

and inspected the pockets of my Injun—he was dressed in the cast-off clothes of white men. I found about 40 shillings in coin, a good silver watch, knives, needles, matches, and a whole lot of other trash. I wouldn't scalp him; he was too low and mean. I'd have been ashamed to be seen with the scalp of such a skunk.

"I went back up the creek, brought down my horses and put on to 'em the blankets, rifle, gub, and other captured plunder that was of any account, then moved on again down the creek.

"I had twenty mile to go to git to my home station at Green River, and it was now gittin' along late in the afternoon. About fifteen mile ahead I had a bad place to go through. The creek I was on emptied into the Green River. Goin' east the valley on each side of it gradually narrows, the mountains drawin' in upon it. About five mile from Green River the mountains shut in upon the creek. For two miles there is only a narrows pass. On each side the mountains stand straight up and down, and are all covered with big rocks and brush. No gittin' over 'em with horses. In the bushes along the creek in this pass I knowed there was a guard of Goshutes picketed to look out for trouble from squads of soldiers or armed line men comin' from Green River way, I'd got to git through there in one night, and I was glad there'd be no moon till near mornin'.

"Well when I got within a mile of this pass I stopped in a quakin' asp thicket and waited till dark. I tore up one pair of blankets and muffled the feet of my horses in such a way that they'd make no more noise than two cats. Then with strips of blanket I wrapped and tied the rifle, and everything that could either jingle or rattle:

"Two hours after dark I was on the stage road, in the pass. All was dark and silent. My horses behaved beautiful. Their hoofs made no sound. I'd got about to the middle of the pass, jist were the mountains was highest, when I heard a little bird cheepin'. It was one of them little brown ground birds that chirp a few notes about every half hour through the night. You have the same kind here in Nevada.

"I listened with all my ears from the first chirp I heard. Then I began to count—one, two, three, four, five. At five another little bird began to chirp high up the rocky mountain cliff jist above my head. 'Goshutes!' says I.

"Yes; then I knowed for certain that the Goshutes was there on guard. They can almost counterfeit the chirp of the little night bird, but can't quite do it—nobody can. There's always something lackin'. What I heard the Goshutes say in their bird-talk was, 'All is well and quiet here!' and the answer was the same. When they make the signal the man that does it and the one that hears it touches the little finger to the left hand, and then the next and the next till he comes to his thumb. It's the same as countin' five between the signal and the reply to it. Goshutes count, but that kind of brainwork ain't in their line; so they take hold of their fingers one after another, and when they come to the thumb they are sure they are right.

"If a force of men had passed up the road the fellers on the creek would have telegraphed to the one on the mountain out of reach, and he would have signalled—by fires at night and by smokes in the daytime—to the squads raiding the stations.

"I was glad I heard the signals. They showed me that I was about past all danger, and ten minutes later I struck out on a swift gallop to the station, where I reported, and where I found men gathering in from stations eastward.

"Next mornin' a party of twenty of us struck out up the road to see what had happened at the burnt station. In the pass I found where three Goshutes had been on guard the night before. Only one man had been killed at the station—the head man—as the others happened to be out lookin' up stock, and had taken to the hills.

"A mile beyond the ruins of the station we found the body of Joe Craig. It was lyin' beside the road stripped and scalped. In dashin' past the Injuns at the station he had been shot. As he still rode on the Injuns thought they had missed him till they came upon his body. When Joe fell out of his saddle his boss had gone ramblin' about till I found him strikin' out fur his next station and his barley.

"I come out of my business a good boss ahead, but for most of my captured plunder the stage and pony agents found owners. The scalp of my brave was coaxed from me by Major Gallagher, commander at Fort Ruby. I've been sorry ever since that I let it go. To-day I'd rather have it than the boss I got.

"Well, now you know the kind of grudge the Injuns had against me out t'other side of Salt Lake."

James Kirby was hanged at eight o'clock on Monday morning, May 8, at Tralee, for the murder of the old man Patrick Quirke, at Lisabane, on the 8th of November last, Quirke having taken a farm from which his son-in-law had been evicted. Kirby, while being pinioned, solemnly declared that he never fired a shot from a gun or a revolver in his life; adding, "I am innocent, and I never shot Patrick Quirke. Cournane is also innocent of the murder." He walked firmly to the scaffold, was quite calm, and answered the responses to the prayers for the dead distinctly. He mounted the scaffold unassisted. Death was instantaneous. Cournane is the prisoner whose sentence has been commuted to penal servitude.

When the Chinaman is being kicked out of almost every country in the world it is surprising to find that there is one little corner where he would be welcome. Cuba without its slave population is in want of labour. With a country like Cuba, where the actual necessities of life are so few, nature so prolific, and the climate so clement, the tendency among the negroes and even the white men is to work a few days in the week to obtain money to buy the requirements which the land does not produce, and to pass the rest of their time on their own or hired piece of ground, doing nothing beyond raising a few provisions for themselves with the least possible trouble, without contributing to the general prosperity of the country. The Chinese, on the other hand, are more constant, more economical, and more ambitious, and though they have the reputation of not leaving their gains in the country, they make these gains from work done by them which does contribute to the general wealth; and so the country does eventually gain.—*Truth*

## CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE mission which Father Cummings opened in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament last Sunday week, is proving a great success. The services have been exceedingly well attended. Crowds throng the church in the evenings, and at the early Masses there have been many worshippers, notwithstanding the intense cold occasioned by the heavy frosts, which whitened the streets of the city every morning last week.

Father Cummings is working most indefatigably, indeed it is to be feared that he is working too much. The mental and physical strain involved in conducting a mission single-handed, in a large parish like this, must be simply enormous. However, there is no doubt but Father Cummings feels himself well repaid for his labour in witnessing the numbers of people who come to avail themselves of his ministrations.

On Tuesday night, Father Cummings preached upon death. As is his usual custom he did not indulge in any flights of imagination. He does not profess to attempt to please the ears of lovers of fine language. Earnestly and impressively he described the unexpected manner in which death loves to call poor mortals away from their earthly haunts. He related his own experience of death-bed scenes, where little or no preparation had been made until the sudden summons came. With instances of this kind Father Cummings contrasted others in which the pluck at the sleeve came not unawares. Without being in the least sensational he preached a sermon which must have made a powerful impression upon his hearers.

Thursday was devoted to what the Redemptorists used to term the first great solemnity of the mission, that is, to paying especial homage to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. In the evening at Benediction the altar was profusely decorated with flowers and innumerable wax candles. Within the sanctuary the scene was very brilliant. The church was crowded to excess. The sermon, of course, was upon the Blessed Sacrament, and was most eloquent and comprehensive.

On Sunday morning, at nine o'clock Mass, the Confraternities received Holy Communion. On Sunday next the children will make their first communion, and after eleven o'clock Mass the Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered by the Bishop. In the evening the mission will be brought to a close by the ceremony of the renewal of the baptismal vows.

During the past week the sudden death of an old and much-respected member of this congregation (Mr. J. O'Neil, of Woolston) caused a profound feeling of sadness in all those who were acquainted with the deceased. On Sunday Mr. O'Neil was at the opening of the mission; on Monday night he was dead. He had been in town on Monday, returned home, and appeared to be in his usual health. He played chess with his family, and seemed to be in excellent spirits. Shortly after retiring to rest, he was seized with a somewhat violent fit of coughing. He arose, and went to the kitchen for a drink. His wife followed him. Upon reaching the kitchen he sank exhausted on to a chair. He told his wife that he was dying, and asked her to pray for him. A few minutes later his soul had fled. His death was attributed to cessation of the heart's action. Mr. O'Neil had been a resident of Christchurch for over twenty-five years. During that time he has been an active supporter and faithful member of the church here. His many good qualities earned for him the respect of every one with whom he came in contact. The deepest sympathy is felt for his widow and his family in their sudden bereavement.—On Wednesday morning a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the soul of Mr. O'Neil. His immediate relatives and a great number of the congregation attended the mournful ceremonies.—On Thursday afternoon the remains of the deceased were borne to their last resting place in the cemetery in Barbadoes street. The funeral was the largest ever seen in Christchurch. The cortege, which seemed to be interminable, must have reached from the church to the cemetery, a distance of quite three-quarters of a mile. The funeral service was read by Father Halbwachs. Mr. O'Neil was a good specimen of the upright, clear-headed, industrious, persevering Irishman. His life was honest and honourable, and upon his death the tribute of respect which such qualities merit was liberally paid to him by his fellow-men.

Apparently it is to be a real case of skinning the lamb in regard to the unfortunate Civil servants, whose salaries are to be submitted anew to the shearing process. This time the small salaries are to be attacked as well as the large ones. To endeavour to screw an extra hundred thousand pounds out of the already well-picked bones of the Service looks very much as if the employees of the Government are to be obliged to contribute several ounces over and above the pound of flesh which, it appears, it is now the duty of every member of the State to subscribe towards the fattening-up of our very lean Treasury.

Mr. W. P. Reeves must abandon, for the present, the hope of prefixing the title of hon. to his name. The Premier has most effectually nipped that hope in the bud. St. Albans must be content for the present to be represented by a private member.

Mr. Percival has been making a bid for fame by asking the Government to place twenty-five pounds upon the estimates for the purchase of mulberry seed for distributing among the Canterbury farmers. Sir Harry did not see his way to grant the request. Possibly he deems that this is not the time to invest even a small amount of capital in any undertaking which does not guarantee capital its legitimate returns. Sericulture in Canterbury would hardly do that. However ardent some of us may be in the cause of protection, I think just at present we must remain satisfied with letting some other country do the silk growing for us. The times are not prosperous enough to justify the waste even of twenty-five pounds upon a fad, at least so the Premier appears to think. Enthusiastic amateur sericulturists may endeavour to produce silk if they please, but they must pay for their own mulberry seed. Mr. Percival must