

EL DEMONIO PASS.

One morning not long ago, on my way to St. Louis, I stepped on board a Mississippi steamer at Memphis, and almost the first man I met on the promenade deck was my old chum, Harry Wood.

Our surprise was mutual, as we had last parted in Melbourne, Australia, ten years before, and I supposed Harry to be still at the antipodes. He had saved my life once on the Bendigo diggings; but that is neither here nor there.

"Good heavens! Will, is this you?" "Bless my soul, Harry! Where did you come from?"

And then we almost hugged each other, much to the disgust of a cynical newsboy, who, nevertheless, did not fail to profit by our jubilant mood.

We were soon ensconced in a quiet corner, and my friend was telling his story. It turned out that he had invested his "dust" in the mahogany trade in British Honduras, had spent nine years in the business, made a snug little pile and had but lately returned to his native land.

I omit his interesting account of the details of mahogany cutting, and come at once to a particular one of his many adventures. Said he:

"I had been about eight years in Honduras, when, one day, while on a rather extended tree-hunting tramp, I came across a lonely hacienda which I had never before seen.

"The day was hot, and I rode up, dismounted, and knocked at the door of the house. It was opened, not by the all-prevailing machacha, but, much to my surprise, by a beautiful girl of nineteen, whom I knew at first glance to be an American.

"I was so completely taken aback by this astonishing apparition that for some time I could only stare in stupid wonder; but at last I managed to stammer, in Spanish:

"Do you speak English, Senorita?" "The girl smiled as she replied, in a voice sweet as her face:

"Oh, yes. My parents and I came from the United States."

"Then I told her who I was, and asked her for a drink of water.

"Come in and sit down, sir," she said, "and I will bring some fresh from the spring."

"Oh, no," I protested; "just tell me where the spring is, and I will bring the water."

"Without further remark she handed me a wooden bucket and pointed to the hillside, where I found a tiny stream trickling into a rocky basin.

"I might have quenched my thirst then and there, but my curiosity was excited, and I carried the full pail back to the house. The young lady gave me a glass, and after I had twice emptied it she politely asked me to 'come in and rest.'

"Now, I wasn't a bit tired, but my thirty-six years had not taken all the romance out of me, and I gladly accepted the invitation. On entering the front room, a further surprise awaited me in the shape of a refined looking and very handsome woman, apparently not much older than myself, who sat in a genuine Boston rocker engaged in sewing.

"The lady rose on seeing me, and my conductress said:

"Mamma, this is Mr. Wood, of the Valley Camp, I presume?"

"I bowed an affirmative."

"Mr. Wood, this is my mother, Mrs. Fair. My own name is Mary."

"Mary Fair! What a find in this wilderness! I thought to myself as I went through the customary greeting."

"I should say so, indeed!" I interjected, "but go on Harry."

"Well, old man, I stayed two hours at the hacienda, and in that time learned something of the history of my fair countrywomen. I won't go into this, except to say that Mrs. Fair was a native of Baltimore, had come out to Honduras with her husband and child some years before, and had now been for ten months a widow.

"She was merely staying at the hacienda, meantime, with no companion but her daughter, in order to keep formal possession of it in the hope, so far as I could tell, that the surviving partner of the late Mr. Fair might make a fair settlement of the company affairs."

"So much I heard before I left, but afterward I got well posted in the whole business, and was lucky enough to secure for the widow quite a considerable sum of money out of the wreck of her fortunes. Of course, in giving the requisite information, it was necessary to call upon my clients occasionally, and I somehow seemed to get so dull of apprehension that these visits had to be made with increasing frequency.

"There was, too, some other little service always cropping up that I was able to render; and by the time everything was arranged we had become such excellent friends that it was with real sorrow I heard Mrs. Fair at last fix upon a certain date for her return to the states. Before this time came, however, a rather startling adventure occurred.

"In carrying on my own business I was obliged to go now and then to Balize City, and on these occasions I generally brought back with me a large sum of money to pay my workmen. I used to ride down to Balize River, leave my horse at a hacienda there, take the first passing boat for the port and get back on the third day.

"About nine o'clock in the morning on one of my return trips, I had ridden over half the distance between the river and my camp, when some way beyond on the forest trail I saw a white woman walking swiftly toward me. This was an unusual sight that I drew rein in astonishment; but the next moment something familiar in the figure caused me to dash forward and I found the pedestrian to be Mary Fair.

"On coming close I saw that she was very pale and almost sinking with fatigue, but her sweet face bore an expression of lofty resolve which, in my eyes, only heightened its charm. Springing from my horse, I seized her hand and exclaimed:

"Merciful heaven! Miss Fair, what is wrong? You here, on foot, and ten miles from home! Your mother—"

"My mother is quiet well," Mr. Wood, she replied, flushing a rosy red; "but you are in great danger, and—and I came to warn you."

"To warn me, Miss Fair, and of what?" I asked. "Is it possible you have walked all this distance merely to do me a service?"

"There were no other way of reaching you," she said simply. "I had no time to find a trusty messenger; and if you were not intercepted this side of El Demonio Pass, your life would be lost."

"My life lost! Is the danger then so serious?" I inquired.

"Yes, yes," she hurriedly answered, "and you must not think me unwomanly—I—my mother thought that one of us should come to meet you; and you know I could not let her take such a journey when—when I am so young and strong."

"Bless your noble heart! Tell me all about it, Miss Fair," said I, leading the agitated girl to a seat on a fallen tree.

"Well," she began, "just before dark last evening, I went to the spring for water as usual. I had filled the pail and was turning away, when I thought I heard some one on the other side of that little mesquite grove—you know where it is—mention your name. This quite startled me; and, hardly knowing why, I crept silently to the edge of the bushes and, peeping cautiously through, saw that four wicked-looking sambos had camped down there for the night. The men were talking very low in Spanish patois, but I heard and understood every word, and could hardly keep from screaming, when I heard them arrange all the details of a plot to waylay murder and rob you in El Demonio Pass. They said that you would have to go through there some time this forenoon and would have a great deal of money with you. I was terribly frightened, but I managed to get away without being seen, and then walked back to the house as carelessly as I could and told my mother. We were not at all afraid of the men for ourselves, as they knew we had no money to steal; but, of course, they would have killed us if they had known their plot was discovered. Mother said we must warn you at all hazards; so I got up long before daylight this morning, when the sambos were fast asleep. Mother kissed me good-bye, and here I am."

"God bless your brave soul! How can I ever repay you?" I exclaimed. "But do you know, Miss Fair, how the ruffians are armed?"

"Only with machetes, I think. At least I did not see any guns, though they may have pistols," she answered.

"Not very likely. These fellows generally gamble away everything except their machetes," I said.

"Yes," rejoined Miss Fair, "but they are four to one, and expect to rush upon you with those horrible knives and kill you before you have a chance to shoot."

"Now El Demonio (or the Devil's) Pass is a deep gap in the Negra hills, and is so narrow that in many places a mounted man cannot turn about in it. No better spot for an ambush can be imagined, as its walls are very steep and grown over almost everywhere by a dense mass of rhexia thorns, dwarf palms and stunted mango trees, furnishing complete cover for any number of evil-doers."

"The pass was about two miles beyond the place where Miss Fair met me, and there was no way of avoiding it without making a detour of ten miles that distance. However, I did not wish to shirk the passage, as I was heavily armed with a sixteen shooter rifle carbine, slung to the saddle, and a pair of navy revolvers in the holsters, thus giving me command of twenty-eight shots—enough, I thought, to rout a whole army of half-breeds—and I felt very little dread of a scrimmage."

"With much coaxing, I persuaded Miss Fair to mount my horse, while I walked by her side, and we went slowly on."

"Before making the last sharp turn, which would have brought us within sight of the gap, a hundred yards or so ahead, I resumed the saddle, handed one of the revolvers to my companion, and asked her to remain where she was until I returned."

"Oh, Mr. Wood, let me go with you!" she cried. "Perhaps when these bad men see that there are two of us they will run away."

"Two of us," indeed! I laughed. "No, no; you might get hurt, and then how could I face your mother?"

"But I'm not a bit afraid now, and you know two pairs of eyes are better than one, and we can watch both sides of the pass at once," pleaded my heroine.

"You must not think of such a thing, Miss Fair," I said earnestly. "Good-bye; don't fear for me; I shall soon be back."

"The now trembling girl gave me her hand and I rode forward with my carbine lying across the pommel of the saddle."

"There was no sign of life to be seen as I entered the defile, but presently a purple macaw, perched on the top of a wild tamarind, uttered its harsh cry and began to flit restlessly about; whether disturbed by me or something else I did not know."

"Nothing suspicious was visible, however, and I supposed that the sambos had not yet reached their ambush, when, just as I was passing through a rather open part of the gap, I heard a slight noise overhead, and, on looking up, saw the loop of a lasso fly out from an overhanging rock. I stooped like lightning, and the deadly noose fell harmlessly upon my back."

"Then I gave the rawhide line a half hitch around the saddle-bow, and, spurring my horse, drew it away from its owner, of whom, try as I might, I could not catch a glimpse."

"About twenty yards in front of me a great boulder had fallen into the path, so nearly blocking it that there was barely room left for a horse to squeeze past. I made up my mind that from behind this the decisive attack would come, and I held my carbine ready."

"My horse went quietly along until his nose projected beyond the rock, but then he suddenly recoiled with a loud snort of alarm. The crisis had come! A black hand was thrust out, the bit seized and an attempt made to lead the animal around the curve; but he jerked back in terror and pulled a hideous looking sambo into full view. The next instant the miscreant fell with a bullet through his brain, and I slid off over the crupper, making the horse, completely filling the passage, a bulwark between the assailants and myself."

"I hoped that the fellows would come out of cover now and thus give me an easy victory; but they were too cunning for this, and for a minute, perhaps, no move was made on either side. The poor horse, unable to advance or retreat, stood trembling with fear. His quivering ears told me that the rascals were still in their hiding place; and kneeling down on the hard path I looked steadily ahead, hoping to get a shot past his legs in case they showed themselves."

"But they had a safe game. My attention was wholly fixed on the danger in front, and I had totally forgotten the lasso incident, when I heard a pebble grate on the trail behind me. I sprang to my feet in time to see a machete blade flash through the air. The last fraction of a

second's delay and my head would have been split, but now I caught the descending blow upon my carbine barrel, and almost in the same motion brought the latter down upon the skull of the swarthy brute, who sank lifeless to the ground."

"Naturally, I stood for an instant gazing upon my work. The whole episode had not occupied one-quarter of a minute. But that was enough! The two remaining villains, apparently having waited for this diversion, had crept under the belly of the horse, and, as I turned in my tracks, both together threw themselves upon me, not having time nor room to strike effectively."

"They were big, heavy ruffians, and the assault was so sudden that I was borne down at once, and lay, in a moment, helpless, with their cruel eyes glaring into mine. But yet, lying flat upon my back, I held with a death-clutch to the carbine, and all their efforts could not tear it away."

"The revolver, which I had put in my belt, was beneath me, and the scoundrels were so hard put to it to hold me down that neither of them dared let go to use his machete."

"They raved and cursed, pulled and tugged like madmen; but still I held on. Then a new idea struck them. Both knelt with all their leathern weight upon my body, and one of them, releasing the hold of his right hand, drew a knife."

"I felt then that the end had come, and I tell you, Will, that I hated awfully to die. In less time than the eye can wink, my whole life seemed to pass before me, and the instantaneous retrospection ended by an agonizing thought of the poor girl waiting for me in the gloomy forest, her heroic efforts on my behalf all in vain."

"I shut my eyes as the murderous wretch fixed his gaze upon my bare throat and raised his knife on high. But the blow did not fall; for, before the armed hand had time to descend, a blinding sheet of flame shot athwart my closed lids, a sharp report rang out, and the would-be assassin fell across my breast, his black head pierced by a bullet from the pistol of Mary Fair."

"His accomplice uttered a frightful yell, let go the carbine and made a dash up the hillside for cover. Too late. He had not climbed twenty feet when I threw the carbine off, jumped up and leveled my rifle. The fellow had already concealed himself behind a low bush, but I saw it shake, and on the crack of my gun he rolled down the declivity, stone dead."

"Then I turned to my preserver, who had sunk half fainting upon the ground. It was not a time for nice formalities of speech, and as I raised her tenderly, I said:

"May God reward you, Mary! You have saved my life, indeed. But how did you happen to come just at the right moment?"

"The noble girl, deeply moved as myself, and equally oblivious of etiquette, frankly answered:

"Why, Harry, when I heard your first shot, I followed you at once, and had just hidden myself behind that little bush there, when the two men sprang upon you. They were too busy to notice me, and I pointed the pistol straight at the breast of the one with the knife, and pulled the trigger. That is all. How glad mother will be to know that my poor father taught me how to shoot."

"We said a great deal more, you may be sure. Will, but it would not interest you; and as Miss Fair was shuddering with

horror over her own brave deed, I lifted her once more to the saddle, and we set out on our eight mile walk to her mother's home. Mrs. Fair met us long before we reached the hacienda, and was overwhelmed with joy on finding us both unhurt."

"Shortly after this event I wound up my business and returned to the States, where I hope to spend the remainder of my life, for in all my wanderings I have found no country quite so good as our own."

"And what became of your fair friends, Harry; do you ever hear from them now?" I inquired.

"Yes, often," he replied. "The last time I did so, they were well and happy. But let us go into the cabin, old fellow. It's getting rather hot on deck."

Harry led the way to a small music-room off the ladies' saloon, but seeing that it was already occupied by two singularly beautiful women, I was about to a retreat, when he laughingly pulled me in, and said:

"Ladies, this is my old comrade, Mr. T., of whom you have heard me speak so often. Will, this is my respected mother-in-law, and this," (putting his arm around the younger lady) "is my wife Mary—a young woman formerly addicted to roaming the wilds of Honduras and shooting sambos."—Exchange.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Something happens every day to serve as an excuse for the man who does not do his best.

K. D. C. is "worth its weight in gold," "sells like hot cakes," "is all it is recommended," "an excellent remedy," and the "best dyspepsia remedy ever offered to the public." See testimonials.

There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be discovered in a lie.—Bacon.

Sold! Sold! On what? Its merits! K. D. C. is a household word! Cure guaranteed! Test it! A free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

Who dares do all that may become a man and dares no more, he is a man indeed.—Shakespeare.

Gold! Found by the K. D. C. company the Dyspeptic's Gold Mine—K. D. C. Dyspepsia invited to test the quality. A free sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. company, New Glasgow, N. S.

The reward for being industrious and amounting to something is being referred to as a "lucky devil."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." K. D. C. has been tried and tested and has proved itself to be the King of Medicines, the Greatest Cure of the Age, and the only Perfect Dyspepsia Cure in the market.

If you do a man a favor he does not think anything about it, but if you fail to do him a favor he will never forget it.

Millions of people are suffering from dyspepsia. Now is the time to be cured. The best dyspepsia cure ever offered to the public—the world-famous K. D. C.—is now within the reach of all. Do not suffer longer, but ask your druggist for it or send direct to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity fresher into smiles.—Irving.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co.

(LIMITED).

MONTREAL

Offer For Sale all Grades of Refined

Sugars and Syrups

Of the Well-known Brand of

Redpath

Certificate of Strength and Purity:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,

Medical Faculty, McGill University.

To the Canada Sugar Refining Company.

GENTLEMEN—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.55 per cent of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly,
G. P. GIRDWOOD.

DEFOREST'S

CITY EXPRESS

—AND—

MESSENGER

—AND—

SERVICE.

HEADQUARTERS

DOMINION EXPRESS OFFICE,

96 Prince Wm. Street.

Telephone 586.

THE N. Y. SUN

Has Secured During 1892:

W. D. Howells, H. Rider Haggard,

George Meredith, Norman Lockyer,

Andrew Lang, Conan Doyle,

St. George Mivart, Mark Twain,

Rudyard Kipling, J. Chandler Harris,

R. Louis Stevenson, William Black,

W. Clark Russell, Mary E. Wilkins,

Frances Hodgson Burnett,

and many other distinguished Writers.

THE SUNDAY SUN

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in

the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail \$2 a year.

Address THE SUN, New York.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Popular One Way Parties
—TO THE—
PACIFIC COAST!

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS leave MONTREAL (Windsor Street Station) at 8.15 p. m.,

Jan. 6 and 20;

Feb. 3 and 17;

Mar. 2, 16 and 30;

April 13 and 27,

1892.

For further particulars enquire of Railway Ticket Agents.

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON,
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't,
MONTREAL. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

After Oct. 19, Trains leave St. John, Standard

Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.05; for Point

du Chene, 10.30; for Halifax, 14.0; for Sussex, 16.20;

for Quebec and Montreal, 16.55.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8.05; from

Quebec and Montreal (excepted Mondays) 9.35;

from Point du Chene, 12.45; from Halifax, 15.25;

from Halifax, 22.30.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK

FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING Nov. 2,

the 8 steamers of this

Company will leave St. John

for Eastport, Portland and

Boston every MONDAY

and THURSDAY mornings,

at 7.25, standard.

Returning will leave Boston

same days, at 8.30 a. m., and

Portland at 5 p. m., for East-

port and St. John.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LAKECHLER, Agent.

WINTER SAILINGS.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO'Y.

(Limited).

S. S. "City of Monticello."

ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

WILL, on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day

of November, sail from the Company's

pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wed-

nesday, and Saturday at 7.30 local time, for Digby,

and Annapolis, returning same days sailing from An-

napolis upon arrival of the morning Express from

Halifax, calling at Digby.

These sailings will continue until further notice.

HOWARD D. TROOP, President.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

YOU HAVE NO IDEA

What an amount of interesting Reading there is in a good Dictionary. It is not as dry as most people imagine, although it is filled with

HARD FACTS

from cover to cover. You can spend a whole evening much more pleasantly than you imagine by looking over the

HUNDREDS OF ILLUSTRATIONS

in the large Webster offered by Progress with a subscription to the paper for \$3.95, and the information received will be valuable to you every day in your life.

THIS BOOK and

1615 PROGRESS 1615



For \$3.95.

The Dictionary is Handsomely Bound, and all who see it express surprise that such a book can be sold for so small a sum of money.

HUNDREDS HAVE BEEN SOLD!

Call and see the Dictionary and you will not wonder that people have been quick to take advantage of this unparalleled offer. The book is all that it is claimed to be, and the illustration hardly does it justice. Call at the office and examine the book, or some of your friends who have them will let you examine theirs, for the Dictionaries can already be found in the homes of PROGRESS readers in

ALL PARTS OF THE PROVINCES.

Send for a Dictionary at once. It is a work that should be in every Home and Office for reference.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher "Progress," St. John, N. B.