POOR DOCUMENT

ST JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1904.

"EL CABALLERO

ROGER POCOCK

"Moose Pound.
"Arrest Low-Lived Joe and Alabama Kid with bunch of stolen bar-cir-cle horses reported noon at Lane's. Also look out for a deserter. L. W. HERCHMER."

At Moose Pound Station the tele graph operator received the message t before dawn, then, taking his lantern and the slip of paper, strolled off across the moonlit road to a log house opposite. When he had banged the door sufficiently, a sleepy voice growled from the darkness within, and a youth in grey underclothes came out

"A wire for you, Corporal," said the operator, and held up his lantern, while Corporal Irvine tried to read the mes-sage, blinked, rubbed his eyes and "At Lane's, eh?" he yawned at last, "forty-five confounded jumped-up miles to the southard — tell Larry

Herchmer he can go to blazes. I mean -that is wire 'The Commissioner, N. W. M. P., Regina - Instructions received.—IRVINE."

"That's all right; say, Corporal," the operator looked up at the gable of the house, from whence a constable's resounding snores awakened echoes, "how do you rouse Mr. la Mancha withdy Irvine stretched himself and laugh-

ed. "Just mention a pretty girl in the Blackguard's ear. Even if he was dead he'd tumble all over himself to come out quick. Good-night."

Plains. Blossoms made of blushing anowflakes glittered on every petal with fresh dew, wide miles of flower-starred brambles. starred brambles, wave on wave, rolled away to the circle of the sky, and from all that infinite white garden went up incense into the still air.

All Thy works shall praise Thy name,

a walk as he hurled the great ringing triumph-song to heaven, and Corporal Dandy Irvine came abreast leaning over in the saddle to pluck a spray of

"I never thought, Blackguard," he said, "that you could sing like that."

"My voice makes me cry, it's so nice," the trooper sighed, "and the song? My mother's grande song! Ah, and the sun!" he swept off his sombrero, bowing to the newly-risen sun, Buenos dias Senor!"

"You want them horse-thieves," she ye!led; "they're not at the ranche. I'll show you where they're cached. You wanter swing off ter the left!"

"For shame, Chris," the Blackguard chuckled, letting her draw abreast. "Stand by your tribe, don't give the whole show away!"

Blackguard," said Dandy, rather puz-zled, "and you're a Spaniard."

In his tame thoughtful way the Corporal was brooding over the youngster's hat, a prairie sombrero of truly Spanish rake, his belt of brass cartridges like a streak of flaming gold, his leather leg-armor of the stock range, his spurs with a three-inch rowel, the gleaming carbine swung athwart of the saddle, the ponderous service revolver. He was wearing much the same cowboy harness himself, but then la Mancha's glant stature, his ease in the saddle, his glittering eyes and glowing tan, the whimsical satanic ugliness of his face, above all, his digugliness of his face, above all, his dig-nity. "Woof!" said Dandy, at the

faced him wrathfully: "I tell you I'm cigarette: "Compose your face with one for himself with a quaint Spanish 'cause you're a chaffy Corporal!" he added. "Seat! You!" Then he lifted his horse to a loop and rolled on across the Rose Plains, sing-

Then boil the tea and pass it round To the Guardians of our Land: You bet your life it's not our fault

en out on patrol, and with him the lackguard, the Blackguard's young prother—the Pup, and certain others.

Poor Pup! Nobody thought of warning the little recruit to have his moccasins ready in case the weather changed. When a sopping thaw gave place to a sudden blizzard, when wet "Fancy taking all that trouble with

The Blackguard's full name-eight of the log cabin. The Blackguard's full name—eight feet from tip to tip as the adjutant said—began with Jose Marle, but Dandy was the only man in the regiment who ventured to call him Marla. To keep the Blackguard in order, apart from Dandy, needed the commissioner, two superintendents, four inspectors, and a large staff of non-commissioner, officers, but he was perfectly good in charge of one small Corporal. Except when he saw a woman, he loved Dandy more than anything else on earth, and as they rode together they exchanged insulting remarks hour by hour.

The Blackguard watched Miss Lane the duse, then turned his back upon the trader, and unsaddled his horse.

"How do, Colonel." Lane rubbed his hands together, grinning cheerfully as he addressed the Corporal. "Come after deserters?" He knew that the Outfit had no earthly use for a deserter. "Cause I got one for you," he added. "Came in yesterday."

"You're a special constable?" asked Dandy sarcastically.

"You never thought of Corporal Irvine, tried on the oath of two civilian witnesses for letting a prisoner run. He'd get reduced to the ranks, and a witnesses for letting a prisoner run. He'd get reduced to the ranks, and a then at the open witnesses for letting a prisoner run. He'd get reduced to the ranks, and a then at the open witnesses for letting a prisoner run. He'd get reduced to the ranks, and a then at the open witnesses for letting a prisoner run. He'd get reduced to the ranks, and a then at the open witnesses for letting a prisoner run. He'd get reduced to the ranks, and a then at the open witnesses for letting a prisoner run. He'd get reduced to the ranks, and a then at the open witnesses for letting a prisoner run. He'd get reduced to the ranks, and a live get reduced to the ranks, and a live get reduced to the ranks and a then at the open witnesses for letting a prisoner run. He'd get reduced to the ranks and a live get

"Say, Blackguard," the Corporal haded his eyes with one hand, staring spat on the trader's dog. "For that," said the Corporal, "you'll apologise, la shaded his eyes with one hand, staring intently at the hills, "when you and the Pup were yonder at Lane's last ummer, wasn't there some talk about

"So that's why Lane went to hospital guard. with concussion of the brain?"

"What are La Mancha blushed. "Lane does not the Corporal.

"He lodged no complaint though?" "He was unwell, you see. And if he howled it might have attracted attention to his manners and customs, such bigamy, and stealing little horses, and shooting entire strangers to get

"We have no proof of that."
"No! but the brute tries to get our follows into trouble. It's not safe even to get drunk at Lane's." "Look!" the Corporal pointed at a dot below the hills. On that the Blackguard reined, shading his eyes with one hand. "Women!"

"Lane's daughter, I guess!"
"Yes, Chris, riding straddle, on that can plug of hers, burning the trail to get at us, too."

"Why, what can she want?" "Cause poor Chris is in with the robcome out quick. Good-night."

"A pleasant ride to you. So long, Corporal."

II.

The sun was rising upon the Rose Plains. Blossoms made of blushing

They "rolled their tails" for the They "rolled their tails" for the

> Miss Chris Lane came tearing onward, riding a-straddle bareback, her
> sunbonnet blown off, black hair and
> cotton frock a-stream on the wind,
> "Windle! Call your friends! I want while bold eyes flashed from the tawny pallor of her half-indian face.
> "Hall, soldiers!" she cried in the Cree language, her lifted hand making the sign of peace, as she threw her pony

sideways to block the trail.
"Adois, Senorita!" answered "Adois, Senorita!" answered the Blackguard, as he and Dandy flashed by on either side. At this the lady swore in colloquial English, wheeling "You want them horse-thieves," she

whole show away!"

"Kill them!" she gasped, "shoot both
of 'em, I hates 'em—they're acting ugly
—enly let me show you. Come, to the
left."

"You, Mister Blackguard," sobbed the was English; so I'm a mongrel, and a Tommy. See!"

He swung round, laying his hand pon the scarlet same with a continuous to the ranche! There'll be murder.

watch while they read the signs. "Since the last dew," the Corporal muttered: "don't you see? Wore long boots—police boots—bearing heavy on the right from bundle on left shoulder, dog-tired, and here," he groped on to the next track, "right foot with the toes gone—by frost bite." He looked up at la Mancha's face. "You understand?" he said.

stand?" he said. There was but one man in the reginent who answered this description "That confounded Pupi" said the Blackguard, wrathfully. "From Regina," he went on, "two long days' march with that open wound on his

foot-heading for Lane's. Bah! the girl "Blackguard, we're within a mile of the United States boundary. The Pup has deserted. Remember the Com-

nissioner's telegram."
"Not my brother," the Blackguard's eyes flashed, "not a la Mancha. No! You lie!" "Thanks, don't mention it," Dandy

laughed. "But you know." he turn-ed grave again, "If the lad's at Lane's ranche I've got to arrest him for deser-"Yes, worse luck, or Shifty Lane reports you for neglect of duty."

"And you know what it means?"
"Nine months' imprisonment. I'd the Pup made no complaint, but rode on, dead to the knees. The Blackguard, numbed and half delfrious, left his brother to die in the drifts where valing to them; "didn't I tell yous?"

You'll have to arrest your brother!"

afterwards, but he half murdered a were no horses, in his yard no visitor's flown honor, to run away and leave the saddles, but the trader himself stood blame to Dandy!" stroking his red chin beard by the door "Well, Mister la Mancha," he asked,

The state of the s

Mancha."

The trader was cursing volubly, bu the boy getting snarled up with Lane's the Blackguard took no note of him whatever. "Apologise?" he smiled in nocently, "with pleasure. Senor, I beg "You choked him off?"

"With a rope, yes."

"Lane knew?"

"Yes, he threatened the Pup with an action for breach of promise. I was broaden a come to the doorway.

"Halle you Pup" seid the Bleck-"Hello, you Pup," said the Black-

> "What are you doing here?" asked Pup was very sallow, and deep shad- bear in a fit." ows of suffering marred his childish

"I have no pass." He was looking the Corporal frankly in the eyes, a wan smile twisting his lips. "You young fool, explain!"
"A la Mancha," said the Blackguard

haughtily, "does not explain." And the Corporal sighed, "All right. You are a prisoner."
The Pup winced, bowed slightly, then turned away, because there were tears

in his eyes. "You've "Come, Blackguard," the Corporal in irons!" walked off. "We'll see to the horses. Go and lie down, Pup," he added, "rest Go and lie down, Pup," he added, "rest your foot while you can." And the Pup went limping back into the house.

"Here you!" the trader broke for"Here you!" the trader broke forwrenched at the shackles. The lad lay

Lane stopped, glaring in horror down the barrel. "La Mancha," said the Corporal, "handcuffs, quick!"

The Blackguard locked the irons on Lane's wrists.
"Take the prisoner to the cellar, said Dandy, chuckling, "then search the house for arms and contraband. I'll see

to the horses."

The Blackguard whispered a suggestion, but Dandy shook his head. "No," he answered, "Lane's partners are and we'd have no chance in the dark

The moonlight below the window conly let me show you.

left."

The horses were thundering down a slope which led to a muddy flat, whitened with alkalt, against the feet of the hills.

"You, Mister Blackguard," sobbed the girl, "you'll wisht for the rest of the girl, "you'll wisht for the rest of the girl, "you'll come with me, Don't where in the darkness lay the trader, bound hand and foot, muttering uneasy dream-talk. The half-breed girl crouched yonder by the hearth, with a corner of her blanket lifted while she stared—of her blanket lifted while s Mancha's feet, then crept along the steel of the carbine which lay upon his knees. He watched the crumbling emupon the scarlet serge with a certain grave pride. "A Tommy, yes!"

In his tame thoughtful way the Corporal was brooding over the youngster's hat, a prairie samphere of truly.

where it gripped the breech. His head with your Pup?"

"Eh? What's up—all ri'——"
"Jose!" "Hello, Pup—can't you sleep?"
The girl crept back to her corner "My foot is hurting," said the lad in Spanish, "a little, and I want to speak

"Joe and the Alabama Kid? "Alabama had been here for weeks making love to Chris, and she is terrified. She wrote me." "And why to you?"

"Humph!" Chris to marry Alabama, and her let-ter was so pitiful, I came." "Tramped with an open wound your foot. It serves you right."

"I have not complained, but—" The
Pup's small hand had grasped the

Blackguard's fist, "They think I've deserted, and I'd rather be dead than put to shame like that." "You little owl; you did desert." "I only meant — Jose, I can't bear the shame, the trial, the imprisonment -what have I done with my honor? Think of mother and father looking

busy to worry about a Pup."
"Jose, lend me your gun." 'To blow your silly head off? No, I "Let me escape - to die in the open, under the holy sky, as our fathers did."
"You sentimental ass! Fine high-

blame to Dandy!" "I never thought of that." "You never thought of Corporal Ir-vine, tried on the oath of two civilian

dy more than anything else on earth, and as they rode together they exchanged insulting remarks hour by hour.

Noon passed and the hot sun waned upon their journey while still the limitless plains reached away to the limitless plains reached away to the south unbroken, but towards, evening a ridge of hills lifted above the horison.

"Cause I got one for you," he added.
"Came in yesterday."
"Saked Dandy sarcastically.
"O, that's all right, General, always glad to oblige the police. I kep' him locked up until I saw you come along. It's handy for Mr. la Mancha here, aridge of hills lifted above the horison.

"Cause I got one for you," he added.
"Came in yesterday."
"You're a special constable?" asked Dandy sarcastically.
"You see. Pup," the Blackguard the bad, "it's so dering horses, the soldiers, and Dandy and For an instant stared at the thuntley's previous visit was last Thursday, and the food he had brought then day, and the food he had brought then was untouched.

To cure Headache In ten minutes use wift as lightning whipped out his swift as lightning whipped out his own revolver. Dandy had fired first.

knows about, and for an ignorant man he's enterprising and progressive at everything, from bigamy to robbing a man, his shirt and his socks, his house kets, but the trouble is there's not a

shred of evidence." 'But I saw him try to shoot you!"
"And his lawyer would prove you didn't see any such thing. No, he hates the police as a squirrel hates a gun; he's got a fearfully da-maging case against the Out-fit, and when we get back to head-quarters the officer command. be at all pleased. He'll behave like a "But why don't you arres

"'Cause we don't know where they

"But Chris will guide you." "Into traps. She's not pleased with prisoners? No wonder.' "And we can't hunt the thieves 'cause we're all cluttered up with prisoners. Don't you see?"
"Couldn't I guard Lane?"

"You've taught Dandy to trust youyour foot while you can." And the darkness there stirred no sound until Pup went limping back into the house.

"Here you!" the trader broke forward, grabbing the Blackguard's arm, ward, grabbing the Blackguard's arm, "Black, broken with long hours of sleep-"

"Eh?" The back of la Mancha's hand sent Lane reciping against the house.

"Control of the four was a prince; the sidest person in Maine, it not the darkness there stirred no sound until provident soul, and forgotten through Lovicia Tenney Cox of Harrington, bury or fear.

"We found a frying-pan, and at the sleek, broken with long hours of sleep-"

"We found a frying-pan, and at the sleek and occasionally chops wood at the age of 105.

"Aunt" Lovicia Tenney Cox of Harrington, bury or fear.

"We found a frying-pan, and at the sleek and occasionally chops wood at the age of 105.

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"Aunt" Lovicia Tenney Cox of Harrington, bury or fear.

"We found a frying-pan, and at the sleek and occasionally chops wood at the sleek and occasionally chops wood at the sleek and occa "Who barked?"

"I, and I can bite too!" yelled the trader. Dandy leaped at him only just in time, sent a revolver flying above the roof, then drew off gasping for breath, his hand to his hip as he waited.

Lane nursed his bruised wrist, whist-ling a shrill cal lto the hills. "Yes, herd them to Lane's wagon. When I got back to Regina with my prisoners—

O, it was all so easy! And then you "That was hard luck."
"Jose, I can't explain all that, and I won't live disgraced, but when I'm gone you'll know at least that I was—" "Pup, suppose I take your place, while you round up your thieves!"
"But Dandy would be ruined."
"Who could blame him if he finds me

his prisoner when he wakes?"
"You take the blame!" "I'm the Blackguard—a hopeless case—so I don't have to be good. If you succeed, why you'll be let off, and Dandy will be petted, and my misdeeds won't count, and the Cimmissioner will be as gentle as a wooly lamb with a lisp. Nombre de Dios! You shall take the thieves!"

wall came shafts of level sun rays bright with the dancing motes of golden dust. Lane roused himself, saw that the day had come at last, struggled awhile with his lashings, sat up, and looked about him. "Whar's my

girl?" he shouted.

La Mancha, broad awake upon the bed, then carefully sighting his revolver a Lane's skull, "Down," he said, "down, dog, or I'll bark too." dog, or I'll bark too."
In moving he had dragged the blankets away from Dandy, and sharply wrenched the chain at his left wrist.
"Hello!" said the Corporal, "what the

"What on earth have you done "O, that's all right," said the Blackguard, cheerily, as he swung his feet to the floor, and sat on the edge of the bed. "Here you, Lane!" he laughed

aloud, "you witness against the Police, do you see this? I was on guard, I released a prisoner, I took that prisoner's place, and I take his punishment. You "Blackguard," said Dandy, "you've

done this to save your brother?"
"No, to save you!" "What do you mean?"

"It's a put up job," Lane shouted, poral, then taking down his waistcoat from a peg, he found the key of the handcuffs and unlocked them. "Where is the Pup," he asked angrily.

"I've sent him, Dandy, to prove that he is not a deserter—to prove that he's trying in his puppy way to do his duty by arresting Lane's confederates. In another ten minutes he'll be back with his prisoners and I take the his prisoners. The Blackguard was dragging on his boots; the Corporal was dressing hur-

'Trusted him, Dandy?"

"It was the only way, and I take the blame. Hello!"
There came a sound of scurrying feet in the ward, and the door burst open. There the girl stood against a blaze of "They're with the saints, much too hands lifted to heaven. "Dead!" she

> "Who's dead?" asked the Corporal, "My husband! Dead! dead! murdered! Help! He's dead!" Dandy and la Mancha grabbed their arms, boited to the stables, led out three horses, mounted the girl first, sprang to their own seats, and, all riding bareback, they galloped toward the sun. The girl led, by a winding trail through bushes, over a spur of hills, then at the opening of a glade fell back, veiling her face with her lank

> streaming hair, thrusting out her hands against the horror yonder which she dared not see.
>
> Corporal Irvine came first into the norses, the outlaw camp at its gate,

with steadier aim, and the horse thief olled over on to the pony's neck, then oftly to the turf, mortally wounded. La Mancha swept down into the camp where law the other outlaw, Low-Lived Joe, his shoulders against the posts of the corral, a scarlet blanket thrown across his legs, his dull eyes urned toward the place where Alabama Kid, his partner, lay dying. The cowboy nodded.

"The cowboy turned his dead-white ace to the trooper. "Who shot me?" he repeated, vaguely; "O, yes, yes, you mean who done for me? There!" his hand then clutched to his breast, but now he stretched it out red with

tic Spanish, "Caballero de la Mancha, this I have done, and for this I take the blame! In that white glory of the illustrious dead, pray for the last of the la Manchas, for I am so lonely—so very lonely—and jealous of thine hon-

OLDEST WOMAN.

"Aunt" Lovicia was born in the town of Columbia, Washington County, on January, 12, 1799. She has always lived in remote spots, far from town, and so has attracted little attention from the newspapers, but her great age is perfectly authenticated by the town records of Columbia, and is well known to all her neighbors. She has only to all her neighbors. She has only one daughter, her sole living relative, with whom she makes her home, this daughter being Mrs. Eliza Ann Shaw,

aged seventy. When a newspaper man went to call upon the old woman the other day he found her rocking herself vigorously in an oid-fashioned chair and smoking her pipe, while she read of murders and wars in one of the big newspapers.

nurders and crimes and big accidents nowadays," said she, "compared to what there used to be." When remindthan in the days of her youth, and that there are more ways of killing people, Aunt Lovicla replied:
"Well, yes; I s'pose so. They drink

me now. 'Most every one else that I be there would be trouble?'
ever knew is dead, too."

"I did,' the father answ

When asked about her health, Aunt
Lovicia said, sitting bolt upright, and
smiling at the reporter: "Healthy?"

"Well, I was licked today, and only for throwing paper pellets about the room." Lor' bless yer, yes! I don't feel much if any different now than I did twentyfive years ago. I can eat a good big slice of beefsteak and then go to bed and sleep sound, and I like a good, strong cup of tea. I've smoked ever since I was thirty, and I've done my share and more of hard work, all the way from drudging about the house to

"I'd do more now, only Eliza won't let me scarcely stir. She watches me as a cat watches mice. Says she's afraid I'll fall and break my bones. Still I can chop wood when she isn't around, and I often bring in a bucket of water from that well out at the door Yes, sir, I've seen the cars, and rid in them, and steamboats, too, and I've seen the electric lights over at Machias. There's one thing, though, that I've never seen yet, and want to see, and

that's the Bangor fair. I like a good horse, and they have better horses up there than you ever see down this older than the State of Maine, which was admitted to the Union in 1820; two years older than the town of Harringgon, where she lives, and lacks but three years of being as old as her native town, Columbia. As an illustraon of her great vitality, a local physician relates that once, about two year ago, he was called to attend a man who had been injured on the road near Mrs. Shaw's house, and when he ar-gived, at midnight, he found "Aunt" Lovicia, then 103 years old, up and bustling, keeping a hot fire going and warming blankets for the patient.

MISER DIES OF HUNGER.

Man Worth \$15,000 Perishes of Cold in His Cheerless Home. DERBY, Conn., Jan. 13.-With the mercury at zero, no fire in his house and every window out, Frank Rogers, seventy-six years old, who had a one hundred acre farm and \$15,000 in the bank at his disposal, was found dead from cold and hunger yesterday at East Lynne, where he had lived half a cen-

During the summer the man lived on roots, herbs and fruit, but when winter came he refused to buy food. John Huntley, a neighbor, took food to him every few days and tried to persuade to have a fire in the house,

blood, pointing: "That was a good boy," he said, "with heaps of sand—a-trying to—but Alabama killed him."

My friend Colonel von H—said no-an escape.

"My friend Colonel the scene through thing."

As the

a-trying to—but Alabama killed him."
The Blackguard walked slowly to where a grey blanket lay spread upon the body of a man. He took off his hat, knelt down, and lifted the covering away from his brother's face. With shaking fingers he touched the ivory forehead, the closed eyelids where pale blue shadows lay, the lips which were no longer drawn with pain. He crossed himself, he rose very slowly to his feet, looking upward into the glory of the young day, calling aloud to the spirit of his brother beyond the abys of Death.

"Caballero!" he cried, in his majes—

"As the prince was placing the pal the filled with the said no the fire I heard a sound from the fire I heard a sound as if a tip on the fire I heard a sound as if a tip on the fire I heard a sound outside, as sound as if a tip on the fire I heard a sound outside, as sound as if a tip on the fire I heard a sound outside, as sound as if a tip on the fire I heard a sound outside, as sound as if nificant picture which my memory has labeled "Three Nights after Spicheren."

All else was the darkness of the picture which my memory has filled with the hiss of the falling rain.

"The sound of the tin can drew near-

I will tell you about it if I can; it was something like this: we stopped for the night at a deserted wineshop near the entrance to a deserted hamlet. Our army held all the

the place had been cleaned out, but we Enjoys Her Pipe, Chops Wood and Eats with a Relish.

tore up some boards and made a fire, and behind a door of an inner room with absolute and blank despair. Af-The oldest person in Maine, if not the ed in a basket, with a ham, by some ter them came a man in wooden shoes ed in a basket, with a ham, by some

"With the order for mobilization men

"It is like passing through some mysterious door into a new world. A few short, sharp rules supplant the moral code in this new form of society in an evening it's always, 'grandpapa, tell which manslaughter is as necessary to me of your battles.

"Yet, after all, after Love what is

er and nearer: then out of the dark and

one very old. The old woman was car

of peasantry, and their faces as they

with absolute and blank despair. Af-

had on her back a bundle also.

In an address that he recently de-ivered on the labor question, W.

Bourk Cockran told a story of his boyin Ireland I obtained a part of my edu-cation. I remember well a school fellow of mine named Michael, a lad "Well, yes; I s'pose so. They drink too much licker now, too. Why, they tell me that even the grand society ladies drink and smoke opium. When I was younger most of them that was killed got shot in the war, but they don't have any wars wuth talking about now. That last one of ours was an awful fizzle. Not much like the Civil War that my old man went into. He died down there, on the way from Alexandria to New Orleans. Wasn't shot—no; just died. His name was James Cox. My first husband, Daniel Tenney, died a few years after we were married. I had four children to my second husband, but they're all dead except Eliza Ann, who takes care of me now. 'Most every one else that I

"'I did,' the father answered.
"'Well, I was licked today, and only

"The father frowned."
"I never fail, my son, to keep a omise," he said. 'There is going to be trouble. Fetch the strap.'

BUTTONED FOILS FOR DUELS. PARIS. Jan. 11.-Paris is threatened

"A question upon the answer to which depends my piece of mind." "Oh, this is so-but go on George,

Agents Who Sell the "Star" in St. John.

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	J. H. WALKER Duke street	et.	
	J. P. MALONEY . Sydney stree JAS. CRAWFORD . Main street MRS. J. GIBBS . Sydney stree Duke street		
	JAS. CRAWFORDSydney stre	eet.	
	MRS. J. FOSTERPrince Will	iam stree	
	P I DONOHOESt. James !	street.	
	P. J. DONOHOE	treet	7
	WATSON & CO	t.	
	A. FOSTER St. James st. WATSON & CO Charlotte st. J. DWYER Union street. C. P. R. NEWS CO. C. P. R. T. O. E. WITTER Brussels str. J. G. LAKE. Union street. J. A. LIPSETT Brussels str. D. W. WIGRAHAM dUnion street.	rains	1
	O. E. WITTERBrussels str	reet.	
	J. G. LAKE	et.	
	J. A. LIPSETTBrussels St.	reet,	
	It. It. V. Stanley stre	pot	
	R. R. PATCHELL	eet.	
•	T I DURICK		
	ROYAL HOTELKing street		
	IRA KEIRSTEAD Marsh Roa	4	
	IRA KEIRSTEAD (Branch) Marsh Roa	a et	
	FRANK S. PURDY. Garden stre T. J. DURICK. Main street ROYAL HOTEL. King street IRA KEIRSTEAD Marsh Roa IRA KEIRSTEAD (Branch) Marsh Roa MISS A. GILMOUR. Union street HORNBROOK & DUNPHY. Waterloo s	treet	
	HORNBROOK & DUNPHY. Water of S MRS. E. M. PATCHELL	\$	
	MISS F HAMILTON	v	
	C. H. CHEYNEBrussels st	reet.	
	MRS. S. B. FOLKINS Winter street CHAS. HOLDER King street A. E. HARTT Charlotte s G. W. ROWLEY St. Andrew Queen street	et	
	CHAS. HOLDER	t, W. E.	E.
	A. E. HARTT	s street	
	G. W. ROWLEI Queen street	et	
	GEO. E. PRICE (Branch)	t.	
	MRS. CREWS Mecklenbur	g street.	
	GEO. OLSEN	reet.	
	MRS. CREWS GEO. OLSEN	street	
	BHANKLIN & JUMINSON Orango stre	et.	
	EVERFT'P MeB' Orange streemers, M. A. McGUIRE Main street	t	
	MRS. M. A. Molitic Control of the Co	reet.	
	G. C. BEEMAN 'agmarket	Square.	

MP LONG Cor. Rodney and Ludlow St. W. E.