MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 16. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 23, 1890.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
TERMS—$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

RECEIVE THE ADDRESS SLIP ON THE PAPER—THE DATE ON IT INDICATES THE TIME TO WHICH THE SUBSCRIPTION IS PAID. PROMPT REMITTANCES ARE EXPECTED FROM THOSE WHO HAVE NOT ALREADY MADE THEM.

Boar' Work's

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at *eight cents* per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $6 75 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The 'MIRAMICHI ADVANCE' having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche (New Brunswick), and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, (Quebec), among communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

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BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Insurance Agent,
ETC ETC., ETC.
CHATHAM N B

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NORTH BRITISH
—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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BARRISTER
—AND—
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Solicitor of Bank of Montreal,
CHATHAM N. B.

Hotels.

REVERE HOUSE.
Near Railway Station,
Campbellton, N. B.
formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan

Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with

Sample Rooms.
GOOD STABLING on the premises.
Daniel Desmond,
Proprietor.

ADAMS HOUSE.
ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,
WELLINGTON ST, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.

This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises.

TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of all trains.

GOOD STABLING, &c.
THOMAS FLANAGAN,
Proprietor

Canada House,
Corner Water and St. John Streets,
CHATHAM.
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention paid to
THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.
WM. JOHNSTON,
PROPRIETOR

EARLE'S HOTEL,
Cor. Canal & Centre Streets,
NEAR BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

The best Hotel in the lower part of the City for Tourists, Professional and Business Men, Commercial Travellers, Agents, Etc., Substantial in appointments, centrally located and most economical in PRICES

This Hotel has been Newly and Handsomely Furnished and Decorated, Contains a Grand Exchange, Passenger Elevator, Railroad and Steamboat Ticket, Telegraph Office and Billiard Room

The House can be reached by Horse Cars, Stages and Elevated Railroad, and is conveniently located and accessible to places of amusement and business, including Coney Island, Rockaway Manhattan and Brighton Beach, Central Park, High Bridge, Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn Bridge, Starin's Glen Island, Bartholdi Statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," etc. We have first-class accomodation for 400 guests, and our building being four stories high, and with numerous stairways, is considered the safest Hotel in the city in case of fire.

Branch Office, SEYMOUR, BAKER & CO., members N. Y. Stock and Produce Exchanges, and Chicago Board of Trade. Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Petroleum, bought and sold for Cash on margins. DIRECT WIRE TO CHICAGO.

Sanitary and Fire Arrangements Perfect, Location the Most Healthy in the City.

Ferdinand P. Earle,
Owner & Proprietor

EARLE'S NEW PALATIAL HOTEL
The Normandie,
BROADWAY & 38TH STREET.
European Plan; Restaurant Unsurpassed.

Esterbrook, Inspector of Buildings, says, "Every room is a place of security for its occupant, as the house is ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF" Steam heat, speaking tubes, electric bells, fire and burglar alarms attached to all rooms.

FERDINAND P. EARLE,
Resident Proprietor

Celar Pork,
Mess Pork,
Extra Plate Beef,
Picnic Hams & Bacon,
New Cheese,

420 Bbls. PORK and BEEF.
460 HAMS, finest quality.
400 Boxes CHEESE finest quality.
—FOR SALE LOW BY—
C. M. BOSTWICK & CO.
ST. JOHN.

THOS. FITZPATRICK,
HAS REMOVED HIS
Boarding & Livery Stable
TO THE PREMISES ADJOINING
Messrs. Sutherland & Creaghan's
Water Street, Chatham, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS

NEW FALL GOODS!

ARRIVING DAILY AND TO ARRIVE
A TREMENDOUS ASSORTMENT.
—OPENED THIS WEEK—
50 pcs. Melton Dress Cloth—all Colors—Special Value 50 Dozen Linders and Drawers quality and price
CAN'T BE BEATEN.
Mens' Top Shirts in all Styles
Splendid Variety—Amazingly Cheap.
Blankets and flannels — marked away down — Seeing is believing. Come and be Convinced.
WILLIAM MURRAY,
Argyle House, - - - Chatham.

HALIFAX!
MORRISON & MUSGRAVE.
GENERAL MERCHANTS
TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES, SPECIALTIES.
AGENTS FOR WARREN & JONES TEA MERCHANTS, LONDON & CHINA.
" TOMKINS, HILDESHEIM & CO., LONDON.
" THE ARMOUR-CUDAHY PACKING CO., CHICAGO.
BANKERS — — — — — Bank of Nova Scotia and Peoples Bank of Halifax.

Established 1866.

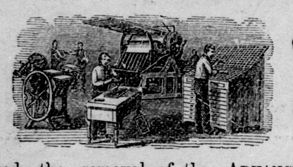
Dunlap Bros. & Co.,
AMHERST, N. S.
Dunlap, McKim & Downs,
WALLACE, N. S.
DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,
AMHERST, S. N.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,
MERCHANT TAYLORS,
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS,
AMHERST,
N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths, including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from this establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right.

JOB-PRINTING

"ADVANCE" Building,



Chatham, MIRAMICHI

Having completed the removal of the ADVANCE establishment to the old Methodist Church building, corner Duke and Cunard Streets, we are now prepared to execute all kinds of

BOOK AND JOB-PRINTING

in first class style. This establishment was the only one in the Province in a position to enter into competition with the city offices at the

Dominion Centennial Exhibition

at St. John, where it received a

—MEDAL AND DIPLOMA—

for "Book and Job Printing" and "Letter-Press Printing." This is good evidence of the fine character of its work.

We have also, constantly on sale a large line of blank-forms, such as:—
RAILWAY SHIPPING RECEIPTS.
FISH INVOICES, (newest form.)
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS.
DEEDS AND MORTGAGES.
SUPREME AND COUNTY COURT BLANKS,
SHERIFFS' BLANKS.
TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS.
SCHOOL ASSESSMENT FORMS,
ETC.; ETC., ETC.

Send along your orders.

D. G. SMITH.
Chatham N B.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Torryburn Corner,
CHATHAM,
Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best
British, and Canadian Makes,
Trimmings, etc.
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
of all kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable rates.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
cut to order.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

F. O. PETTERSON,
Merchant Tailor
(Next door to the Store of J. B. Snowball, Esq.)
CHATHAM - - N. B.
All Kinds of Cloths,
Suits or single Garments.
inspection of which is respectfully invited.
F. O. PETTERSON.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
DERBY, - N. B.

Wanted

RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal Terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G. Clyne Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

NOTICE.
Queen Insurance Company
CAPITAL $10,000,000.
Mr. Warren C. Winslow, Barrister, has been appointed agent at Chatham, N. B., for the above named Company and as such, is now authorized to accept premiums and
BIND FIRE RISKS
for said Company.
C. E. L. JARVIS,
General Agent, St. John, N. B.

WARNING.
Notice is hereby given, that persons will be prosecuted according to law, if found trespassing upon, or in any way interfering with, the lot of land in the parish of Nelson, known as lot No. 5, Lake Brook, Black River,—granted to the late Peter Gray Jr.
MRS. L. G. F. TRAERI
Chatham, July 9th, 1890.

TO LET
Office over Bank of Nova Scotia Benson Block, Apply
M. S. Benson,
Barrister.
Chatham, Sept. 5th 88.

DERAVIN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
ST. KITTS, W. I.
Cable Address: Deravin,
LEON. DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

General Business.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
DOES CURE
CONSUMPTION
In its First Stages.
Palatable as Milk.
Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

"THE FACTORY"
JOHN McDONALD,
(Successor to George Cassady)
Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' furnishings generally.
Lumber planed and matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING.
Stock of DIMENSION and other Lumber, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B

Cooked Codfish.
Ask your grocer for
Cooked Shredded Codfish
and try it.

HARD COAL.
Three hundred tons hard coal will be sold and delivered here from the schooner "Avenger" now on her way from New York; will also be sold, and delivered at Bathurst, at same rate as here as the schooner is to load with deals from K. F. Burns & Co. Send for quotations to
ROGER FLANAGAN,
Chatham, August 23, 1890.

Burdock Blood Bitters
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

1880---1889
Government vs Opposition!

The above does not mean the result of voting on election day, but that I have decided to make a change in my business at the end of ten years—1st May next.
You will be advised later what it all means. At present I am offering my whole stock at prices that cannot be met by any opposition.
This will enable the Public to procure what they require at prices to suit.

[Call and] be Convinced.

Bear in mind these prices are only for CASH.
All goods charged will be at regular prices.

C. STOTHART.
January 6th, 1890

Anthracite Coal.
The Subscribers offer their Customers in Chatham and Newcastle 400 tons Anthracite Coal in assorted sizes and of the best quality at the lowest possible rates from Vessels.
Orders Solicited and Promptly attended to.
GILLESPIE & SADLER.
Chatham, July 15, 1890. 8-7.

ROAD TAXES.
Final Notice.
I am instructed by the Board of Street and Fire Commissioners to issue executions at once against all persons whose Road taxes are unpaid. Executions will be issued in accordance therewith against all parties whose road taxes are unpaid on 20th August inst. No exception will be made and this notice is final.
JOHN POTHERINGHAM.
Chatham, 8th August, 1890

NOTICE.
Wanted, a third class licensed teacher of French and English, male preferred, for No. 1 district, Shippegan.
THOMAS CABOT,
Secretary.

WOOD-GOODS.
WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
FOR SALE
Laths,
Palings,
Box-Shooks,
Barrel Heading,
Matched Flooring,
Matched Sheathing,
Dimensioned Lumber,
Sawn Spruce Shingles.
THOS. W. FLETT,
NELSON.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B. - - - OCTOBER 23, 1890.

General Notes and News.

Eleven persons committed suicide in Paris on Monday of last week.

What is a Day's Labor.

ONE day's work for a healthy liver is to secrete three and a half pounds of bile. If the bile secretion be deficient, constipation ensues; if profuse, billiousness and jaundice arise, Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect liver regulator known in medicine for preventing and curing all liver troubles.

Birchall is hard at work on his autobiography, which he expects to see in print.

Mining News.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowlers Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhœa, etc. It is a sure cure.

Premier Mercier was 50 years old last Wednesday and his birthday was honored in a substantial way by his friends in Montreal.

The People's Mistake.

People make a sad mistake often with serious results when they neglect a constipated condition of the bowels. Knowing that Burdock Blood Bitters is an effectual cure at any stage of constipation, does not warrant us in neglecting to use it at the right time. Use it now.

The Star, T. P. O'Connor's paper, says the four Irish Archbishops have been summoned by the Pope to meet him early next year, in order to discuss Irish affairs.

Imperial Federation.

WILL present an opportunity to extend the fame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all summer complaints, to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

A Constantinople despatch says the deaths from Cholera at Aleppo average 50 daily.

Equal Rights.

All have equal rights in life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but many are handicapped in the race by dyspepsia, biliousness, lack of energy, nervous debility, weakness, constipation, etc., by completely removing these complaints Burdock Blood Bitters confers untold benefits on all sufferers.

Dr. Koch, the German physician, has ceased to make experiments in the cure of consumption, and it is presumed his method of treating the disease has been a failure.

Timely Wisdom.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, cramps, and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

The engineering societies of the United States and Canada have determined to call an international congress of engineers in Chicago during the World's Fair. The engineers' societies of Europe will be asked to cooperate in the congress.

Ayer's Pills, being convenient, efficacious, and safe, are the best cathartic, whether on land or sea, in city or country. For constipation, sick headache, indigestion, and torpid liver, they never fail. Try a box of them; they are sugar-coated.

It is understood that Minister's Island, on the St. Croix, has been bonded for the sum of $20,000, some western people having fancied it as a site for summer cottages.

The great Dr. Boerhaave left three directions for preserving the health—keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels open. Had he practised in our day, he might have added: and purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for he certainly would consider it the best.

A minister asked an old lady what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Deed, Sir," quoth she, "it's a fell guid doctrine, gif we could only act up to it."

A Wonderful flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousand who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. *Use it and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. 1.00.

LONDON HOUSE.
Flour! Flour! Flour!
Always in stock, the following reliable brand
"Crown of Gold",
"Goldie's Sun",
Stockwell,
Phoenix
CORNMEAL,
OATMEAL,
PORK & BEEF.
A good assortment of Teas direct from the London market. Retail from 20c. to 50c., wholesale at bottom prices.
R. HOCKEN.

FOR SALE.
The two dwelling houses situate on Cunard Street, Chatham, at present occupied by Capt. McLean and Archibald Gamble, respectively.
For terms and particulars, apply to
L. J. TWEEDIE,
Barrister.

Free Treatment FOR 1 YEAR,
remedies included, will be donated by Dr. Sweet the celebrated natural born setter and physician, to *one worthy person* in each town WITHOUT EXPENSE except $1.00 for drawing examination papers. Send no money until return of papers. Application must be endorsed by Minister or Postmaster. Send stamp for FREE EXAMINATION BLANKS and particulars to Dr. Sweet's Sanitarium for the Lame, 16 Union Park Street, Boston, Mass

Seine Boat & Rigging.
A first-class American Seine Boat and fittings in first-class order. For sale by
A. & J. ADAMS,
Neguac.

WANTED
To purchase: a Small Steam Engine and Boiler of say two horse power. Persons having either to sell will please address, "Amateur," Chatham, N. B.

THE MOUND BY YELLOW CREEK.

Oddly enough, a live sheep has never been see on Leg o' Mutton Prairie; wool-growing is out of the question; and against the meat of the animal the natives entertain a singular prejudice, in common with many other Americans. Most people know something of the tyranny of the imagination, as illustrated by the figures that will not fade, the faces that will not pass, from ceiling, wall, and drapery. The same tyranny compels us to see a lion and a lamb at Grasmere, and an elephant's head from the Crawford House in the White Mountains. Leg o' Mutton Prairie without its name would resemble a leg of mutton only in the eyes of men who were more familiar with the carcasses of wolves and bears than of sheep. But with the name there goes the subtle virtue of the imagination, which, for the beholder, impresses upon the beautiful plain once and forever the shape and image of its name. I shall never forget my first view of Leg o' Mutton Prairie; surrounded by a dark forest, it lay in the sunshine like a radiant lake, full of all manner of strangely beautiful lights and colors, and the softest witcheries of shadow and sound. For five or six days I had been wending my way, on horseback and on foot, through an intermediate stretch of backwoods. Shut out from the free air, and with only an occasional glimpse of the blue sky beyond the trees, one began to have curious sensations, as of living in some strange under-world of dim lights and sad sounds. Thrice I came upon a hunter's lonely cabin; one contained a solitary woman. She was young, almost handsome, and was playing a violin, because, as she said, she was very "lone," her husband having gone to the mill thirty miles off, and would not be back for several days. It seemed an act of charity to remain over night with her. In another case there was a family of eleven children in one small cabin, ranging in years from seventeen to five. These people of the under-world were all tall and pale, with curiously bright eyes. Once I had to make a *detour* of some miles to escape a swamp, which no horse could cross, and was only open to man by crossing the innumerable beaver dams; it was, moreover, a veritable bear camp. I shot two raccoons, a wolf, two deer, and a wild turkey. I wanted a bear, but it was summer, and in summer bears are lean, and travel fast, and keep their distance; in winter they are fat with hickory nuts and different kinds of mast, short of breath, and lazy,—this is the hunter's harvest time. But though they kept to their thickets by day, and refused to come out and be shot at, I frequently saw traces of them, where they had wallowed in the long grass, or where, with the strength of three or four men, they had turned over fallen decayed trees, in search of small ground life, such as worms and beetles. About sundown I used to tether, feed, and rub down my most intelligent, sagacious, and affectionate horse, who was my only companion on this and other lonely journeys, and who lacked little save the power of speech that is desirable in a fellow-traveller. Then, the evenings being chilly, I lighted a fire, made a capital supper out of corn-bread, a collop of smoky venison, and some hot coffee, flavored with condensed milk of the Eagle brand. Then followed the sweet solace of a pipe, during the smoking of which the sun fell below the horizon, and, as by magic, the fire at my feet grew suddenly glorious with ruddy life and beauty and kindliest friendship, as thick darkness rose swiftly from its lair, and perfect silence reigned in the vast woodland. I spread my bear-skin, wrapped my blanket around me, lay down, and fell asleep, thinking of old England and the dear ones afar off.

Was I nervous? I can only say that I generally slept soundly till sunrise. Nevertheless, a week of that kind of life is, to my thinking, enough at a time. And a week is just about long enough to initiate one into sundry moods and states of consciousness that elucidate some of the conditions of primitive belief. The birds, which rarely came below but kept among the upper branches of the lofty trees, began to have a singular fascination for me; their song was divine, so was their exquisite freedom up there in the light. I had too much—or too little—imagination to think that the tops of the trees were against the sky; but as regards the birds, I have often wondered how many days' journey was I from the standpoint of my Teutonic ancestor, who, from the foot of his tall trees, beheld in birds creatures of celestial origin and nature. Solitude is kindly to superstition. And I do not remember ever coming across trapper or hunter who did not possess a strong vein of superstition, together with a vigorous crop of small beliefs that were altogether personal, original, sometimes wild, and sometimes quaint and pretty. And the time came when I began to realize that the seeds of like things, thickly strewn, were evidently imbedded in my own nature, and were showing signs of availing themselves of conditions, however temporary, that were favorable to their growth. From all of which, and somewhat more, I have been often tempted to frame an inference that civilization at its best, like beauty, is about skin deep,—not forgetting, however, that the skin of the man is a most exquisite and sensitive part of his nature; and that the civilization of some peoples, who make of it a boast, really stands to them more in the relation of a suit of ill-fitting clothes than of a skin whole, elaborate, and quick. The primeval mood, I remember, was strong upon me—strong as the balsamic piquancy of the pines was in my nostrils—when of a sudden there lay before me a long, widening strip of grass land, like a wedge driven into the forest. At first it was not wider than a cart-track, but it clave the forest clean, and held its own, gathering width with length, pressing farther and farther apart the dark sides of the woodland, until, at a distance of a thousand yards, they seemed to take the initiative in retreat, and rolled back of their own free will into the long horizon. As a river of soft delicious green light, appeared that wedge of wood-dividing meadow-land to my eyes. I followed it for a little over two miles before I reached a piece of rising ground; then I knew that at last I had reached Leg o' Mutton Prairie. Behind me was the shank, which I had traversed from trotter to just below the region of the pope's eye; in front was the rich and succulent land of the fillet. The little forest-ringed prairie was five and a half miles in length, and its greatest breadth three miles. One half of it seemed devoted to grass, the rest was arable, on which were splendid ripening crops of barley, wheat, and Indian corn. In the middle of the plain was a lake, some three hundred acres in extent, which gleamed in the sunshine like a great silver shield. On the western margin of the lake sat a small village of wooden houses painted white, with wide verandahs, green shutters, and seemingly half buried beneath the flowers and foliage of innumerable vines. But the centre-piece and chief figure in this bit of idyllic nature was a small island in the middle of the lake, on which stood a large, low-built house with numerous outbuildings. On east and north there was a heavy growth of timber, while to the south and west were lawns, gardens, and ornamental grounds, which at a distance, appeared to be divided from each other by green hedges, flanked on both sides with great banks of flowers, that stood out in brilliant masses of superb color. After the dim light and vault-like imprisonment of the backwoods, I confess I was strangely moved by the natural picture that was outspread before me. Of course there was not really much in it—this world, perhaps, does not hold many things in which there is really much. Still there was something in it, and it struck for all it was worth upon my sensitized imagination, with the result that Leg o' Mutton Prairie is to this hour the one rare memory of them all—as it were, a dream of Paradise.

The prospect was so pleasing, and the sun was so hot, that I dismounted, throwing the bridle-rein upon the ground, which was the same as telling my horse in English that he was free to graze, but was not to stray more than a few yards from my side. I lighted my pipe, and sat within the shadow of a large black-walnut tree, with my back against the trunk; within a couple of feet to my right, the ground sloped steeply to the grassy prairie below; to my left was a small belt of tall hickories, which grew in the midst of a dense clump of bushes. I had been smoking perhaps ten minutes, when suddenly I heard my horse give a snort of alarm. I looked to my left and beheld him quivering with terror, close to the thick undergrowth. Wondering what had startled him so, I was on the point of springing up, when I caught sight of something, just inside the bushes right in front of me, that brought my heart, as the saying is, into my mouth. What I saw were two bright eyes and a nose prominent, mobile, black, shining. Dangerous symptoms these of bear. Keeping my glance riveted on those two gleaming eyes, and not daring to move my body, I felt with my left hand for my rifle, which was luckily lying within reach, and brought it carefully across my knees. I kept my pipe in my mouth, for the simple reason that I was afraid to lift my hand to remove it. Slowly, and with the least possible movement, I got the rifle in both hands, and then, without moving my legs, I twisted my body half round. I hesitated for one dreadful moment, and then, quick as lightning, up went my gun and—out rushed the bear. The eye is quicker than the hand. I saw his shining flank clear of the bushes before I could touch the trigger. Crack—crack—a huge black mass almost upon me. I am rolling, self-flung, down the steep slope like a barrel, yet consciously guarding my precious pipe,—a glance upward from the long grass below, and a vision of the bear lying with his head on the top of the slope—dead. That was all there was to it. He measured close upon five feet in length, weighed three hundred and ninety-six pounds, and my feet are upon his skin as I write this. I suppose every dream of Paradise contains serpent or bear, and of the two I prefer the latter. My object in visiting Leg o' Mutton Prairie was partly that of sport, partly of exploration, and partly, and perhaps chiefly, that of friendship. Two years earlier I had met and formed the acquaintance of a man named Donald Phimister, while in the Adirondacks; we had subsequently met for a second time in New York city. Phimister was a man of about sixty, an old-time Scotsman, iron-grey all over, in hair, in complexion, and in clothes. He had a shaggy look, a strangely wrinkled face, grey eyes full of humor, and a rich, full brogue of which he was proud. His life had been one long romance of adventure and vissitude; he had been everywhere, seen everything, and done everything. He had been a sailor, a gold-miner, a sheep-farmer, a cow-boy, an orange-grower, a boot-black, a hackman, a dry-goodsman, a lumber-dealer, a grain-speculator, a journalist, and—strangest of all, considering his brogue—for eighteen months he hung out his shingle in a far western town as a "Professor of foreign languages," said languages being, as he assured me with a twinkle in his eyes, French and English! He had made three fortunes and lost them. How he stood at the present time in his financial affairs, I did not know, though I thought I had gathered that he was in a small way prosperous. But it was a matter about which I thought little, and cared less. Donald Phimister was not a man to be measured by his dollars, his value was a thing quite apart. Somehow, his personality, like his speech, had a fine, rich brogue all its own. He was intelligent, well-mannered, shrewd, gentle, witty, quiet, generous, frank, a bit cynical, a trifle sceptical, a profoundly religious man, a wee bit odd, yet full of strong attraction. No list of qualities, mental and moral, could exhaust or express the man. It was not what he had, it was how he had it. There was a quaint, sweet, familiar originality about the man that endowed him, as it were, with a rare vital perfume that assailed one's soul, and took it captive. He had said, when last we parted, "The next time ye come west, if ye are within a thousand miles of Leg o' Mutton Prairie, I shall look to see ye at my house. Put

[Continued on 4th page.]

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