Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1893. NO. 13.

Professional Cards.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

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

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

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

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

G. O. GATES,
PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pianos & Organs.
Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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

R. D. Taylor,
AGENT FOR THE
NEW YORK
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
SHAFFNER BUILDING,
Queen Street, - Bridgetown

EDWIN L. FISHER,
Real Estate & Insurance Agent.
Exclusive attention paid to the sale and purchase as well as the rental of
Houses, Stores, Farms & Furniture.
INSURANCE AGENT FOR
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, MARINE and PLATE GLASS at lowest possible rates compatible with security.
Money to loan on Real Estate Security.
Correspondence solicited.
29 1y P. O. Box 16, Bridgetown.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

SCHOONER
"CRUSADE,"
CAPT. W. Y. GESNER,
WILL PLY BETWEEN
Bridgetown and St. John,
touching at all intermediate ports, during the coming season.
For particulars enquire of Neily & Crowe, Bridgetown, or those on board.
May 10th, 1893. 6 13i

NOTICE!
The Packet Schooner
TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N.B., during the season of 1893.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly Lime and Salt.
J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master.*
When Schooner is not in port apply to Capt. P. Nicholson, Bridgetown.
St. John address: SOUTH WHARF, care of G. S. DeForrest & Sons.
Bridgetown, March 28th, 1893. 52tf

Executors' Notice.
All persons having any claims against the estate of HUGH FRASER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
ELIZA FRASER, *Executrix,*
ROBT. E. F. RANDOLPH *Executor.*
Bridgetown, N.S., Feb. 25th, 18. 48m

Nova Scotia Wins.
A Tiverton Miracle.
Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by
DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
THE KING OF REMEDIES.
From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N.S.:—
"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 25 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all afflicted with sores of any kind.

FARMERS!
We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season
At Best Possible Advantage.
Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.,
HALIFAX, N. S. 1-92

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
HORSE LINIMENT
IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,
—AND FOR—
SPLINTS, CURBS, BOG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.
Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.
HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF
Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick,
which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and
ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.
Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE,* which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.
Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.
For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.
YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 1891.
The Internationai Brick and Tile Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the surface. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,
J. R. KINNEY, *Architect.*
Correspondence solicited.
HECTOR MacLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
ARE A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION, in all its forms.
For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are
EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
HALIFAX, N. S.
Established 1876.
'CERES SUPERPHOSPHATE
(The Complete Fertilizer.)
POPULAR PHOSPHATE,
APPLE-TREE PHOSPHATE,
POTATO PHOSPHATE,
STRAWBERRY PHOSPHATE.
Our fertilizers are now being offered to the farmers for the 15th season. As these fertilizers have been used to such a great extent and for so many years the farmer knows that he is buying something that is no longer an experiment, but an established factor in the growth of all crops.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territories.
48 im JACK & BELL.

TO THE PUBLIC!
LAWRENCETOWN, MARCH 20th, 1893.
Please take notice that the agency held by R. B. Durling, of Lawrencetown, for Jack & Bell's Fertilizers in the past has now been transferred to Dr. L. R. Morse, who will be prepared to supply the farmers in the future with our fertilizers at prices and time that will suit all.
JACK & BELL.

SURELY IF WE ACCEPT THE TRUTH
FROM ANYONE
It Must be the Clergy!
The Rev. J. E. Warner, Rector, of Middleton, says:—
"For more than twenty years I have been afflicted with Chronic Constipation. Have been treated by several physicians here and in the States, and have tried many of the *cures* advertised through the press without receiving any permanent benefit.
In consequence of the complications arising from this disease I have been obliged to undergo a painful surgical operation, and was compelled last year to give up work. About six months ago I consulted Dr. Miller, who gave me a box of his DINNER PILLS, and I can cheerfully testify that their effect in my case has been little less than magical. Since then I have recommended them to some of my friends, who have experienced like good results from their use and returned me their warmest thanks, and I confidently give them a public recommendation, as I have found them, by far, the best medicine I have ever used."
REV. J. E. WARNER,
(Signed.) *The Rectory, Middleton.*
Use Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and all diseases of Mucous Membranes throughout the body.
Rev. John L. Sponagle, Methodist Clergyman, Middleton, says:—
"Suffering from Bronchial affection—aggravated by cold—and having heard of the healing properties of your "Tar Cough Mixture" I was induced to make trial of it, and I am glad to inform you that I received much benefit from its use. In my case it soothed and allayed irritation, and aided expectoration. I keep it constantly at my home."
For Sale by all Druggists and Respectable Dealers.

HEALTH FOR ALL!
NOW that the chill winds of March are here and the damp days of April drawing near to protect your health and for your family's happiness, and a sure protection against colds, rheumatism, sprains, etc.,
USE ONLY
SWEET'S BONE LINIMENT!
TESTIMONIAL.
SHUBENACADIE, August 15th, 1893.
Sweet's Liniment Co., Hantsport:—
GENTLEMEN,—I have used your valuable Liniment for the worst kinds of headache, and have found it a sure and safe cure when other medicine fail to give relief.
THOMAS A. DREW

WILMOT HOTEL!
J. RANDOLPH BROWN, Proprietor.
This large and commodious hotel, situated near the Wilmot Railway Station, now under new management, has been re-fitted and arranged with a view of providing for the greatest comfort and convenience of guests and summer tourists.
First-class Livery Stable in Connection, where good teams, with or without drivers, may be secured at all times. Travellers conveyed to any part of the country by team.
Terms reasonable. 6 6m

St. Macey, 10,033.
5 Years Old, 16 Hands, 1100 lbs.
THIS SPLENDIDLY BRED STALLION WILL TRAVEL BETWEEN BRIDGETOWN AND LUNENBURG DURING THE SEASON OF 1893.
St. Macey is the best bred stallion that will stand for public service in Annapolis County this year. It will pay those who intend to breed their mares to wait and see and examine him.
He has already proved himself able to sire large, handsome, good-gaited, fast and sound foals.
His breeding can hardly be better. Twenty of the greatest brood mares are represented close up in his pedigree.
Be sure and not breed to any stallion till you see St. Macey and be convinced that what I say is correct.
No trouble to show him, whether you breed or not. He can stand the most critical examination.
For tabulated pedigree and further information send post card to
HORACE H. FEINDEL,
Elm House, Lawrencetown.
March, 1893. 52 tf

R. ALLEN CROWE
Has just got in a lot more of those
BARREL CHURNS
that gave such good satisfaction.
Butter Trays, Butter Ladles, Butter Molds, Sheet Zinc, Patent Steel Sinks, Magee's Patent Sink, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe,
RUBBER HOSE,
Plain and Wire bound.
RANGES AND COOKS
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Window Screen Wire Cloth, Kitchen Furnishings,
CREAMERS AND TINWARE.
Plumbing and Job Work
a Specialty.
—AGENT FOR—
THE GOOLD BICYCLE CO.
R. ALLEN CROWE.

HAVING purchased the Stock in Trade and Book Accounts of Runciman, Randolph & Co. and T. Shaw, in the
FURNITURE BUSINESS
lately conducted by them, under the management of J. B. Reed, Esq., I intend to continue the same business at the old stand.
I have employed the services of Mr. Reed as salesman, and think I can guarantee *good satisfaction* to those wishing to purchase.
UNDERTAKING
carried on as usual on the premises.
All those indebted to the old firm will kindly call and settle up as soon as possible.
W. M. FORSYTH.
Bridgetown, January 18th, 1893. 43

NOTICE!
THE subscriber will continue the business formerly conducted by the late Hugh Fraser in its various branches, including Hard and Soft Coal.
ELIZA FRASER.
Bridgetown, Feb. 25th, 1893. 49tf

LONG LIFE
is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the superior medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body. Restoration to perfect health and strength
Results from Using
AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Ks., writes:
"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success."
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

1893. 1893.
Yarmouth S. S. Co., Limited.
The Shortest and Best Route between
Nova Scotia and United States.
THE QUICKEST TIME. 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.
4 TRIPS A WEEK.
The Fast and Popular Steel Steamers
"YARMOUTH" AND "BOSTON."
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
Commencing Saturday, June 24th, one of the above Steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, after arrival of the express train from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at twelve o'clock, noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Yarmouth & Annapolis Ry. and coach lines for all parts of Nova Scotia. These are the fastest steamers plying between Nova Scotia and the United States, and form the most pleasant route between above points, combining safety, comfort and speed. Regular mail carried on both steamers. Tickets sold to all points in Canada via Central Vermont or Canadian Pacific Railways, and to New York via Fall River line, Stonington line, and New York and New England Railway.
For all other information apply to Y. & A., W. & A., I. C. and N. S. Central Railway agents, or to
L. E. BAKER,
Pres. and Managing Director.
W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treasurer.
Yarmouth, June 19th, 1893.

REV. J. T. CARR, PITTSFIELD, ME.
Two Bottles Groder's Syrup Cured Him.
LIVER and KIDNEYS Badly Affected.
FOOD WOULD SOUR IN 30 MINUTES AFTER EATING IT.
Gentlemen:
Your DYSPEPSIA CURE is a valuable remedy. I have been afflicted with this painful disease for more than 12 YEARS. For 3 years I was unable to take but very little food. MY FOOD DISTRESSED ME and would SOUR in 30 MINUTES after eating it. My stomach was weak, my LIVER and KIDNEYS BADLY AFFECTED. CONSTIPATION came on. I was very NERVOUS and could not SLEEP, and at last my courage gave out and I was unable to attend to my ministerial labors. 2 BOTTLES of your SYRUP has cured me. Such a remedy is invaluable in nearly every family. You are at liberty to make public this statement for the benefit of others affected in this way.
Respectfully, J. T. CARR.
THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE COMPANY, Ltd.
St. John, N.B.

AN OLD FAVORITE!
The subscriber wishes to make known to those interested in the breeding of horses, that he will have for service during the coming season, the celebrated and well-known stallion
"BROTHER'S PRIDE,"
sire of one who went in 2.17, and also the remarkably speedy horse "BRIDGETOWN CHARLIE."
Further particulars will be announced in the next issue of this paper, and also by handbills in the course of a few days.
JOHN HALL.
Lawrencetown, April 28th, 1893.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
COLIC
CHOLERA
CHOLERA-MORBUS
DIARRHOEA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL
SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN OR ADULTS
PRICE 35 CTS
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

THE ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE SHORTHAND INSTITUTE
Our Annual Summer Feature.
The Teachers' and Students' Summer Course will be conducted as usual during the coming vacation season.
This course has been taken advantage of by many teachers and students with most satisfactory results. It affords an unsurpassed opportunity for acquiring proficiency in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc., etc.
This year a special discount of 20 per cent. from catalogue rates will be allowed teachers and students during the holiday season.
Send for circulars and specimens of Penmanship.
KERR & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

CARRIAGES
SOLD AND EXCHANGED.
W. C. FEINDEL, MIDDLETON, N. S.

Poetry.

Almsgiving.

Upon the water cast thy bread,
And after many days,
It will return again to thee,
In God's mysterious ways.
Hand in hand, and side by side,
The wheat grows with the tares,
And so amidst life's soiling dust,
Come angel unawares.

Upon the water cast thy bread,
Be it word or deed,
It will return a thing to bless,
In some sad hour of need.
Be the giving e'er so small,
E'en to the widow's mite,
Send it forth with hope and trust,
'Tis precious to His sight.

Upon the water cast thy bread,
To those who stand or fall
Beneath some dark and fatal stain,
His love is over all.
And thou shalt harvest golden sheaves,
From every seed that's sown
And scattered on the yelding earth,
Or, mid the rocks and stone.

Upon the water cast thy bread,
And God shall measure mete,
Full, unto the overflowing,
Perfect and complete.
If only given, in touch or look,
Hath he not said so thee:
"It shall return—'tis not forgot,
Since it were done for me."

Select Literature.

The Mexican Outlaw.

In the year '56 I ran into Matamoras in a coaster from Galveston.

The Mexican men are pizen, now mind, I tell ye, but the wimmin, Lord bless 'em, are jest the neatest little sparkles that ever wore a shoe.

There was a good deal of talk, when I was in Matamoras before, about the guerilla Bonos.

If you was to believe the Mexicans, he was a sort of compo of man and devil, mixed up permiscuous like, but a bad lot altogether.

I used to laugh when they told how he rode into the villages at the head of thirty or forty men, took what he wanted, carried away half a dozen gals or so, and went on his way to the chaparral without anyone striking a blow.

But that needn't surprise anyone, when I know that the Navajoes and Comanches ride through the Northern States of Mexico just as they like, and no one says ag'inst it.

I was stopping at a tavern close to the wharves, and Ben Goddard was with me.

He's a chicken, is Ben, six foot two in his mocassins, deadly with the rifle, sure every time with the revolver, and just the man to use a bowie right lively.

"See here, Bill," he says, "did you ever go to a fandango?"

I 'lowed I never had, and he said I'd got to go to just the liveliest kind of shin-dig, and have some fun.

I was all alive for it, especially when he told me that there was heaps and slashin's of pooty gals, and that they hankered most awfully after the "Americanos."

So we put on our best lugs, and started out about eight o'clock, with a young greaser, a mighty good sort of chap, who stopped at the hotel.

He took us to a sort of hall in the outskirts of the town, and we could hear the guitars tinkling like mad, and knew they were at it.

So we just paid for tickets, and walked in as if we owned the ranche.

We stood back awhile, and watched the crowd, and I must say I never saw a neater lot of gals taken altogether in my life.

They all looked good enough to eat, every cussed one of 'em.

Ben didn't stand back long, for there are heaps of Mexicans in Texas, where he had lived, and the fandango is a reg'lar institution there.

He picked out a little black-eyed Lenora, in a scarlet rebosa, who looked as though she rather liked the style of the big Texan, and they waltzed in; and the way those big alligator boots of Bill's shook the floor was just a sin.

"The senor does not dance?" said Valdez, the young chap who came with us, speaking to me. "Then I will introduce you to a lady who has been put to penance by the padre. And what do you think that penance is? To come to this fandango—and look all the while and not dance."

"Rather hard on her, I should say."

It is terrible; but she will not feel so badly if someone talks to her."

"Hold on," I says. "Is she young?"

"Seventeen."

"Pretty?"

"The senor shall judge for himself."

He pointed out the prettiest girl in the room, a neat little article as ever I see, dressed out to kill, with the neatest little foot and ankle, and the prettiest hand in the world; big black eyes, a sweet mouth, and the whitest teeth possible, but looking mournful enough for a funeral.

"Go ahead," I says. "I can't pass my rime any better."

So he introduced her as the Senora Isa Valdez, his cousin, and I planted myself by her side, and began to patter like a padre.

She brightened up in a moment, and let her tongue loose, and how she did talk.

I never was so pleased in my life, as she told me of the terrible penance put upon her by the padre, because she had eaten meat on Friday.

The old heathen.

He knew he couldn't hurt her worse, and yet it was a good thing for me, for I didn't know how to dance the fandango, and should have been lost without her.

Towards the end of the dance there was a stir near the door, and a man came towards us—a tall, handsome fellow, with a wicked-looking eye.

The senora started and turned pale as she saw him.

"Take me away," she gasped. "I cannot meet that man."

But he was too quick for us, and got between us and the door.

"Ha, Isa, *cara mia,*" he said, showing his teeth like a tiger. "I have come to dance with you, unless some of your friends object."

"I am put to penance," she said, in a low voice. "I cannot dance, and you must go away, or you will be known."

"They dare not put a finger on me," he said. "I received a pardon yesterday, and Bonos the guerilla of yesterday, is to-night a citizen of Matamoras. Come, you must dance."

"The padre will not permit it."

"You know that I am not partial to the padres," replied Bonos, smiling as he saw those nearest to him draw back in terror at the mention of his terrible name. "I insist upon one dance with you."

I thought it was about time to bile in

"See here, Mister Bonos, the guerilla," I says, "you just git——"

He looked at me half a minute, with a half-amused smile.

"I don't want to kill you here, my friend, he said. "It would spoil the effect of my recent pardon, and you Yankees are hard fighters and brave men. Go away, while I permit it."

I only laughed at him, and then he tried to pull the girl away from me.

"I will dance," she cried. "Oh, senor, do not quarrel with him."

"Not a dance," I said. "If he knows what is good for his health, he'll clear out."

He made a jump at me, throwing his arms wildly about, for a greaser dont know any more how to fight than a cat, and all I had to do was to put in one—*two*—and he was on his back.

He leaped up like a panther, but I had the drop on him with my pistol when he got out his knife; and Ben Goddard was coming up, so he caved.

"I'll see you again, cursed Tejano!" he hissed; "remember that, and when the time comes, you may repent this hour."

He brushed the greasers aside like flies, and was gone.

I took the gal home, with my revolver ready, and Ben walking half a square behind.

But we didn't see anything of him, and soon found that he had left Matamoras.

From that time I was with Isa whenever I got a chance, and one day, with Ben and the little gal in the scarlet rebosa, we rode out to a ranche five or six miles from Matamoras, where young Valdez lived.

The way led through a patch of chaparral, or brush, through which a road had been cut, and as we entered it, Isa who was riding by my side, suddenly uttered a cry and urged her horse before me.

A pistol cracked, and I saw the poor girl reel and fall from the saddle, while a second shot grazed my ear.

"Take care of her, Ben," I cried. "I'll hunt this dog to death."

As I pushed my horse into the thick chaparral, I saw a black horse clear a growth of mesquit bushes on the right, and on his back sat Bonos, the guerilla, and the pistol still smoking in his hand.

I was well mounted, and knew how to ride, and I dashed after him.

Four times I fired at him, but the motion of the horse made my aim bad, and I missed.

There was only one more charge in my revolver, for I had fired at a rabbit while on the way, and had not thought to fill the chamber again.

I rode hard, desperately, holding that last charge, for I had not time to slip out the chamber and load it.

The black horse broke through the chaparral and made the way easier for me; but when we came out upon the open plain, he began to draw away from me, and I saw that the animal I rode was no match for him.

Bonos laughed in fiendish glee, and spurred on over the plain, and in my desperation I was about to give him my last shot, when he turned and rode off at an angle.

What was the reason?

Ben Goddard had emerged from the chaparral directly in his course, and a savage oath broke from his lips.

I changed my course so as to drive him more to the right, towards Ben, but to my horror, the black horse showed such a burst of speed, that I feared I could not cross him.

We came near, but he was sure to pass me, and I gave him my last charge.

The sombrero flew from his head, but he rode on unharmed.

"He will escape!" I yelled, mad with rage. "Oh, for a rifle now."

He had reached the mouth of the pass, which we knew would lead him to safety, and turned to make a last derisive gesture, when the crack of a rifle came to my ears, and I saw Bonos drop his bridle, press his hand upon his side, and fall headlong to the earth.

"Hurray for Texas!" cried Ben as he rode up. "The skunk forgot that an old Texan Ranger never rides without his rifle."

We found Bonos lying on his back, the blood flowing from a wound below the armpit on the left side.

One glance was enough.

He had not five minutes to live.

As we came near, his eyes flared open, a look of wild rage came into his face, and with a hissing execration he lay dead at our feet.

We rode back and found the poor girl badly hurt, but not likely to die, and I carried her to the ranche, and sent a peon off for a doctor. I s'pose to carry this out in the true yarning style, I ought to have married the gal—but I didn't

She found one of her own kind she liked better than me, but the last time I was in Matamoras, I went up to the ranche, and I thought they'd cat me, tough old sailor as I am.

I never forgot the day that ended Bonos, the guerilla, and many a man had cause to thank Ben Goddard's good shot.

A Tale of the Great Plague.

The ruthless and innovating hand of time has long since swept from the minds of men all remembrances of the once noble and hospitable mansion of Dalton Hall, which, during the civil wars and long after the Restoration, stood foremost in the ranks of elegance and manorial splendour among the residences of the old English gentry, residing in the pleasant suburban village of Hogsden.

Sir Roger Dalton, the last male descendant of that once illustrious family, had fallen a victim to his loyal zeal, in the decisive fight at Worcester; leaving his infant daughter, Ellen, to the protection of Lady Dalton, a woman of high birth, but of a proud and implacable temper.

As the youthful Ellen approached to womanhood, her stern mother had followed her schemes with such success as to procure for her a suitor, no less distinguished than the young Lord Dorset, to whose family she herself was rated, but in a collateral degree.

For the furtherance of this union, the consummation of which was the *nil ultra* to her proudest hopes, she found means to withdraw from her daughter's company the only associate that the beauteous Ellen had ever known—her much-loved and merry-hearted cousin, Alaric Hartley, the only being she had yet seen who enjoyed feelings and pleasures in common with herself.

At eighteen, Alaric Hartley was presented with a commission in the army, and soon found active employment from the unsettled and embarrassed state of the Netherlands.

Three years had now passed since his departure, and for the last six months her letters were unanswered; no tidings could be heard of Alaric; it was more than probable he was dead!

It was during this dreadful suspense to her daughter, that Lady Dalton prosecuted her plans with the Earl of Dorset.

A day was named for the nuptials, but ardently did Ellen Dalton pray for its postponement—but for a month, for a week, till she should once more, and perhaps for the last time, hear from her cousin.

But all in vain; no letter came, and the marriage day was fixed.

One evening, as the disconsolate Ellen was seated alone in her chamber, her head resting upon her arms, thrown negligently along the table, her long auburn tresses dishevelled, and hiding the beauty of her face; her bodily dejection betraying the full misery of her mind, her haughty and resolute mother entered.

"What now, girl!" exclaimed she, with an affectation of surprise. "Always in thy fainting mood. By God's life, minx, I'll have thee in a merrier vein. Thy bridegroom will be here to-night to sign and seal; if thou art flesh of mine, he shall not see thee thus."

"Now, I pray to God, he see me not at all!" sobbed the unhappy Ellen. "Oh, mother, if ever I was dear to thee, if ever I possessed thy love, thy hopes, thy care, let me forego this; give me back that peace I once possessed, and there's nothing in the world but I will do to please thee."

"Then," said the unshaken parent, with a smile of joy, "marry the husband I have gained for you; his title, rank, wealth, family."

"Away with them all," shrieked the unhappy maiden, and relapsed into her former posture.

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Towards the noon of a more than usually sultry day in the month of June, 1665, at the time that fearful calamity, the "Great Plague," was at its height, a figure of a man, richly accoutred in the prevailing military uniform, was seen to emerge from the East Chepe, and bend his steps in the direction of Shoreditch.

At that time, even in those streets, that were usually the most thronged, there was a dead and awful silence.

In his ignorance of the city, the soldier experienced considerable difficulty in finding the street he required. Several to whom he had applied, had taken no other notice of his inquiry than to quicken their pace, with a look of dismay; smelling at the same time their preventatives with an additional eagerness.

He passed on, in vain looking for some one who might inform him which was Dalton Hall, until a watchman returning to a door which he had momentarily quitted, pointed to a large mansion on the other side of the way.

After having knocked twice at the door of the house indicated, a servant appeared at the balcony over the entrance, and informed him, in answer to his inquiry, that Lady Dalton, after having supplied the house with provisions, had locked up the doors several weeks ago, since which she held communication with on one, suffered neither ingress nor egress.

This precaution, as Alaric subsequently found, had been practised by several other families, and in most cases proved effectual. He desired that his name might be conveyed to her, but being assured it would be utterly unavailing in inducing Lady Dalton to grant him an interview, he inquired which was the nearest place where he could find a lodging at least for a night or two.

"There is the 'Moses and Aaron' public house, facing the church," replied the man, "and there is a lodging house only two doors off. But whether they will take you in at present, I cannot say."

To the latter our hero betook himself in preference, and, ringing at the bell, was answered by a woman from the window, who asked him what he wanted.

He answered that he had just arrived from abroad, in total ignorance of the contagion, and being disappointed of a residence in the house of his friend, Lady Dalton, was in want of a lodging.

"Have you a pass from the magistrates, or a certificate of health?" inquired the woman.

"I have nothing," he replied, "but a receipt for my luggage and effects, which were only landed this morning at Stepney, as you may see by the paper."

And he held it up in confirmation of his statement.

"Your ruddy face is the best certificate of health," said the woman, "and I should be base and ungrateful indeed to shut my door against any friend of the Lady Dalton; come in."

The door was presently opened, and as he entered, the woman ejaculated—

"May God spare this house, and all that are in it!"

To which Alaric replied—

"Amen!"

And with this solemn welcome he walked into the parlour.

The shock that his feelings had received, and the deep senses of his individual danger soon produced upon him a fit of weariness and languor.

At that period of general panic, the smallest indisposition was contemplated with alarm, and his landlady could hardly speak for agitation, when she informed him next morning that one of the maid servants had complained of headache and nausea, adding a devout prayer to Heaven that it might not prove the pestilence.

In any case she determined to call in medical advice.

Intimating this decision, she left the room.

Alaric had not been long alone when he heard a cry of distress from one of the upper apartments, and upon calling to inquire the cause, he learned from one of the maids that her fellow servant had just expired, and their mistress complained of being exceedingly ill.

"Is there no one else in the house?" inquired Alaric.

"Not a soul but yourself," answered the maid, "but we have sent for a nurse, and expect one this morning."

Towards noon he heard the physician arrive, and go upstairs, followed by the nurse, who took her station in the landlady's room.

He was about to spring from his seat and hasten to the door, when he was seized by a sudden vertigo, accompanied by an inexpressible nausea and sickness, and fell backwards to his chair.

After a few moments it seemed in some degree to pass away, and he again attempted to rise, but he found himself unable to stand without support, so that he again sat down in his chair, the agony of his disappointment being aggravated by the dreadful conviction that he was smitten by the plague.

His voice still remained to him, and hearing some one pass down the stairs, he called for help.

It proved to be the nurse, a forbidding-looking hag, who shook her head when she saw him, told him the only thing he could do was to betake himself to his bed, and complained that she should have enough to do since the second maid was ill as well as the mistress; and adding that she would send the doctor to him when he called the next morning, she bade him keep himself quiet in his bed and not ring the bell, and immediately quitted the apartment.

After broken and uneven slumbers, he awoke the next morning feverish and unrefreshed, and most anxious to see the physician, that he might know the exact nature of his complaint, and what fate he was to expect.

Long and eagerly did he listen for the sound of his footsteps, and his heart beat rapidly as he heard him ascending the stairs.

After having first visited the landlady, he entered Alaric's apartment, and standing at some distance from the bed, with a smelling bottle to his nose, he desired to see his patient's breath.

"There are the blue plague spots! Lord have mercy upon us! You are a dead man! I will send the nurse to you."

Then he hurried out of the room.

Towards his nurse our hero had now entertained a most unconquerable antipathy, and as some hours elapsed without her appearance, he began to hope that he should no more be troubled with her hateful presence.

During this time his thoughts reverted often and painfully to the beautiful, the vivacious, the fascinating Ellen Dalton, whose joyous soul at their former meetings, diffusing sunshine all around it, contrasted fearfully with the gloom of his present situation, and the character of the sepulchral hag, whose ministerings he was fated to endure.

It was as if he looked back upon the bright visions of Paradise from the regions of doom and despair.

Whilst he was lost in these reveries of felicity, he was disturbed by the entrance of the nurse, who came to inform him that the landlady had just breathed her last, and that if his disorder did not exhibit some favourable turn, of which she saw no symptoms at present, there was likely to be a clear house by the morning.

Our unfortunate hero soon fell into a profound slumber, and he could not help imagining when he awoke that there was some little subsiding in his disorder.

While he was nourishing these pleasant auguries, the ill-featured and ill-omened nurse came to disperse them by croaking in his ear that the landlady, a little before her death, had experienced exactly similar sensations of imaginary convalescence.

As she said this, Alaric Hartley thought he perceived a difference in her voice to what he had before noticed in her; her figure too betrayed a slight variation from its usual form. Altogether he could hardly persuade himself that the hideous hag he had hitherto spoken to now stood before him; nevertheless, he still retained his unconquerable abhorence of the withered and decrepid crone.

"The physician who will shortly be here," said Alaric, "will be enabled to pronounce better than I can myself, and till his arrival, I will dispense with your attendance."

"Marry, come up," cried the woman, with a scowling look; "there be many would rather have the room than the company of a fellow in the plague; I've no one else to attend now, so I shall suit my own convenience."

Hour after hour dragged heavily on, and yet the physician came not, a circumstance at which he expressed his surprise to the nurse.

"There is nothing surprising in the matter," she replied. "It is too late to expect him to-day; perhaps he may look in to-morrow, but I doubt if you will hold out so long—if I can help it," muttered she.

During the utterance of this consolatory opinion, she made arrangements in the grate, as if for the purpose of lighting a fire. "Good Heaven!" exclaimed Alaric, "you are not surely going to increase the heat of the room, when I am suffering from fever."

"Your sufferings will soon be over," said the hag; "it's better to think of the living than the dead, and fire keeps off infection; besides, I may as well dress my supper here as be running up and down stairs."

Our hero had now fallen asleep.

After some hours he was awakened by a noise which he found to be the snoring of his nurse.

The apparently gaunt and bony hag was stretched in an armchair, her head supported by a pillow, and her feet resting on the fender.

While he was gazing at the scene before him, she awoke and having ascertained the hour by a watch which she took from her pocket, she cast a scrutinising glance toward the bed.

An impulse of mingled surprise and curiosity induced Alaric to counterfeit sleep.

She brought one of the candles close to his face, as if to assure herself of the fact, and again retired towards the fireplace, apparently convinced that she was unobserved.

Peering through his nearly closed eyes, he saw her take a key from the mantlepiece, unlock his portmanteau, and rummage amid its contents, whence she drew forth his diamond-hilted sword.

A glare of horrid satisfaction passed over her features as she recognized the weapon, and Alaric, who began to think she meditated something more atrocious than robbery, was not at all dissatisfied at seeing her place it on the table.

He had not long, however, to congratulate himself, for she had no sooner put down the sword than she took up the pillow upon which she had been sleeping, and, advancing two or three steps on tiptoe, she at length sprang like a tigress upon her prey, leaping upon the bed, and covering over Alaric's face with the pillow, upon which she leant the whole weight of her body, with the intention of smothering him.

Taken by surprise, he at last extricated himself from the pillow, crying at the same time as loudly as his strength permitted—

"Help! Murder! Murder!"

"Noisy fool!" said the fury. "Murder, indeed, when you are a dead man already. Ha, ha, ha!"

And she laughed hysterically.

Again she forced him down with the pillow. His struggles grew fainter.

Suddenly a graceful female figure, attired in black, and holding a lamp in her right hand, glided into the chamber. At sight of this apparition, the hag threw down the pillow, and uttering a shout of terror, snatched the sword from the table.

"Nay, then," said she, "God alone shall be the witness of my crime."

And plunging the weapon to her heart, she fell motionless to the ground.

Alaric Hartley, at a sudden impulse, raised himself in his bed.

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