ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

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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. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1881. NO. 22.

Job Work.

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province, and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description for first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors and, in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

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Weekly Monitor

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While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

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AGENTS can make more money selling our new

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The Monitor

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JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

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All a

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Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very
LOW FOR CASH.
BEALES & DODGE.
Middleton, Nov .. '78

MONCTON Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,

—BY—

W. B. TROOP.
Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King St., West Toronto, W. W. Butcher, Manager, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

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

A careful examination of the insurments 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.

THE LOCAL MEAT MARKET.

[Limited.]

Registered Under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1879.

English, American, Canadian and Australian

MEATS

—AND—

Provision Depots.

CAPITAL - - - $100,000.

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BONDED WAREHOUSES—Cold Storage Wharf, Cousin Lane, E. C.
BANKERS:—The London and County Bank, 21 London Street, E. C. D. TALLERMAN, Esq., Gen. Manager.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of Shippers of Cattle, Poultry, &c., to the ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN PROVISION DEPOTS, 84 UPPER THAMES ST., LONDON. Furnished with Refrigerating Chambers of large capacity, where Produce of all kinds can be preserved for any length of time, at any season of the year. The advantages to shippers of live cattle are evident, inasmuch as by slaughtering immediately on arrival Expenses Cease, and the most advantageous moment may be seized for the disposal of the consignment.

To parties desirous of shipping apples, &c., to London, for sales and returns, the Company can offer advantages to be found in no other quarter. By use of the refrigerators, decay or deterioration is arrested, while every facility is afforded for sorting, sampling and laying out sound fruit, as well as for repacking such as may be injured on the voyage Shippers who may wish more speedy returns than can be forwarded by regular mail, can realize an advance which will be ordered by Telegraph immediately on receipt of consignments landed in good condition.

Information in detail can be obtained by application to the undersigned, who are authorized to make advances to Shippers, and, if desirable, to take an interest for the Company in the profit and loss of operations.

WM. HARE, Agent,
171 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.
THOS. S. WHITMAN, Agent,
Annapolis, N. S. 43tf

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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.

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THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence at LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms, all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrals. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired. Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.
Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown DRUG STORE to

QUEEN STREET,

where you may find Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet articles, Sponges, Brushes, and perfumery. Stationery, &c., Choice Tobacco, Cigars and Confectionery.

Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch. Terms Cash.

J. DENNISON.
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Rubber Bucket

PUMPS

THE subscribers wish to announce to the public that they have ordered a large stock, and are prepared to fill orders with promptness.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.
LAWRENCETOWN, A. C,

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Steamer "EMPRESS."

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway for and from WEYMOUTH, YARMOUTH, &c., and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations; also, with the Stage for Liverpool. And at St. John with the International Steamship Co., and the Provincial and New England All Rail Line for Portland, Boston, and other points in the United States and Upper Canada.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, June 6th and until further notice, the splendid, fast, and staunch sea-going Steamer EMPRESS, will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, St. John on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at EIGHT O'CLOCK. Returning will leave Annapolis for Digby and St. John, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons after arrival of Express Train from Halifax.

Fare—Annapolis to Digby.....75c.
" St. John.....$2.00
Fare Digby to St. John.....$1.50

The splendid Steamer of the Intercolonial Steamship Co. leave St. John on Monday Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston, thus forming connection with "Empress" each way every trip.

Express Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John at 8.15 a. m. and 9 p. m. every day, excepting Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets from Annapolis, Digby and all Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways, to Boston and Portland, issued at special reduced rates.

Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; also from S. BRIGNELL, Esq., General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.
E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

☞ By request Return Tickets, at One Fare, will be issued from Annapolis and Digby, respectively, to St. John, on Saturdays, good to return on Monday following. These tickets to be confined exclusively to these days, and not to be transferable.

St. John, N. B., June 1st, 1881.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs. Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. **Take no other.**

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

—The plan of charging a regular admission fee has not proved altogether successful at a negro camp meeting near Marion, Ohio. Brother Hart had just had made a fervent prayer, and was laboring zealously among the mourners, when the six members of the Finance Committee reminded him that he climbed over the fence instead of entering by the gate. They demanded ten cents for himself and ten more for his wife, but he refused to pay, and they dragged him off the grounds. But he did not long stay expelled. He and his wife armed themselves with clubs knocked the ticket taker away from the gate, scattered the opposing committee of six financiers, thrashed the presiding minister himself, and resumed their work among the penitents.

A Kissing Spring.

A writer in the Little Rock Gazette, writing from Witherspoon, Ark., says: We are creditably informed that fifteen miles northeast of here, on Greasy creek, one of the greatest and most miraculous springs has recently been discovered on record. We have not been to see them, but our informant, a good citizen and a Baptist preacher of celebrity, tells us what he saw. Parson John R. Yeats was at the spring last week, and he says the spring flows from a mountain about 400 feet high, comes out of the ground about 100 feet from the top of the mountain on the north side, and flows at the rate of about forty gallons per minute, and it is the color of apple cider, and tastes just like apple brandy, and has the same effect. Those under the influence of the water are perfectly ecstatic, and hugging and kissing everything they meet. He says: "I never saw the like; children and boys and girls hugging and kissing every one they meet. Old men and old women, young men and young ladies, embracing each other by hugging and kissing. I met an old white-haired man and woman—I suppose about 80 years old—and they were hopping and skipping like lambs. I saw hundreds lying around the spring so drunk that they could not stand up, and they were lying and laughing and trying to slap their hands. The people call them the "Millennium Springs."

Poetry.

The Two Flags.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN CUBA.

Pione from the black-browed Moro—the castle-crested crag—
Drooped in the drowsy moontide the red-and-yellow flag—
And in the seething city the sun with fiery glare
Flashed on a sea of faces—a thousand bayonets bare.

Soldiers with sullen faces a doomed man trembling nigh—
While a motley throng from every side poured forth to see him die;
And all the mighty multitude beheld with baited breath,
The scene of coming slaughter—the many-throated death.

But by the pallid prisoner, bare-headed and stern-browed,
Strode forth two valiant consuls before the surging crowd;
One waved Columbia's banner, and one the Union Jack,
While all were filled with wonder and warned the brave men back.

But step by step together, before those armed bands,
Paced the proud consuls, holding the ensigns in their hands.
"Present!" The three stood silent, one moment face to face—
The consuls calm and steady, and the prisoner in his place.

A sudden flash of crimson, of red, and white and blue—
The trembling captive cowered between the dauntless two;
The three stood draped together beneath the banners' fold—
The proud twin flags of freedom—of the New World and the Old.

Then, turning stern and haughty upon the ordered line;
"By these broad flags I claim him and keep him—he is mine;
Thus England and Columbia stretched arms across the seas
To shield him Strike the prisoner: you strike through us and these!"

Thus outspoke he of England. Like lions brought to bay,
The twain with eyes defiant looked round that stern array.
There fell a solemn silence; the rifle barrels shone,
Still at the doonsmen's shoulders; men shuddered and looked on.

Till in a clear voice, crossing the bullet's threatened track
Rang out a sudden mandate to march the prisoner back;
And as the shining escort fell back and faced about,
From all the crowded plaza went up one mighty shout—

A mighty storm of *vivas*, that rent the sultry skies,
Greeted the gallant consuls—the deed of high emprise.
Still louder, ever louder, went up that vast acclaim
From all the mighty plaza bathed in its noon-day flame!"

Onward to future ages, far down the teeming years,
That sea of upturned faces sends forth its storms of cheers;
Long shall the deed be honored, and proudly handed down,
To crown the victor consuls with fame's enduring crown!

Hail to the hero consuls! hail to the noble twain
Who dared for truth and duty the bullets deadly rain!
How strong to face the mighty—how great to guard the weak—
Are these the great twin nations to whom the helpless seek?

Still shall our arms protecting be stretched across the sea,
Still shall the tyrants fear us who set their captives free.
Wrapped in a mighty mantle from hatred's cruel scars—
The blood-red Cross of England, Columbia's Stripes and Stars!

Select Literature.

HORNSWOGGLED;

OR

SHARP PRACTICE IN THE FAR WEST.

There were four of us in the party—a bank manager from St. Paul, two gentlemen going out on the plains to hunt, and myself—and we occupied a section in a car on the train bound for Glyndon, in the Red River Valley. That was as far as the train ran in those days. We had been discussing the strange things that happened occasionally out in this western world, and our conversation received the silent attention of two other people besides ourselves. One listener was a tall man in ordinary dress, with a clean-shaved face, excepting in so far that he wore a 'chin whisker,' and over one eye he had a green shade. The other was a small elderly man, whose dress and general appearance stamped him as being a frontiersman. The tall man sat in the section ahead of us, on the same seat next to us, as if for the purpose of better hearing our conversation. Not in an offensive way, but as men listen to a general conversation in a public place. The little man sat on the opposite side of the car and leaning out of his seat across the passage in our direction.

'Well, yes,' said the bank manager, in answering to a question put by one of the hunters, 'once I was. It was during the week of the State fair at St. Paul. At that time, all the farmers, or grangers, as we call them sometimes, are in the city. The State fair is a good deal like your agricultural shows; I guess it's the same thing under another name; anyhow, it fills the city with agriculturists of every kind, and every kind of business man that has to do with them. On the Thursday afternoon, just before the bank was going to close, I was standing inside the counter near the teller's drawer, when in walked a regular old prairie hay-seed. The town was half full of them, and this fellow was a type of a certain class of them. He had on an old pair of trousers tucked into a pair of boots that probably had never seen blacking since they were bought, and a buffalo coat thrown back, exposing a flannel shirt without any collar, but set off with a brand-new green satin tie. He had, I suppose, bought this and the new hat he wore, to fix himself up a little for the fair. He wanted polishing up badly enough. He wore also a pair of large spectacles with broad horn rims. To look at him you could see at once that he was one of those everlasting bores, that talk you to death about crops, and argue all night about the merits of rival mowers. He lounged up to the teller, and said, in a voice that sounded like a clap of thunder in a vinegar jar, 'Say, mister! are you running this yer bank?'

'What is't you want?' asked the teller curtly, who was about to check his cash and get away.

'Waal, I'll tell you how it is,' and then he turned and addressed his conversation to me. 'You see, squire, I've got some animals down to the fair here. There's two on 'em the finest steers out of the hull crowd, and they hain't given me no prize for 'em neither; but I'll be gol darned if you or any square man won't say as my two steers—mind you, I'm speaking of the two red steers—ain't the best in the hull lot. They are, squire, and you'd better believe it.'

'Well, I haven't got anything to do with awarding the prizes,' I said impatiently; 'and we're going to close the bank now; office hours are about up.'

'You ain't got nothing to do with them, I know, squire; I know that well enough; but don't crowd a man. Lookee here. I've sold them steers, and six more to a Chicago buyer, for a matter of five hundred and fifty dollars. It's dirt cheap, squire, and you'd say it if you saw them steers of mine. Mebbe you've been down to the fair?'

'Yes, yes,' I said, anxious to get rid of him, 'I saw the steers, and the cows too.'

'Why, them ain't cows, them's Durham calves,' he began, when I struck in and said:

'Look here, I don't know anything about your steers or your animals anyhow; what's your business with me?'

'Waal, squire, I hearn you was the handiest chap at your business on the hull street, and I want you to go slow a bit, for I ain't much up to your business folks' ways, and I'll tell you what I'm a-runnin for.' He pulled a long, greasy-looking pocketbook from the depths of an inside pocket, and began to untie the twine that fastened it up. 'This yere Chicago man has given me this check. Now I ain't much on the count myself, and I want to know if this is a square deal. He says that's the same thing as five hundred and fifty dollars in greenbacks. Now I want to know if that's so, for no man ain't going to take away them steers if there's any shenanaghing about this yer check; you can bet your sweet life on that, squire.'

I examined the check, which was drawn on the First National Bank, Chicago, and signed W. B. Chitty. It appeared to be in due form; but though I had heard the drawer's name I did not know him, and so I told my granger friend.

'Waal, I don't know a heap about him, myself,' he said. 'I sold him some cattle last fair time, and he paid me part in cash and part in one of them checks, and I got the money all right; but the check worn't the same color as this yere one, and didn't say nothing about National Bank on to it. It had two men's names on it, and one of their pictures in the corner, so as folks could know him, I guess, if he didn't act square up to the handle with them.'

'A different bank, that's all. You say the check he gave you was paid?'

'Yes, yes, it were paid O K; and if you say this yere's all right, why, I guess I'll let him take them steers away on Monday.'

'I don't know that it is all right, I only suppose so. I can't cash it for you, if that's what your after.'

'No, no, go slow, squire. I ain't asking you to do nothing that ain't reg'lar; but mebbe you could do something with this yere thing, in a day or so, if I leave it with you, as would fetch the dollars and cents out of it, eh, squire? How's that?'

'I'll send it to Chicago for collection, if you like,' and I couldn't help laughing at the scared look he put on at the proposition.

'Send it to Chicago! Hold up there, squire. I don't suppose but you know your business; but I have heard they're a mighty sick lot down in Chicago.'

'Oh, that will be all right; you needn't be afraid,' I said; for he evidently thought the people of Chicago were on the look-out for greenhorns.

'Waal, squire, if you're satisfied, I am; but be mighty keerful them beats down to Chicago don't hornswoggle us both out of them five hundred and fifty dollars. It would come mighty hard on me just now, for I'm going to put up a new house on my place down to Kandiyohi county, and the old woman's on the build, too, for her cheese fixings.'

Then he invited me to come down to the fair the next day to look at his two red steers, and offered to stand the drinks there and then if I would come out, and then he went off. I may tell you that, when I told him to indorse his check, he first wanted me to do it because it wasn't much in his way, and he'd had to get a neighbor to do it last year; but finally he wrote, 'Sed Bird, Kandiyohi, Minnesota,' across the back of the check, making one line of each small word, and two of Kindiyohi and Minnesota, in letters of about a quarter of an inch long.

Next day he was in again to ask how that affair was getting along, and to show me a shawl he'd bought for his old woman. 'Married her twenty-three year ago down to Wisconsin, squire,' he said; 'and she can hitch up a span of horses quick'rn than any woman, and most men, round the place.' He had to tell me, too, that a neighbor of his had also sold a steer to this same buyer, and had been paid in cash, and he wanted to know whether I didn't think this suspicious. I told him it was not, but rather the contrary, as I supposed the amount being small, the Chicago buyer preferred settling in cash. No doubt, I said, his own check would be paid in a few days, by return of mail. He said that was all right, he worn't in no hurry. Then he offered to introduce me to his friend who had sold the steer, but I promptly declined. One of that crowd was enough for me.

Soon after the bank opened on Saturday, he was in again, to tell me that he had met another neighbor from Kandiyohi at the hotel, who had sold to another Chicago man for a check; and that he had advised its being brought to me to be fixed. I thanked him, and again declined an invitation to come right along and see them steers. He left, saying he had to get a few fixings for the old woman right away, as he calculated upon getting up the line home that evening. Just before the bank was going to close, however, he was back again.

He had bought a span of horses from a man who was exhibiting in the fair, and had agreed to give two hundred and fifty dollars for them. The man wanted his money down, because he wanted to take his animals out of the fair-ground; and my granger also wished to get home for Sunday, the fair being over. Had I got the money from Chicago yet? No, there wasn't time. I couldn't receive it till Monday morning.

'Well, he'd heard at the hotel,' he said, that the Chicago buyer was a square man and did regular business round the State; but his fear was, that the Chicago bank might hornswoggle me about the money. I told him there was no danger of that; and he then asked me whether I couldn't pay the man for the horses, and deduct it out of the amount of his check. This was not usual, of course, and there was no time to make inquiries about him, as the bank was just going to close for the day, it being Saturday; but there seemed to be no danger about doing so. He was evidently one of the granger crowd that filled the town; he had pressed me on several occasions to accompany him down to his stalls at the fair; and his story generally hung so well together that, after a little hesitation, I said I would do so.

I knew the Chicago men were in town buying, and I had old hay-seed's indorsement; so I handed him a cheque, and told him to make it out for two hundred and fifty dollars. It ended in my having to fill up the body of the check, and he signed it. He counted his money, held out his hand to shake hands, and invited me to call in whenever I came down to Kandiyohi, departed. I never saw him again. The check was returned from Chicago marked, 'Not W. R. Chitty's usual signature;' and as I read it I knew that a confidence man had gone through me for two hundred and fifty dollars.

'One of that crowd was enough for you, then, evidently,' said one of the gentlemen.

'Good enough!' said the manager, smiling; 'the worst of it was that, thinking over the matter that evening, it all of a sudden flashed across me that the hand I had shaken was not that of a regular granger. It wasn't rough enough. That shaking hands was the only weak part of the cuss's whole game. It was too late, however, then, to do anything, even if I had been sure.

'Pretty rough on you, sir,' said the car-conductor, who had stood by to hear the end of the story.

'Yes,' said the manager. 'I used to get mad about it for a long time; but I've got over that now.'

'Couldn't play it on you again, sir!'

'No, not worth a cent.'

'There's some fellow playing the confidence game along the line now,' the conductor said; 'scooped a granger out of a hundred dollars yesterday, and went through a Canadian emigrant on his way to Garry, for all he was worth. I guess he'll get away, though, before we strike him. He'll have a rough time of it if any of the boys about Glyndon lay hands on him. I'm told there's an old prairie-crusher along here somewheres, that he went through last fall, that swears he'll raise his hair if he catches him.'

I had noticed that both the fellow-travellers near us had listened attentively to the story, the long man smiling as the manager related the way he had been taken in, and the old frontiersman leaning further and further over the arm of his seat, till his head almost reached across the passage of the car. When the conductor had ceased speaking, the old man broke into the conversation with a burst that was almost a yell. 'And by the Eternal, I'll do it!' We all turned to look at the old fellow, who had worked himself into a great state of excitement, though we had not paid much attention to him. 'Jumping Judas!' he continued, 'if ever I sot eyes on that all-fired skunk again. See here, mister,' he said, pointing at the bank-manager and getting off his seat the better to ask his questions, 'did you take note of that white-livered hound's eyes?'

'Not particularly,' said the manager. 'He wore spectacles, but I noticed a scar running back from one eye almost to his ear.'

'It's him!' said the old man, and forthwith he delivered himself of a string of ingeniously blasphemous invectives. Indeed, it struck me at the time that in this particular he was quite equal to a Western stage-driver I had ever met.

'Went through you too, did he?'

'Did he! see here, I'll tell you.'

'Wire in, old man,' said the manager; 'but look here, there's a parson and a lady at the other end of the car, so let up a little on those ornaments of speech of yours.'

'I ain't going to say nothing to hurt the minister, nor yet the lady, but I'll raise that slab-faced galoot s hair, sure as you're born, if ever I strikes his trail again. You can bet your bottom dollar on that, Colonel. I'd been out for a couple of year on the Yellow Stone, tradin' along with a half-breed from Pembina, and I'd made a matter of six hundred dollar or thereabouts. I came in last fall making for Chicago. I'd put a one side a few dollars for a bit of a bend at St. Paul, me and that half-breed Joe Bourinet, and the rest was a-going to my gal at Chicago; she was to school there along of a convent, and a-going to be married to a young chap. They was a-going to move West a piece, and set up store, and the old man was a-going to do it for them. I hankered after this all the time I was out tradin' with them Sioux, for I hadn't seen her better'n an six year; and I was almighty fixed on this here idee of mine. I was a-going to whoop it up lively for them, you'd better bet, and the old man was to be the big toad in the puddle, too. Well, I come along up the river, with Joe, and crossed at the Forks up here, and come on down till I struck this here railroad. Joe, he got into a muss with a fellow at the Forks, and got hurt; so I had to leave him to be looked after by the man as runs the shanty at the crossing; but I come across a chap who made himself as sweet as syrup. He was up to the valley buying wheat to ship East to Chicago, he was, and he'd been out a little way on the plains, he had, to see something of the Indians on their native plains, and it give him great satisfaction to meet a man as had lived years with them. There won't nothing pleased him so much as meeting me, the measly-faced son of Judas Iscariot; and he fooled this here blamed old idiot as is telling you till he couldn't keep his blamed old tongue still, but got talking about his trading and what he'd realized. When I thinks of it I gets madder'n a hunted buffalo. Well, Colonel, we travelled along together, settin' side by side in one of these here car seats; and he brings out a small bottle of brandy. What you got at the hotels wasn't good enough for him—and nothing would do him but I must tell him all about my life among the Tetons, for he was a-going to make a book, he was, to show up the rascality of them Indian agents. We sot down to dinner together at one of the stations along here, and got to be as friendly as a couple of prairie dogs; and when we got to St. Paul, nothing would do but I must stop along of him at his hotel. He had a small oak box bound with iron with him, and he kept this between his feet all the time, and took it into dinner with him, and wouldn't let the conductor nor no one handle it. One time he went into the baggage-car to find the boy with the cigars he left the box with me, and told me to be all-fired particular that no one else didn't touch it, for it was filled with money as he was using, buying up wheat for shipment to Chicago. No woman with her fust baby worn't so particular as he were about the box. When we gets to the hotel and slicked ourselves down some, he says, 'My friend, I want you to come along with me to the bank, while I take this box and deposit of it there. I don't know but what, out West here, some evil-disposed person might not attack me in the street, if they saw me carrying it. If you are with me it will be safe.' I waited outside while he took the box in; and after a while he come out and said that was all right, and his mind was easy. Then we went back to the hotel to eat, and he said he was a-going out. 'I've got to see the freight agent of the railroad,' he says, the lying scalawag; he didn't want no freight agent. 'I'm a-going to see him to make arrangements for the shipment of some car-loads of wheat I have down here to the depot, to go through by the freight train to-night. When I've fixed that I'll come back, and we'll go together to the show up here, to the theatre.' 'Bully for you,' says I, for I thought he was a little on the minister side of the trail, and didn't go to no shows, leastways not to that kind as the pictures was about all over the walls; gals whooking it up, you know, Colonel—reg'lar out-and-out show. Waal, I waited about an hour, having a drink or two with the boys round, for they had a first-rate elegant bar down to that hotel, when back come my friend all of a lather, as if he'd been running afore a war party.

'What's the matter?' says I.

'It's real bad,' he says. 'I must find that bank cashier somehow; the freight agent won't let the wheat go on to-night to be paid on delivery. He wants the freight charges paid in advance or else the wheat can't go; and it's got to go, for it's sold for delivery.'

'And then he stood thinking, a-gathering his brows, and then figuring on a slip of paper, and muttering about dollars and cents and car-loads, and every once in a while saying as it was too provoking he hadn't left his money with the hotel clerk instead of taking it to the bank.

'Why in thunder don't you take it out of the bank again?' I asked him.

'I can't,' he says; 'the bank's closed, and I can't get it till the morning.' And then he began walking up and down the room again, and muttering all about figures and bushels and suchlike, and once and again looking over at me. At last he says, 'If you'll wait here for me, I'll go up to the bank cashier's private residence and explain the case. Mebbe he'll come down to the office and let me have that box out again this evening; for get it I must, or I'm clean busted on that wheat.'

'That's all right, pard,' I says; 'step right up to the cuss's shanty and bring him right along. 'I'll come with you; and if he won't come, by thunder, it wouldn't be much of a job for you and I to handle him ourselves.'

'No, no, no; that won't do,' he says. 'If he saw another person he might think we mean't no good, and might refuse to open the bank till the clerks did it in the morning. I'll go alone, if you'll wait for me here.'

'Waal, I was agreeable, and so I stepped down and set 'em up again with the boys at the bar, and then it come over me, why in thunder I didn't lend him the money till the morning instead of fooling away the time arter that cashier, when we might have been having a high old time at the show. So when he came back in half an hour, looking as if he'd seen all his relations clean scalped before his eyes, and said that the bank cashier had gone into the country for the night, and that if he couldn't get that wheat on he was a ruined man, cost of wheat had risen ten cents a bushel owing to some scalawags concerning it, I says right off.

'How much does that freight man want?'

'Let me see,' says he, looking as bright as a new dollar; 'six car-loads, sack freight, to Chicago.' And then he got to figuring again, and says at last, 'With what I have in my pocketbook I guess I can fix it for four hundred and eighty dollars. It's a new proprietor to this hotel, or I guess I could have borrowed it at the office till the morning. I've best part of a thousand dollars left in that box up at the bank.'

'Four hundred and eighty,' says I; 'well, I'll let you have it till the morning,' for I know'd he'd got the money, for I'd handled that iron-bound box myself; 'and then we'll get right away and see that show.'

'I took out a bearskin pouch I had, and counted out what money I had left. There was five hundred and sixty dollars rolled up there, and I asked him if four hundred and eighty would fix it up.

'Let me see,' he says, 'four hundred and eighty,' and then he began to figure again. 'Yes, that is more than enough with what I have. Four hundred and seventy-five will do. I need only keep enough to pay the theatre, because in the morning I shall go to the bank at once.'

'Waal, gentlemen,' he continued, addressing us all collectively, including the conductor and the boy that sold the cigars, books, etc, on the train, 'I counted out four hundred and seventy-five to that everlasting thief, and when he had jaw'd his thanks for my timely aid, and told me to wait a quarter of an hour while he paid the freight bill at the depot, he went off. Wait? I waited, I guess I did. I waited until I felt a kind of cold sweat over me when he didn't come back, and I went down pale and trembling, weak as a calf just born, to the office, for I thought, 'If anything goes wrong with this here business my gal's chance is busted.' I kinder staggered up to the office, and told the clerk I was afeard something had happened to my friend. Then he asked me the particulars, and got to looking mighty cross as I told him.

'I guess you'll not see him again,' said the clerk. 'There's always some galoot going through the greenhorns in this hotel. Why in thunder they don't try the other house, I don't know. Here, put on your hat,' said he, maddern a Texas cow, 'and come along with me.'

'There was a bit of a crowd had gathered round the counter, and one of the boys wanted me to have a drink to set me up a bit, for I felt pretty bad, but I hadn't no heart to drink.

'He ain't got no time to drink now,' sai l the clerk, as he came out of the side door. 'Here, hurry up, and we'll go to the depot first.'

'Waal, gentlemen, we tried the depot, and found there warn't no such wheat going through; we found the chief of police and told him, and he said he'd set his crowd on the tracks, but it was a pretty slim chance, and I went back to the hotel, and hauled myself up them stairs step by step, as if I'd lost the use of my limbs, and laid down on the bed and cried like a gal whose lover's gone back on her

'In the morning I got that clerk to send the balance of the cash, after paying the bill, to my gal, for I hadn't the heart to see her and tell her, and all the while she thinking I was coming with my pocket full of dollars. When she got the news she told her man, and he behaved like a yaller dog, he did, the blamed cur. He made excuses; said he couldn't leave his situation just then, and that his mother was ill East, and he had to go to see her, and finally he backed out of marrying her, and she, poor critter, took to crying and sorrowing about it and got herself ill, and then she wrote to him to come and see her and he writ back to say as he couldn't, and then