

YALLER JOE

"Yes, siree! I should say I do remember it. That was the first and last steamboat seen here."

"Ever since my arrival in the 'Mountain City' I had been overhearing obscure references to 'the year the steamboat came up'."

"It was during slavery times," he continued, "and I am ashamed to own it now, if I was afraid to then, that many of the poor black runaway I've helped to steer toward Canada."

"When he had thawed before the hot fire, something like a smile of gratitude crowded out on his face, and he dropped upon his knees and actually would have worshipped me if I hadn't stopped him."

"The river kept on rising until the ice began to go out with a boom and a crash. I saw my men at work lightening the couple of the raft, provisioning the cabin."

"Just as he entered, he stealthily beckoned to me by a motion of his thumb, I followed and closed the door behind us."

"The squire winked at me as he said: 'There's no negro here. I've done my duty.'"

"I made up my mind to do the best I could for Yellow Joe and trust to Providence; but I must fool the Hecksathorn."

"Below the mill, the road comes down to the river's edge and is almost level. The thaw had left a bottom of hard ice which made good wheeling."

"'Shut up, Joe!' I commanded sharply. I had that instant caught a different sound in the rear. What was it to do? A roar was out of the confusion. To think of fighting was folly. They would search the wagon to the last straw. I could hear Joe's teeth chattering in the box just as they had the night I found him under the lilac bushes."

"I threw my left arm around Joe and sprang clear of the sinking vehicle, the blanket in which he had been wrapped slipping off his shoulders. The icy waters closed over us with a gurgle and a swirl."

"'Head off the team!' Save them! I heard Joe Heckathorn command. 'I had all I wanted to do for a few moments to keep our chins above water, but before our pursuers turned their attention from rescuing the struggling team, we were near enough to catch the rope thrown us from the boat, and were dragged aboard.'

"'But the 'next time' never came. A steamboat has never been seen again in these waters, and it looks to me as though the power which rules above had some other business for her here that night, thus simply to make the experiment."

"'It was a hot day in June,' said the old cattleman as he thoughtfully read the maker's name on his sombrero, 'an' while not possessin' one of these yere heat gauges to say ackerate, I'm allowin' it was ridin' hard on that week weather as this. The Tucson mail was in an' a basket of letters, when in comes Cherokee Hall, lookin' some moody, an' sets himself down on a shoe box."

"'I ain't aimin' to heat no superstitious fears, but I jest chronicled as a current event how I was ijestin' into a little 'poker' last night an' three times straight I picks up 'the hand the dead man held'—jacks up, on eights, an' it win every time."

"'Who all lose it?' asks Dan Boggs, some breathless. 'Why,' says Cherokee, 'it's every time that old long horn comes in from Tucson back some two weeks ago.'"

"'You see, this yere stranger who Cherokee allow lies at, comes over from Tucson a little while before this. He has long white hair an' beard, an' jedgein' from his rings on his horns, he was maybe a-comin' six or seven years ago, an' was all right, an' we takes the 'e's right, an' he leavin' Tucson showed he had sense, so we catches him at his finger. Of course, we all never asks his name none, as askin' names an' lookin' at the brands on a horse is apperly roode in the West, an' shows your freedin' up, an' freedin' up, an' freedin' up, an' he allows he's called 'Old Bill Gentry' to the boys, an' he an' Faro Nell are particler friendly."

"'Talkin' to him,' says Nell, 'is just like a layin' in the shade. He knows every-thing, too; 'bout all books an' things all right, an' he allows he's a tellin' me, too, as how he had a dicker with me the night 'died' way back some years ago when I was a yearlin'.' He feels a heap bad about it yet, an' white's so sorry for him, so old an' I gets hard."

"'An' you may gamble,' says Boggs, 'if Nell likes his all right. 'It Nell likes him that makes him all right,' says Cherokee. 'Along onto night we gets some cooler, an' by second drink time in the evening every one was movin' about, an' as it happens, quite a band was in the Red Light, an' some a-buckin' an' a-buckin' games which was goin' wide open all round, Cherokee was a sittin' behind his box an' Faro Nell, who loted a heap more on Cherokee than on any of us—seemed like, from a little girl, she'd give a pony for a pair of socks, an' she was a sittin' up at her shoulder on the lookout stool. The game was goin' plenty lively when along comes old Gentry. Cherokee takes a look at him an' seems worried a little, thinkin' no doubt, of them 'hands the dead man held,' but goes on dealin' without a word."

"'Why, I gets tired an' done up a lot, settin' agin' Cherokee last night,' says the old man, 'an' so I jest prowls down in my blankets an' sleeps some 'till about an hour ago.' 'So the old man buys a stack of blues an' sets them all on the ten. It was just then in comes the big man who was postin' of the notice former, and points a six-shooter at Gentry an' says: 'Put your hands up—put them up quick or I'll drill you. Old as you be, I don't take no chances.'"

"'At the first word Nell comes down off her stool like a small landslide, while Cherokee brings a gun to the front in a flash. The old man was right up with the procession, too, an' stood 't'war with his gun in his hand, his eyes a-gitterin' an' his white beard a-curlin' like a cat's. He was clear in his own mind, an' he says: 'Let us get 'word in gents.' says Cherokee, plenty calm, 'an' don't no one set in his stack unless he's got a hand. I does business yere my way, an' I'm shorly due to down the first man who shoots a cross any layout of mine. Don't make

no mistake or the next census'll count one behind shor.' 'What you all aimin' to celebrate, an' how? says Jack Moore, gettin' the big man's gun, while Boggs gets Gentry's. 'Who's Wolfville entertainin' yere, I'd like to know? 'I'm a Wells-Fargo detective,' says the big man, 'and this yere, a-pointin' to old Gentry, 'is Jim Yates, the biggest hold-up an' stage robber tarrapa here an' 'Frisco. That old Tarrapia 'll stop a stage like a young one would a clock, jest to see what's into it. He's the man I was postin' up the notice for this mornin'."

"'He's a liar,' says the old man, a-gettin' uglier every minute. 'Give up our six shooters an' turn us loose, an' if I don't lance the roof of his lynin' mouth with the front eight of my gun, I'll cash in for a head or anything else you say.' 'Wast do you do say, Enright?' says Moore; 'let's give 'em their gallins' an' let them lops. I've got money as says the Wells-Fargo bill passer can't take this yere old Cimmaron a little bit.'"

"'Which I trails in,' says Boggs, 'with a few dollars on the same card.' 'No,' says Enright, 'if this yere old man's a-rustin' the mail, we can't know it too quick. Wolfville is a straight camp, an' don't back no criminal plays; none whatever.'"

"'So Enright calls a meetin' of the strangers, of which he was head, and we all got over to the New York store to talk it over. Before we done possin' two minutes up comes Old Moose, the stage driver, all dust an' cut words, an' allows he's been stood up by the Cow spring six hours before, an' is out the mail bag by the Adams Company's box. We all looked at old man Gentry, an' he shorly seemed to crumple down a whole lot."

"'Gentry,' says Peets, after a minute, walking over to him, 'I hears you tell Nell you was sleepin' all day. Jest take this yere company to your budner an' let's see how it looks some.' 'It turns agin' me,' said the old man, an' I lose. 'I'll cut it short for you all an' let you right off the reel; I held up the stage this afternoon myself.'"

"'This yere's straight goods, I takes it,' says Enright, 'an' our dooty's plain. Go over to the corral an' get a larin', Moore. 'Don't let Enright hang the old man, Cherokee,' says Nell, beginnin' to cry. 'Please don't let 'em hang him.'"

"'This holdin' a gun on your friends ain't no picnic,' says Cherokee, flusin' up an' then turnin' paler than ever, 'but your word goes my way, Nell. Now, this yere is the way we does. I'll make them a talk an' you run over to the corral an' bring the best hoss you see saddled. I'll still be talkin' when you comes back, an' you creep up an' whisper to the old man to make a jump for the pony while I cover the deal with my six shooter. If they get him, they'll get him in the smoke. It's the playin' it low on Enright an' 'Frisco's right, but I'll do it for you, Nell.'"

"'So Cherokee says to the girl 'good-by' an' excuses himself for what he knows will be a desperate play, an' from which it's goin' to be some unusual if he comes out alive. Then he begins to talk, an' Nell makes a quiet little break for the corral. But no hoss was ever needed, for Cherokee didn't talk a minute, when all at once the old man tips off his chair in a plectic fit, an' a plectic fit is very permissin' an' tryin', an' when he comes to himself he was damp, an' says to this side of the dead line an' could only whisper: 'Come yere,' he says, a-motionin' to Cherokee; 'there's a stack of blues where I sets it on the ten open, which you ain't turned for yet. Take everything it's yours, put it with it. If it lose, it's yours, of course; if it win, give it to the little girl.'"

"'This was all he says, an' he dies the very next second on the list. There was over \$2,000 in his warbags, an' we all possesses ourse's of it mighty prompt an' goes over to the Red Light an' puts it on the ten along of the stack of blues. Cherokee goes on with the deal, an' I'm mised if the ten wasn't loser an' Cherokee gets it all.'"

"'But I won't win agin' a dead man,' says Cherokee, an' gives it to Nell, who wasn't so superstitious. 'Do you mind,' said Boggs, as we all takes a drink after, 'as how I prophesied this yere the minute I hears Cherokee a-talkin' to the boys, 'jacks up eights'—the hand the dead man held?'—Washington Star.

Old Parr's Possible Age. One of the last survivors Dean Stanley did for Westminster Abbey was to cause the almost effaced inscription over the celebrated Old Parr's grave to be recut. It is as follows: 'The Parr of ye County of Salop. Borne in A. D. 1483. He lived in the reigns of Rich. Prinsce, viz: K. Edw. 4, K. Edw. 5, K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7, K. Hen. 8, K. Edw. 6, Q. M. Q. Eliz., J. K. & J. Charles. Aged 152 years, and was Buried here Novemb. 15, 1633.' 'The old countess of Desmond,' who is said to have died at the age of 140, is mentioned by Lord Bacon, Archbishop Usher and Sir William Temple. The first assures us that: 'She did dentige (renew her own teeth) twice or thrice, casting her own teeth, and others coming in their place.'—Chamber's Journal.

Don't Give It a Thought. 'Owing to your not having screens in your car-windows,' said the traveller, 'I got a cinder in my eye the other day, and it has cost me \$10 to get it out. I want to know what you propose to do about it.' 'Nothing, my dear sir,' said railway official. 'We have no use for the cinder and you are perfectly welcome to it. On a strict construction of facts, you did get off with our property—the cinder of course, was not yours—but we do not care to make trouble for you in so small a matter. Pray do not give the incident a moment's thought.'

A Curious Oath. The following curious oath was until recently administered in the courts of Isle of Man: 'By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God has miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle, and between party and party as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the middle of the fish.'

TOLD OF BAR HARBOR. Its Natural History and Also an Account of the Inhabitants. Bar Harbor is the capital of Mt. Desert, which is an island several miles in diameter and several feet high. It is entirely surrounded by water and inhabited by millionaires, who derive a scanty subsistence from its sterile soil by yachting, diving and golfing. The island abounds in rocks, drives, salt water and girls. The principal products are morning calls, afternoon teas, dinner and dancet. When not attending to the cultivation of these staples the inhabitants are occupied in driving up and down to see that none of the scenery—to which they are much attached—has got away during the night. Mr. Desert was discovered several years ago—before the Christian Science era—by Frenchmen, who looked over the menu, and finding nothing there within their means, gave their names to several dishes, and left the island to be rediscovered by the hardy race of millionaires who still subsist there. The dwellings of this curious and interesting people are brick cottages, and are constructed of bricks, mortar and brickwork. The millionaire is exceedingly industrious during the summer season, attending duties or functions by which he supports existence, and from which he rarely allows himself to be diverted by any considerations of enjoyment or recreation. The fumble of the species is deciduous, shedding its plumage frequently—sometimes as often as five or six times in a single day—the feathers generally becoming more and more brilliant as the day advances.—Lile.

BORN. Halifax, Aug. 30, to the wife of E. M. Studd, a son. Halifax, Aug. 23, to the wife of H. W. Tully, a son. Margarettville, Aug. 19, to the wife L. Faine, a son. Truro, Aug. 30, to the wife of David Hay, a daughter. Yarmouth, Aug. 23, to the wife of Thomas Galt, a son. Torbrook, Aug. 19, to the wife of Robt. Neely, a son. Parrboro, Aug. 18, to the wife of Dr. F. A. Rand, a son. Alma, Aug. 27, to the wife of Wm. Rommel, a son. New Minas, Aug. 23, to the wife of Harry R. Fitch, a son. Halifax, Aug. 23, to the wife of Thomas Watchorn, a son. Truro, Aug. 21, to the wife of Dr. H. V. Kent, a daughter. Lunenburg, Aug. 20, to the wife of Frank Hall, a daughter. Middleton, Aug. 19, to the wife of Dr. Spoungie, a daughter. Waterville, Aug. 21, to the wife of Loran Martin, a daughter. Woodstock, Aug. 28, to the wife of H. N. Payton, a daughter. Lakeside, Aug. 21, to the wife of Freeman Morton, a daughter. Morris Road, N. S., Aug. 16, to the wife of Charles Taylor, a son. Cambridge, N. S., Aug. 23, to the wife of Samuel Blencow, a son. Cambridge Mills, Aug. 22, to the wife of W. G. Gault, a son. Smithfield, Aug. 24, to the wife of Stephen Pratt, a daughter. Yarmouth, Aug. 21, to the wife of Cap. Bedford Horton, a daughter. Horton Landing, Aug. 23, to the wife of S. L. McMallo, a daughter. St. Louis, N. S., Aug. 25, to the wife of Councilor E. J. Johnson, a son. Fort Lawrence, Aug. 21, to the wife of George Chapman, a daughter. Gerrish Valley, Aug. 19, to the wife of George T. McLehla, a daughter. Portland, Me., Aug. 18, to the wife of William T. Haley, formerly of N. B., a son. Athens, Ga., Aug. 25, to the wife of Dr. D. Young formerly of Watville N. B., a daughter.

MARRIED. St. Martin, Aug. 29, William King to Addie Davidson. Kent, Aug. 18, by Rev. S. E. Sprague, Willard Smith to Martha Scott. Westport, Aug. 14, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, David Welch to Minnie Hunt. Brighton, Aug. 17, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, St. Clair Perry to Lalia Marshall. Shubenacadie, Aug. 22, by Rev. J. Shipley, John Carey to Lydia Dinko. Thornburn, Aug. 19, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Neil McDonald to Mary Fraser. Glace Bay, Aug. 6, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, William J. Miles to Evelyn Lee. Truro, Aug. 7, by Rev. John Robbins, George A. Douglas to Margie Cline. Dartmouth, Aug. 31, by Rev. Dr. Lathern, Henry L. Dooks to Charlotte Bell. Newwascotia, Aug. 21, by Rev. Mr. Coldesten, Harry A. Estey to Louise Staples. Skit Lake, Aug. 21, by Rev. Harry Harrison, Fred J. McBride to Mabel Strong. Margarettville, Aug. 21, by Rev. Jos. Cooke, C. L. Dodge to L. Jean Landers. Westport, Aug. 22, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, Alfred L. Kelly to Esther Burkman. Newcastle, Aug. 22, by Rev. James Crisp, James W. Loggie to Grace B. Ross. New Glasgow, Aug. 19, by Rev. A. Boggs, George W. Curran to Mary C. Ford. Parrboro, Aug. 28, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Sarah Ann McKinnon to Alice Fowter. Truro, Aug. 14, by Rev. J. McLean, Arthur A. Barry to Bertha Jane Taylor. Margarettville, Aug. 23, by Rev. J. T. Parsons, Harry G. Phelps to Mary U. Waite. Millford, Aug. 28, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Archibald McInnis to Dorcas E. Brown. North River, Aug. 28, by Rev. J. H. Chase, J. A. Hedges to Mary Alice Blair. Marysville, Aug. 28, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Walter C. Brown to Rachel C. Banks. Canard, Aug. 7, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Alfred P. Wheaton to Jennie M. Beach. Truro, Aug. 27, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, John Lucas to Mrs. Jessie Calder. Leppan, Aug. 14, by Rev. H. H. Spiker, Hugh E. Chittick to Margaret A. Shaw. Chatham, Aug. 30, by Rev. W. McKay, R. Stanley Murray to Nina Maud Benson. Merigomish, Aug. 27, by Rev. A. Campbell, Fred W. Smith to Catherine C. Dunn. Scotch Village, N. S., Aug. 21, by Rev. Wm. Leer, Leonard Harvey to Annie Lyon. Dartmouth, Aug. 29, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, Joseph T. Shurt to Lena Troop. South Alton, Aug. 29, by Rev. H. S. Erb, Ezeray Jones to Mrs. Edward Whiting. Sydney Mines, Aug. 12, by Rev. D. MacMillan, John Scott to Margie McDonald. Truro, Aug. 27, by Rev. T. B. Laxon, Frank George to Florence Mary Geddie. Richmond, Aug. 29, by Rev. F. W. Blackmer, Byron B. Wilson to Ella L. Wilson. Lunenburg, Aug. 22, by Rev. James L. Batty, Charles W. Nelson to Nellie Holmes. Yarmouth, N. S., Aug. 22, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, Daniel Murray to Elizabeth McKay. Scotchboro, N. S., Aug. 29, by Rev. J. Atkin Greenleaf, Allan McNeill to Anabel McKenzie. Woodstock, Aug. 21, by Rev. James Whittead, James N. McBride to Olive G. Martin. St. Stephen, Aug. 7, by Rev. Howard Sprague, William A. West to Gertrude McJohnson. Barrington, Aug. 9, by Rev. Mr. Halliday, Rev. George T. Young to Mary Foster Bain.

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Chester, Aug. 28, by Rev. D. F. Clark, Charles Herbert Kilpatrick to Alice Maud McCalm. Richmond, Aug. 28, by Rev. Archdeacon Neale, Newton E. Dyer to Hope A. Kiborne. Greenwick Hill, N. S., Aug. 28, by Rev. A. T. Higgins, Charles W. Clark to Mary Adelaide Blake. Woodstock, Aug. 20, by Rev. C. T. Philip, William E. Kingston to Maggie May Murray. Greenwick Hill, Aug. 25, by Rev. T. A. Keane, Charles W. Clark to Mary Adelaide Blake. Mount Hope, N. B., Aug. 14, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, Rev. Frederick B. Seelye to Minnie M. Hall. Pleasant Valley, N. S., Aug. 21, by Rev. F. J. Pentlow, Ernest E. Stonehouse to Emma M. Stonehouse.

DIED. St. John, Sept. 3, John Telf. Millfield, Aug. 22, Adam Roy. Dorchester, Aug. 25, Walter Dobson. Pictou, Aug. 21, Andrew Murray, 47. Halifax, Aug. 27, Jesse Chandler, 17. Freeport, Aug. 16, Mrs. James Haines. Halifax, Aug. 26, Edward A. Neal, 25. John, Sept. 4, Samuel Doughty, 64. Grand Pre, Aug. 23, John Lawrence, 64. Halifax, Aug. 25, Charlotte Carter, 70. Halifax, Aug. 23, Daniel McTernan, 20. Beverly, Mass. Aug. 21, Eunice Gayton. St. John, Sept. 2, Frank McCulloch, 20. Windsor, Aug. 25, Walter Rickard, 64. Shag Harbour, Aug. 15, Seth Kendrick, 91. St. John, Aug. 20, Andrew Murray, 47. Emsville, Aug. 19, Mary A. Acheson, 90. Waweg, Aug. 14, Ethel Bryant, 18 months. Hantsville, Aug. 25, John H. Lonsbury, 42. Caledonia, Aug. 23, George F. Harlow, 20. Newcastle, Aug. 19, George F. McClain, 25. Tatamouche, Aug. 21, Daniel Barclay, 47. Smith's Cove, Aug. 23, Charles T. Potter, 60. Halifax, Aug. 30, Lila H. wife of Fred Hartt. Fredrickton, Aug. 6, Mrs. Margaret Niles, 65. Milltown, Aug. 4, Lillian May Irvine, 8 months. South Brook, N. S., Aug. 10, John N. Smith, 7. St. Andrew, Aug. 19, Mrs. George Eggleston, 70. Moncton, Aug. 29, Minnie, wife of W. H. Price, 64. Casereby, Aug. 24, James Wesley Dickson, 41. Annapolis, Aug. 16, Albesa, wife of Elias Piggot, 51. Lower Newcaston, Aug. 19, James L. McMane, 25. West Branch, N. S., Aug. 21, Walter Stonehouse, 37. Halifax, Sept. 1, Charlotte, wife of John Redmond, 29. Everett, Mass., Aug. 25, Mrs. J. Bratcher of N. S., 84. Yarmouth, Aug. 20, Martha, wife of Calvin Rogers. San Diego, Aug. 20, McBourne E. Marshall of N. S., 57. Glasgow, Aug. 29, Gladys Louise Davidson, 5 months. St. John, Aug. 29, Julia E. wife of Munton J. Waters, 71. Joggan Mines, Aug. 22, Grace, child of Philip Meanson, 3. Halifax, Aug. 29, Margaret, widow of John Fleming, 85. Rochester, Aug. 23, Philip Nevill, formerly of Halifax. Waterville, Mass., Aug. 10, John Ross of Pictou, N. S., 65. St. John, Aug. 23, Margaret E. wife of John W. Jamieson. Hampton, N. B., Aug. 19, Melissa, wife of Charles De Voe, 71. Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 12, Annie E. wife of Louis Buty, 85. Woodstock, Aug. 10, John McFarlane of St. Andrew, 43. Liverpool, Aug. 18, Lottie, daughter of William and Ella Mason, 3. McKee's Corner, Aug. 22, Sarah, wife of Gage Montgomery, 64. Lower Greenville, Aug. 19, Mary C. wife of Capt. David Covert, 63. Halloway's Sidner, Sept. 1, Jane, widow of Ezekiel Stevens, 83. Moncton, Aug. 20, Jean, child of Frank and Mary Dickson, 4 months. Truro, Aug. 27, Albert C. child of Albert and F. H. 7 months. Moncton, Sept. 1, Charles, third son of Thomas and Alena Williams, 4. Houghton, Mich., Aug. 6, Archibald McFarlane of St. Andrew, N. B., 84. Halifax, Aug. 28, Eva, child of Joseph and Francis Munn, 5 months. Roxbury, Aug. 20, Annie A. Killor, daughter of the late Jacob V. Troop. Stony Beach, Aug. 10, Phoebe Farnsworth, widow of Thomas Farnsworth, 75. Fairville, Aug. 20, Mrs. Ellen Haggratt, wife of the late Chas. Haggratt, 82. Dartmouth, Aug. 29, Emma, daughter of Mary and the late Edward Burchill, 4 months. Marsh Hope, N. S., Aug. 10, Margaret, only child of John and Elizabeth Baxter. Halifax, Sept. 1, Elizabeth Gladney, child of Henry and Eleanor, 5 months. Moncton, Aug. 27, Dora, 5 months daughter of C. A. and Annie Goddard, 5 months. Tatamouche, Aug. 24, Pimock, son of Thomas and Minnie Heaton, 15 months. Moncton, Aug. 23, Martha E. infant daughter of Robt. and Annie Goddard, 4 months. Malone Bay, Aug. 27, William Bruce, son of Rev. J. V. and Lottie Crawford, 13 months.

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