

AN UNFORTUNATE DISCOVERY.

Treasure which Brought its Finders Nothing but Trouble.

From the port of Kola, on the northeast coast of Lapland, around to the settlement of Hammerfest, on the west coast, is a voyage of 800 miles. There is not a permanent settlement between the two ports. The north east, which is of itself a cape, has sixty-eight smaller capes, and no less than ninety-two bays or fjords, which extend inland from one to twenty miles. Off the coast, and scattered about these bays, there must be at least 1,000 islands. A more inhospitable, desolate coast, except in mid-summer, cannot be found. Most of the islands have rocky shores, and they rise out of the water so deeply that a landing is impossible except in quiet weather.

We of the Bristol whaler Iron Cross had been working in and out of the bays for several weeks when we entered Tara River bay and sought for a place to heel the ship and get at a leak which had troubled us for some time. This bay is thirty miles deep and from one to seven miles wide. We ran down to the south end and up the Tara River about two miles before we found a place to suit. It was summer time, with flowers in bloom on every shore, and yet within a quarter of a mile of the spot where we heeled the ship was a ravine in which there were six feet of solid ice. On a ridge with a southern exposure we would find great beds of strawberries, while on the north face of the same ridge, and not 500 feet away, would be banks of snow as hard as iron. While that portion of the cargo which had been hoisted out was being replaced after the repairs had been made a boat steerer named McGuffin, myself got leave for a day to go off on a ramble.

Armed with muskets, we set off, following the shore of the bay, but at the end of five miles we had enough of it. There was no beach on which to make our way, while the shore was little more than a mass of rock. We were sitting down on the sunny side of a great block of stone when we caught sight of a lot of bones on the ground to the south. We jumped down to find

TWO HUMAN SKULLS

and other portions of skeletons lying about, and to discover an iron kettle, two tin plates, an old musket, an empty meat tin, and a hatchet under the overhang of the rock on which we had been sitting. Two persons had made a camp here, and here they had died. There were heaps of mould representing blankets and clothing, and we kicked them about until satisfied that they had belonged to sailors. A few yards away was a spring of fresh water, and from the poles lying about we concluded that the men had made the place a camp for weeks or months.

As near as we could figure it out, the men belonged to some sealing or fishing craft which had been wrecked in the bay. We were half a mile from the water and fifty feet above it, but we finally got down to the shore by way of a ravine with a small creek at its bottom. We saw a craft of some sort long enough before we reached the mouth of the creek. She proved to be a small Russian brig named the Grodno. She must have been driven ashore during a furious gale, for she was jammed between two great rocks in the bed of the creek at least thirty feet above high tide mark. The brig had a slight list to port, but her masts were standing, and we could not find the slightest damage to her hull. We could judge pretty well from the looks of things aloft how long the craft had been there. There was hardly a rope which could not be broken by a smart pull. The sails had rotted and blown away until only tatters and streamers were left, and halyards and braces were flying loose in the breeze. The ropes had all bleached out to a gray white color, while masts and yards had turned dark with dry rot.

This was no doubt the craft in which the sailors discovered on the hill above had reached the coast. As we had found only two skeletons we naturally wondered what had become of the rest of the crew.

That she was a merchantman and not a sealer or whaler was apparent at a glance. She would carry a crew of at least seven, and we climbed over her bows fully expecting to find the remains of the others lying about. The decks were covered with a raffle of ropes and blocks fallen from above, and had begun a rot in several places. We walked aft to the wheel without seeing either

SKELETONS OR BODIES.

The doors of the cabin were shut, and of castle and cook's caboose were also secured. We investigated the caboose first. It was pantry and caboose combined. There were tin cups, tin and crockery plates, knives and forks and other articles hanging up or resting on the shelves. In the pantry were half a barrel of flour, about twenty pounds of sugar, two bricks of tea, and a heap of mould which probably represented a smoked ham. There had been ship's biscuit and other stores, but the rats had carried them off. A pipe, such as Russian sailors use, and a bag of tobacco were found in a tin box and promptly appropriated.

We next entered the cabin. The doors were simply on the catch. As we pulled them open we had to retreat before an odor as unpleasant as sewer gas. The skylight was down, and the cabin had not been ventilated for years. We expected to find

TWO OR THREE CORPSES.

as we finally pushed our way in, but neither in the main cabin nor in the three small staterooms of the officers did we make any gruesome discoveries. The bunks were empty of bedding, and not a single article of clothing could be found. We searched in vain for the log book and the ship's papers, nor could we find a scrap of writing of any sort. The flag locker was empty, but we should have known the brig to be a Russian without seeing her name. Her clock, chronometer (if she had one), log line, and officer's instruments, together with her charts and the compass from the binnacle, had been removed. In fact, the cabin did not yield a cent's worth of loot. There was no litter about, as if the brig had been abandoned at sea, but it looked more as if men had taken their time to remove everything.

An inspection of the fo'castle did not help us to solve the mystery. The sailors' bags and bedding had all been removed, and not even an old sou'wester was lying about. The two sailors had doubtless taken away a supply of bedding and clothing, but it seemed queer that they should have completely stripped the brig in this fashion. Had it been the work of natives they would not have stopped short at that, but would have dismantled her and then burned the hull to get the iron. We thought we might

learn something by a look at her cargo, but when we got the main hatch off we found she was only in ballast. We made a discovery of importance in the cabin, however. She had a shallow lazaret reached by a trapdoor, and from out of this recess we hauled four large leather sacks of silver plate. About half of the lot was church plate, while the rest had belonged to some private individual. Every piece was of solid silver, but many of them had been bent and hammered to get them into the sacks. These latter receptacles were made of cow-skin, with the hair still on, and were laced up at the seams. It took our united strength to haul the bags out, and we could get them no further. It was a little wonder, though, as there was about 400 pounds of dead weight to a sack. Here was something worthy of the name of loot, and after carefully securing all the doors as we had found them we each possessed ourselves of a trophy and started for the ship. Had we not brought back proofs our story would have found no believers.

The ship was ready to sail next day, and she dropped down the river and skirted the bay until the wreck was sighted. Then we lowered the longboat and pulled the Captain in. Nothing had been disturbed since we left, and our first move was to get the silver down to the boat. The brig was then thoroughly searched from stem to stern, but nothing else of value was discovered. After a look around the Captain gave it as his opinion that the brig had been there four or five years, and if more than the two men had arrived in her there had been a division, and the others had gone to the west in hope to reach Sweden or Norway.

As to the silver, it seemed plain enough that it was the proceeds of a robbery somewhere in Russia. It was given out that it would be taken home with us and sold for the benefit of the crew and for many days we were busy figuring out our respective shares. About three weeks after our find we were cruising to the east of North Cape when we encountered a Swedish merchantman in distress and stood by him for a portion of a day.

TO RENDER ASSISTANCE.

He had come out of the White Sea, and while conversing with our Captain incidentally inquired if in our cruising about we had ever got sight of a small brig named the Grodno. That brought out the story and solved the mystery, and it also got our crew into a peck of trouble. The Grodno was owned at the port of Kem in the White Sea. It appeared that while she was waiting for a cargo a band of eight robbers plundered a church and also the residence of the Governor of the province on the same night. In getting away from the latter place they had a fight and killed two of their assailants. They had carts in which to carry off their booty, but instead of proceeding inland they took forcible possession of the brig. Only her mate and a boy were aboard, but two or three of the robbers were also sailors. They compelled the mate to put to sea, and though pursued the next day they had the luck to get clear off. The idea was to get to England with the booty, but after getting around on the north coast it was thought better to go into hiding until there was no longer fear of pursuit. The island of Tana, at the entrance of Tana Bay, was selected. It was the intention to strip the brig of everything and live ashore for a few months, but when this had been partly accomplished the mate and boy took advantage of an occasion to recapture the brig. They got her a few miles away from the island to be caught in a gale, and running dead before it down the bay the brig was finally driven ashore. This had occurred four years before. The robbers had been taken off the island, but no trace had ever been found of the brig.

You can imagine the disgust of our crew when our Captain related the story of our find and added that he stood ready to give up the booty to the Russian authorities. I suppose he was both legally and morally right in this, but we didn't care a rap for that. If the Laplanders had ever found it not a piece would have been restored. We had as good as fished it out of the sea, and had we been able to lay hands on it again it would have gone down in

A HUNDRED FATHOMS

rather than be restored. I don't know whether the Captain intended to put into any Russian port or not, but I know that he soon got into one. Two days after we left the Swede a Russian man-of-war, which he spoke and put on our track, overhauled us and demanded the plate. When that was given up we were commanded to accompany him to Kem, and were virtually under arrest during the voyage. To his surprise and chagrin our Captain learned that while robbery was a crime in Russia it was a still greater crime to come across stolen goods and take possession of them. He protested his willingness to turn over the booty, but the Russian captain coldly replied:

"Yes, you told the Swede you would give it up, but when we sighted you you were on your way to Kem? Who reduced the articles to their present condition? The robbers, you will say, but where is your proof?"

"Why, man, do you mean to insinuate that the battering was done after we found the stuff?" roared the indignant Briton.

"The courts will decide," was the calm reply. "The men charged with the robbery will also have something to say."

When we reached Kem, every man aboard, from Captain to cook, was marched off to jail. The Captain was liberated on a bond of some sort after a few days, but the rest of us were treated like dogs. It was five weeks before we were taken before the Governor and a Judge to be examined. Two of the robbers had been hanged, one sent to Siberia, and the others imprisoned at home. You will think it a very funny thing, but these latter actually charged us with having robbed them. While they had been convicted of robbery, they claimed the booty as legally theirs. One of the questions asked me by the Judge was by what authority I boarded and searched the brig. The Captain was asked by what authority he ordered and assisted in the removal of the silver. And when he gave them a piece of his mind he was fined the amount of £4 and sent to jail for two days as a punishment. It looked for a time as if our entire crew were to be sent to prison because we had taken the plunder from the wreck, but I think that the whole thing was a sort of bluff to prevent us putting in a claim for salvage. Some of our men outside of court happened to say that the brig did not seem to be greatly damaged. For three or four days her owner was loud in his threats that he would sue us for her value, because we had made no effort to save her. It didn't

quiet him at all to learn that she was high and dry and cradled between huge rocks, which held her as in a vise. We had made no effort and he considered that a crime.

It was a long seven weeks before we got clear of the muss and out of the harbor. The time would have been shortened by a week had our Captain consented to sign a document waiving all claim for damages by reason of detention. He not only refused to sign, but told them he would not rest until he had satisfaction, and they fined him to the extent of £5 and sent him to jail for seven days. A few months later our ship put in a claim for heavy damages, but, as that was seventeen years ago and nothing has ever been done about it yet, I am not giving any notes of hand to be paid out of my share.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE TO-DAY.

Her Sea Journey—Her Solitary Life and Her Memories—An Old Swindle Revived.

The recent journey of the Empress of the French to Cap Martin was delayed in Paris by a sharp attack of influenza, which compelled her to remain against her wish in a city too full of memories to be revisited by her otherwise than with pain. She had started from Farnborough at the beginning of February, accompanied only by Mme. Le Breton and M. Franceschini Pietri, intending to travel through to Nice, and even during the few weeks of her enforced stay at the Hotel Continental very few people were aware of her presence there.

On the day she left Dover the sea was very rough and there was some doubt of the boat's starting, but the Empress Eugenie refused to spend the night on shore, and being impervious to seasickness, provided she does not go below, she insisted on remaining on deck during the stormy passage. She got thoroughly drenched before reaching Calais, and, merely discarding her dripping waterproof, she entered the train for Paris in her damp clothes. This imprudence brought on severe chills, fever, and bronchitis. The symptoms soon became so serious that the doctors ordered her to keep her bed, and a little later, when the attack subsided, she still was too unwell to leave her room, so that it was only last week that she was able to proceed to Cap Martin to superintend the last details of the marine villa she is having built there. She was nursed with unflinching zeal by her old and faithful friend, Mme. Le Breton, her *lectrice*, and by Mlle. d'Ablonville, who was sent for from England. The latter lady is her maid of honor, a charming and intelligent person, who has only been attached to the Empress within the last few years, but who fills her post so satisfactorily that she has won the affection of her imperial mistress.

Whether at home or abroad the Empress elects to live in almost absolute solitude; habit alone has reconciled her to the presence of the two or three intimate friends who for so long have shared her exile and her sorrows; a fresh face, one of the casual visitors to whom she cannot deny herself, always seems to excite her and to cause her sensitive nerves acute pain. "I am like a human being flayed alive," she once said, shortly after the death of the Prince Imperial. "I wince at every contact!" Time seems to have wrought but little change in those feelings, and her determination to live secluded and alone is a cause of grief to her devoted friends, to the members of her once brilliant court, who would fain surround her with their loyal homage and respect.

In her almost monastic isolation she seems to yearn for all that recalls her beloved son. For many years the coffin of the Prince stood in a temporary vault, or small chapel, built at the time of his death in one of the aisles of the Church of St. Mary at Chiselhurst. There it remained, with the waving French standards almost hiding the rich pall sent by the old Duchess of Cambes, who entertained an almost maternal adoration for the young man. No doubt it was during the long hours that the Empress spent daily in prayer at the foot of the coffin that the bereaved mother gradually contracted the habits of claustrophobia and contemplation which now appear inherent in her nature. Yet, if she speaks so rarely, intellectual life is not, therefore, stagnant at Farnborough; French and foreign papers are received and read diligently; equally so the best books and novels as they are published, and, while the Empress is engaged on one of her interminable and artistic pieces of superb embroidery, they are read aloud to her, and the sound of the familiar voice, as well as the monotonous occupation of her fingers, seems to lull her pain.

The Empress has effectually collaborated in the production of the designs and plans of the commemorative chapel in which her husband and son now rest. The monument is rich and grand, although in no way disproportionate to the general frame of its surroundings. It is in the crypt that the two sarcophagi of red granite presented by Queen Victoria are placed, and mass is said there every morning; between them stands the *prie-dieu* of the Empress. Perpetual prayers are offered up by the Benedictine monks, the Empress having for that purpose founded a monastery close to the votive chapel.

The interior of the mansion of Farnborough is both sumptuous and comfortable, but its distinctive features are the constant presence of all that can recall those who have gone. Just before the departure of the Prince Imperial for Zululand the Empress had decided to arrange for him an apartment at Chiselhurst into which all the historical and personal souvenirs in her possession of Napoleon the First and the Third should be gathered. The room was barely finished when the news came of the death of its young master. An exactly similar one has been arranged at Farnborough, with the addition of one large piece of furniture, the upper part of which has glass doors. Behind these the mother has herself placed everything belonging to her son, from his earliest rattle to his favorite books. In the lower enclosed portion are locked up the accoutrements of the horse he rode and the bloodstained uniform he wore on that tragic day, mournful relics brought to the Empress by Col. Villiers, and on which can be seen the lance thrusts of the Zulus. The old bedroom of the Prince has also been reinstated at Farnborough as it was at Chiselhurst. Near the narrow camp bedstead, which is always strewn with fresh flowers, stands the magnificent cradle, with its gilt bronze figures, offered by the city of Paris when France acclaimed the heir to the empire—the

cradle in which he reposed while all the dignitaries of the State passed before the imperial infant.

The pretty villa constructed for the Empress Eugenie, near the sea at Cap Martin, will eventually become the property of her niece, Princess Leticia, the widowed Duchess of Aosta, while Farnborough, so thoroughly dedicated to the memories of the Bonapartes, will one day belong to Prince Louis Napoleon, the head of the house. Notwithstanding his quality of foreigner, he will receive the authorization of inheriting freehold property on British soil.

Unfortunately the damp English climate aggravates the tendency to rheumatism of the ex-Empress, and were it not for the friendship of the Queen, for her unfailing kindness and sympathy, and the associations of long years, Eugenie would ere this have sought another permanent residence; but she is extremely fond of Farnborough, and it will only be in case the sea proves as beneficial to her health as her physicians seem to suppose that she will make prolonged stays on the Mediterranean and enjoy the yachting, which has remained one of her few pleasures. Although she has aged rapidly, and her features bear the stamp of years, she has retained all the inimitable grace of walk and deportment for which she was famous. It is impossible for her to appear in even the plainest attire without attracting attention. Her foot is one of the smallest and best shaped known, taking into consideration her height, which is above the average. A small pink satin shoe which she wore in the early part of her reign measures twenty centimetres in length and four in width. Her hands are equally slender and beautifully formed, without being, however, quite as remarkable as those of one of her *whilom* ladies of the palace, the Vicomtesse Agnado, said to be the exact counterpart of those painted by Murillo in his *Virgin of the Conception*. When Winterhalter painted the official portrait of the Empress, Vicomtesse Agnado, then Marquise de Las Marismas, sat for the hands.

Quite lately, after an interval of fifteen years, an attempt has been made to palm off once more a clever and successful swindle which had been dubbed "la Cassette de l'Imperatrice," and which created a great commotion when it was first exposed. The plan was simple enough. Some French landowner, manufacturer, or merchant in the furthest provinces would receive a large registered envelope generally bearing the Barcelona postmark, and on opening it he would find a letter purporting to be written by a Spanish gentleman, and stating the following facts: The Empress reposing full confidence in his fidelity, had, on the eve of the 4th of September, intrusted to him a casket containing jewels of great value; he had accepted the trust, but becoming aware that he was watched by the French police he had contrived to bury the casket in a wood—or variously a cave or near a stream—he had taken an accurate plan of the spot, but being arrested on the frontier as a Carlist officer, his luggage had been seized and the plan with it. However, he went on to say that Spanish jailers were not incorruptible, and that in consideration of a sum of two or three hundred francs sent him at a given address he would undertake to forward at once to the sender of the money the plan of the locality, and the latter would have nothing further to do than to dig out the treasure and share the proceeds with his informant. This letter was accompanied by two corroborating documents—first, a letter addressed by command of the Empress to the Carlist officer with a heading and a blue device representing an eagle above which was stamped "Eugenie" and below "Imperatrice," secondly a paper emanating from the "Imperial Chancellerie" signed by Marshal Vaillant, and containing the list of the jewels in the casket, with the announcement that they represented 4,000,000 francs. Singularly enough, on investigation it was found that all these papers contained gross errors in spelling even to the officials names, and that the stamps affixed were not at all genuine; nevertheless, the writer had not miscalculated when he founded his hopes on the inveterate appetite for illicit gains inherent in human nature, and many sums were forwarded to the address given.

Apparently thoroughly exploded, the trick has reappeared in a slightly modified form: the names of the Empress and Marshal Vaillant are absent, but the casket, the millions, the jailers, the plan, and especially the request for three hundred francs, are all there, and there is little doubt that some credulous fortune hunters have been again entrapped by the large envelope bearing the Barcelona or other Spanish postmark.

LEFT THE TRACK.

Freight Cars Piled in a Heap on the Niagara Central—No One Killed.

A Niagara Falls, Ont., despatch says:—The Niagara Central passenger and pickup freight, which leaves St. Catharines for this place at 3 o'clock, left the track this side of Thorold in a cut this afternoon about 3.30 o'clock. The cause of the accident was the spreading of the rails. The forward trucks of the engine left the track when the train was running at a thirty-mile rate. There were seven freight cars and a passenger coach. Four or five of the freight cars loaded with general merchandise were piled up on the track. The passenger coach which contained the passengers for this place was not derailed and none of the passengers were injured. The train was in charge of Conductor George Powell, of Port Dalhousie, with two trainmen, Engineer Patrick Maloney and Fireman James McDonald. The latter jumped from the cab and injured his arm slightly. The engine remained upright, but the tender turned over on its side. The train is known as No. 55. The track is still blocked. A wrecking train from the Michigan Central will probably clear the track by tomorrow. The evening train for St. Catharines was abandoned. Conductor Powell brought his passengers through to this place in carriages.

Between levity and cheerfulness there is a wide distinction; and the mind which is most open to levity is frequently a stranger to cheerfulness.—[Hugh Blair.

No one wishes to become a creator of lies and yet he who hears slanders with pleasure, and believes them with readiness, will hatch many a brood into active life.

Life is a pilgrimage by which we win strength in the present, future victory; Gladness from sorrow, purity from sin, And from our mortal, immortality.

MINING CAMP STAMPEDES.

A Word Would Start a Rush For New Diggings.

One of the Most Disastrous Was Started by an Adventurer Who Had Fallen in With a Prosperous Squaw and Wrote that He Had Struck It Rich.

The rush to the Slovan country of British Columbia at present recalls to mind some memorable stampedes of earlier days in Montana. There have been many stampedes in Montana within the last thirty years. Not stampedes of horses and cattle but of men. From the discovery of gold on Grasshopper Creek in Beaverhead county in 1862 to the present day stampedes to new diggings have been of frequent occurrence. From Bannack to Alder Gulch, from Alder Gulch to Last Chance, and thence to Confederate, to Highland, to Silver Bow, Pioneer, Lincoln, Bear, and a hundred others.

But one of the worst stampedes that ever took place in Montana was to Sun River in the spring of 1866. That was one of the coldest springs ever experienced by white men in Montana. A terrific blizzard set in shortly after the stampede fairly began for Sun River. No one knew what had been discovered or whether anything at all, but a rumor got abroad that rich digging had been found, and nearly every man who could rustle a small grub stake and cayuse started for the supposed new gold fields. At that day the country to the north was not inhabited, and the sufferings endured by the stampedees were terrible. Many were frozen in the pitiless storm, a few lost their lives, and to this day a few old-timers are living in the State minus fingers and toes from that fearful trip. It turned out, also, that there had been no discovery of gold made which added disappointment to the sufferings of the stampedees, and if the party who started the story of rich gold discoveries had been found then his days would have been speedily shortened.

But no one seemed to know then nor does any one now know exactly how the great Sun River stampede started. It is supposed to have been caused by a letter written by a man who had gone north from Last Chance in the fall. This man, in his own estimation, had met with flattering success. He had fallen in with some friendly Black-foot Indians, secured a squaw who had some horses and a tepee, in a land filled with wild game of all kinds. He thought it was the next thing to paradise. He wrote to a friend in Helena that he had struck it rich: intended to stay all winter, and was well fixed and well satisfied with his find, failing to state what that particular find was. To the miners who saw it there was but one meaning to be attached to his words: He had struck diggings, and that is what started the great Sun River stampede in the early days.

Later on, in the early 70's came the rush to Cedar Creek, in Missoula county, where good mines were found. Some ten years later came the reports of rich gold mines in the Cœur d'Alene Mountains, and the name of Pritchard, the discoverer, became known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A great stampede set in and the rush to the new gold region was tremendous, and many hardships were endured. Every one wanted to be the first on the ground and the result was that the country was soon overrun, notwithstanding the snow was still, deep and it was exceedingly difficult to reach Pritchard Creek. From Thompson Falls to the diggings was forty miles over a rough and heavily timbered mountain country. The snow was too deep for animals to be taken in at that time, so the forty miles were made on snowshoes. And many men made the trip who knew less about snowshoes than they did about the Emperor of China. All provisions were taken in on toboggans, hauled by hand, at the rate of 25 cents per pound. Of course provisions in the camp were proportionately high and some incidents that happened there are worth relating at this day.

Among the early stampedees to Pritchard Creek were a number of Butte people. One of them is still fond of telling of his experience in the new camp, although it was anything but pleasant at the time. He said he and his partner made the trip all right. They had some money and struck the camp about night-fall, cold and hungry. They inquired for the best restaurant in the town of Eagle City, which was at that time the head centre of the district. A large house made of green lumber was pointed out, and they went in to get supper. The meal which was set before them consisted of coffee, bread, bacon and beans, a very good meal for hungry men. But one of them thought they ought to have potatoes, and asked the waiter if there were any.

"Yes," said he, "we have a few."

"Let us have some potatoes with this supper," said the stampedeer.

"How many?" inquired the waiter.

"How many?" echoed the hungry man in surprise at the question, "give us about two boiled potatoes each; good sized ones."

The waiter hurried off, and soon returned with four small potatoes.

Supper being over the bill was called for and was found to be \$4—\$1.50 each for the meals, and 25 cents apiece for the spuds. The bill was paid without a murmur, but as the men sauntered off one was heard to remark:

"By criminy! I was never in a place before where potatoes were such a luxury."

That night they secured a bed of dried pine leaves, without covering, at \$1 each, and were glad to get it.

Anxious to go from better to worse! Men often envy those whom they should pity. Mice outside envy those in the trap.

The desperate attempt of the liquor men of South Dakota to undermine State prohibition by means of local option clauses has, on the final vote in the Legislature, been defeated by a majority of one vote. The liquor men did not confine their efforts to one House, however, but made a simultaneous attack upon prohibition in the Senate under the guise of a resolution for a re-submission of the constitution to the popular vote. In the Senate also they were balked, but there again by only a single vote. The prohibition battle won by the temperance people of South Dakota in 1890 will probably have to be re-fought previous to and at the next state election, as the strength manifested by the liquor interest renders it certain that its supporters will resort to every means to capture the Legislature and the Senate and overcome the bare majority which holds to the outlawry of their traffic.