

Interesting Chat about the Boys at the Front

Tom Howle, Armstrong and Deall, the three scouts who captured Riel, expect to get a Government reward.

The Winnipeg Field Battery is the only corps at the front which has received no casualties in any of the engagements.

The nights in the Northwest are very chilly, while the days are the opposite. The "boys" are as dusky looking as the "breeds."

Plans of the battle fields have been drawn by the hundred. Almost every one has his own idea of the brush he was fighting in.

"A" Battery has done wonderful service and hard work. They have the greatest percentage of killed and wounded in all the engagements.

Chief Stewart, of the Hamilton Police Force, has been appointed Marshall in connection with the trial of Riel and other rebels. A counsel from the Quebec bar has to be appointed.

A great many of the wounded who had to be taken to the rear in wagons were put in stretchers made of cattle hide, which were fastened hammock fashion across the wagon.

Complaints are made of the outgoing and incoming mails for the troops which seem to reach their destination very slowly. The post office authorities do not seem to know the position of the different regiments.

Saskatoon seems to be the proper place for a crossing and probably the Government will reward the generosity of the Temperance Colony by running the telegraph line into the settlement.

The post office authorities at Winnipeg are now sending two mails weekly to Battleford by Swift Current, instead of by Qu'Appelle, as formerly. All mails for the volunteers at the front go by this route.

A rumor is current that a secret organization has been formed at Winnipeg with branches all over the Dominion, who have sworn to take the life of Riel should he be let escape from the hands of the Government at the forthcoming trial.

Some cranks sent a bundle of tracts, addressed "Louis Riel, leader of the rebel halfbreeds and Indians, N. W. T.," which fell into the hands of the General. On opening the package a number of tracts and religious pamphlets were discovered. Inside a pamphlet was a page of the Bible containing a portion of the Psalms of David with a sheet of note paper, on which was written "Prepare to die! Why shed blood? You must die!" Louis David will not need the advice now.

A large parcel of supplies for the Halifax Battalion, together with a number of hospital shirts and other necessaries for the wounded, have been sent from Wyld, Brock & Co.'s establishment, Toronto, by express to Moose Jaw. The hospital supplies were contributed by the ladies of St. Anne's parish, and other supplies were purchased by funds collected in Walkerton, Ont.

The merchants of Prince Albert reaped an immense profit from the troops. The prices charged were enormous, even for dry goods. As no one expected the campaign to be so lengthy, few provided themselves with more than a change of underclothing, and as none have been served out to the troops the pay of many of the men has been overdrawn in order to provide themselves with clothing. Jackets and trousers had to be bought from the Hudson Bay Co.'s stores from the men's private purses. The rough camp life has not left a complete uniform on any of the men.

Private A. G. Scoovell, Royal Grenadiers, who was wounded at Batoche on May 9th, and who has returned to Toronto, describes as follows the way in which he was hurt and Moor killed: "Our company was extending in skirmishing order, and the men were lying on the ground a few paces distant from one another. The enemy, as far as we could judge, was from 75 to 100 yards distant. I had extended my arm to get a couple of cartridges when I was struck. The bullet passed through the coat sleeve, through my arm, and then struck the coat again. Tom Moor was on my right hand, and the bullet, after disabling me, struck him on the head, and then glanced off. He lingered until 11 o'clock that night and then expired. I crawled off the field and went to the church, where the dressers attended to me; after that I was placed in the hospital tent."

The Reptile Assassin.

As a means of suicide the small venomous serpents of Oriental countries have always been in vogue—the asp of Cleopatra recurring to every one's memory as a prominent example. In certain parts of Bengal there is said to be a race of gipsies, one of which for a fee will furnish a small cobra to any applicant, "and no questions asked." A man who desires to commit murder procures one of these reptiles and places it within a bamboo just long enough to let the head protrude a trifle at one end and the tail at the other. Armed with this deadly weapon, the murderer creeps softly to his enemy's tent at the dead of night, cuts a hole in the wall, and introduces the bamboo. The tortured reptile, careless upon whom it wreaks its animosity, strikes its fangs into the sleeper, then is withdrawn, and the assassin steals silently away. Snakes are often employed in tropical countries as a sort of domestic animal. The ship chandlers of Rio de Janeiro, for example, have each a box housed among their bulky goods to act as a rat-catcher; these often become tamed, and are recruited by menageries, in which service they perform another utility by affording an income to their owners.

Here the witness was so overcome by grief that it was some time before the examination could proceed.

On the afternoon of the fourteenth of August a policeman came to her, to take her to the mortuary. A body had been found floating in the river near Blackfriars Bridge; Mr. Haag had happened to see it, and at once recognised it as the body of Mrs. Baxter, and the girl's mother was sent for to identify it, as her husband was not to be found.

Mrs. White had no difficulty in identifying the body, though it had been in the water a considerable time—three weeks, the surgeon said, who made the post mortem examination. The face was much disfigured from the action of the water; but the beautiful red gold hair, the small even teeth, the girl's height and age, the wedding-ring on her finger, were all conclusive evidence. Her clothes were poor, and had no mark upon them—a black cashmere dress, black jacket, and a little brooch with hair in it, which Mrs. White at once recognised as having been a present from herself to her daughter—she had put the hair into it herself—it was her father's hair. Mr. and Mrs. Haag had also identified the clothes, but could not remember the brooch. Mrs. Haag, being called up corroborated Mrs. White's evidence in every particular. The prisoner obstinately refused to answer any questions put to him by the Bench, and maintained all through the inquiry a sullen demeanor, which had considerably prejudiced the court against him.

So much I had read, studying every word—I think the sentences have burnt themselves into my brain. There were no marks of violence on the body, so far as could be ascertained; but, from the state it was in when found, this could scarcely be satisfactorily proved. It was supposed that Baxter had pushed his wife into the river on the night of the twenty-second of July—the day Mrs. Haag had heard him threatening to take her life.

I believe Gerard Baxter to be innocent of the crime imputed to him. I have not asked Ronald Scott his opinion, nor uncle Tod—I could not trust myself to ask them any questions. But I heard Olive ask uncle Tod at breakfast what they would do to Gerard Baxter, and uncle Tod said they would try him, find him guilty most probably, and condemn him to death. The guilt seemed most conclusively brought to him—whether he would be recommended to mercy or not he could not say. It might come out that there had been extenuating circumstances. It was a horrible business altogether.

It is a horrible business. I think so, as I sit staring into my quiet sunny garden, into which even the echo of such evil deeds has never come. It is all so peaceful, so orderly—the blackbird and thrush hop in and out of the tall thick walls of yew and beech, my peacock glimmers up and down in the distance, faint pearly clouds float across the serene sky. How different it is from the wretched London street, perhaps more wretched court or alley, where the man to whom I would have so freely given Woodhay, with all its gardens and terraces, woods and meadows, has worked and starved till it seems that his misery has driven him mad! I hate the blue sky, the orderly flower beds, the ruddy gables, and carved window-settings of my quaint old house. I cannot bear to look at them, thinking how little happiness they have given me. If I had been what he imagined me, the penniless girl learning music as a means of future livelihood, I would have married him, and we should have been happy. But I refused him, because I was Miss Somers Scott of Woodhay Manor. And now all my woods and moors and meadows have turned to ashes between my tee h.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dodging a Cyclone.

I heard a noise and ran out to see what it was. I saw at some distance off a heavy black cloud, funnel shaped and twisting at the bottom like a screw. It seemed whirling with rapidity, and was coming through the woods like a wild animal. It was just awful. People began to cry out and run around distracted, and I felt very queer. I saw that big black thing come bounding along like a great cannon ball and I concluded I was about to fly away on it and be an angel. The cloud did not lie close to the ground, but bounded up and down, jumping clear over the tops of some of the trees and tearing others to pieces. I thought I would lie down a while. I selected a spot that was full of mud and water. I don't know why I chose such a place, but maybe it was because I was in a hurry and did not have time to choose well. It was a soft place, however, and had its attractions at that moment.

After I had got myself well settled in the mud I saw the cyclone was giving me the go by. It passed about 200 yards to my left and tore things up terribly. There was a tree standing there in full view. The cyclone struck it about forty feet from the ground, turned the branches and all around half a dozen times like lightning, and then snatched the whole upper portion into kindling wood and carried it off. It was an awe-inspiring sight, and although I am glad I saw it I don't want to see it again—not so close, anyhow.

How to Deal with Ghosts.

There has been much talk lately in certain circles concerning ghosts and spiritual apparitions generally, but I have seldom heard better advice on the subject of ghost-seeing than that given to me now many years ago by a very hardened septic. With a merry twinkle in his eye, he said, "My dear young friend, if a ghost comes in at the door, take a pistol; if he comes up through the floor, take a pill."

shocked look. "Why, child, I am ever so many years older than you are!" "Only ten. And, when one does not care to live, it makes a great difference—" "But you do care to live! It is only some morbid fancy you have taken into your head—people often take such fancies into their heads when they have been ill."

"This is no fancy of mine—the stronger I get, the more I seem to see how little life is worth living!" "But you have so much to live for; you have everything your heart can desire."

"Have I? I do not answer him, my eyes are on the great pearly bank of cloud whose fringes are slowly turning from silver to gold in the light of the setting sun."

"Rosalie, will you let me try to make you happy? Will you try to care for me a little? I love—I have loved you ever since the first moment I saw your face. Don't you think I could make you happy, loving you so much as that?" "I do not think it for a moment. I do not seriously entertain the thought even for one second of time. A year ago it might have seemed to me a very desirable arrangement. It would restore Woodhay to the man whom I always felt ought to have had it. But a year ago I did not care for any one else. Now my heart lies buried in a grave that was dug for it down among the tangled ferns and leaves and grass in my shadowycombe one day—a grave whose fresh sods I have never visited—a grave where with my dead love I have buried all hope, all pleasure, all desire of life."

"I am sorry, if you really care for me, cousin Ronald. I don't know how you can"—smiling slightly—"knowing how cross I am!"

"May I ask you one question, Rosalie?" "I know what the question is before I look round into his face."

"Yes," I answer slowly; "I suppose you have a right to ask."

"I do not want to ask it by reason of any right, and you are not bound to answer me."

"No I am not bound to answer you."

"Rosalie, have you ever fancied that you cared for any other man?"

The question is put so gravely, so composedly, that it does not startle me. I answer it just as gravely, just as composedly, looking straight before me at the smooth gray terrace-walk.

"Not fancied it, cousin Ronald! I have cared for another man so much that, though you may be a hundred times better, a thousand times worthier, you can never be to me what he once was."

"I am not going to ask you his name. But this man, Rosalie—cannot be but that he loved you in return?"

"Oh, yes he loved me!"

"Then is he dead?"

"No," I answer, with a strange little smile; "he is married."

For one moment Ronald Scott stands beside me in dead silence. I do not look at him; but I can fancy the astonishment—the disgust perhaps—in his grave stern face—his silence might mean either or both.

"Poor child," he says at last—and his tone is only pitiful, not disgusted at all—"poor child!"

I do not look at him, and I do not think he is looking at me. But two great tears well into my eyes and fall upon my ashy-purple gown.

"I will not trouble you any more, dear," he says gently. "I would never have asked that question if I had dreamed what your answer would be. But I did not think you cared for any one—it seemed so unlikely that—he would not care for you."

I hold out my left hand to him—the one next to him—without turning my head. The foolish tears drop down my cheeks and fall upon the gown whose dead violet shade Olive abhors.

"I shall be your friend always, Rosalie—remember that!"

"Yes," I say vaguely, not dreaming how soon I shall make trial of his friendship; "I shall remember."

He stoops and kisses my hand gravely, dispassionately and walks out of the room just as Olive and Mr. Lockhart come in to it.

"There is no news in the paper to-day," Olive says, picking up the Times from the floor where Ronald Scott had thrown it.

"Is there not?" I answer languidly—still standing in the deep bay-window looking out.

"Nothing that I call news. Oh, what is this?"

She does not speak again for a minute or two. I suppose she is studying the paragraph which seemed to have attracted her attention. I am studying the sunset colors in the sky, the mystic glory of my sunset hill, the deep ruddy green of my shadowy woods. Mr. Lockhart has just wished us good-bye and left the room; Digge has carried away the tea-things; Olive has more than once suggested that it is time for my ante-prandial drive; but I am in no mood for exerting myself—even to the extent of putting on my hat.

"Such a horrible thing!" Olive exclaims. "Allie, do you know that unfortunate Gerard Baxter was married?"

"Yes," I answer calmly, without turning my head; "I knew it sometime ago."

"I declare I don't like you if you had ever known the wretched boy."

"What is it?" I ask confronting her. The girl is sitting on the corner of the sofa, looking up at me with a white startled face.

"Why, he was arrested the day before yesterday on a charge of having murdered his wife?"

CHAPTER IX.

Olive Deane went away this morning and Ronald Scott left after luncheon—the house seems quite lonely and deserted. But I am not thinking of either my friend or my cousin, as I sit alone in my brown-

The Shiftless Man.

The man who never shuts a gate nor closes up a door. You bet, when he takes off his shirt, he throws it on the floor. Or if he uses a comb or brush to equalize his hair, you'll find the comb laid on the bed, the brush upon a chair. The poker for the stove is laid upon the mantel-shelf; he never knows about his clothes—nor where to find himself. To breakfast he is always late, his dinner's always cold; To supper he's so far behind he scowls and swears and scolds. He uses money freely, 'tis true; has jovial friends you bet; For many of his needed wants he finds himself in debt; Of all his family thus he says: "I love myself the best; And when I am provided for, why need I mind the rest?"

STRONGER THAN LIFE.

I look out into the garden again indifferently, I wonder what Ronald Scott thinks of me? I know my want of interest in everything puzzles him a little—he cannot imagine why I do not take any pleasure in my woods, my meadows, my horses, my dogs, and my beautiful old house. Certainly I have been ill, but I am well now—so well that I have been on horseback several times, and have driven Olive and myself all about Yattendon in my basket-phaeton. But people say my illness has changed me very much; my face looks haggard, there are dark shadows under my eyes. Nobody knows what I suffer; through all my wanderings I have never mentioned Gerard Baxter's name. I am surprised that I did not, he is never out of my thoughts. I have never heard of him since that day when we said goodbye to each other in my leafycombe—not a single word! I do not know whether he is dead or alive—Olive does not know. She has never spoken of him since that morning she told me all she knew about him as we came through my wood. I do not think she suspects anything—she never thought I cared for him, she would have been sure to tell me.

Ronald Scott has been very good to me in a brotherly kind of way—he and Olive treat me very much like a spoilt child—sometimes I suspect he thinks me anything but an agreeable kind of person. I wonder if he ever cared for anybody himself—if he cares for anybody now. It would be impossible to tell from that grave stern face—I often fancy he is a man who would have—

"Two soul-sides, one to face the world with And one to show a woman when he loved her."

"Cousin Ronald, I ask suddenly, without turning my head, "have you any sweetheart in England?"

"Why do you ask, cousin Rosalie?"

"Because I want to know I suppose."

"But I may not care to have you know that I am sweetheartless."

"Then you have none?"

"Have you one in your eye for me?"

"I suppose you came back for a wife, cousin?"

"Why do you suppose so?"

"You are a Yankee for answering questions with questions! Because when an Indian judge comes back to England, everybody knows he comes back to look for a wife."

"Then everybody is wrong, so far as I am concerned."

"Because you know where to find her?"

"Because I did not come home on any such quest, Cousin Rosalie."

"Upon your word?"

"Upon my honor!" he laughs, looking round at me. "Why, cousin, I never thought you had a turn for match-making!"

"I never thought so either. But I know plenty of pretty nice girls—Elinor Deane and Ada Rolleston and Katie."

"Why do you leave out your own particular friend?"

"Do you like Olive?" I ask quickly, glancing round at him.

"Or do you like her too well to wish to see her married to me?"

"I think you are too late to try for Olive," I say, shaking my head.

"You would not advise me to enter the lists against Lockhart?" he asks smiling.

"Well, I think Olive likes him—a little. But she is such a madcap—what she likes one day she hates the next."

"Then, if she likes Lockhart to-day, there may be some chance for me to-morrow."

"I should like you and Olive to care for each other," I say, dreamily. "I like her better than any other girl in the world."

"Then you must like me a little, to wish to bestow her upon me?"

"I like you very much, cousin. You have been very kind to me?"

"Rosalie, do you like me well enough to are what becomes of me?"

"How can you ask such a foolish question?"

"As you said just now—because I want to know."

"Of course I care. You are the only cousin I have—it is not as if I had half a dozen, or half a score, like most people."

"And you care for me with the caring that you might have divided among half a dozen, or perhaps half a score?"

I do not answer.

"Rosalie, I did not come back to England to look for a sweetheart—or a wife. But do you think you could ever care enough for me—at any future time—to give me both?"

I turn my head now to look at him. His grave eyes meet mine unwaveringly; his head is a little bent—as he looks intently into my face.

"No," I answer, in the same grave, matter-of-fact tone in which he has spoken, without any change of color or added pulsation of the heart. "I shall never care for any one, Ronald—I do not intend to marry any one. This place ought to have been yours—at my death, it will belong to you."

"At your death!" he repeats, with a