A Dance and Hunt with Crowfoot Ten Year, Ago.

In the winter of 1875.76, Crowfoot, head chief of the Blackfeet, camped with 100 lodges near Fort Hamilton, a trading post on the plains, some thirty-five miles from Fort Macleod. The North-West Mounted Police had not long entered the vast North-West. A year or two before their attenuated cavalcade had wound its thin way westwards from Duffern, in Manitoba, and had brought up at the foot of the Rockies, and made its final little mark on the spot afterwards known as Fort Macleod. But the best relations had existed between police and Indians since the appearance of the whites.

It was cheerfully, therefore, that half a dozen or more of us at Fort Macleod took the opportunity to go to Fort Hamilton soon after Crowfoct's arrival there. "Fort Hamilton," as a mere dot of a place in the wilderness was pretentiously enough called, belonged to a warm hearted Irishman, a Mr. J. Healy, and it was in response to his invitation that we went. It was an invitation given with a view to sharing in a hunt with Crowfoot and his braves. Leaving Fort Macleod early on a fine Winter morning, we aimed for Healy's hospitable hearth, and by nightfall we were there.

Expectant of our coming, our host had arranged for a treat for us of the most spproved Blackfoot kind-a dance in our honor in the Medicine Lodge, and accordingly after doing justice in the fort to a hearty supper, we repaired to the "ballroom" of the evening, there to meet our

NOVEL EXPERIENCE.

The Medicine Lodge was a large wigwam, ugly and dirty like all its kind. Entering we seated ourselves amid a circle of swarthy braves. For a time silence reigned supreme and the calumet, the pipe of peace, was handed round and from it warriors and whitemen in turn solemnly took each a puff till all had tasted of its peaceful influence. Then on a given signal all rose to their feet, warriors, whitemen and squaws. These latter were apart by themselves.

Standing stock still around the fire of the wigwam, there we all remained, the Blackfeet braves and squaws shouting words which sounded like "hi ya, hi ya, hi ya, how, how, how," to the accompaniment of frightful music, or what seemed a lot of old drums, bobbing their heads and bodies up and down in the most fantastic manner, and winding up the whole with one grand general yell, which must have savored of Pandemonium. If you can imagine this, dear readers, you know almost as much of an Indian dance as the writer. There was one pleasing feature, however, which I had almost neglected to mention. If one of the squaws happened to take a particular fancy to a white visitor, and she happened to be near him during one of the grand promenades which followed each dance (the dances have no variety) one of her friends would throw a shawl over their heads, and the happy swain had then the privilege, or rather was expected to give the dusky maiden a kiss. Imagine his happiness also when, on the following day, the dear creature came round to the post to get a present of a shawl or blanket, as proved to be the custom! We never afterwards felt at all inclined for a renewal of the privilege.

As the horses required a rest in view of work cut out for them in the way of buffalo hunt, the following day was spent in shooting prairie chickens and rabbits, and getting arms and saddlery in good order for the coming hunt, or run, as it is more properly called in buffalo country. The next morning our party, accompanied by Crowfoot and some thirty of his braves. left Fort Hamilton at an early hour, having to proceed some ten or twelve miles before reaching the hunting grounds as a place called the "Seven Miles Butte." Accompanying us was a party of squaws, whose duty it would be to skin and cut up the expected game. Riding quietly along. in order to keep horses fresh, at about 9 o'clock

VAST HERDS WERE SIGHTED,

and excitement became keen. All dismounted, and after girths had been tightened, weapons loaded, etc., proceeded leisurely towards a large herd. The buffalo did not trouble themselves much till the party was quite near, merely lifting their heads now and then, but on our getting too close they moved away, slowly at first, but gradually increasing their pace till only those who were well mounted could get alongside, the pace showing to my astonishment the marvellous speed of these large and unwieldy animals. In thousands the great herds lumbered away, Crowfoot and his braves following in their picturesque costumes with piercing yells, varied by the whip-like cracks of their rifles, all heard amid the bellowing of wounded buffalo. The weapon of offence used on this occasion was the American Henry, a sixteen shooter, the magazine containing cartridge running parallel with the barrel, and with this weapon nearly all the Indians, Blackfoot and Sioux, were at that time armed. Over 100 animals were killed in the run, which was followed up the next day by another, in which about 60 fell. The Indians retained all the robes, also meat, with the exception of some tongues and choice parts, which fell to the share of Mr. Healy and his guests.

Our party returned to Macleod ruminating over our initiation into the tremendous sport, which is now a thing of the past. But during the march of the Mounted Police across the North-West plains in 1974 the commissioner and assistant commissioner computed that from a certain point on one occasion there were no leas than 80,000 buffalo visible. Now one is not to be seen in the same locality.

They build one house every hour in London.

THE PHANTOM SQUIRE.

A "Hair-Lifting" Ghost Story.

There is on old farmhouse, anciently a gentleman's mansion, situated at no great distance from Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, which I have recently learned had had the reputation of being haunted for a considerable period. Many years ago it was tenanted by its owners, a family of the name of Theed, and several later members of this race were not only confident of the fact of its being haunted, but were sometimes inconvenienced by the night noises, sighs, and sounds which were occasionally heard in its northern wing. Here were the kitchen and scullery, over them being two attic bedrooms. But both of these latter rooms were disused—the windows in one being boarded up, and the other being only used as a store-place for seeds and apples.

I went to stay at the house in the year 1854, in order to be near some friends who rented a considerable tract in the country for partridge shooting in the autumn. At the time I knew nothing of the reported ghostly visitant, and very little of the locality, except that a baronet (Sir F. Bernard-Morland) who lived near was a friend of mine-our friendship having been first formed at school-and I had no other friends thereabouts. I am quite certain, however, that he had never mentioned anything about the ghost, or anything likely to arouse curiosity with regard to the house. On returning thither late at night from a hard day's shooting, in the month of November, a friend who had driven me in his gig, and was driving to his own home, put me down-not at the chief gate of the place, which lay in another direction, but at a spot from which, as he directed me, if I walked through a narrow fir plantation and then over a stile into another banked-up walk, hedged in on both sides with filbert-trees, I should reach the kitchen and fruit garden of the house by a near cut, and save myself and him a considerable detour.

It was a fine night. The moon was up; but there were some heavy clouds in the sky towards the eastern horizon. On reaching the stile I vaulted over it, holding my gun in my left hand. No sooner had I reached the nutwalk, the trees of which had been arched together and made to grow so as to form a kind of continuous bower, than I distinctly saw what I thought was an old man, with his back towards me, stooping in his gait, about eight or ten feet before me. He did not seem to walk, but to glide, with a curious smooth motion and to be about a foot off the ground. I called out "Holloa! who's there?" but he took no notice, and glided on. I myself promptly followed. In an instant I seemed to realise the undoubted fact that the form was shadowy, strange, and supernatural. I then stopped for a few moments. The weird form, which emitted a curious kind of light, as I then noticed, stopped too. I went on; it went on. Then it sighed several times, with a deep, longdrawn, unearthly sigh, which terrified me considerably; and at once turning round -its features being vague and indistinct -it gave a piercing shriek, and suddenly vanished close before my eyes. At that moment a sound as of mocking, jeering voices, with laughter, rose on every side. This seemed to come from a large multiude of invisible persons quite near. The laughter was then repeated, as by voices up in the air, but fainter and fainter; and I must say I was exceedingly terrified. I listened for some minutes, expecting to see the form again, or to hear the voices and laughter; but all was at once still. Perfect silence reigned; not a sound was heard. Even the wind seemed to have sunk; and there was no repetition of

I reached the old house shortly; and after having refreshed myself with a plain but substantial meal, and being resolved to say nothing about what I had seen and heard to the tenants of the house, went

this remarkable occurrence.

Afterwards I found, on inquiry, that " o'd Squire Thead used to be seen o'nights in the nut-walk;" but not by every one, only by some. It was a part of the grounds of the house always avoided by servants. Two females, coming home from Wendover Fair, as I was told, had recently seen the old Squire, "wafting himself along' -as the phrase used hadit-and heard the ghostly mockings, though they themselves crossed towards the house by a pathway through Cow-leas Mead. The account of the apparition and of the weird laughter, given by other independent persons, who either alone or together had witnessed the same, tallied almost exactly with that here recorded.

The current tradition, explanatory of all this, was that a young woman and her infant child had been murdered in the house and buried in the walk by the squire, who subsequently made away with himself, being haunted by his victim. This tradition certainly has truth for its foundation, and is generally accepted.

A theory new and novel is that the vast depressions of the ocean beds are to be accounted for by supposing that the moor broke away from the earth more than 50,-000,000 years ago. The basins are the scars then made.

A Syracuse woman boiled, scrubbed, and ironed, in the pocket of an apron, a \$5 bill of the issue bearing the protrait. of President Garfield, and discovered it, upon taking the apron from the drawer. in as clean and perfect condition as new bill.

the owner of a calf that is covered with wool, and, although like a calf, it bleats | temperature of the months of the whole like a lamb. It is five weeks old and is year varied but twelve degrees. Thus, growing nicely. The wool which covers its body is about three-fourths of an inch long and very black.

EPITAPHS.

The Humorous Literature of the Graveyard.

Though to select a subject of greater solemnity than that of death would be impossible, the student of the literature of the churchyard cannot fail to be struck with the important part played therein by humor-often of the broadest description. To do the writers justice, it is in many cases of the unconscious kind. There was no intentional disrespect to the memory of "John Ross

Kicked by a toss."

And it may have been in deep dejection that the friends of the unfortunate youth killed during a pyrotechnic display, wrote upon his tombstone:

" Here I lie, Killed by a sky-Rccket in my eye."

While its Caledonian origin must be borne in mind (it halls from Edinburgh there was probably no premeditated levity in the memory of

"John Macpherson-that wonderful person -without his scoe S x foot two -a: Waterloo. And slew

The humor of the following is merely due to peculiar punctuation: "Erected to the memory of Johr Phillips

Accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother." "t is difficult to say whether in jest or

the memory of an Earle of Kildare: "Who killed Kidare ?- Who dared Kildare to Death killed Kildars.-Who dare kill whom

monition the following was inscribed to

Sepulchral reference to the former pursuits of the departed have been very common. Lawyers whose familiarity with "ways that are dark" have called for censure; and doctors whose professional ministrations "have filled the half of this churchyard" have formed the principal subjects. Exception is made in favor of a legal ornament, one Mr. Strange, but at

"Here lies an honest lawyer-Strange!"

the expense of his brother practitioners—

The proposed epitaph to the eminent cook, Alexis Soyer:

"Peace to his hashes;"

Is well known. Less known but more admirable is that upon a deceased dyer-"Here lies a man who dyes of woll a great stor One day he he died himself-and dyed no more

The conjugal relation, sad to say, has suffered sharply at the hands of the epitaph writer-and sadder still to record, the weaker vessel has called forth the severest animadversion. Epitaphs of this class have usually been coarse and vulgar in the strain of the following:

Here lies my poor wife-1 sal slattern and If I said I regretted her-I should lie too."

It is a gallant Frenchman who, at Pere le Chaise, thus apostrophizes the defunct partner of his joys and cares :

"Ci-get, ma femme. Oh qu'elle est bien! Pour so 2 repos, et pour le mien.'

Which, however, has its counterpart in an English churchyard:

"Here lies my poor wife Jane—here let her lie' She finds rest at last—and so do I."

The unmarried fair have received gentler treatment, though a talkative spinster is awarded these lines :

"Under this stone the bcdy lies of Arabella Who on the twenty-fourth of May, began to hold her tong ae."

Independent of its interest as a record of longevity, there is a sporting flavor about the following reference to one Stephen Rumblood, of Brightwell, quite

"He lived to 105, hearty and stronz; 100 to 5 you don't live as long."

A request for burial in a particular spot is not uncommon, though seldom expressed with the naivete of the following:

"Under this yew tree, buried be would be." Because his father he, planted this yew tree. !-[Guilsfield, 1769. The three following, dedicated to the memory of the departed matrons, are worth rescuing from oblivion:

> Here lies the mother of twenty-one - [Woolstanton,

"Some have children, some have none;

A severe blow is dealt to the sanitary reputation of the medicinal springs of Cheltenham in the lines below:

"Here I lie, and my three daughters, All k led through drinking Cheltenham

Had we but stuck to Epsom salts We shouldn't be lying in these cold vaults. In fitting conclusion may be quoted the following rebuke administered to the morbid curiosity to satisfy which has been one of the missions of the epitaph. In slightly varied forms it has been met with divers cornere of England, but was last heard of in a churchyard in New Jersey:

"Read or pass on, nor waste your precious time On bad biography or better rhyme,
For what I am this crumbling clay assures,
And what I was is no concern of yours."

In his Arbor Day proclamation the Governor of Kansas says that the State, which the pioneers found treeless and a desert has now more than 200,000 acres of forest trees, all planted by settlers, and meteorologists assert that there has been a consequent great increase in the rain-

fall. A writer in the Medical Times describes the island of Madeira presenting the curious anomaly of a country which is destitute of any wheeled vehicle whatever, a fact due to the almost complete absence of roads. People travel in hammocks, and, with three bearers only, they may journey all day with hardly a halt. The William Osborne, in Summit, Pa., is | highest temperature of the island in 1885 was 90°, and the lowest 46°; the mean for the Winter months, it was 61,60,60 Spring, 60, 63, 64; Summer, 68,71,72, and Autumn, 70,69,64.

THE END OF THE TRACK.

Some of the Beauties of the Cascade Mountains.

Cascade mountain, which has just been passed, is a stupendous elevation of rock, deriving its name from a small stream that oozes high up from its eastern side, and leaps down in pretty cascades from many an abrupt ledge, till reaching the level it loses its identity in the waters of Devil's Head Creek.

Seldom is its peak, which is about 4,500 feet above the valley, 8,900 feet above the sea, free from vells of cloud and mist, some hiding it out of sight, setting the mind wondering where its height ends, and some only dimly obscuring its dark massive loftiness.

Dense woods of arrow-straight sprucepines, with here and there smooth lancelike poplars, color its earth-surfaced parts with shades of green that darken as distance lengthens until ebon spots on the cold grey and white scene is all that tells of mighty forests there.

In the darkest density is the haunt of two black bears, that nightly visit and feed on the carcasses of three worn-out, old dead horses lying near a timber camp within 200 yards of the railroad.

But their cunning and wariness is more than a match for snares or attempts to discover and slay them, and though one, a huge beast, has been seen unexpectedly several times, his majesty is always missing when purposely wanted.

On Sunday last, the 21st, some men building a permanent tank at the 3rd siding west of Calgary shot a fine young eagle, which measured 7 feet 10 inches from tip to tip of its outstretched wings. It was a grand bird, and would have been of much value as an ornithological specimen if properly saved and preserved.

Here, now, is a broader valley of the Bow river, very marshy in places, well wooded and thickly bushed in others. is productive of prolific grass, a hundred tons of good hay having been cut here this autumn. And when the future urges settlement of this region, with clearance of the useless vegetation, and fences enclose cultivated fields and pastures that warmth and light have reclaimed to fertility and utility, pastoral scenes incidental to mountain regions, with cczy little farmhouses-very diminutive contrasted with the gigantic proportions of the surrounding country—gardens of miniature size with cottage flowers of sweet simplicity and clearly defined hue will beautify this present wilderness. Down the steep hills from many a winding path will come at even-tide the lowing cattle home, and during the day, far up the heights, the pleasant tinkle, tinkl, of bells will tell where they wandering graze. Where the mountain sheep crops the short, sweet herbage of ledges that hold a surface of soil from washing away through the repeated rains and snows of ages, small flocks of hardy, tiny sheep will thrive and grow fine wool and luscious mutton. A race of people, only ambitious of simple comforts and a peaceful existence undisturbed by the ferment of political noise, unmoved by religious fanaticism, unimpelled to amass great wealth for the glorification of individual ability, prosperity and luxury, full of wisdom as to the destined fulfilment of mortality, and full of hope as to the certainty of a glorious hereafter, may arise and be the clearest shining jewel in the crown of Canada.

Russian Women and Children.

The crying evil in Russia, be it remembered, is, and will be, heaven knows how long, its scanty population; and the main causes which prevent its growth are the fearful mortality among children of tender age (forty per cent die before the age of five) and forced parrenness of the women. The women, especially of the peasant class, usually marry late in life-not 'till they have hardened their bones for their husband's work"—as they are crushed by unconscious hard toil, both in their girlhood and wifehood. Here as in Germany a good helpmate is expected by her lord to be "as strong as a mule," and her mulish strength is not spared even while she should be entitled to the tenderest care. With respect to the children, those of the lower order, especially in the country, suffer from exposure to a cruel climate, partly owing to the boor's conceit that it is well the weakling should perish and only the hardy survive, but in a great measure from that dire necessity which bids poverty sink or swim. But even among the well-to- lo people the children's constitutions are tampered with and vitiated from the cradle by injudicious coddling and cotting. For the nursery, as we all know, is an exclusively English institution, and the children throughout the continent, Germany, perhaps, excepted, are sacrificed to their parents' blind fondness, being made to share the meals, to keep the late hours and join in the talk of the grown-up people, as much detriment arising from the unsuitable dist as from the unnatural precocity of their mental development. Hence nowhere does one see so many pale, thin and puny as well as knowing children of the upper classes as throughout the Czar's great dominions; nowhere do so many succumb to the treatment. But apart from the training of children in private families even in the foundling hospitals of St Petersburg and Moscow (this latter harboring as many as thirteen thousand inmates and the former providing for twenty-nine thousand) we learn from Murray's handbook, which lavishes the greatest praises on the vastness and munificence of these public charities that "the mortality among the children is very great," and yethat "too many of these illegitimate infants are saved as the lawful offspring of the nurses, left at that critical age to be brought up by hands in the villages." So little is the Russ fit to govern human beings, even in the earliest stage of its existence.

THE CANADIAN PACIN

What Sandford Fleming Says of the al Highway.

Mr. Sandford Fleming, in the an interview with a Winnipeg 8mm anent his trip over the Candian Pro Montreal to Ottawa, talked a follow "I have no objection to per the line, especially as it was the fact I ever passed over the eastern best mean from Pembroke to Mattan course I was never over the balance Ottawa at noon on the 14th inst, and ed Mattawa on the evening of the We awoke the next morning two qu hours after passing Sudbury June

"What did you think of the rout "I was much surprised to fai track so good between Sudburg a distance of perhaps 400 or 500 seeing that it was to a large extent structed during the winter, and the of it perfectly new road."

" What are the grades?" "The maximum grades I belien one foot to a hundred, and in this the road is very similar to raily Eastern Canada, such as the Grandh Ontario and Quebec, Northern and Western; and indeed some of these mentioned have heavier grades than to the hundred.

"Dose much work still remain; done ?"

"A good deal, but it is chiefly early but with a sufficient number of contion trains working, it will not the to put this portion of the road in its ning order. The country between bury and Pic, where the line first strik lake shore, is somewhat forbiddis places, and not well suited for agric al purposes, but in some sections the good timber for railway construction an innumerable number of ties can out of that long stretch, sufficient ply traffic for many years to come. roadbed is on good material-pient gravel. There are a very few hair cuts, and these can easily be deal; When this portion of the line is cored in every respect, fast trains may over it with as much safety and on to passengers as on any line in Am There are only four or five such clay in the whole stretch betweeen Pr

Mattawa. "West of Pic," continued Mr. Flat "the line skirts Lake Superior, for a considerable distance, say 76 miles, the work is very heavy. In much rock-cutting, a few tunnels munber of large trestles. The perm trestles appear to be firm and well structed, quite equal to any work class of any American railway asir could judge.

"What about the temporary to and while you are on the subject in the question so as to meet the ch made by the House of Commons

sition last winter respecting the mi "There are temporary trestles r if used with care, will, I think, answer burpose until more solid work is sub ed. There will also be more or less in using trestles, but not more so a line than on many western American As to the charges that the road was on snowdrifts and roots, I might just that we passed over it at the very season of the year, when the from coming out of the ground in some and others. Notwithstanding the train passed over the whole extentsix hundred miles—without the mishap. Of course at certain point had to exercise great care, but we surprised to find that we got over out any difficulty. There is a good work still co be done, but in a few man if a sufficient force of men is emp the line can be put in a very fair

"What about the scenery along route ?'

"When the portion which skirts Superior is completed it will be ver tractive to tourists. The scenery nificent, and is sure to be greatly ed by all who travel over it. It's wild and romantic character." "What speed could be attained a

"Trains will probably be run ove a limited rate of speed. The cure pretty shary in some places, but not so than frequently occurs on lines

section ?

through a country of that character When the entire line is comple know of no reason why the whole dis between Montreal and Winnipeg be traversed in 48 or 50 hours would be an average of about thirty an hour. Passenger trains could Montreal as at present, in the mo and run along the banks of the during the day, giving the passent opportunity to enjoy the scenery night would be spent in travelly tween Lake Nipissing and Pic. The day would be spent journeying alas shore of Lake Superior where ties I spoke of could be enjoyed. night cou'd be spent travelling Port Arthur and Rat Portage, and peg would be reached early in the noon."

"Do you think winter traffic " practicable ?

"There would be no difficulty " Pic and Mattawa, but there would bably be difficulty along the lake the snow would drift in and blod track. Of course, if snow-sheds built, the apprehended difficulties be obviated."

There is but one place in the States where gun cotton is made. aix months ago the navy was obli depend upon England for all cotton used, but a manufactory by erected at the torpedo station, which now produces all that is no for sea-going men-of-war and top

CALM . HAPTER \ second M from the s rown eyes, ugh to find in their I Isldore's fe's; but th ndsome sull

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