

The "Medicine" Hog.

In January, 1883, I followed the advice of Horace Greeley to go west, and I have since grown up with the country, but it was due to a hog that this growth was not ended terribly almost in its beginning.

I was a "tenderfoot," and knew nothing of mining, but Billy, my partner, during several years spent about the mines had learned much of ore and "leads" and "prospects" and such things, and he promised to teach me all that I needed to know.

Walking behind and driving the two little burros upon whose backs our effects were packed, a three day's march carried us to the range of mountains where Billy meant to prospect for silver. The slopes of this range, and the surrounding country for hundreds of miles in every direction, are all but waterless desert; but the summit is a broad, level tableland which has an elevation so great that it catches the few clouds which drift that way, and thus obtains a such a rainfall that it is covered with a growth of juicy grass and splendid pines.

The summit is now the range of large herds of cattle, but in the time of which I am writing the periodic raids of the Apache Indians make it a dangerous place for cattlemen.

There being no water elsewhere, we climbed to the summit and had begun making our camp when we heard a crashing of dry branches in a thicket not far away, and a loud "wool! wool! wool! wool!"

Drooping everything, we seized our rifles. The next moment, to our amazement, a black hog of medium size, gaunt and long-legged, galloped toward us, grunting and "wooning" as he came. Instantly we lowered our rifles—we had nothing to fear from this familiar friend of the barn-yard.

The hog ran to us, frisking, capering, grunting and "talking" to us incessantly, showing in every way possible that he was wildly delighted to see us. We responded by scratching his back and talking to him, and after a while he contentedly lay down, still grunting with delight.

We were glad to have him with us; he gave the camp a homelike air, and it occurred to us that our slender store of provisions might give out. But I soon became so attached to him that I could not have eaten a piece of his flesh had I been starving.

How a hog, and such a gentle one, came to be in that wild place, we could not imagine; his actions showed that there were no other hogs on the mountain, that he was lonesome, and that he had been used to regard men as friends. Later we learned that while a little pig he was carried to the mountain by his owner, a cattlemen, who made a pet of him, and who, becoming alarmed by reports of an Apache outbreak moved his herd away in so great a hurry that the shoat was forgotten.

We called him Dick. Seeming to understand that we were going to stay at the camp for sometime, he rooted a hole beside a log, and filling it with leaves made himself a comfortable bed. But it was plain that he lived in constant dread of being again left alone on the mountain.

He would follow at our heels, going with us to and from our work, never letting us out of his sight for an instant; and at night the slightest noise would bring him galloping into camp, grunting inquiringly to see if we were getting ready to leave. Thus he disturbed our sleep so often that I suggested building a brush fence round our camp to keep Dick out, but Billy wouldn't listen to the proposal.

He looked upon Dick's making friends with us as an omen of good luck, and insisted that we were to restrict his freedom in any way the charm would be broken. "You can't bring us good luck if we don't let you come in, can you, old hoggy?" Billy said, scratching the animal's back with one hand, and pulling his ear with the other. "No, no, of course you can't; and you are going to bring us the very best kind of luck, aren't you?"

To this Dick responded with a series of chuckling grunts that Billy interpreted to mean, "Sure thing! I don't 'partner with any outfit without bringing it good luck! And so the fence was not built.

But day after day passed by without a trace of silver being found; our provisions ran low, and I proposed that we give up and go back to Silver City. Billy laughed at me; his faith in Dick was as strong as ever, and we continued pecking away on the mountainside.

Near the end of March we were awakened before daybreak by a savage grunting and snapping; and opening our eyes, we saw a small band of Indians standing in bright moonlight but a few yards away. Between them and us was Dick, the bristles of his back standing fiercely on end, and his jaws snapping viciously at our visitors.

The Indians were armed, and their faces were smeared with red paint. Not understanding the ominous meaning of this, we welcomed them unexpectantly, and driving Dick away, invited them to seats round our fire.

They were surly at first and ill at ease, but when we had given them a good breakfast and some tobacco, their humor changed drawing close about the fire and lighting their cigarettes, they entered into a good natured conversation with us in Spanish. They left when the sun rose, each shaking hands with us, and saying, "Adios, amigo, (Good-by, my friend.)

As soon as they were out of sight, Billy said to me, "Partner, we've got to get out of this; those bucks are up to mischief of some kind. When I asked them who they were and where they lived, they

made out they couldn't understand, although they understood everything else. And did you notice how queerly they looked at Dick?—and at us when I asked them to come to the fire? I wonder if they are not some of the Chirikawa slipped back up here? We knew that the Chirikawa Apaches, were "hostiles" and off their reservation.

Surely not," I answered; "if they are Chirikawa, why didn't they kill us?" "That's all right," Billy said, "but Indians aren't white folks, and at any minute they may change their minds and come back after us—you can't guess what an Indian will do. We'd better start right away, for we're going to take Dick with us, and we'll have to go slow, so he can keep up with us," he concluded, going to where Dick was rooting for a breakfast.

"We're going to pull up stakes, old fellow," he said to the hog, bending over and scratching his back, "but we're not going to leave you behind; you haven't brought us any luck yet, but—"

He stopped abruptly and sank to his knees, looking intently at the ground. Presently he gave a wild hoop of delight, then cried excitedly, "Come here, partner, quick! I told you the old hoggy would bring us luck—he's found a lead that will go four hundred to the ton, or I'm much mistaken!"

And in fact the rock held a vein of ore in which even my unpracticed eyes distinguished faint threads of silver.

It just beats all!" Billy exclaimed. "Here we've been walking over the ledge every day for a month, never once dreaming that a rich vein was cropping out right at grass roots! We're rich, partner, and if all comes of our treating Dick on the square, Oh, but you're a mascot, aren't you, old hoggy?" he cried, affectionately slapping Dick's face first on one side, then on the other. And Dick grunted back that he was—at least so Billy understood him to say.

Running back to the fire, I brought a big batch of biscuit that we had just cooked, and gave them to Dick; and while he ate them, we gave him such a petting and back scratching as perhaps no other hog has ever had.

Next, we carefully examined the ledge, clearing off the dirt, exposing the vein for several feet, and found that the ore grew richer the deeper we dug. Satisfied that we had "struck it rich," we broke off several specimens to take with us. Then we covered up the vein, and hurriedly packing our burros, set out for Silver City.

Owing to Dick's inability to travel far without stopping to rest, it took us six days to reach our destination; and then we found the town in great excitement. A band of Chirikawa warriors had sneaked past the soldiers guarding the Mexican boundary, and had swept across Arizona and into New Mexico, murdering and burning as they went, and passing within a few miles of Silver City.

The Indians we had entertained at our camp were a part of this band, and it set us shivering to think how easily they could have killed us. Why they did not do so, we could not imagine. But a few days later, after we had sold our mine for a good price, I met one of these Indians on the San Carlos reservation, and first softening his heart by a gift of tobacco and money, I asked him to tell me why they spared us.

He answered readily that it was because of the "medicine" hog. Apaches look upon all hogs as being "medicine," that is, magical or supernatural, and therefore will not eat their flesh; and Dick's standing guard over us like a dog, something they had never seen before, made them think that he was peculiarly powerful "medicine." So they had not dared to harm us. And as the Indian offered to trade me two ponies and one of his wives in exchange for the secret of this "medicine," I believe that he told me the truth.

Japanese Diplomacy. It was at the time of the exhibition in 1867. A Japanese embassy went to Paris to treat for three free ports in France, in return for which France was to have three in Japan. The negotiations proved short and amiable.

"Make your choice," said Japan, "we will choose afterward." The Minister of Foreign Affairs selected Yokohama, Yeddo and Hang-Yang. The embassy made no objection; they simply smiled and went on their way.

Some time afterward Japan sent word that the three ports mentioned were agreed to, and in return Japan desired Havre, Marseilles and Southampton. This last name gave the French officials a fits. They never laughed so much before, and certainly never since. Southampton a French port! No, it was too good. Gently, but unmistakably, they explained the situation.

"Why, Southampton is in England," they replied.

"We know that," came the cool response, "but then Hang-Yang is in Corea."

Whereupon the French officials collapsed.

Why He Would not Do. The carefully reared young man had left his native village and gone to the city to find a situation and a career. His acquaintance was small, and because of that he simply went about from place to place seeking whatever Fate might throw in his way. He wanted to get into a wholesale grocery house, and of course he only visited houses in that line. He was almost rudely turned away from the first three or four places, but he finally found one where the proprietor himself received him with courtesy. He stated his case briefly and

clearly, as he had read in a guide book to young men starting out in life, and the merchant looked him over.

"Um," he said, thoughtfully, "you have had no experience in this business?" "No, sir," responded the applicant, "but I want to learn it."

"Yes, I see. Do you chew tobacco?" "No, sir."

"Do you smoke?" "No, sir."

"Do you play poker?" "No, sir."

"Do you bet on the races?" "No, sir."

"Do you drink?" "No, sir."

"Do you run around at night?" "No, sir."

"Um—er," hesitated the merchant, "and you have had no experience in the business."

"No, sir, but, as I said, I want very much to learn it."

"I'm sorry," said the merchant shaking his head, "but I'm afraid you won't do. You see, your early education has been neglected, and you are handicapped now with so much to learn that the Lord only knows when the business would have a chance. Stay in town a year, and then then come in and see me. Good morning."

THE KING WAS BETTER. But the Doctor Got Little Credit For His Efforts.

A story illustrating the good sense and humor of the late King Humbert is told at the expense of his physician, Dr. Sagoline. Sometimes the King, from his hunting lodge of Castle Fusano went to the sea and amused himself by shovelling sand into a cart. "Take care, your majesty," said Sagoline one day, "not to perspire too much." "Ah, my dear Signor Doctor," answered the King, resting his chin on his two hands that grasped the handle of his spade, "this muscular exercise does me much more good than your perscriptions." "Yes, but one must abuse nothing." "But I tell you that I feel very well, and you are afraid you see in this poor shovel a competitor." And, laughing heartily, the king finished filling his cart.

However, by exposing himself in every way without exercising any care, the king contracted bronchitis, which took a chronic form and gave him a rather troublesome cough. This cough was a source of anxiety to the faithful doctor, as he could not convince his patient of the necessity for taking medicine. Occasionally the doctor was even sent away abruptly by the king who would say, "I have not called you. Why did you come? You may go. I thank you very much."

One evening, however, the doctor thought he had gained his point, and he prepared for the king in his bedroom the powders he was to take during the night. The next morning Dr. Sagoline rose very early, being very anxious to know the effect of his medicine. He was received in the bedroom and at once asked, "Well, how does your majesty feel this morning?"

"Much better—I may say quite well," was the response.

"Ah," observed the doctor, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, "you see the results of listening to reason."

"What do you mean?" asked the king.

"The powders!" "Bravo!" shouted Humbert. "Go into the next room and see what you can find." The powders were in the waste paper basket.

In Hard Luck. "Well, are you fellows going to strike?" asked the man who had his hands in his pockets. "This is the time to do it, you know. Make it a political issue and get whatever you ask for."

One of the men who was digging leaned upon his pick and sadly replied:—"No."

"What! Are you satisfied with your wages?" "No. They're very poor—lowest paid around here anywhere. But the man we're workin' for is a democrat. You know its never a political issue when you strike a democrat."

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Her Money—Her Choice. Kind Old Lady—"Here is a dime. Now, promise me you will not go to that saloon over the way and spend it."

Thirsty Thomas—"I promise, lady. But is there any special saloon in town you'd like me to patronize?"

Papa's Thoughts. Miss Gabby (speaking of the mountain)—"It was terribly high, and papa like to never get over it."

Papa (who thinks she is speaking of something else)—"Yes, and I told the land

lord he had better just get a sandbag and work like any other footpad if he expected to make charges like that."

The Great Detective. He solves a mystery with the ease peculiar to himself.—Hemlock Bones, the great detective, sat in his study, contemplating the one clue to the mystery.

It was a shirtwaist.

Nervously smoking four cigars at once, Hemlock Bones amused himself by tossing a nitro-glycerine bomb from one hand to the other.

He continued to think. The other persons in the room did some thinking also. First, they would think of their past lives, then of the bomb, then of the hereafter.

Finally, Hemlock Bones threw the bomb into the wastebasket, lit six more cigars, and said:

"Easy enough! The victim of the accident was a married man, because the shirtwaist shows no signs of having been destroyed. He was a married man, because—"

"Because what?" shouted the other speaker, excitedly.

"Because there are no buttons on the shirtwaist!"

Part of her Trouble. Mrs. Millions—"The clergyman spoke quite bitterly of the extravagant entertainments given by wealthy members of the congregation."

Million—"Did he mention any names?" Mrs. Millions (with a sigh)—"No; he didn't mention a single name!"

His View. "First Filipino—"I understand the United States intends to establish a stable government here."

Second Filipino—"That's good. Then we can have horses to ride, instead of being compelled to do all our retreating on foot."

You'd be surprised if you used Magnetic Dyes to see what splendid results can be obtained, with slight effort and at a cost of ten cents.

BORN.

Halifax, Oct. 3, to the wife of J. Griffin, a son. Truro, Oct. 2, to the wife of George Yull, a son. California, Sept. 29, to the wife of D. Pelton, a son. Acadie, Oct. 4, to the wife of G. Pitman, a daughter. Chelsea, Oct. 3, to the wife of W. Cahn, a daughter. Pembroke, Oct. 2, to the wife of S. Wilcox, a daughter. Amherst, Oct. 7, to the wife of C. Estabrooks, a daughter. Sydney, Oct. 2, to the wife of Allan McDonald, a son. Kent Co., Oct. 3, to the wife of Hugh Jardine, a son. Annapolis, Sept. 19, to the wife of Clarence Grant, a son. Hawk Point, Sept. 30, to the wife of John Wheeler, a daughter. Fairview, Oct. 4, to the wife of John MacAloney, a daughter. Annapolis, Sept. 30, to the wife of Fred Nogier, a daughter. Shediac, Oct. 3, to the wife of M. LeBlanc, a daughter. Richibucto, Oct. 6, to the wife of R. O'Leary, a daughter. Annapolis, Oct. 3, to the wife of R. Gesner, a daughter. Truro, Oct. 5, to the wife of Claude Eville, a daughter. Souris, Oct. 8, to the wife of Dr. Maclellan, a daughter. Tatamagouche, Sept. 18, to the wife of E. Cassidy, a daughter. Colechester, Sept. 24, to the wife of E. Bentley, a daughter. Folly Village, Sept. 30, to the wife of Capt. Urquhart, a son. Clark's Harbor, Oct. 5, to the wife of Freeman Nickerson, a daughter. DeBert River, Sept. 19, to the wife of Mitchell Chisholm, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Lunenburg, Sept. 23, Chas Hebb to Florence Cook. Yarmouth, Oct. 1, Clarence Gray to Minnie Hamilton. Summerville, Sept. 8, Fred Ogilvie to Susie Marsters. Windsor, Sept. 29, Edward Fox to Ethel M. Eldridge. Dorchester, Mass., George C. Doane to Julia M. Jones. Truro, Oct. 4, Alexander Matheson to Emma Lyette. Windsor, Oct. 3, Clarence H. Morris, M.D. to Jean Smith. Lunenburg, Sept. 19, George Rushford to Flossie Smith. Halifax, Oct. 1, Christopher Coleman to Lizzie Power. Hill Grove, Oct. 3, Mr. Wm. Ord to Miss Annie Warren. Souris, Oct. 6, Howard Young to Laura Macdonald. Yarmouth, Sept. 28, Frank Cox to Theresa M. Bayton. Ardoie, Sept. 27, James A. Cameron to Jessie D. Baxter. Lunenburg, Sept. 23, Stephen Robar to Clara Demone. Yarmouth, Sept. 29, Oscar L. Carey to Ella G. Haddid. Mattland, N. S., Oct. 2, Bessie Roy to Walter N. Forman. Valleyfield, Sept. 29, John A. Macphee to Florie A. Gillis. Annapolis, Oct. 1, Charles H. Banks to Minnie Marshall. Summerville, Oct. 1, Handley Loomer to Eva Murison. Yarmouth, Oct. 10, Max W. Allen to Angas Murison Jolly. Charlottetown, Oct. 2, James J. Murray to Laura M. Coady. Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 25, Wm. C. O'Brien to Ida Williams. Dorchester, Oct. 9, William J. Macleod to Sadie M. Foster. Lawrenceville, Oct. 4, Johnson Corbit to Mrs. Jane Dalton. Charlottetown, Oct. 10, John Macnevin to Louise A. Rackham. Dartmouth, Sept. 28, Joseph M. Mooney to Ann L. Masplebeck. Ogden, Utah, Sept. 26, George W. Brou to Helen E. Flawelling.

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 20, Margaret Kelly to Frank Florence. Middle Coverdale, Oct. 10, Manser D. Steeves to Sarah L. Lister. Upper Canada, Sept. 28, Dr. E. S. Jacques to Lizzie Burgess. Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 1, Timothy V. Kehoe to Annie A. Noonan. St. Peter's Bay, Oct. 9, James J. McCormack to Miss Lizzie Gullis. Coverdale, Oct. 11, Mr. Millidge B. Crossman to Miss Sarah Wright. Everett, Mass., Sept. 26, William S. Keyser to Clara May Hartling. Lower Clark's Harbor, Oct. 9, Mr. Elijah Ross to Miss Eugenia Smith. Woodstock, Oct. 9, Mr. Robert E. Stephenson to Miss Margaret Stephenson.

DIED.

Sydney, Oct. 1, Annie Jost. Halifax, Mary J. Murray. Hants, Oct. 3, Jacob Milne 64. Windsor, Sept. 30, Ralph Cross 16. Truro, Sept. 21, Bridget Kehee 45. Boston, Oct. 1, James B. Sweet 60. Ashton, Oct. 1, Garnet Russell 101. Sussex, Oct. 10, Kate B. Dyarr 17. Colechester, Sept. 23, Ezra Cuttle 60. Salem, Oct. 6, Mrs Susan Lapee 24. Halifax, Oct. 10, John Hurlbert 83. Truro, Sept. 23, James E. Johnson 4. Greenfield, Oct. 4, Joseph Fulton 63. Colechester, Sept. 27, John Blaine 55. Bathurst, Marie E. Landry 4 months. Wellington, Sept. 30, Hugh Gillis 101. Hants, Sept. 20, Robert Henderson 62. Yarmouth, Sept. 29, William N. Quigley 1. Yarmouth, Sept. 29, John Hurlbert 83. Tasset, Oct. 2, Mrs Sarah Blaisvill 79. Truro, Oct. 10, Elizabeth McCurdy 88. Scotch Village, Oct. 8, Melvin Smith 2. Little Inlet, Oct. 4, Margaret Keach 12. Yarmouth, Oct. 9, Marion Churchill 64. Moncton, Oct. 10, Norman McMillan 75. Liverpool, Sept. 25, Mrs Sarah Allen 85. St. Piquet, Oct. 7, Jane D. Proutfoot 70. Jacksonville, Sept. 12, Mrs A. Tracy 60. Fredericton, Oct. 6, Ada I. Wetmore 83. Moncton, Oct. 11, Mrs Ellen Hagerty 46. Rosbury, Oct. 1, Lyons Crosby 6 months. Lower Truro, Oct. 3, Thomas Johnson 77. Montague, Oct. 6, Mrs John Campbell 88. New York, Sept. 30, Beatrice S. Elmsly 37. Yarmouth, Oct. 7, Capt James Atcheson 70. Lincoln Settlement, Oct. 5, William Tran 71. Florenceville, Oct. 4, Mrs Lydia Danks 63. Charlottetown, Oct. 19, Margaret Noonan 71. Red House, Oct. 3, Marcella MacDonnell 75. Pictou, Sept. 25, Mrs Ellis both McKensie 46. Sydney, Sept. 24, Mrs Isabella MacDonnell 72. New Bedford, Sept. 15, Clarence Pike 8 months. Sackville, Oct. 9, Arnold E. Campbell 4 months. Montague Cross, Sept. 20, Mrs Joseph Rooney 24. Halifax, Oct. 3, Annie, wife of Arthur F. Curtis 33.

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