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BRIDGETOWN, N. S. VOL. 27.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1899.

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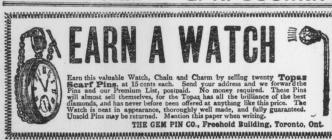
My line of Men's Dongola Bals and Congress are the best that has ever been offered in this town for

DR. F. S. HNDERSON. I also have an immense line of Heavy Working Boots and let it run through her fingers. Then she made deep, round holes with the point for Men, Boys, Women and Children.

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B. YOUNG

NOTICE!

JOSEPH I. FOSTER.

BRIDGETOWN.

Come, gentle peace! Spread thy white wings O'er every nation of this troubled earth; The holy calm thy presence brings Will teach mankind what human life is

Come, gentle peace! To every heart Send forth thy spirit and our rulers guide; Lead them to choose the better part And thou wilt evermore with us abide.

Come, gentle peace! Thy blessing send Upon a weary and disjointed world; Let war and bloodshed have an end Where'er the flag of freedom is unfurled.

Let brutal force give place to thought, Revenge depart and lawless passion cease "Good will to men" the angels taught Would come with thee united, gentle peace Good will to men" of every race, And "peace on earth" for all mankind; While mercy, love and heavenly grace Will banish evil from the human mind,

Can this thing be? Or do I dream?

-Anna C. Lee in Transcript.

frown;
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep,
such bliss
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest, The cottage that affords no pride or care, The mean that 'grees with country music best, The sweet consort of mirth and music's

fare, ured life sets down a type of bliss: ind content both crown and kingdom is.

There is no solitude on earth—
"In every leaf there is a tongue"—
In every glen a voice of mirth—
From every hill a hymn is sung;
And every wild and hidden dell,
When the from the total transfer to the service of the Where human footsteps never trod, Is wafting songs of joy, which tell The praises of their maker—God.

Each mountain gives an altar birth,
And has a shrine to worship given.
Each breeze which rises from the earth
Is loaded with a song of Heaven;
Each wave that leaps along the main
Sends solemn music on the air,
And winds that sweep o'er ocean's plain
Bear off their voice of grateful prayer.

Select Ziterature.

The Law of Contraries.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.] Miss Garrick's blue eyes contemplated the blue Pacific. She took up a handful of sand go out to walk in the court that evening be lieve the muscles or mind from the terrible and let it run through her fingers. Then

"I don't know what to do," she said. The melting look and the appealing sigh roused his wrath. "That, for instance. Don't do that." "What?" The eyes were round, guileless

and surprised. "Nor that!" he said. Her brows puckered helplessly.
"What?" she insisted.

"Don't throw those tender, infantile glan-. They're enough to drive any man out of his senses."

"You never mean to. The woman who doesn't mean to is very charming, but about as dangerous as the small boy who doesn't turning, but when she reflected that that know the gun is loaded. Unfortunately the | would only delay the catastrophe she decid-"I think you are dreadfully cross,

Miss Garrick pouted and frowned. Her brother-in law watched her, then shook his head. There was a long silence. Miss Garand "Dog" and "Man" on the sand. But and jasmine was thick in the air. she scratched out the "Man" with an aporehensive sidelong look at the one beside Rennie's Recleaned Timothy, her. He drew out his wastime to go back

end of a few weeks by a scene, and her answered shortly and began again. "I seked you to come out here with me sweet nature shrank from scenes. Her brother-in-law put the watch back in his pocket and returned to the charge.

"Is that some one over there under the different men. It was no new date palms, the one near the steps, or is it work for him to be on guard, and there was "If you meant it, if I thought you went de. just a shadow? It is odd how shadows take no special novelty to him in the situation. liberately about it, I'd pack you back home on human shapes at times, don't you think? in a hurry, and so would your sister. She and more in like vein until another tour of He knew that across that dark canyon, con-

Miss Garrick very nearly flashed into

nger.
"Why, Richard Comstock, how can you

this with a tributary but despairing survey would."

"I am sure I am willing." She shook her head wearily. "If you think I like it most frozen. Just feel my hands."

mise, but the strain was wearing upon her. She insisted upon going indoors. "I am almost five insisted upon going indoors. "I am almost five insisted upon going indoors."

She insisted upon going indoors. "I am almost five insisted upon going indoors."

of failure.

Don't forget that we sell Union Blend Tea with a key in each pound package. Buy a pound and take your chance of getting

brother-in-law, and I know you like a book.

"I don't remember exactly. At least "How many?" firmly. "Well, about-about eight or maybe ten."

"Or maybe ten! An extra broken heart or two don't especially matter."

"Well," she said, with final exasperation, would you have me marry one of them or all of them without being the least bit in

No, I wouldn't but I'd have you encourage them considerably less."
"Encourage them! I never do. It is simply this way." She turned and faced him and clasped her hands firmly. She was going to make herself clear once and for all.

"I meet them, and I am civil to them. I am sure I couldn't turn my back on them after an introduction and say over my shoulder, 'So away, do, or you'll fall in love with me! Then they get to be attentive either b' degrees or all at once. Would you have me refuse to dance twice with the same man -I never do more than that-or send back his candy or his flowers?"

"You need not go to extremes, but there is a medium that might be happier for all oncerned. You might abstain from lan-

blue depths. He was only her brother-in- left little time for thought. But Private law, but he was likewise a man, and he had to make a desperate struggle not to appear melted at once. She went on: "When I begin to think they are getting too serious, I try to repulse them. I am as cold as ice and awfully civil. Then I get to thinking officers do the thinking.

Though apparently not over thirty years

me feel very sorry for them. Do you suppose I like it?" and he knew by heart all the "rules of "Idon't suppose anything about it. Only war" by which the sharp discipline of the just mind this "-he nerved himself to ex- Regular Army is enforced. treme severity--" Philips is my friend. He is a splendid fellow. He has had a pretty | the burdens of the service were more than hard and sad life, and I will not have you adding one drop to his cup of woe. Do you eight hours he had been on constant duty,

He arose and held out his hand to help her to her feet. She stood up and shook the thought for food and drink, for even the and from innumerable ruffles and frills.

you this—I will not let him propose to me if teers. The one thing to do was to possess I can possibly prevent it," which is about as that Spanish line before it could be rein-In pursuance of her promise Miss Garrick | but just as certain death was stalking in the

later and said, with the most beseeching of there had been no rest from duty, no mothing to tell you," he said. His face was to select; the fatigue of two days constant serious.

bled. "I am sure sister wouldn't like it. equally worn and exhausted. When Private She warned me to be careful not to-to get | Morton heard the orderly sergeant call his any more cold."

said you might go."

This was base betrayal. If trouble rea resting-place; the tired limbs had refused sulted, it would be on her sister's head. duty the moment discipline was relaxed, and She had done her best. Then she wondered he had fallen almost as a dead man there what Philips must think of her.

"Very well. I will get my cape," she ed against it. "And then, besides, how do I know that he means to ask me to marry away into the growing darkness toward the him? I am so vain." She did not know it, but she was morally certain of it.

They went out into the warm moonlight night and began to walk beneath the palms. The odor of heliotrope and honeysuckle and "I wanted you to come out here where we would be alone, Miss Garrick, because I

ennie's Recleaned Timothy,

her. He drew out his watch. Miss Garrick hoped he would find it was time to go back to the hotel for luncheon. She was tired of the most beautiful spots on earth. Surebeing lectured. It happened so often she had come to dread the sight of every new you agree with me?" She chattered madly bachelor It was invariably followed at the ahead on the charms of the place. Philips

> doesn't approve of all this any more than I do."
>
> the court was accomplished. Philips recealed by the darkness and the thick growth newed the attack. Miss Garrick interrupted. of timber, was the Spanish line, and that Wouldn't it be wise to go in?"

> of her gentle prettiness, "but you could put a stop to it to a great extent if you only was making a brave fight to keep her pro-

To such a pitch was she wrought that she all his at any cost. How long had it been

hand across her brow. She was dazed. "I thought"—she began.

"Oh, you thought," said Philips, "that I Somehow, the blood felt so warm and comthe others and tell you that I loved you

after a fortnight's acquaintance!"
"Don't you?" she asked. She was regain-"Yes, but I can wait." The appealing blue eves looked up into his face. "Don't wait!" she said, and he did not.

Asleep on Picket.

It was the night after the terrible day at San Juan, and Private George Morton, of the Regulars, was doing picket duty on the heights. Not much to make a story out of; for after the exciting events of that day, ever to be memorable in our history, anything else that can be told must seem simple

Morton, as a general rule, was not much given to thought. A private in the Regular Army must be made into a part of one splendid fighting machine. So Private Mor-

they must think me a goose and a prig to retreat before they advance. So then I am
nice to them again, and then—then the crash
comes. I suppose it's wrong, but I am perfectly innocent of any intention, and it makes
me feel very sorry for them. Do you supme feel very sorry for them. Do you supnovelty. He was counted a good soldier, and he knew by heart all the "rules of

But tonight it seemed to the soldier that with torn and faded uniforms, that group of adding one drop to his cup of wee. Do you understand? If you let him fall in love with you and refuse him, you shall go straight home, and your sister and I will be very angry indeed."

eight nours ne had been on constant through without rest or respite, marching through the tropical rain, wading streams, plodding in the mud, fighting, famishing; for in all that mad rush of the preceding days there that mad rush of the preceding days there Regulars had caught the infection and were "I can't help his falling in love with me really I can't, Richard—but I'll promise less-disciplined and more thoughtless volunnuch success as he should have dared to forced and before the dreaded fever should thin their own ranks. It was death in front,

raised her limpid eyes to Philips' face a week rear. And so during those last two days smiles, that she thought she had better not ment in which to catch a little sleep or recause she had a cold. It was perfectly man- strain. The line had been won, and now ifest that she had not. Philips was courmust be guarded from surprise and recapture. teously incredulous and suggested that she In detailing the guard for that important 'I have some- service there were no fresh men from which marching and fighting could be no excuse, "Really I can't." She blushed and trem- else there could be no guard, for all were name as one of the detail for guard duty, he "She said nothing to me about it when I suggested it to her just now. In fact, she blood soaked ground beside a dead Spanish soldier. There had been no time to select among the really dead, with all his accoutrements still strapped about him and firmly grasping his heavy army rifle. But with the calling of his name the habit of discipline returned, and he was promptly on his feet to form one of the little squad that marched

> front for sentinel duty.
>
> He was stationed in the shadow of a few closely growing trees, just beyond the now deserted trenches lately so stubbornly defended by Spain's bravest soldiers, with orders not to expose himself in the open, but to note the least movement or sound from the direction in which the enemy had retreated, for it was deemed very likely that a

night attack might be attempted for the recovery of the bill. For a short time after his companions left him, Private Morton did not give much attention to himself. He followed, first with his eyes, then by the ear, the movements of the little band, as guard after guard was because I had something"— placed, and tried to keep in mind the loca-"Is that some one over there under the tion of the different men. It was no new War was war, whether in Cuba or Arizona newed the attack. Miss Garrick interrupted.
"I think it is chilly out here, don't you?
Wouldn't it be wise to go in?"

of timber, was the Spanish line, and that any moment a flight of Mauser bullets might come in his direction from out those dim "Why, Richard Comstock, how can you speak so? One might think I were an arch fiend."

"Oh, no; one might not unfortunately," this with a tributary but despairing survey

"Othat it is to wise to go in?

"No," said Philips, "it would not. Draw you cape closer, and you will be warm. It is an exceptionally mild night. I have semething to say before you go in."

"Have you? But tell me first how you the hard-earned field. But he had been in

any better than you do, you are mistaken.

I am being worn to a perfect shadow."

"There it is again. Can't you give over being pathetic? It's very dangerous."

"Am I to be forever gay, no matter if my heart is breaking?"

most frozen. Just feel my hands."

"Certainly," said Philips.

Miss Garrick clasped them behind her.

"I don't mean that, You can take my word for it, I suppose."

word for it, I suppose."

"Of course, but that was not what you could easily count up his rationa for the next. be told off for the firing party? He hoped they would be good shots. "Reddy" James

"Am I to be forever gay, no matter if my heart is breaking?"
"One now, Heart is the shall Yen can't work that with me. Your heart desur't break. It is not take it in the take it is not take it in the take it is not tragic—that be world the unmanage, and it is to any?"

To more if in to hard, "indignatity, and me sepecially. I am the most take it was reay placed and disable in the take it in the least and of the transition of the not and disable in the take it in the least and tractives about as latting impressions."

On one more, Heart is now that you can't work the was, if the control is the time and the time, and it is not believe that it it time, after it is the black and the control in the least and the control in the least and tractive about as latting impressions."

On one more, Heart is now that you can take my began gradually to fade sway, and he coult called the was. He could easily on out the and the world the was. He could easily out that the distinct to shore the sixten or distinct of this five the same with the way. He could easily out that the distinct to shore the sixten of the could easily out that the distinct to shore the sixten of the could easily out that the distinct to shore the sixten of the could easily out that the distinct to shore the sixten of the could easily out that the distinct to shore the sixten of the could easily out that the distinct to shore the sixten of the could easily out that the distinct to shore the sixten of the could easily out that the distinct to shore the sixten of the could easily out that the distinct to shore the sixten of the could easily out that the distinct the was. He could easily out the day that the same that the distinct the was. He could easily out the day that the distinct the was. He could easily out the day that the could easily out the time of the could e

Jas. J Ritchie, Q.C BARRISTER

SOLICINOS

ONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTA

NO. 8.

To such a pitch was she wrought that she drew away with a gasp. "Oh, don't!" she cried.
"Don't what? Have you any objection to my telling you that I caught 77 fish today?"
Miss Garrick stood still and drew her hand across her brow. She was dazed.

The officer started to read something from a large roll of manuscript, but stopped with an oath. "You know what it is," he said; "forward, march!" And Private George Morton took his blanket from the floor, rolled awaken. No, that was too risky. It meant death to be caught asleep. He could stab a hole through his shoe with his bayonet, and scene of his death.

"Oh, you thought," said Philips, "that I somehow, the blood felt so warm and com-times through that long, terrible night. The going to beep after regiment was drawn up on three sides of a all? He took a cartridge from his belt and bit it savagely till he broke a tooth, and his mouth filled with blood; but he let it run carthly existence stood at ease a little to one down his face and across his blouse, with no care for the pain, or relief from that terrible call of overstrung nerves for rest in They did not bind his eyes or tie his hands, How long Private Morton fought this ter-on duty—on sentinel duty, he grimly

to him; it might have been only the latter be hit; whether he should know anythin part of his time of duty, but at last the re- about it, and how long it would take to die part of his time of duty, but at last the relief was coming. He could not be mistaken —that was the sound of his approaching deliverance—yes, there was the head of the line within fifty yards of him. Now he could sleep. "O God! how tired I am; how blessed this sleep!"

And so they found him, sound asleep at his post. It might have been for a moment:

keep awake—and he had only fallen as they were at hand? They had found him so, and it was death. He knew that. He had not through that solid line of blue on the right? been in the service six years to forget that. He wanted to rush to her and tell her it was. There was no excuse that would save a sensplendid fighting machine. So Private Morton was content to do his duty and let the officers do the thinking.

Though apparently not over thirty years

Though apparently not over thirty years

his crime.

It did not occupy much time, his trial and given that he could not understand, but the

report. Would those bullets never come, or evidence was clear—there was no defence—the sentence brief. Private Morson for sleeping on post was to be shot to death, in the presence of his regiment, the following day at noon. The action of the court-martial had been approved by the commander, and but a few short hours remained for the condemned man between this and another world.

The ald San Juan blockhouse, that

with his blanket. There was time enough to sleep here; and that sleep which seemed so precious but a short time ago, and which would finally cost him his life, why would it not come to him now and shut out the swful hot come to him now and shut out the swful hot come to him now and shut out the swful hot would have been as the company of the Regulars to his post. His left arm seemed on fire yet, but he managed to bring his gun into position and challenge

haps it would come if he would only turn on the other side. No, that foot pained too badly. Why did it not pain enough to keep believe I'm struck a bit," said Morton, it, a year ago, or only last night? He could mighty glad to get out of this hole even if not tell, for he had lost all sense of time. my arm is broke. It's a d-d sight better Was he going crazy? It was not such a chan having the whole six in my carcass."

With those rather unintelligible words,

net's nest of lead, and with his nippers out every wire before he left—and not a bullet O, God! how sweet it was to sink down. every wire before he left—and not a bullet hit him, though the lieutenant and eight or ten other men fell dead before they got through the gap he had made. Perhaps he bore a charmed life, and they might not, hit him when they came to try to kill him next day. It was the disgrace of it all, though. "In the presence of his regiment"—that had been the sentence, and the disgrace of transless condemned to the sentence, and the disgrace of the sentence, and the sentence of the

The Georgia Outrages.

standing before his comrades, condemned for neglect of duty, he, Private Morton, who

had served six years in his regiment, and

had never a mark against his name before.

him in a few moments, and he would march out and meet his doom before the whole reg-

iment. Who would come, and who would

must sleep.

With such feverish fancies did the night nation that cannot or will not protect its citizens in time of peace has no right to its citizens to protect it in time of war.

rible battle with himself—a battle more dreadful than any on that bloody field the day before—we cannot tell. It seemed ages to him; it might have been only the latter

guishing, trusting smiles and glances."

"I don't languish, and I certainly don't trust them or anybody else. It's not my fault that I have babyish eyes and a pretty mouth. I am sure I wish they were as cold as steel and as hard as an old cat's. I'd be a great deal happier." Tears arose in the blue depths. He was only her brother-in
"I don't languish, and I certainly don't there at his post by the descreted trenches, it was destined to be even more eventful than the scenes he had just been through.

Ever since the landing of his regiment, two days before, the moments had been filled with excitement and rough work that blue depths. He was only her brother-in
"I don't languish, and I certainly don't there at his post by the descreted trenches, it might have been for two hours. Asleep the was, at any rate, when relief arrived. His post was the most important on the whole line, and its sentinel asleep! How could they know he had fought so hard to keep awake—and he had only fallen as they

conviction. The days were too busy for that—those days before Santiago, between El Caney, San Juan and the surrender.

They were grim and powdered-blackened, directly into his eyes. It would soon be officers quickly called together for court- There was a flash, but he could hear no officers quickly called together the report. Would those bullets never come, or martial, but they were stern and just. The

In the old San Juan blockhouse, that ten iron. "Of all these guns only one was served as a prison now, lay Private Morton, loaded, and that has taken off my arm."

realities of his position? Why could he not realities of his position? Why could he not in the usual manner.

"How is this?" said the officer. "Wound-that about that just

With those rather unintelligible words, private Morton out these wires. He was not afraid then, but had stepped out of the brush into that horeign rest of lead, and with his nippers out the state of t

This was worse than death. If he could only sleep a little while and forget that part of it. But that tooth would persist in paining so, and one ragged point kept cutting his tongue and filling his mouth with blood that almost choked him at times, so that no sleep would come.

Outside, the guard was pacing back and forth, keeping faithful match. outside, the guard was pacing back and forth, keeping faithful watch over the wretched prisoner within, who turned and tossed upon the hard floor in vain effort to find relief in sleep. He could hear the sentinel's steady pace, and began to count the footfalls, as a sort of relief for his wakefulness. About sixty of them would make a minute, or would it take a hundred—perhaps not more than thirty. He would count a while, and then try to fix the time. Strange that his mind should dwell on such trifles at such a time. Perhaps the sentinel would go to sleep. Possibly he was saleep now, and he might walk out to liberty. If only he were not so tired he would try it; but be must sleep.

With anch feverish fancies did the night pass away, and then the brief forencon seemed all too short. They would come for