

A FEARFUL ORDEAL.

In a Den With Two Deadly Snakes.

Occupying a seat in the reading room of a down town hotel one day last week there might have been observed a seemingly aged gentleman whose head was gray and whose cheeks were shriveled. A pallor as of death was on his face, and frequently the muscles of his features would twitch convulsively. His name was Richard J. Allen, and he registered himself as hailing from Toronto, Canada.

Five years ago Richard Allen, or Dick Allen, as he was familiarly known by his associates, owned or at least claimed and occupied a stock range of considerable area in southern Arizona, the Mexican boundary line being distant but a few miles. He owned a large number of beef cattle, and was considered well-to-do.

Among the rough population of the border Allen was a power. He was most generously gifted by nature, having a well-knit, athletic frame and a mind well stored with knowledge. But it was Allen's nerve which secured for him recognition and affluence amid the cactus-floored plains of Arizona and New-Mexico—a nerve which knew no flinching, even in the face of death. The greasers and Indians soon learned to dread the tall stockman, for in more than one encounter they had come off badly worsted, and more than one unmarked grave on the Mexican frontier bears silent witness to Allen's unerring aim, for he never hesitated to kill when he thought himself justified. Very little is considered justification among the class with which Allen was associated. So greatly was he feared and respected by his wild companions and neighbors that nothing bearing his brand was ever molested, and the most daring of the cowboys and outlaws seldom tempted death by a too prolonged argument with him.

As an illustration of his iron nerve, it may be related that at one time in 1884 he was given warning to keep away from a certain small settlement, some ten miles from his ranch, he having incurred the displeasure of a gang of notorious cut-throats there. Allen smiled grimly as he read the warning, then strapped on his revolver and set forth for the hostile hamlet. He tied his horse in the rear of a saloon and started to enter when a pistol shot was heard and a bullet whistled over his head. Allen turned. Not more than twenty feet away stood "Dan," a half breed Indian, with a revolver in his hand. As Allen turned three more balls passed in close proximity to his head. He knew the Indian had one shot left. With a scornful smile he said: "Fire again, you—, and fire lower."

The Indian did so, and the next instant his spirit had left the arid plains of Arizona forever. Then Allen strode into the saloon, where at least a dozen of his enemies were gathered, and demanded to know who sent him the warning. No one answered, and, after roundly cursing the gang for their cowardice, he left and went home. For two months he battled hard with death, for the last bullet fired by the Indian had lodged in his right breast, almost piercing the lung.

It was some three months after this occurrence that Allen met with a mishap that hurled him from the heights of a sturdy manhood to an existence but little removed from death. It was in the summer of 1885. All day long Allen had been hard at work branding a lot of yearling steers, at a point some twenty miles from his dugout, and at night he was completely worn out. It was a wearisome gallop from the branding place to his cheerless habitation, for the air was sultry and the baked ground gave forth an intense heat. It was nearly 11 o'clock when the stockman reached his destination, and glad was he when his pony was safely stabled for the night and he at liberty to retire. He was about to creep into bed when his quick ear detected a slight noise in the direction of his stable, and he knew at once that prowlers were about. Seizing his revolver he started for the stable on his hands and knees, for he intended to kill and not to alarm, having no garment on other than his undershirt. The noise at the stable continued, and Allen moved rapidly toward the sound. So intent was he on investigating the noise that he failed to notice where his path led him, and suddenly, without warning, he felt something beneath him give way, and he was precipitated to the bottom of a "played-out" well, a distance of some twenty-five feet. The well had been dry for years and the mouth had been closed with a few rotten boards, which, giving way underneath Allen's great weight, had caused the catastrophe.

For a moment Allen was stunned. The skin on his body had been abraded in a dozen places and every bone ached with the force of the fall. The stockman was almost overwhelmed with rage, for in this accident he saw himself rendered helpless, and knew the thieves, if any there were, would not leave as much behind as a lariat and might, should they discover his position, kill him. With a muttered curse of despair he turned to look for his revolver, determined to fight to the last, should an attack be made upon him. As he turned he saw gleaming and flashing in the murky darkness a pair of small, beady eyes, and poor Allen's heart almost stood still, for a warning hiss and rattle told him he had in the well as a companion a rattlesnake. The reptile rattled angrily and moved his head from side to side in an uncertain way, and then behind Allen there came an answering sound, and he knew he had two reptiles to cope with instead of one.

The snake behind soon crossed the well and joined its mate, the two meanwhile keeping up an incessant rattle. Their slumbers had been rudely disturbed and they seemed determined to resent it if possible.

Allen stood as if petrified. He knew a movement on his part meant an attack, and this attack to him must result in death. And such a death! He imagined himself bitten by the snakes and his fancy depicted a frenzied being with veins filled with burning poison, wildly grappling with the scaly, venomous reptiles, and striving with the desperation of the awful fever to mount the hard sides of the well and die on the plain above beneath God's smiling stars. The sweat poured from the poor man's body in streams. The snakes gave forth that musky odor peculiar to them, and this, taken with the closeness and warmth of the air, produced a sensation as of suffocation.

In a moment, still hissing angrily, one of the snakes began to move, and Allen saw its glistening eyes at his feet. The clammy thing crawled over his bare feet and circled around his naked legs. The creature seemed to like the warmth of Allen's body and stopped for a moment. Then it slowly began to ascend his limbs to his body and soon

the terrible eyes were looking into those of Allen and they seemed to burn through to his brain. Up over his face the creature moved its head and then encountered Allen's crisp and curly hair. With an angry rattle the snake drew back his head, and Allen, knowing it would strike, raised his hands as quick as lightning and gripped the creature by the throat. With the other hand he grasped the rattles and then he slowly, surely, strangled the creature to death, though the fearful effluvia which it emitted almost caused him to faint. For half an hour he held the snake firmly; he saw the malignant light in its eyes grow dim and finally disappear, and then he knew one enemy at least was dead. But he dared not drop the dead snake, for the other had become uneasy at the disappearance of its mate and seemed on the point of starting out in search. The fierce, glaring eyes moved from side to side, the rattle was seldom still, and Allen never for a moment took his eyes from those hostile orbs.

For hours he stood thus, consumed with a feverish thirst, his nerves at a terrible tension and his eyes strained and almost bursting. Then the sky above him began to light up and a little ray of sunlight danced on the western wall of his underground prison. In a few moments the well was quite light and then Allen and his enemy saw each other at the same instant. The snake coiled an sprang, but Allen was too active. He stepped to one side and let the snake go by him and then, with a small club, crushed out the venomous life forever. Then it was that Allen's great nerve gave way. He yelled and shrieked and cursed and tore in mad delirium; and when neighbors, attracted by his cries, rescued him an hour later he was frothing at the mouth, bleeding at the nose, and the snakes were torn to shreds.

For weeks he lay in his cabin on the outer edge of death, but his sturdy constitution stood by him and he recovered, though he was but a wreck of his former self. His neighbors "rounded-up" what little stock he had left—for the thieving residents of the frontier were quick to take advantage of his helplessness—and Allen left for New-England to recover, if possible, his former health. But the shock was too severe and Allen will never be a man again. At the age of thirty-six he is as infirm as a man of seventy, and his life is devoid of pleasure. He cannot remain long in one place, for his nerves demand a constant change of scene, and he is a homeless helpless wanderer. Soon death will come to his relief and then, perhaps, Allen will learn why this dreadful plague was visited upon him.—[Alta-California.]

Overdressed French Children.

The good taste generally displayed in her dress by a well-bred Frenchwoman is beyond dispute. Besides the chic with which she is universally credited, she has an eye for combinations that are striking while remaining harmonious, and she wears her apparel with a grace and elegance peculiarly her own. She fixes a flower or an *aisrette* in her own hair in a manner to baffle the art of any Paris *coiffeur*. She never wears boots large or ill-fitting, like so many English women; while her hand, no matter its shape, looks perfect when gloved. There is good taste as well as art in all this. So much for the average Frenchwoman with culture and means at command. The case is otherwise when we come to French children, who, in a general way, are overdressed almost before they are out of their swaddling-clothes. Simplicity, that charm *par excellence* of childhood, has little to do with French children. The little girl of four or five years old in Paris wears stays and *tourure* and feathers, and often rings and bracelets, while earrings are not infrequently fixed in her ears when she is in her nurse's arms. As may be expected, a precocious taste for dress develops in the child thus dealt with, so that the *fille* of fifteen, is often as much an adept in the arts of the toilet as her mother. This exuberance of detail and want of simplicity in children's dress is not only detrimental to the character of the doll-like wearers, but robs their appearance of much of its native grace and beauty. In this respect English children contrast favorably with their little French neighbors. The higher we look in French society the more we see English ideas prevailing in the treatment of children. When the Countess de Paris was living in France her nursery was like an English one, while her children were often dressed with a simplicity bordering on severity.

Force of Character.

There are two essential elements of force of character seldom possessed by pretenders—self-control and a spirit of fairness. No man can be really strong who has not learned to control himself. He can not master others, except in a brutal or dishonest way, until he has first mastered, not merely learned how to conceal, his own temper. In fact the bully or any other pretender rarely ever attains permanently a position in life which belongs to real merit. He is often seen in subordinate positions, and is recognized by his propensity to give instead of take directions; to complain when in some exigency more is required of him than usual; to criticize when he can not shirk, and to impose in various other ways upon those around him.

Nor can his influence be of a lasting kind unless he is disposed to be fair and honest in dealing with antagonists. He may have these qualities and yet be without force of character; but having them, he is possessed of two of the primary elements that make up the leader or ruler of men. Contrary to general belief, then, the man of real force is never a bully, is never passionate, though he may be, and generally is aggressive, and may, as occasion requires, give exhibitions of temper, that is, nevertheless, kept in perfect control. Force of character brings with itself reliance and an imperturbable manner. Just as the really courageous man remains cool in the presence of danger, the self-reliant man keeps his temper under provocation because he feels confidence in himself. The coward grows excited and loud-mouthed to conceal his real feelings.

The most injurious odor producible by chemical art is that of cyanide of kakodyl. A very few grains of this vapor in the air of a room is sufficient to cause giddiness, delirium, and numbness of the hands and feet. The smell of this deadly poison is long enduring, fetid, and fearfully offensive. It has recently been proposed to utilize it in the operations of war.

A SAILOR KING.

Carl Benjamin, Washed Ashore on a Pacific Island, Becomes a Chief.

SAN FRANCISCO.—George Wright who arrived at San Francisco on the steamer Australia a day or two ago from the Caroline Islands, brings a queer story of the sudden rise of a sailor to distinction in the largest island of an archipelago seventy-five miles west of Hawaii, where Mr. Wright has a trading store.

"The sailor," said Mr. Wright, "is Carl Benjamin, and he has no less than nineteen wives and fifty odd copper-colored children. He was wrecked in the schooner Bombazine off the Ladrone Islands nine years ago, and floated at sea on a raft a couple of weeks before he struck land. If you will look at a map of the Pacific you will find lying midway between the Tropic of Cancer and the equator, 600 miles west of the Marshall group, thirteen dots. On some maps they are marked 'Thirteen islands, well inhabited.' That is all there is to point out their significance. It is on the biggest of these, called by the sailor Benjamin Island, after himself, that he has taken up his home. It is about ten by twenty miles in extent. 'Well inhabited,' means that there is quite a sprinkling of dark-skinned natives there, as well as many more who move to and fro in the archipelago with boats. They eat bread fruit, bananas, coconuts, and fish. They don't work at all. Benjamin has got to be King. He has nothing at all to do but go swimming in the surf, talk the native gibberish, which he has learned, or lol under a palm tree. Sometimes he has his wives fan him while he lazily smokes the *kaseba* leaf, which grows plentifully there, and which, after one becomes used to it, is liked better than tobacco.

"Benjamin is doing some good work there, however. He carried three or four books with him on his raft, the last thing you would have expected, and he has contrived to teach the natives English. Benjamin is an American of German or Jewish descent, and is a lover of books. The first thing he did was to select an intelligent native and teach him the alphabet. The fellow learned rapidly, and soon began to teach it to others, and a number of them can now speak English, while the rising generation immediately around are gradually picking up a knowledge of the language. Benjamin is looked upon as a sage. The chiefs, of whom there are four, come to him for points, and of their own accord they have made him their ruler, the chiefs being a sort of Cabinet.

Benjamin has picked out the handsomest women for wives, and they esteem it quite an honor. The King lives in the biggest bamboo house in the village of Ki, a straggling aggregation of native houses on a coral reef. His children are of all ages, and are a sprightly, lively lot. Nobody bothers much with clothes in the South Pacific, still Benjamin wears a little something, and is gradually prevailing on the natives to do so too. He keeps telling them that their is no civilization without some clothes. Benjamin is about 33 years old. He was formerly from Newburyport, Mass., but says that he no longer has any desire to return to America. He is the only white man, with one exception, for hundreds of miles around. He has taken to wearing a string of shells around his neck like the natives, and he sometimes imitates them and puts dots of blue paint, got from a native shrub, on his face. This is only on state occasions, however, when there is to be a discussion of important questions with his chiefs. The permanent population of his island is about 600 or 700. The island is indented with beautiful bays, and is dotted with trees and shrubs of a tropical growth which are for most of the year covered with fragrant flowers. Benjamin Island is about 630 miles west of Marshall group."

Running Down a Grizzly with a Hand Sled.

Three of us had a camp on the western slope of the Bitter Root Mountains, Idaho, and one afternoon I took the hand sled and went up the trail to bring down a deer Kennedy had shot. There was plenty of snow on the ground, with a crust hard enough to bear up a horse, and I had no trouble in reaching the spot where the carcass hung. The last 100 feet of the way was a passage over ten feet wide, between high walls, and the pitch was about the same as an ordinary house roof.

As there was no danger from the Indians, and as I expected to have my hands full with the sled, I did not take my rifle. We hadn't sighted a bear for four weeks, and I worked away getting the deer fast on the ruder but stouter sled without the slightest uneasiness. I was about ready to start when I heard a "woof!" above me, and I looked up to see a big grizzly standing on a sort of shelf about seventy-five feet up the mountain. He was looking this way and that for a spot to descend. A second "woof!" caused me to wheel about, and right below me at the far end of the roadway was Ephraim No. 2. He sat in the middle of the road, and I'm a prevaricator if his countenance didn't wear a grin.

The bears had put up a job on me. On my right was a cliff, on my left a precipice. If I got down at all it must be by the road I came up. They were in no great hurry to bring matters to a crisis, seeming rather to enjoy the situation, and the lower bear sort of winked at me, and probably observed: "Say, old fellow, does your mother know of your whereabouts?"

My revolver was of no more use against a grizzly than a popgun, and I did not take it from the holster. Indeed, I was too badly rattled to have made a line shot at an object ten feet away. I saw that my only chance was by the roadway, but there sat the bear. I waited for the upper one to make a move, and after about ten minutes he curled up and rolled off the shelf. I jumped for the sled the same instant, gave a vigorous kick behind, and down that steep path I went with the velocity of a cannon ball. The sled struck something—there was a roar and a howl. I seemed to rise into the air, and I opened my eyes to find myself turning a big boulder into the trail. I couldn't swing the sled far enough, and went down through the short scrub, made a jump of twenty feet over a tree top, hit the trail at an elbow, and might have been going yet if I had not smashed into a rock near our hut.

My friends had seen me make part of the journey, and were on hand to pick up the pieces. They got their guns and went up the trail to look for the bears. They found one by the big boulder, and he was as dead as if hit with a brick house. The other had

left handfuls of his hair clear through the scrub, but had finally checked his tumble, and sneaked off.

WIT AND WISDOM.

"Mr. Naydian's Family Circle," (J. Theo. Robinson, Montreal)—a purposeless account of the bickerings of a pretensions and vulgar Canadian family.

"Silken Threads" (J. Theo. Robinson, Montreal)—a capital detective story which, without possessing great literary finish, keeps up the interest of the reader from first to last.

"Lady Car," by Mrs. Oliphant (William Bryce, Toronto), a story of no particular interest, which describes the disappointment of a sensitive lady, as she gradually realizes the fact that her second husband, who was her first love, is not the genius she once imagined him.

"A Bad Man's Sweetheart," by Edmond E. Sheppard—A well written interesting story, of somewhat melodramatic type. The scene is laid in Toronto. There is some very effective description of character, and there is more than one bad man among the characters. One of the worst of them is a prominent lawyer.

A calculation is made that of every eight leaves which a Londoner eats seven are made of foreign wheat—two being Russian—and only one of home-grown grain. During last year London received a total of 2,745,861 quarters of wheat, and of flour a further quantity (reckoned as quarters) of 2,356,883 quarters or a grand total of 5,102,744 quarters. Of this quantity, the largest since 1883, only 660,000 quarters were native, the whole of the remainder coming to Britain from abroad.

Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, now has lived abroad the best part of more than thirty years. But she is American, as essentially so as if she had never crossed the water. She is small in feature, with that high curve of the eyebrows which is observable in the foreheads of most artists, and especially in that of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. Her eyes are a sparkling blue, her nose is tiny and concave, her mouth is small, vivacious, refined and humorous. Her shapely little hands are alive with energy.

Prince Krapotkin, according to the Star of London, is gentle in manner and appearance; and half an hour's conversation is sufficient to reveal to even a dull eye the depths of honest adherence to opinions which lie underneath. He is rather small and a very thin and delicate-looking man. He has a long beard, the head is completely bald, and his sufferings in prison have evidently weakened his frame. He has very fine eyes—soft, frank, almost tender; and as they beam kindly and appealingly upon you through his glasses, one is helped to a comprehension of the awful sufferings of the Russian people when a soul so visibly gentle was turned to fierce and deadly revolt.

This is a queer description of Wordsworth which a quaint old Lakeman gives: "Wordsworth for a' he had nae pride, nor nowt, was a man who was quite one to hissel'. He was not a man as folks could crack wi' nor not a man as could crack wi' folks. But there was another thing as kep' folks off, he had a terrible girt deep voice, and ya might see his face again for long enuff. I've knoa folk, village lads, and lassies, coming over by old road above which runs from Grasmere to Rydal, flay a'most to death there by wishing gaate, to hear the girt voice a greainin', and mutterin', and thunderin' of a still evening, and he had a way of standin' quite still by the rock there in t' path under Rydal, and folks could hear sounds like a wild beast coming from the rock and children were scared fit to be dead a'most."

Petticoat government has been such a success in Oskaloosa, Kansas, in which town the Mayor and the members of the Council during the past year have all been married women, that with the exception of two members the entire ticket is to be renominated at the approaching municipal election. One of the two ladies who are not asking a second term is annoyed over some difficulty about a sidewalk, and the other will shortly be incapacitated by reason of an interesting event of a domestic character. The men of the town appear to have no hope of being able to elect a ticket taken from their own sex, but they have nominated and intend supporting six of the best-looking unmarried ladies of the community. The contest ought to be an interesting one.

A delicate lady passed through some of the crowded streets of New York one sultry August morning and was appalled to see the sick babies and children gasping out their lives in the stifling heat and dying for want of pure, fresh air. There was one dainty garret chamber in her pretty country home, and when her business in the city was completed she took one mother and her baby with her for a two weeks' visit. "I cannot save all," she said: "I may save one." When the two weeks had passed and the color had deepened in the child's cheeks and lips she sent for another in her place, and so they came and went until the frosts fell. The neighbors followed her example. The next summer hundreds of children were entertained; the next, thousands. Another lady who lived in the city heard of it, and, as she had no money to give to help this gracious charity, she said, "I can at least tell some one else of it," so she wrote an account of it and sent it to a New York newspaper. A third woman read it in the paper and sent \$1,000 to the editor, and so the fresh-air charity was established, which now has its branches in many cities in the United States and is taking root in England and on the Continent.

Cheap Enough for Babies.

In a country church the curate had to give out two notices, the first of which was about baptisms, and the latter had to do with a new hymn book. Owing to an accident he inverted the order and gave out as follows: "I am requested to give notice that the new hymn book will be used for the first time in this church on Sunday next, and I am also requested to call the attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing children to be baptized; they should be brought on the earliest day possible. This is particularly pressed on mothers who have young babies." "And for the information of those who have none," added the rector, in gentle, kindly tones, and who being deaf had not heard what had been previously said; "for the information of those who have none, I may state that if wished they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after service to-day. Limp ones one shilling each; with stiff backs two shillings."

AGRICULTURAL.

HOW TO KEEP A DAIRY COOL.

A correspondent of "Hoard's Dairyman" sends the following borrowed plan of keeping a dairy cool, and then suggests that while it may do well for a butter dairy, it would probably make the room too damp for cheese. Here is the article:

"I must give you to understand that my dairy is not a grand stone structure, with flagged floors, neither is it built of brick, nor is it dug out of the side of a hill. But though simply made of timber, of the board and batten type of construction, and attached to the back part of my house, I will venture to say that it is one of the coolest, if not the coolest dairy, in the Kaipara.

"Having made this assertion, I shall now endeavor to show, for the benefit of any of your readers who may like to try the plan, how it is that I dare to do so. At each end of my dairy I have a large opening or window covered with perforated zinc, to keep out flies and other insects, and at the same time to insure a thorough draught. On the outside of these openings are stretched pieces of canvas nailed to tapering strips of wood, placed one on each side of the window. Above each window is fixed a kerosene tin can cut open on one side to allow of its being filled with water. In this receptacle I introduce one end of a piece of cloth, the other end hanging over the outside of the can, and touching the canvas blind, to which it is sewed, in order to prevent its blowing about with the wind. Along the bottom of each canvas blind is a trough of tin forming a gutter, and under the lowest part of this gutter stands a bucket. The apparatus being thus completed, the tin cans are filled with water, which being gradually absorbed and drawn up the cloth by the force known as capillary attraction, drops down on the outside, and keeps the canvas blind saturated with moisture.

"The evaporation from the film of water thus spread over the canvas covers, produces cold, and the air chilled by this means, enters the dairy through the perforated zinc.

"A kerosene tin can filled with water, with cloth attached, will keep the canvas saturated for fifty hours, without attention, and then all that is necessary is to pour the water which has run into the buckets beneath the gutters, back, adding, of course, the quantity lost by evaporation.

"In this way any one can secure a perfectly cool dairy with very little trouble and scarcely any expenditure. As a proof of the efficiency of the plan, the following will show:

"From the meteorologic tables published from the observatory, I find that the hottest day of the year before last was the 5th of November. On that day the temperature in the sun was 154½ degrees, and in the shade 97½ degrees. From the state of the atmosphere as to dryness on that day said dairy window would have been 23 degrees lower than the shade temperature, and those adopting this inexpensive and simple means of cooling, would have a temperature of some 74 degrees, while that outside in the shade was nearly 98 degrees; while the unfortunates in the sun were suffering 154 degrees.

MICE IN HOT BEDS.

Several years ago I planted a hot-bed with peppers, tomatoes, cabbage and a few pieces of inverted sod with melons, cucumbers and lima beans. They all came up nicely and were doing finely when one morning I went out to the bed after it had been kept closed two days on account of the weather, and to my surprise, the plants were scratched out and the seeds all gone. Mice holes were to be seen, and I knew what had done the mischief. I replanted the bed and got two or three saucel dishes, filled them with corn meal sprinkled with arsenic, and placed the dishes in each end of the hot-bed. The mice ate the meal and died before they got out of the bed, and I had no further trouble with them. Since then I put the dishes filled with the poisoned meal in the bed when I plant the seed and have never been troubled with either mice or rats. I plant melons, cucumbers and beans on inverted pieces of sod and place them in the hot-bed because I can have them two or three weeks earlier than if I waited until I could plant them in the open ground.

I think if G. W. B. will adopt my plan, he will have no further trouble with mice in his hot-beds. My object in using meal instead of cheese or bread is, that where the bed is left open, there is danger of cats or dogs getting the poison if on either bread or cheese. There is no danger with the meal.—[Rosa Autumn, in Country Gentleman.]

NOTES

The editor of an agricultural paper, on a recent visit to a farm, saw two or three dogs comfortably sleeping in a warm kennel, and a few rods away some calves shivering on the south side of an unsheltered harvester. He suggested that it might be a good plan to set the dogs on the calves just to exercise and warm the latter, but the farmer thought that it would be rough on the dogs such a cold day!

It has been found that a ton of hay absorbs in its growth thirty pounds of nitrogen, worth \$4.80; forty pounds of potash, \$2; and fourteen pounds of phosphoric acid, worth \$1.12. Therefore each ton of hay, shipped from the farm takes with it \$7.92 worth of these three elements, which must be replaced or the land will be weakened by just this sum. It does not pay to sell hay at \$8 per ton. Better feed where grown, and sell in the form of beef, pork, butter or milk.

A CRUEL MURDER.

George Hill, Late of Madoc, Killed in the Far West.

CLEALUM, Oregon, April 17.—The other evening in the Miners' Arms saloon, at Roslyn, William Anderson shot and killed George Hill. The murder was most atrocious and without provocation. Anderson fired two shots, one taking effect in Hill's arm and the other in the right eye. Anderson then placed the muzzle of his Winchester in Hill's mouth and discharged it, literally blowing the wounded man's head to pieces. Anderson ran out of the saloon, but was overtaken and arrested by Postmaster Miller. Talk of lynching was indulged in, but Sheriff Mack brought the prisoner to this place and he was taken to the prison at Ellensburg. Anderson and Hill were Canadians and came to Roslyn from Madoc, near Belleville, Ont. Roslyn is quiet to-day, the saloons having been closed all day by order of the town marshal.