

mile of track, the frequent snow sheds where the danger is the greatest, and you can then note the wonders of nature about you. The scene changes at every turn of the great wheels of the locomotive. Now the mountains on both sides of the track rise almost straight upward in a snowy wall for hundreds upon hundreds—it seemed to me for thousands—of feet, shutting out the sun, and their tops kissing the pure sky. Now you shoot out into the open, and there is a long vista of ragged hills, which rise one above the other till they fade away into the glacier peaks of the horizon. Here a great river of blue ice runs for miles along the track, and you know you are almost at the head-waters of the Columbia, which goes on its course down through Washington and Oregon and empties into the Pacific. Further back you saw the Saskatchewan river flowing toward Winnipeg and Hudson bay, and a few miles further you will find the rocky, blue Frazer plowing its way through great gorges and over the golden sands which so excited the gold hunters in the days of early California, and which, by the use of modern dredging machinery, I am told, bid fair to excite them again. On through these waters into scenery which almost takes away your breath. You think of the Texas cowboy who made his pile and awoke one morning amid the finest of the mountains of Switzerland. His life had been spent on the plains, and the grandeur filled his soul till he could contain himself no longer, and he threw up his hat and yelled, not irreverently, but honestly, these words, "Hurrah for God!"

Now you see Mount Stephen rising 8,000 feet above you, and holding on its top, just over your head, a glacier of green ice 500 feet in thickness. Now you pass Sir Donald, another vast mountain, whose naked, rocky peak, as I went by it, had cast a great shadow on the sky, a thing I have never seen before in any mountain range or anywhere. Then on under more glaciers, through mighty hills which have beards of gray, thin pines, each containing enough Christmas trees to supply the world, on into ravines the rocky walls of which you could almost touch from the engine window, and out into other gorges, the walls of rock, which are made of stone piled one upon the other by nature's giant hands, till the height of the tower of Babel is surpassed and they seem to reach to heaven itself.

The scene changes at every turn, and the wonders of engineering in building a great road over the Rockies amaze you. This road was completed in about five years. It made something like eight million dollars of profit, I am told, two years ago, and it is one of the few railroads in America which are paying to-day. Its service is good, and the intention is to double the number of trains on the mountain division next year. You note the difference between it and one of our roads the moment you enter the cars. The accent of the employees is English, and every official is either a Canadian or an Englishman. Even the negro porter of the sleeper was of Canadian birth, and the dining car conductor, who wore brass buttons and looked like Henry Irving, the actor, said "don't you know," and really paid some attention to seeing that the passengers were served.

Speaking of Frazer river and its gold

deposits, this was, you remember, one of the richest placer rivers of the world along late in the fifties, and something like fifty million dollars' worth of gold has been washed out of the sands of British Columbia. The stream is very rough and rocky, however, and much of it has been inaccessible to the placer miners. It is known, however, to contain great quantities of gold, and four different American companies are now at work here trying to get this gold out. They have had dredge-like pumps made, which are to suck up the gold-bearing sand and throw it into a sluice box, which will extract the gold. The experiment is a new one, but it was tested only a day or so ago in the shallow water at the edge of the river, and some gold was the result. I talked last night with the president of one of these companies—a Mr. Young—who comes, I think, from Minneapolis. Said he: "There is no doubt but there are millions upon millions of dollars of gold in these rivers, and I think there is no doubt but that we are going to get out a large part of it. We lease certain strips of the river from the government at so much per mile per year. We now have under lease fifty-seven miles, and we have men prospecting and locating other tracts. Our machines cost us from four to seven thousand dollars apiece, and I expect to see some of them earning a thousand dollars a day. In a month from now I can tell just what they will do. Each machine ought to wash and reduce one hundred cubic yards of gravel a day, and we can get out stuff from the very center of the river, where the most gold is supposed to be. In the old days of placer mining a man did well to wash out three cubic yards a day, and here he had to rely upon the banks only."

"What will be the result if you succeed as you expect?"

"It will make this whole country boom. I don't think there is a doubt of our success, and I expect to see a great deal of placer mining done in this way in the future. It is only applying to mining the machinery that has been used for years in dredging. If we succeed it will bring millions of capital to Vancouver, and will make times good again."

"How are the times here now?"

"They are hard here, and all over the world. The only place I know where they are at all good is in South Africa, and you would be surprised to know what an emigration is taking place to that country. Within the past few months at least 100 have sailed from here alone, and others are going. They expect to make fortunes in the new gold mines there. As for me, I would rather stay here."

Referring to the hard times, I met with a curious evidence of them on my way over the Canadian Pacific. At several of the stations I noted great piles of buffalo bones which had been gathered upon the plains and had been brought to the station for sale. For some time there has been a great demand for these bones from parts of the United States. They are exported and are bought at so much per car load, the usual price being \$100 per car of seven tons. Since the panic, however, the Americans have had no money to pay for them, and the skeletons and odd bones lie bleaching

in the snow waiting for the financial skies to brighten.

There are about 3000 Chinamen in this town of 20,000 people. Victoria, which is about as large as Vancouver, has a like number, and it is from here that many Chinese are smuggled into the United States. There are numerous trails over the border, and many are taken in by sea. We have no good protection of our northern boundaries, and I am told that quantities of opium as well as numbers of Chinamen are taken in every month. The opium is prepared at Victoria, it is said, and smuggled in. It takes only a small package to hold a pound, and each pound thus brought in escapes a duty of \$12. Ten pounds can easily be hidden, and a hundred or so pounds can be carried in a canoe. The hundred pounds would bring a profit of \$1200, so you see there is money in the business. I doubt not that Uncle Sam loses hundreds of thousands of dollars in this way every year, and the only prevention would seem to be for him to swallow up Canada or to establish a more efficient line of custom detectives along the frontier. As it is the Canadians protect their border better than we do. At every station I saw their mounted police, and they have a very fine organization to watch over their interests and to keep order along the border.

Frank G. Carpenter

THE INDUSTRIAL ARMY.

The "General" Kelly contingent of the Coxey commonweal army, 1250 strong are in the city of Ogden and are now subjects of Territorial charity.

In anticipation of their arrival Commander-in-Chief West, General Ottinger and Surgeon General Fowler, with two companies of the National Guard of Utah, (the Norden and Military companies) went up to Ogden on the 7 o'clock train Sunday morning taking with them a gatling gun and the necessary paraphernalia and equipment for a regular siege. Arriving at Ogden they were augmented by the first cavalry company stationed at that place and also by a large number of special police in addition to the regular force.

Something had to be done that was clearly evident and the Governor and Mayors Baskin and Brough decided to appeal to the court to issue an injunction prohibiting the Southern Pacific from allowing the army to cross the state line or to make Ogden the dumping ground.

The case was heard by Judge Miner who issued the order prayed for and in a very short time and early in the afternoon the papers were served, but Division Superintendent Knapp stated that the men were coming and that he was powerless to stop them.

When it was ascertained that the army was coming despite the efforts to prevent their arrival a strip of country adjoining the S. P. tracks near the stock yards, about three quarters of a mile from the central part of the city was set apart for them and here it was decided to keep them under guard until a further settlement was arrived at.

The train pulled in at the depot at