SAD SHERIFF REDGRAVE.

A DISTINGUISHED BRITISH COLUMBIA CITIZEN AND HIS STORIES.

Once a Year He Has a Gloomy Day, the Anniversary of the Occasion When He Killed a Grizzly and His Friend Died.

Lying in the picturesque valley of the Columbia River in British Columbia, with the Selkirk Mountains on one side and the Rocky Mountains on the other, is the town of Donald, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. It used to be known as a "wide-open town," but it is now a sedate little place of nearly 2,000 inhabitants. It is the meeting place of divisions of the railroad, and from that reason takes on a commercial importance that other towns of the same size along the railroad lack. It also has an added importance from the fact that it is the home of Sheriff Redgrave, the chief official of all that country round for a great distance.

Sheriff Redgrave is a distinguished man, not only because he holds the chief office thereabouts for many miles, but because he has a notable past. He has had many fierce campaigns with the Indians, has fought his full share of deadly duels with desperadoes, has "dropped" his man on more than one occasion, knows what roughing it means in a country the wildest of the wild, and for years before such a thing as a railroad was thought of in that country was a marked man. His dignified presence always commanded respect wherever he appeared. He was always pointed out to strangers, and knew that his position in the community demanded of him scrupulous regard for his personal appearance, and also that he must always keep up his nerve and live up fully to his reputation. Although the Sheriff is now nearly sixty years old, no one has ever found him derelict in his self-appreciation or neglectful of his past.

The Sheriff in these peaceful days has few stirring events to call out his prowess, but in the estimation of most of the citizens of Donald is the most conspicuous man in the place. It is one of his habits always to come down to the through trains every day to greet the crews and to exchange a word or two with the mail clerks. It also gives the passengers an opportunity, as they patrol up and down the platform while the engines are being changed, to ask who that distinguished-looking man is, and, while the stories of the Sheriff's greatness are being related, to give the Sheriff also an opportunity to display a becoming modesty and an assumed ignorance of the fact that the travellers are listening to stories of his past.

The Sheriff is of medium height, rather solidly built, and has a grizzly beard. He wears a low-crowned hat, and has a military style as he walks up and down the platform, nodding to this man and that, and occasionally speaking to one person as "Jim" and to another as "Jack" and so on. After a turn or two about the platform he usually stops at the mail car and, putting one foot on the braces of the car, enters into conversation with the messenger, while the passengers walk up and down and take him in thoroughly or listen to the tales of his career.

Sheriff Redgrave is always amiable and almost always cheerful. Once a year, however, he is manifestly troubled and downcast. It is a custom in Donald on these occasions to wait until a goodly collection of citizens have arrived, and then this conversation usually ensues:

"Good morning, Sheriff; you seem a little troubled this morning; you look blue. Nothing gone wrong, has there?" some one will say, and the Sheriff will make this response:

"Oh, no," with an apparent effort to throw off his careworn look; "nothing is the matter, but the fact is this is the anniversary of a very sad day with me, and I never can shake off its remembrance."

"Indeed?" some one will say, and at that invitation the Sheriff will tell this story of an eventful day in his career, one that annually fills his soul with sadness:

"It was just thirty years ago to-day that I was up in the Caribou country with the dearest friend I ever had. He was a noble fellow, one that I would have gladly given my life to any day were there occasion to do so. We were walking through a gorge late one afternoon, and by a lamentable oversight had only one gun with us. My friend ha dthat. Suddenly we came face to face with an enormous grizzly bear, one of the old-time bears, tremendous fellows, such as we used to have in these mountains. The bear was angry, and I think had been stung by some bees. He showed fight, and I saw at a glance that it was either his life or one or perhaps both of ours. He came right for us, roaring and determined to kill us.

My friend was a nervous man, and I could see that he was a little frightened. Now, you know that I never lose my nerve, and so I said to him that I thought he had better give me the gun and let me kill the bear, so as to make sure of the job. He agreed, and seemed to be glad to have the responsibility off his hands. The bear came straight for us, and I took deliberate aim. He had his mouth open, and I aimed to shoot him there and let the bullet penetrate the brain, and thus make a neat job of it. When the bear was about ten paces off I pulled the trigger. That bullet went straight to its mark, of course, but, do you know? just as it struck the bear in the mouth, that animal for some reason or other turned on his heels. The bullet passed through his head, and the bear, turning just as it was passing through, deflected the bullet, so that it flew back at us, and killed my friend instantly by my side. Yes, this is always a very sad day with me, and I am sure you will excuse me if I don't show my accustomed cheerfulness."

Sheriff Redgrave has another thrilling experience that he relates occasionally, and it illustrates his fertility of resource in time of great emergency, and reveals to some extent the reasons for his popularity and advancement in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He was up in the Caribou country many years ago and stumbled into a camp of Indians where there was an epidemic of small-pox raging. It would never do for him to return home after having been disposed to that contagion, and it also was incumbent on him as a man with a sympathetic heart to try to stamp out the terrible disease. He and his friend pondered over the situation for a long time, and at last a plan came to them.

"How do you suppose we stamped that small-pox out?" the Sheriff says as he tells the story.

"Well, it was this way. Neither of us had any medical education, and if we had it wouldn't have done any good, for we had no remedies with us, and it would have been impossible to make those Indians take any medicine. What do you think we did? We just rounded up all the Indians that had the disease, and when we were sure that we had every one of them and had burned all their effects, we buried each Indian up to his neck in the ground and left them there for the night. The next morning we came around to see how they were getting along, and would you believe it, the wolves had come during the night and had eaten off the heads of everyone of those Indians. That stamped out the epidemic in that whole section, and to this day there has never been a case of small-pox there. It was rather rough treatment, but ever since then that tribe of Indians have been among my very best friends."

The resources of the Sheriff in time of difficulty are also illustrated by another anecdote he tells. He and a friend were out in the mountains one day and came to the only ford in a stream that was accessible for many miles. To their dismay they found that the heavy rains had made the stream impassable. They had to get over in some way for the fate of important business depended upon the Sheriff's arrival home. It was out of the question for them to try to build a bridge.

"How do you suppose we managed it?" the Sheriff asks.

"Well, we thought a long time and then we formed a plan. The stream was a hundred yards wide and rushing furiously. It was a mighty torrent, sweeping everything before it. Well, we just loaded our pockets full of stones and hung them about our necks. Then we each carried as big a boulder as we could. Taking a long breath, so as to last us after the water got over our heads, we plunged into the stream and waded over by walking on the bottom. The stones kept us from being swept away."

These stories illustrate the Sheriff's character and ingenuity and indicate to some extent why he is a distinguished man in all British Columbia. They also serve to explain the reason why the people of Donald are proud of the Sheriff and take pains to point him out to travellers as their most notable citizen. Should any one go to Donald prepared to doubt the Sheriff's veracity it would be well for him not only to provide himself with a couple of hair-trigger shooters, but he must also be ready to get the drop on any one of half a dozen citizens, for the Sheriff's numerous friends are always quick to resent to the death any reflections on the Sheriff of any kind whatever.

THE IDEAL SOLDIER'S WIFE.

She Must be Prepared to Stand by Her Husband in Times of Danger and Difficulty.

This ideal of what a soldier's wife should be was realised by the wife of Sir Henry Lawrence. Soon after his marriage he had to survey a dense jungle at the foot of the Nepaul Mountains. The dews and fogs were so heavy that no tent could keep them out. Fires had to be lighted constantly to keep off tigers and wild elephants. It was in such a tract that the assistant of Sir Henry Lawrence found Mrs Lawrence.

She was seated on the bank of a nullah, her feet overhanging the den of some wild animal. While she, with a portfolio in her lap, was writing overland letters, her husband, at no great distance, was laying his theodolite. A woman of a highly gifted mind, as well as of a most cheerful disposition, she helped her husband in his reports and other literary compositions even when undergoing roughings like those described. While easily falling into her husband's ways of unbounded liberality and hospitality, she cared nothing herself for luxury. She would be quite content with a tent some ten feet square, a suspended shawl separating her bed-room and dressing room from the hospitable breakfast-table. Even in accommodation like this the well-matched couple found an earthly Paradise. The luxury of helping her husband to do good was the only one for which Lady Lawrence cared.

It was one day when Sir Henry was on leave for the benefit of his health that these two, in happy communion, were reclining on the side of the Sunawar Mountain, opposite Kussowlee, when the thought which occurred to one was responded to by the other, and taken up by both, that they would erect a sanatorium for children of European soldiers on that very spot. The result is well known, and the noble institution, now under the direction of Government, bears his honored name.

Insects that Get Tipsy.

"That drunkenness and its mischievous consequences are not peculiar to the human race alone," said Prof. E. B. Sheldon, of Minneapolis, "are, in my mind, established facts. I have paid particular attention to the avidity with which wasps attack certain fruit when it is overripe, and have noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most frequented by wasps has a tendency to pass into a sort of alcohol in the process of rotting. On such fruits, particularly grapes and plums, you will frequently see wasps pushing and fighting with each other, endeavoring to get at the coveted prize. After they have got at it and filled themselves with the juice, you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a sort of a dazed condition and repose in the grass for some time, presumably until the effect wears off, when they invariably return and get in the same condition again. It is while they are thus affected that they do their worst stinging, both in the virulent nature of the stroke and the utterly unprovoked assaults of which they are guilty. I was stung last year by a drunken wasp, and for several days suffered severely from symptoms of nerve poisoning.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered From His Daily Record.

Chicago's assessed valuation is $219,354,368.

The Chinese legation is the largest in Washington.

Duluth and Superior have a grain capacity of 27,000,000 bushels.

During last year there were 1,250 desertions from the navy.

Orange culture in this country has outgrown the consumption.

About half the applicants for enlistment in the navy are rejected.

The army of commercial travellers of this country alone numbers 250,000.

Wyoming is covered with a network of 5,000 miles of irrigating canals.

There is a scheme on foot to connect Pittsburg and Chicago by electric railway.

There are truck "farms" in New York city which are assessed at $100,000 an acre.

Ex-Senator Ingalls indorses the proposition to elect United States Senators by popular vote.

A Norwalk, Conn., gardener, while drinking from the nozzle of a hose, swallowed a frog.

In the year ending June 30, 1894, the railways of America carried 492,430,000 persons.

The latest statistics show that the death rate in the city of New York is rapidly decreasing.

Marshall H. Abbott, an extensive real estate operator at Salem, Mass., has failed for $500,000.

Mr. Marvil, who is running for the Governorship of Delaware, is a manufacturer of peach baskets.

The State of Ohio spent $200,000 in military protection during the recent strike of coal miners.

An average of 3,000 umbrellas are constantly in the lost parcel office of the New York elevated.

The silver dinner service which Mrs. J. W. Mackay has with her in Europe is worth $196,000.

Nevada has sent out $550,000,000 in silver and gold, $200,000,000 of which came from the Comstock mines.

Bishop Clark, Episcopal, of Rhode Island, will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his consecration on Dec. 6.

Speaking before Michigan bankers Comptroller Eckels said the recent panic was the result of vicious legislation.

A Bible distributor died recently in New Hampshire at the age of 76, who during his life distributed 120,000 Bibles.

The area of tillable land in South Eastern Alaska is given as 1,500 square miles, a tract larger than Rhode Island.

The Americans are generally agreed to have surpassed all other nations in the invention and use of rapid fire guns.

Last year the United States and Canada published 19,573 papers, with an aggregate circulation of 3,481,610,000 copies.

Miss Mattie Copeland has accepted the populist nomination for superintendent of public schools in Preston County, Virginia.

Miss Ellen J. Dortch, editor of the Milledgeville Chronicle, is to be the private secretary of Governor Atkinson of Georgia.

Chicago is the great cold storage depot for eggs. It is calculated that nearly half a million cases are packed away there every year.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture estimates that 15,506,000 acres of corn in the west have been abandoned or cut up for fodder.

At a recent reunion of the well-known Smith tribe in New Jersey, five thousand members are reported to have put in an appearance.

An ice cream dealer in Eastport, Me., is a bicycle rider, and wheels around the city with a big advertisment of his business on his wheel.

At a depth of 1,000 feet from the surface at Ithica, N.Y., there is a solid stratum of rock salt of an excellent quality nearly 300 feet thick.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague has been compelled to give up her home that was once her fathers, to satisfy the demands of creditors.

Stuffed white doves, for funeral emblems, are prepared in large numbers in Jersey City. Their bodies are sold to French restaurants.

British Vice-Consul Burroughs has taken official notice of the supposed murder near Guthrie, Ok., of Frank Ledgers, of Buckingham, England.

Lawton Sherman who died in Providence recently, aged 99 years, was married seventy-eight years ago. His wife, who is still living, is 99 years old.

At a recent wedding in Mokane, Mo., the groom's name was Abraham Lincoln Strickland, and that of the officiating clergyman was Jefferson Davis Greer.

William Buck was given two years in the penitentiary by a judge in St. Louis, Mo., for placing an obstruction on the Missouri Pacific tracks during the late strike.

Members of the G. A. R. of Braddock, Pa., refused to march under an arch on which was a portrait of President Cleveland, and it was pulled down by the crowd.

Lady Henry Somerset tells a Boston reporter: "I feel that women here are making great progress, and the outlook is most promising; yet we shall have full suffrage in England before you do, as already women have all votes except the parliamentary, and that is in the near future."

Russian cactus has gained such headway in Ransom County, in North Dakota, that on one quarter section alone it will take fifteen men six days to pull up the weeds, and on the adjoining quarter ploughing can not be done, as horses are unable to force their way through the cactus.

King Price, a convict in the Lansing Mich., penitentiary, has confessed that while a clerk in Wichita, Kan., post office twenty years ago, he robbed registered letters. J. T. Holmes, who was postmaster at the time, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, but was released after eighteen months, his friends making good the shortage.

R. W. Hutchinson, florist of the Pennsylvania Company, has been doing some fine work at stations along the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago. Most of his floral emblems are a keystone, the trade mark of the road, 15 by 20 feet, and a flag 10 by 16 feet in plants of different colors. The plants used are all grown in the company's conservatory.

FALL FUN.

It's funny, but a speaking countenance is most expressive when the mouth is shut.

He—"Oh, I'm not so big a fool as you think." She—"Of course not; that were impossible."

"Is young Jimkins improving in his violin work?" "I dunno. Either he's improvin' or we're gettin' used to it."

He—"Charlotte, I love you; can you not return my affection?" She—"I'm afraid I'll have to, as I have no use for it."

He—"I hear Miss Oldgirl is going to marry Tommy Small." She—"Is that so?—I wonder if he knows it?"

Student—"Professor, which is the logical way of reaching a conclusion?" Professor—"Take a train of thought, my boy."

"Oh, yes; when I was in England I was enthusiastically received in court circles." She (snippy)—"What was the charge against you?"

Blame not the man who from the path
Of rectitude doth rove;
It may perchance be that he hath
Been putting up a stove.

"Robbie," said the visitor kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," replied Robbie solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got."

"What's the difference between concei and self-esteem, anyhow." "A great deal Conceit is the self-esteem belonging to somebody else."

The wife (during a spat)—"The villain in the play is always a man." The husband—"Yes, and it is always a woman who makes him one."

"No," she sobbed, "I do not wish to marry him." "Then why not break the engagement?" asked her mother. "If-f-fi do, he'll want back his diamond ring."

"What have you got to say for yourself?" "Jest dis, suh; I wants a liar to defend me;" "You mean a lawyer?" Yes, suh; I knowed I most had it!"

Thermometers she puts away,
Their stories ne'er believes,
She will not don a winter wrap
To crush down her big sleeves.

Carleton—"How did you enjoy yourself at Mrs. Hamilton's last night?" Montauk—"First-rate; there wasn't a song or recitation sprung on us during the entire evening."

It must be strange for the Spaniards to feel that they are ruled over by a mere infant." "Why?" "It's so uncommon." "Humph! It's plain you never had an infant."

"Mrs. Snippey is almost frantic about her little boy having measles." "Is he dangerous?" "No, but four of her near neighbors have new bonnets, and she can't go to church."

Seedy Samson—"You see, your honor, I was intoxicated with joy over——" His honor—"The intoxication may have been of joy, but the odor is the odor of alcohol. Thirty days."

"No, he doesn't love me," she sighed, as she listened to the receding footsteps of the youth who had just parted from her. "No, he doesn't love me. He said good-night only four times before going."

Widow—"Well, Mr. Brief, have you read the will?" Brief—"Yes, but I can't make anything out of it." Heirs—"Let us have it patented. A will that a lawyer can't make anything out of is a blessing."

Mrs. Flatter—"George, dear, the cook is going to-morrow." George—"Why, what is the matter with her? I thought she liked the place." Mrs. F.—"That is the trouble. She says she is too contented with us."

"I tell you, women are coming to the front, said the woman's rights man. "That's a fact," said the bald-headed man; "there was one in front of me at the theater last night, and I never saw the stage once."

Father—"He says that he loves you, but can he support you in the style that you have been accustomed to?" Daughter—"Even better, father dear, if you will just furnish the money; that is all that discourages him."

Flusher—"Did Miss Gaygirl make any remark when you handed her my boquet?" The messenger—"Yep; she said 'Oh, the dear, dear flowers.'" Flusher—"Humph! That florist must have sent the bill along with the boquet."

Lucy (single)—Do you think it is wicked to smoke, dear?" Fanny (married)—"No dear, I'm sure it isn't." Lucy—"Why are you so sure?" Fanny—"Because my husband doesn't smoke; and if it was wicked I'm sure he would do it."

Aunt Maria—"I really think she would make you a good wife, John. I admit she is something of a scold, but then she is such a good housekeeper! so neat, you know." Harry—"But then one would soon tire of neat's tongue."

Ghost in the Barber Shop.

Customer—"I wish you wouldn't always tell such frightful stories! It makes one's hair stand on end."

Barber—"Exactly! That's the idea, for then I can cut your hair better."

THE GARDEN OF AMERICA.

No Other Portion of North America That To-Day Excels Ontario in General Agriculture.

A writer in The Springfield Republican had something recently to say with reference to farming in Ontario. The paragraph caught the eye of Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and, in reply to it, he contributes a two-column statement of the agricultural position of Ontario, challenging the conclusions of the writer in question. Mr. James defines the size and geographical position of the Province, and while stating the former in its full extent from James Bay to Pelee Island, and from the delta of the Ottawa River to the Lake of the Woods, a territory larger in extent than the combined areas of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, he is careful not to mislead by imparting the notion that it is all alike fitted for settlement. Eighty per cent. of it is still Crown property, although there are

SEVERAL MILLIONS OF ACRES

of the finest agricultural land as yet unoccupied.

With the exception of a short portage between Lake Nipissing and Trout Lake on the north, the old settled portion of the Province is practically an island washed by the waters of two large rivers and three great lakes. Its more southerly point is in a lower latitude than either Boston or Chicago, while almost all of the 2,114,321 inhabitants of Ontario are to the south of a line drawn from the Soo to Portland, Maine. Within this area are 23,000,000 acres of occupied farm lands. Mr. James points out something that is too often forgotten, namely, that Ontario is still the greatest wheat-growing Province of the Dominion and in its production most prolific. In 1893 21,731,311 bushels were grown in Ontario, being an average production of 17.10 bushels per acre, while in Manitoba, the next largest wheat-growing Province, the production was 15,615,923, or an average of 15.56 per acre. The average yield of wheat barley and oats for the twelve years—1882-93—was higher than the average for any State in the Union.

In fruits, too, the Province takes a prominent place. Peaches of the finest quality are grown in the southern counties; grapes grow everywhere, their value retail during the season just closing being about two cents a pound. Ontario apples are unexcelled. At the World's Fair the Province exhibited fourteen varieties of raspberries, seven of blackberries, 68 of strawberries, 28 of cherries, 18 of currants, 34 of gooseberries, 44 of peaches, 88 of pears, 82 of plums, 108 of grapes, 146 of apples, besides many other fruits, including even figs grown out of doors. In the competition Ontario secured ten Provincial awards, fourteen districts awards and fifteen individual awards—39 in all—

A RESULT UNEQUALLED

by any single State or foreign country. In honey Ontario secured seventeen awards, against 28 for the entire United States. The remarkable successes of the Province in the dairy department constitute a familiar story. In the production of stock there is no other portion of equal size in North America where are to be found so many different breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine. We have heavy horses in large numbers. In hackneys, Americo-Arabs and thoroughbreds the Ontario horses took practically everything at Chicago. Here are to be found Shorthorns, Galloways, Polled Angus, Herefords, Devons, Jerseys, Guernseys, Holsteins and Ayrshires.

In poultry our achievements at Chicago were also noteworthy, 497 awards being taken by Ontario against 698 by the whole United States. Summing up Mr. James says:—"A country that can ripen the peach and the grape, produce cheese that, in its class, brings the highest price in Europe, develop cattle and sheep unsurpassed on the continent, must surely have fine agricultural possibilities. It can be said without hesitation that in general agriculture, including grain growing, fruit raising, dairying and stock production there is no other portion of North America that to-day excels Ontario."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The horse, of all animals, is the quickest to succumb to cold.

In the last five years the population of France has decreased.

Ninety per cent. of the business of the United States is done with checks.

The Hudson River is salty as far as Poughkeepsie, seventy-five miles from its mouth.

A thief in Topeka broke into the First Baptist church, and stole the baptismal boots.

People who wore shoes in Italy during the fourteenth century had to pay a tax for the privilege.

Bicycles are taxed in France. Last year the government derived a revenue of 950,000 francs from the tax on 132,276 wheels.

Railway accidents are so rare in Holland that an average of only one death a year results from them, throughout the entire country.

Jacob Ruffly, aged seventy, of Wilkes Barre, stole a loaf of bread. Mayor Nichols sentenced him to imprisonment until he ate the loaf. In four hours Jacob ate his way to freedom.

J. W. Grimes, of Newport, Ky., although he weighs 444 pounds, is a lively bicyclist. When mounted, he looks like a giant on wheels. He has just ordered a bicycle that will weigh thirty-five pounds.

In ancient times, in Greece, it was customary to place a coin under the tongue of a dead person. This was to pay his fare to Charon, whose duty then was to ferry the deceased over the river Acheron, in the infernal regions.

A serum taken from horses has been tested in the Paris hospitals as a remedy for diphtheria, by inoculation. Seventy-five per cent. of the children inoculated recovered; while of those not inoculated only forty per cent. survived.