The Nizam's Jem.

I had been ill with fever. They tell me that it was a severe illness and that the outcome was for many days in doubt. Twice, they said, my feet pressed on the verge of the dark valley, and twice was I drawn back. I know little of this personally. For two weeks or more I was either delirious or unconscious. Then, one bright May morning, I came back from the land of shadows. It seemed to me, as I lay there, that my mind was unnaturally acute. I fancied that my enfeebled physical condition accentuated the action of my brain. It seemed as if the rest I had given it—the rest, at least, from lucid action—had reinvigorated it. I remember that I threw a great deal of thought into the construction of the first connected sentence I addressed to my man. This is what I said:

"Any letters, George?"

He started up hastily.

"Letters sir? Yes, sir, letters and a telegram."

"Read the telegram," I said, after another spell of thought.

He tore open the yellow envelope.

"Just heard of your illness. Start for home to-day. Mary."

Mary is my promised wife. I recalled that she was at Colorado Springs with her invalid mother, when I fell ill. I looked at George. He must have read my question. He seemed to make a momentary calculation.

"If all goes well, sir, she should be here to-day."

Mary was coming. The thought acted on me like a tonic. I wanted to throw aside the blankets and leap to the floor. Gods! And I couldn't even raise my arm.

"Get flowers, George," I murmured. "Let in the sunlight. Hide these bottles."

He smiled and smoothed the blankets above me.

"Everything shall be as presentable as possible, sir," he said.

As presentable as possible? That note of exception must mean me. Never mind, Mary was coming. Mary loved me too well to take offense at my changed appearance.

"George," I said, "the world is still outside there, I suppose. Read the newspaper."

He read to me for half an hour or more, read the news just as it came to hand—telegraph, local, political. For a time his voice has simply a lulling effect. Then I began to take notice of the substance of what he read. When I had heard all I wanted, I bade him stop and let the substance of his reading filter through my brain. As I strove to recall it all there was an item that seemed to hold my fancy in a peculiar way. It was a telegram which told that a nizam of far Hindustan had been robbed of an almost priceless diamond which it was understood he meant to present to Queen Victoria at the time of the jubilee. This story, I say, seemed to fascinate me—the diamond of the nizam, filched from its oriental owner, gleaming mayhap from the dusky corner of some squalid hut when it should be eclipsing the jewels of a queen. And Mary was coming. What a gift for Mary that diamond would be—Mary, my queen! There was a strange humming in my head, but out of it all came one clear thought—I would get that diamond and give it to Mary. When I had determined on this, I seemed to grow cool and calculating. I realized how helpless I was physically, but my will power, thank God, was still left me. I would concentrate my mind on the thief. I would will to come to me. I had read somewhere that the soul in a body purified by the fire of disease rises above the restrictions of common clay. Was not my soul so purified. I fixed my thought upon the nizam's diamond.

Red clouds rolling rapidly; out of them a touch of blue sky, a whirl of yellow dust, a sun that beat down fiercely from midheaven; the walls of a city, a city with queer minarets and towers, and strange palaces; a city with a huge gateway through which passed in and out a motley array of strange garbed people, bullocks, and carts, and then a lumbering elephant, and red coated soldiers and white turbaned men with brown faces. And the air was hot and dry, and a strange odor came to my nostrils. Then in a corner by the huge portals I noted a crouching figure—a turbaned native with strange rings in his ears and an eye that gleamed with a startling whiteness. And on him my thoughts centered. Then he arose from his bent position and slunk forth. As he passed amid the snarling dogs that fought and yelped beyond the city walls I noticed that in the folds of his garments he held a long, keen knife. Ever and anon he looked over his shoulder as he slouched along. And the sun glared, and the desert spread before him, and the dust arose in yellow puffs. Then came two native soldiers riding on weary horses, and they cried out at sight of the footman. And when they dismounted to seize him the knife flashed, and one soldier lay silent at his feet, and the other fled across the gleaming desert, and the knife was red.

There were clouds and confused scenes and out from them all the man with the red knife pressed on, in his eyes a strange light, a gleam, half terror, half desperation, the look of a haunted man, whose fate impels him forward. Then another city, a city of whitewashed walls and many huts and few palaces and stretches of the sea and the masts of ships. The swish of waves, and the roaring of the wind, and the rattle of cordage, and in the midst of the ship the brown faced man calmly indifferent to the tempest. More clouds and long blanks of chaotic nothingness. My eyes find themselves gazing at the wall of my room, and presently it opens and through it steps the man who crouched by the city gates. Step by step he comes to my bedside and his eyes glistens and his knife is red, and my eye never leaves his. Then he pauses and bends low with his arms outstretched.

"Sahib," he murmurs, and his voice is singlularly low and gentle, "I am here."

"The diamond!" I hoarsely murmur.

He removes his turban and slowly unwinds its many folds. As he does so the room seems filled with the rustle of garments, and a strange, sweet perfume comes to me. There are whispers, too, and a sound like a stifled sob. Slowly the stranger unfolds his turban, and suddenly out of it leaps a great white pebble. He lifts it before me betwixt his lean brown thumb and forefinger, and I know that in his other hand he holds the red knife.

"The diamond of the nizam, sahib," he murmurs.

As he speaks a sudden ray of sunlight falls upon the white pebble and a mighty glory seems to fill the room.

My eyelids drop before that glare. I see the brown face of the Indian bend lower. I see his fingers clutching at his knife. The room grows dark and yet darker. I seem to be slipping away, slipping away.

"John!"

Is that my name? Is somebody calling me? What is this that holds my hand and draws me back? No, no; let me go."

"John!"

Surely somebody is calling me. I open my eyes slowly so slowly. Across the level of my bed I see the face of George, leaning forward, his features in the shadow, his eyes gleaming with frightened anxiety, in his hand a tiny medicine glass that catches a dazzling ray of sunlight. Somebody else is there, somebody who holds my hand tightly, somebody who calls again:

"John, dear!"

I raise my eyes a little higher. Another face is bending over me, a white, tear stained face.

"John!"

It is Mary.

And so I came back.—W. R. Rose.

CANADA OWNS THE YUKON.

And Klondyke Was Discovered By a Canadian—Americans Do Not Like to Pay Royalties.

A section of the United States press is objecting hysterically to the policy of Canada in collecting "unjust" Customs duties upon foreign goods sent into the Yukon region, also to the regulation requiring miners to pay an "unjust" royalty upon the gold they exhume. The theory seems to be current that we have no right to tax within our own territory. But if the United States can levy Customs dues upon Canadian goods passing into any part of the country, why in the world should it be regarded as unfair or unjust on the part of Canada to collect similar dues upon goods entering this country? Again, with regard to the royalties, it is well to remember that the Canadian system calls for precisely the same contributions from Canadians as from citizens of the United States. Nor is the arrangement at all novel. There is no part of Canada in which royalties, or a part of the find are not exacted as contributions to the revenue. We have royalties in Ontario; and in Nova Scotia the coal royalties are a very important item in the provincial receipts. Our Government has to provide for many services in the mining region. It has to attend to the allotment of claims, the preservation of the peace, the carrying of the mails, and what not. Absurd it is to say that all this shall be done at no expense to the men who receive advantages from these services, and

GET THE GOLD TO BOOT.

It seems really as if the objection to taxation were an evidence that the first principles of civilization had yet to be learned. One of the United States arguments is to the effect that the wealth of the Yukon was discovered by Americans, and that as a result citizens of the United States have a proprietary right in it. On this point the Victoria Colonist mentions the following facts:

"In 1880, John McKenzie, a Canadian, with a party of Canadians, went down the Lewis River to Lake Lebarge. He was the first white man to run the White Horse rapids. He may be said to have discovered the route into the Yukon valley.

"The first discoverer of gold and mineral on Stewart river was a man named Fraser, from Nova Scotia.

"Franklin gulch and Forty Mile creek diggings were discovered by three Canadians named McCue, Stewart, and Franklin.

"Davis creek was discovered by a party consisting of one Canadian and four Americans.

"Miller and Glacier creeks were discovered by a party consisting of Canadians and Americans.

"Birch creek was discovered by a party consisting of three Canadians and two Americans.

"Klondyke was discovered by a Canadian named Henderson."

But, apart from the discoveries, the territorial right is Canadian. A person named Dore, a returned miner, has been saying in San Francisco, that if our "unjust" Customs, duties, and our "unjust" royalties are persisted in the entire Yukon territory will be seized by the Americans in the Yukon district and transferred to the Stars and Stripes. The Canadian Mounted Police, he adds, cannot prevent this. Dore is evidently inflated by his own cupidity. If that sort of thing were contemplated or attempted, we should merely have to draft a few more police into the district, and charge the foreign miners added royalties to cover the expense thereby involved.

HIS MOTIVE.

First Boarder—I don't see that Jenkins gains anything by kicking so much.

Second Boarder—He's trying to create the impression that his board is paid up to date.

THE YUKON GOLD REGION.

MR. WILLIAM OGILVIE'S EXPLORATION OF THAT DISTRICT.

American Miners Surprised—Mr. Ogilvie's Photographs and Maps the Only Reliable Information About the Gold Fields—Rough Sailing on the Lakes and Rivers—All Eyes Diverted From Other Tributaries to the Klonkike.

In May, 1887, a Canadian surveyor, William Ogilvie, in the service of Canada, began one of the most noteworthy explorations made in North America in a long time. He was away from civilization nearly two years, travelled 2700 miles in wild and largely unexplored parts of eastern Alaska and northwestern Canada, and some of his route was in a country never visited by a white man before. He gave the first adequate description of the route our miners had taken, under Indian guidance, to the placer diggings on Stewart River and Forty Mile Creek, by way of Chilkoot Pass, Lake Labarge, and the Lewes River to the Yukon. He wintered north of the arctic circle, then crossed the divide into the Mackenzie basin, and worked his way south through the system of lakes and tributaries till he reached Ottawa again.

Ogilvie's chief purpose was the determination of points on the 141st meridian, designated by treaty as the international boundary from Mount St. Elias to the Arctic Ocean. The points he established varied only a few feet or rods from those determined later by more refined observations. They were a great surprise to American miners, who ceased to clamor for a United States post-office at Forty Mile Camp when they learned it was in British territory. Most of their placer claims were across the border in Alaska, but the miners supposed they were conducting all their enterprises on American soil, and suddenly developed a great desire to learn something about Canadian mining laws.

Since his first explorations Ogilvie has spent much time in the gold regions of the upper Yukon and its tributaries. He has been surveying and mapping numerous creeks entering the Yukon, where many camps are working

RICH PLACER DIGGINGS.

Some of them are in Canada and some are in Alaska, and so Ogilvie has been fixing other points on the border, to ascertain what part o these scenes of activity is amenable to Canadian law. He has the confidence of the miners, and though his boundary markings are merely provisional, everybody accepts his decisions for the time. He has also been settling disputes among miners by surveying their placer claims; and his explorations in the region of the new coal discoveries on Coal Creek, his reports on the wonderful development of the gold industry, his photographs and maps, which have been printed in the Reports of the Canadian Department of the Interior, are altogether the richest sources of reliable information about the Yukon gold-fields yet accessible.

There is other information of muc value, such as Dr. Dawson's report on the region of the Lewes River, Mr McConnell's examination of the Yukon south of the porcupine, and Mr. Spurr's survey of last year. But Ogilvie has spent months in all that region where other investigators have been only days or weeks, and no other reliable data at hand are so varied, detailed, and complete as his. This is why the Canadian government, in its pamphlet of information on the Yukon district just issued, depends almost entirely upon Ogilvie. The facts in this issue are chiefly compiled from his writings.

Many thousands of tons of freight are now at Dyea, Taiya on the latest maps, ready to be packed through the snows and up the steep ascents of Chilkoot Pass to the lake and river system beyond, where it will be floated down to the Yukon.

It is by no means smooth sailing on the lakes and rivers beyond the pass est. In the summer

STIFF WINDS BLOW INLAND

from the coast, raising rollers on the lakes that trouble small freight-boats; and the only rapid transit is among the rapids, where the boats skim along at thirteen miles an hour, and are liable to upsets, except at high water. The alternative route, by way of St. Michael and the Yukon, is far easier, but its disadvantage is that it takes much more time The miner who leaves St. Michael by the first boat of summer idoes not reach the gold-fields till an important part of the short season has passed. So most miners prefer the overland route. This is why so much thought is given just now to finding and improving the best overland way. But until a railroad connects the coast with the gold-fields, most of the supplies may continue to be carried up the Yukon.

The lakes along the overland route are merely widenings of the river-courses. We hear most about Lindeman and Labarge, the latter being the point reached by the linemen of the Western Union Telegraph Company when they were called back by the news that the Atlantic cable had been successfully laid, and the company had abandoned its project to stretch a line of telegraph across Behring Strait, through Asia, to Europe. The lake was named after Mike Labarge, the leader of the party.

The distance from Dyea, where the land march begins, to the mouth of the Klondike is 575 miles. Hard work over when the Lewes River is reached, and the boats drift down to the Yukon. The whole course of this river through the gold-fields is bordered by mountains of granite, shale, and limestone, extending far away on either side. Through many a ravine and canyon, creeks and rivers join the Yukon, and each of these has its lesser system of tributaries. It is in the alluvial wash from these many streams throughout this expansive net-work of waterways among the mountains that the placer gold is found.

Many of these ravines and gulches have not been prospected. Regions lik the Stewart River, profitably worked for a season or two and then abandoned, have drawn new prospectors, who have made richer finds than those known there before. Nobody knows how extensive these gold-fields are, and it may be long before they are even superficially prospected.

THE KLONDIKE DISCOVERIES

have diverted all eyes from many Yukon tributaries where miners produced exceptional results last year. Who hears now of Glacier and Miller creeks, where nearly one hundred claims were worked in 1896, every one paying a handsome profit, while the largest producer yielded $40,000 in 1895 and $75,000 last year? These sums were obtained from working out part of a claim 500 feet long in the narrow valley. Gold has been found all along Sixty Mile Creek, and on dozens of smaller streams toward which no influx of miners is yet tending.

It is only eleven months since G. W. Cormack, happily pinning his faith to Indian reports, turned up the Klondike, discovered rich indications, and located the first claim in the world-famous diggings. Two weeks later Mr. Ogilvie estimated that there was room for at least 1000 claims on the little river and its creeks. Then the despatches to his government became very frequent as he recorded the wonderful story that kindled the Klondike fever. But one phase of the news he sent has been over-looked, because the leading feature absorbed all interest. This phase is significant.

Almost simultaneously with the discovery of the Klondike diggings reports came in of most important finds in other Yukon regions, both north and south of the place where Cormack made his lucky hit. Rich prospects were found on Indian Creek. Prospectors reported that the district between the Klondike and Stewart rivers, was the richest gold region they had ever seen. Excellent reports came from the branches of the Stewart River. Gold was found in the valleys of tributaries of the Pelly and all along the Hootalinqua. Quartz discoveries were made on the Klondike and in various other places, and some of the ledges were said to be

LARGE AND VERY RICH;

and more placer diggings were reported on the American side of the line. "I think," wrote Ogilvie, long before last year's discovery, "that rich finds will yet be made, both of coarse gold and gold-bearing quartz. It is not likely that such a vast country shoul have all its gold deposited as sediment. If this is not the case, the matrix from which all the gold on these streams has come must still exist, in part at least, and will no doubt be discovered." This prediction is being fulfilled by the devel opments of the past fifteen months.

Forty Mile, Cudahy, and Circle City, the famous mining towns on the Yukon, are now almost deserted, but their marked decline began months before the exodus to the Klondike set in. An interesting change in the habits of the miners planted the seeds of their downfall. In the earlier years all work on the placers were abandoned during the long winter months and there was a massing of miners in the settlements, and loafing, gambling, dancing, and high jinks generally marked a few little spots in the vast bleak land. But the miners now turn the winte twilight to better profit. They stay on their claims, thaw out the frozen dirt, lift it to the surface to be washed in the summer, and visit the towns rarely, except to replenish their supplies. Probably Dawson City will not share in this general decay of town life, for a host of miners delve within a few miles of the settlement, and its attractions are more accessible than were those of Forty Mile and Cudahy to the miners who made and marred them.

AN ARMY OF TRAMPS.

What Reports Collected Give of the Unemployed of the United States.

Reports collected from every section of the country show that there is now a vast army of tramps spread over the United States. The total number at present in the United States, according to the most conservative estimates, is fixed at 336,250. Of these, by far the larger portion are men honestly looking for work. The greater number seem to centre about New York and Illinois. The summary by states is as follows:

Maine	800
New Hampshire	1,000
Vermont	500
Massachusetts	3,000
Rhode Island	200
Connecticut	2,500
New York	110,000
New Jersey	10,000
Pennsylvania	10,000
Maryland	1,000
Delaware	900
Virginia	1,200
West Virginia	700
North Carolina	3,000
South Carolina	100
Georgia	3,000
Florida	4,000
Wisconsin	5,000
Michigan	3,000
Illinois	88,000
Indiana	10,000
Ohio	5,000
Kentucky	4,000
Tennessee	3,000
Mississippi	1,500
Alabama	200
Iowa	400
Missouri	12,000
Louisiana	1,000
Texas	1,400
North Dakota	1,000
Nebraska	5,000
Kansas	10,000
Montana	2,000
Idaho	2,000
Wyoming	1,000
Utah	250
Colorado	600
Washington	1,000
California	5,000
Total	336,250

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Few Items Which May Prove Worth Reading.

Four-fifths of all the hail-storms occur in the day time.

The largest organ in the world is in the cathedral of Seville, Spain. It has 53 pipes and 200 stops.

Kissing rarely occurs in Japan unless between husband and wife. A mother does not even kiss her child.

The longest distance at which a telephone is operated is between Boston and St. Louis, about 1,400 miles.

There are no cows, sheep, or pigs in Japan. The Japanese do not drink milk, eat meat, or wear woolen clothing.

Zena King, of Fairland, Mich., made a vicious kic kat a dog. He missed the animal, but struck a post, and broke his leg.

Foo Chee, a Chinese laundryman in Niles, Mich., rides a bicycle, and uses it when collecting or delivering his wash to his patrons.

Lightning struck the home of Joseph Voorhees, at New Hackensack, N.Y., seven times within an hour, during a recent thunderstorm.

St. Peter's, at Rome, required three and a half centuries for its completion; and while it was in course of erection forty-three popes reigned.

The oldest poplar tree in France is in Dijon. Authentic records show that it was in a flourishing condition in the year 722, nearly 1,200 years ago.

In Hindostan when the parents of a baby cannot agree upon a name, two lamps are placed over the names. The one over which the lamp is brighter is that which is chosen.

During a recent rain-storm at Leeds N.Y., a shower of white toads fell over an area of one hundred feet square. The ground of that space was literally covered with them.

On the police force of Duluth, there is an officer, Royal McKenzie by name, whose height is 6 feet 10 3-4 inches, and whose weight is 265 pounds. His age is 26 years and he states that he is still growing.

When Mrs. John Elitch, of Denver, desires an exciting and pleasant drive she harnesses a large ostrich to a light spring wagon, and gayly sets forth. The ostrich moves very rapidly, easily covering eighteen miles an hour.

A body of water known as the Lake of Ink, is in the Cocopah Hills, Arizona. It is of inky blackness, but does not stain the flesh. The temperature of the water ranges from 110 to 116 degrees. Rheumatic patients bathe in it, and find relief.

Charles H. Rhine, a colored boy, aged twenty, of Howard County, Md., can lie on his back with his arms extended above his head, and let a man weighing 150 pounds stand on his palms, and then arise from the ground until he is erect, and still sustain the man on his hands.

A typewritten letter was sent to a farmer in Burke County, N.C., from the State Board of Agriculture. He thought it was an insulting intimation that he could not comprehend "pen and ink writting," and he indignantly returned it, stating that he could "read writin' yit."

NEW MATERIAL FOR MATCHES.

Wood Will Very Soon Give Way to Paper Sticks.

It is predicted that paper is the coming material for matches. The prospect of the wooden match industry being appreciably affected by a new process for manufacturing matches of paper is held to be extremely probable, particularly as the best wood for this purpose is constantly growing scarcer and more costly. The new matches are considerably cheaper than the wooden product and weigh much less, which counts for much in exportation. The sticks of the matches consist of paper rolled together on the bias. The paper is rather strong and porous, and, when immersed in a solution of wax, stearine and similar substances, sticks well together and burns with a bright smokeless and odorless flame. Strips one-half inch in width are first drawn through the combustible mass and then turned by machinery into long, thin tubes, pieces of the ordinary length of wood or wax matches being cut off automatically by the machine. When the sticks are cut to size they are dipped into phosphorus, also by machinery, and the dried head easily ignites by friction on any surface.

There is some talk of utilizing the new invention in the manufacture of matches on an extensive scale for export in India. The invention involves no waste whatever, and the paper is delivered in rolls like the telegraph tape, and converted at one operation into match-sticks, and by a second into matches that would dry without stoving for a large part of the year in India. One thing, however, must be made sure of—that a wax is used which will harden at a shade temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit at least.

SOME NICE TEA SETS.

The sum of $2,000,000 would not be an extravagant estimate of the value of the Queen's china at Buckingham Palace, and at Windsor, considering that the Sevres dessert service in the green drawing-room at Windsor is valued at £100 000, and the Rose du Barrie vases, in the corridors, at £50,000, while there are six Sevres vases at Buckingham Palace for which there would be an eager competition if they were put up to-morrow at £30,000.

SHE KNEW HIM.

Mary, you don't sympathize with me when I have to push the lawn-mower.

No; if it was the snow-shovel you would be making the same old fuss.

THE WISE VIRGINS.

Their lamps are trimmed and burning,
And so of course, it ought
To be supposed with safety that
Their curling-tongs are hot.