

THE CASSET.

THE WOMAN OF IT.

(Maude E. Caldwell, in N. Y. Evening Post.)

Do you know anything about how hot it is in summer down at that Southwestern desert of ours? You do not unless you have been there when everything is in the semi-faded condition which it reaches in July. Then the sky is so hot that it drips melted copper instead of sunshine, and the plains fairly boil and quake, while the air quivers so that all vision is blurred as though one were looking through a curtain of steam.

There is a railroad, however, running through that branch office of perdition; and it does have some patrons even in But they are only two classes—one who do not know any better and who cannot help it. It does not matter any difference to you to which class belonged the woman of whom I shall tell you was one of those who could not help taking that route. She was going to Mojave, Cal., and that was the quickest way and the cheapest.

I saw her the morning after we left of Kansas City, at a little lunch station where the Pullman "Mojave" makes an exploring trip through the "tourist" car. We all came out declaring that there was no place for the "little woman in black."

Chicago, except two cups of tea, and she is living on some perfectly dry sandwiches from a box she had when she got on the car. He says she buys milk regularly for her baby, but that is all, and you know what milk is here at this time of the year. And that car is simply horrible.

"She discussed the artistic value of the coloring of these plains we passed today." It was evident that our envy was disconcerted, and if she had failed, further effort was useless.

"There is nothing we can do but watch," I replied, "and take care of her when she has to give up."

"You may say that I will be there in just a moment," I instructed, hastening to the toilet-room with my satchel. "It must be something serious to bring an appeal from her," was my only thought as I hurriedly dressed.

and was sitting sideways on the edge of the berth, holding back the curtain with one hand, while she fanned the baby with a folded paper in the other.

"No," I answered almost shortly, for I found a sudden difficulty in speaking.

"The porter turned out the last light and began to dismantle the berth opposite, from which the last drowsy occupant had just awakened. When he had raised the shelf-like upper berth he opened the window. The air that rushed in was keenly chill. I looked out.

"I looked at the baby, still for a moment against my shoulder, and wondered what the Mojave Desert, where the bones lie so thick, would leave of that small breath that fluttered hot upon my cheek.

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Sheriff's Sale.

1894. A. No. 222. IN THE SUPREME COURT. Between ANNE THOMPSON, Administratrix of the Estate of Sir John S. D. Thompson, deceased, Plaintiff, and DONALD McDONALD and JAMES McDONALD, Defendants.

LAND.

Situate, lying and being at Black River in the County of Antigonish and Province of Nova Scotia, and bounded as follows: On the North, by lands of John Chisholm; on the East, by lands of Alexander MacKay; on the West, by lands of Frederick Johnston; and on the South, by lands of Alexander MacKay.

Sheriff's Sale.

1895. A. No. 223. IN THE SUPREME COURT. Between LAUCHLAN CAMERON, Plaintiff, and ANGER McDONALD and DANIEL CAMERON, Executors of Lauchlan Camerons, Equivocal, deceased, Defendants.

LAND.

Situate, lying and being on the eastern shore of the South River, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded as follows: On the North, by lands of the late Peter McFarlane; on the East, by the road known as the waters of the South River; on the West, by lands in possession of Donald McNeill; on the South, by lands of the late Alexander MacKay.

FISH MARKET.

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