## Sandvig and St. Xavier.

When Hercules Dousman was chief factor for the Astor Company at Prairie du Chien, he used frequently to tell the story of Sandvig and St. Kavier, who were perhaps as oddly assorted a pair of friends and partners as ever got together.

They were trappers. Ole Sandvig was a flaxen-haired Norse giant, who stood six feet four in his moccasins, weighed over two hundred pounds, and had not an off flesh to spare. Denis St. Kavier was a dwarf in size, black as an Indian, and bowlegged as a voyageur boatman. Ole was because of good humor, and Denis was

dwarf in size, black as an Indian, and bow-legged as a voyageur boatman. Ole was the soul of good humor, and Denis was choleric and at times rashly abusive. Both, however, were of undoubted cour-age, and more than once the hot-headed little French-Canadian was rescued from the perils of a dangerous quarrel by the prowess and wast strength of his big part-mer.

There had been a protracted and severe drught in the upper Mississipi country, and the smaller streams and lakes had all gone dry. Fur-bearing creatures were driven in upon the large streams, and the Mississippi itself became prime trapping.

and the smaller streams and lakes had all gone dry. Fur-bearing creatures were driven in upon the large streams, and the Mississippi itself became prime trapping-ground for gathering beaver, muskrat, with and otter pelts. As there was little snow for several winters, many of the trappers made their daily rounds upon skates, and covered a wide extent of territory.

During the last of these dry years Sandwig and St. Xavier chose trapping-grounds some fitty miles below Prairie du Chien and above the mouth of an lowa river. There were, as these trappers believed, no Indians wintering nearer than the villages of the Sacs and Foxes some distance away, and they put out long lines of traps without attempt at concealment.

One night in November there came a 'dry freeze' which scaled the Mississippi over with a glare of ice, and when, on the following day, the trappers went their rounds on skates, both were much astonished and mystified to find that every trap had been stolen on each bank of the river.

When they compared experiences at might, they came to the conclusion that Indians must be lurking in the neighborhood. On the next morning they started down the Mississippi to the mouth of the little river some miles below their slack, and there discovered traces of two canoes which had evidently broken through a thin scum of ice in making their way up-stream. Instantly the mystery of the stelen traps was solved. Indians had, early on the night of the first freeze, gathered the whole 'line.' In returning in their canoes, they had found the mouth of the small stream thinly covered with ice.

St. Xavier broke out in a frightened temper, and to Olo's advice that they secure aid from the trappers up the river he would not listen. What were five, six, ten piltering Indians, he asked, that two good men should fear them? Had not Baptiste Le Bon gone alone to Wabash'a Sioux village after his stolen gun, and didn't he make them give it up? Well, then!

And so the two skated on up the little river in search of the thieves.

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And so the two skated on up the little river in search of the thieves.

And they ran quite suddenly upon an Indian village of newly built lodges—a dozen or fitteen of them—upon a marsh island formed by an arm, or broad bayou, of the river. The lodges were of woven willow built in a marsh of tall corn-stalk grass, with closely tied bundles of which they were heavily thatched. They were protected from fires by the watercourses, and from the winds of winter by the thick fringes of willows.

and from the winds of winter by the thick fringes of willows.

The trappers boldly approached this Iowa town, walking up a narrow path where the swaying corn-stalk tops brushed Ole Sandvig's shoulders.

But when on arriving at the lodge of the chief, they found that Conkey John, a notorious Murquakie scalawag, was 'head man,' they abandoned all hope of immediately recovering their traps. Only the summer before, at 'the prairie,' St Xavier had offended this redoubable scoundrel by telling him some emphatic truths about his dishonorable career.

telling him some emphatic truths about his dishonorable career.

Nevertheless the trappers boldly entered Conkey John's teepee, and demanded their traps and peltries. Conkey John's answer was characteristic of that wily thief. The fellow had picked up, somehow, a fair smattering of English.

'Ho! You tlaps?' he inquired. 'Heap Sac up lebber [river]. He go by las' night. Him have many tlap; heap muslat; heap skin'

The trappers knew Conkey John lied, and his shrewdly twinkling eyes betrayed his enjoyment of the situation.

St. Xwier poured forth a torrent of angry threats, until Sandvig, dragging him from the lodge, compelled him to be quiet. There was nothing for it but to return to Praire du Chien empty-handed, and the sensible Norwegian wished to make a prudent retreat from so dangerous a nest of freebooters.

A wind which had risen that morning.

ent retreat from so dangetees

A wind, which had risen that morning,
and increased to a gale, and was blowing
directly in their faces as the trappers put
on their skates at the lower extreminity
of the island. Ole Sandwig cast several
furtive glances behind him, and cocked his
gun. When he had securely fastened his
akates, the Norseman rose to peer over
the top of the waving grass.

At the same moment St. Xavier's riffe

akates, the Norseman rose to peer over
the top of the waving grass.

At the same mement St. Xavier's riffe
cracked, and Sandvig turned to see that
the angry Frenchman had fired into a thick
tuft of grass. Instantly Ole darted forward to smother the first tiny shoot of
fame, but the wily Denis tripped him, and
both men spræsled on the ice,
Betore Sandvig could regain his feet,
flames, blown upon by the high wind,
leaped higher than his head.

Now come! he shouted angrily at his
mate. 'Ve sall both be killed, eder ve
skate mighty fart already!'
But St. Xavier could not skate at all. In
the collision with Sandvig he had breken

'De las' of St. Xavier,' he said. 'Ole, you gest out of dis."

The big Norwegian glared at his audacious partner for an instant while the fiames crackled and roared inland. 'De onliest time,' St. Kavier used to say afterward, 'dat ever I see Ole Sandvig mad.'

mad.'
Ole wasted no words in his wrath. He flung off his greasy reather coat, cut off the sleeves and ripped them into string. Then he seized the little Frenchman bundled him into the armless garment, and made the live package fast to his belt behind. Then, leaving both their guns upon the ice, he skated away into the teeth of the

Then, leaving both their guns apon the ice, he skated away into the teeth of the wind.

Thus helplessly dragged, St. Xavier leoked back to see the Indian town already ablaze, and the helpless Musquakies, men, women and children, running out upon the ice. Now that he had time to reflect, he doubled if, with his short legs and heavy body, he could even have skated away from those Indians. Some of them would ot course cross the V-shaped peninsula between the rivers to throw themselves across Ole's path, and others would follow directly upon his trail.

Ole was a magnificent akater, but St. Xavier knew that he was a heavy drag. He wished he had clung to his gun, and made Ole save himself.

The big Norseman bent against the fierce wind, and plied his skates with might and main. If only he might make the turn, some three or four miles distant, and get started with the wind before those Indians should cross the neck! That was Ole's sole hope of escape.

Not once did the swift skater look behind. Bent almost double, he turned the curve of the river, and the helpless St. Xavier slipped and slewed, and sometimes rolled over and over at his heels. A half-hour's struggle against the fierce gale left Ole pretty well blown when the true came;

ed over and over at his needs. A hair-nour's struggle against the fierce gale left Ole pretty well blown when the turn came; and even then he dared not abate his tre-mendous exertion. He skated almost at the speed of the gale for two miles or

more.
Then, in emerging from an island chan-nel, the skater saw that his long and ex hausting burst of speed had been without

hausting burst of speed had been without avail.

The fleet-footed Musquakie runners were ahead of him. Ranged across the ice-channel, a score of Indians stood ready to converge their line upon any point at which he might aim. And owing to the great drought, the channel was less than a quarter of a mile in width.

At first Ole was inclined to turn back and race against the wind again. Then his shrewd eyes, running along the row of clearly outlined figures, noted that the Indians were armed, it armed at all, with their knives only. Seeing that he and St. Xavier had discarded their guns, they had themselves raced across the neck in lightest running gear; and so Sandvig, gathering his energies for a mighty burst of speed, bore down upon the left wing of the enemy. Their center and right swung about in a sliding, scrambling semicircle to close in upon him.

Instead of attempting to dodge the

Instead of attempting to dodge the gathering knot in his front, Sandvig dove straight at the group. He knocked two Indians out of his path, and tore through Indians out of his path, and tore through the crowd of savages like a cannon-ball. Nevertheless, he ielt an extra tug at his rope, and glancing behind, saw that an In-dian was clinging to one of St. Xavier's

wolf-pack close upon Öle's heels. Ten or twelve of them were so close that a single mishap would pile them, in a vengeful heap on Ole and St. Xavier.

As for the Frenchman, he found some satisfaction in shouting defiance at the Musquakies. Having one tree arm, he also flourished at them a knife which he held ready, at the last extremity to cut the held ready, at the last extremity to cut the thong above his head, and thus leave Ole free to fight or save himself if he should

tree to fight or save himself it he should choose.

The Indians made no answer to St. Xavier's revilings. Like the skater, they beat every energy upon winning the hotly contested race, and they were picked on by the keenest of savage incentives—the lust for revenge. Even when one fell forward upon all tours, as now and then happened, the fierce wind and his own impetus bore him forward until, catlike, he had regained his feet without perceptible loss of speed.

Thus the race continued; then, is turning an island, the skater caught the glimmer of an almost imperceptible line of white blisters, or ice-bubbles, a hundred yards in front of him. There, he knew, was a streak of thin ice where a swift crossourent ran round the island bars. He had already avoided several such air holes, but now he continued straight on.

He slackened his speed until a dozen or more of the Indians were almost upon him. These were gripping their knives for a final and desperate rush when the cunning skater darted aside at a sharp angle, avoiding the ice-bubbles by a dangerous margin.

The ice cracked under min, said to a consider the consideration of the c

their faces or their backs in the hope to slide over the cracking ice. The foremost broke through in a twinkling, and one after another a dozen plumped into the widening breach, and floundered up to their armpits and necks in a freezing current.

St. Xavier shouted. Ole Sandvig, too, stopped at a safe distance to get his breath, and then to indulge in a great Norse roar of laughter.

The pursuit was effectively checked. The stalled Musquakies had, in fact hard enough work to save their lives. Sandvig and St. Xavier were a mile away when the last one was fished out over the bending, breaking ice.

The trappers reached Prairie de Chien that evening, and there Sandvig cut loose from his partnership with St. Xavier. He declared he would have nothing to do with such a venture fool.

declared he would have nothing to do with such a venture fool.

"Nevertheless," Dousman was wont to add after Denis had moped about the fort for several months, like a love-sick and disappointed squaw, the two went off together again.

Relies of the Emplorer and his Comrades Found in the Gran Chaco.

It was reported early in September, 1899, that Senor Enrique Ibarreta and his mer had mysteriously disappeared while ex-ploring the Pileomayo River, in north Argentina, one of the longest of the second-class sterams of South America. There was little doubt that they have been massacred by the Indians, who for 170 years past have defeated the attempts made by a onsiderable number of explorers to explore this stream. A little later the bare fact was published that there was no longer any doubt of the massacre of the party, but no details of the tragedy had been

Then a report reached Buenos Ayres that Ibarrets and a part of his expedition were probably still alive. This report led to the sending of an expedition under the command of Senor Uriarte to rescue the explorers if they could be found. The relief expedition has recently returned to Buenos Ayres with evidence that leaves no doubt that the entire party was killed by the hostile Indians of the northern part of Newellton, Nov. 12, to the wife of V. Nickerson, a

In the depths of the Chaco forests, near a place called Esteros de Patino, Uriarte found the camp of Ibarreta. Strewn all around were the camp utensils and equipment, most of it rendered useless by the weapons of the Indians, who had destroyed practically everything which they could not utilize. Even the voluminous notes which Ibarreta had made upon the work he was doing from day to day were torn to pieces and scattered to the winds. A considerable number of these fragments were recovered and they supplied undoubted proof of having been written by the ill-fated explorer. Many photographic negatives he had made were also found.

Not a trace, however, of any of the party could be discovered. It is believed that the whole party was surprised and overwhelmed by a superior force of In-dians and that after the whites were killed dian was clinging to one of St. Xavier's feet.

Ole then gave himself up for lost. His speed was greatly retarded by this iresh clog, and a horde of yelling Indians were at his heels. But St. Xavier draw the sliding Indian toward him by simply doubling his legs, and then delivered a kick with his his free foot, which, being well directed, rid him of his incubus.

Nevertheless, Ole, tired and breathless, was now no more than a match for the Indian runners. These were clad only in shirts and leggings, and almost as surefooted as the skater, leaped and slid on their moccasies now almost as fast as the tired trapper on his steel runners.

At the end of another quarter-hour the pursuers were running like a persistent wolf-pack close upon Ole's heels. Ten or twelve of them were so close that a single state of the widow of a soldier of the sixth United the size of the sixth United States Cayalry for whese death the bene-

States Cavalry for whose death the bene ficiary was responsible. While this start ling fact would seem to debar the widow, the peculiar and interesting circumstances of the soldier's demise rendered it proper for the pension officials to pass favorably upon her application. It appears that the soldier, according to

to the coroner's verdict, came to his death May, 7, 1888, through choking with a leather watch chain in the hands of his wife while she was protecting her life. The widow's statement before the jury disclosed a remarkable series of incidents, and was corroborated in all essential respects by other witnesses. She testified that her husband had been drinking heavily for a week. She had gone to him at 12 o'clcck and told him that dinner was ready. He made no response, and after the meal was finished, and the diners had gone, he came and told her to prepare dinner at once. She at first remonstrated, but observing a strange look upon his face, became frightened, and began to do as com-

The husband then said with an oath that he was going to kill her and struck her, knocking her against the table. The wife then fled from the house, thinking to find some of the men about the place who would quiet or restrain her husband. She ran to a field where men were ploughing and begought their interference or protec-tion. They refused, saying that they could

ed, and lay in that condition for four or five minutes. He did not struggle, but made a queer noise in his throat.

When the woman recovered she arose, hid the revolver, and ran to the house. When the men went to where her husband lay they found him dead. The wife had unintentionally strangled her husband. Her pension has been granted, and today she s drawing \$8 a month.

Mr. Bacon—I shouldn't think you'd allow any of our neighburs to abuse you in the manner I overheard some one speaking to you in the back yard, a little while ago, dear.

Mrs. Bacon—That wasn't any of the neighbors, John; that was the cook!

#### BORN.

Windsor, Dec. 5, to the wife of A. Crezier, a son.
Truro, Dec. 3, to the wife of Fred Layton, a son.
Newellton, Nov. 14, to the wife of F. Smith, a sen.
Halifax, Dec. 3, to the wife of D Johnstone, la son,
Rockville, Dec. 5, to the wife of B. Killam, a son,
Shedac, Dec. 8, to the wife of E. Hebert, a daughter.
Halifax, Dec. 2, to the wife of J. Regers, a daughter.
Halifax, Nov. 27, to the wife of Geo. Harvey, a
son.
Newellton, Nov. 12, to the wife of Y. Nichessen.

Newellton, Nov 24, to the wife of S. Atki Tusket Wedge. Dec. 3, to the wife of S. Richard, a son.

Halifax, Nov. 30, to the wife of Dr. Kinkead, a a son.

a son.
Yarmouth, Nov. 16, to the wife of Frank Whiston, a son.
Yarmouth, Nov. 20, to the wife of Charles White, a son.

a son.

Avonport, Nov. 15, to the wife of Arthur Lockhart, a son. Moncton, Doc. 9, to the wife of T. Gallagher, a danguler. daughter.
Shedite, Nov. 28, to the wife of J. Bourgeois, a daughter.
Shedite, Nov. 29, to the wife of C. Hebert, a daughter.
Hatts, Dec. 2, to the wife of S. McMullen, a daughter.

daughter.

Montreal, Nov. 16, to the wife of J Turner, a daugster.

Brookfield, Dec. 6, to the wife of H. Brookfield, a daughter.

daughter.

West River, Dec. 4, to the wife of W. Creighton, a daughter. Newellton, Nov. 12, to the wife of R. Williams, a daughter. Tusket Wedge, Nov. 27, to the wife of J. Comeau, North Sydney, Nov. 29, to the wife of Rev. W. Vernon, a son.

Tusket Wedge, Nov. 29, to the wife of Benj. Col reau, a daughter. MARRIED.

## Calais, Nov 28, by Rev M F Walsh, James Myers to Edith Ronan.

Hants Co, Nov 23, by Rev Mr Whitman, Caleb Burns to Leonie Harvie. Somerville, Mass, Nov 23, Andrew J Harris to Tressa E Waterman.
Oak Bay, Nov 27, by Rev E Bell, John W Spinney to Mary F Johnson. Salem, Dec 3, by Rev W M Knollin, Louis Abrec to Florence Goudey.

to Floreuce Gondey.

Boston, Nov 28, by Rev Mr Butters, Thomas P
Green to Eva G Macmillan.

Colchester, Nov 7, by Rev Wm Forbes, Thos
Green to Mahalis White. Springhill, Nov 28, by Rev Wm Brown, John Cromey to Clara J Gillet.

Dartmouth, Nov 28 by Rev Dr Kempton, Alfred T Weir to Lizzie Lintaman. Waterville, Nov 21, by Rev John Hawley, Charles F Wood to Julia Burgess. Glace Bay, Nov 30, by Rev J A Forbes, John R Cohoon to Serah McKinnon.

Parrisbore, Nov 28, by Rev W M Ryan, Brandford M Gough to Ruth B Wotton. Baccaro, N S, Nov 26, by Rev John Phalen, Robt W Smith to Jessie H Snow. Calais, Nov 28. by Rev M F Walsh, Thomas F Higgins to Nellie Sullivar. Farmingham, Nov 23, by Rev C E Sinclair, Charles Libbey to Euphemia Collins.

Fredericton, Nov 19, by Rev G M Campbell, Herman McLean to Ada Nason. Charlottetown, Nov 14, by Rev Dr Morrison, Augus I Steele to Hansah Egan. Morell, Nov 27, by Rev A Macaulay, Michael Cormicy to Miss B A Walsh.

Clark Harbor, Nov 28, by Rev A M McNintch, Judah Kenney to Julia Lowe. Calais, Nov 24, by Rev W W Oglier, Clarence E Tratton to electrude M Mundle. Waltham, Mass, by Rev Frederick Creul, Bo N Ricker to Dalsy A Chapman. Glace Bay, Nov 28, by Rev A J Archibald, Theophalis Gillard to Annie Munroe. Springhill, Nov 28, by Rev E P Hurley, Wm H Gelling to Margaret J Ruthledge.

Vancouver, B C, Nov 16, by Rev Trueman Bishop'
Howard A Turner to Mabel West. Point LaNim, Nov 29, by Rev George Fisher, James R McPherson to Lena Dickie. Yarmouth, Nov 29, by Rev W F Parker, Alexan der H Knowles to Mary F Burrows.

Windsor, Nov 29, by Archdeacov Weston-Jone Edward B Sims to Eliza B Blenkhorn. Charlottetown, Dec 5, by Rev D B MacLeed, Davi R Chandler to Alexandra M Walker. Providence, R. I., Nov 27, by Rev Thomas Fentor John MacDonald to Mary C McKinnon.

### DIED

Halifax, Dec. 7, Pearo Oam, 24. Calais, Nov. 29, Sarah Smith, 85. New Annan, Nov. 27, Sara Bell, 17.

do nothing with the man. Meantime he had gathered up the baby, mounted a horse and followed in pursuit of her. The husband rode up to his wife, who begged him not to hurt her. He replied with an oath that he would break her bones and would kill her; that she must die. He then threw the baby to the ground, pulled his six shooter frem his belt, tried to make his horse run over her, and reached out trying to strike her with his revolver. As he leaned over he fell from his horse to the ground on his side and back. In falling he fell against his wife, knocking her down. She jumped up, threw herself upon her husband, intending te get his revolver away from him. She laid hold of his leather watch chain, which he wore round his neck. The leather guard fastened with a slip-knot. The wife clutched the chain with one hand and with the other held ene of her husband's hands. She was exhausted, and lay in that condition for four or five minutes. He did not struggle, but Boston, Dec. 8, Bessie, wife of Daniel McDonald, 21. Bedford, Dec. 8, Agnes, wife of Frank A. Ronnan,

North Cambridge, Mass, Nov. 80, Mrs. Sophro West Somerville, Mass., Nov. 26, Capt. Chas. W. Burns. Amherst, Nov. 30, Mary D., wife of Russell Embree, 28. Scotch Village, Dec. 2, Elizabeth, wife of Joseph Walley, 67. Shelburne Co., Nov. 13, Adelaide J., wife ci Mr. King Perry, 24. St. Stephen, Nov. 29, Electra, widow of the late Wm. Love, 67. Watervale, Nov. 28, Elspy, widow of the late Don-ald Bailte, 94. aid Bailie, 94.

St. John, Nov. 25, William V., child of Thomas F.
Keary, 6 years.

Trano, Dec. 6, Georgianna E., wife of Duncan G.
McDonaid, 83. McDonaid, 88.

Hallfax, Dec. 7, Ellen T., daughter of James and Mary Finlay.

Point Edward, C. B., Nov. 30, Sarah, widow of James Lewis, 87. Truro, Dec. 6, Wiliard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe. Johnson, 4 months. connicter, Mass., Nov. 24, Margaret, wife of Maurice W. Lynch. Maurice W. Lynch.

Upper Stewlacke, Nov. 27, Robert, eldest son of Charles Miller, 24. Ward's Brook, Oct. 18. Bessie C., daughter of the late Elisha Grant, 15.

Tucket, Nov. 29, Sarah Moody, widow of the late-Capt. James Bond, 60. Capt. James Bond, 60.

Truc. Dec. 3. Daniel, J., son of Mr. and Mrs., Wiliam Watson, 3 months.

Argyle Sound, Dec. 2. Doras, child of Capt. and Mrs. Wm. C. Goodwin, 3 years.

Lower Newcastle, Nov. 20. Marguerite J., child of John and Janet Gordon, 3 years.



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