A NORTHUMBERLAND SKETCH OF THIRT' YEARS AGO.

"My bairn, I feel kind o'troubled roads. like, for the preacher body he kept tellin' us as maun gan' into wor and that full o' taties naebody could manage it ony gait," and Betty Best sighed as she stretched her poor old feet in front of the fire that Sunday afternoon, and looked wistfully towards her gaunt middle-aged daughter, appealing for a little light on her problem.

The latter was standing at the palin deal table, putting paper covers on some half-dozen jam-pots, and did not answer immediately, for Jane's fingers were coarsened by field-work, and her task was in her eyes a delicate one.

Poor as they were, she had managed to make "a boilin" of that delicious apple jelly which can alone be made from the wild crab, or "scrab" as it is locally called, and proud she was of its garnet-like clearness.

As she pressed down the last cover, however, she spoke: "I dinet ken aught about closets, though maybe's the Lord will hear us; whether or no, I pillow and wept like a child. mind I did ask him to send us a good crop when I was plantin' them taties, man get into the pulpit; he always has that nice an' white shirt breast, and his coat is that fine and black and thiny, it looks gae fittin,' and eh, but ne does thump the good book fair wonderful," and with this exposition of to her task.

Sunday afternoon though it was, she felt no burden on her conscience by reason of its mundane characterrather, indeed, unconsciously prided herself because it was a "nice tidy job, apron." The function had almost a sort of sanctity about it and partook of a religious character.

Jane by the fact that she could wear a white apron all day, instead of the coarse sacking wrapper proper to field- well-nigh forgotten food for herself. work.

Jane wrought the "Bondage" on the farm where her brother was "hind," and worked from 6 a.m. to 6 p. m., for the handsome sum of fifteen-pence, and when the weather wasn't too questioning the rightness of it than "Inferno" itself. she did that of the hours of rising and It was well on to ten o'clock when the setting of the sun itself.

and was not clever enough to have the unsmirched icy snow. found out for herself that if everybody | Such a night in the country is the left off working twelve hours and only acme of loneliness. The world itself more, and the pure stream of na- to mourn. Not a sound of bird nor were you hurt?" tional prosperity would forthwith run beast to break the stillness; and the whereever directed, even uphill if the solitary wayfarer may travel miles pipes were laid on proper Socialistic without meeting another human crea- curves. I don't sleep any of nights and principles!

die to give birth to Progress, so let it that night's walk. be. Perhaps no human being has a

certain level of intellectual culture- calm.

or she thinks of bread and cheese first not think to pull his forelocks till she where my damage suit comes in. You (with a little grimace) "you can have and companionship second,— needs, minded him what the Quality looked see, your train was two hours behind too much of it." a sense of individuality-"I must be I" God was, in Jane's mind, not so very -before there comes any wish for unlike the "priest," only bigger and to ask for some grub. There was a "Not an atom. The miners all dress mental union. In fact, mind must older; and, in her heart, she thought, red-headed widow running the place, alike, of course, and I dress like

shame, as she had seen it in some of such a lot o' things to mind, and sae her girl companions, while her view of many folks speakin' to him that could marriage was expressed naively make 'grand prayers.' Eh! Would enough when speaking of that of a he happen to listen if she asked him comparatively wealthy woman: "What to spare Dan? call had she to marry? She'd plenty One moment she knelt beneath the What'll you offer for a compromise?" ments?"

But though joy had been unborn, her was good. life had held one great passion; a love Then a little more hopeful, a little deep as that of sex, tender and self- stronger, even as it seemed, in body, denying as that of motherhood itself. she went on her way.

Ever since the day when, a girl of It was slow work at best, and the eight, her baby brother had been given drifted snow was toilsome; the her to hold and to nurse, "Wor Dan" woman's breath came in short, hard had meant all the world to Jane.

sturdy and strong, and "wilful as a lad and she wondered what it meant. bairn should be," and a heavy weight Once or twice she staggered, but for poor underfed Jane to carry in his never for one moment thought of repetticoat days, when, their mother linguishing her purpose. working in the firlds, the little girl had At last she reached the village and with the chubby youngster astride her gae bad," she sobbed, and leaned

proud she forgot his weight, forgot brought her there. even that he hurt her when his hard "Poor soul-poor soul; sit down a bit little fists beat her shoulders or tugged and rest. You are not fit to walk at her hair, as he cried, "Jenny do back," he said. But Jane had done faster-Dan 'ants to twot," and the her work and turned to go. tired, willing steed tried to trot forth- "Ye'll ride your mare, doctor; she'll with.

good-looking chap, too; and though he passable," and the wisdom of her had not been in a hurry about it, he counsel stopped his offer of a seat by was doing a bit of courting on his own his side. account at last, and Jane had his sup- Back into the night the woman went, per to keep waiting while the milk- and the darkness was deeper, and the maid at the farm took longer to fill cold more pitiless. No sound, no huher cans in the byre than she was man footsteps, only by and by the doc- has forbidden the use of telephones in wont to do, and the old mother by the tor passed her on his horse, and spoke ingle muttered to herself that "Dan a kindly word, but did not wait her should have more sense than let his reply, and, indeed, she had no voice hasty-puddin' spoil for all the lasses to answer. that ever were made," and that "no Once or twice she stumbled, and good would come o' such a fly-by-the- once she fell and lay a moment or two sky as Sally was like to be,

Snow fell heavily very early, and lay ringing-was it really bells? for weeks on the outlying farms where | And was it a warning? Folks did food grew scarce for man and beast, have them whiles! and it was difficult to get fresh sup- Then through all her fainting senses plies in the blocked condition of the came again the thought of Dan, and

Jane had to help in foddering the cat- know how he was-and upborne by tle and herding the sheep, and many her intensity of love, the tired woman closets to pray, and wors is that small a weary plunge she had with back- managed the last mile or two almost loads of hay or aprons full of cut tur- in a state of trance. She grew unconnips, while her limbs ached and her scious of all that surrounded her-of fingers grew benumbed.

the stalwart, Dan the beautiful, Dan already present where her loved one 'the man-body," took cold. How, no lay.

the big, strong man, and he was all was far from an efficient nurse. unused to suffering, and as night fell | Even as he spoke the latch was lifted,

the pain grew worse. miles away, and the roads were barely and she looked tall and straight and passable, while telegraph-wires were white as one already dead, yet her palthings as far removed. They kept lid lips tried to form a question. Tried, early hours at the farm, and the lights but tried in vain. were all out, and Dan, "Bonny Dan," Yes, there is hope-hope assuredly,"

might die before the morning. and if the remedies were not of the laid the woman on the low trestle bed best, they were, at all events, numer- and tried to feel the pulseless wrist. ous enough, beginning with "pepper- The hours passed, and the woman mint waters," and ending with a din- lay apparently unconscious-though the ner-plate heated in the oven and laid doctor was still in the little home try-

where the pain was worst. young fellow turned his cheek to the was hovering near.

now dinna. I'll gan to Horton mysel, and his hot and feverish forehead and sure enough never had we the tor," and Jane tock her thin, old shawl strangely grey in that early light of feet, and felt it in his blood and bones likes on't; but I dee like to see you and her woollen bonnet from the peg dawn. Then her eyes unclosed and behind the door and stepped out into her lips murmured one word just the night.

Dare she waken them at the farm over her, "Dan!" and ask the master to send? But there was nobody to go, for Dan and she were the only workpeople that lived near, for Jim the plough-boy had gone to his mother's "buryin'," and the her views of preaching Jane returned farmer was getting an old man himself, and not too kindly either, it must be confessed. "Sally?" No. Sally might like a good-looking chap like Dan well enough to fetch and carry for her, but catch her turning out of her warm bed to do aught for him," thought Jane, comforting herself amid her suffering with the thought that no and she could do it in a clean white one could love Dan as she did, and maybe she wasn't far wrong. Anyhow, she needed all her love before the night was over.

The woman was very tired to start Sunday was principally marked to with, for she had tried to do both busy, and when the pale man with rag-Dan's work and her own, "so that the poor beasts should not want their meat," and in her care for them had in a sling, patches of court plaster all

her shoes were heavy, yet far from water-tight, and the roads she had to said: travel alternated between bits that were hard and frost-bound, but comparatively passable where the wind had swept them clear, and others inches thick of snow, where it lay in rough, Jame was wonderfully con- the hollows, and the air was keen and come and see if you'd like to settle it tented too, and no more thought of cold, and pitiless as that of Dante's

she started, and the night was dark would cut it down more'n half." Jane could neither read nor write, save for the stars, and the gleam of

Ah! well, the world moves and we Jane was prosaic enough, and yet with it, and if Contentment must needs weird new thoughts came to her in

Strange, she hardly knew what the right to be contented with so little as night was like till then, for all her himself that the man had fallen into forty years of country life, for she had Her life had known no great joy, not been wont to go to bed at sundown, even the blossoming time of youthful and, weary and sleepy, had never ten hold of him, and his hand began love, for "virtue" is too often a very thought of rising to look from her win- to wander towards his check book on stern and almost sordid thing below a dow at midnight storms or midnight his desk.

maidenhood unsoftened and unsweet- told of more snow yet to come. Did ened by any recollection of the happy God live up there, and would Danpairing time which ought by rights to her Dan-have to go all the way up in down this way lookin for work, and my boots full of holes and a fortnight's there by himself? And would God I laid down on the track a while to beard on my face. I was thoroughly Love in its higher aspects is a plant ken who he was, and not be hard on rest and dropped off to sleep. That was disreputable, and felt it. I hope I am or woman hasn't bread and cheese, he when he met the parish priest, and

exisct before it can unite itself to kinder, for "He had heard her when and she took a shine to me, and I took the miners, when I am in town. When "Love" to Jane meant ruin and and that was good of him, seein' he'd later I married her. Talk about cow- we have to take pot-luck for every-

could no farther go in Jane's maiden soul went out in a cry for help to the Power she knew so little but yet felt the pale man accepted it.

gasps at times, and there was a sound And a bonny child he had been in her ears like church bells far away,

looked once into the woman's face and How proud she was of him, too, so knew it was no light case that had

travel faster wantin' the gig, for the Dan was a man now, and a strong, snow's gae thick in places and barely

in blissful rest. Oh, the relief of giv- sometimes.

Autumn wore on and winter came, ing up the struggle and the strange and a terribly severe one it was, sense of peace; and again that far-off

nerved her for another effort. She There was no field work proper, but must see his canny face again- must the cold, the darkness, and even of her But the worst was yet to come. Dan own body, and seemed to herself to be

one knew, and soon he lay gasping for the is easier now, and I'll try and breath and groaning as the sharp cut- come again to-morrow," said the doc- content with the drawing-room of life, ting pain of pleurisy darted through tor, who had remained longer than usual at the cottage, fighting Death There was much of the baby still in with his own hands for the old mother

and Jane entered. Her eyes were The nearest medical man lived seven set-her lips drawn across her teeth,

the doctor said, answering that pa- head of the clan, who had not changed Meanwhile they did what they could, thetic appeal; but even as he spoke he ing every means he knew to keep the

Morning broke, and Dan lay sleep-"Eh, my man, my bonny man, dinna, ing like a child, his breathing peaceful, audible to the doctor, as he stooped ing it.

> "Dan will pull through now, my woman," he answered; but his voice had a quiver in it that surprised him-

maun be nearer than I thought, the music is that sweet."

Then there was silence, and another soul was free from earthly bondage forevermore.

Isabella Weddle.

HE COMPROMISED.

How a Much-Abused Man Settled With the Rallroad Company.

The railroad superintendent was very ged whiskers limped in with one arm over his face and a bandage tied around Her clothes were thin and worn, and his head, he looked up impatiently and

"Well, what is it?"

"I've got a damage suit for \$50,000 against your road," said the pale man, 'but before filing it I thought I'd out of court. I'm ruined for life and there ain't a jury in the state that

The superintendent wheeled round in his chair and his manner changed.

"Come in, sir," he said, "and take worked eight, poverty would be no seemed dead and the wind alone left a seat. At what place on our road

"Three miles from here, where she I guess I'm injured internally. One of my arms may have to come off, and my spine's getting weaker every day."

his hands before the lawyers had got-

either it means a prudent and too often How far off the sky seemed, and how man. "I don't see no rest night or will get ragged and dirty. I remem-

"How were you hurt?"

schedule time, and I woke up about 4 "There is no social life in Rossland it with that woman. You see, the fix | good things of civilization taste good she's got me in. If your train had been | when you return." on time I'd have been killed nice and | "Could you give a word of advice to easy and never got into this trouble. | people in the east as to making invest-The superintendent felt relieved suf-

against your road withdrawn, sir."

THE SULTAN AND ELECTRICITY.

tricity. Some years ago he caused to was a lie, pure and simple. But, curi- class were "inside" passengers. The back, or slung in a shawl so as to against the door-post as she spoke; be erected in the grounds of Yildiz iously enough, after the issue of the second were "outside" who must exleave he rhands free for basin and for and the doctor, weary though he was, Kiosk, a small theatre lighted by incandascent lamps. One day, he saw the workmen trenching the walls in order to bury the wires leading from the engine-room to the theatre, and was to deceive. Again a certain over the gateway of an important Lonstopped the work, insisting that the offer was made to me touching a cer- don terminus: "Entrance for horses, wires should all be placed in sight on tain property. The mining machin- dogs, and third-class passengers." poles, as he feared that otherwise they ery was said to be new. It was second might be used to produce an explo- hand, as a matter of fact. Now secondsion! He has also an electrical boat hand mining machinery may be as on a small lake, an English dog-cart good as new, or it may be absolutely driven by electricity, and a tiny electri- worthless. These are samples. Be esty are addressed "Queen, London," cal tram-car, upholstered in satin and sure of the men who are engaged in gold which run to a circle. It is said that he has never yet ventured inside any of these vehicles; and also that he and doubtless not a few men are im- her private family messages, "V. R. I." Constantinople, lest murderous conspiracies should be devised over the wires.

IN DISGUISE.

Do you like cabbage? Well, I never eat it, but I smoke it

A TITLED INVESTOR'S VIEWS ON MINERS' PROSPECTS.

From the Drawing-Room of Civilization to a Miner's Life-A Striking Contrast Between American and Canadian Life at the Mines-Rossland's Prospects.

When Sir Charles Ross stepped out of the drawing-room of civilization it was to step into the woollen shirt, and the coarse leggings of the unconventional west. Sir Charles might have been for it was furnished with all softness and ease. Balnagown Castle, in the north of Scotland, confessed him lord and master. He might have cast a prideful eye over seven hundred thousand acres, of which he was the sole possessor; and he was conscious of the will probably get along quieter." homage of hundreds of leal-hearted Highlanders, who recognized him as with the years, and who were as unsophisticated as if the miracles of steam and telegraphy had never been.

But then Sir Charles was only twenty-two; he loved the adventurous and Still no relief came, and the strong ebbing life-for Death, great Death, the unknown; he had been the pride of the Cambridge University crew; he had thrown the shoulder stone and run in the half-mile; and, in fine, was a but ye shall hae a bottle frae the doc- cool and moist; but Jane's face looked splendid young fellow, who stood six that he should have a period of rough-

> So he came out to British Columbia a-hunting. That was about four years ago. He said farewell to his dressing as the absence of other comforts. One case, and with woollen shirt, and does not mind cooking his food; but A smile-a gleam of joy-"Eh, God rough leggings, and a stout little pony, did hear then, bless him, and heaven not forgetting a plentiful supply of pork and beans.

HE STARTED FOR THE WILD.

And it was while engaged in shooting things that he turned to mining. He met a mining expert, and the result was that he examined the prospectus costume." in a certain claim. This claim to-day is known as the 'Centre Star' mine, close to the 'War Eagle.' It has passed the experimental stage. It is as certain as anything can be certain that it will speedily pay handsome dividends. Sir Charles put a considerable amount a few friends. No shares are offered for sale to-day. The business is a close corporation.

as typifying, in his dress, the unconventional west.

"The fact is," he said to a reporter in Montreal the other day, in the course of some talk, "that I was thinking of getting my photograph taken in my coarse suit; but I will confess to you' ashamed to have the business done. Roughing it is all very well for a tiresome now and then. You feel, aflike to get back to civilization. For instance, you have to discard all notions of refinement. You wear a coarse luxury. You camp out at night on the ber entering Vancouver once with

"Did the cowcatcher strike you?" for about three years, with, of course,

catchers, colonel! cowcatchers ain't in thing. Call it free and healthful but the

"Well, the best advice, I think is to average weight of all the coaches, some ficiently to hand out half a dollar, and severely investigate all claims and pros- more, some less, but all were constructprospectus,

RICHNESS WAS ACTUALLY STRUCK.

the business, and make rigid enquirstatements in all honesty."

ish territory, they seem to imbibe a al abroad on active service.

wholesome respect for the British flag. This must be it, for we have no force at all. Well, in Rossland, we have Mr. Kirkup, and his assistant, Mr. Houston, but they never go armed; they use no threats; they go in and out, and yet, because they represent law in their persons, they keep a population of over six thousand people, drawn from all quarters of the world, in order. It is not so on the other side. The miners there sometimes fire free. That is to say, they carry guns, and pop them off before you can say winking."

Sir Charles says this with a delicious sort of coolness, all the more zestful from the vision which his words conjures up. "Do you ever carry arms yourself,

Sir Charles?" "Certainly not, and especially when I am on the other side of the line. "How is that?"

"Well, I consider it a tempting of Providence. On the other side it is morally certain that the "other fellow" will shoot first if he suspects you have a gun. If you have no gun, you "What about Rossland itself? Will it become all that is claimed for it-

a great centre of population?" "Well, it is claimed that it will become a second Butte, Montana. Certainly, I think it will experience great development in the course of a few years. Already the population gravitates towards it. A great deal of business is transacted in it. Some of the people are beginning to bring their

WIVES AND FAMILIES, so that we may expect a social life in "As a steady diet, Sir Charles, what the place before long." do you think of pork, beans and tre-

"Well, can 'go it,' you know, but perhaps after a few months it becomes a little monotonous. At the same time, after a little holiday spent at my own home, I come back to it without misgiving. It is not the food so much perhaps a shave now and then, or a bath, would be desirable. I say nothing about shreds and patches, for these we

must expect out west." "I suppose it feels good to get home, Sir Charles, and experience the 'de-

lights of fresh linen?" 'Oh, yes, but at home I do not wear this kind of dress"-pointing to his tweed morning suit-"I wear Highland

"And so the steam and the telegraph haven't spoiled the picturesque at Balnagown?"

"Not a bit of it." "And your people have still their simple ways, still render homage to the head of the clan?"

"Yes, I observe no change in these regards. I had some pictures taken of money into it; so did, subsequently, showing the Highland costume, when I was at home. Some are coming out, and I will manage to let you have one." "Thanks, I wish you had had yourself photographed that day you enter-Pity you could not see Sir Charles ed Vancouver with one sleeve in your shirt and your trousers and boots full of holes, and that I could have had a

> Not for the world," was the laughing reply.

RAILROAD PROGRESS.

(laughing heartily) "that I was too fhe Wonderful Advance Which Has Taken Place Since the Early Days.

Probably few people at the present while, and particularly when you do it time can realize what a quaint and for pleasure, and not from compulsion; curious line the Liverpool and Manbut I can tell you that it gets a little chester Railway was in its early days, or how totally different were all its ter a few months of it, that you would appointments from those to which we are now accustomed, says the Railway World. Yet travelers were vastly woollen shirt and leggings. You take pleased with it, and thought that to with you upon your trips pork and pay five or six shillings to go thirty beans, and a pot of treacle as a special miles in an hour and a half was the ground, wrapping your blankets about perfection of cheapness and speed. They "Its getting worse," said the pale you. If you are long out your clothes went into ecstacies about the delight of jingling along over a jarring stone block road, in compartments about as commodious as London four wheeled cabs or in semi-open chars-a-banc, where they became blinded with sparks that needs culture for its development, him, for he'd never had much a o'clock in the afternoon and the fast not finical, you know. I can rough it, and ran considerable risk of being set needs something of leisure, something schoolin'? And maybe Dan would express was due to come along at 3.30." and am going back to the business now on fire. Every time the train stopped the passengers were bumped against each other, screw couplings being unknown till 1835; but they seem to have borne it all complacently. The first class vehicles were painted yellow, and bore such names as Queen Adelaide, Marquis of Stafford, Treasurer, and Despatch. Being usually eight feet long, upon a base of only six feet, they pitched up and down considerably as they ran. To the second class coaches there were light roofs or awnings, but often no sides and no doors; the color of these airy conveyances was

BLUE OR PINK. About two and a half tons was the

pectuses put forward by interested par- ed in the lightest and weakest manner, "It's below my figures," he said, "but ties. There is no doubt in the world by builders who had by no means we'll call it square. I'll get a pint of that there is a splendid mining field in grasped the difference in working conwhisky with this, and if that old cow- British Columbia, but on the other ditions between road and rail traction. catcher runs against me when I go hand, there are not a few swindling The guard sat on the roof of the last home to-night she'll think she's jump- affairs. Cam the seductive prospectus coach, or of one fitted with a brake, ed the track, collided with a gravel be made good? That is the question and was exposed to rain and snow, heat train and went through a forty-foot for the investor. Well, if you cannot and cold, dust and sparks, in a bartrestle. You may consider my suit go yourself to make investigation, you barous manner. This mode of treating can engage a reputable lawyer in a man so important to the safety of Rossland to do the business for you. the train was usual on most lines in That is the best way. For instance, we this country till nearly 1850, and was saw some time ago a prospectus issued but one of the many ways in which the The Sultan seems to have a curious by an eastern firm which set forth that early railway men copied the stage to be nurse and housekeeper and cook, roused the man she sought. "It's Dan mingled liking for and a dread of electric property. We all laughed at it. It essentially different it was. The first pect a taste of bad weather. The third were inconsiderable "stage waggon" people, who were contemptuously hitched on anyhow. Even as late as the This was an accident. The intention seventies, might be seen an inscription

A QUEEN'S DEVICE.

All official cablegrams for Her Majand are invariably couched in secret ies. All men are not mining experts, language. The Queen usually signs posed upon who issue these flaring She seldom telegraphs in plain language, but uses one of her word or ci-"The miners are a singularly quiet | pher codes, compiled so as to defy deset of fellows. Not that they are an- tection. Her Majesty has private cigels, by any means. On the other side phers with her principal Ambassadors, of the line, not a few of them had cut the Viceroy of India, the Governorup the devil. When they cross to Brit- General of Canada and with any Gener-