MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

AUCTION SALES.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To James F. Wanamake, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and the Province of New Brunswick, formerly of the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, Farmer, and Mary M., his wife, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of October, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, and made between the said James F. Wanamake of the one part, and Mary A. Stead, of the said City of Saint John, widow, of the other part, and duly recorded in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the said County of Kings, in Book I, No. 4 of records, pages 387, 388, 389, 390 and 391, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the Twenty-second day of February, A. D., 1890, at twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner, (so called), on Prince William street, in the said City of Saint John, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said indenture of mortgage as follows:—"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, bounded and described in a grant from the crown, dated the twenty-third day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of October, 1872, by No. 14878 as follows: Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly angle of the South half of lot number one, granted to John Wright in block C., thence North fifty chains, thence East twenty chains, thence South fifty chains to a post and thence West twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and distinguished as the South half of lot number two in block C." together with all and singular the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any way appertaining. Dated this fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1888.

MARY A. STEAD, } Mortgagee.

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the Fifth Day of April next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D., 1889, in a cause therein pending, wherein Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executors of the last Will and Testament of John Horn, deceased, and George Murray, husband of the said Emma Eliza Murray, are Plaintiffs, and James W. McSorley is Defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity. The mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and front upon the south side of Duke Street, now in the occupation of the said John McSorley, and known and described on the Map or Plan of the said City in the Common Clerk's Office as Lot number eight hundred and twenty-four (824), and part of Lot number eight hundred and twenty-three (823), and bounded and described as follows: that is to say, Commencing at the Northwest corner of a Lot of Land owned by the said John McSorley, thence running West along the South side of said street fifty-five feet and six inches, or until it meets the North-east corner of property formerly owned by the late Honorable John Robertson, thence Southerly along the East line of said property in a line parallel with Germain Street one hundred feet, thence Easterly in a line parallel with Duke street, aforesaid, fifty-five feet and six inches, to the South-west corner of said John McSorley's Lot; thence Northerly along said West line of said John McSorley's Lot one hundred feet to the place of beginning, making a piece of Land one hundred feet by fifty-five feet and six inches, more or less. Said Lot number (824) and part of lot number (823) having been conveyed by Christopher Smiler to said John McSorley by deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, and Registered in the Records of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P., number three of said Records, pages 423, 424, and 425."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the thirty-first day of December, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE, Referee in Equity.

J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG, Plaintiff's Solicitor.
T. B. HANINGTON, Auctioneer.

C. H. S. JOHNSTON,
House and Sign Painter,
Paper Hanger, etc.,
22 North Market street.
All orders promptly attended to.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT
CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.
HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.
BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.
LARGE BOTTLES!
POWERFUL REMEDY!
MOST ECONOMICAL!
AS IT COSTS BUT
25 CENTS.
Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,
of which there are several in the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the NAME OF
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
YARMOUTH, N. S.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
THE ISLAY BLEND
WHISKY,
MACKIE & Co's
VERY OLD.
See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 5 Years Old.
DISTILLERIES:—
LAGAVULIN, LAPHROAIG, } ISLAND OF ISLAY, ARGYLESHIRE.
OFFICE, 5 DIXON STREET, GLASGOW.

HAREM
(NOT THE SULTAN'S)
CIGARETTES.
YILDIZ
CIGARETTES.
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes in the Market.
TRY THEM.

Albums, Toilet Cases, Work Boxes, Bronze Lamps, Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry.
Suitable for Christmas Presents. Cash or Installments.
F. A. JONES,
34 Dock St.

READY FOR BUSINESS.
9 Canterbury st.
GENTLEMEN:
You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them to
JOHN S. DUNN.
TAILOR.
Repairing, Pressing and Altering a Specialty.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
The Celebrated Novelist,
Author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in 1745 and is the relation of an old servant of a Scottish family named Durrisdeer, who lived near St. Bride's. Prince Charlie had just landed. James, the master of Ballantrae, his brother Henry, his father and his affianced wife, Alison Graeme, were all favorable to the Pretender, but to prevent forfeiture of their estate, it was decided that but one should join the Pretender. By the toss of a sovereign the choice fell to James the master of Ballantrae. After the battle of Culloden it was reported that James had been killed, and after a lapse of three years, nothing being heard of him, his brother Henry and Alison Graeme were married. A year after this event, a stranger, Col. Francis Burke, who had been one of Prince Charlie's staff paid a late visit to the Lord Durrisdeer. He imparted the news that James, the master of Ballantrae, had escaped the slaughter at Culloden, and in making his escape to France had, with Burke, been captured and impressed by a pirate.

The master of Ballantrae was subsequently made quarter-master of the pirate ship and after numerous exploits escaped from the vessel with Burke to fall into the hands of a slaver and voyaged with him to New York. After other adventures Burke and his companion reached Paris where they were soon short of money which caused the visit of Burke to Lord Durrisdeer. For seven years the refugee of Paris continued to draw upon the revenues of the estate until everything was spent and the family denied all luxuries and some of the comforts which brought matters to a climax between husband and wife.

Mackellar, the steward of the estates and the narrator of the story met the lady, explained that the money was being sent to the absent master of Ballantrae and she being the mortgagee of the estates as well as the wife of the younger brother ordered the remittances stopped. Whereupon the master of Ballantrae crossed the channel and arrived at Durrisdeer.

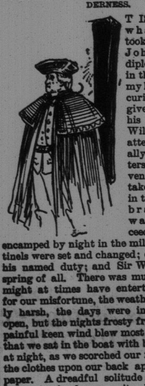
The conduct of the Master, or Mr. Bally as he was known, was such that his brother Henry was obliged to quarrel with him, where upon he laid seige to Mrs. Henry, his former lover, and endeavored by every possible means to alienate her affections.

Mr. Bally succeeded in persuading his brother to break the entail of the estates and part of the property was sold for his benefit it being part of the bargain that he would leave the country. He did not however and it was learned that he was a spy of the government which he had fought against. He still continued his attentions to Mrs. Henry and his father was still blind to the true character of his oldest son.

The visit of Mr. Bally to Durrisdeer terminated in a duel between the two brothers in which Mr. Bally was desperately wounded. The duel was followed by the death of old Lord Durrisdeer. Afterwards Mr. Bally turned up in India and finally came to Durrisdeer. His brother Henry, now Lord Durrisdeer, his wife and son Alexander leave Durrisdeer and go to Albany, New York where they have an estate. Mackellar, is left in charge of Mr. Bally, his Indian servant and Durrisdeer. Mr. Bally learns of the destination of his brother and goes to Albany. Mackellar goes with him. At Albany he secures a partnership interest in business under his own name as a member of old clothes with his Indian friend and servant as assistant, his object being to force money out of Lord Durrisdeer in which he failed. Lord Durrisdeer started into the country accompanied by Mackellar and a company under command of one Harris, a rather desperate character. Mackellar opposed the expedition unsuccessfully.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY IN THE WILDERNESS.



IT IS well known what pretext he took. Sir William Johnson had a diplomatic errand in these parts; and my lord and I (from curiosity, as was given out) went in his company. Sir William was well attended and liberally supplied. Hunters brought us venison, fish was taken for us daily in the streams, and brandy ran like water. We proceeded by day and encamped by night in the military style; sentinels were set and changed; every man had his named duty; and Sir William was the spring of all. There was much in this that might at times have entertained me; but for our misfortune, the weather was extremely harsh, the days were in the beginning open, but the nights frosty from the first. A painful keen wind blew most of the time, so that we sat in the boat with blue fingers, and at night, as we scorched our faces at the fire, the clothes upon our back appeared to be of paper. A dreadful solitude surrounded our steps; the land was quite dispeopled, there was no smoke of fires, and save for a single boat of merchants on the second day, we met no travelers. The season was indeed late, but this desertion of the waterways impressed Sir William himself; and I have heard him more than once express a sense of intimidation. "I have come too late, I fear; they must have dug up the hatchet," he said; and the future proved how justly he had reasoned.

I could never depict the blackness of my soul upon this journey. I have none of those minds that are in love with the unusual; to see the winter coming and to lie in the fields so far from any house, oppressed me like a nightmare; it seemed, indeed, a kind of awful braving of God's power; and this thought, which I dare say only writes me down a coward, was greatly exaggerated by my private knowledge of the errand we were come upon.

I was besides encumbered by my duties to Sir William, whom it fell upon me to entertain, for my lord was quite sunk into a state bordering on pervigilium, watching the woods with a rapt eye, sleeping scarce at all, and speaking sometimes not twenty words in a whole day. That which he said was still coherent, but it turned almost invariably upon the party for whom he kept his crazy lookout. He would tell Sir William often, and, always as if it were a new communication, that he had "a brother somewhere in the woods," and beg that the sentinels should be directed "to inquire for him." "I am anxious for news of my brother," he would say. And sometimes when we were under way he would fancy he spied a canoe far off upon the water, or a camp on the shore, and exhibit painful agitation. It was impossible but Sir William should be struck with these singularities, and at last he led me aside and hinted his uneasiness. I touched my head and shook it, quite rejoiced to prepare a little testimony against possible disasters.

"But in that case," cries Sir William, "is it wise to let him go at large?"

"Those that know him best," said I, "are persuaded that he should be humored."

"Well, well," replied Sir William, "it is none of my affairs. But if I had understood, you would never have been here."

Our advance into this savage country had thus uneventfully proceeded for about a week, when we encamped for a night at a place where the river ran among considerable mountains clothed in wood. The fires were lighted on a level space at the water's edge; and we supped and lay down to sleep in the customary fashion. It chanced the night fell murderously cold; the stringency of the frost seized and bit me through my coverings, so that pain kept me wakeful; and I was afoot again before the peep of day, crouching by the fires or trotting to and fro at the stream's edge, to combat the aching of my limbs.

At last dawn began to break upon hoar woods and mountains, the sleepers rolled in their robes, and the boisterous river dashing among spears of ice. I stood looking about me, swaddled in my stiff coat of a bull's fur, and the breath smoking from my scorched nostrils, when, upon a sudden, a singular, eager cry rang from the borders of the wood. The sentries answered it, the sleepers sprung to their feet; one pointed, the rest followed his direction with their eyes, and there, upon the edge of the forest and betwixt two trees, we beheld the figure of a man reaching forth his hands like one in ecstasy. The next moment he ran forward, fell on his knees at the side of the camp and burst in tears.

This was John Mountain, the trader, escaped from the most horrid perils; and his first word, when he got speech, was to ask if we had seen Secundra Dass.

"Seen what?" cries Sir William.

"No," said I, "we have seen nothing of him. Why?"

"Nothing?" says Mountain. "Then I was right after all." With that he struck his palm upon his brow. "But what takes him back?" he cried. "What takes the man back among dead bodies? There is some damned mystery here."

This was a word which highly aroused our curiosity, but I shall be more perspicacious if I narrate these incidents in their true order. Here follows a narrative which I have compiled out of three sources, not very consistent in all points:

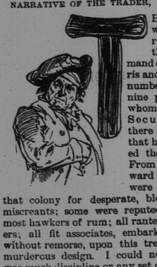
First, a written statement by Mountain, in which everything criminal is cleverly smuggled out of view.

Second, two conversations with Secundra Dass; and,

Third, many conversations with Mountain himself, in which he was pleased to be entirely plain; for the truth is, he regarded me as an accomplice.

CHAPTER XXV.

NARRATIVE OF THE TRADER, MOUNTAIN.



THE crew that went up the river under the joint command of Capt. Harris and the master numbered in all nine persons, of whom (if I except Secundra Dass) there was not one that had not merited the gallows. From Harris downward the voyagers were notorious in that colony for desperate, bloody minded miscreants; some were reputed pirates, the most hawkers of rum; all ranters and drinkers; all fit associates, embarking together without remorse, upon this treacherous and murderous design. I could not hear there was much discipline or any set captain in the gang; but Harris and four others, Mountain himself, two Scotchmen—Finkerton and Hastie—and one of the name of Hicks, a drunken shoemaker, put their heads together and agreed upon the course. In a material sense, they were well enough provided; and the master in particular brought with him a tent where he might enjoy some privacy and shelter.

Even this small indulgence told against him in the minds of his companions. But indeed he was in a position entirely false (and even ridiculous) that all his habit of command and arts of pleasing were here thrown away. In the eyes of all, except Secundra Dass, he figured as a common gull and designated victim, going unconsciously to death; yet he could not but assume himself the contriver and the leader of the expedition. He could scarce help but so conduct himself, and at the least hint of authority or condescension his deceivers would be laughing in hidden rage. I can conceive him in a high, authoritative attitude that when I had conceived his position on this journey I was pained and could have blushed. How soon he may have entertained a first suspicion I cannot know; but it was long, and the party had advanced into the wilderness beyond the reach of any help ere he was fully awakened to the truth.

It fell thus. Harris and some others had drawn apart into the woods for consultation, when they were startled by a rustling in the brush. They were all accustomed to the arts of Indian warfare, and Mountain had not only lived and hunted with Indians, but earned some reputation with the savages. He could move in the woods without noise, and follow a trail like a hound; and upon the emergence of this alert, he was deputed by the rest to plunge into the thicket for intelligence. He was soon convinced there was a man in his close neighborhood, moving with precaution but without art among the leaves and branches; and coming shortly to a place of advantage, he was able to observe Secundra Dass crawling briskly off with many backward glances. At this he knew not whether to laugh or cry; and his accomplices, when he had returned and reported, were in much the same dubiety. There was now no danger of an Indian onslaught; but on the other hand, since Secundra Dass was at the pains to spy upon them, it was highly probable he knew English, and if he knew English, it was certain the whole of their design was in the master's knowledge. There was one singularity in the position. If Secundra Dass knew and concealed his knowledge of English, Harris was a proficient in several of the tongues of India, and as his career in that part of the world had been a great deal worse than profligate, he had not thought proper to remark upon the circumstance. Each side had thus a spy hole on the counsels of the other. The plotters, so soon as this advantage was explained, returned to camp. Harris, hearing the Hindoostanee was once more closeted with his master, crept to the side of the tent, and the rest, sitting about the fire with their tobacco, awaited his report with impatience. When he came at last his face was very black. He had overheard enough to confirm the worst of his suspicions. Secundra Dass was a good English scholar, he had been some days creeping and listening, the master was now fully informed of the conspiracy, and the party proposed on the morrow to fall out of line at a carrying place and plunge at a venture in the woods.

What, then, was to be done? Some were for killing the master on the spot; but Harris assured them that he would be a crime without profit, since the secret of the treasure must die along with him that buried it. Others were for desisting at once from the whole enterprise and making for New York; but the appetizing name of treasure, and the thought of the long way they had already traveled dissuaded the majority. I imagine they were dull fellows for the most part. Harris, indeed, had some acquirements, Mountain was no fool, Hastie was an educated man; but even these had manifestly failed in life, and the rest were the dregs of colonial rascality. The conclusion they reached, at least, was more the offspring of greed and hope than reason. It was to temporize, to be wary and watch the master, to be silent and supply no further allument to his suspicions, and to depend entirely (as well as I make out) on the chance that their victim was as greedy, hopeful and irrational as themselves, and might, after all, betray his life and treasure.

Twice, in the course of the next day, Secundra and the master must have appeared to themselves to have escaped, and twice they were circumvented. The master, save that the second time he grew a little pale, displayed no sign of disappointment, apologized for the stupidity with which he had fallen aside, thanked his recapturers as for a service, and rejoined the caravan with all his usual gallantry and cheerfulness of mien and bearing. But it is certain he had smelled a rat; for from thenceforth he and Secundra spoke only in each other's ear, and Harris listened and shivered by the tent in vain. The same night it was announced they were to leave the boats and proceed by foot; a circumstance which greatly lessened the chances of escape.

And now there began between the two sides a silent contest, for life on the one hand, for riches on the other. They were now near that quarter of the desert in which the master himself must begin to play the part of guide; and using this for a pretext of prosecution, Harris and his men sat with him every night about the fire, and labored to entrap him into some admission. If he let slip his secret, he knew well it was the warrant for his death; on the other hand, he durst not refuse their questions, and must appear to help them to the best of his capacity, or he practically published his mistrust. And yet Mountain assures me the man's brow was never ruffled.

Indeed Mountain confessed to me they would soon have disbelieved the captain's story, and supposed their designated victim still quite innocent of their designs, but for the fact that he continued (however ingeniously) to give the slip to questions, and that yet stronger one, that of his repeated efforts to escape. The last of these, which brought things to a head, I am now to relate. And first I should say that by this time the temper of Harris' companions was utterly worn out; civility was scarce pretended; and for one very significant circumstance the master and Secundra had been (on some pretext) deprived of weapons. On their side, however, the threatened pair kept up the parade of friendly handsomely; Secundra was all bows, the master all smiles; and on the last night of the truce he had even gone so far as to sing for the diversion of the company. It was observed that he had also eaten with unusual heartiness, and drank deep, doubtless from design.

At least, about 3 in the morning, he came out of the tent into the open air, audibly mourning and complaining, with all the manner of a sufferer from surfeit. For some while Secundra publicly attended on his patron, who at last became more easy and fell asleep on the frosty ground behind the tent, the Indian returning within. Some time after the sentry was changed; had the master pointed out to him where he lay in what is called a robe of buffalo; and thenceforth kept an eye upon him (he declared) without remission. With the first of the dawn a draught of wind came suddenly and blew open one side the corner of the robe, and with the same puff the master's hat whirled in the air and fell some yards away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

☞ It is reported form Rome that General Simmons does not make satisfactory progress in his negotiations.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis.

KINKS IN THE SKEIN.

AN AMUSING STORY TOLD IN THREE KINKS.

This Kink Opens in Northern Wisconsin and Closes With the Happy Deliverance of Prince Felix From Death and Alljeers.

KINK III.

It was a dark, dank, damp, and otherwise cheerless night up in Northern Wisconsin. The snow was snowing as only snow snows in the pages of an illustrated Christmas story. If it had not been such a dark, dank, etcetera night, the snow might have been observed silently covering the surface of the fifty-dollars-an-acre landscape on which was situated a plain, old-fashioned farmhouse, the home of John Blivens. It was only about ten minutes' walk, on a long summer day, from the little red schoolhouse down the creek. Outside in the bosom of the night the elements were making it very uncomfortable for a tall, thin, gray-haired man without a buffalo overcoat who was slowly plodding his way through the snow-drifts down by the little red school-house. The wind, in fitful gusts, scooped up great sheets of snow and sent them swirling in drifts against the doors and windows of the old farmhouse, then, in seeming savage enjoyment of its power, it shrieked through the keyhole and howled down the chimney, and anon in malevolent glee it thrashed its way down through the orchard, breaking the branches and swaying the trunks of the gnarled old apple-trees; out and down the lane it went, its icy breath blowing in no uncertain way through the whiskers of the tall, thin man who was plodding his way past the little red school-house. The dog-chain rattled as the dog shivered and scrooged himself down deeper into the straw in his barrel. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again. A bird aloft in a branch of the old elm by the gate chirruped a pitiful protest against the cold, and stuck its head under its wing.

Inside the farm-house, in a big armchair in front of a great wide fire-place, sat John Blivens, asleep. The fire had burned low, and only the red glow of a heap of embers dimly lighted up his rugged features. At uncertain intervals a twig from the huge back-log dropped into the glowing embers, and as it blazed up sent lights and shadows flickering over the walls. The old man slept on, oblivious of the fact that only six miles away, down in the vaults of the First National Bank, his mortgage note was silently but surely drawing eight per cent. interest. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again. The tall, thin man had now passed the little red schoolhouse, and was plodding on. The snow fell, and the wintry wind still continued to be about.

John Blivens moved uneasily in his chair. The bird in the elm staggered on its perch, looked out at the rapidly-falling snow, and again stuck its head under its wing. The old clock in the corner continued to tick with the same regularity and industry that it had exhibited when the grandfather of John Blivens was twenty years young. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again.

With a start John Blivens awoke, and, without uttering a word, stepped quietly to the corner, and, bending low over some dark object, lifted it gently in his arms and carried it out of the black shadows. It was a black-jack log. He placed it in the fire. Then he brought another log out of the gloom, and laying it on top of the first, he adjusted it in place with the toe of his three-dollar shoe. A fierce gust of wind rattled the window, and through a crevice blew a tiny drift of fine snow on to Farmers' Almanac that lay on the deep, broad window-sill. The bird lay dead in the snow at the foot of the old elm at the gate. John Blivens turned to the clock. The hands on its honest face pointed to ten minutes past tweleve.

"Well, I swan!" said John Blivens; "and this is Saturday night, too!" As he reached out to get the key to wind up his faithful time-piece his hand stopped as if paralyzed, and a look of surprise beginning at the corners of his mouth spread all over his wrinkled face. He seemed to be listening intently. "I could have sworn I heerd feet-marks," said John Blivens. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again.

* * * * *

At the same time that the chilly incidents just narrated were occurring on that frigid night in Northern Wisconsin, the third kink in this tangled skein was unwinding itself far away in Algiers; but, although it was the same moment of time, the sun was shining brightly in Northern Africa. Two hours before, Prince Felix sat in the prison-cell to which he had been consigned by the Dey of Algiers He was to die when the sun was an hour high. Time, that moves on leaden wings when one is waiting at a way-station for an accommodation train,—that same tempus fugit appeared to be rushing into eternity at a feverish and altogether unnecessary rate of speed. His cell was furnished in a frugal manner with a table, a chair, and a cheap copy of the Koran in paper covers with advertisements on the last three pages. On the wall was a lithographed time-table of the Tripoli, Tunis & Morocco Railroad and its Suez Canal connections. I mention these seemingly unimportant details not that they have any connection with our story, nor because they are true, but because they may interest the gentle reader who has been in jail or who expects to be there, and further because to other readers they may perchance serve to while away an idle moment without bringing the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence.

The prince sat in the chair, his elbows resting on the table and his face covered with his hands. He was buried in thought. Occasionally he bit his lips; then he gnawed his rich tawny mustache and clinched his hands until his finger nails sunk deep into the flesh. It is a rule with all melodramatic heroes to do this when they get into tight places, and Prince Felix made no exception to the rule. Pacing the floor, his eye caught the time-table of the T. T. and M. R. R.; but it had little interest for him. What cared he whether the 4.20 p. m. train made close connection at Tunis with the boats for Port Said, or whether the early milk-train from El Bedah ran, or did not run, on Sunday? Was he not going to die when the sun was an hour high? was not that bright orb even now moving rapidly in the direction of Oshkosh and other places U. S. A., and no Joshua at hand to make it stand still?

These bitter reflections passed through his mind as he paced savagely up and down the narrow confines of his dungeon-cell. As he stepped on a rat while making a quick turn to avoid falling over his chair he laughed bitterly in the rich tenor voice for which he was noted in the salons of Morocco, and began expressing his thoughts aloud:

"This, then, is the end of all! not a single ray of hope is left. All is lost! I am doomed to die ere the sun is an hour high. It is dark yet, but e'en now the morning sun is doubtless going to press. I am, however, determined to die as becomes an envoy of the Sultan. As the cold of winter strengthens the blood of man, so does my adversity strengthen my resolution to act like a prince and to die like a man. Ha! ha! cruel Dey of Algiers, you may slay me, but you cannot harm my Absinthia. She will marry some one worthy of her, and, alas! forget me."

The prince strode fiercely from end to end of his cell, but became more calm as the words of the old nursery-song came to him, and he softly murmured its soothing refrain:

She may be happy yet,
You bet.

The good Prince Felix, although giving expression to these thoughts, was less anxious and distressed about his own approaching death and the future of his beloved Absinthia than he was as to what disposition to make of the despatch that he had taken from the sleeve of the dead meseenger's doublet. It would be fatal to the fortunes of his illustrious master the Sultan if the Dey of Algiers should gain possession of the document, and this he would likely do after the prince's execution. There was no way to destroy it,—no fire in his cell in which to burn it, no instrument with which to dig a hole wherein it could be buried. The despatch was small and on thick parchment.

"Ha!" said the prince, "by the whiskers of the Prophet, I have it!"

He was wrapped in deep thought for a moment: then he unwrapped the deep thought, and these are the portentous words that issued from his lips:

"I shall eat it."

He immediately began putting his plan into excution. Kicking the door, it was at once opened, and an armed guard appeared.

"Varlet! a ham sandwich, quick! and, mark ye, plenty of mustard."

The guard disappeared. The door slammed. The prince was again alone.

"By the great horn spoon of the prophet, a new idea! I shall not eat it," said he "I know a trick worth two of that. Ha! Ha! Again I say Ha! Ha! I shall kill two birds with one little worm."

It may be parenthetically remarked here that Prince Felix was much less of a fool then he looked.

Once more he kicked the door, and the guard appeared.

"Vassel of a generous foe, ask your master if his distinguished prisoner may write a letter of farewell to the illustrious Sultan of Morocco and forward it by the hand of Prince Djebel Amur."

The guard made a hasty Exit L. U. E. To the prince it seemed that he was gone for hours, when really only ten minutes elapsed before he returned and informed the prince that the Dey had graciously granted his request. Writing-materials where brought, and Prince Djebel Amur was summoned to receive the letter.

When the letter arrived, the missive was finished and sealed.

"Hark!" said Prince Felix to Prince Djebel Amur, as he handed over the letter—"Allje Hi-i-s-t! Here is the Sultan's despatch to the Bey of Tripoli. I found it in the sleeve of the messenger's doublet in the grave I searched. although the ring was not there. The Dey thinks this is merely a letter of farewell to my master. Hand it to the Sultan. He will reward you as you may be pleasing to him, and you may possibly bask in the sunshine of Absinthia's smiles during the rest of your life. Tell them that I died happy in the thought that I had served them. Farewell, my brother."

Prince Felix turned to the wall, apparently to hide his emotion, but there was grim smile on his face and a swift though slight motion of the left eyelid. What these mysterious actions meant will develop later on. It was only an hour now before the time set for the execution. As Prince Djebel Amur stepped out into the court-yard, where his camel stood saddled ready to carry him back to Morocco, the sun was rising in the east. The prince kicked the beast away from the remains of an old army overcoat on which he was breakfasting, and leaning up against a post, began to think. He was pleased to have possession of the despatch for without it he dare not, on pain of death, return to the Sultan. He thought of the beautiful Absinthia, and his thoughts where pleasant thoughts; but a shadow passed over his face when he reflected that the uncertain and autocratic Sultan might be in ill humor when he learned of the death of Prince Felix, who of all the nobles in his realms was the favorite, and when he found that although the despatch had not fallen into his enemy's hands yet it had not reached his ally the Bey of Tripoli. When the Sultan was in one of his tantrums he had an unpleasantly extemporaneous way of ordering heads to be amputated, regardless of law, evidence, justice, or pleas for a change of venue. Was the chance of the prize worth the risk? would the Sultan value the returned despatch? Happy thought! would it not be worth more to the Sultan's enemy the Dey of Algiers? The belief that it would be better policy on his part to turn it over to the Dey and trust to reward from him was strengthened when he overheard one of the officers of the Dey's household troops tell another officer that the Dey, being in a genial mood, was considering the desirability of pardoning Prince Felix. This decided Prince Djebel Amur. "Prince Felix free," he mutterd. "and he will demand from me the document. He will get honors from the Sultan; and the hand of Absinthia; and I—I shall get left."

Prince Djebel Amur requested an immediate audience with the Dey, stating that he had important information to impart. He was at once admitted to the presence of the Dey, who, surrounded by his courtiers and vassals, was impatiently waiting the hour to be a crime, which being interpreted means the time of execution,—an hour after sunrise, or six o'clock by a Waterbury watch.

"Illustrious Dey! Chief beam of the Eternal Luminary! allow your slave to kiss the soles of your slipper," said the obsequious prince, as he knelt before the Dey and bowed his head until his forehead touched the three-ply ingrain on the dais.

"Who is this presumptuous biped?" said his Deyship to the Chief Lord High Jinks in waiting.

Without waiting for the Chief. L. H. J. to reply, the prince bowed again and said,—

"Illustrious Dey! Light of the Earth, Son of the Dog-Star, and Brother of the Comet of 1856! it is I, Prince Djebel Amur. Here is an important document in this envelope which Prince Felix, now under sentence of death, gave me to carry back to the Sultan. It contains matters of great import to your illustrious self, and gives evidence of an alliance between your enemies that bodes evil to your person and realm. I present it to you."

"Prince," responded the Dey, "we appreciate your motives. You shall have unexpected honors heaped upon you. You may kiss our other toe."

Thus speaking, the Dey opened the envelope and read the letter. Prince Djebel Amur eagerly watched him as he read. As the Dey absorbed the contents, the frown on his face gradually faded, and in its stead came a smile that developed into a cheerful chuckle as he folded the letter and stowed it away in the pistol-pocket of his trousers.

"It is well," said the Dey. "The hour for the execution of Prince Felix is at hand. Will the good Prince Djebel Amur accompany us to the campus?"

In the open space devoted to executions, on an ivory chair, sat the Dey in front of the headsman's block. On his right stood Prince Djebel Amur, pale, but confident. On his left the red-cloaked executioner stood leaning on the hilt of a great, broad, gleaming scimitar. Behind were a company of the household troops and a multitude of citizens.

"Bring forth Prince Felix." The prisoner was brought forward and stood before the Dey.

"Was this letter addressed by you to the Sultan?"

"It was," replied Prince Felix.

"And you," said the Dey, addressing Prince Djebel Amur, "received this document from Prince Felix with instructions to carry it to the Sultan?"

"Even so, may it please you, most exalted Dey."

"Prince Djebel Amur, in the realm of your sovereign as well as in my dominions there is but one punishment for treachery. You doubtless know what that is?"

"I do. It is death."

"And a just punishment for such a crime?" interrogatively said the Dey.

"Most truly," replied Prince Djebel Amur.

"Let the Chief Lord High Jinks read aloud the document sent by Prince Felix to the Sultan, and now haply fallen into our hands," said the Dey.

The Chief L. H. J. took the letter, and in a voice that would warp a tin roof, read as follows:

"To the August MULEY WHACK ED, Sultan of Morocco and Emir of all true believers:

"SIRE,—When this letter shall have been placed in your hands your most humble subject Prince Felix will be no more.

"Within one hour from this writing my unfortunate head will ornament one of the palings of the palace, for at sundown my life is forfeit to Weddn Dey.

"However, your Majesty, the fault is my own, and there should be no unkindly feelings cherished by you towards the august Dey of Algiers.

"It is unfortunate that you have ever engaged in warfare with Weddn Dey, for he is a most generous and high-minded ruler.

"And I feel certain that your Majesty would be profoundly impressed with his character if you could come into personal contact with him.

"His subjects all love and venerate him, and——"

The Chief Lord High Jinks paused abruptly.

"What's the matter?" cried Weddn Dey, impatiently. "Go on: it is very interesting."

But the L. H. J., after one more attempt, fell exhausted, and had to be carried away. That last sentence was too much for him. A subordinate was directed to resume the reading of the letter.

"And everybody admires——"

"Hold on!" cried the Dey; "go back a few sentences."

And the subordinate resumed:

"His subjects all love and venerate him, and everybody admires his just though determined rule.

"He is particularly noted for the wisdom of his decrees, and noble or subject is equally sure of justice. Embrace the beautiful Absinthia for me, and tell her my last thoughts were of her.

"Farewell, Sire.

"Your faithful subject,

"PRINCE FELIX."

An ashen pallor overspread the face of Prince Djebel Amur as the reading of the letter proceeded. When it ended, his knees knocked together. He knew that he had overreached himself and that his doom was sealed with a large broad seal, without which no Oriental doom is genuine.

The astute Prince Felix, knowing the character of Prince Djebel Amur, had written the letter purposely to trap him. He believed that the chances were ten to one that he would act in the traitorous way that he did. Therefore he had not given him the document at all: that precious missive was safely hidden away in the bosom of his doublet.

"Stand forward, Prince Felix;" said the Dey. "We have read your letter. We like your style. It is our will that you go free. You will be furnished with an escort and conveyed to the frontier of your own country.

"As for you, audacious foreigner," turning to Prince Djebel Amur, "it is decreed that you take the place of a better man than yourself, and, for your treachery, die as you would have been pleased to have seen him die."

Prince Djebel Amur in wild despair threw himself on the ground before the Dey and exclaimed,—

"O Morning Sun of the world, O Aurora Borealis of the Eastern hemisphere, here me——"

"Not a word," sternly said the Dey. "We have decreed. Executioner do your duty."

There was a brief struggle; a red cloak was cast on the ground; a broad blade gleamed for a moment in the sunlight—swish.

There was one stroke on the great brazen bell up in the tower of the palace. As its sounds reached the city below, all the people shuddered, for they knew that it only sounds its gruesome knell when some unfortunate goes to his death by order of the Dey.

* * * * *

Away up in Northern Wisconsin John Blivens wound up his clock and went to bed. The dog got up and howled and then layed down again.

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GARDENIA.
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