Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 20. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1892. NO. 33.

NOTICE!

THE PACKET SCHR.

TEMPLE BAR,

will again, during the season of 1892, ply between this port and St. John, N. B.

The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly, LIME and SALT. Also CEDAR SHINGLES in the different grades.

J. H. LONGMIRE, MASTER.

When schooner is not in apply to CAPT. P. NICHOLSON, Bridgetown, N. S.

Bridgetown, March 28th, 1892. 52 tf

Executor's Notice.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN B. BROWN, of Torbrook, County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

STANLEY BROWN, *Executor.*

Torbrook, Oct. 3rd, 1892. 27 3tl

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of Stephen Edward Bent, late of Bentville, in the County of Annapolis farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

HERBERT BENT,
HOWARD BENT,
JOHN BENT,
Administrators.

Dated Bentville, May 19th, 1892. 8 6m

NOTICE!

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late GEORGE W. HUDSON, of Phinney Cove, in the Township of Granville, County of Annapolis, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

EMMERETTA A. HUDSON,
Administratrix.

Phinney Cove, April 30th, 1892. 6 1y

Administrators Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN W. ACKER, late of Nictaux Falls, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to

WM. J. H. BALCOM,
Administrator.

Nictaux Falls, August 1st, 1892. 18 6m

Administratrix Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late ANSLEY ELLIOTT, late of Port George, County of Annapolis, Merchant, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ISABELLA M. ELLIOTT,
ANNIE B. ELLIOTT,
Admx.

Port George, Sept. 17th, 1892.—26 tf

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that JAMES S. McGIVERN, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, Farmer, has this day assigned to me all of his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors, without preference.

The said deed contains a provision for the payment of such creditors as shall sign the said deed within sixty days, and also for the payment of such creditors as shall not sign said deed.

A duplicate of the said deed may be inspected and executed at the office of the undersigned in Bridgetown, aforesaid.

GEORGE H. DIXON,
Assignee.

Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1892.—26 tf

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE

A COMBINATION OF

Cod Liver Oil Cream

WITH

HYPOPHOSPHITES

FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,

Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

ECONOMICAL IN USE.

One teaspoonful of *Phospholeine* being equal in nutritive and blood-making value to ten times its bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the *Cheapest* preparation in use.

Phospholeine IS THE ONLY PREPARATION that we know of which has effected actual cures in *bona fide* cases of Consumption, Scrofula and other Wasting Diseases.

IT IS SO PLEASANT that some mothers have to put it out of the reach of their children to prevent them from drinking a whole bottle.

See last and next issues for Certificate.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT 50C. PER BOTTLE OF 60 DOSES.

UNDERTAKING.

Messrs. ROOP & SHAW

MIDDLETON, N. S.

Beg to announce to the public that they intend carrying on the Undertaking Business at Middleton, and have now in stock a varied and comprehensive line of

Caskets, Coffins, Trimmings,

AND ALL OTHER FURNISHINGS.

Parties requiring their services can rest assured of prompt and satisfactory attention, at most reasonable charges.

ROOP & SHAW.

Middleton, June 16th, 1891. 11 tf

TEA. TEA.

JUST RECEIVED,
Direct from London, on Consignment,

25 Half-Chests Choice Quality

BLACK TEA.

Parties wishing a good article at a low price, will please apply to

Geo. E. Corbitt.

Annapolis, April 11th, 1892. 2 tf

CARRIAGES

CONSISTING OF

Phaetons, Jump Seats,
OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES,
Democrats and Delivery Wagons,

ON THE CELEBRATED

DUPLEX GEAR,

at prices that are WAY DOWN.

REPAIRING and PAINTING. All work Warranted.

W. C. FEINDEL, MIDDLETON.

G. O GATES,

PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.

PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Pianos & Organs.

Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

Professional Cards.

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

DR. M. E. G. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the public. Every branch of Dental Science executed with skill, according to the latest and most approved methods.

Nitrous Oxide Gas and Other Anæsthetics used for PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
Queen Street, - Bridgetown.

NOTICE!

LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON

WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.

49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49 tf

O. T. DANIELS. O. S. MILLER

DANIELS & MILLER,
BARRISTERS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

EDWIN L. FISHER,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
AUCTIONEER,
AND
REAL ESTATE AGENT.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

October 19th, 1892. 29 1y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.—

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, - - - N. S.

James Primrose, D. D. S.

Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.

Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable Homestead on the Granville highway in Bridgetown. It consists of a small thoroughly finished and desirable dwelling-house, barn, and other outbuildings, which are also in first class repair.

The land connected is about ten acres, well cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, being well covered with fruit trees of all varieties. Being within ten minutes walk of Post Office, Churches, etc., it is a most desirable point of residence, and will be sold on most satisfactory terms.

For further particulars apply to

H. A. NICHOLS.

October 3, 1892. 27tf Bridgetown.

FOR SALE!

The whole of the valuable estate of the late W. R. DODGE is offered for sale.

If not sold by another spring, a reliable man is wanted to work on the farm, occupy part of the house and take charge generally. Inquiry can be made of

ELIZABETH O. WHITE.

Clarence, August 10th, 1892.—20 3m

Mrs. Elizabeth O. White wishes to make known to any person having in their possession "the surveying instruments" used by the late W. A. Calnek, that they are her property, and asks for their immediate return. Leave the same at MONITOR Office.

FOR SALE.

That beautiful place, "THORN COTTAGE," situate at

Middleton Corner

formerly owned by Fowler and Chipman, containing 4 acres of good land, and also Orchard, all in good state of cultivation.

Also, good comfortable House and other Outbuildings, all in first-class state of repair. If not sold will be rented Nov. 10th. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

MILLER BROS.,
116 and 118 Granville St., Halifax.

24 tf

FOR SALE!

THE property now owned and occupied by the subscriber, at Granville Ferry, consisting of a House of ten rooms, a Grocery-store and Barn, a good Garden set with Fruit Trees, and two never-failing wells of water.

For terms apply to

ROBT. W. INGLIS,
On the Premises.

Granville Ferry, August 3rd, 1891. 18 tf

FARM FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers his valuable farm for sale.

For particulars apply to

IRA B. NEILY,
Middleton.

42

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.

Best of Stock used in all classes of work.

Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.

ARTHUR PALFREY.

Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd. 1890. 291y

CAUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given the public that the "FISHER and KINNEY BELT-SHIFTING DEVICE," for the convenience of manufacturers and others using shafting, has been patented in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa for the Dominion of Canada, and any person or persons found infringing on the right of said patent will be prosecuted according to law.

The subscribers are now manufacturing the above device, and have already disposed of quite a number. Persons wishing to curtail expense in the running of machinery will find it to their advantage to communicate with

FISHER & KINNEY.

Bridgetown, September 26th, 1892. 26tf

Potter's Liniment
IS SOLD AT
W. W. CHESLEY'S. 6

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.

Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.

HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF

Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick,

which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and

ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.

Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE*, which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.

Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.

For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.

YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 1891.

The International Brick and Tile Company:

GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the surface. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,

J. B. KINNEY, *Architect.*

Correspondence solicited.

HECTOR MACLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

DR. J. WOODBURY'S

DINNER PILLS

ARE A SURE CURE FOR

INDIGESTION, in all its forms.

For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are

EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.

F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR.

MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

LONG LIFE

Is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the superior medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body. Restoration to perfect health and strength

Results from Using

AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Ks., writes:

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

HARNESS! HARNESS!

J. W. ROSS

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

All kinds of Harness

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

A large stock now on hand. Call and inspect and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

ALSO, LARGE STOCK

TRUNKS AND BAGS,

AT LOW PRICES.

Horse Rugs, all kinds,
Lap Robes, in wool and rubber.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

J. W. ROSS.

Bridgetown, Sept. 13th, 1892. 24tf

R. D. TAYLOR.

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
PERFUMERY,
TOILET SOAPS,
Hair, Tooth, Nail and Cloth Brushes,
DRESSING COMBS.
PARLOR GAMES AND STATIONERY,
FANCY WARE,
INCLUDING
TOILET SETTS, BISQUE FIGURES, ROSE BOWLS, &c., &c.

Shaffner Building,
BRIDGETOWN.

OUR PATRONAGE

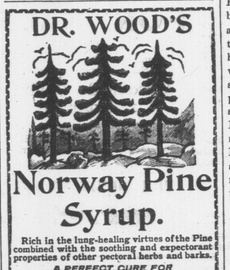
for the last three months has far exceeded that of the corresponding period of any previous year, and has been more than double that of the average year. We gratefully acknowledge this evidence of public appreciation.

Our determination is to provide the best Business Training obtainable in Canada, and we have the facilities for effecting the determination.

CIRCULARS giving terms, course of study; also specimens of Penmanship mailed free to any address.

KERR & PRINGLE,
Oddfellows Hall, St. John, N.B.

DR. WOOD'S



Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR

COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.

PRICE 25C. AND 50C. PER BOTTLE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMOVAL NOTICE!

A. J. MORRISON

wishes to notify his Patrons and the Public generally, that

On the 1st of Nov.

he will remove his Tailoring and Gents' Furnishing Stock from the store now occupied by him (next to the Grand Central Hotel), to the store lately occupied by W. W. Saunders, in the Masonic Hall Building, where he will be pleased to meet all his old customers, and as many new ones as will honor him with a call.

Bridgetown, Oct. 11th, 1892. 28 5i

Farmers' Store,
LAWRENCETOWN.

Orders will now be taken from farmers for goods in all lines for their Fall and Winter supply at Wholesale Prices.

From this date the credit system will be entirely abandoned.

Produce taken in exchange for goods at actual cash value.

J. R. ELLIOTT.
Lawrencetown.

Poetry.

What Shall it Be?

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John, John looked at me;
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I listening bent my head—
This is his letter: "I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return from out your seven
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share:
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band;
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,
A tear undried. E'er John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace—
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave,
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love;
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. "No, John, no!
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

Select Literature.

Sunshine Johnson.

Seeing the two men together and knowing that one of them was a murderer, there was one chance in a thousand that the visitor would pick out the right man as the criminal.

The white man sat on an easy canvas camp chair. He was a tall, thin man, with a stern forbidding look on his face that might have been caused by remorse, but which, more probably was caused by dyspepsia. There were certain infexible lines about his mouth which showed him to be a man of great determination, and his firm-set lips that appeared never to smile. His sharp eyes had a keen and steady look in them that went through a man, and few of those around him cared to meet those eyes when there was a spark of anger in them. He was such an unerring judge of character that he had come to believe that he could not make a mistake, which is a dangerous state of thinking for a man in his position, because a mistake made by him might mean death to somebody. Nevertheless, he trusted people that no one else would think of trusting, and his trust was rarely taken advantage of. This man was J. S. Flint, the head of the Tall Mountain Penitentiary.

The black man who stood beside him and who was receiving some instructions from him, had a simple, trustful, childlike face, which is so often found in the negro race. He seemed to have difficulty in keeping his broad mouth from relaxing into a smile; and only the fact that he was talking with the master of the penitentiary kept down his exuberant good nature. No convict would take the liberty to smile while Jackson Flint talked to him, but this negro is a privileged character, even if he wore the striped suit of an inmate to the penitentiary. He was Sunshine Johnson, in for life, a murderer, yet on his arm rested Jackson Flint's little curly-headed daughter aged six, and her arms were round the negro's black neck and her fair cheek was pressed close to his dusky face.

The murderer was one of the convicts that Jackson Flint trusted. He had certainly an easy time of it; he waited on the table, took care of the children, and did any odd job about the house. The negro was called "Sunshine" by every one about the camp. Doubtless he had not been christened that name but he had been called by it before he entered the penitentiary, and by that name he was known on the books of the institution. If a visitor attracted by his name, or his beaming countenance, so full of good nature and love of all humanity, asked the superintendent who he was Flint's brows would knit together in a frown as he answered, shortly, "A lifer;" if the visitor still pressed for information as to his crime, the frown grew deeper and the answer gruffer—"A murderer."

Most people gave a gasp at this bit of information, as they saw the negro playing with the pretty child of the superintendent; but Jackson Flint was not a man any one would care to ask personal questions of, and if the astonishing state of things caused a look of surprise to come over the visitor's face, the look was seldom translated into speech. Sometimes the inquisitive visitor sought information from Sunshine himself. When asked about his crime Sunshine always looked embarrassed, and generally cast an appealing glance at his questioneer. He stood on one bare foot, and slowly rubbed the ankle of it with the toe of his other foot while a look of perplexity came over his countenance.

"Foh de Lohd, boss, I dunno much about it, dat's de truf. I 'spects I killed de man. He's dead, anyhow, and somebody done it, and dey said it was me; yes, dey proved dat at the cohts. You see, I was drunk at de time, and I dunno anything at all about it. 'Spect dat's de reason dey didn't hang me at de time. I'se very sorry I done it, if I did do it." And then Sunshine would make an excuse to run away and play with his little charge.

The penitentiary was little more than a camp composed of rough wooden buildings, and was situated on a spur of mountain overlooking the great, deep valley, from the bottom of which the turbulent little river sent up an increasing roar. All around were the high peaks of the mountain range, closing the place in apparently without a break, although there was an unseen narrow, rocky gorge through which the river escaped, and along whose banks the single line of railroad track ran.

The mountains all around were densely wooded, and not a building was in sight anywhere, except a large hotel at the bottom of the valley which was a sort of summer resort with broad verandahs. The eternal silence of its location was broken only by the brawling river that ran beside it, and by the occasional trains which passed close to the hotel, as part of the big house was a station on the line. Passengers on the railway coming to this hotel, when they first caught sight of it, away down in the valley below them, generally made a motion to get their baggage gathered together preparatory to leaving, but the conductor used to say to them, good-naturedly:

"We are not quite there yet; I would not make a move for a minute or two if I were you; just watch that hotel."

Then, looking out of the car window into this comparatively grand valley, the passenger found himself taken round and round the circumference of the great gulf. Now the hotel was directly below; again he looked at it from across the valley; round and round the train went, getting gradually lower and lower, and it was nearly an hour after the passengers' first sight of the hotel that the train drew up under its very verandahs.

The convict settlement on the spur of the mountain was invisible from the railway track, but the convicts were there because the railway was there. They were hired out to the railway company by the State government, and as the train dashed by, sometimes the passengers were shocked to see standing close in by the cliffs beside the track, 20 or 30 black men in convict garments, some with ball and chain attached to their ankles. And then, as the train flashed on, white men with rifles on their shoulders, were seen guarding the workers on the railway.

Nevertheless, if a man had a choice of his prison this particular convict camp would be likely to be the one chosen if he knew about it. It had a glorious situation; the air was pure and clear, so much so that the locality was one of the noted health resorts of America. A visitor was generally astonished when he examined the camp, to find what little difficulty a convict would have in escaping from it. Here and there were tall board erections on which a man was stationed, with a rifle or a shot gun. There was no wall around the camp, its only protection being a small picket fence, easily leaped over. But nature guarded the prisoners. On almost every side the descent was steep, and even precipitous, but a convict would run no danger for life or limb in making the descent.

But although a convict might easily have leaped the slender barriers, and might have dodged the shots from the men on the wooden towers, his escape was next thing to hopeless; he had to climb over the mountains to get away, and a telegraph station in the convict settlement quickly apprised all civilization outside this wilderness that such and such a man had escaped. The usual result of such an attempt to escape was that a week or ten days after the leap over the barrier, a gaunt, starved man came out of the wilderness and gave himself up at the first place where he could get something to eat. Often he failed in scaling the mountain, and returned in a few days to the camp itself. The very frailty of the fence around the camp showed the utter hopelessness of attempting to escape.

On the particular day in summer to which this account relates, there had been a furious storm of rain in the mountains. The clouds seemed to have become entangled among the peaks, and they hung over the valley, unable, like the prisoners, to escape, and poured their floods into it until the little river had become a wild and raving torrent, gleaming here and there in white among the dark trees. Towards night the clouds succeeded in breaking away and floated over to the west, but the mutter of distant thunder showed that the storm was not yet over, while the heat seemed more oppressive than ever after the terrible day's rain. When darkness set in, the watery silver sickle of the moon hung over the valley and filled it with a weird, dim, tremulous light. The roar of the torrent, increased by the stillness all around, came up from the bottom of the valley on the night air.

The master of the penitentiary sat in a rocking-chair on the verandah of his wooden-house, smoking his corncob pipe. What little coolness there was, was outside and not inside the house. Suddenly a burst of childish laughter broke on his ear, and looking to the left he saw his little girl lashing Sunshine Johnson as if he were a horse, while that good natured individual trotted up and down with the child on his shoulders.

"Sunshine," cried the master, "what are you doing with Dorothy out so late as this?"

The negro came to an instant stop at the sound of the master's voice, and the child even hushed its laughter. Little Dorothy was much more afraid of her stern father than of the goodnatured murderer.

"Well, you see, massa, it's like dis," said the negro, deferentially, "little Dot had to be in de house all de day on account of de rain, sah, and it's so warm inside dat her mother she thought we cud play a little while before she goes to bed, and den little Dot, sah, she thought she'd like to ask you, sah, if she might stay up and see de midnight express."

"The midnight express, nonsense!" cried Flint. "Dorothy, you don't want to stay up as late as that?"

The little girl made no answer, but clung tighter with alarm around the negro's neck, and whispered into his ear.

"She'd like very much to stay up, sah; she hasn't seen it for a long time. I don't think it would do her any harm sah."

"Oh, she's whispered that to you, has she?"

The negro laughed a little and then checked himself. "Well, massa, I don't think it would do her any harm, sah; you see its so warm dat de little gal she couldn't sleepat night anyway, and perhaps after she sees de train den she goes to sleep, sah."

"Oh, very well," said Flint, "if her mother said it's all right, it's all right."

And then he took to smoking again, and perhaps wondered why it was his little girl preferred to whisper her request in the negro's ear rather than speak it out to him. But a man who has charge of a hundred desperate convicts is apt to lose that softness of demeanor which commends itself to children. The midnight express, he knew was a great sight to see on a dark night. The train appeared with its long row of lights from out a tunnel, and passing by the convict settlement, disappeared among the trees and through another tunnel.

It came in sight again on the other side of the valley its long line of lights appear in to crawl slowly around the mountain, while the roar of the train mingled with the roar of the torrent below. Thus it appeared and disappeared at different intervals and at different levels, sometimes going in one direction and sometimes in another, but always getting farther and farther down, like an enchanted train that had become entangled in the mountain slopes. It was alternately a row of lights and a roar, then darkness and silence, until it stopped at the station at the bottom of the valley, and with a final shriek of the whistle, that echoed long after the train was gone, disappeared through the notch into the more open country beyond, on its way to the Atlantic seaboard, which it would reach the next morning.

It was nearly time for the train when Jackson Flint was startled by a cry from his child. What he saw the next moment simply paralyzed him for the time. Sunshine Johnson had picked up a lantern which stood on the platform in front of his quarters, and shouting to Dorothy, "run in de house, honey, run in de house," leaped the fence and made off into the woods. The little girl clung to the palings of the fence and cried for her comrade. The clear voice of Jackson Flint startled every one in the camp.

"Come back, you black scoundrel; where are you going?"

A wave of the lantern was the only reply.

Then Flint quickly put his hand to his hip and drew his seven shooter. The sharp crack of the revolver clove the midnight air.

"Run in de house, honey, run in de house," repeated the negro, at the top of his voice, and then the master noticed that his little crying, curly-headed girl stood in a line between him and the escaping convict.

As a general thing Flint was an unerring shot, but now his hand trembled as he fired over his little girl's head six times, and then threw the empty revolver on the ground. Every time he fired the rapidly disappearing negro swung the lantern over his head.

Flint shouted to the sleeping guards on the towers. "Why don't you fire? Fire at him with the shot-gun." Flint clinched his teeth and awaited the result. His command had been practically a sentence of death, and he knew it. The rifle sends one pellet of death, the shot-gun sends a dozen leaden messengers, each shrieking for a life.

Three men on the towers fired almost simultaneously from the shot-guns, whose scattering fire raked and tore through the bushes. Again the negro swung the lantern over his head, but this time there was a shriek of pain from him, although he never stopped in his headlong career, and the next instant was out of sight and hearing.

All the convicts long ago had been locked up in their quarters, and most of the officials had turned in, but now pale-faced men came hurrying up to the master. The assistant superintendent hurried forward, partially dressed, and said to his chief:

"Anything wrong, sir?"

"Yes."

"Who is it, sir?"

"Johnson."

"Not Sunshine!" said the assistant, in amazement.

Flint turned on him savagely. "I said Johnson. What other Johnson is there?" And he glared with clenched fists at his subordinate.

The other did not answer for a moment, then he said, "Shall I turn out the guard and search for him, sir?"

"No, go to bed."

Little Dorothy, silent and frightened at the firing, clung gasping to the paling. Her mother came out and ran towards her, bending over her and trying to calm her fright, satisfying herself that the child was not hurt. With the little girl in her arms she approached her husband.

"Who was it?" she said in tremulous tones.

"Take that child in," thundered the master of the penitentiary. "What is she doing out at this hour? And get inside yourself."

Mrs Flint turned without a word, for she knew her husband in this mood had better be left alone. He strode up and down the platform of the verandah muttering to himself:—"He is sure to be caught, and then—" Flint ground his teeth; and there was no question but it would go hard with the trusted convict when he was caught.

The bitterness of it all was that the whole camp—convicts and guards—knew how he had trusted Sunshine Johnson, and then he had fired at him, and missed him.

After an hour's walking back and forth, Flint sat down again in his chair, and covered his face with his hands, thinking over the startling events of the night. Suddenly a very soft and low voice made him spring from the chair to his feet.

"Massa Flint," said the voice. Sunshine, with the lantern in his hand, stood before him in a dejected and crestfallen manner, his clothes torn by the bushes and brambles through which he had run.

"You scoundrel!" cried Flint, "what did you do that for?"

"Well, you see, massa," said the negro, apologetically, "you didn't hear it did you, sah?"

"Hear what?"

"Hear de land slide. I heard it rattle down on de track, and I knew I had to jump if I was to save that express—I saved it though. I 'speck de rain loosened de bank in de new cut; der's a regular mountain of gravel down on de track, sah."

The hard eyes of the master filled with tears, and he placed both hands on the negro's shoulder, who, like a culprit, gazed on the ground. Flint struggled with his agitation for a moment, but seemed unable to say just what he wanted to say. Finally he spoke, commonplacely anough.

"Then you saved the express, did you, Sunshine?" The negro looked up. The master had always called him Johnson.

"Yes, massa; and de kenductor he's a comin'. We need a shoveling gang out dar at once."

"All right, Sunshine," said Flint. "You go and tell the Sub to come here at once, and tell him to rout a gang to clear away the dirt. Say, what's the matter with your arm?"

Sunshine's left arm hung limp at his side, and now that the lantern flashed upon it Flint saw blood trickling down his hand. Sunshine looked sheepish and guilty, and scratched his ankle with his bare toe.

"Well, you see, sah, I got his a little on dat arm when dey fired de shotguns. Don't expect dey fired at me, you see, sah; guess dey wouldn't ah hit me if dey had; dey sort o' fired promiscuous like," he added, as if it necessary to make an excuse for the men who had shot him. "Can't do very good shooting, you know, for $13 a month, kin you?"

"Go in the house," said Flint; "I will rout out the gang myself, and I'll send the doctor to you at once."

At this moment the conductor, with a lantern hanging from his elbow, and a brakeman, clambered up from the track into the convict camp. The conductor was a jovial fellow who knew Flint.

"Hullo," he said, "what's this you've been doing to us? Been trying to smash up the night express? Say, the whole side of the mountain seems to have come down over the track."

"Well," said Flint, gruffly, "you may be mighty glad you didn't get your train smashed up in it. You would have, if it hadn't been for one of my niggers."

"Yes, I know that," said the other, who didn't know, however, the risk the negro had run in order to save the train. "But say, how soon can we get this cleared away? We've got the Governor of North Carolina on board, and he's as mad as the mischief at the delay. If we had the Governor of South Carolina, too, it wouldn't be so bad; because they could ask each other the celebrated question; but you see he's traveling alone in his private car."

Flint was a serious man and did not understand the bibulous joke connected with the names of the Governors of North and South Carolina, but he pricked up his ears at the mention of that official.

"Oh, he's on board, is he? Well, I'm glad of it. I want him to pardon a lifer."

"Well," said the conductor, scratching his head, "I wouldn't ask him just now if I were you, because he's not in the best of humor."

"I don't think he'll ever be in a better humor to do what I want him to than now, because if it hadn't been for my lifer, his private car might be lying down at the bottom of the ravine with him smashed up in it."

"Oh, that's how the matter stands," said the conductor; "well, I guess the Governor'll do it."

And the Governor did it.—*Good Words.*

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