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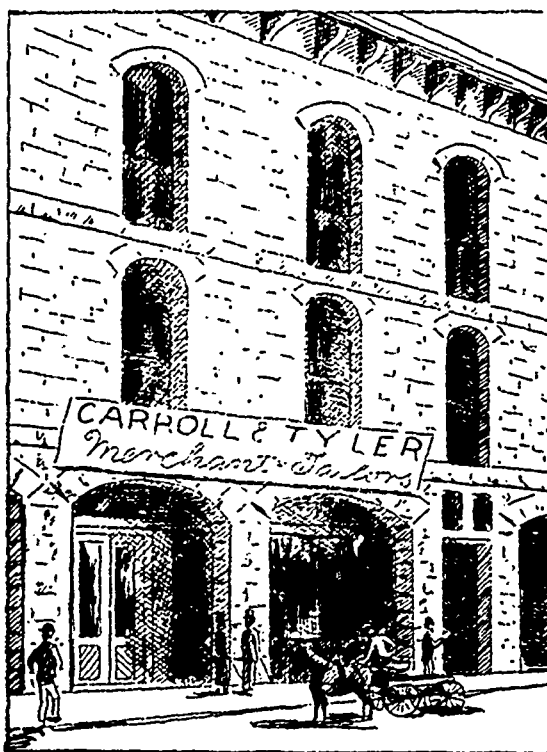
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THE PRAIRIE

ILLUSTRATED


Vol. I. No. 14.

CALGARY, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1901.

Price 10c.



Miss Canada welcomes the Conservative party from the wars.

<p style="text-align: center; font-size: 1.2em; font-weight: bold;">F. G. TOPP & CO.,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PALACE MEAT MARKET WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BUTCHERS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Stephon Avenue, Calgary.</p>	<p style="font-size: 1.2em; font-weight: bold;">The Canadian Pacific Railway</p> <p style="font-weight: bold;">CHOICE OF ROUTES</p>  <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">TO</p> <p>OTTAWA, MONTREAL, NEW YORK, BOSTON, and all Points East.</p> <p>Direct Line to St. Paul and Chicago.</p> <p>Cheapest and quickest Route to Vancouver, Portland and San Francisco</p> <p style="font-weight: bold;">FARES ALWAYS THE LOWEST</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">No Searching of Baggage</p> <p>For Luxury and Comfort the cars are superior to those of any other railroad.</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">APPLY to J. S. FEEHAN, Agent, at Cal- gary, or to ROBT. KERR, General Passenger Agent. WINNIPEG.</p>	<p style="text-align: center; font-size: 1.2em; font-weight: bold;">CUSHING'S</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold;">Sash & Door Factory</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.8em;">ALL DESCRIPTION OF</p> <p style="font-weight: bold;">DOORS, BLINDS, SASHES, MOULDINGS Kept in Great Variety.</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.8em;">Turned and Scroll Work. Builders Supplies kept in large quantities or made to order.</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.8em;">GOOD WORKMANSHIP. LOW PRICES.</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold;">W. H. GUSHING, Proprietor.</p>
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"Wholesale & Retail---
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OPPOSITE THE ROYAL HOTEL

CALGARY, ALBERTA.

Prescriptions are carefully and accurately prepared under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Field, and Foreign ordonnances and receipts are dispensed in strict accordance with the respective pharmacopias.

Mr. Field makes it a special feature of his business to import most of his Drugs and Chemicals direct from the English market, no pains or expense being spared in selecting the best articles, Drugs being microscopically examined and the Chemicals carefully tested as to their purity.

N. B.—No secondhand goods ever taken into this establishment.

English Patent Medicines also a Specialty



When a woman is as good as pie she will not make tart answers.

Why does a man's hair turn grey before his moustache? Because it is about twenty years older.

Mr. Paddock Field: Remember that you took me for better or worse. Mrs. Field: Oh, Paddy, I know that I took you for a good deal better than you are.

Ethel (looking at a statuette of the Venus of Milo)—It seems to me, Maud, that the women in ancient times had larger waists than they have now. Maud—Well, perhaps the men had longer arms.

Age comes to every man, but fate
Is kind to woman fair,
For when she reaches twenty-eight
She stops right then and there.

"What," said the judge, "you here again?" "Yes, your honor. When I think of how kind the prison officials are and how cold the world is, I come to the conclusion that it don't pay to be honest."

"Of course you will give me away, papa?" said the blushing bride-elect. "I am afraid I have done it already, Caroline," replied the old man, nervously; "I told your Herbert this morning that you had a disposition just like your mother's."

Patient: How do you dare to advertise, "Teeth extracted without pain?" Dentist: Why, I didn't hurt you while extracting that tooth. You were under the influence of gas." Patient: I know. It is your bill that pains me."

Mrs. Gibb—I think your new house is a delightful one, Mr. Jones. Only yesterday I was telling my husband that I thought you a very level headed man. Johnny (interrupting)—No, ma, you didn't say quite that; you said flat-headed.

She was the daughter of a preacher who didn't believe in dancing, and she had been to the dance the night previous, much to the old gentleman's dissatisfaction. "Good morning, child of the devil," he said. "Good morning, father," pleasantly responded the daughter.

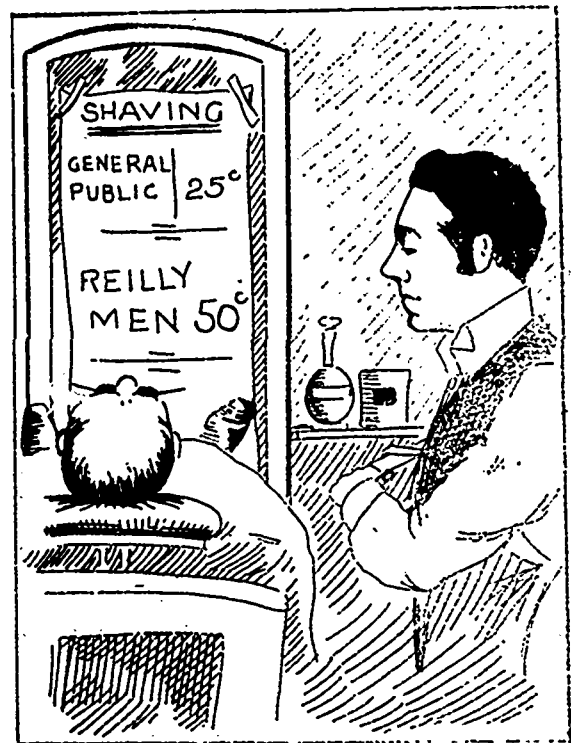
He—Did you know Miss Grayson had just finished a novel she's writing and that you had been studied for the main points of her leading character? She—No. Why, I do feel complimented. He—Yes.

At the turning point of the whole story she puts her heroine in one of your charming evening toilettes.

Mr. Greyneck: Well, Johnny, I hear you have been over to my old friend Edgeley's, playing with his little boy. Johnny: Yes, sir. Mr. Greyneck: Did you see Mr. Edgeley? Johnny: Yes, sir. Mr. Greyneck: What did he say to you? Johnny: He said he guess'd I was a chip off the old blockhead.

"Do I understand you to say," said the prosecuting counsel, looking hard at the principal witness, "that upon hearing a noise in the hall you rose quickly, lit a candle, and went to the head of the stairs, that a burglar was at the foot of the stairs, and you did not see him? Are you blind?" "Must I tell the truth?" stammered the witness, blushing to the roots of his hair. "The whole truth," was the stern reply. "Then," replied the witness, brushing aside his damp, clinging locks, and wiping the perspiration from his clammy brow, "my wife was in front of me."

On March 6th.



CUSTOMER—Hello, Tommy, what's the meaning of that notice up there?

TOMMY—Well, you know, since the elections the Reilly men's faces have got so long that it takes twice as long to shave them now.

THE PRAIRIE.

(ILLUSTRATED)

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INTEREST TO ALL.

THE PRAIRIE (Illustrated) is published every Saturday morning, for the Proprietors, by T. B. Braden, Stephen Avenue.

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Per Annum (in advance) . . . \$3.50

As THE PRAIRIE (Illustrated) is the only illustrated paper west of Winnipeg, its columns will be a valuable medium for advertising.

For full particulars apply at the office of the paper, Alexander Block.

ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891.

A VALUABLE bulletin has just been issued from the Department of Agriculture, which is doubly valuable as seeding will shortly be commenced; farmers should endeavor to procure a copy of it from the department. The author of the bulletin is that well-known authority, Mr. Wm. Saunders, Director of Experimental Farms, while the subject is the important one of two-rowed barley. In February of 1890, it was decided to place \$25,000 in the estimates, for the purchase of two-rowed barley in England, to be disposed of for seed in Canada.

After careful enquiry, 10,000 bush of barley were purchased, from James Carter & Co., of London, England, of the variety known as Prize Prolific, this being selected mainly for the reason that the experiments already made with this barley in Canada had given good results. It was brought out in 5,000 bags of 112 pounds each, and on arrival carefully inspected, and as it was not found as clean as was expected the bags were all opened and the barley passed twice through the cleaning apparatus of the Montreal Warehouse Company, by which means the sample was made uniform and good, and although not absolutely clean, was, from a commercial standpoint, very clean. About 3,200 bags were sold to 2,600 purchasers. Of these, 1,052 have sent in reports of the crop produced and samples of the grain.

A number of extracts from the reports of farmers who used the seed are given, which is followed by a summary, which states that the experience of 320 farmers in Ontario has been given, covering every district where the two-rowed barley has been grown. The list might have been greatly increased with similar testimony equally good, but enough has been

given to show that there is not much fault to be found with the barley. A proportion of the reports are less favorable than some of those which have been given, but in most instances these may be attributed to the very wet season, lack of drainage, or want of care in the preparation of the land. Many think that the straw is a little weak, but a very wet season does not afford a good opportunity for correct judgement on this point. There is no doubt that two-rowed barley takes a longer time to mature than the six-rowed, and that it should be sown early.

After referring to the inexhaustable market in Great Britain for this crop, the report concludes as follows:—I desire to refer once more to the importance of early seeding and of a thorough preparation of the soil before sowing. The figures given in the early pages of this Bulletin on the results of the tests of the past season show in the increase of crop the advantage of sowing barley after roots, but where this is not practicable a good mellow piece of ground should be selected, one that has been well worked and is in a fair condition as to fertility. This crop will not give good returns when sown on cold, wet ground, or on land that has been too much impoverished by frequent cropping and scanty manuring. The roots of the young barley plant make rapid growth under favourable conditions, but they do not strike so deeply in search of food as those of some other cereals; hence the nutritive elements they need should be presented to them in the soil in such a well digested condition as to admit of its being readily taken up by the growing rootlets. A little experience will no doubt enable our intelligent Canadian farmers to obtain in favourable localities and average seasons good results from this promising crop.

An Opinion From Winnipeg

"The *Commercial* has received a copy of The Prairie Illustrated, a journal started at Calgary, Alberta, a short time ago. This is the first copy of the paper we have had an opportunity of examining, and it is certainly a surprise to find such a large and attractive journal of the kind coming from one of our western towns. Heretofore only large cities have supported such a paper. The copy before us contains a number of good illustrations, including cuts of D. W. Davis and James Reilly, the two candidates for parliamentary honors in Alberta. We hope The Prairie Illustrated may prove profitable to its owners, and we are certain it is a valuable acquisition to the press of the Territories."



Card from Mr. Davis

I take the earliest opportunity to publicly thank the Electors of Alberta for the renewal of their confidence in me as known by their decision at the polls yesterday, March 5th, and I desire to say that I shall endeavor to the best of my ability to do my duty to the people of the Electoral District while representing them for a second term.

My thanks are especially due to the Committeemen throughout the District who worked for my Election with such loyalty and success both before and on polling day, and to the journals that supported me through the campaign.

D. W. DAVIS.

Calgary, March 6, 1891.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE elections are over hurrah! hurrah! and our prognostications have been verified to the fullest extent. As we predicted Young Canada has once more emphatically repudiated the attempt to drag her into a line of politics which would inevitably

result in annexation with the United States. The North West has spoken unmistakably in favor of the veteran leader who has fostered her interests for many years and who as long as he remains in the political arena will continue to do so. In Calgary every thing passed off quietly and satisfactorily, the proceedings being marked by an absence of that rowdy spirit which unfortunately too often marks occasions of this description. We don't want to kick a man when he is down, but we cannot help remarking on the shortsightedness of Mr. Reilly in bringing himself out as a candidate nor help marvelling greatly at his extraordinary confidence of success. Mr. Reilly never from the first instant had the slightest chance, and we cannot help thinking that every body but that gentleman himself recognized this fact. After 5 o'clock, returns from the east were eagerly awaited at the Alberta and the Royal Hotels, by big crowds who had assembled at these places, and great excitement was caused as the returns were read out. The names of Sir John A. Macdonald and his son "Hugh J.," were received with loud cheers, their victories at Kingston and Winnipeg, respectively, being so overwhelming. Speeches were demanded from Mr. D. W. Davis, Alberta's successful candidate, and Senator Lougheed, who were lifted on to the desk at the Alberta, and their speeches cheered to the echo. An attempt was made to lift Mr. Rowe to the same exalted platform, but without success. When we went to press, the returns from the various parts of Alberta showed Davis 2101 votes and Reilly 752, being a majority for Mr. Davis of 1349 votes.

In conclusion, we offer Mr. Davis our congratulations, and trust that during his next term he will jealously guard Alberta's interests, and thoroughly justify the confidence of the tremendous vote which has again returned him to Ottawa.



ONCE more the people of Canada have endorsed the policy inaugurated by Sir John A. Macdonald's government, and given the United States to understand that our young country will have nothing to do with the unrestricted reciprocity movement, under which Messrs. Wiman, Laurier *et al* cloke their secret hankering after annexation with our southern friends. No, Sam! American boodle can do a good deal, but it cannot buy the loyalty of Canadians.



How, sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.



I DON'T think much of the way the Prairie has been run during the last two or three weeks. It's been nothing but politics, Davis and Reilly, Reilly and Davis. MY readers have had to suffer. However its no good grumbling, and sporting men, now the elections are over (for which I thank the gods) will find me in my old place for the future.

BY-THE-BYE, if any of my friends in the Territories can send me any interesting sporting notes, I shall be only too happy to publish them. My eye has to range over a large tract of country, and I may miss a few items.

THE Calgary Rod and Gun Club of which Mr. W. H. Hogg is secretary, was to have met on Tuesday but those politics interfered and the meeting had to be postponed. When this club does meet, I sincerely hope that several very necessary amendments in the Game Law will be considered. I refer particularly to the public sale of prairie chicken and also to the changing of the close time from December 1st to Jan-

uary 1st. These are both very important matters and should be taken up with as little delay as possible.

ALTHOUGH the question of stock is hardly in my line yet I am pleased to hear from a gentleman, who has been traveling over the country, that the splendid weather which Calgary has enjoyed this winter, is characteristic of the weather experienced over the whole of the North West. My informant tells me that it has been "just grand for stock", and that it will go a long way to make up for the severity of last winter. I am genuinely glad to hear this and I hope every rancher in the country will have a big calf crop this year.

SEVERAL times while watching the curlers at their exciting game it has struck me what an elegant gymnasium the place would make after curling was over, and it is consequently with considerable pleasure that I hear that valuable association the Calgary Amateur Athletic Association, has some scheme, by which the rink may be utilized somewhat after the manner in which I have mentioned. I understand that it is to be taken up in connection with the Association ground. It is to be sincerely hoped that all the clubs in town will amalgamate this year. It will be far the cheapest and most sensible plan for obtaining the use of the very fine grounds.

THERE is also another view of the question, to be considered by every club in town. The Association has purchased and fenced this ground at very considerable expense, and contemplate putting up a pavilion and other buildings as soon as ever they can. This has been done, not as a speculation, but purely in the interest of sport of every description. For years to come, every dollar received will be sunk in improving the ground, thus adding to the comfort and convenience of the clubs, besides being a very decided attraction to the town. It should therefore be the desire of every club in town to support such an institution by every means in its power.

There is no doubt that were the rink obtained for the purpose I have mentioned, it would be an additional reason for all the clubs forming some sort of a union, that is to say, if additional reason be needed. It would also be a very convenient place in which clubs could hold their business meetings, as the rink possesses a couple of fine rooms, which could be used for this purpose. Steps should be taken at once, so that everything can be in working order by the time the weather breaks.

MANY of my readers will hear of the death of Joseph Capp with regret. He was the "T'owd Mon" of the *Sporting Times* and that paper's various offsets. Mr. Capp, who for many years was a racing reporter,

had been in failing health for the last three or four years. He served the public for over forty, and to the last was keenly interested in all that had to do with the turf.

By AN English exchange I see that the Oxford and Cambridge crews have been able to begin practice in real earnest. As the race will take place on Saturday, March 21, the time for preparation is none too long, according to accepted notions and practice.

J. F. DONOGHUE, the skating champion, was met by thousands at his native town, Newburgh, where he was orated at, and in the evening fireworks were burnt in great quantity in his honor. Donoghue is a sensible young fellow, and so not likely to have his head turned by this sort of thing. By way of returning the compliment, I presume, he has since skated five miles in 15 min. 38 sec., which simply "smothers" his previous best of 16 min. 1 sec.

THERE was a prize fight at Nelsonville last week between Davis Seville and Tom Tracy. When time was called for the 19th round Tracy, who was getting the worst of it, came forward, saying, "I can't see any longer, hit me if you want to," whereupon Seville smashed him in the jaw, breaking his neck. This afternoon Seville and one of Tracy's seconds were placed under arrest here.

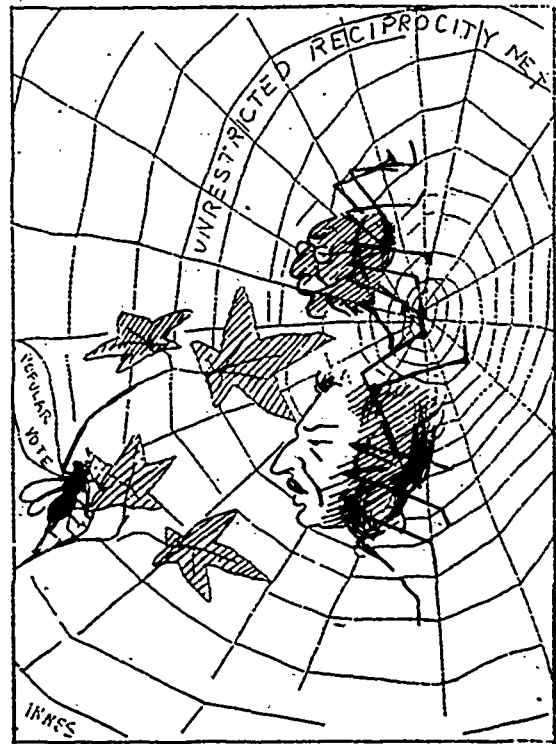
MISS PRICE, of Buffalo, rode her bicycle last season over 3,000 miles, principally on country roads. On three different occasions she made 63 miles in less than 12 hours.

THE largest string of race horses in England is trained by W. Olding, at Danbury, under the supervision of Tom Cannon. It numbers 92, and of these 46 are 2-year-olds.

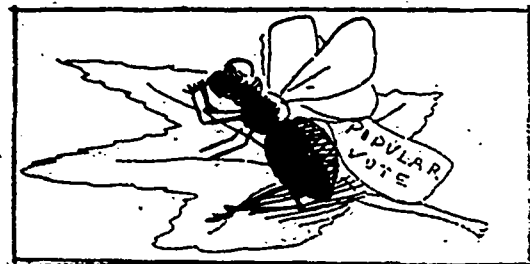
THE league fight for first honors this season should be unusually warm. Chicago, New York, Boston, and Brooklyn will present exceptionally strong teams, and that representing Pittsburg will make itself felt if properly handled. The Phillies do not as yet appear very formidable—in fact, compared with the other clubs, they present a less inspiring front than for seasons past.

A DERBYSHIRE correspondent of *Rod and Gun* reports an exciting episode. Mr. John Smedley, of Matlock Bath, the owner of the famous Cumberland Cavern, and several friends were coursing on the heights of Massai. The hare disappeared down an old lead mine shaft which had fallen into desuetude. Sure that it was dead, they hired an old miner, who descended the shaft by means of a rope. There were footprints, and, believing the hare to have escaped miraculously, Mr. Smedley lowered a cabbage tied to a string, the depth of the shaft measuring an actual

perpendicular length of 240 feet. The next day, on drawing up the twine, the cabbage was found to have been eaten. This seemed proof positive of the escape of the hare after its flying leap. A search party descended the shaft with lights and refreshments, and after two hours they found that the animal was lurking in a small heading at the bottom. They returned to the surface and continued to lower food, which pussy appreciated to the full, and on their second descent being made she jumped into the arms of the searcher, squealing all the time like a child. The man wrapped the affrighted hare in a smock-frock and sent her to the top, where the spectators discovered that she had only suffered an injury to one eye. Mr. Smedley took the animal home. After it had been in a stable for some time it was taken and turned loose on the estate of Mr. F. C. Arkwright, J. P., close to Wellerby Castle. The hare has become quite tame.



Will you walk into my parlor
Said the spider to the fly,
It's the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.



THE FLY'S ANSWER

THE PRAIRIE

(Items Gleaned from Our Exchanges)

CATTLE are in excellent condition in the north country, and have received very little feed so far. Threshing is still going on and the grain is yielding well and of good quality.

A NUMBER of families from North Dakota are expected to settle in the Edmonton district this spring.

A PARTY of hunters, up at Fort Rae and Barren Grounds, recently killed a large wood-buffalo bull. The hide measured 15 feet from tip to tip by 7 feet in breadth. A wood-cariboo killed had horns with 27 tips. The party, consisting of two men, succeeded in killing 70 musk oxen.

THE average daily output of coal at the Galt mines during a week is about 1000 tons, divided as follows:—At the incline, 400; at No. 1 shaft, 500, and at No. 2 shaft, 100. The above does not include screenings which amount to about twenty per cent. of the total output. There are at present 588 employees and 398 on the railway. Over \$50,000 was paid out in wages last month.

THE *Farmer's Advocate* appeared in mourning last week, for its late publisher and founder, Wm. Weld, who came to his death recently on his farm at London, Ont., by slipping and falling head foremost into a trough of water. As a veteran publisher, Mr. Weld was widely known.

R. MARTIN, of Regina, has been awarded the contract of supplying the territorial government with gopher poison.

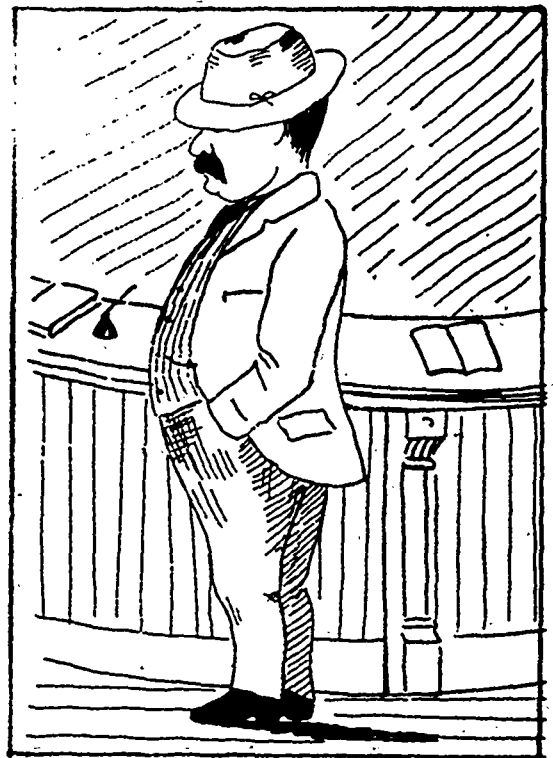
A NUMBER of American cattle on this side of the line are ranging chiefly between the Milk River ridge and Chief Mountain, and are among Canadian cattle that have been ranging south of the boundary line. The police have been indefatigable in examining cattle, with a view to arriving at an estimate.

AN EXCHANGE says an English gentleman traveling in the Territories has discovered a plot, part of which was the drugging of Mr. Davin in the west. It is of such a nature that it will probably occupy the attention of the courts soon after the elections are over.

WE SEE from a contemporary that Mr. Niblock, Assistant-Superintendent on C. P. R. western division, will soon be promoted to a more important division in the east. He will be a great loss to Medicine Hat, but we hope whoever succeeds him

will not only have the same energy but the same philanthropic instincts which have taken substantial form in the Medicine Hat Hospital. For the sake of the western division we sincerely hope that there is no foundation for this rumor. The Northwest can ill afford to spare such a man as Mr. Niblock.

IT MAY be of interest to some of our readers to know that a cow on a Mr. J. D. Cumming's farm, which is east of Grenfell, dropped four calves on the 25th Feb. Three of them were alive and one dead at time of birth.



“Royal Johnnie,” another staunch rustler for the Government's successful candidate.

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~ ~ ~

Ranchers, sportsmen and the public generally will find this a first-class establishment. Meals to order at all hours, both day and night. Private parties catered for.

~ ~ ~

FRANK MARIAGGI, Proprietor.

CHAT

AS I SIT writing, puzzling out my brains, what I shall put in the space reserved weekly (don't spell that word with an "a," Mr. Comp.) for me by the kindly editor, the air is rent by political cries of a more or less disturbing nature. This, with one's head throbbing and one's bones aching, is not conducive to intelligent writing.

I am sure everybody will regret to hear that I have been sick, with something which closely resembled that demonical la grippe, which everyone had a touch of last year. The fiend got me properly in his grip and has held me there for about two weeks, first roasting me and then freezing me, then doubling me with pain, and at last throwing me violently down, as if he had no use for me, more like a washed-out rag than anything else. And in this state I receive an order "send us something this week—spicy, if possible; the elections will be over."

I feebly eject the "devil" who brings the message and feebly scratch my head—"spicy, if possible"! that's a nice order for a poor, worn-out wreck to receive. Well, like the poor clown who goes on the stage and plays the fool, while his wife is dying at home, I suppose I must try and "play the fool,"—but, dear readers, be forbearing with me.

I HAVE been out of all the election fun and haven't been canvassed for my vote. I don't believe there's another man in Alberta can say that. Probably I am the only man in Calgary who Mr. Reilly hasn't shaken warmly by the hand, exclaiming "How are you my dear fellow, how are you; I was never so pleased to see anybody before in my life." Then, in my mind's eye, I can see the inimitable James, with spectacles in fingers, emphatically telling me that unless he was returned to Parliament the country would go to the dogs.

JAMES may be returned, for all I know, but I can only say that after having known him for years' past, I should be sorry to see him "get thar." He hasn't backbone enough to make a good M. P. He has a good Council at his back, and has already been pretty well sat on, so he can't do much harm as mayor,—but as M. P.? Well I think he'd be a big failure.

I WAS forgetting—I was nearly canvassed once. A little gentleman with a curious accent tried to get



The Premier's joy on receiving the news from our Familiar.

at me, but Mrs. Tatler, who is rather a large and majestic looking woman, with one look frightened the poor little gentleman so badly that he rushed out of the house. I have seen the look when arriving home at 1 a. m., after a "lodge" meeting, and don't wonder at his flight.

IN ADDITION to the chief attraction of the hour—the Elections—I find I missed that gem of a comedy, performed at the Court House, the Ede—Herchmer case. A friend dropped in one evening, when I was feeling a bit better, and told me about it. My poor, weak sides ached for hours after he had gone. I don't know whether he told me the truth about it, but, if he did, it's the funniest thing I ever heard of. I fancy if every man who got a "shove" from a policeman, brought actions, why a specially constituted court would have to be arranged for, to hear all the cases.

OF COURSE it is rather annoying to be "shoved" by anybody, especially when he has secured a good position for seeing what he has come out to see, but on such occasions, there should always be a feeling of "give and take." A policeman's lot in keeping

any crowd back is not an enviable one, and it is the duty of citizens to help them in their duty by cheerful compliance, when they are only making a just and necessary request.

About the libel action which followed the assault case of course I can say nothing, as it is still *sub judice*, Judge Rouleau, having reserved his decision.

A RUMOR has crept into my room from the outside world that a breach-of-promise case will shortly occupy the attention of the Supreme Court in Calgary. This is the first case of its kind ever tried in this part of the world. It would be rather a good idea to hire the Opera Hall for the occasion and charge \$1 admission and give the funds to the Hospital. Anyhow, it would be a better spec for the Hospital than Mr. Ede's damages.

BY-THE-BYE, talking of hospitals and opera houses reminds me of the Calgary amateurs' entertainment, which is to be given for the hospital. Rehearsals, I understand, will be carried on with great vigor after the excitement due to the elections has quieted down.

IMITATION, they say, is the sincerest flattery. Well, the Prairie Illustrated should feel very much flattered at the manner in which the *Political News* people imitated it, in the second and probably last issue of that paper. The imitation was very weak, all the same.

D-RAT the boy! What are you playing at, bursting in like that? Being a juvenile cyclone? The boss wants the "copy," does he? Well, take it, you little devil; —and back sinks in his chair the miserable wreck who signs himself

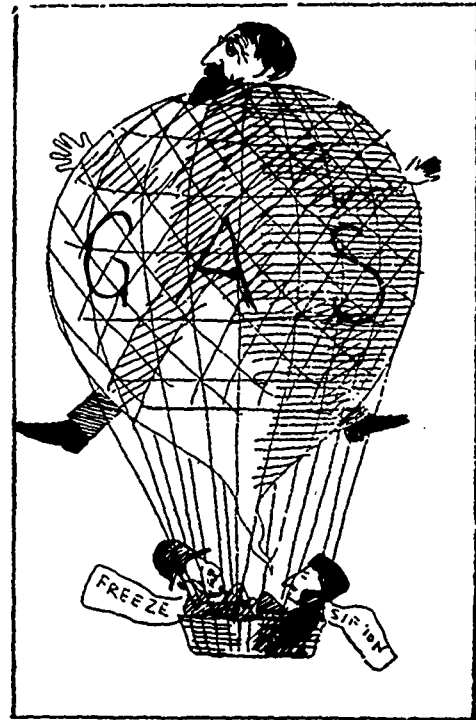
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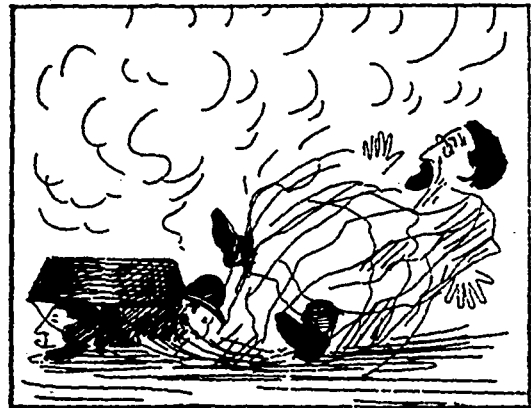
HUMAN PROMPTINGS

Let go der dawg, Billy, der's a man overboard!

He Flopped



The above cut represents Mr. Reilly's attitude before the elections.



This represents his deplorable condition on the morning following the election.

ALL communications to be addressed to the manager and editor of the paper

E. BEAUFORT,
at the office of the company's solicitor

E. CAVE,
Alexander Block, Calgary.

Dr. Talmage on Gambling.

Dr. Talmage in a recent sermon alluded as follows to the gambler:

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into satan's hands who takes all the tricks and both the players' souls for trumps—he being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put up just to add interest to the play.

Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs. Their brows lower and eyes flash, until now they who win and they who lose, fired alike with passion, sit with set jaws and compressed lips and clenched fists, and eyes like fire-balls that seem starting from their sockets, to see the final turn before it comes: if losing, pale with envy and tremulous with unuttered oaths cast back red-hot upon the heart—or winning, with hysteric laugh—"Ha! ha! I have it! I have it!"

A few years have passed and he is only the wreck of a man. Seating himself at the game ere he throws the first card, he stakes the last relic of his wife, and the marriage ring which sealed the solemn vows between them. The game is lost, and staggering back in exhausting he dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and in his dreams fiends with eyes of fire and tong of flame circle around him with joined hands, to dance and sing their orgies with hellish chorus, chanting "Hail! brother!" kissing his clammy forehead until their loathsome locks, flowing with serpents, crawl into his bosom and sink their sharp fangs and suck up his life's blood, and coiling around his heart pinch it with chills and shudders unutterable.

To a gambler's deathbed comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out a moment and say: "There goes the old carcass—dead at last," but they will not get up from the table. Let him down into his grave. Plant no tree to cast a shade there, for the long deep, eternal gloom that settles there is shadow enough. Plant no "forget-me-nots" or eglantines around the spot, for flowers were not made to grow on such a blasted heath. Visit it not in the sunshine, for that would be mockery, but in the dismal night when no stars are out and the spirits of darkness come down horsed on the wind, then visit the grave of the gambler.

How to Make a Horse Laugh

Bet you a dollar I can make that horse laugh," said a man with a white hat, as he patted a demure-looking beast on the flank.

"Never saw him before in my life."

"Is he the same as any other horse?"

"Just the same, so far as I can see."

"Well, I'll bet you a dollar for luck."

The man with the white hat passed his hand over the nostrils of the naimal, and then stepped back upon the pavement. A moment later the eyes of the horse began to roll, and then his upper lip shrivelled up so high that seven teeth sprang into view.

"See him laugh?" yelled the man with the white hat, as he danced a Lancashire step on the flagging. Tears leaped to the eyes of the horse, and his respirations came heavy and fast as he lifted his head into the air and uttered a loud guffaw.

"Give me the money, I win the bet," exclaimed the man with the white hat, amid a series of sneezes and snorts from the laughing animal. The sad-eyed man gave up his dollar and passed on. Just as the animal was about to drop down from exhaustion the man with the white hat pulled a blue-bottle fly from his victim's nostrils.

"That makes a V I have won today," he said, giving the horse a congratulatory slap. "It's rather tough on the critters, but a fellow must live, you know. You can use a fly for one experiment only, but when you have a bottle full, as I have here in my pocket, you do not mind the loss."





(CONTINUED.)

"How do you know?"

"Because you carry such an infernal lot of heat. I've seen something of like a d people, but I never met a creature without feather or fur who could stand as much roasting as you can and not get scorched. Do you know, I sometimes think that you lived in Hades before you came to earth, for you are certainly the most fire-proof young woman in my time."

Miss Brown rose to a sitting posture straightened out her skirts, drew one corner of the lining over her feet and knees and, sighing again, turned her eyes to the fire and covered her face with her arm to shut out the demon gazette made her soul writhed.

While attending her silence, Watson blew out some delicate rings of smoke.

"I wish you were no so prudish," he said. "I like the lace ruffles of your skirt better than that rug. They remind me of the girl I married in Chicago."

"That was your third wife, wasn't it?" she said solemnly.

"Well, really, Mattie, to tell you the truth, I don't remember the number, but now that you betray some evidence of rationalism, I have a little matter to talk about that will interest you."

"You're not a dress lover, are you?" she said to-morrow, if possible, we will have his name for me. I have given off all ability a powder to make him sleep for the next fifteen hours, and if you need a young man to do you needn't be afraid of disturbing him. You have been a very useful assistant Martha, and you can make yourself indispensable to me now, if you want to."

Miss Brown slowly raised her eyes, closed her eyes with both hands and with a look of mingling at him asked: "In what way?"

"In the same old way."



SHE FELT THE PRESENCE OF THE HYPNOTIST.

"No. I've done all I intend to do in the same old way!" When I leave this house, I

leave your services for good. I have enough on my conscience now to keep us wide-awake as the Muebach, and I tell you I'm sick of it, and I intend to quit."

"You're new," so got-looking, Martha, as when you're in the fire on a sore. If you were my wife I'd keep you a-guy all the time. Can't you be a little more out of style before you were out of life. It's indignation that's bothering you. I'll mix you a powder when I go to my room."

"Now, Miss Brown, I'm going to tell you the name and number of which I will give you, and I want you to go to her with a letter her father has written and look it over. I am determined to marry her and you can help me."

"And what if I refuse?"

"I'm determined that you will not refuse, and the sooner you understand that the better. Do you hear what I am saying? Look at me!"

"Let me go!"

"Answer me first."

Unable to move a muscle under his grin, Miss Brown felt her senses reeling beneath his hideous gaze and for an instant was overpowered.

The doctor gave her arm a sudden twist that brought the girl to her feet. Then, fixing his black, beady eyes on her and looking steadily at her trembling lids, till she raised her eyes to his face, he said clearly and decidedly:

"You will do as I tell you! Say you will!"

A shade passed across the pale face of the governess. It was there an instant and gone in an instant, but Miss Brown was conscious of it, for she raised her left hand to brush it away and as she did so she gasped. "Yes, and tore away the lace from her throat."

"Now you are reasonable. Sit down and listen to me. Tell Mr. Crawford, in the morning, that you had a dream; that you saw Edna on a sick bed, neglected and alone. Tell him you saw her mother—What the devil's your name?"

"Don't say an more for heaven's sake! I know what to tell him," and she buried her face in her hands as if to shut out a vision too horrible to contemplate.

"I am willing and all that, Dr. Watson, but I know I can't help you and it's no use sending me. Miss Edna does not trust me. She dreads me and I fear her. I can't look into her face and have not been able to meet her eyes since the night I made her mother use your vinaigrette."

"A leopard awake it's all the same and the older the daughter grows the stronger becomes the resemblance to her mother. It is wasted time. I can't stay with her or near her, and I won't try. I will go to California with the letters, if that will do you any good, but there isn't money enough in America to keep me in her service."

"And that's final, is it?"

"Yes."

"Does it occur to you that I have evidence sufficient to convict you of murder?"

"Who ever heard of an ace in the ace hanging an adept scoundrel who has won success as thief, bigamist, forger and blackmailer escaping judgement? There was profit in Mrs. Crawford's death, and you know who got her fortune and what became of her property?"

"Hold your tongue, you jake! Your wage will depend upon the success of your dream to-morrow morning. We give up these quarters this week without fail, and, on second thought, it will be better to have you travel with us as nurse or companion, or secretary to Mr. Crawford."

"To save you the trouble of planning as

escape. I might as well tell you that I have paid a private detective to watch you and that I am determined to have your assistance. So, good night, dear. Get as much rest as you can, it's a long, weary run from here to Frisco."

Banker Hartman's house in Stuyvesant Square was as gay as a palace for a coronation. Incandescent lanterns hung in the branches of the trees flooded the scene below with soft light and wore a delicate tapestry of skeleton leaves and graceful branches over pavement, street and wall. From curlstone to dais carpet, etched carpet and canopy, one hung with little chamber lanterns, from the jewels of which the light streamed in soft splendor, and the other hedged with date and fan palms.

White-liveried grooms stood at the carriage step to assist the wedding guests, and in the vestibule and a long staircase were servants of inscrutable face and faultless dress, each with a single phrase to deliver by way of direction to the bewildered company.

The air was intolerant with the breath of roses, and up from an arbor of palm and leander floated the light strains of mandolin, lute and harp, rapturous as love itself.

Newel posts and balm trays were twined with rose and hyacinth, window seats and mantle shelves were cushioned with violets and anemones, gorgeous balls of hydrangea and chrysanthemum filled the fireplaces, and invisibly hung against screens of smilax was a waiting of orchids extending through the drawing-room and library.

The alcove off the music room had been turned into a nuptial bower. An umbrella of white buds roofed the inclosure, the walls were tapstried with pink roses and just within the floral gates stood a plecterion of carved ivory and gold on satin, where Henry Henshall would kneel with his bride to receive the nuptial benediction.

Up in one of the sumptuously appointed vice-chambers sat the painter in the attitude of a patient, desolate as a lighthouse, for he had locked the door and given orders not to be disturbed. The marriage was set for seven o'clock and the neighbor hood abounded in the cry of bells. He had his gloves on and the ring in his pocket and he was listening for the knell.

"Coffee it is, anyway. Why should I care?" he muttered, rising a rapt and being nothing to the floor. "It's the woman in me. Men marry nurses and housekeepers and influence every day in the week, and I can name at least five fellows in the club who have married for mere social position. This thing of love is an involuntary sort of a sensation, anyway, and as for swearing to keep it up, it's all balderdash for a fellow can no more hate all his life that he can love. I'm in love with that small brown-eyed musician, yet I wouldn't marry her if I could; but I mean to find her and know her and use her as an ideal, if I have to sell my immortal soul."

"Lena is a good, wholesome girl, ample in everything but imagination, amiable and lenient, and she loves me, poor child, with her whole soul. Ah, well! the least I can do is to treat her decently! And I wish to gracious this ordeal was over with."

"My idea in hurrying the thing was to escape the gaping mob, and the servant at the door told me he had counted 120. I never could understand the whims of woman and her aversion to quiet weddings."

TO BE CONTINUED]

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The Lady's Prize will be an elegant invalids' chair, valued at \$25.

The Gentleman's Prize will be a handsome walnut office desk, with rotary drawers, length 46 inches, width 34 inches; value \$40.

These prizes are on view at Mr. J. B. Eshleman's, the agent for the same.

The Competition is to make the greatest number of English words from the words "THE PRAIRIE ILLUSTRATED."

◆-----◆ **RULES AND REGULATIONS** ◆-----◆

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|---|--|
| <p>1—The words must be written plainly in ink, on one side of the paper only, and in alphabetical order.</p> <p>2—No letter can be used in a single word more times than it occurs in the text.</p> <p>3—The lists are to contain English and Anglicized words only. That is, all words in bold-faced type (not italicized) in the main part of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.</p> <p>4—Words Allowable. Compound words; one of the parts of any verb; prefixed words; proper nouns found in the dictionary, exclusive of geographical names and last names of persons; first, or English, Christian names found in bold face type of dictionary.</p> | <p>5—Words not Allowable: Geographical names, scripture or historical proper names; nicknames; abbreviations; plurals; more than one part of a verb; surnames (last names of persons); slang terms, phrases; contractions; obsolete words and words in italics, indicating that they are not yet Anglicized. See distinction in Webster's between DEPOT and <i>debut</i>, <i>entre</i>, etc.</p> <p>6—Where two or more lists have the same number of words the one which reaches our office first will have the advantage.</p> <p>7—The name and address of competitor with number of words and date, must be written plainly on each list.</p> |
|---|--|

The competition will close on April 17th, after which date no list will be accepted. Each list must be accompanied by \$1 for a three months trial trip of The Prairie Illustrated. Present subscribers can participate in the competition by enclosing 50 cents with their lists. A sample copy of The Prairie Illustrated, which is a journal of interest to every one in the Northwest, can be obtained by applying to the office of the paper.

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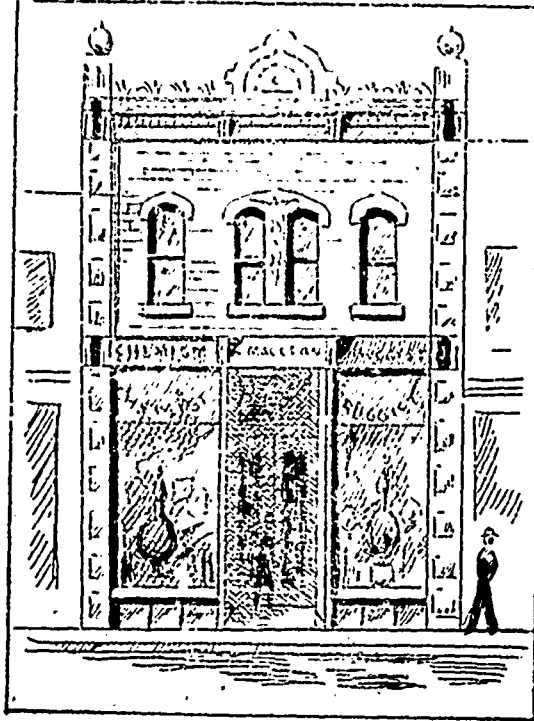
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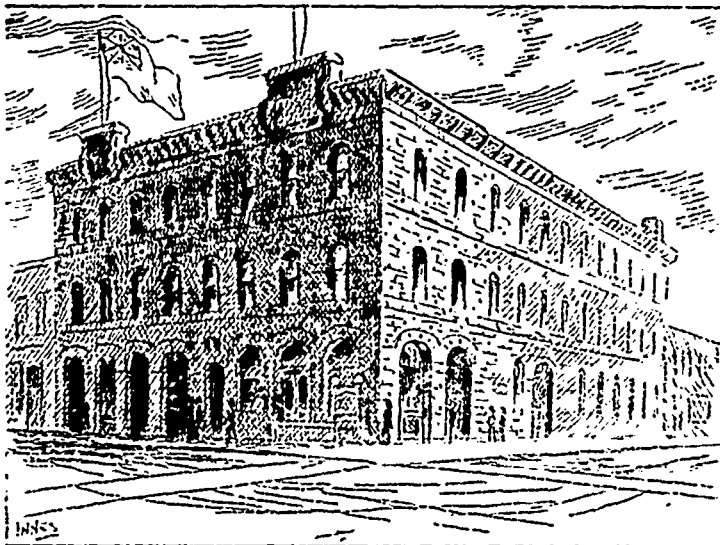
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As we are anxious to give cuts of all important stock in the country, we would ask ranchers to send photos of the same, with short description, for insertion in our columns. Only first class stock noticed. Photos will be returned.

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