

SHERIFF REDGRAVE.

STORIES OF A DISTINGUISHED BRITISH COLUMBIAN.

The Gloomy Anniversary of His Friend's Death—How the Bear Returned a Bullet—The Sheriff Isn't a Doctor, but He Stamp Out a Smallpox Epidemic.

Lying in the picturesque valley of the Columbia river in British Columbia, with the Selkirk mountains on one side and the Rocky mountains on the other, is the town of Donald, on the Canadian Pacific railroad. It used to be known as a "wide open town," but it is now a sedate little place of nearly 2,000 inhabitants. It is the meeting place of divisions of the railroad, and from that reason takes on a commercial importance that other towns of the same size along the railroad lack. It also has an added importance from the fact that it is the home of Sheriff Redgrave, the chief official of all that country around for a great distance.

Sheriff Redgrave is a distinguished man not only because he holds the chief office thereabouts for many miles, but because he has a notable past. He has had many fierce campaigns with the Indians, has fought his full share of duels with desperadoes, has "dropped" his man on more than one occasion, knows what roughing it means in a country the wildest of the wild, and for years before such a thing as a railroad was thought of in that country was a marked man.

Sheriff Redgrave is always amiable and almost always cheerful. Once a year, however, he is manifestly troubled and downcast. It is a custom in Donald on these occasions to wait until a goodly collection of citizens have arrived, and then this conversation usually ensues:

"Good morning, sheriff. You seem a little troubled this morning. You look blue. Nothing gone wrong, has there?" some one will say, and the sheriff will make this response:

"Oh, no," with an apparent effort to throw off his careworn look, "nothing is the matter, but the fact is this is the anniversary of a very sad day with me, and I never can shake off its remembrance."

"Indeed?" some one will say, and at that invitation the sheriff will tell this story of an eventful day in his career, one that annually fills his soul with sadness:

"It was just 30 years ago today that I was up in the Carlton country with the dearest friend I ever had. He was a noble fellow, one that I would have gladly given my life to any day were there occasion to do so. We were walking through a gorge one afternoon, and by a lamentable oversight had only one gun with us. My friend had that. Suddenly we came face to face with an enormous grizzly bear, one of the old time bears, tremendous fellows, such as we used to have in these mountains. The bear was angry, and I think had been stung by some bees. He showed fight, and I saw at a glance that it was either his life or one or perhaps both of ours. He came right for us, roaring and determined to kill us.

"My friend was a nervous man, and I could see that he was a little frightened. Now, you know that I never lose my nerve, and so I said to him that I thought he had better give me the gun and let me kill the bear, so as to make sure of the job. He agreed and seemed to be glad to have the responsibility off his hands. The bear came straight for us, and I took deliberate aim. He had his mouth open, and I aimed to shoot him there and let the bullet penetrate the brain, and thus make a new job of it. When the bear was about ten paces off, I pulled the trigger. That bullet went straight to its mark, of course, but do you know, just as it struck the bear in the mouth, that animal for some reason or other turned on his heels. The bullet passed through his head, and the bear, turning just as it was passing through, deflected the bullet, so that it flew back to us and killed my friend instantly by my side. Yes, this is always a very sad day with me, and I am sure you will excuse me if I don't show my accustomed cheerfulness."

Sheriff Redgrave has another thrilling experience that he relates occasionally, and it illustrates his fertility of resource in time of great emergency and reveals to some extent the reasons for his popularity and advancement in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He was up in the Carlton country many years ago and stumbled into a camp of Indians where there was an epidemic of smallpox raging. It would never do for him to return home after having been exposed to that contagion, and it also was impossible on him as a man with a sympathetic heart to try to stamp out the terrible disease. He and his friend perished over the situation for a long time, and at last a plan came to them.

"How do you suppose we stamped that smallpox out?" the sheriff says as he tells the story.

"Well, it was this way. Neither of us had any medical education, and it was not until we had learned all their effects we buried all the Indians to their bodies in the ground and left them there for the night. The next morning we came around to see how they were getting along, and you know we believe it—the wolves had come during the night and had eaten off the bodies of seven out of those Indians. That stamped out the epidemic in that whole section, and to this day there has never been a case of smallpox there. It was rather tough treatment, but you see since those Indians have been among our very best friends."—New York Times.

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It has also been a great benefit to my wife, who had distress in the stomach and severe headaches. She said the first dose of Hood's Sarsaparilla seemed to go to the right spot. Now she enjoys good health." ELLIOTT BUCK, Box 406, Seeo, Maine.

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