

TRUST.

A picture memory brings to me—
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light,
To read His works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath His hand;
That plan itself for good was planned,
I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That, as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealth He.

I wait, and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love;
—John G. Whittier.

CHONITA.

The Doomsman, in the old Spanish superstition, was a woman-twin, gifted with marvelous powers to curse and heal, to run the gamut of human emotion to bring pain on others, etc., Chonita Iturbily Moncada, the Doomsman, is beloved by Diego Estenaga, a man high in the government of the territory of the Californias when they belonged to Mexico. Between the two families a bitter feud had waged for generations. Diego and Reinaldo, Chonita's twin brother, were embittered by political differences, and Reinaldo had tried to ruin Diego by misinterpreting his acts to seem like treason. This scene opens on a bear hunt at night in which Chonita is one of the participants.

Estenaga, lifted Chonita from her horse. "Let us walk," he said. "They will not miss us. A few yards further, and you will be on my territory."

He took her hand and held it a moment, then drew it through his arm. "Now tell me all he said. 'They will be occupied for a long while. The night is ours.'"

"I have come here to tell you that I love you," she said. "Ah, can I make you tremble? It was impossible for me not to tell you this. I could not rest in my retreat without having the last word with you, without having you know me. And I want to tell you that I have suffered horribly; you may care to know that, for no one else in the world could have made me, no one else can. Only your fingers could twist in my heartstrings and tear my heart out of my body. I suffered first because I doubted you, then because I loved you, then the torture of jealousy and the pangs of parting, then those dreadful three months when I heard no word. I could not stay at Casa Grande; everything associated with you drove me wild. Oh, I have gone through all varieties! But the last was the worst, after I heard from you again, and all other causes were removed, and I knew that you were well and still loved me; the knowledge that I never could be anything to you—and I could be so much! The torment of this knowledge was so bitter that there was but one refuge—imagination. I shut my eyes to my little world and lived with you; and it seemed to me that I grew into absolute knowledge of you. Let me tell you what I divined. You may tell me that I am wrong, but I do not believe that you will. I think that in the little time we were together I absorbed you.

It seems to me that your soul reached always for something just above the attainable, restless in the moments which would satisfy another, fretted with a perverse desire for something different, steeped, under all wanton determined enjoyment of life, with the bitter knowing of life's impotence to satisfy. Could the dissatisfied mind loiter long enough to give a woman more than the promise of happiness—but never mind that.

"With this knowledge of you my own restless desire for variety left me; my nature concentrated into one paramount wish—to be all things to you. What I left vaguely before and stifled—the nothingness of life, the inevitableness of safety—I repudiated utterly now that they were personified to you; I would not recognize the fact of their existence. I could make you happy. How could imagination shape such scenes, such perfection of union, of companionship, if reality were not? I might exaggerate; but even, stripped of this halo, the substance must be sweeter and more fulfilling than anything else on this earth at least. And I knew that you loved me. Oh, I had felt that! And the variousness of your nature and desires, although they might madden me at times, would give an extraordinary zest to life. I was the Doomsman no longer. I was a supplementary being who could meet you in every mood and complete it; who would so understand that I could be man and woman and friend to you. A delusion? But so long as I shall never know, let me believe. An extraordinary tumultuous desire that rose to me like a wave and shook me often at first, had, in those last sad weeks, less part in my musings. It seemed to me that that was the expression, the poignant essence, of love; but there was so much else! I do not understand that, however, and never shall. But I wanted to tell you all. I could not

rest until you knew me as I am and as you have made me. And I will tell you this, too," she cried, breaking suddenly; "I wanted you so! Oh I needed you so! It was not I, only, who could give. And it is so terrible for a woman to stand alone!"

He made no reply for a moment. But he forgot every other interest and scheme and idea stored in his impatient brain. He was thrilled to the exalted senses that he was about to take to his heart the woman compounded for him out of his own elements. "Speak to me," she said.

"My love, I have so much to say to you it will take all the years we shall spend together to say it in."

"No, no! Do not speak of that. There I am firm. Although the misery of the past months were to be multiplied ten thousand times in the future I would not marry you."

Estenaga, knowing that their hour of destiny was come; and that upon him alone depended its issue, was not the man to hesitate between such happiness as this woman alone could give him, and the gray existence which she in her blindness meted to both; his bold will had already taken the future in its relentless grasp.

"It seems absurd to argue the matter," he said, "but tell me the reasons again, if you choose, and we will dispose of them once for all. Do not think for a moment, my darling, that I respect them, only because they are yours; in themselves they are not worthy of consideration."

"Ay, but they are. It has been an unwritten law for four generations that an Estenaga and an Iturbily Moncada should not marry. The enmity began, as you should know when a member of each family was an officer in a detachment of troops sent to protect the possessions in their building. And my father—he told me why—loved your father's sister for many years; that was the reason he married so late in life—and would not ask her because of her blood and of cruel wrongs her father had done his. Shall his daughter be weak where he was strong? You cast aside traditions as if they were the seeds of an apple; but remember that they are blood of my blood. And the vow I made—do you forget that, and the words of it? The church stands between us. I will tell you all; the priest has forbidden me to marry you; he forbade it every time I confessed, not only because of my vow, but because you had aroused in me a love so terrible that I almost took the life of another woman. You see it is hopeless. It is useless to argue."

"I have no intention of arguing. Words are too good to waste on such an absurd proposition that because our fathers hated us, who are independent and intelligent beings, should not marry when every drop of heart's blood demands its rights. As for your vow—what is a vow? Hysterical egotism, nothing more. Were it the promise of man to man, the subject would be worth discussing. But we will settle the matter in our own way." He took her suddenly in his arms and kissed her. She put her arms about him and clung to him trembling, her lips pressed to his. In that supreme moment he felt not happiness, but a bitter desire to bear her out of the world into some higher sphere where the conditions of happiness might possibly exist. "On the highest pinnacle we reach," he thought, "we are granted the tormenting and chastening glimpse of what might be, had God, when he compounded his victims, been in a generous mood and completed them."

And she? She was a woman. "You will resist no longer," he said. "Ay, more surely than ever now." Her voice was faint, but crossed by a note of terror. "In that moment I forgot my religion and my duty. And what is so sweet—it cannot be right."

"Do you so despise your womanhood, the most perfect thing about you?" "Oh, let us return! I wanted to kiss you once. I meant to do that. But I should not. Let us go! Oh, I love you so! I love you so!"

He drew her closer and kissed her until her head fell forward and her body grew heavy. "I shall think and act now for both," he said unsteadily, although there was no lack of decision in his voice. "You are mine. I claim you, and I shall run no further risk of losing you. Oh, you will forgive me—my love—"

Neither saw a man walking rapidly up the trail. Suddenly the man gave a bound and ran toward them. It was Reinaldo.

"Ah, I have found thee," he cried. "Listen, Don Diego Estenaga, lord of the North Americas and would be dictator of the Californias. Two hours ago I despatched a vaquero with a circular letter to the priests of the department of the Californias warning them each and all to write at once to the Archbishop of Mexico and protest that the success of your ambition would mean the downfall of the Catholic Church in California, and telling them your schemes. Unhand my sister! Thou shalt not have her. 'Thou shalt have nothing. With thou unhand her!' he cried, enraged at Estenaga's cold reception of his damnable news. 'Thou shouldst not have her if I tore thy heart from thy body.'"

Estenaga looked contemptuously across Chonita's shoulder, although his heart was lead within him. "The last resource of the mean and down-trodden is revenge," he said. "Go! Tomorrow I shall horsewhip you in the courtyard of Fort Ross."

Reinaldo, hot with excitement and thirst for further vengeance, uttered a shriek of rage and sprang upon him. Estenaga saw the gleam of a knife and flung Chonita aside,

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catching the driving arm, the fury of his heart in his muscles. Reinaldo had the soft muscles of the cabellero, and panted and writhed in the iron grasp of the man who forgot that he grappled with the brother of a woman passionately loved, remembered only that he rejoiced to fight to the death the man who had ruined his life. Reinaldo tried to thrust the knife into his back; Estenaga suddenly threw his weight on the arm that held it, nearly wrenching it from its socket, snatched the knife and drove it to the heart of his enemy.

Then the hot blood in his body turned cold. He stood like a stone, regarding Chonita, whose eyes fixed upon him, were expanded with horror. Between them lay the dead body of her brother.

He turned with a groan and sat down on a fallen log, supporting his chin with his hand. His profile looked grim and worn and old. He stared unseeing at the ground. Chonita stood still, looking at him. The last act of her brother's life had been to lay the foundation of her lover's ruin; his death had completed it; all the south would rise did the slayer of Iturbily Moncada seek to rule it. She felt vaguely sorry for Reinaldo, but death was peace; this was hell in living veins. The memory of the world beyond the forest grew indistinct. She recalled her first dream and turned in loathing from the bloodless selfishness of which it was the allegory. Superstition and tradition slipped into some inner pocket of her memory, there to rattle their dry bones together and fall to dust. She saw only the figure, relaxed for the first time, the profile of a man with his head on the block. She stepped across the body of her brother, and, kneeling beside Estenaga, drew his head to her breast.—Gertrude Atherton, in Boston Home Journal.

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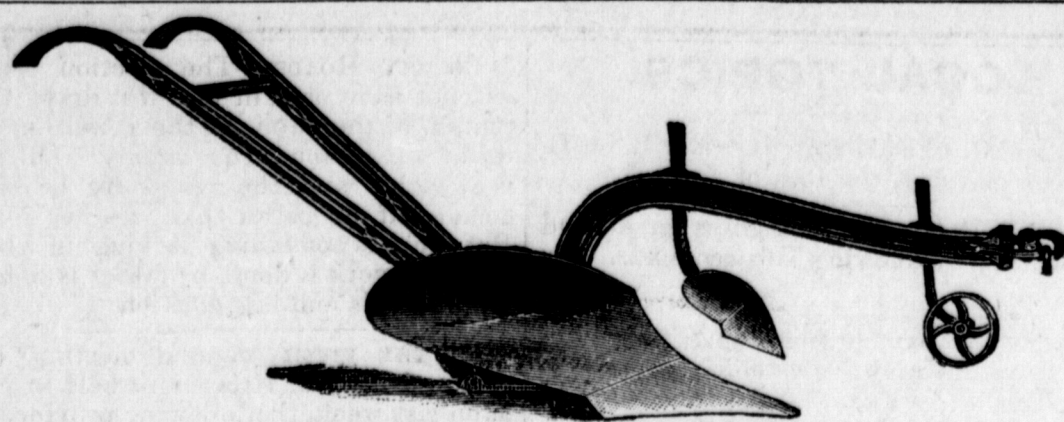
NOTICE OF SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at the Post Office at Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Thursday, the 16th day of July next, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity of David Elliott of, in, to, out of or upon the following described lands and premises, viz.

All that tract or lands situate in the parish of Wilmet, in the County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post standing on the eastern side of a reserved road, at the southwest angle of the western half of lot number twenty-six (26) granted to Adolphus Eisey in Tier six Williamsown Settlement, thence running by the magnet south eighty-seven degrees east twenty-five (25) chains to another post, thence south three degrees west forty chains and fifty links to a cedar tree standing on the northern side of another reserved road thence along the same north eighty-seven degrees west twenty-five chains to the eastern side of the first aforesaid reserved road, and thence along the same north three degrees east forty chains and fifty links to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less and distinguished as the western parts of lots number twenty-seven and twenty-eight in tier six, Williamsown Settlement.

The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court of the Province of New Brunswick at the suit of John Fisher against the said David Elliott.

W. D. BALLOCH,
Sheriff Carleton County.
Sheriff's office Woodstock Dec. 30, 1896.



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