A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

It was the holy Christmas-tide
In Ireland long ago ;!
The hills and vales were covered o'er
With newly-fallen snow.
It was a Christmas in the days
Of misery and fear,
When it was death to say a Mass,
And danger Mass to hear.

There stood a ruined abbey church,
All open to the sky;
Happy the brethren to whom God
Had given the grace to die
And rest within their quiet graves
Before the day of woe,
That saw their peaceful, happy home
A prey to cruel foe.

A peasant woman from her sleep
Arose that Christmas day,
And from her cottage window looked
Out on the twilight gray,;
Forth from the ruined church there streamed
Across the spotless snow
A brilliant light, and white-robed forms
Were passing to and fro.

The holy music of the church
Fell on her raptured ear;
She roused her children and went forth
The holy Mass to hear.
They knelt within the ancient walls
Till Masses three were said,
But as they knelt and gazed in joy
The glorious vision fled.

No footprints save their own were seen
Upon the new-fall'n snow ;!
They knew not whence the priest had come,
They never saw him go,
And whether he were mortal man
They would not dare to say,
Or one come back from 'mong the dead
To keep that Christmas day.

THE DOCTOR'S WARD :

OR,

PLOTTING FOR A FORTUNE.

By George W. Warner.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ESCAPE AND ITS RESULT.

Helen waited long and impatiently for the return of Bill Lefferts. She peeped out of the ambulance every now and then, until she at last perceived that the Indians and white men had all lain down to sleep, with the exception of a couple of camp guards, who were so far off as to be nearly invisible.

And yet Bill Lefferts did not return, and she wondered what had become of him.

She feared that Felix Vassilis might first put in an appearance, and she distrusted him so deeply that she would not have been willing to go with him, even if she had been sure of effecting her escape from the Indians. If he should come first, she felt that she would be obliged to accept his offer and his aid, whatever it might lead to.

Her anxiety on this point was so great that she had worked herself up to a pitch of extreme nervousness, and she was fairly startled when she heard a low hiss near the ambulance.

She looked out, and saw Lefferts stealing away in the darkness. Instantly she descended and followed him, only walking fast enough to keep him in sight, preserving the same relative distance between them.

When nearly out of sight of the camp-fire, Bill Lefferts stopped and waited in the shadow of a large rock for her to overtake him. She was trembling violently when she reached him.

'What's the matter, little 'un?' he asked in a whisper. 'You're all of a shiver. Are you cold?'

'Not in in the least.'

'Scared, then?'

'I have no fear, not a particle. I am nearly crazy to escape. I was afraid that you would not come, or that something would happen to prevent me from leaving the camp, and I am still troubled for fear that we may find it impossible to carry out our plans. What are we to do now?'

'You hain't got nothin' to do, little 'un, except jest to set down behind this rock, and keep quiet, and try to git calm and easy like. The hosses are jest beyond here, and thar's an Injun camp-guard not fur off, too, who's as apt as not to want to make trouble. I must go on ahead and see ef thar's any way of gittin' around him. When you hear me whistle you kin come to me.'

Helen crouched down behind the rock, and listened intently. It seemed to her that she could almost hear the beating of her heart, as she waited behind the rock, expecting every moment to hear a yell that would arouse the camp.

She heard nothing of the kind, but she did hear a murmur of voices, the guttural accents of an Indian, and the clearer tones of the white man. Then she heard, as she leaned forward and listened with a painful intenseness, a dull, crunching blow, the very sound of which sickened her, for she knew too well what it meant. It was followed by a groan, and the groan was succeeded by a heavy fall.

Either the Indian or the white man had been slain, and which was the victim? It seemed to her that she waited a long, long time for this point to be decided, and yet it was only a moment after the fall that she heard Bill Lefferts' welcome whistle, and she started up and ran to him like a deer.

As she reached Lefferts, she ran against a body near which he was standing, and would have fallen if his strong arm had not caught her and held her up.

'I had to do it, miss,' he said, half apologetically. 'He would ha' gin a screech that would ha' raised the camp in no time, if I hadn't settled him just as I did.'

'Let us go to the horses,' said Helen, shuddering as she turned from the corpse of the Indian.

'Come on, then, little 'un. I was thinkin' whether it wouldn't be better to pitch that redskin over the rocks; but I reckon it won't make much differ. The sign 'ud be thar anyhow.'

Lefferts led the way in a brisk walk, followed closely by Helen. Ten minutes brought them to a huge rock of basalt, behind which were tethered two horses, cropping the scanty grass that grew in spots on the stony plains. Helen was surprised to see that one of them was supplied with a side-saddle.

Helen bounded into her saddle, Lefferts mounted and was at her side in a moment.

'Which way, little 'un?' he asked.

'Toward the west—to California.'

They had not ridden far when a strange noise in the direction of the camp caused Lefferts to rein in his horse and listen.

'They've missed us,' he said, 'or they've missed you, anyhow. The boss has come for you, I reckon, and he must have felt queer when you turned up missin'.'

'Let us ride fast, then! They will be on our track directly.'

Both horses flew like the wind for a few minutes, and then Lefferts came to a halt again, as a yell was wafted to them on the night breeze—a shrill wild, wailing cry, the tone and burden of which were death and vengeance.

'They've found the red nigger that I rubbed out,' he said. 'We must streak it now, little 'un, as they'll be arter us hot and heavy.'

The horses were put to their speed, and their hoofs, as Homer says, devoured the ground. The trail that had been made by the Indians and their bogus prisoners was plain enough, in the broken moonlight, to Bill Lefferts, and he followed it at a galop without being obliged to look for it.

Suddenly, as they were crossing the stony bed of a dry 'branch,' Lefferts' horse stumbled, and would have fallen if he had not been jerked to his feet by the strong arm of his rider. This trifling accident, which seemed of no importance at first, had serious consequences, as it was soon discovered that the animal was lame, and that no better pace than a walk could possibly be got out of him.

Helen was fearfully agitated. She had been sure that her escape would be accomplished, and that she would would be restored to liberty and George North; but the mishap had at once put an end to her hopes. Still she would not utterly despair while it was possible to make an effort.

'Can we not conceal ourselves?' she asked. 'We might surely find a hiding-place in one of those chasms at the right. We ought not to lose any chance of safety.'

'They'd be sure to sarch and find us, miss. This hoss would stay round yere, and they could foller our trail easy enough, too. Ef we kin reach the hills yonder, we'll be safe. Just now I must find out how close they're follerin' us up.'

Lefferts dismounted and placed his ear to the ground. After listening a few moments he mounted his horse, and a low whistle escaped his lips.

'They're comin',' he said, 'but are a long way off yet. We must try to reach the hills. It's a slim chance, but it's the only chance. P'raps this critter's leg may git better as we go.'

Instead of getting better, it grew worse, until Lefferts, despairing of making any progress on horseback, abandoned the animal and took to his feet. He was an excellent runner, able to keep up with Helen's horse when it was moving at a smart trot, and the prospect looked more encouraging.

They were within less than half a mile of the hills. The hoof-beats in the rear could now be plainly heard; but the fugitives had good reason to hope that they would be able to reach a place of safety before they could be overtaken. Helen was encouraging her companion with cheering and hopeful words, when a yell was heard at the right, and a party of Indians and white men came up out of one of the chasms or 'out rocks' with which the plain was seamed, at the distance of a few rods from the girl and her guide.

With an exclamation of wonder at having been cut off by a route the existence of which he had not suspected, Lefferts took from Helen his rifle; but before he could use it a volley was fired by the hostile party, and he fell, struck by several bullets. At the same instant Helen felt her horse sinking under her, and she leaped out of the saddle just in time to save herself from being crushed by the falling animal. The pursuers rode up, and she was quickly surrounded and bound.

Among her captors she saw the frowning and angry face of Felix Vassilis, who came to her and spoke to her in a tone that she only could hear.

'You have played a fine game, young lady, and I hope you are satisfied with it. I would have got you away from these people, if you had accepted the offer of my services; but you chose to take your own course, and the consequences must be on your own head. They are all angry now, and I don't know what they will do with you. I would like to know how you persuaded that fellow to go off with you.'

Helen made no answer. She was so overcome by grief at the death of her only friend, and by the ruin of all her hopes, that she was unable to speak.

The party that had been pursuing on the trail of the fugitives came up, and one of the Indians leaped to the ground with the intention of taking the scalp of Bill Lefferts; but this proceeding was promptly vetoed by Mat Denzler, the leader of the white men.

'Let him alone,' said Denzler. 'He was a traitor; but he was white, and he shan't be treated like a dog. Let him lie there, and the coyotes will attend to him. Back to the camp, now, every man of you.'

Denzler was promptly obeyed. The Indians and white men all rode back with their recovered captive, reaching the camp shortly after sunrise. On their arrival, the pent up anger and avarice, which they had thus far controlled but poorly, burst out at last and they demanded that Helen should give up her money to them.

Felix Vassilis at first endeavored to stem the current, or seemed to do so, but finally advised Helen to give up her money, as the only course to save herself from insult or outrage.

Helen protested that she had no money, that she had a letter of credit with which she could get money in California, but all her funds had been expended at the beginning of the journey.

'Give us the letter of credit, then!' sneered Denzler. 'If you can use it, I reckon we can.'

'It would be entirely useless to you,' replied Helen, 'and I do not intend to give it up.'

'Let's search her, boys!' shouted Denzler. 'I'm plum sure that she's got more. If she won't give it up, she must be made to. What say you? Shall we search her?'

A general yell of assent followed this proposition, although the voice of Felix Vassilis was feebly raised against it.

Helen's eyes blazed with indignation and defiance at the contemplated outrage, and she picked up a hatchet, determined to use it upon the first man who should approach her.

Just then an Indian camp-guard uttered that peculiar yell which was a signal of alarm. All rushed for their weapons, and looked down the trail, where a body of horsemen was seen approaching the camp.

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE TRAIL.

It was near the close of day when a band of twenty horsemen rode up to the spot where Helen Tarleton and her escort had camped when they were 'captured' by the Indians.

The leader of the party was Mart Hundley, hunter, trapper, guide, and gold-digger—a man of thirty-five, tall, supple, and athletic, with brown hair and an immense tawny beard, full-chested and broad-shouldered.

In the party was George North, together with half a dozen other young men from California, who were like himself, seeking health and recreation; and the rest were hunters, trappers, miners.

'Somebody has been here before us,' said Hundley, as he rode up and looked at the camping-ground.

'Not long ago, I reckon,' remarked another.

'Quite a crowd of 'em, too,' suggested a third.

'Tell you what it is, boys,' continued Mart, who had dismounted to examine the trampled earth; 'there's been suthin' like a skrimmage, or I can't read signs. Hyar's the marks of some sort of a light wagon, and thar's plenty of shod hoss tracks about. That means white folks, as you all know. And hyar comes in, from the west or nor,-west, a lot of unshod hoss tracks, and that means Injuns. Those Injuns got along arter dew fell, late at night, and it stands to reason that they didn't come at that time, fur any good. Thar must hev been a skrimmage.'

'Mighty little sign of it, Mart,' said the old hunter.

'Precious little, and that's what puzzles me. Ef thar had really been a fight, we could see more signs of it than shows now. It's what I call contemporaneous queer.'

'We needn't let it hinder us from eatin' our supper,' said the old hunter, who was known among his associates by the sobriquet of 'Patches'. 'For my part, I'm as hungry as a coyote. Get the fire agoin' boys, and we'll lay in some grub.'

While the fire was being made, George North discovered the track of a pair of small and delicate gaiters, which had evidently been worn on a woman's feet. He hastened to announce his discovery to the leader, and Hundley went and examined the tracks.

'And so there was a gal among 'em,' muttered Mart. 'That seems to clear the matter up a little; but it's a puzzler yet. There's no sign that anybody was hurt; but those Injuns didn't come here for no good.'

'It brings to mind the dream that I had three nights in succession,' said North, who was considerably agitated. 'I told it to you, you know.'

'I believe you did, George; but I don't give much attention to such talk, and it slipped out of my head as soon as it went in.'

'I dreamed that Helen Tarleton—she who is to be my wife—was out here on the plains, in trouble and danger.'

'Why in the name of common sense should a young lady like her want to leave Ohio, and come out here?'

'I can't imagine the reason; but I am convinced that she is here and in trouble. I saw her plainly, and she implored me to save her; but I could not get near her. Let us follow the trail, Mart, without the least delay. There it is, plain and easy, leading toward the west.'

'We can't do it to-night, George.'

'Why not? We will have a moon.'

'Plenty of moon; but the boys are tired out, and need rest. S'posin' we should start out on the trail now, and foller it all right, and should come upon a lot of redskins in the mornin', what sort of a fix would we be in for fightin'? No, George, we must rest to-night. Keep quiet, and be as easy as you can, and we'll start early enough in the mornin'. The boys will all be willin' and glad to go then.'

George North was compelled to acknowledge the justice of his friend's objections, and did not urge him any further; but his dream had taken such a hold upon his mind that he was restless during the night, and got but little sleep.

Long before daylight the men were astir, and soon had their coffee and were mounted and off on the trail. They rode rapidly, as the trail was easy to follow; but at nightfall they had not come up with the party they were pursuing. There was nothing for it but to go into camp and rest—a measure to which George North consented with no little reluctance.

George was so thoroughly exhausted that he slept well during the early part of the night, but he became restless after midnight, and went to the outskirts of the camp, where he told one of the men on guard that he would stand his watch for him. To this the sentry gladly agreed, and George paced his beat through the long hours of the silent night, with a growing anxiety at his heart. There was not a particle of superstition in his nature, and he could not conceive how or why a dream should have such an effect upon him; but the effect was there, and was not to be shaken off.

It lacked something more than an hour of dawn, when George heard, or imagined that he heard, some noises toward the north-west, that sounded like the yells of Indians. The next moment he heard an irregular volley of musket and rifle-shots that came to him clear and distinct on the night air, although evidently at considerable distance.

There could be no mistake about the shots, and he hastened to waken Mart Hundley and inform him of what had occurred. He found the leader already awake, sitting up and listening for more shots, but no more were heard.

'It was suthin' like a yell that woke me,' he said, in reply to George's excited questioning. 'Then I heerd the shootin', and hev been waitin' hyar tryin' to guess what mought be the matter. Ef it was a fight, it was mighty soon over; but I don't think it was a fight, 'cause it seemed to be a one-sided affair.'

In a very short time all were awake, and had saddled and mounted their horses. Mart Hundley and George North took the lead, and the party struck off at a swinging gallop.

After somewhat less than an hour of rapid riding, the foremost horses stopped, and pranced, and snorted with fear. The cause of their excitement was the body of a man that was stretched across the trail, lying in a pool of blood, its ghastly face upturned to the moonlight.

Hundley and North, with several others, dismounted for the purpose of examining the body.

'That's what the shootin' was about,' said Mart, 'and thar's one thing sartin—it wasn't Injun work. Leastwise, it wasn't *all* Injun work, 'cause his ha'r hain't been riz.'

'I am not so sure of that,' said George, who had been examining the body more closely. 'I think there is life in him yet.'

'With all those holes in him, and all that blood out of him? George, you must be going crazy.'

'I am sure there is breath in him, and you may call that life or not, as you choose. Watch me, and I will prove it. Stand back, boys, and give him all the fresh air that is to be had.'

The young gentleman took from an inner pocket a hunting-flask of brandy, poured a small quantity into the bell-glass that covered the mouth, diluted it with water from his canteen, opened the lips of the apparently dead man, and let the fluid trickle down his throat.

There was a feeble attempt at respiration, accompanied by a slight choking, and George North, who had his hand over the heart, declared that he felt it beat.

After again requesting the men to stand back and give air, George prepared another light dose of brandy and poured it down the throat of the patient.

This time the action of the heart was apparent, and the efforts at respiration succeeded. The man attempted to rise, but failed in the attempt, and George partially raised him. His lips opened and moved, as if he wished to speak. A little more brandy was given him, and his voice came to him. The words that he uttered were startling to at least one of the men who were watching him so earnestly, and listening so intently.

'Bob Field's darter,' he muttered. 'I did my best—rubbed out—they've got her agin.'

'I told you so, Mart Hundley!' exclaimed George. 'He spoke of Bob Field's daughter, and that can be no other than Helen Tarleton. Speak again, my friend! Speak again, and tell me where she is and who has got her!'

But the eyes were closed now, the lips were motionless, the pulse had ceased, and George North was compelled to admit that the man was dead.

Old Patches stepped forward, and gazed earnestly at the face of the corpse.

'I know that chap,' he said. 'His name was Bill Lefferts. He was a powerful hard case once, but a good sort of man for all that. Thought I heard him say suthin' about Bob Field. He had good reason to remember Bob Field, he had. The Vigilants cotched him at hoss-stealin' and they were goin' to string him up, when Bob Field, who was a banker in Sacramento then, begged for him and got him off on the promise that he'd leave California, and never come back. I should be apt to suspect that he's gone back on some of his pards, and they've rubbed him out.'

'It is all plain enough now,' said George North. 'Helen Tarleton is here. She is in the power of some villains, red or white, or both. This man has tried to assist her to escape; he has been pursued and killed, and she has been recaptured. If they have not harmed her, they will do so, and we must lose no time in going to her rescue.'

'Reckon you're right,' said Mart, 'and you may count Mart Hundley as a man who believes in dreams arter this. What say you, boys; shall we help George out in this scrape?'

The response was unanimously and heartily in the affirmative, and the party mounted and rode off on the trail, with the exception of two men, who were left behind to bury the body of Bill Lefferts, with instructions to follow as soon as their task was finished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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L. B. MILLER, Principal.

October 21, 1885—tf

GROCERIES. GROCERIES.

CONNOLLY BROS.,

Corner Queen and Dorchester Sts., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HAVING leased the above premises, we desire to announce that we have laid in a large stock of the best

Family Groceries & Provisions

which we are prepared to sell at as low figures as any in the market.

NEW STORE, FRESH GOODS, LOW PRICES.

Best brands of FLOUR constantly on hand.

Our goods are fresh—no old stock; our prices are low—so are our expenses.

We are determined to give satisfaction, and with this end in view will keep nothing that we cannot recommend as to quality and cheapness.

During the season will have all kinds of fruit on sale.

GIVE US A CALL

PATRICK CONNOLLY,
JOHN CONNOLLY.

Ch'town, Aug. 13, 1886.

40,000 BUSHELS OATS WANTED.

WE will pay cash for the above quantity of Oats delivered at our warehouse.

MORSON & MORGAN.

Cardigan Bridge, Dec. 20, 1886. 2 mos.

NATAL DAY.

Grand Opening of the Old London.

THE Subscriber, having fitted up the "Old London," with a view of making a specialty of the OYSTER TRADE, and having furnished one of the best

OYSTER SALOONS

in the Province, is prepared to supply the public with OYSTERS in any manner conceivable—Raw, Stewed or Fried—by the Barrel, Bushel or Pint.

ON the Oysters procured at the "OLD LONDON,"

YOU can bet your life and be sure to win.

SOLD at a very SMALL ADVANCE on Cost.

THEY must be handled, even at a loss.

EVERY HOUR of the Day and Night.

RELY on the "OLD LONDON" you might'

SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE,

Remember the "OLD LONDON," three doors west of Osborne House, Water Street.

JOHN JOY.

Sept. 22, 1886—tf

"The Highest Satisfaction."

PUTTNER EMULSION CO.

GENTLEMEN:—I have largely used Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil ever since its first introduction and have found it to be readily taken by patients, especially by children, pleasant and followed by no nausea, applicable to Lung and Scrofulous diseases, also of the nervous system and digestive organs. I am much pleased with the results and it is giving the highest satisfaction.

L. R. MORSE, M. D.

Lawrencetown, Annapolis, Co., Oct. 29th, 1886.—dec. 15.

PARSONS'

PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. One box will do more to purify the blood and cure chronic ill health than $5 worth of any other remedy yet discovered. If people could be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Make New Rich Blood!

MARK WRIGHT & CO

1886. —ARE— 1886.

Better prepared than ever before to give the BEST VALUE in every description of

FURNITURE,

All manufactured on their premises by first-class workmen, and warranted second to none.

They have in stock **3,000 CHAIRS** of various designs, and will sell them at prices to suit the hard times.

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS, TABLES, WASHSTANDS, LOOKING-GLASSES, MATTRASSES. PICTURES, MOULDING, PARLOR SETS, BEDROOM SETS,

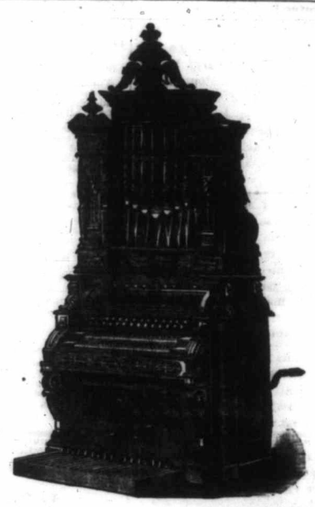
and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention.

Remember we cannot be undersold.

Undertaking Department a Specialty.

MARK WRIGHT & CO.

Kent Street, Charlottetown, Jan. 4, 1886.



BARGAINS ! BARGAINS !

—TO BE HAD IN—

PIANOS, ORGANS,

—AND—

Sewing Machines,

—AT—

MILLER BROTHERS,

Queen Street, - - Charlottetown.

CALL and be convinced that they keep the LARGEST and BEST STOCK of the above line of Goods in the Maritime Provinces.

PIANOS in price from $250 to $500.
ORGANS in price from $75 to $200.
SEWING MACHINES from $5 to $60.

A REPAIR SHOP in connection, where all kinds of Repairing will be promptly attended to.

MILLER BROTHERS,

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,

Dealer in Pianos, Organs & Sewing Machines.

Charlottetown, Sept. 8, 1886.

NEW PENS. NEW PENS.

GET THE BEST.

BOOK-KEEPERS, Accountants and Teachers pronounce the

Charlottetown Business College Pen

the MOST DURABLE, the SMOOTHEST RUNNING, and the MOST ELASTIC STEEL PEN ever placed in the market.

Be sure and ask your Stationer for the Charlottetown Business College Pen, and if he is sold out, write direct to the College, and a quarter gross will be mailed you upon receipt of letter containing 35 cents.

Try them and you will use no other.

Charlottetown, Dec. 8, 1886—tf

SULLIVAN & McNEILL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building Great George Street, Charlottetown.

Money to Loan.

W. W. SULLIVAN, Q.C.| CHAS. B. MACNEILL. jan17 1884

Painting & Repairing

A SPECIALTY.

THE undersigned, wishing to thank his many friends for their patronage during the past twenty-five years, begs to leave to intimate that he is now prepared to execute all work entrusted to him with neatness and despatch.

Painting and Repairing done at bottom prices, and all work warranted first-class.

New and Second-hand American Buggies, Carryalls, &c., always on hand.

Shop opposite the Law Court, North Side Queen Square.

W. J. FRASER.

Late of the firm of McKinnon, Fraser & Co. Dec. 1, 1886—6w

JAMES H. REDDIN,

Barrister-at-Law, Solicitor,

—AND—

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Has removed to the office adjoining that of R. B. FitzGerald, Esq., Cameron Block.

MONEY TO LOAN.

October 27, 1886—3m