of wrist
Come not, and silence chills me through.

Winter and August; Spring and Fall;
Wet fields; ripe cherries; shingles bare
To sun and summer; April, rare
With magic fragrance, and the call
Of grey geese in the midnight—Dead!
All dead to me, save in my dream!
So, let me dream. The rapids brawl,
The blue smoke blows across the stream,
And God's wide peace is over all.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

A QUEER CHRISTMAS EVE.

AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE.

"SO to-morrow will be Christmas Day," I thought, as I reclined on the rough wooden bench which was the only apology for an arm chair which I possessed. It was the third time that this day of general rejoicing had found me hidden away in the mountains of North West Canada, toiling and half starving to amass the fortune which was to make my life one of ease and luxury.

I looked at the fire in the sheet iron box which served as a stove; a luxury by the way, in those parts, and seeing that it was burning low and that the supply of wood was none too plentiful, I decided to betake myself to my blankets and sleep away tne long winter's night, which was to usher in the first day of rest I had had for twelve months.

I rose and went to the door of the rough one roomed log hut which served as my dwelling, mining plant, and safe deposit. I opened the hewed wood door, which creaked dismally as it swung on its sole leather hinges, as though complaining of the cold it was obliged to suffer for my benefit, and looked out.

It was a glorious night, such a night as only those who take their lives in their hands and penetrate into the world's vast iron bound ramparts, ever see, Myriads of stars shone over head and a glistening mantle of snow covered the mountain sides, relieved here and there, in the valleys and sheltered nooks, by the dark foliage of the mountain spruces. Not a breath of air could be felt and the frost crystals forming here and there in the atmosphere flashed out for a moment like tiny diamonds.

Then in the Northern sky there appeared a faint yellowish green glow presaging the coming of the Aurora Borealis. Silence reigned supreme, that mighty silence, the birthright of the mountains of the North, to which the ear listens spell bound, and whose influence holds the senses of men in awe and helps them to a rare conception of the infinite Universe of which they form so insignificant a part.

The faint glow of the Aurora brightened, forming a spangled curtain across the sky; here and there it waved and folded in a musical rythmic cadence. Another moment and the first colour chord was struck and the eye was fascinated by a myriad harmonies of light chasing one another across the dome of heaven. Again the curtain swelled as though a dreamy melody dominated for an instant the brilliant harmonies, now losing itself in chord upon chord of glistening multi-coloured streamers, only to reappear elsewhere blending itself with the sparkling of many minor chords which flashed in evanescent scintillations from the cold blackness of the Northern Arc.

It was as though nature was playing a solemn prelude of colour music to the anniversary of that greatest of world mysteries which has laid its indelible imprint on the history of human development.

Truly, thought I, it is by such means as this that one learns the true significance of that indefinable influence of spirit, of power, of infinite personality, before which science falls back, taking

her place as the helper but not the leader of man.

I shivered and turned thoughtfully back into the hut closing the door as I did so, for it was far too cold to stand exposed to the night air.

As I knocked the ashes from my faithful bull-dog briar, an old question came to me once again. Was the object for which I was striving worth the price?

I had left home and medium prospects, determined to amass a fortune; for three years I had struggled in this desolate region, at first with ill-luck and untold hardships. At last, when I seemed to have almost reached the end of my resources, I had made a find which proved to be a rich one, and had located in my present abode to spend the winter washing gold from the gravel which I took from the shaft at the far end of my cabin. To obtain water for washing the gold from the gravel, I had to melt snow on the stove and use the same liquid over and over again.

I had of late succeeded extremely well, and hardly a day passed that I was not enabled to add sundry weighty nuggets to my treasure box, hidden at the bottom of the shaft. What if now on the eve of suceess I should fall ill and die uncared for and forgotten? What if the hardships of another winter in this hopeless wilderness proved too much for my powers of endurance? What if I reached civilization with a fortune, would the wealth I had striven to accumulate at cost of health and strength, and for which I was sacrificing the best years of my life, yield me what my fancy pictured, or would it prove to be a gilded spectre of unrest and unsatisfying gratification? Or worst of all! What if some poor desperate starving wretches discovered my lonely hoard, and murdered me for it in my sleep? I shuddered at the thought, mentally shook myself free from the nervous fit which was upon me, and noticing that the lantern was burning low and remembering that my supply of oil was scanty, I hastily prepared for sleep, rolling myself in many thicknesses of heavy blankets, vowing as I did so that this should be my last Christmas under similar circumstances.

I was soon sleeping deeply, tired out after a hard day's panning which had yielded exceptionally good results. I must have slept some little time when a dim indefinable consciousness stole over me, and I began to feel an uneasy dread, as though some lurking danger threatened me. My eyes half opened only to be met by an impenetrable wall of darkness; but some curious instinct warned me that I was not alone in the cabin. I was still in a comatose condition, too deep to admit of movement when I felt the trestle bed on which I lay move and creak ominously, as though some heavy body was leaning against it; at the same moment something began to creep stealthily over the blankets towards my head. Rapid breathing was audible, apparently right over where I lay. Consciousness and reasoning power now rapidly asserted themselves over my sleep bound brain, and as my faculties brightened I strained my eyes upwards through the murky darkness, trying to see what this intruder might be. The motion amongst the blankets continued, as in a lightening flash of thought, I realised my position. I was face to face with my murderer. Somewhere above me were his glinting avaricious eyes which lusted for my hard won treasure. His hand was seeking for my throat, I felt it drawing nearer and nearer. It reached my flesh and wound itself about my windpipe.

I remembered too late that I had forgotten to secure the cabin door before

turning in, according to my invariable custom, as a protection against gold thieves.

Instinctively the thought of my revolver came to me as it hung ready loaded over the head of my bed, but it was too high up for me to reach without rising, which I could not do with my enemy above me. At any moment a knife might descend and put an end for ever to all chance of my seeing again the well loved home and friends so far away. So this was to be my reward for the hardships I had endured. Now on the very threshold of success I was about to die a dog's death; the record of my life was to be obliterated amongst the most impenetrable regions of the world, even as the footsteps of the benighted traveller are hidden by the swiftly drifting snow leaving no trace of whence he came or whither he went. I was to be forgotten with the thousands of others whose love of gain had tempted them to a wilderness of death instead of a land of promise.

These thoughts flashed through my brain with lightening speed and with them came reaction. At least I would not die without a struggle; my murderer should suffer if not die with me. If I could only grip him fair! I threw my arm free of the blankets and grasped in the blackness above me. I felt something. Yes! my hand had grasped his throat. This nerved me, and throwing my other arm free I reached upwards for another hold. The breathing above quickened. My hand brushed past something sharp and hard. What was it? The cold keen edge of a naked knife ready to descend. If I could only seize the wrist that held it perhaps I might avert the blow. I grasped again and my fingers twined around the sought for wrist. I now gathered myself together for a spring. I would try and throw myself upward with a sudden jerk and so get on more even terms with my opponent.

I felt that it was my only chance of life. The rapid breathing of my adversary became a stifled gasp. I felt the hand about my throat relax, and immediately try to free my fingers from the choking grip I had obtained. For a moment neither of us moved; both bodies were at their utmost tension and a threatening silence reigned, only broken by our gasping breath. If I lost my hold I felt I would be lost. As I lay with the full weight of the man on top of me my grip was gradually loosened; 'strain as I would with the desperation of self-defence, I could not resist muscles far stronger than my own. Another gasp and I heard a voice gurgle,

"Let go, can't ye! For God's sake! Ye're choken me." And then more plainly: "Have'nt ye got it"? "Why don't ye take it"? The voice seemed strangely familiar and not unkindly as my straining muscles relaxed and it regained its full tone. The next second I felt the cold sharp edge of the knife pass between my fingers and thumb, Involuntarily my hand closed over the blade which crumpled in my grasp.

"There it is! Now ye got it, ha'nt ye"? said the familiar voice which in a second I recognised as that of my friend, Mike Callaghan, a rough Irish miner who worked a claim some miles higher up the same creek on which I had made my find.

The intense relief that this sudden recognition afforded me made me laugh hysterically. When I recovered my voice I said:

"Oh! It's you, Mike. Is it?"

"It's that same," said Mike, with a comical chuckle.

'Well," said I, "you gave me a pretty good fright. I thought some skunk had come to finish me and bag my washings."

"It would ha' ben mighty bad for 'im ef he had;" replied Mike, "Begorra I thought I was choked."

"Well, let's hear how you got it, Mike," said I, referring to the letter which he had brought me and which had been the innocent cause of our recent struggle, for I recognised by the hard thickly glazed paper of the envelope that it was a long wished for missive from home, five thousand miles away.

"It was this way, ye see," said Mike, shifting himself to a more comfortable position on the edge of the bed, "I had to go down as far as the camp yesterday to try and get some mate, seein' as we'd ben out of it this long time, and this morning, just as I was strapping up me pack, up comes the mailman an' says, says he: "Do you know a man by the name of James Allcroft, located anywhere about here,"

"Indade, I do," says I, "That's him as has his claim just below me fifteen miles up the Eastern Creek. A lanky chap, not much built for this game I reckon."

"That must be him," says he, "I have a letter for him, will ye take it with ye?"

"Right you are, give it here," says I, so I brings it along and seein' as how ye was turned in and the door not barred, I says to meself, "Now, I'll jest feel for his hand and slip it in quiet," so you'd have a surprise in the morning."

I thanked my kind-hearted friend warmly as he rose to finish his rough tramp to his own diggings.

"Don't ye get up now in the could," said he, "I'll bar the door so as no one 'll break in without wakin' ye! So long!"

"So long, and a Merry Christmas to you Mike," said I.

"What's that ye're sayin', tain't never surely Christmas?" cried he.

"Yes," said I, "to-morrow's Christmas Day."

"Be Jabers" cried Mike delighted, "It's Providence sint me down for grub. Ah! It's mesilf and Jim Doolae as 'll have a faste to-morrow as good as any in Kilkenny. They tell me the trail to Dawson's much better and there won't be much throuble about running short of provisions in future. Time for it, says I; Well, good luck."

"Good luck, Mike, and thank you." As the door closed I turned over and putting my precious letter, the first for nine months, under the folded blanket which did duty for a pillow, I rolled myself up and once more addressed myself to sleep with a contentment that no gold could buy, and with the anticipation of infinite pleasure on the morrow.

I slept soundly, only once or twice being awakened by a stray leak in the blankets which needed caulking, and a desire to rub the tip of my nose, the only part of my anatomy allowed to be even partially exposed to the attentions of Jack Frost.

As soon as I was fully awake I jumped up. The light was just dribbling through the piece of oiled calico which took the place of glass for a window.

I hastily kindled a fire, for the cold was intense, then turning to my only companion, a sweet faced photograph which smiled at me from the window sill, I wished it, I fondly hoped for the last time, "A Merry Christmas."

ILLICIT DIAMONDS.

BY FREDERICK MACDONALD.

A man has only got to live a few days in Kimberley, to realise that the greatest possible crime he can commit is I. D. B. Translated into plain English, these three letters mean—Illicit Diamond Buying. Kill a kaffir, steal a horse, set fire to your house on purpose to obtain the insurance money, wreck a train,—in short, commit almost any crime, and a smart lawyer always stands a chance of getting you off with a nominal sentence, but woe betide the man who is found in possession of the smallest of rough diamonds, unless he can produce a miner's right, and a diggers monthly license. Without these, he is immediately accused of I. D. B., and a little later he will be assisting to build the breakwater at Cape Town under the vigilant eyes of sentries armed with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets. Seven years hard labor is invariably the punishment meted out to those who contravene the diamond laws of the Cape Colony.

In the "Central Bar" at Klipdam diamond diggings, a noisy crowd of diggers were drinking and discussing the day's finds. They were for the most part heavily bearded, bronzed, fierce-looking men; but for all that, generous, and with hearts tender as women's. Seated in a dark corner, where he could see without being seen, was a man known by the name of Jack Casey. He was not at all liked on the diamond diggings, for it was well known that on more than one occasion, he had informed the police that so and so, was working without a license; then there would be a police raid, and another man would be sent to aid in building the breakwater at Cape Town. He sat gnashing his teeth now, and scowling heavily; for one of the diggers was relating how Informer Casey had been "sjamboked" by Dick Donoghue that very morning, for leering ar his wife. Dick Donoghue was one of the favourites on the diggings, and time was when he had been one of the luckiest diggers; but of late, things had gone badly with him, and it was even whispered that he was working in his claim without a license, owing to lack of money to pay for it. Certain it was, that for over three months, Dick had not seen the colour of a diamond. Knowing his proud, sensitive nature, none dared to offer him money,—not even his bosom friend, Jim Barkly. Scarcely had the digger finished telling the story of Informer Casey's discomfiture, when the bar door opened and Dick Donoghue himself entered. He was greeted with cries of, "How's luck, Dick?" and, "What are you going to drink?" Smiling in recognition of the greetings, he replied, "I put up the drinks to-night, boys, for my luck has changed with a vengeance,"—then to the bar-tender, "Open champagne for the whole crowd." The diggers heard this liberal order in astonishment, and a moment later, twenty questions was being asked at the some time.

"What is it. Dick; a forty carat stone?"

"Have you found another Star of South Africa?"

"What shape is it?" What colour is it?"—these, and questions of a similar nature, were asked all over the bar.

Putting his hand inside his breast pocket, Dick produced a small buckskin bag, and placing a sheet of white paper

on one of the tables, turned out the contents, disclosing to view, three magnificent diamonds, of perfect, octahedron shape, and exquisite colour.

While the diggers were admiring them and congratulating Dick on his good luck, an observer might have seen a malicious smile on the face of Casey, and a moment later, he took up his hat, and slunk out of the back entrance of the bar.

Jim Barkly, alone, saw him go, and suspecting mischief, quietly followed, and watched him striding hurriedly in the direction of the police camp. Wondering what this move meant, it suddenly dawned upon Jim, that his friend, Dick Donoghue, had been working without a license, and Casey's errand to the police camp, was to bring a posse of police to arrest Dick, on a charge of I. D. B.

"How can I save my chum?" was Jim's next thought.

The licensing office was a distance of two miles, and the police camp not more than a mile and a half. If Jim could reach the office and procure a license in time to give it to Dick before the arrival of the police, he was saved; if not—he hardly dared think of what might happen.

While he stood pondering, a kaffir came riding by on a smart little Basute pony, and quick as thought, Jim unceremoniously dragged the rider from the saddle, and without stopping to explain to the bewildered kaffir, vaulted on the horse's back, and set off at a flying gallop to the licensing office.

"Can I save Dick? Shall I be in time?"

These were the thoughts that surged through his brain, as he urged the pony on over the rough road that led to the office.

At last! after what seemed an interminably long journey,—but which in reality only occupied a few minutes—Jim drew rein at a little corrugated iron shanty, and hurriedly dismounting, knocked loudly at the door, which was at once opened by the licensing officer himself. Deciding that the best plan was to confide in the officer, Jim told him the whole story in a few brief words, winding up with a passionate appeal on behalf of his friend. The officer heard him through without a word, then, taking a form, he quickly wrote in Dick Donoghue's name, and handed it to Jim Barkly with the remark, "Ride back as hard as you can, and remember, that even a licensing officer can have a heart, sometimes."

With a hard pressure of his hand, Jim thanked him, and a moment later, was galloping back to the Central Bar, praying that he might not be too late. A very short time brought horse and rider, within sight of the flaring lamps outside the bar, and not a moment too soon, for as Jim dismounted, he saw coming over the crest of a hill, half a dozen men whom he knew to be police, by the glint of the moon on their bright buttons.

Pushing his way through a crowd of diggers, he quickly made his way to Dick's side, and without any explanation, pressed into his hand the license—the precious piece of paper which meant liberty and freedom. Dick realised instinctively what the paper was, and had scarcely time to give Jim a look of gratitude, when the bar door opened to admit half a dozen police. The chief of these,—with his right hand suspiciously near his hip pocket—apologised to the crowd of diggers for the intrusion, and stated, that from information received, it was his painful duty to arrest one Richard Donoghue, he being in possession of some valuable diamonds, without a license.

At the end of this ominous speech,

a profound silence fell on the diggers, and all eyes were turned to where Dick sat, still smiling, in his chair. He now arose, and addressing the chief of police said, "It is perfectly true that I have in my possession some valuable stones; but if you will take the trouble to glance at this paper,"—producing the license as he spoke—"I think you will admit that I have a perfect right to them." One glance sufficed to show the chief of police that he had come on a fool's errand, and he turned to march his men back to their quarters, but not before they had all had a drink at Dick Donoghue's expense.

While the bartender was dispensing the drinks, a shout was heard outside: "Help! Help!! I am being murdered." Hastily running to see who was yelling for help, the chief of police, found Informer Casey in the hands of an indignant crowd of diggers, undergoing the process of "tarring and feathering." Being a wise and discreet man,—as well as a good fellow at heart—he shut his ears to the shouts and screams of the luckless informer. Little more remains to be told. Dick Donoghue and his pretty little wife, sailed for "Ould Oireland," never more to return to the diamond fields, the three diamonds realising sufficient to keep them in comparativ- luxury all their lives.

Informer Casey was not seen again in Klipdam after his tarring and feathering, for the very next day, he was convicted of buying diamonds from a kaffir, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment on the breakwater, he had been the means of sending so many men to.

"And what of Jim Barkly?" He is still to be found in Klipdam, carrying on the double business of storekeeper and diamond digger. He had often expressed a desire to run a store of his own, in Dick Donoghue's hearing. The night before Dick's departure for Ireland, he had given Jim a large and bulky sealed envelope, with instructions to open it, one week from date of receipt. Curious though he was to know the contents, Jim waited the week, and then opening the packet, found it contained the title deeds of the biggest store in Klipdam, and also a cheque for $2000.00.

NIGHT-FALL.

THE torn rocks front the surf, the spray
Puffs white like smoke, the grey gulls scream
Along the cliff-face ; far away
The glinting sail fades out like dream.

The green seas beat with eager hands
The heedless boulders, clear and far
Above the sea-rim, from far lands
Slips, through night's portal, one pale star.

The wind falls with the twilight, low
Across the breakers' sullen din
Night falls. The cabin windows glow
To cheer the shadowy schooners in.

T. R.

SURSUM CORDA.

WHEN Christmas blossoms like a rose
Of ruddy splendour set in snows.

When children's voices sweet and shrill
Uplift the tidings : "Peace Good will."

And bells with rich sonorous notes
Give greeting mild from brazen throats.

When happy folk with dancing feet
Glad time to Christmas music beat.

And old, old hopes and childhood dreams
Wake softly where the yule-log gleams.

Oh sorrowing ones, awhile forget
The bitter tears, the vain regret.

And lift your hearts to him who smiled
So long ago, on earth, a child !

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

UNTO HIS OWN.

UPSTAIRS in the "Gasthaus zum Grunen Baum" sat two men talking by the light of a pair of candles, set in shallow wooden sconces. The room was bare and unplastered, the walls formed of pine logs, roughly hewn into shape with the axe. Below, in the Stube or main room of the Inn, they might have had a brighter light and gayer company; for though it was low and smoky, the walls were panelled with oak, the table and rafters were of walnut, and the candles were set in silver; half a dozen guests made merry over wine white and red, while mine host and his buxom daughter moved to and fro, giving and taking jokes as rough and biting as the red fluid which, in defiance of all probability, claimed to come from Burgundy.

"Ho, ho, Trudchen," laughed a swaggering fellow, with a fierce pair of moustaches and an unshaven chin, "come sit thee on my knee, and tell me who are these two strangers who stay so churlishly up aloft. It were but right to bring them down, and make them pay their footing."

"They came but an hour ago," said the girl, paying no attention to the former part of his request: "their horses are in the stable. They asked for a private room, doubtless to be free from good-for-naughts like yourself, friend Conrad. They are a pair of proper men, and I would not advise you to disturb them; either one could cram into his jack-boot."

"I care not for them," said the bravo, pulling off his leather cap, and revealing a shock of tangled black hair; "I had rather sit here with my good companions, and with thee, Trudchen, though thou art the most sour-tongued wench that ever went husbandless to bed. Bring me another flagon of thy father's vinegar, till Kaspar and myself drink a last health to our good Lord, Black Ruric."

The girl departed for the wine, but kept him waiting for a moment to knock at the door of the upper room, and to ask if the two strangers required anything.

"We need nothing, my pretty one," said the younger, whose good looks and careless grace had made a deep impression upon the susceptible Gertrude, "yet I thank thee for thy kindness."

He stooped slightly, and smiling brushed her lips with his heavy golden moustache. She took the salute in good part. as one well used to such favours, and indeed seemed not disinclined for a second; but the young man, still laughing, closed the door, and Truda after a moment's hesitation, turned away with a sigh, and went dowh stairs to the cellar, in search of wine for the rough company in the main room, who were already beginning to grumble loudly at the delay.

Once the door was shut and her footsteps had died away, the young occupant of the room turned to his companion with an expression very different from that which he had shown to Truda. "And I will not rest till I strike him dead with my own hand," he said, taking up the thread of their interrupted conversation.

"What plan have you when we reach the castle? Or how shall we even obtain entrance?" said the other, a man of middle height, whose broad shoulders and bull-neck gave evidence of great strength, as his bright blue eyes did of health and good-humour.

"The letter which I bear to him from the Bishop will gain us admittance," said his companion. "Once we are in his

service we must win over his followers till the time is ripe to rise and strike him dead. Then who so fit to rule over the castle as I, Maurice von Herrenau, the eldest son of its rightful Lord."

"The foreigner is a brave man," said his comrade reflectively.

"Brave as a wild boar, and cunning as a winter wolf," said Herrenau; "yet his people begin to hate him and to sigh for the rule of a true-born German. Let us down, and ask for a guide to the castle. I have not seen it since the day when my nurse made me shake my small fist at it, and swear to be revenged."

They descended the stairs, and entered the Stube. The black-haired rascal, who had incurred Truda's scorn, rose as they entered and bowed in mock reverence.

"Welcome, noble captain," he said with a laugh, "so you deign at last to honour us with your presence! Will you not join in our toast to Black Ruric, Lord of Schloss-Herrenau?" He held out a cup of wine as he spoke, which the new-comer disregarded.

"I seek a guide to the castle;" he said; "if you be a servant of its Lord, I pray you to conduct us thither."

"I am servant to no man," said the fellow in a surly tone, though speaking with more respect, as he saw the high-bred air of one stranger and the great strength of both, "but I am of the household of the Lord of Herrenau. Who are ye who seek to see him?"

"Men call me Wilfred von Lichtenharn," said the other, "I am of the household of His Grace the Prince Bishop of Darmstadt; and this is my friend Fritz Haskermann, a sturdy man-at-arms of the Canton of Appenzell in Switzerland, and like myself a follower of the Prince Bishop. We bear letters from our master to the worshipful Lord of Herrenau."

The fellow addressed bowed with a rough courtesy very different from his former bravado.

"I crave your pardon," he said, "for my rudeness. There come many strangers here, and you will not think the worse of me for a jest. I spend the night in the Inn, for none may enter the castle after sunset, save for special reason. In the morning I shall gladly guide you to the Schloss, which lies a league from here, though indeed no guide is needed, for it stands out proud and fearless for all to see."

"So be it;" said von Lichtenharn, as he chose to call himself.

"And now, though ere I knew you I rejected your wine, for I drink with no man till I know him worthy, will you not share a flagon with me? A cup of your best, fair one!"

The buxom Truda descended to the cellar, and glad to serve the handsome stranger, especially as he seemed one who would not keep his purse-strings too tightly drawn, returned with a squat bell-mouthed flask of really excellent Rudesheimer.

"It was brought up the Rhine by big Hans, the Dutchman," she said; "we keep it for those who are used to good wine, and can understand its flavour. It is not often that your lips are favoured with snch a drink, Conrad."

"It is a noble wine," said the bravo, in high good humour, too well-content to mind the girl's chaff; for what says the song:—and in a hearty voice, not devoid of melody, he trolled out the old catch:

> "At Bacharach on the Rhine,
> At Hochheim on the Main,
> And at Wurzburg on the Stein,
> Grow the three best kinds of wine."

"For if Rudesheim be not Bacharach, it is but a stone's throw up and across the river. Truda, if not as loving, as thou and Kaspar were last night in the Pastor's

orchard, when thy Father thought thee sleeping. But I have ridden far to-day, and we must rise early to-morrow; I pray you to excuse me."

With a bow to his entertainer, and a kiss of his hand to Truda, which that indignant damsel disregarded, he retired to his room, a small closet off the main hall. The so-called Lichtenharn also retired to his upper chamber, followed by his faithful companion.

Early next morning, the score paid and the horses saddled, the three companions set out. The pack-horses followed them, at which their guide looked curiously:

"They contain all our worldly wealth," said the Switzer.

"I could pack mine own in less space," said Conrad, "but look, there stands the castle full in view."

The young adventurer looked curiously at the home of his ancestors, and Haskermann could not restrain a cry of admiration, in front of them rose the dark wall of the Black Forest, topped by the morning mist, which the rising sun had not yet wholly scattered; against the sombre background of the pines, its outlines sharply defined in the clear autumn air, on the highest of the smaller hills, which were thrown out in advance like sentinels, stood the castle, crowning a bare and precipitous knoll covered with large stones, among which wound the path. A modern field-battery would have laid it in heaps in twenty minutes; but standing on its rocky eminence, dominating the plain to the westward, too far away from the other foot-hills or from the main plateau to fear the feeble artillery of those days, it seemed to the Switzer a very formidable fortress indeed, especially when the assailants were two solitary riders, who carried all their siege apparatus upon two worn-out pack-horses. But Fritz Haskermann had followed his master with good-humoured fidelity ever since the day, three years before, when the young German had saved his life from a midnight assassin in the streets of Ravenna; he would not now turn back.

"How like you your foreign Lord?" said Lichtenharn to their guide.

Conrad shot at him a suspicious glance. "There is no man in the castle but would die for him," he said.

The other made no reply, and they rode in silence to the summit of the hill, traversing the narrow path among the stones over which the horses picked their way at a foot-pace.

A few questions asked and answered, and the two strangers were admitted; a brief delay in the court, and they entered the main tower, ascended a winding stair, to which a scanty light was given by slits pierced in the thick masonry, and stood in the presence of the Lord of the castle. He was a strange figure to be seen in such surroundings. The tall spare frame, the craggy face, the high cheek bones, marked their owner as a Scot. Yet such things were not uncommon in those troublous times. Roderick Cameron had left the Highlands after a career which made his name a household word for cold-blooded villiany through all the lonely strath which was his home. "Never trust a black Cameron," says the proverb, and even now, in his sixtieth year, his hair was black as the raven's plumage. Wandering into Italy, he had shared to the full in all its manifold pollutions. The strength and virility of the Northern races, when perverted, made them far more dangerous than the native Italians, and there was truth in the saying of the time, that "an Italianate Englishman is the devil incarnate." Roderick was no Englishman, but of a stock as sturdy, and far more fierce and subtle; what he became can hardly be hinted at. He had joined the army of Charles the

Fifth, had fought in the great struggle at Pavia, and shared to the full in the nine days sack of Rome, when the Imperial City endured such agonies of shame and torture at the hands of her eldest son as had not been inflicted upon her by the heathen Goths and Lombards. Drifting across the Alps into Italy, he had taken service with the Lord of Herrenau; scarcely entered thereon he had begun to plot against him, till with the aid of a woman who could not be faithful to her lover, he had killed his trusting master and taken the castle into his own hands, The matter created some stir, even in those lawless days, but unfortunately Herrenau, an Imperial Knight, and subject to the jurisdiction of the Emperor alone, had been a Protestant; Roderick at once feigned himself a sincere Romanist, driven to his act by religious zeal, and Charles the Fifth, not sorry to see the heretic suc ceeded by one who at least pretended to be a member of the true Church, and who had been a brave and loyal soldier, confirmed him in his unsurpation, All this had occurred more than twenty years before, and Rouridh Dhu MachCallum had long ago become Ruric der Schwartze, Knight of the Empire, and Lord of Schloss-Herrenau. His rule was not unpopular, for though grim and austere himself, he was liberal to his roystering followers, and every malcontent feared the sword which hed preserved its owner through all the battles and skirmishes of the Italian campaigns of Charles, and the glint of the steel-blue eye that never seemed to sleep. One weak spot and only one, was in that rugged heart. He loved flowers, a passion due to his undying regret for his dead wife, the only being for whom he had ever cared. There had been but one mutiny in all his twenty-three years of rule, and that was when a boy tore down a rose-bush planted by delicate fingers long since cold and still. Black Roderick saw the deed from an upper window. With a fierce oath, like the snarl of a wild beast, he leaped twenty feet to the ground, and seizing the laughing child by the foot, dashed out its brains against the wall of the keep, as a stable-boy kills a new-born kitten. The child's uncle saw the deed, called for its father, and the two attacked Ruric sword in hand. Never a muscle changed on the iron face; he summoned no aid, but with his back to the wall, and without defensive armour, fought till Father and Uncle lay above the child. Then Roderick Cameron turned to the torn rose-bush, and tried long and vainly to restore its trampled branches. Such was the man who now rose to his feet, and looked searchingly at Lichtenharn.

The letter from that warlike prelate, the Prince-Bishop of Darmstadt, was ceremonious but friendly. He was becoming, he said, an old man; his fighting days were over, and he was reducing the number of such attendants as could render him only temporal service. Therefore he commended to his friend the Count of Herrenau the young Von Lichtenharn, and hoped that the Count would be pleased to take him into his service.

"Times have changed," said Black Roderick, "since the day when we two rode at Pescara's bridle-rein, and drove the proudest nobles of France like a herd of highland cattle. My faith, there was less of the Bishop than of the Prince about him in those days! There was a Countess at Brescia,—"

He broke off suddenly.—

"You have seen service?" he said, turning on the younger man an eye of that peculiar shade of greyish blue so much more piercing than black, and which few could meet without changing colour.

"I am still young," said Maurice, returning his look unmoved, "but I have

been for two years in the household of the Prince-Bishop, and was for two years before an Esquire of the Lord of Ravenna. My comrade is a Switzer of Appenzell, and has fought in half the camps of Europe."

"And what sent you to this lonely rock?" said the other. "We live quiet lives here, save for an occasional brawl with some robber Baron, who will not suffer peaceful men to live in peace, or when the Strasburgers are like to burn our house about our ears."

"I have heard otherwise," said the young man with a smile, "and from no less an authority than my late Lord."

"Alike as Prince and as Bishop he is unfettered by the truth," said the Scot. "But a truce to this, even if your looks were worse than they are, I turn from my door no friend of George of Darmstadt. My trusty Conrad shall bestow you and your goods where best may be." He held out his hand in token of farewell. The Switzer bent and kissed the out-stretched fingers; young Maurice, after a moment's hesitation, took them in a frank and hearty grasp. The Scot showed no surprise at this claim to equality, but ended the interview by crossing the room, and resuming his seat by the window.

On a sultry afternoon some three weeks afterwards, Black Ruric stood on the western battlements, leaning on a pinnacle looking out over the broad plain that stretched between him and the Rhine. From behind the dark line of the Vosges rose a thunder cloud; the air was still and hot as in a sick room; up the sky rushed the storm, black as ink, eating up the blue. All beneath it lay in shadow, and the river leaped suddenly into silver by contrast. As the Scot gazed at it with that inward sympathy for nature in her wild and grandiose moods which never leaves the highlander, he heard a step, and Conrad stood beside him. Few dared to disturb their Lord when in thought, but Conrad was bold, and privileged as well. Many in the castle were of higher birth, but there was no one in whom their Lord trusted so fully. He was brave, unscrupulous, silent or talkative as occasion demanded, and above all, proud to be the creature of Black Ruric, knowing that under no German could one of his low birth hope for the power and influence which now were his.

"Look there!" said Ruric.

"There is a fiercer thunderstorm brewing for you than ever rose over the Rhine," said his lieutenant, "young Lichtenharn."

The Scot turned on him like a wild thing roused from sleep, then looked searchingly along the walls. "We are safe from interruption," he said.

"He is no more Lichtenharn than I am," went on the other. "He is the son of old Herrenau whom you killed twenty years ago, and he has won over more than half the men already."

"I knew that the resemblance could not be due to chance;" said the Scot, evincing no surprise. "How many men are faithful?"

"He tried to sound Wolfgang of Salsbach," said Conrad, "and Wolfgang, mindful to whom he owes his own life and that of his sister, led him on to speak, and then told all to me. Ninety men are ready to follow him, and they purpose to strike at the next banquet."

The Scot leaned his chin upon his hand, and was silent for a time. When he spoke, his words had no apparent connection with what had gone before.

"I have heard," he said, "that the beer-tub, Rudolf of Hugelsheim, is minded to throw off the allegiance which he vowed, and to appeal for protection to the Margrave of Baden-Durlach. How would you

like, Conrad, to lead an hundred men to bring him to his senses?"

"Now?" said his lieutenant, in great surprise, "and leave you here alone?"

"Even so!" said the Scot. "Some of them must be got out of the castle. Yet we must not send away too openly all his supporters, for fear they grow suspicious, and strike too soon. If I send you to lead them, you can take the greater part of his men, and yet no one will think that I could send you away if I dreamed of danger."

"How would it be" said Conrad, "to take him with me, and see that he comes not back?"

"Like Uriah of old," said his master with a grim smile.

"I never heard of him,'; said the other. "Yet if we can separate him from his accursed Switzner, why may it not be done?"

"Try it if you will," said Ruric, "but remember that by nightfall an hundred men must be ready to start with the sunrise."

Conrad departed, to return anon. "The hound and his master will not be separated" he said, "though I told him that in your service we were not wont to pick and choose our work. I did not insist, for we may not force on a quarrel now."

"Let them both stay," said his master calmly. "I am man enough to send the son in the footsteps of his father."

The next morning at sunrise a hundred men, well equipped and mounted, left the castle to take vengeance on the faithless Hugelsheim. There remained some sixty on at least half of whom Black Roderick knew that he could count; of the remainder some were followers of his rival, while others were neutral, and would side with the stronger party.

That night the Scot called twenty of them to a carouse in the great hall. Anxious to keep up appearance to the last, he invited not only his youthful antagonist and the Swiss, but five of those whose fidelity he most suspected; even now the young German did not dream of the net in which he was so fatally emmeshed.

After the wine had flowed for some time, Buric rose to his feet. It was seldom that their grim lord spoke to them so publicly, and all listened in wonder.

"It is now more than twenty years," he said, "since His Majesty the Emperor Charles gave me this castle to have and to hold in his name; nor can one of you say that in word or deed I have been false to any. Wherefore,"—his voice was harsh and shrill as the scream of a mountain eagle—"if one of the old race of your Lords were to return—"

He got no further. Young Maurice saw the trap in which he had been so simply and yet so cunningly taken; a sudden blow might yet shatter it to pieces. With a bound he sprang to his feet, and leaped upon the the table, straight and strong as a pine tree of his native hills. The heavy oaken chair crashed backward to the floor; a silver flagon, over-turned by his foot, poured a dark red stain upon the table; but high above the confusion rose his voice, clear and strong as a silver trumpet blown at the turning of the battle.

"German's all!" he cried. "True lovers of the Father-land! How long shall the sons of Princes be servants to this wandering out-cast!"

Not a word spoke the Scot; not a line of his gaunt face quivered; but his long arm dropped silently to his boot, and the hidden dagger flew so swift and true at his antagonist that even as he paused for breath the steel was buried in his throat. He staggered and then crashed down upon his face upon the table. Fritz Haskermann sprang to his feet, roaring like a bull in his fury; seizing the heavy stool at his

feet, he hurled it full at the murderer's head. Quick as a flash Black Ruric sprang aside, and the missile splintered against the wall behind him; as it passed one of the iron-shod feet caught his cheek, and tore a long jagged scar from chin to cheek-bone. Haskermann leaped forward, but Wolfgang of Salsbach thrust in between, and in an instant every sword was drawn. The Switzer fought like a fiend, but outnumbered and with their leader fallen, his followers stood no chance. Aided by the sword and brain of Black Ruric, who even in that confused melee guided his men and kept them together, they pressed the rebels slowly to the wall, and in ten minutes all was over,

Three days later, when Conrad and his band returned, they saw two heads raised on pikes above the castle walls. It was the rightful Lord of Schloss-Herrenau and his faithful follower, staring with sightless eyes over the broad plains of his ancestral heritage.

W. L. GRANT,
UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

A NOTE BOOK.

I. CARIBOU.

THIS Autumn, Newfoundland has known almost as many guns as caribou on her hunting grounds. Some of the guns were carried by sportsmen, others by butchers. No hunter should be allowed to take more than three deer in a season, no matter how willing he may be to purchase more than one license. Otherwise, our wonderful herds of caribou will become, in a few years, dreams of the past. It is a sad thing to see hundreds of carcasses rotting on the barrens-

II. NEWFOUNDLAND.

REVIEW OF HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS,

RELATING TO CANADA FOR THE YEAR, 1900. FIRST SERIES. VOL. 4.

This is the latest volume issued and is ably compiled and edited by Professor Wrong, of the University of Toronto, and Mr. H. H. Langton, Librarian of the University. Beginning at page 68 we find reviews of several articles dealing with Newfoundland, as follows:—

FRANCE IN NEWFOUNDLAND, by P. T. McGrath, (The Ninteenth Century.)
NEWFOUNDLAND'S OPPORTUNITY, by Beckles Wilson, (The Fortnightly Review,)
CRUISING ON THE FRENCH TREATY SHORE OF NEWFOUNDLAND, by A. C. Laut, (The Westminster Review.)
LA QUESTION DE TERRE-NEUVE, by Paul Faschille.
" " " Paul Lefébure.
NEWFOUNDLAND, by Sir Chas. W. Dilke, (Pall Mall Magazine.)

Of the above the Editors of the Reviews say:—
"These, and many other articles of less intrinsic importance, in themselves "form a chapter in the ironical history of this endless question. It will be "noticed that they are all dated about the beginning of the year. Mr. "Chamberlain had made one of his characteristic slapdash speeches, and "everyone believed that the century-long grievance of the oldest Colony was "to be taken up seriously and removed. But it has not been solved, for the "officials of the Colonial Office have had their attention turned to another "question of the world, and Newfoundland must once more possess its soul "in impatience."

III. PROWSE.

Dr. D. W. Prowse's History of Newfoundland, like many another thick and weighty book, frightens would-be readers. But when once closed in, with it proves itself of absorbing interest and more readable than half the *historical romances* written within the last ten years.

IV. AFTER KIPLING.

Since Kipling wrote his delightful animal-stories—The Jungle Books, etc. W. A. Fraser, has turned his Pegasus into the same pasture, and Seton Thomson and Charles G. D. Roberts have followed his lead. Thomson, Fraser and Roberts are Canadians. The first (Thomson) is a clever artist to boot, and portrays wild-life equally well with his pencil as with his pen. The Canadian Magazine, Outing, and the Newfoundlaud Magazine are publishing animal stories by these authors.

V. UP-SIDE-DOWN.

The Devil-Fish (See October number) is more wonderful than Dr. Harvey has painted it. How should our worthy friends the printers know that they had it up-side-down in the first two thousand copies. It looks even more remarkable that way and just as beautiful—whatever the Author and Discoverer may think about it.

VI. KNOWLEDGE.

"Knowledge," is a valuable magazine for those who desire sound scientific facts in a readable form. The August, September and October numbers are well up to the usual standard. Its monthly reviews of all the latest scientific books are of especial importance.

Knowledge. An Illustrated Magazine of Science, Literature and Art, London, England.

VII. THE CRITERION.

The New York "Criterion," for October, is a good number. Poultney Bigelow's story "What the skipper learned of the Spanish Navy," is very much to the point. Richard Burton's poem "Second Fiddle" is striking. Here are fragments of it:—

Just behind the first fiddle he bends
  To his bow, as a slave to the rod;
All his soul to the music he lends,
  All his eyes to the leader, his god.

* * * * * *

The crowd never look at his face;
  He is one of the sixty who try
With wood-wind or brass to displace,
  The world by a dream from the sky.

Not his, like the master of strings,
  To step forth superbly alone,
And play a Cremona-that sings
  With heavenliest tone upon tone.

No Soloist he, but a part
  In the mighty ensemble that soars
In the region divine of an art
  Where man but aspires and adores.

* * * * * *

And haply—who knows?—in the day
  When the ultimate piece is rehearsed,
Shall come his great moment to play,
  And the fiddle called second, be first.

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GAME LAWS

OF

NEWFOUNDLAND.

FROM THE ACT "RESPECTING THE PRESERVATION OF DEER."

4.—No person shall hunt, kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any caribou, from the first day of February to the fifteenth day of July in any year both days inclusive, or from the first day of October to the twentieth day of October in any year, both days inclusive.

7.—No person not actually domiciled in this colony shall hunt, kill or pursue with intent to kill in any season, any caribou, without having first procured a license for the season.

8.—A license to hunt and kill caribou may be issued by a Stipendiary Magistrate a Justice of the Peace, a Warden appointed under this Act, or the Minister or Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

10.—Licenses shall be of three kinds: a license entitling the holder thereof to kill and take two stag and one doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Forty Dollars; a license to kill three stag and one doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Fifty Dollars, and a license to kill five stag and two doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Eighty Dollars. A license of the first class shall hold good for four weeks from the date thereof; a license of the second class for six weeks from the date thereof, and a license of the third class for two months from the date thereof.

FROM "RULES AND REGULATIONS RESPECTING TROUT AND SALMON."

75—No person shall catch, kill or take salmon or trout in any river, brook, stream, pond or lake in Newfoundland, between the tenth day of September and the fifteenth day of January next following in any year.

"No net or other such contrivance for the purpose of catching salmon or trout, or "likely to bar any passage for such fish, shall be set in Harry's Brook, in the "District of Bay St. George, or within fifty fathoms of its mouth."

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Newfoundland Railway

...REACHES ALL POINTS IN...

NEWFOUNDLAND

In connection with it, the "Bruce," "Argyle," "Glencoe," "Clyde," and other steamers, run to Cape Breton, to Labrador, and along the great bays.

Sportsmen will find white and indian guides for the interior at various points along the line. The trout and salmon fishing on the Newfoundland rivers have delighted the heart of every sportsman who has been in the Colony.

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R. G. REID, Prop.,

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