

# MR. GATHERWICK'S PRODIGAL

There was a pause in the Gatherwick office. The half-hour after five had rung out some minutes before; six was closing-time, and it was one of the articles of Mr. McCallum's creed that it was injurious to the constitution to pass straight from the whirl of business to the chill outside air. Mr. McCallum was chief-clerk; there were but two; and whenever it was practicable—that is to say whenever Mr. Gatherwick himself was not present in person—he made a point of allowing a suitable margin for general conversation, before the two descended the stairs and set their faces homeward.

It was Mr. McCallum of course, who was leading the conversation to-night and the subject of all others that had come to the front was the case of the Prodigal Son suggested possibly by a circumstance that had occurred that same morning. Among the letters by the second post had been one in a big dashing hand, which without reading further than the had of the first page Mr. Gatherwick had promptly put into a fresh envelope and re-directed, presumably to the place it had come from; but he had posted it himself, instead of leaving it with the others to the junior clerk, Davidson. Davidson took a special interest in that dashing handwriting, and was laboring under a sense of injury accordingly.

"For myself, I never quite agreed with all the fuss that was made over that young renegade," Mr. McCallum was remarking with an emphatic flourish of his ruler, "it's not the practice, in these days at any rate; and I'd not advise any one to follow his example on the chance of getting the like reception."

"Then you would have left him to starve, I suppose?" returned Davidson, who represented the entire audience.

"Not entirely—moderation in all things. He might have been taken in on probation for a time, till they saw how far his reform was to be depended upon. No; on the whole, I'm not saying but I agree with Mr. Gatherwick."

"Mr. Gatherwick is obliged to you, sir," said a deep voice from behind; "but instead of discussing matters that do not concern you, kindly put up your books and go."

Mr. McCallum collapsed. He did as he was bidden in perfect silence, too overcome even to attempt an apology. Davidson followed him as swiftly as possible, and Mr. Gatherwick was left in solitary possession of the field. A limited and very dusty field; but the stiffest battle of his prosperous life had been fought out there. It was less, thoughtless—in all respects the antipodes of his father—mistakes in the cash-book—inquiries hushed up—disgrace and banishment. That had happened two years ago, on a dith morning was the third letter that had been sent back unread.

Mr. Gatherwick was at one end of the pole, Mr. McCallum at the other, yet both held precisely the same view on one subject. The prodigal in that old parable had been forgiven much too easily; the father had exhibited an amiable weakness that was altogether reprehensible under the circumstances. Mr. Gatherwick involuntarily commended himself for his sounder principles, and felt that he had done righteously in returning that unread letter.

And yet, somewhere underneath was a faint uneasy sense of discomfort—of something wanting. For what end was he working now? He had no irreproachable elder son to fall back upon. Hospitable and almshouses are useful institutions, but few men labour with enthusiasm for their sole behoof. He might endow another school, perhaps; but there appeared to be schools in abundance already, and he himself was a self-taught man. Mr. Gatherwick abruptly wound up his reflections at this unsatisfactory stage, locked up his safes, and rooms, and hurried away down the stairs and through the busy gas-lighted streets to his handsome solitary house, wherein dwelt no one person to watch and wait for his advent.

The letter went back whence it came—not very far; it was from an English seaport town this time; the last had been from New York. It went back and was greeted with some dismay.

"That is the last time I will ever trouble him, Nell," said Maurice Gatherwick, the younger, flinging it into the fire. "He does not know what forgiveness means, and he need not begin to learn now, as far as I am concerned."

Nell looked up from her stitching with a disappointed face. "O Maurice, I was so sure he would tell you to come home when he found you were so near. What are we to do?"

"Don't fret, Nell. I'll have a hunt round the shipping houses here; and if the worst comes to the worst, well, we can go back to Glasgow on our own account."

"Do you think it's because—because you married me?" she asked anxiously a minute or two after.

"No, Nell; that it certainly is not. He has not even read the letter, nothing but the address to which he could send it back again."

When Maurice set out to the far country—New York in his case—Nell and her mother had been fellow-passengers. The mother had been aiding all the journey, and died the day before they reached Sandy Hook. Nell was left solitary, almost penniless. Maurice's sole fortune was two hundred pounds, descended to him from his mother. What could have been a more suitable arrangement than that they should marry and combine their joint misfortunes?

perience of poverty. He had no associations of that kind with his own country, and naturally came to the conclusion that once back, it would be an easier matter to find some employment that would eke out their scanty means, beside the hope that Mr. Gatherwick might relent and be willing to overlook the past miserable folly. But that hope had to be struck out of their calculations now, and they were not through the first week yet.

The shipping houses followed suit. "There is only one course left, Nell; we must go back to Glasgow," Maurice announced at the end of the second week. "There will be a better chance there for me; I know the places."

And so the little tent was pitched once more and Maurice found himself back among the old haunts—with a difference. Then he had been a rich man's son and heir, now he was one of the rank and file, and the rank and file were inconveniently plentiful. It seemed to him, during that long quest, after a clerkship.

"Hurrah! I've got it at last," he cried, one rainy night, leaping up the stairs into the snobby sitting-room. "Forty pounds a year, and a steady rise of a pound! Why, in seventy years I'll have—I'll have one hundred and ten! Never mind, Nell; it's better than doing nothing."

"A great deal better," assented Nell cheerfully. "It will seem quite a fortune after all the failures; only I do think you ought to be worth more than that, Maurice."

"I used to think so, too; but all depends from what point you look at it. Davidson at our office had forty, and it never occurred to me that it was too little. I should like to see that lad again," he went on, starting off on a new track, as was his fashion. "He would have done anything for me in those days. I'll look him up when we get settled down here."

They were both thankful for this clerkship, very thankful; but when one has been in a certain groove for a lifetime, it is not easy changing into another, and those two idle desultory years had not been altogether the best training for a daily steady grind. Maurice liked pleasure and sunshine and ease generally; prodigals are not usually a race of immaculate heroes; time and space granted, his prospects of attaining the giddy height of that hundred and ten seemed were but faint. The novelty wore off in the first three days, and then it was only sheer necessity for himself and Nell that kept him to his post.

"I understand those husk banquets now very well," he remarked one day to Nell; "but if that prodigal had had my stool and forty pounds a year, he would have hurried off home even quicker than he did."

"Don't you think you might try once more?" suggested Nell half under her breath. "He has no one but you."

"No," said Maurice decidedly; "that's settled. I sent a message to Davidson to come and look us up to-night. Can we afford to give him a cup of tea, Nell?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Nell; "two if you don't mind it being a little weak. They say it's bad for the nerves too strong."

"I couldn't say, it's so long since we had a chance of judging. Never mind; Davidson is not particular."

Maurice had an extra turn at the grindstone that day, and did not reach home for some time after the visitor's arrival. Nell was sitting by the fire, trying to keep up the conversation with rather indifferent success. She broke off with a sigh of relief at the sound of her husband's footsteps on the stairs. Davidson flushed a sudden uncomfortable scarlet; he got up off his seat, and then stood grasping the back and hesitating. However, there was no hesitation about Maurice; he greeted his father's clerk as if they had parted yesterday, and under the most ordinary circumstances, and were meeting now in the paternal mansion, instead of this fourth-flat threadbare lodging.

"And you are still in the old place, my boy? and McCallum too? just as usual."

"Yes, sir. I'm glad to see you back, Mr. Maurice, the place has not been right since you went. Are you—are you—?"

"No, Davidson; I'm not. Don't run away with any ideas of that kind. That ended some time ago. I have just got to peg on here and help myself."

"But do you like it, Mr. Maurice?"

"Candidly speaking, I can't say I do; but needs must, you know."

Davidson looked unsatisfied. "It doesn't seem right," he was beginning dolefully.

Maurice interrupted his lamentation. "It's no use crying over spilt milk, my boy. Take you a solemn warning by my case, and don't slide into crooked ways. You don't slide back again as smoothly, by any means.—Now, draw up your chair, and we will have some tea."

That was the first of Davidson's visits. They continued regularly all the rest of the winter; through the hot stifling summer, when only dust and heat spoke of the green glory that hovered over the whole land beyond this wilderness of stone and lime. Maurice longed as he had never longed in his life for one sight of tossing waves and breezy moors; only there was the landlady and the butcher and the baker, and a whole army of smaller satellites planted between, barring the way.

To Be Continued.

**BADLY PLAYED.**

Mr. W. H. Preece, the well-known electrician, tells an amusing story about the early days of the telephone. That the queen might test the new invention, he put Osborne, Portsmouth and London, in communication, and arranged that a band should be played while Her Majesty was at the other end of the instrument.

The queen was detained, and before she arrived the band had been sent away. But a happy thought struck Mr. Preece. He stepped to the instrument and hummed into it "God Save the Queen," and asked if Her Majesty recognized the tune.

"Yes," she said; "it was the national anthem—but very badly played!"

## A SITE FOR A CITY.

Building a Town Beside the Rocky Front of an Old Woman.

It is an odd thing to see a town laid out with malice prepense, as it were, with a jagged rock for a site, and all because the rock happens to be a waterfall of forty feet and resembles the profile of an old woman. Some day when Grande Mere comes to be known to fame, as it will be in good time, it will be interesting to recall just how it got its name, for by that time, perhaps, the old rock that now divides the falls and is a monument to the water power that gives the place its commercial value may have disappeared.

How long this waterfall has been booming down the St. Maurice no one can say. The Indians who first knew it have long since passed away. Heaven only knows to what remote hunting grounds. But still the falls thundered on without any special concern for the shrewd prospector who might come along in the course of the advance of civilization a few years ago, however, the place was discovered, the resemblance to an old woman's face was seen in the rock that divides the fall, as Goat Island divides Niagara, and a wood pulp mill was built at the foot of the 50,000 horse power that from time immemorial has been going to waste over the jagged rocks.

A year or two ago some capitalists found out this wasted power. Away to the north of it lay illimitable forests of spruce timber. It required only the putting together of two and two to find here an excuse for developing

### THIS SPLENDID FORCE,

and three months ago the work was begun in earnest. Sir William Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Mr. Angus of the Bank of Montreal, American Secretary of War Alger, and A. Pagenstecher of New York city are among the interested capitalists. They have begun operations on a scale that has already made Grande Mere famous. Laborers are flocking to the site in great numbers, and the silent forest is transformed into the greatest activity.

Here some twenty odd miles up the St. Maurice River from the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers, and more than 100 miles from Montreal, in the heart of the forest, a city has been laid out. Where three months ago there was dense wood 800 inhabitants are at work now blasting rock, building a railroad and digging forty feet below the river level to lay the foundations of a great paper mill. London may be interested in this, because it is said that the product of this mill is to go abroad.

Meantime this great work has brought together a great force of men for whom the accommodations are of the most meagre. From a howling wilderness Grande Mere has come to be a place of nearly 1,000 population, all within a very few months. A few houses exist for the managers and foremen and the habitants live as they and Italians only can live in huts near by in the brush. But this is no half-way enterprise, and already streets have been laid out and forty houses are under way. There is a store, and within a month a railroad has found its way in from Garnoux Junction. There are a telegraph and a Post Office on the premises, and electric lights in the newly projected streets are only a matter of time. Mr. Maurer, the manager of the construction department; Mr. Hardy the civil engineer in charge, and young Mr. Alger are building fine houses on what will be called the

### RIVERSIDE DRIVE,

overlooking the falls. First avenue looks out on the river, and Broadway, so called because there is no other side of the way at present, lies parallel, a block away. Before snow lies these streets will be all built up, and at the further end of the town that now exists only in a blue print from which the engineers are working, a hotel is up and only waiting for the necessary lumber with which to inclose it.

The new railroad still a novelty, brings a dozen visitors a day to see the works and any one who misses the single train each way a day may thank his lucky stars if the hospitable Mrs. Elliot, who keeps the one boarding house in the place can find room for him at her table. For a bed let him look for a dry place in the grass.

To a visitor from the States the oddest thing in this new town is its foreign air. The French of Canada is the one recognized language spoken. The natives appear to have no ambition to acquire English. There is practically no intermingling of the race. A week here is enough to make one's native tongue sound like a foreign speech. But still it is a polyglot company that makes up this frontier settlement. Mr. Riley, the resident secretary of the company, is an Irishman. Mr. Maurer is a German, and among the engineers draughtsmen, clerks and laborers are Americans, Saxons, French, Canucks and Indians, not to mention a few Swedes and a Londoner or two, with a sprinkling of Scotch.

Some \$2,000,000 is being invested in blasting on the side of a rocky precipice below the falls for a mill site and in laying out the future great city of Grande Mere; and some idea of the difficulties of the undertaking may be had from the fact that until the spur of railroad was built a few weeks ago, hoisting engines, boilers, steam pumps and drills and all materials used had to be hauled several miles across a wild country, and then ferried over the St. Maurice above the picturesque falls.

### REVENGE.

He, after being rejected,—I hope you will never marry.

She—Why do you hope so?

He—For the sake of the other fellow.

## AN AMERICAN OPINION.

### HOW BRITISH LAW IS ADMINISTERED OUT AT THE GOLD FIELDS.

Canada's Government of the Klondike Meets with the Approbation of a Chicago Paper and Knows Whereof it Speaks.

A writer in the Chicago Times-Herald, discussing the enforcement of law in the Klondike by Canada, pays a tribute to the Dominion's management of affairs. The article says:

If you contemplate joining the argonautic horde bound for the Klondike region, do not go armed to the teeth, with ammunition enough for a regiment and with the idea lurking in your brain that you are going to be king of any particular locality that you may select. Do not imagine that you can shoot down in cold blood some blustering intruder who tries to step on your toes. No, you cannot be a king in the Klondike. For the Klondike has a sovereign ruler already. Her name is Victoria, and she keeps one or two gold commissioners and about 75 mounted police on the ground continually to prevent aliens from forgetting themselves.

You cannot carry concealed weapons on Canadian soil any more than you may carry them on State street. You have to pay the taxes imposed, submit to legislation, treat your neighbor as you do yourself, avoid lawless conduct, persistent debauchery and gambling and then you will have no trouble with the law of a government that is law. And the gold Commissioners who administer it never call a spade by any other name.

An additional detachment of 31 mounted military police the picked men of the Canadian service, some having been honored with commissions to the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, have gone to swell the force already stationed in the north. They were detailed to collect duties and royalties from the Klondike miners.

### ALIENS MUST DO AS NATIVES DO.

Some people laboring under the popular fallacy that the governmental modus operandi at the gold fields is that of majority rule, seem surprised at the total lack of chaos and lawlessness characteristic of the region. But Canada has made up her mind that if aliens wish to cross her borders and work her mines they must do as native Canadians do—honor and submit to the law. In fact, she wishes it distinctly understood that she is making a big concession to Americans in allowing them to enjoy the benefit of real law.

And man determined to get into the Klondike and resist the enforcement of law is bound on a silly and foolhardy errand. He will be given plenty of time to repent of his stupidity after he does get in. One miner, who has returned ignominiously on account of the heavy duties imposed, said that he tried to monkey with the lion's tail, and he found it to be the same old lion and the same old tail. The beast turned, as it always has done, when its dignity was affronted.

But the British Government does not demand obedience in the Klondike to something that is not worthy of it. Canada has pushed right in and is civilizing the territory. Following the precedent in the matters of the opening of new mining regions, the Dominion Government has already commenced the improvement of communication to and from the diggings. Canada was the first to suggest the construction of a telegraph line across the country. Through her intercession the sub-port at Dyea was opened to render the transportation of merchandise easier and to eliminate the distress growing out of a scarcity of supplies.

### WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING

Now the Dominion has opened up a monthly mail service. It is said to be prompt and efficient. There are other things to the credit of her rigid law. Trails and wagon roads are being opened and improved at Government expense. They are open to the use of miners of every nationality. Contractors are now at work opening a wagon road from the terminus of the Stickeen trail to the head of the Yukon, a distance of 180 miles. It will be completed before winter sets in. The upper half of the route will be snow trail, leading along the Frazer River to Dawson City. It will afford a short cut and easy route all the way from Victoria to the centre of excitement.

Every mining camp ever planted under British dominion has been benefited by a similar and impartial administration of law. From the very beginning a colonial form of government is inaugurated, means furnished for the administration of the law, life and property protected, peace preserved and a fair division of the gold-bearing placers is instituted among the enthusiasts.

And it is a feather in the British Governmental cap. The same policy has never been pursued by the United States. Miners who flock to new fields in this country are left to create laws for themselves, such as will best suit their own selfish devices. They are left to provide means also for the administration of the law, and every man invariably takes it into his own hands. This means, after all, a lack of law. Further than that, the United States Government has never bothered its head about cheapening the cost of transportation or opening new and easy routes at its own expense, or making direct communication with the seaboard and civilization. These matters are left entirely to individual ingenuity and private pluck and enterprise. And, as a result, they never happen. But this is a free country, and every man has got to look out for himself in the pursuit of liberty and happiness. Even if we have passed out

of the nursery stage and kicked off the traces of the good old mother country, some of her grown-up and mature wisdom is not to be ignored.

### NOT ONE VIOLENT DEATH.

There has not been a single violent death in the new gold regions. There never will be one that will go un punished. No American mining district can brag of that. Unscrupulous adventurers have found themselves in a disagreeable atmosphere, and in decidedly uncongenial environment. Consequently they have not stayed, and honest men feel better. But history is only repeating itself. It is just like Caribou in 1862. British law reigned there, and six constables held 30,000 cosmopolitan miners in admirable and unquelled check.

Groups of miners have batted together, protected with firearms, to resist the payment of duties. The Government's officials of the North-West Territory have been duly informed. Consequently the police demand a surrender of firearms at the border. This disarming is easily accomplished, for no matter how great the number of men attempting to cross, they are an undisciplined army, and only a few can present themselves at one time on the narrow trails.

The Dominion Government has made laws concerning its own gold districts, and it will not fail to carry those laws into execution. It would be a risky matter for an alien to attempt to overstep them. It will be far more comfortable for him if he imagines himself a dependent subject pro tem of the British Empire. Then there will always be means of escape.

### HE HAD HIS DOSE.

#### Story of a French Soldier's Coolness After Being Terribly Wounded.

In February, 1814, the French army made a heroic stand against the allied forces of Europe and in one week retrieved for a short but glorious period its lost prestige. Though composed largely of half-trained recruits, it escaped from the very centre of a quarter of a million foes, attacked an army of seventy thousand men, won four battles and captured sixty-eight cannon, five generals and twenty-eight thousand prisoners!

After the terrible fight at Montmirail, Major Bancel, staff-surgeon to the guard, was attending the wounded as well as he could, close behind the columns still engaged. Looking up from one unfortunate man whose wounds he was dressing, he perceived within a short distance an old mounted chasseur of the guard, who was tranquilly smoking his pipe and watching the surgeon. Bancel did not at first pay any attention to him. By and by he noticed the man again, still in the same posture, tranquilly smoking his pipe.

"What are you doing there?" cried the surgeon.

"Smoking," answered the man. "Does the major forbid me to smoke?"

"What!" returned the officer. "Aren't you ashamed to be loafing around here while your comrades are covering themselves with glory?"

The chasseur blew out a cloud of smoke, and driving his right spur into his steed, made him execute a half turn; then he said, taking his pipe out of his mouth:

"Look, major, don't you think I have got my dose as it is? Can I do anything more?"

The major looked. The chasseur's leg was shot off half-way between the knee and the ankle, so that his left foot was hanging and dangling against his horse. The veteran's question required no answer; but it may be surmised what care and attention the surgeon lavished on the imperturbable chasseur.

### CARNEGIE'S NEW CASTLE.

#### His Dornoch Firth Estate the Former Home of Bishops.

Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg is rivaling William Waldorf Astor in the value and extent of his landed interests in the British empire. The naturalized Scottish-American millionaire, has rented and will probably buy the Skibo castle estate, in Scotland, on the northern shore of Dornoch Firth, and not far to the southwest of Dunrobin castle the chief Scottish seat of the Duke of Sutherland.

Skibo castle is some five miles west of Dornoch village, the capital of Sutherlandshire. The village was in olden times the cathedral city of Sutherland and Caithness and the castle was the residence of the bishops. A notable reminder of the latter fact is the excellence of the gardens and orchard.

The estate of Skibo castle is one of the best fishing and shooting districts of Sutherlandshire, consists of 25,000 acres. One of the Mackays became the owner of Skibo about the days of the bishops and subsequently it passed into the possession of G. Demster, Esq. Hospitable, a short distance to the west, is the nearest great house to Skibo castle. It is owned by the Gilchrist family, and there a large slab high feet high, is said to commemorate the death in battle of the Danish chief Hospis.

To the east of Skibo three miles, on the road running from Bonar Bridge, at the head of Dornoch Firth, to Dornoch is Clashmore inn, the same distance south of which lies Meikle Ferry, the station of that name on the railway, which runs close to the south shore of the estuary, being the nearest one to Mr. Carnegie's new property. The castle is to the south of the main road and at the head of an arm of the firth.

The nearest town of importance to Skibo is Tain, a little south of west of Dornoch on the other side of the water. Skibo is about fifty-three miles northeast of Cluny castle.

### A WHALE'S WEIGHT.

According to Nilsson, the zoologist, the weight of the Greenland whale is 100 tons or 224,000 pounds, or equal to that of 88 elephants of 40 bears.