

"GO!"

A Tale of Invasion.

The new El Dorado was in sight. Gordon's party of twelve tired frontiersmen had mounted the high divide which separates the sources of the Running water from those of the Cheyenne.

Two more days and the gold-seekers would gain the shelter of those pine-covered hills, where their merry axes would 'eat chips' until shelter, comfort and safety from attack were secured.

Nearer and nearer drew the horseman his pony coming on in rabbit like jumps to clear the drifts. Speculation ceased. It was an Indian—probably a hunter strayed far from his village, half starved and coming to beg for food.

They were prepared for a begging Indian, but the apparition which finally rode in upon the monotony of their long march seemed to them a figure as farcical as a savage.

Go! he said, and he repeated the command with fierce insistence. The big freight wagon rattled on, but the Indian halted for a moment to laugh.

Men ran tumbling over each other to get into the wagon and at their guns. The teamster and two or three others who, despite the cold, carried revolvers under their great coats, jerked their mittens and fumbled with stiff fingers for their weapons.

immediately. They believed they could easily overtake the Sioux among the drifts of the lower lands, where creeks and snow-filled ravines must cause him to shift his course continually.

While his men stood vengefully watching the flying Sioux, Gordon stripped himself of superfluous wrappings, stocked his pockets with frozen bread and cartridges, snipped on a pair of snowboots kept for emergency, tightened his belt, and launched himself in pursuit.

Horse and rider were again no more than a speck upon the vast snow field. Gordon with an 'express' rifle under his arm, took the long, swinging stride of the accomplished snowshoer.

At high noon, by a broad flat where tall grass held the snow, Gordon came almost within bullet range of the Sioux. An hour later, among a tangle of drifted ravines. There was an exchange of shots, and the Sioux's pony dropped in its tracks.

Exhausted from his long run, Gordon, in his own language, 'threw up the sponge.' He hastily sought the cover of river drifts, and scooped himself a kind of rifle-pit.

There was considerable parley among the Sioux, and then only a single Indian advanced toward the white man. This one came aloft within gunshot, then stopped and shook his blanket in token that he wanted to approach and talk.

Gordon laughed. The situation seemed to him grimly humorous. He motioned the Indian to come on, and kept him well covered with his rifle. A moment later, however, he lowered his gun.

Whatever fate awaited Gordon, he knew that he stood in no danger of a treacherous stroke from the approaching Sioux. It was the chief, Red Cloud.

rubbed his hands together. "What was the idea?" "To keep the dirt out o' de holes, sah. Can't no dirt git in dar now."

"No, sir. I never should ev got dat idea if it hadn't been fur Deacon Williams. De deacon said it was de way dey did down in Greenville, an' fixed 'em up fur me with out cost."

"The deacon buys all his groceries here doesn't he?" "He does, sah; yes, sah, he buys 'em all yere, an' he was tellin' me only dis mawning dat he nebber did see de beat o' how dem groceries held out."

"He was advised to take his weights over to the cotton warehouse, and have weighed, and he puled them up and in a slow walk and very much puzzled, he proceeded to the warehouse. When he returned it was on the run and his eyes hang ing out, and as he reached the store he exclaimed:

"No wonder I has gone into bankruptcy fo'teen times an' had to sell my mews and hogs on 'an' make de ole woman go bar'nt! Dat air pound weight weighs twenty-two ounces, an' every time Deacon Williams has bought two pounds o' sugar an' codfish, he has taken away three pounds an' a half! Shoo, but I'az gwine to close de doah an' put up a sign o' 'Busted Ag'in'!"

He looked for Outcome of an Attempt to be Rid of a Bothersome Racetrack Friend. "Back in the early nineties," remarked an old-time racer the other day. "I had the queerest experience in the many years that I have followed the horses.

Among my friends in those prosperous days was a young chap whom I only knew by the name of Frank, and how I really got acquainted with him I can't recall. He used to bob up at the track every day and his first question usually was, 'Anything good today?' Of course I used to give the kid, as I called him, a tip now and then to get rid of him, but he finally became such a nuisance that I made up my mind one day to give him a dead one the very next time he came to me.

It was the day of the Metropolitan Handicap, and about all I could bag and borrow I had put on the favorite, the famous old Tenny. Among the other horses in the race if I remember right were Clarence, Riley, Senorita, Ambulance, Teunament and Tristan. The latter was an outsider in the betting and it almost went begging at 20 to 1. This was my opportunity, I thought, and I told my friend that Tristan was a sure winner; in fact, I added that it was almost like stealing money to bet on him and then I watched him run into the betting ring, and while I thought it was too bad to have to resort to such measures, I felt sure that he would never come to me again for a good thing. Well, the race started and about every horse in it appeared to have a chance but Tristan, and I could not help but smile as I thought of my young friend who had played him. Coming into the stretch there was the usual cling up with my horse Tenny, right along with the leaders, while Tristan was absolutely last, but somehow or other he was running easier than any of the others. Still this didn't worry me until his jockey shook him up and he began to walk through the whole bunch, including my horse Tenny. Even then I felt that Tristan wouldn't be able to stand the pace, but when Tenny's jockey let out a wrap and still the 20 to 1 shot hung on I began to feel cold chills up and down my back.

of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously and with wild gesticulations ordered him to 'clear off.' The organ grinder, however, continued to grind away, till finally the old gentleman had him arrested for disturbance.

"Me no understan' mooch Ingloese," was the reply. "Well," said the magistrate, 'but you must have understood what he meant when he kept stamping his feet and waving his arms.'

"No, no, no, no," replied the Italian. 'Me think he come to dance to my music.' The organ grinder was discharged.

BORN.

Somerville, May 11, to the wife of T. Sanford, a son. St. Croix, May 10, to the wife of W. Sweet, a son. Harmony, May 11, to the wife of N. Minard, a son. Amherst, May 11, to the wife of Wm. Miller, a son. Digby, May 8, to the wife of Chas. Gavil, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Truro, May 17, Charles A. Thomas to Sarah Teague, a daughter. Brooklyn, N. Y., May 16, Francis W. Jones to Elizabeth E. Coyer. Bedford, May 15 by Rev. A. F. Logan, Charles J. Deane to Miss Susan.

DIED.

Penobscot, May 12, Joel Ross, 60. St. John, May 24, James Murphy. Hiramford, May 12, George Zink, 80. Gratton, May 13, Allan Minard, 69. St. Stephen, Mrs. James Clarke, 41. Darnley, May 12, Ida M. Clarke, 22. Moncton, May 14, Agnes Sefton, 51. Acadia, May 16, Thomas Treedy, 88. Windsor, May 18, Edward Elton, 67. Liverpool, May 12, Wm. Godfrey, 62. Halifax, May 20, Edward Roome, 63. Kentville, May 17, Wallace Fisher, 50. Hantsport, May 16, Rhoda Davison, 11. West Amherst, May 16, Jane Jones, 74. Richmond, May 14, David Embree, 70. St. Stephen, May 9, James Bradley, 74.

Montreal, May 17, Chas. J. Wallace, 84. Deer Island, May 6, Dewey Fountain, 1. Princeton, May 6, Albert McReche, 72. Shelburne, May 18, Mrs. Robert Ryer, 92. Dartmouth, May 20, Caroline Murphy, 62. Yarmouth, May 10, Mrs. Enoch Porter, 78. Fort Point, May 19, Philip Robicheau, 40. St. Lambert Q., May 11, Helen Parker, 6. Marshalltown, May 12, Mrs. Hannah, 63. St. Stephen, May 8, Mrs. Sarah Fryer, 74. Annapolis, May 12, Mrs. Avis Corbin, 58. Halifax, May 20, Frank Anderson, 5 mos. Gloucester, Mass., May 8, Myra Frost, 10. St. John, May 27, Mrs. Robert Bartley, 78. Vernon River, May 4, Mr. S. Macleod, 37. South Lake, May 6, Frank MacKinnon, 42. Naintrage, May 14, J. some MacDonald, 57. West Beccano, May 12, Myrtle Madden, 6. Bonaville, May 4, Catherine Macdonald, 23. Fort La Tour, May 6, Mrs. James Bethel, 62. East Windsor, May 19, Miss Mary Smith, 65. Milltown, Me., May 15, Mrs. Mary Kelly, 43. St. Thomas, Ont., April 17, Nellie Prosper, 90. Short Beach, May 20, Mrs. Fauche Harris, 81. Millvale, Camb. Co., Mrs. Chas. A. B. Parry. Glasville, May 14, Mr. James W. Lawson, 71. St. George, N. B., May 18, Fred McMaster 43. Charlottetown, May 17, Mrs. John Arling, 74. Somerville, Mass., May 11, Henry Malloy, 20. Weaver Settlement, May 7, Mrs. James Barr, 63. St. Stephen, May 12, Mrs. Samuel Robinson, 60. Philadelphia, Pa., May 5, James Wrenson Smith, D. D. 77. Brun, Callnes, Scotland, April 22, Mrs. Alexanderutherland, 70. Somerville, Mass., May 12, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Sanford. St. Stephen, May 3, Virginia, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Watson, 10 mos.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SUMMER TOURS

Commence June 1st. Write for 1900 Tour Book. The Famous Fast Train "Imperial Limited" To the Pacific Coast will be put in service commencing June 11th, 1900.

NEW ROUTE TO QUEBEC

Commencing June 6th, there will be a combination first class and sleeping car leave St. John at 4:10 p. m., week days, and run through to Lewis, P. Q., via Megantic.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lvs. St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:50 p. m., arr. at St. John, 3:25 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. at Digby 12:30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 12:45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 2:30 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 5:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:45 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11:45 a. m., arr. Halifax 5:50 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 7:40 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8:50 a. m. Lvs. Digby 8:30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after SUNDAY, January 14th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Suburban from Hampton.....5:20 Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7:25 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12:05 Express for Sussex.....12:40 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....12:50 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22:10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban from Hampton.....7:15 Express from Sussex.....8:30 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12:20 Express from Halifax.....12:50 Express from Halifax.....19:15 Accommodation from Moncton.....21:45 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation. D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager Moncton N. B., Jan. 9, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.