

A STORY OF THE MINES.

In the year 1850, the placer mines of California swarmed with a busy, eager population, and San Antonio Creek was not behind its neighbors in activity. Men everywhere sought gold, according to their measure of intelligence and foresight. The simpler and less thoughtful aimed to dig their fortunes directly from the earth, and while these were stimulated by the frequent occurrence of rich "strikes," they were slow to learn the lessons of the swift disposal of such light won wealth. Yet no lesson was ever more impressively and persistently taught by events. Of the score of millions of gold taken out of the early California mines, probably not five per cent. remained in the hands of the original owners long enough to benefit them materially. The easier the gain, the more prodigal and reckless the outgo. For example, a man named Campbell owned a placer which yielded for a long time at the rate of one hundred ounces a day—say, \$1,500 every twenty-four hours. It was a shallow digging, and the gold was all "course" (that is, in large pieces), and was simply picked out of the rotten quartz by the handful with pocket-knives, after a few feet of top-soil had been stripped off with the spade. Well, the owner of this Tom Tiddler's Ground used to gamble away his day's earnings at faro with the utmost regularity, and it is doubtful whether, at any week's end, he was a hundred dollars better off than at the beginning. Nobody thought much of such cases, however, because all miners believed that there were still richer diggings than had been found, and that it was always possible to regain a lost fortune by a little prospecting when the situation looked, or began to look, dubious.

But the shrewder and more self-restrained men viewed matters differently. They soon perceived that the reckless folly and wild extravagance of the miners made it easy to get money without working too hard for it; and, according to their moral standing, they either took to store-keeping, whiskey-selling or gambling. Those who had a business training naturally found trade most congenial to them, and highly remunerative. Those who had no business training were ambitious, not scrupulous, and somewhat indolent, became saloon-keepers. The wilder spirits, not seldom themselves victims of gambling at an earlier stage, opened tables, and taking their lives in their hands, went in for "double or quits." Among these latter at San Antonio was a young Mexican named Diego Lopez—or, at least, that is the name he passed under, for it came to be rumored afterward that he was really connected with a distinguished family. His story, when questioned, was to the effect that he had been a rancher; that the miners had poured down upon his land, killed his cattle, stolen his horses, abused his servants, and finally burned his home and driven himself and his young wife out, destitute. His wife, Marina, was with him, and she constituted an important asset in his capital stock, for it was her beauty that drew custom to his tables and gold into his purse. Marina was, indeed, an admirable example of Spanish beauty. Her skin was a clear olive tint, delicately rosy in the cheeks; her eyes black, large and most expressive; her figure slender, graceful and supple; her carriage fascinating; her voice charmingly melodious. She was devoted to her husband, however, and though surrounded by eager suitors, and endeavoring to lose as few friends as possible, she never went beyond genial courtesy and kindness with any of her followers. This alone was enough, in such a place and time, to render Marina remarkable; but the miners liked her better for her reserve and self-respect, and she had only one real enemy on the creek.

This was an American gambler from the Mississippi, named Grice. It matters not what his baptismal name was, for he was always called "The Mummy" on the creek, on account of his curious cadaverous pallor, and the generally shrunk and dried-up appearance which he presented. He dressed in black broadcloth, with a large expanse of white shirt-front, and a broad-brimmed, soft felt hat, generally pulled low over his deep-set and by no means reassuring eyes. He was reported to have killed several men; was known to carry derringers and a knife fastened to his suspenders; and, consequently, was let alone quite religiously by the self-protected "bad men" of the camp. Before the arrival of Lopez, this gambler had done most of the business in this line; but since the Mexican opened a table, under the management of the beautiful Marina, Grice found his custom rapidly declining, and he became black with pent-up wrath. He said nothing, however, but affected to take no notice of the change, though all the time he was revolving schemes of vengeance and plans for getting 'the new-comer out of his way'. Exactly how he found the opportunity which he was quick to avail himself of was never known; but one day, when Diego Lopez had made a journey to another camp, about twenty miles away, strange news was received at San Antonio. It was just dark, all hands had knocked off work for the day, and the single street was filled with loungers, when an excited boy, on a mule, dashed headlong through the crowd, and pulled up at the shanty, where Marina was awaiting the return of Lopez. A minute after he had plunged inside, a scream was heard, and Marina ran out, horror and anguish on her face. Of course a dozen men instantly ran up to find out what was the matter, and to offer help or sympathy, and all were equally amazed and indignant when they learned what the still agitated messenger had to say.

It was to the effect that, as Lopez rode into the camp he was bound for, a stranger stepped up, seized his bridle and charged him with having stolen the horse he was riding. Now, such an accusation was at one time the most serious that could be brought against any man, and when preferred against a "Dago," or "Greaser," as the Mexicans were called, it was very nearly equivalent to sentence of death. The early history of the Golden State is unforgettably marked by too many instances of what can only be called mob brutality, and some of the most shocking and inexcusable cases grew out of the charge of horse-stealing. Homicide never, save in rare instances, affected men's minds as horse-stealing did. If one man killed another in a fair fight little was said, and often nothing done about it. If the killing seemed to be deliberate murder, a vigilance committee would inquire into the circumstances, and generally ended by

hanging the murderer; but he was given fair play and an opportunity to defend himself, even if he was not always permitted to have counsel. A very different procedure had grown up in cases of alleged horse-stealing, especially when the accused was a Mexican. One reason for this was that there was a rough and lawless element in the mines which hated the Mexicans simply and solely because they were Mexicans; which, with the intolerant arrogance of barbarians, ignored their rights as the actual owners of the soil, and which held the cheerful doctrine that it was justifiable and proper to kill a Mexican wherever encountered, on the same principle on which rattlesnakes are killed. So it was that when any man fell under a charge of horse-stealing he was in danger; and that when a Mexican was so accused there was little hope for him. For in these cases there was commonly no attempt at fair adjudication. All that was usually required was that somebody should swear to having owned the horse found in the possession of the defendant. This was held to be sufficient proof, and a prompt adjournment to a convenient tree settled the matter in a few minutes.

Now poor Diego Lopez instantly realized the imminence of his peril. He was in a strange camp. He had no acquaintances there. Of course he had not stolen the horse, but how was he to prove his innocence? Clearly, there was some kind of a plot against him, or the accuser had simply taken a fancy to the horse, and thought this the easiest means of securing it. Meantime a crowd gathered quickly. The Mexican, still further embarrassed by inability to speak English with fluency, found it impossible to obtain a hearing. He was tied with ropes, thrust forward by the crowd with confused cries and menaces, and struggling to look about him, could see no face he knew, and none which did not threaten his life. In a few moments he found himself in a large saloon. His captors were refreshing themselves while consulting as to his fate. As the crowd scattered somewhat Lopez saw, or thought he saw, at the further end of the room, and eying him furtively, a man whom he knew, but to whom he instantly realized it would be worse than useless to appeal. The man he thought he recognized was, in fact, his rival, Grice; and when he saw that corpse-like evil face poor Diego's heart sank within him; for it flashed across his mind that the Mississippi was at the bottom of the whole charge, and only keeping in the background the better to direct the deadly attack, and prevent evasion or rescue. His intuition was true. Grice was at the bottom of the charge, and he was there to see that Lopez did not escape the snare.

Little time for thought, however, was permitted the prisoner. He was a "Greaser," and he was charged by a "white man" with stealing a horse. It was in vain that in his broken English he tried to convince his judges that he was well known at Antonio, and that only a few hours were given him to produce the man who had sold him the horse; that twenty men would come over from Antonio to speak for his honesty. The appeal for delay was only looked upon as an attempt to gain time for organizing a rescue. The reference to Antonio was regarded as a fiction. The complainant, prompted by Grice, swore more and more positively to his identification of the horse. The miners, who had work to do, were impatient to return to their claims. The looters who hung about the saloon were equally impatient for the spectacle of a hanging. When, after exhausting all his arguments and appeals, Lopez realized that there was no inclination or intention to give him fair play, he turned in desperation to where Grice was standing on the edge of the crowd, and pointing his hand to the gambler, shouted that there was a man who could testify to his residence at Antonio, and to his character for honesty. The crowd looked at Grice, and then spontaneously opened a lane between him and Lopez, so that they stood face to face at either end of it. Grice was asked if what the prisoner said was true. He fixed his eyes upon his rival, and after a pause, as though to give every opportunity for recognition, he said, coldly:

"Wish I may die if ever I see the Greaser before!"

That settled it. Lopez knew then that his last hour had come. He was hurried out into the street, and to the foot of a convenient tree. As the rope was being put about his neck, he made a last appeal, but not for himself. It was that he might send a message to his wife. Had Grice heard this request he would certainly have opposed it, but he had not cared to look upon his work too nearly, and had not drawn to the outskirts of the crowd. So it happened that the prisoner's dying wish was granted, and after he had whispered what he had to say to the frightened Mexican boy, who was charged with the mission, the latter hurried away as fast as his mule could go, and, as he turned to catch a last glimpse of the camp, he saw a dark figure swinging already in the air under the "Vigilance" tree.

Grice did not return to Antonio for several days. Perhaps he suspected that his participation in the hanging of Lopez had not been completely concealed, and he knew the men at the camp well enough to be certain that they would side with Marina, and might make things unpleasant for him if he went back while the affair was fresh. But when he thought it had blown over, and so returned in the hope and expectation of securing his old pre-eminence at the gaming-table, he found, to his surprise, that he was received not merely coldly, but with black looks and mutterings that boded mischief. Nor was he mistaken in his presentiment, for in less than half an hour a deputation called upon him and announced that he must accompany them to a miners' meeting, assembled to hear certain explanations from him. Grice was surprised, but in no way alarmed, nor, perhaps, would he have been seriously disturbed had his apprehensions been greater. It was only when he entered the saloon where the meeting was in session, and found himself confronted, not only by his fellows of the camp, who looked grave, but by Marina, clad from head to foot in black, pale as death, but with wildly burning eyes, that he evinced the least discomposure. Even then there was no sentiment about his feeling. It simply occurred to him that Marina's universal popularity would render his explanations more difficult.

The chairman stated the case tersely. It was charged against him that he had deliberately refused to identify Diego Lopez, hanging the murderer; but he was given fair play and an opportunity to defend himself, even if he was not always permitted to have counsel. A very different procedure had grown up in cases of alleged horse-stealing, especially when the accused was a Mexican. One reason for this was that there was a rough and lawless element in the mines which hated the Mexicans simply and solely because they were Mexicans; which, with the intolerant arrogance of barbarians, ignored their rights as the actual owners of the soil, and which held the cheerful doctrine that it was justifiable and proper to kill a Mexican wherever encountered, on the same principle on which rattlesnakes are killed. So it was that when any man fell under a charge of horse-stealing he was in danger; and that when a Mexican was so accused there was little hope for him. For in these cases there was commonly no attempt at fair adjudication. All that was usually required was that somebody should swear to having owned the horse found in the possession of the defendant. This was held to be sufficient proof, and a prompt adjournment to a convenient tree settled the matter in a few minutes.

When this refusal doomed the Mexican to death. The gambler, knowing nothing of Diego's last message, and believing that nobody present was in a position to disprove his assertion, coolly declared that the charge was altogether untrue; that he had not seen Lopez since he left Antonio; that he heard now, for the first time, of the hanging; and that it was clearly a case of mistaken identity. He had no sooner concluded than Marina spoke, evidently curbing her passion with great difficulty.

"Liar and assassin!" she cried. "When Diego stood with the rope round his neck, and within a step of eternity, he sent me his last message, and in it he declared that he had denied all knowledge of him; and, more than that, he said he was sure that you, and you alone, had plotted for his murder." Then turning to the assembled miners, she stretched out her beautiful arms and called upon them to do her justice and avenge the innocent blood of her husband.

For a moment the men were strongly moved, and a deep murmur of execration passed among them. But custom and prejudice were after all too strong. They could not forget that the murdered man was a Mexican—a Greaser—one of a class distinctly inferior to white men, and whose life was no more to be weighed against that of a member of the superior race than the life of a wild animal against that of the hunter. Marina, no doubt, was very fascinating, and it was really too bad that Diego should have been "moved" in so underhand a fashion. Had he been shot down in the street the affair might have passed, but to lie away even a Greaser's life was a mean trick, to say the least. That was about the line taken by popular thought, and the general disinclination to respond to Marina's appeal showed itself, after the momentary stir caused by her excited speech, in a sort of settling down, as in quiet expectation of what might ensue. Marina read the faces around her with feminine subtlety, and as she realized the futility of her dependence upon these men, her own face darkened. Grice, also, was quick to perceive that, while the miners strongly disapproved what he had done, they were not prepared to take any hostile action against him; the moment for diplomacy, he thought, had now arrived, and he proceeded to make a proposition which he was confident would regain him his lost popularity, settle the whole matter finally, and refund greatly to his permanent advantage. It was characteristic of the man that nothing in the plan he was about to unfold seemed to him in the least degree open to objection, or, indeed, other than magnanimous and worthy of all approbation.

"Feller citizens," he began, "it's true, as I've said, that I ain't had nuthin' to do with the hangin' of Diego Lopez. It's true enough, too, that ther' warn't any love lost between us, and I ain't goin' to dispute that. But all the same I'm dead sorry for Mariner here, an' I low that she ain't had anythin' like a square deal. An', now, w'at's to be done? There ain't no law ez calls on me to take any steps at all, an' you know that 's well 'I do. But, feller citizens, 'The Mummy' has some feelin' arter all, an' he'll show you that he has." Then, turning to Marina, who all this time stood wildly watching him with set lips and glittering eyes, he proceeded more effusively: "Mariner, you've lost yer mate in a streak of bad luck, but there's a good fish in the sea as ever wuz taken out of it. Now, w'at I propose is just as you stand, and marry you, an' I l'gues we'll make as strong a combination as is often seen. I can't say fairer than that."

He ceased, and there was silence. His proposal had taken every one by surprise, and they didn't know what to think of it, for no one doubted that the man who now so coolly offered to marry Marina was the man who had betrayed her husband to a shameful death. Marina herself was not less overcome by the audacity of Grice, and for an instant seemed on the point of fainting. But she nerved herself by a strong effort, rested with one hand on the table and the other pressed upon her breast for a short time, and then said, in low, but distinct tones:

"Villainous murderer? It was not enough for you to kill my husband—you must insult and outrage me also. Take my answer!"

As she spoke the last word, she threw herself, with a suddenness and a violence not to have been anticipated, upon Grice, who, with all his coolness, was quite unprepared for such an attack. Marina's white arms, with something glittering in her hand, rose and sank once, twice, three times. Then the gambler's tall form separated itself from her enveloping drapery, and with a choking groan fell to the floor and lay there motionless. The girl straightened herself; the something in her hand that had glittered was red and wet. She looked round calmly.

"Let me out!" she said. And the men fell back on either side, leaving a clear passage to the door, while some, with a confused feeling of reverence, took off their hats as she passed them.—Ez.

She Sought the Riddle.

He (desperately)—Tell me the truth. It is not my poverty that stands between us? She (sadly)—Yes.

He (with a ray of hope)—I admit that I am poor, and so, unfortunately, is my father; but I have an aged and uncle who is very rich and a bachelor. He is an invalid and cannot long survive. She (delightedly)—How kind and thoughtful you are! Will you introduce me to him?—New York Weekly.

Maddening Uncertainty.

Yabsley—See here, Wickwire, you are a married man and ought to know something about the ways of women. I want to ask your opinion on a little matter. Wickwire—Well?

Yabsley—I was calling on a young lady last evening—no, I didn't say what her name was—and along about 11:30 she began asking me about my favorite breakfast dishes. I'd like to know whether she was hinting at housekeeping or intimating that it was time for me to go home.—Indianapolis Journal.

He Knew Jefferson.

"What was the greatest act of Thomas Jefferson's life?" inquired the teacher. And the shock-headed boy, who hadn't studied the lesson, scratched his left shin with his right foot and said he guessed it was the last act of Rip Van Winkle.—Chicago Tribune.

LA BELLE ELISE.

She hurried across the sunny square with half shut eyes. She did not heed the cries of market women intrenched behind the barricades of golden melons and blushing peaches, the rich, green mounds of peas and giant cucumbers.

"Mme. Perreau!" called out the cobbler from his corner by the Lion d'Or. "How fares the world in Paris? Has Boulanger returned, and when is it that Louise Michel shall be crowned?"

She heard nothing, saw nothing, treading her way automatically among the glistening tins and market melange that filled the square and overflowed the narrow sidewalk, clasping a rusty black satchel firmly in one hand and a stout gingham umbrella in the other as she hurried on.

The searching sun revealed the white seams of her shabby dress, the rusty crepe on the meager, pinched little bonnet that conveyed a whole drama of misery in itself; the lines of silver sparkling in her yellow hair. A pathetic figure with her white, worn face and shriveled, calloused hands that mutely spoke of years of unremitting toil.

Yet had she raised those drooping eyelids that trembled in the glare you would have seen a pair of pale blue eyes filled with a dreamy light—the eyes of one who goes forth to meet a lover. And it was a lover Mme. Perreau was hurrying to meet. One whom she had loved for twelve long years and loved still and would love until the end—her husband.

She was known as La Belle Elise in the days when they went to live in the stucco village adjoining Monsieur le Maire. But one August day, and excessively warm, Jean returned from his work in the Gare du Nord earlier than usual. He complained that his eyes pained him. In a week he was blind. They left the little yellow villa with the absurd little tower; they entered the narrow door of the ruined hunting lodge that stood on a bit of waste land at the foot of the hill.

Here La Belle Elise bravely took up the toil of two. Jean did not suffer, you may be sure. They were still happy, foolishly happy. He hardly noted the change. He did not know, while he was dining on the same savory ragout, that his wife, with the eyes of love bent upon him, was choking over a crust. How could he, bring blind?

Soon after he was asleep and the moon was bright she worked at some coarse sewing, and on market days furnished bouillon and coffee in the early morning to the market gardeners. So years passed and La Belle Elise wasted, and whitened and lost her roundness of figure, and grew sharp of chin and shriveled like a flower scorched in the sun.

Mme. Perreau, people began to call her now, and then poor Mme. Perreau; but Jean saw no change. How could he, being blind? She was still La Belle Elise to him, as fresh and fair as on that day he had first seen her face shined in the flowers of a kiosk on the Boulevard Malakoff. He saw her still with waves of rippling golden hair and eyes like the sapphire flowers that blossomed in the wheat. The solid round throat and dimpled arms, the slender, graceful figure. The memory was fresh as their marriage day.

By the side of madam's lump of bread one morning lay a huge envelope bearing the Paris postmark. The last letter had been a demand for money, the payment of an old debt contracted by her husband. That was six years ago. She opened the letter with trembling fingers. Baptiste was dead; had absorbed too much of the stock of his dingy cafe in Montparnasse. A good thing for his wife. But he had left 5,000 francs to his cousin Elise, and that was better still.

She said nothing to Jean about the matter at the time, though the secret burned her. After he was asleep she lingered long in the moonlight, thinking it all over. "Jean shall have this," she commended. "Jean shall have that," never a thought of herself. Yet it was years since she had bought a new gown, and "La Belle Elise" of other days was such a daintily clad figure. Now it was Jean always.

Dreaming still of her prospects and plans for him, she fell asleep with the moonlight glory on her face.

A ready excuse was found for her trip to Paris. Everything she did Jean believed was right. He was not ungrateful, poor fellow.

So it was a month before madam found herself again on the hills of Montmorency. Small wonder that she did not see the market people today; that she moved silently through their midst as if guided by an unseen hand; for that rusty satchel, clasped tightly in her hand, jingled 5,000 francs in gold of the republic.

It was more than mere money to her. It was light for his life—that poor sightless life so dear to her.

She was on the hilltop now. The gray walls of the house rose like a shadow before her. Was that his face at the window? She was not sure, her eyes were so dim with happy tears.

How the coins rattled in the satchel with a ring of triumph as she ran, half stumbling, down the incline. Foolish for a woman of 32 to be so childishly delighted, coming home to a blind husband. "Where is it that you are going, madam?" called out a hoarse voice.

Mme. Choppine with a face like a baked apple was cutting sticks in the hedge.

"Why—why, to the house—to Jean," staring at the gaunt, stooping form of the old woman, affrightedly.

"Gone," said Mme. Choppine, laconically, snapping off a cough with a crackling sound.

"Gone?" vaguely "gone."

"Mais, oui, you know of the good Dr. Bourdel?"

Madam nodded, still dizzy with what she had heard.

"He called on M. Jean while you were gone. They had a long talk together. He said that M. Jean could be cured."

The other looked at her blankly and laughed, but it was more like a sob.

"And what then?"

"They went away together, and for two weeks M. Jean has been at the doctor's house."

Madam reached out trembling hand and steadied herself against the hedge.

"Cured," she murmured, "cured. Then he will see my face. This worn and ugly face of mine. He will not recognize La Belle Elise. Why?" with a low laugh, "why, I will have to make my husband's

acquaintance all over again. Thank you, Mere Choppine. Thank you. I—I will go to the doctor's. Thank you."

The old woman watched the dusty figure disappear at the turn of the road.

"Humph!" she growled. "One would think it was bad news to hear that that hulking husband of hers was cured, after starving eleven years to feed him. Oh, these Parisians. These Parisians," shaking her head dolefully, "they've been a little cracked ever since the war," and, shouldering her faggots, she lumbered down the hill.

Mme. Perreau knew the chateau of Dr. Bourdel only too well. From the west window of the gray house when she was dreaming over her work late at night she looked with longing eyes at its graceful Norman tower gleaming like silver in the moonlight. The lake-like balconies would be so such delightful places for Jean to sit and dream on warm summer days. It angered her to have that tempting villa always before her eyes, morning, noon and night, to remind her of her misery. She had begun to hate the very sight of its vine grown walls.

Today it seemed as if Mme. Perreau would never reach the green eminence on which it stood. The heat was oppressive; she was faint from having eaten nothing since morning. The perspiration rolled down her heated cheeks; her hair had struggled from its fastening and floated wildly about her face. The dust covered her from head to foot. As she struggled on the hedges seemed to close in about her as if to hold her back. The chateau, with its gleaming roof, melted away in the distance as if trying to elude her.

Who would have recognized La Belle Elise of other days in the bedraggled figure that sank down exhausted in the shadow of the hedge that skirted the doctor's garden. The music of a fountain soothed her tired senses. The sight of the house that held all that was dearest to her on earth made her forget her great weariness. And yet she felt a doubt—an unrest in her heart that she could not define.

But when the gold pieces jingled in the rusty satchel her hopes revived. How he would welcome her, bringing such joyous news. She could feel his arms about her even now, and grateful tears falling upon her face. The very thought gave her strength. She walked slowly toward the fountain and sat down on a rustic bench by its margin.

She wanted to think over what she was to say to Jean the moment she saw him. She was too excited to face him just then. What should she say? What should she say to this stranger who had not seen her face for eleven long years?

It is forbidden for strangers to enter these grounds without the doctor's permission," interrupted a voice. She turned. A servant in dark blue livery was eying her curiously.

"I came to see my husband," rising. "He is under the doctor's treatment for his eyes."

"Mme. Perreau?"

"Yes."

"He seated. They are even now coming." He turned away. She sat down. Her heart was beating wildly. She did not dare to look toward the house.

She heard the crunching of the gravel on the path. She turned. She saw Jean and with him Dr. Bourdel, as she supposed, guiding him gently with one hand on his arm.

"Is it better now, my poor friend?" asked the doctor.

"My eyes are so dim with tears that everything is misty," said Jean. "Ah! to come out of eleven years of night into this glorious day."

"But you can see?"

"Distinctly, now," wiping his eyes.

"Oh, is it possible there can be misery in such a lovely world as this?"

"It is not the fault of nature, you may be sure," said the doctor with a smile.

Mme. Perreau bowed toward him. Their eyes met. Hers soft with love. His cold, passionless. He regarded her curiously as she struggled to speak.

"Who is this woman?" he said, looking at the doctor inquiringly. The other shook his head.

"I—I am your wife, Jean," her voice so choked with tears it was like another speaking.

"My wife?" he said, raising his eyes dreamily toward the sky. "La Belle Elise had glad, blue eyes and softly rounded cheeks and curling hair of gold. A face like St. Cecilia's, worthy to be worshipped."

He paused. His eyes scanned the wan, white face, the silvering hair, the dusty, shabby dress. He shook his head. "No—no, my good woman?" gently. "You have made a mistake. I do not know you."

His eyes wandered to the rose bushes beyond the flowering parterre. He passed slowly down the path. He did not look back.

Madam watched him go with dry, tearless eyes. Her hat had fallen off. The sunlight touched her hair with gold.

"Doctor!" she cried in agony. "Why did you do it? Why did you do it? We were happy before—when he was blind. But now—but now," with a sob, "he does not know me—his wife. His eyes have been opened. God in mercy close mine."

She fell at his feet. The gold from the open satchel was scattered over her dusty dress and tumbled hair, covering her with a mocking significance. It was a glorious pall for La Belle Elise.—St. Louis Republic.

Her Outraged Feelings.

A Texas family has a colored servant, who, while very attentive to her duties, has never been known to give anybody a civil answer.

Purely as an experiment, the lady of the house bought her a new calico dress and gave it to her, saying:

"I am glad to have the pleasure, Matildy, of giving you this dress."

"Yer mou't hab had dat pleasure long er go ef yer had had any regard fo' my feelin's," was the gracious reply.—New York Ledger.

The Queen Pays All Expenses.

The Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publisher of that popular magazine offer another and \$200 extra for expenses to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three word "British North America."

Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in point of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a hand-free in Canada or United States, sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 8c. stamps for complete rules. Illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the Queen.—Address, Canadian Queen, Toronto, Canada.

The Voice

Is easily injured—the slightest irritation of the throat or larynx at once affecting its tone, flexibility, or power. All efforts to sing or speak in public, under such conditions, become not only painful but dangerous, and should be strictly avoided until every symptom is removed. To effect a speedy cure no other medicine is equal to

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

The best of anodynes, this preparation rapidly soothes irritation, strengthens the delicate organs of speech, and restores the voice to its tone and power. No singer or public speaker should be without it. Lydia Thompson, the famous actress, certifies: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been of very great service to me. It improves and strengthens the voice, and is always effective for the cure of colds and coughs."

"Upon several occasions I have suffered from colds, causing hoarseness and entire loss of voice. In my profession of an auctioneer any affection of the voice or throat is a serious matter, but at each attack, I have been relieved by a few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy, with ordinary care, has worked such a

Magical Effect

that I have suffered very little inconvenience. I have also used it in my family, with excellent results, in coughs, colds, &c."—Wm. H. Quarterly, Milton, Australia.

"In the spring of 1883, at Portsmouth, Va., I was prostrated by a severe attack of typhoid pneumonia. My physicians exhausted their remedies, and for one year I was not able to even articulate a word. By the advice of Dr. Shaw I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and to my surprise and great joy, in less than one month I could converse easily, in a natural tone of voice. I continued to improve and have become since a well man. I have often recommended the Pectoral, and have never known it to fail."—George E. Lawrence, Valparaiso, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$6.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

OF PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS AND WITHOUT MERCURY, USED BY THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR OVER 120 YEARS, IS

Cockle's Pills

These Pills consist of a careful and peculiar admixture of the best and mildest vegetable aperients and the pure extract of Flowers of Chamomile. They will be found a most efficacious remedy for derangements of the digestive organs, and for obstructions and torpid action of the liver and bowels, which produce indigestion and the several varieties of bilious and liver complaints. Sold by all Chemists.

WHOLESALE AGENTS: EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), on the corner of Prince William and Princess Streets, in the City of Saint John, on MONDAY, the 15th day of December next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decree of the Court of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 28th day of May, A. D. 1889, in a cause therein pending between W. Watson Allen, Plaintiff, and Thomas P. Davies, Mary E. Davies and John R. Armstrong, Defendants, and by amendment between W. Watson Allen, Plaintiff, and Mary E. Davies and John R. Armstrong, Defendants; with the application of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint, in the said cause, and in the said Decree, are as follows:—

A LL and singular that certain plot of land lying and being in the Parish of St. Martins, and bounded as follows: Commencing at a marked stake at the northwest corner of lands owned by Reuben V. Bradshaw; thence northerly along James H. Moran's east line fifty feet, to a stake marked W. J. P.; thence easterly one hundred feet to the west side of a road laid out by Harrington S. Brown; thence southerly along the said road fifty feet; thence westerly along Reuben V. Bradshaw's north line one hundred feet to the place of beginning, together with the privilege of the right of way to the said roadway laid out by Harrington