

A Mexican's Revenge.

I have spent, in all, three years in Central America. I went there with a surveying party which was running the line of a projected railroad, one of those railroads which are built on paper alone. It has never yet materialized. While the line was being run I made the acquaintance of an American citizen who was the owner of a large coffee plantation, and he invited me to spend some time with him. I accepted, and in a little while a mutual friendship sprang up between us. The result was that before the time came for my departure he told me that it was necessary for him to pay a visit to his old home in Ohio with his wife, to settle up some legal business, and he had been trying to find some one who could take charge of his plantation during his absence. He urged me to take the position, and I accepted. Another week found me at the head of one of the finest plantations in Nicaragua.

My duties were light enough. Bland had a competent general manager, and about all I had to do was to act as the power behind the throne in the manager's absence. I had but one difficulty during this time. The manager, a Cuban named Carlinos, was popular with the laborers, and all went smoothly until one day a Mexican, Michael Ferrara, positively refused to obey some order that Carlinos had given him, and Carlinos appealed to me. Upon investigation I calmly told the Mexican either to obey orders or leave the place. With a sidelong glance at Carlinos and myself he did as I commanded, and the matter was at an end. The next morning I saw the manager being blown over, but I did not feel quite confident about it. The Mexican's look troubled me and I mentioned it to Carlinos, but he treated the matter lightly and was inclined to be scornful in regard to Ferrara. 'He is a coward,' he said, shrugging his shoulders, and so dismissed the matter. I let the subject drop, ashamed of seeming afraid of a man whom this slender Cuban regarded with such disdain, and yet I could have sworn that when I waked that night, startled at some slight noise on the terrace outside my window, it was Ferrara's dark face I saw in the moonlight peering in at me. In an instant it was gone, and I was out of the room, running along the terrace, searching here and there. But no, though I gave the terrace a thorough search and even went around to the end of the house and the grove of banana trees beyond, I saw nothing moving anywhere, save an owl that flitted out of the trees. I went back to my room, concluding that I had dreamed the whole affair.

The next morning I felt quite sure of it. I met Ferrara several times during the course of the day, and he was especially pleasant. He was better educated than the majority of his class, and his position on the plantation gave him a kind of precedence over the others. I was near him several times before the day was over, and I noticed that on each occasion he took pains to speak pleasantly and greet me with his most courteous smile. I thought he was sorry for the bad temper he had shown the day before. I didn't know him as well then as I do now.

The next day Carlinos and I had decided upon a hunt in the mountains that made a jagged outline against the sky off to the south. While we were getting the guns and cartridges into condition for use, Ferrara approached and said in his smoothest tones:

'If the seniors went to the valley, down below the Cantadino pass, they would find where a great painter roams, and has been seen many times. I myself saw it about two days ago, but I was unarmed, so I put spurs to my horse and galloped away.'

Carlinos turned to me with a look of interest. 'That's a good idea,' he said. 'We'll look for the painter first, and if we fail to find him we can try the mountains.' We were about to turn away when Ferrara stopped us, with many apologies. Beyond the Cantadino pass, he said, 'you will find a narrow trail leading eastward down the valley. Follow that trail half a mile, until you see a huge white cliff, a hundred yards to the right. At the foot of that cliff the panther has been seen again and again. Adios, seniors.'

And so Carlinos and I went walking off with swinging stride, toward the pass, glad of a day in the woods, and ready for any adventure that came along, except the one that actually did come. For within the next hour we passed through the most horrible experience that ever fell to the lot of mortals. I am sure.

We found the pass—a mere gap in the mountains, not used for travel as another pass, a few miles further south, furnished the nearest road to the town. The pass was strewn with rough boulders and jagged masses of rock, difficult to make one's way over, and for half an hour we had all the exercise we needed in climbing over and around these obstructions. At last, however, we were clear of them, and we shouldered our guns again after a brief rest, went on until we found the trail among the bushes. It was such a path as could be made by cows or sheep, going to and from a watering place, and I was going along, paying very little attention to it, when Carlinos, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped and muttered: 'That is very strange.'

I looked over his shoulder, and there in the yellow sand was the barefoot track of a man. We easily traced it along the trail for several hundred yards, and then it suddenly disappeared, as though the owner of the track had turned off into the thicket underground. We both followed it up to the point, and then missing it, looked at one another and said again: 'That is very strange.'

And then we both laughed, and Carlinos said: 'But it might have been some herdman looking for a stray cow or sheep. But I noticed that Carlinos looked after

his cartridges a little more closely, and held his gun in a position to use, if necessary. And just then the cliff that Ferrara had described came into view, about a hundred yards away, and we turned off from the path toward this place in which the panther had been so often seen.

Scarcely had we started in that direction when we were startled by the long, fierce scream of the panther itself. As nearly as we could judge it was at that very moment at the base of the cliff. We stopped involuntarily at the sound, and then went stealing down the slope, with eyes watching and nerves stretched to the utmost. Yet we went on and on without seeing it, and suddenly found ourselves almost at the base of the cliff, which had been hidden by the thick and tangled brush through which we had passed.

Then we stopped and looked around, peering here and there through the bushes. It was easy to see the spot of ground on which we stood had been the track of some wild animal, for about us bones lay bleaching on the ground. But nothing was to be seen. The face of the cliff, up to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, was covered with the matted tendrils of a dead vine, apparently. It suddenly occurred to me that the panther's den might be back under the cliff, hidden by the vine, and I was about to investigate when just behind us, not ten feet away, sounded the horrible scream of the panther.

Both of us whirled, and Carlinos stepped back a little. In a moment of confusion I failed to notice him, but in an instant he gave a heart-rending cry: 'Help! help! quick, the tree! The man eating tree!'

Never will I forget that cry, nor the sight that met my eyes. In stepping back he had stumbled against the dead vine, as I had thought it. And then in a moment every tendril had become instinct with life, and was twisting and writhing about him with the most horribly snake-like motions, matted around his body and legs, holding his arms tight, and drawn across his face and clasped about his throat. Already when I looked about he was helpless. During the single moment while I stood there looking at him motionless with horror, his face had begun to turn purple.

And then all at once I recovered myself a little, and snatching my hunting knife from my belt began cutting and slashing at the horrible, writhing tendrils in the effort to cut their victim loose.

But before I made three strokes something caught my arm then something crawled swiftly about my neck, and then there were others around my hands, over my head, and held, while wherever the anky-monsters touched went fierce pains, as though my flesh were being torn from my body. I felt my consciousness slipping away; but as it was going suddenly, the dark face of Ferrara peered out from the bushes in front of me, and he cried out with mocking laughter:

'I hope you enjoy yourselves, seniors. The panther is not far away, believe me! Only wait for him until he comes. Adios! Adios!'

The shock of anger roused me a little in the midst of my racking torture, and I Ferrara then to go away, but all at once noticed that on each occasion he took pains to speak pleasantly and greet me with his most courteous smile. I thought he was sorry for the bad temper he had shown the day before. I didn't know him as well then as I do now.

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supper, and a dinner of three courses. Our bill for the day's catering will reach a total of £187,500,000, or thirty-one times as much as all the thrones of Europe cost annually. The same sum could meet our entire National expenditure for a year and three-quarters; would pay the entire cost of our Navy for the next eight years; or of our Army for the next ten years, allowing in each case for increased estimates. To meet our day's bill, we should require the weight in sovereigns of 25,470 average guineas; or, as much gold as 1,000 horses could draw. If six expert cashiers were to count these sovereigns, each at the rate of one a second, night and day, it would take them nearly a year to check the accuracy of our payment; and four days' interest on the amount would more than pay the aggregate salaries of all our Cabinet Ministers for a year. And yet it seems such a little thing to wish to do!

How Old.—He: 'How old should you say Miss Spinner was?' She: 'Old enough for people to begin telling her how young she is looking.'



BORN.

- New York, Oct. 6, to the wife of A. E. Davidson, a son.
Truro, Oct. 8, to the wife of Alexander McNut, a son.
Amherst, Oct. 10, to the wife of Duncan Holland a son.
Campbellton, Oct. 11, to the wife of Chas. Gas, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 7, to the wife of Wm. Robertson, a son.
Farrboro, Oct. 5, to the wife of John Kendrick, a son.
St. John, Oct. 14, to the wife of E. L. McLean, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 1, to the wife of G. K. MacKeon, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 11, to the wife of Addison LeCain, a son.
Walton, Sept. 25, to the wife of B. T. Freeman, a son.
Long Island, Oct. 5, to the wife of James Allen, a son.
Moncton, Oct. 12, to the wife of H. E. McFarlane, a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 5, to the wife of Wm. Farcy, a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 7, to the wife of H. H. Archibald, a son.
Conquerall Bank, Oct. 4, to the wife of Wm. Weagle, a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 10, to the wife of Wm. Cuthbert, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 6, to the wife of Dr. Reid, a daughter.
Campbellton, Oct. 5, to the wife of St. Onge, a daughter.
Farrboro, Oct. 5, to the wife of Philip Bou drea, a daughter.
Farrboro, Oct. 9, to the wife of David Gabriel, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 14, to the wife of Thomas Grace, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 2, to the wife of Geo. Wessell, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 5, to the wife of Mr. Brenton Wiles, a daughter.
Amherst, Oct. 9, to the wife of Chas. Reynolds, a daughter.
Windsor, Oct. 2, to the wife of Mr. Wiley Burns, a daughter.
Dorchester, Oct. 12, to the wife of Charles Eldson, a daughter.
Summer Hill, Oct. 1, to the wife of A. M. Corbett, a daughter.
Newcastle, Oct. 12, to the wife of Thomas J. Jeffrey, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 1, to the wife of Peter C. Fleming, a daughter.
New Edinburgh, Oct. 1, to the wife of Denis Doucet, a daughter.
Moncton, Oct. 5, to the wife of H. Rudyard Boulton, a daughter.
Falmouth, Oct. 3, to the wife of Edward Davidson, a daughter.
Windsor, Sept. 23, to the wife of Wiley Davidson, a daughter.
Windsor Forks, Oct. 7, to the wife of Chas. Gornley, a daughter.
Hazel Hill, Oct. 7, to the wife of Arthur Sullivan, a daughter.
West LaHave, Sept. 25, to the wife of Alex. Norman, a son.
Sunny Brae, Oct. 12, to the wife of W. S. Woodworth, a son.
Mahone Bay, Oct. 5, to the wife of Rev. E. A. Alaby, a son.
Folly Village, Oct. 7, to the wife of Rev. Wm. Jackson, a son.
St. John, Oct. 14, to the wife of Thomas J. Williamson, a daughter.
Millstream, Oct. 7, to the wife of Allen D. Rockwell, a daughter.
Woolville, Oct. 9, to the wife of Norman, E. Schofield, a daughter.
Chignecto Mines, Oct. 7, to the wife of Benford McDonald, twin boys.
Three Mile Plains, Oct. 7, to the wife of Andrew Upshaw, a daughter.

DIED.

- St. John, George Rankin, 7.
St. John, Mary Catherine Wood.
Halifax, James R. Wilkinson, 45.
Barrachois, Roland McDonald, 5.
St. John, Oct. 10, Jas. Dawson, 31.
Lockeport, Oct. 5, Jane A. Ringer.
Hopewell, Oct. 5, Naomi Farby, 48.
Halifax, Oct. 10, Maria Anderson, 65.
Overton, Oct. 2, M. H. Chapman, 70.
Aronport, Oct. 8, Aaron Forsyth, 74.
Hants Co., Oct. 2, Sarah J. Curry, 79.
Woodstock, Oct. 5, Joanna Miller, 33.
Colchester, Oct. 5, Wm. H. Wilson, 80.
Halifax, Oct. 14, Harry N. Holland, 46.
Richardsville, Oct. 5, Louis Nelson, 49.
Woolville, Oct. 1, Mrs. Anne Black, 91.
Black River, Oct. 10, James E. P. C. 74.
Truro, Oct. 8, Catherine Fraser Yutill, 8.
Little Branch, Oct. 14, Jane Fowle, 89.
Truro, Oct. 10, Ruby M. Goldick, 3 mos.
Hampton, Oct. 11, Isabella Crookshank.
Woolville, Oct. 1, Audrey Benjamin, 49.
Dorchester, Oct. 1, Margaret Hamilton, 71.
Overton, Oct. 9, Rev. Jacob Whitman, 85.
Shelburne, Sept. 30, Thomas N. Jones, 38.
Argyle, Oct. 12, Mrs. Margaret Baker, 68.
Forest Glen, Sept. 23, E. Ann Armstrong.
Shubenacadie, Oct. 3, Charles Nelson, 21.
Brookfield, Oct. 5, William H. Wilson, 80.
Chelsea Mass, Sept. 29, Francis F. Putnam.
Bridgewater, Oct. 8, Elizabeth Keating, 85.
Waterford, Sept. 30, Sarah J. H. Arnold, 1.
Yarmouth, Oct. 7, Marie Jeanne Potlior, 34.
Hampton, Oct. 12, Louisa Jacobina Betz, 75.
Albert, Oct. 11, Alice Winifred Eyles, 2 mos.
Chatham, Oct. 8, Mrs. Olive Mc Killoch, 89.
East Florenceville, Oct. 8, John E. Caste, 21.
Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 13, James McMillan.
Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 7, Josephine A. Ellis.
Upper Stewiacke, Oct. 4, William Bentley, 61.
Woodville, Oct. 13, Rev. Ingraham I. Hart, 28.
Weymouth Falls, Oct. 5, Mrs. Robert Langford.
Cosman Settlement, Oct. 12, Margaret Splan, 60.
Weymouth Falls, Oct. 11, Mrs. Maurice Barnes, 64.
Mechanic Settlement, Sept. 25, Percy Hayward, 14.
Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 7, Laurance J. O'Toole, 62.

MARRIED.

- Fredericton, Gilbert Ho mes to Mary McNut.
Woolville, Oct. 12, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, James White to Ida Crosier.
Halifax, Oct. 5, by Rev. Wm. Dobson, Edmund P. Allison to Jean E. Bart.
Bridgewater, Oct. 6, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, Maynard Oxner to Eva Hiltz.
Brookway, Oct. 12, by Rev. J. A. McLean, William Lister to Barbara Thomas.
Campbellton, Oct. 11, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John Murray to Mary Jane Garrett.
Oxford, Oct. 5, by Rev. F. D. Nowlan, Robert C. Simpson to Ruby E. Rankin.
Fredericton, Oct. 7, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, James E. Briggs to Anna G. Collins.
Oxford, Sept. 28, by Rev. F. D. Nowlan, Nathan W. Wood to Isabel F. Foster.
Lower Millstream, Oct. 5, by Rev. Gideon Swain, Henry Green to Ida Keirwood.
Weymouth Falls, Sept. 30, by Rev. F. R. Langford, John Fennell to Abbie Nichols.

Paint advertisement for The Sherwin-Williams Co. featuring an image of a paint can and text describing the benefits of their paint.

Star Line Steamers advertisement for Fredericton, listing various steamship routes and schedules.

CHANGE OF SAILING advertisement regarding the Dominion Atlantic R'y. and Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

EXPRESS TRAINS advertisement listing various train routes and schedules.

S. S. Prince Edward advertisement listing train services and schedules.

Intercolonial Railway advertisement listing train services and schedules.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. advertisement for a CHEAP FALL EXCURSION to MONTREAL, & C.

Windsor Salt advertisement with a logo and text: 'Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.'