ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1882. NO. 10.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First Insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prices a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves. Don't forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood, in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

HATHEWAY LINE.

Direct Between
BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA
NO TRANSFERS.

Via the staunch sea-going HUNTER, and the all steel Steamship SECRET, in connection with the W. & A. Railway from Halifax, and the W. C. Railway from Yarmouth, and Stage connection with Liverpool.

Until further notice Steamer Hunter will leave Annapolis on Monday afternoon after arrival of Express train from Halifax—for Boston direct. Returning will leave Foster's Wharf, Boston, on Thursday afternoon.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis on Wednesday after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct—landing her passengers in Boston in 24 and 28 hours from Nova Scotia. Returning, leaves Boston on Monday morning.

Close connections made with all Railways and Steamers for West and North West. First class accommodation.

Low Fares and Cheap Freights.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to Station Agents on the W. & A. R. and W. C. Railways, or to John Walsh, Digby.

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

F. W. HATHEWAY, Agent, Annapolis.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
First-Class Route
BETWEEN
Nova Scotia and the United States
Via the Splendid
STEAMER "EMPRESS,"
Between St. John Digby and Annapolis
And thence to PORTLAND and BOSTON via the splendid Steamers of the
International Steamship Company.

Superior Accommodation with Fares as Low as by any other Route.

Special Reduced Rates of Fare.

	1st Class Limited to Continuous Passage.	1st Class Unlimited to Portland.	1st Class Unlimited to Boston.
Windsor to Boston			
Portland,	$6.50	$8.00	$8.50
Kentville to Boston or Portland,	6.00	7.25	7.70
Annapolis to Boston or Portland,	5.00	5.70	6.20

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

Leaves Annapolis on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons

After arrival of Windsor & Annapolis Railway Express Trains from Halifax, Windsor, &c., and will leave Digby after arrival of Express Train, Western Counties' Railway, from Yarmouth, Weymouth, &c., for St. John, where passengers bound West or South can take one of the splendid Steamers of the International Steamship Co., which leave Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday and Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston.

Returning, steamers of International Steamship Company leave Boston every Monday and Thursday Morning, at 8 o'clock, for St. John, connecting there with steamer "Empress" leaving St. John for Digby and Annapolis every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 8 a. m.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; C. R. BARY, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or also from J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, General Agent.
45 Duke St., St. John.

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the Insruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with
THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

Mowing Machines

THE subscriber imported year before last

FIFTY SPRAGUE MOWING MACHINES

From the celebrated manufacturer, John Abew, Esq., of Woodbridge, Ontario, whose machines are acknowledged to be equal, if not better than any machines made. They contain all the modern improvements. Forty-six are sold, but I have FOUR still for sale which I will dispose of at a much less price than the original cost, and give 12 months credit, note on interest at 7 per cent. to a good party.

WM. WARWICK.

Lawrencetown, May 15th, 1882. n5tf

NEW Spring Goods!

A Large and well selected Stock of—

CLOTHING!

mostly made by the well known and reliable house of H. Shorey & Co.

A heavy lot of SCOTCH & Canadian Tweeds and Homespuns.

A Fine line of PRINTS & DRESS GOODS,

With especial value in Black Cashmere, Coburgs and Lustres.

Mens' Heavy Wool, Cotton and Wool & Park's Cotton Shirtings.

GREY AND WHITE COTTONS, TICKINGS, OSNEBURGS, COUTTANADES, TOWELLING, CRASH TABLE LINEN, CORSETS, SUSPENDERS, PARK'S KNITTING COTTON HOSIERY AND GLOVES, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, AND RUBBERS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.

Together with everything kept in a first-class country store, all of which will be sold as low for cash or on reasonable time, as can be sold by any dealer who expects to pay his bills.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, April 24th, 1882.

New Store, New Goods.

MIDDLETON STATION.

THE subscribor having just completed the enlargement of his premises respectfully invites the inspection of his new and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

Especial attention is invited to one of the LARGEST STOCKS of Boots and Shoes to be found outside of the Cities, and at prices that defy competition. Ladies' and Misses' Fine KID BOOTS and SLIPPERS a specialty.

Ladies' and Mens' Overshoes and Rubbers.

Also, Crockery, Tinware, and everything found in a well stocked country store.

Always on hand, Flour, Meal, Lime, Salt, etc., at prices as Low as the Lowest.

It is not my intention to advertise impossible prices, but a comparison of prices is cordially invited. Close cash buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

WANTED—100 doz. Good Home-knit Socks, at 25c. per pair; good double and twisted Yarn, at 60c. per lb; Cloth, butter, eggs, at the highest market rate — also, Lumber, Shingles, cordwood, etc,

J. H. CHUTE.

Janv. 16th, 1882. n40tf

COTTAGE FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers at Private Sale, his Cottage at PARADISE, together with a good stable and other outbuildings, all in good repair.

The property is situated in the village of Paradise, is within five minutes walk of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway Station, two churches and a first-class grade Day School, which, with its pleasant and attractive surroundings make it one of the most desirable residences that has been offered to the public for some time. Possession given at any time.

Terms made known on application to

W. F. MORSE.

Paradise, April 8rd, 1882 tfn52

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food.

Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Flour and Meal.

THE Subscriber has a large consignment of FLOUR, CORN MEAL and OAT MEAL which he offers for sale at

LOW RATES,

EITHER

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, SUCH AS WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, RYE-STRW, BEANS, POTATOES, ETC.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, January 5th, 1882.

UNPRECEDENTED

Large Stock OF BOOTS AND Shoes!

2000 PAIRS,

IN VARIETY,

COMPRISING

100 PRS. WOMENS' FRENCH KID BOOTS,

100 PAIRS WOMENS' KID GOAT & PEBBLE SHOES,

100 PRS MENS' BROGANS,

VERY CHEAP.

And a Large Stock of each Kind, Suitable for the Fast Increasing Trade.

Purchasers are requested to call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident we have bought from the best manufactures both in Quality and Price, and are willing to quote cash prices

Below Competition.

Also—in STOCK:

30 BUS. Timothy SEED,

800 LBS. CLOVER! WITH USUAL GARDEN & FIELD SEEDS!

ALSO:

Groceries, &c., &c.,

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Murdoch & Co.

Edmund Bent

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Sales attended to promptly in any part of the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made.

Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1880. n5tf

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Harris Harding Morse, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MARGARET E. MORSE,
J. L. MORSE,
L. S. MORSE,
Executors.

Dated May 31st, 1882. 6m

MURRAY CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the MURRAY CANAL," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY the TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY OF JUNE next, for the formation of a Canal to connect the head waters of the Bay of Quinte with Presquille Harbor, Lake Ontario.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works can be seen at this office and at Brighton, on and after Thursday the eighth day of June next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted bank cheque for the sum of $2000 must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the execution of the works at the rates and prices submitted, subject to the conditions and on the terms stated in the specification.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 22nd May, 1882. [n8tf

Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received until noon, on FRIDAY, 7th JULY, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mail Twelve times per week each way, between

Bridgetown Post Office and Railway Station,

under a proposed contract for four years from the 1st OCTOBER next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Bridgetown, or at the office of the subscriber.

CHARLES J. MACDONALD,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Halifax, 26th May, 1882. } n3

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 7th JULY, for the conveyance of her Majesty's Mails, Twelve times per week each way, between

Lawrencetown Post Office and Railway Station,

under a proposed contract for four years from the 1st OCTOBER next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Lawrencetown, or at the office of the subscriber.

CHARLES J. MACDONALD,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Halifax, 26th May, 1882. [n8

WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on TUESDAY *the eleventh day of July next*, for certain alterations to be made to, and the lengthening of Lock No. 2 on the line of the old Welland Canal.

A map of the locality together with plan and specifications of the works to be done, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Thorold, on and after TUESDAY, *the twenty-seventh day of June next*, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted Bank Cheque for the sum of $1,500 must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the execution of the work at the rates and prices submitted, and subject to the conditions and terms stated in the specifications.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 22nd May, 1882. [n8

WINTRY BLASTS ARE SPECIALLY FRUITFUL of coughs and colds. Children who romp out of doors during the cold season are very subject to them, and no household where there are children should be unprovided with an effectual safeguard against lung disease. Such a one is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a preparation in which the former ingredient possesses the utmost purity, and where its well-known pulmonic properties are increased by the admixture of the lime and soda salts. Of these the basis is phosphorus, an essential constituent of the brain, the muscles and the blood, and long recognized by physicians as a strengthening and fortifying agent of surpassing efficacy. The waste of bodily tissue consequent upon lung, chest, and throat complaints is promptly checked by this time-honored remedy, and the irritation of the breathing organs arrested and overcome by it. The article has been pronounced by physicians the best preparation of its class, and this professional verdict has found an echo in the grateful acknowledgements of many who, despairing of aid from any source, have nevertheless sought and found relief from it. Persons whose chest and lungs are weak should use it as a preventive. Asthma, coughs, colds, spitting of blood, bronchitis and laryngitis are promptly remedied by it, and it also possesses properties as a blood purifier very manifest in various types of scrofula. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Canada

Poetry.

There is no Death.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And, bright in heaven's jewelled crown,
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the early May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks over earth with silent tread,
And bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them 'dead.'

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Make glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for sin and vice,
He hears it to that world of light
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead.

—SIR E. BULWER-LYTTON.

Select Literature.

"Colorado Madge."

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The sharp silver horn of the clear curled moon—hanging so low in the marvelous sky of Colorado, it seemed you might tip-toe up and touch it from the hilltop—slid hastily down behind Pike's peak on this evening; as if it did not like to see what was about to happen.

This was in the earlier days of Colorado, when miners slept on their newly-discovered claims. A wall of rock and debris from the mine made a sort of fortress against the savage and the storm.

This mine here at Boulder canyon was a new discovery—the richest, the most marvelously rich that ever yet had been found. But all this has been said of nearly every discovery, these glaring adjectives add but little to the outline of this crude little sketch. This claim, like all other fearfully rich ones, was also for sale. That was why all sorts of people from all sorts of places came straggling in through the narrow passes left in the walls to where Col. Bill Williams and his friends grouped about their pine-knot fire under the stars of Colorado.

Old Kit, the last of the trappers, a withered, dried up old man, ready to blow away like a leaf into the river of death—a man who had held possession of all this land of gold long years before—sat moodily aside smoking his last pipe of tobacco. Suddenly he started up, or rather half-undoubled, with his hand on his ear.

'What's that?'

'Guess you've got 'em agin Kit.'

'Got 'em agin? It was a woman, I tell you. But I forgot, you new fellers can't hear like old Mountain Kit. Yes, thar it is agin! Injun women in trouble. Somebody's after 'em,' muttered the old man, as he again doubled up and silently sucked his pipe-stem.

'Shouldn't wonder. Snagly, the agent, is red-hot after Madge, you know,' squeaked out the little doctor.

'Yes, Madge and her old mother, have got away from the reservation again,' growled Ginger.

'And is he goin' to take Madge back?' queried Kit, sympathetically, as he again half-undoubled and shuffled forward.

'Take her back, if it takes the whole United States army,' said Ginger savagely.

'Poor gal, poor gal!' mused the old trapper. 'Why, her father, boys, was white. Yes, white as—as—well now, he was white as the whitest. And as for Madge, why she's whiter herself than that agent is.'

The old man was full of rage, and almost erect.

'Now, you look here,' and Ginger like the bully that he was, came close up to the old trapper, 'Snagly, the Indian agent, is a pard of mine in a tradin' post. And you just go slow. If he wants that gal he'll have her.'

'Have her, will he? Well not while old Mountain Kit can lift a fist, he won't. Now do you just stick a pin there.'

But, from the manner of the miners, it was clear enough that neither Madge nor any of her unhappy race had friends in that camp other than the old trapper.

Suddenly Madge stood, or rather crouched, as a hunted wild beast might crouch, right their in their midst. Of course she had come in through the narrow pass in the stone wall that had been thrown up there by the long, strong arm of the now resting derrick, but no one had seen her enter.

She had come as silent and sudden as the moon had gone. Her limbs were as supple as the panther's—her footfall as light. She looked to be only a waif—a hungry tired beggar. She had a spotted skin over her shoulder, a short, tattered petticoat hung from her waist; her feet were naked; her breast was almost bare, save the storm of hair that hung and blew about her shoulders as she crouched there, looking back, she feared she was followed, trembling, starting, quivering, scarcely daring to breathe.

'Hello, Madge, what's the row now?' The girl did not answer. The stern and unfriendly voice of Col. Bill Williams and the half sneer on the faces of all showed her at a glance that she had not fallen among friends.

'Madge, why don't you claim to be white and stay with the whites? You have a right to that, and then they can't take you to the reservation at all,' added the colonel more kindly.

Should she open her proud lips to utter the scorn she felt for a race who could treat her and her people as they were treated? Should she stoop to say, My mother is starving up yonder on the rocks, only a stone's throw away, where she is hiding from the man-hunters? Did it need any words to these men that she would live or die with her mother and her mother's people?

'Say, Madge, you could get a job down at the Hurdy Gurdy House to sing and dance if you'd claim to be white; then you could get some clothes,' urged the colonel, as he looked at her thin, bare arms, while she still stood trembling, looking back listening, her nostrils extended, her pale lips set in silence.

Ginger, mean time, had risen and moved cautiously around towards the door or entrance through the great high stone wall; and, before she could guess what it meant, he stood between her and her beloved mountains. She was a prisoner. The hard, merciless man laughed wickedly as he threw his strong arm before her when she was about to spring past him and escape.

She had not spoken yet. But now she turned about, half threw up her hands in sign of submission, and for the first time stood erect.

She was tall, and, had she not been starving, she would have been strangely, savagely, fearfully beautiful. Had she been well clad and cared for she would at that moment have looked the royal princess in body that she was in soul. But this wild rose, set thick with thorns, was only a bud that perhaps would never blossom.

These men had all seen her before. This canyon, this land, these mountains were her home, her inheritance. She had played when a child with the shiny bits of gold and silver that these strong men were going mad over now. Her people had galloped their horses over all this gold for a thousand years. But now the white man had come and was digging, digging everywhere—digging graves for body and for soul.

Yes, all these men knew Madge very well—her pride and her recklessness. Not a man there that did not know how impregnable was this girl's virtue, how she scorned and despised them every one, too.

Ginger sat himself down on a rock near by the pass in the wall and waited for Snagly, the agent, whom he knew was after her and would soon be there. The girl moved about the inclosure dimly lighted by the flaring pine-knots, but did not speak. This was a wild beast that had been caught in a cage. She was gliding about as if to try the bars, to see how to escape from the cage. At last her eyes fell on a little uncovered tin bucket back among the buffalo robes and blankets. She leaped over cautiously and looked at its contents. It was full of provisions—sandwiches and a roast fowl for somebody's supper. The girl glanced up toward the rugged mountain above her. Then she measured the height of the stone wall before her. Her black eyes gleamed with a terrible purpose. Her mother was starving up there. She was going to steal this, leap up and over that wall like a starving wolf, and save her mother, who would die rather than surrender and go back to the reservation.

Old Kit, bent, broken, helpless, had sat all this time back obscurely in the corner; but his eyes, his every sense, had followed and understood her. He came out from his place and sat between the flaring and fitful pine-knot light and the little tin bucket. But how could he help her, this man who could not even help himself? The girl did not seem to notice him, or indeed to see any one now. She stretched her long slender arms just once, as if to make certain that they were free; she drew the thong that girdled her a little together, put the storm of midnight hair back a little from about her piercing eyes, and that was all. She had not spoken one word. She had not even deigned to look at the man who sat keeping watch at the narrow little pass through the great ugly wall. Only Old Kit seemed to suspect her purpose. The miners talked in little groups together about their mines. They had forgotten the girl was there. At length she seemed ready. She threw her hand up to her ear as if listening, looked up the ugly cliff above her where her mother was hiding and starving, looking hard at the steep and savage stone wall before her, and then darting down like a hawk she caught up the little bucket and leaped across the open space at a bound and on up the stone wall.

Up, up! She stops. It is too steep for her failing strength. The jagged quartz cuts her feet and hands till the white wall of rock is red. Her hands relax their hold on the sharp rock, and she falls back bleeding and bruised at the very feet of the man who had sprung forward from where he was keeping watch at the pass in the wall.

'Now, what do you mean?' called out the colonel.

'Told you so!' shouted Ginger, as he took her by the hair and forced her to rise.

'Injins will be Injins, boys,' said the doctor, and he picked up and set aside the little bucket.

'Now, I guess you'll help me keep her here till Snagley comes, won't you? I seed you fellers lookin' dark at me as I sat there, you in particular, colonel. Well, now, don't you see I'm right. Injins is Injins. It's the cussed bad blood that's in 'em. The Injin will out every time.'

'Yes, send the little cuss back to the reservation. Let Snagley have her if you like,' said the colonel, as he brushed the dirt from a bruised knee and limped around to the other side of the fire. For he, too, had sprung up and tried to reach the girl when he saw her about to fall. But whether to help or harm was not certain to anyone.

At mention of the reservation the girl became wild and desperate. She threw herself imploringly before the strong, bearded colonel, and lifted her face as in piteous prayer.

'Well, what did you go and steal for?'

Still the girl did not speak. But now she could not lift her face. Her eyes fell to the ground, and she stood mute, motionless—all bowed and broken before him as he accused her.

'Madge, if you hadn't stole my dinner; if you hadn't done that, Madge, I'd let you go. Yes, I would; hang it, gal, I'm sorry for you; yes, I am, and if you hadn't stole that little bucket, my gal, I'd a chucked that Ginger out of that door before two minutes and let you go; yes I would, Madge. But you see now I can't, for you've stole.'

The trembling old trapper staggered forward, and, standing between, cried wildly:

'She didn't steal! I stole it and giv it to her.'

'What, you—you, honest old trapper Kit?'

'Yes, I—old trapper Kit. Now let me go, won't you?'

'Yes, I will. Go, gal,' and the man pointed to the pass in the ugly wall.

Just as he spoke there was a rattle of boot-nails over the boulders in the little narrow pass, and Snagly, the Indian agent, followed by an officer of the United States army and two men, with manacles at their wrists, entered the little enclosure. The Indian agent—the man-hunter, with the United States army at his back—stopped there and glared at her. The girl lifted her face now in silent petition to every man there. One after one, as her eyes met theirs, they turned away without a word, shaking their heads sullenly. Three centuries of hatred toward the Indian was in their blood.

'Caught at last, eh?' triumphantly chuckled the Indian agent, as he at length came forward, followed by the men with manacles at their waists. He stood before her, gloating at her utter discomfiture and helplessness. Now she should be his—his at last, body and soul.

She stood up, tall no longer. Her eyes had lost their lustre, her long, bony arms hung down, low down, tired, so tired now. Her magnificence of hair mantled her. Her breast lifted a little. That was all. What could she have been thinking about?

The fire burned low at her feet. The stars above her—every one—came out stealthily, as it were on tip toe, and peeped through the keyholes of heaven to see what the United States was doing there now under the fast free skies of Colorado.

'Caught at last, eh?' again ejaculated the brutal Indian agent, as he took one step nearer to the trembling child, as if about to lay hold of her.

'Caught, caught! Why, man, you speak of her as if she were a dog for the pound.' The brawny Scotchman who said this had just unrolled himself from a pile of blankets back under the other wall, where he had taken shelter after a hard day's digging. He was a foreigner, and a race slow to comprehend. He was now, for the first time since the fugitive had entered the enclosure, getting pretty well awake.

The agent only looked at the stranger and then motioned his men to approach. The officer, who evidently did not like his work, was slow to obey his master, the Indian agent.

'Oh, save me from that man—from that man of all!' at last cried the girl, throwing herself before the kindly officer. 'I will die rather than be taken. Oh, you did save me once. You did help me once to escape—'

'Quiet! You will betray me and ruin all. I dare not help you, Madge, where the agent is.'

'But it is death to be taken. Oh, it is more than death!'

'Well, now, it is not so bad as that, Madge! If Snagly wants you, you go back,' said Ginger, familiarly coming forward.

'But see how she trembles. This will kill her,' protested the officer.

'Oh, she's just making out. Say, where did you sleep last night?' called out the red-headed ruffian.

The girl shrank from the monster and crouched before the stranger, as if he could help her. Then, turning to the ruffian, she cried, as she threw her long bony arms in the air, and pointed to the rocks above:—

'Where was I last night? Up yonder on the high, rocky ledge, with my poor starving mother, hiding! hiding! hiding from him and his men! And there were rattlesnakes there in the rocks, rattling and hissing all night as we lay crouching, hiding, starving!'

'Poor, poor lass!' muttered the foreigner.

'Oh, why is this? You can all come and go at will. But I—I am hunted down like a wolf. What is this?'

'Bah, you Injun, don't take on like that,' sneered the agent, as he again approached. 'Come, your mother must go back to the reservation. 'Don't you want to go back, too?'

'I'd rather die!' and with an instinct that saw something kindly in the face of this quiet but determined foreigner, she turned to him again and pleaded. 'Oh, sir, long, long ago, my father lived and was rich in horses and gold in yonder mountains—long, long ago, it seems, for I was happy then, and oh, so wretched now! Long, long ago, and he loved me, and called me Margie. But now, down at that reservation, they mock at me when I pass and call me 'Madge, Colorado Madge, Injin Madge.' Oh, I could kill them, every one!'

The Indian agent, in the name of the United States, was growing angry and impatient. He began to fear that possibly the girl might move this man's pity, and somehow at last escape him. He advanced closer and roughly laid hold of her shoulder.

'Come, come now, I want to be gentle with you. But remember, I am your lawful guardian and must take you back. Come, go back peacefully under my protection.'

The girl sprang from him and threw back her hair. Her whole form shook, but it was not with fear now.

'Your protection! Your protection! What is it? To see my mother's people sicken and perish on the deadly reservation with only the Great Spirit to heed or pity them? To see a race of warriors die in savage silence while your Great Father at Washington, and his chiefs about him, hug themselves in happiness and boast to the world of peace and prosperity in the land? Your protection! What is it? To see little children starve that you may grow rich? To see helpless women detested? To hear your insults, your persecutions? Yours, yes, yours! No! no! I'd rather live with the rattlesnakes!'

'Now, look here, none of that. Remember, I don't take any more word of insult. So come, and come right along now.'

The brute clutched her thin shoulder angrily, and threw her towards the two men with manacles as he spoke.

But the girl sprang back to the side of the stranger, and half-hiding there as the agent again attempted to take her, cried out in her desperation:

'Don't you touch me! Don't you dare to touch me or I will kill you!'

'Nay, don't you touch the lass! Don't you dare to touch her! If you do, begad, sir, I'll—' The mighty fist was in the air, but he was too angry to finish the sentence. He did not want to talk now. He wanted to fight.

Snagly, the Indian agent in the name of the United States, fell back before the lifted fist of the foreigner and the gleaming eyes of the half-crazed girl and cried:

'Captain, I call upon you to enforce my authority. Arrest and deliver up that girl!'

'You wretch,' muttered the officer, between his teeth, as he drew his sword; then, hesitating, he let its point fall to the ground. Whether he had drawn his sword for the agent or the stranger was not certain.

'Oh, you will help me!' cried the girl to the officer.

'Madge, Madge! A soldier can only obey orders. Also, the laws make this man my master. An Indian agent commands the army!'

Once more Snagly attempted to lay hold of the almost frenzied girl. But the man from under England's flag threw him back and turned to the girl.

'Come here, my lass!' And throwing one arm about her he shook his fist at Snagly. 'You stop there. There's the line! Now you cross that, and if I don't knock you down dam me! So true Britain allows any decent lass to be put in chains, whether she be red or black or white, and I am a son of bonnie Britain!'

'Well, son of Briton you may be, but this aint British soil,' shouted Snagly. The stranger started at this; he held his head in thought, and Snagly continued: 'No, you ain't on British soil here!'

'Not on British soil. Not on brave old Britian's soil.' The man said this as to himself, and then, slowly, tenderly, painfully, lifting up the now almost prostrate child, he handed her towards the agent, saying: 'Well, then, my poor, poor lass, I'll have to give ye up. I can't save you, lass; I can't. Here, sir, take her. But please, sir, treat her gently. She's only a poor, friendless lass, sir. Treat her gently, I implore you!'

'Mind your own affairs and keep your advice to yourself,' cried Snagly, as he again clutched the girl and threw her towards the men. 'There! Iron her!'

The girl no longer resisted or remonstrated now. Her head bent very low. Meekly and mechanically her two long little hands fell across each other to receive the cold rattling shackles. Her hair hung down about her bended face, as if to hide the blush of shame that mantled it in her captivity.

The mouth of Col. Bill Williams had been working; had been watering to devour that monster, the agent of these United States. His hands had clutched till his finger-nails nearly drew blood from his palms. But the rattle of chains now seemed to awaken him to a sense of the awful insult that was being put upon his country, his manhood and his presence. He caught up the nearest thing at hand—a pick that leaned against the wall; he dashed forward, throwing the men with the manacles to the ground, and roared with the voice of a Numidian lion as he cleared the way for the girl through the ugly wall.

'Well, if this isn't British soil it is God Almighty's soil, and you can't iron her! There, gal! go; as free as the winds of Colorado!'

The girl started up with all the grateful remembrance of her race in the single glance she gave her deliverers, as she passed out with her face lifted to the cliff above. And old Kit stood there as she passed and adroitly forced something in her bony hand for the hungry mother on the rocky hill. Surely with the contents of the little tin bucket went a God's blessing on her from the heart of every man there save and except the agent of the United States and the cowering red-headed deputy.

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