

October Party.

October gave a party;—
The leaves by hundreds came—
And Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
And those of every name.
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.
The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best,
And balanced all their partners,
And gayly fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.
Then, in the rustic hollows,
At "hide-and-seek" they played
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground;
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."

THE IRON OF REMORSE.

It is never well to be too sure what you would do under given circumstances until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you—when you sit down to reason about it, after the manner of the age—may be the very one you will follow when there is no time for reason. If any one had told Mackworth that under fire he would be a coward, Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there and have reflected upon the danger to his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated too, but being a right minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horatius that the molten image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge. So he very properly chose the cavalry, and heaven rewarded him by sending him straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sigh for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chiricahua were in the land and still struggling to be masters of it, and when a woman was truly a blessing of the gods and might, even under disadvantages, have her pick of the department. But as there is no woman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadets—which is not to be taken seriously—Mackworth had not let woman enter into his scheme of existence. His ideals were of another sort just then. He was young and full of belief and things, and the thought that the way to win the approval of the war department and the gratitude of his country was to avoid wire pulling and to kill Indians. Therefore he rejoiced greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chatto took the Chiricahuas on the warpath, and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kit all rolled in a rubber poncho and his mess chest pretty well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things then—though before long the bottom fell out of his universe, and he was filled with an enduring skepticism. And this was how it came about:

The first time he was under fire was when they were caught at rather a disadvantage among the pines in the Mogollons. The fight began about dusk and lasted well into the night. It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his boyhood, which had fostered an unconquerable fear of the dark; it may have been some lurking instinct, or it may have been just blue funk which overcame him. Anyway, he hid behind a boulder, crouched and cowered there, trembling so that his carbine fell from his hands.

And Morley, his captain, found him so. "What are you doing?" he demanded. He was an Irishman and a soldier of the old school, but he did not swear. Mackworth knew from that how bad it was. He scrambled up and babbled. "Get out of there," the captain said. He would have used a better tone to one of the troop curs.

Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer afraid, only ashamed—sickeningly ashamed—beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men, giving orders and smoking cigarettes and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched him and began to understand. His frown relaxed. "You'd better get under cover," he suggested. "You are taking needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wild, blank eyes and did not answer. His face was not only white now; it was gray and set, like the face of a corpse.

Morley's heart softened. "It's only a baby, anyway," he said to himself, "and it is unhappy out of all proportion." And presently he went to him again. "Will you get under cover, Mackworth?" he insisted.

"No," said the lieutenant, "I won't."

The captain swore now, fierce oaths and loud. "I order you back under cover, sir." Mackworth glanced at him and went on smoking. Morley did not fancy his position, arguing with a green boy, fully exposed to an invisible enemy. He knew that wasting officers is pretty, but is not war. "I shall order you to the rear under arrest unless you

get back there with the men immediately."

Mackworth retired, with a look at his superior for which he should have been court martialed. After that the scout went the way of most scouts, being a chase of the intangible, up mountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you; down them, when he slid atop of you; across malpais and desert, from the level of the mesquit and the greasewood to that of the pine and the manzanita. Chatto's band was at the north, to the south, to the east and west, but when the troop got to the spot after forced marching there was nothing.

It went on for two months, and all the while Mackworth's despondency grew. The weight of years was upon his yet barely squared shoulders, the troubles of a lifetime were writ upon his face. And it was a pitifully young face despite the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He was silent and morose. He would not lift up his baritone in song be the same never so dull. Only his captain knew why of course, and he didn't tell. Neither did he attempt consolation. He thought the remorse healthful, and he knew besides that in such cases a man has to work out his own conclusions and salvation. This is the way Mackworth eventually tried to work out his:

There came one day a runner from the hostiles—a dish faced, straight locked creature of sinews—who spoke through the White mountain interpreter of the troops and said that his chief was ready to go back to the reservation, but that he must go upon his own terms. And the chief stipulated, moreover, that one white man—one, alone and unguarded—should go to the hostile camp and discuss those terms. If a force attempted to come, he would retreat with his braves and stay out all winter.

Morley made answer that he had no fear of the chief staying out all winter among the mountains when the agency was so comfortable, but that if he did the white man could stand it as long as he could. Moreover, he said that none of his soldiers had any intention whatever of walking into a death trap of the sort.

Then Mackworth spoke up. "I have," he said.

"Get out," said the captain incredulously. "I mean what I say," said Mackworth, "and I shall consider your permission to go the greatest and the only favor you can do me. Something may be effected by it."

"Your death, that's all; and a little preliminary torture."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "Shall you let me go?" he insisted. "Not by a long sight."

"I wish to go, Captain Morley."

Morley considered, and he decided that it might not be wise to refuse. There was no knowing just what the set faced boy might do. So they parleyed together for a time, then Mackworth mounted his horse and went. He did not expect to come back, and the officers and men did not expect to see him again.

After four hours they came to the mouth of a narrow canyon. The runner had given no sign or sound, and the fixed look had not gone from Mackworth's face. Well within the canyon the hostiles were in camp. They had hobbled their lean little ponies, the squaws were gathering wood and the bucks were squatting upon the ground or playing monte with cards of painted hide, around a cowskin spread under a cedar tree. Four of them rose and slouched forward. There was a prolonged scrutiny upon both sides.

The chief waited for Mackworth to begin, but the white man's instincts were good. He beat the sullenly silent redskin at his own game, and in the end the chief spoke. The runner displayed for the first time his understanding and interpreted. Mackworth made answer with decision, offsetting his own terms. The bucks scowled, and the chief began to argue. The white man with the unflinching eyes would not compromise. "Tell him," Mackworth said, "that this is my will. If he will not do this, I go back to the soldiers and we follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, a growl rose from the crowding bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass bells.

The chief stepped suddenly forward and caught the bridle above the curb shanks. Not so much as an eyelash of the stern, white, young face quivered, and the heart of the red man was filled with admiration. One movement of fear would have cost Mackworth his life then, but he was not afraid, not though he knew that tortures might await him. He sat looking coolly down at the lowering, cruel faces. The chief turned and spoke to the bucks, and there was a growl of protest. The squaws joined with a shrill little chorus scream. But the chief flung away the bridle with a force which made the horse back.

"He do same you say. He go back to reservation today. He say you ukishe quick," said the interpreter. Mackworth turned deliberately and ukisheed, with no show of haste and without a backward look.

He reported his success and went to his tent. His look of stolid wretchedness was unchanged. Morley began to be nervous.

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He went to the tent himself and found the lieutenant writing a letter by lantern light. It was not a normal opportunity to take for that, so the captain, being filled with misgivings, trumped up an errand and sent him off on it. Then he looked at the letter. It was to Mackworth's mother. Morley did not read it, but he guessed the whole thing in a flash. He took up Mackworth's carbine and slid it under the tent flaps into the outer darkness. Also he broke the Colt's, which had been thrown down upon the bedding, and put the cartridges in his pocket. Then he replaced it in the holster, and, going out, picked up the holster and hid it in the brush.

After the camp was all asleep and Morley snoring loudly across the tent Mackworth groped under his pillow and brought out the revolver. He cocked it and waited a moment, then he placed the barrel well in his mouth and pulled the trigger once, and then again and again.

* * * * *
At first call for reveille Morley awoke. Mackworth was already up, and, turning, he studied his captain's face with the faintest and most unwilling of smiles twitching the corners of his mouth under the beard. It was the most natural and healthy look his face had worn in weeks.

"Well?" said Morley.
"Well," answered Mackworth. "I should like my carbine and the loads of my Colt's, please."

Morley's face broke into a broad grin.
"Will you be good if I let you have them?" he asked.
"I'll be good," promised the lieutenant.—Argonaut.

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Charles Parker,
PAINTER, Etc., Etc.

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NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Alexander Kearney of Northampton in the County of Carleton, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, or Louis E. Young, solicitor. All persons having lawful claims against the said estate are requested to present them duly attested, within three months.
Dated at Woodstock, 25th Sept., 1899.
FRANCES M. KEARNEY,
Administratrix.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the Plans and Description of the proposed Bridge to be erected over the St. John River at Hartland in the County of Carleton, N. B., by the Hartland Bridge Co., have been deposited with the Minister of Public Works, and a duplicate thereof in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for said County of Carleton.
Dated this 9th day of October A. D. 1899.
SAMUEL S. MILLER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

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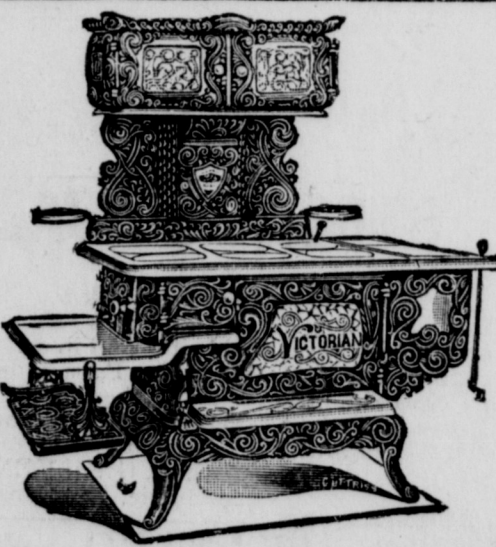
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