

A WEIRD HORSEMAN.

My shanty was situated in the Big Horn Mountains. Wyoming. With the exception of two companions and some friendly trappers, who lived about five miles distant I had not seen a white man for nearly a year.

One day I was out hunting with Anderson Picket. We had just sighted an antelope and were occupied in stalking the animal, when suddenly we heard the neighing of a horse near us. Surprised at such an unusual sound in a neighborhood where very few human beings were to be encountered, we looked up and saw, hardly three hundred paces from us, a rider whose head was uncovered and his long hair floating in the wind that blew across the hills. He was a white-faced haggard man, mounted on a thin horse.

For a few seconds he remained motionless, and then disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

"A highwayman," whispered Picket. "What should a marauder be doing here?" I replied, doubtfully. "For a distance of three or four hundred miles no one, with the exception of you, myself and the trappers upon the creek can be found. Not a single soul to hold up. Let us see who the fellow is."

Quickly mounting our horses and dropping our game for the time being, we galloped up the hill, following the stranger, who was slowly riding towards the north.

"That animal hasn't had much fodder or rest lately," laughed my companion. "I'll wager he hasn't ten pounds of flesh on his bones."

"I'd like to know who the man is and what he is doing alone in these solitary hills," said I inquisitively. "Come get a gait on the horses, let's get our game and follow the fellow."

After acting upon this suggestion we returned to the pursuit, and were hardly a hundred paces behind him when I shouted: "Hello my man! Where are you bound to?"

The horse turned its head toward us, but the rider did not move, and immediately started off at a breakneck gallop. Although we were well mounted and endeavored to follow him, he soon disappeared in a path thickly overgrown with brushwood. We consequently lost all scent of the fugitive, and my companion very sensibly observed that we had better not follow him, as he might easily blow out our brains, under shelter of the rocks or hidden behind the brushwood, before we were aware of his presence. We therefore retraced our steps toward our cabin, which we reached an hour later.

My second companion, who in consequence of a slight wound had remained at home, came toward us in great excitement.

"I'm glad you're back, boys," he cried. "Heavens! man, what has happened?" I asked anxiously.

He was as white as a corpse and sighed as if relieved when we reached him. "It was awful, I tell you, awful! In all my life I shall never forget what has happened to me."

"Come along, stop your quaking, and tell us what's wrong. 'Seen any suckers or a ghost?" said I smilingly, while Anderson added impatiently:

"You've had a visit, haven't you? A highwayman on an old grey nag?"

"How do you know that?" stammered Jim, quickly interrupting him. "Someone was here, but it wasn't a roadman, it was a ghost."

While he said this he shivered from head to foot and looked around anxiously on all sides.

"Don't be a fool," I laughed. "Tell us a straight story. What has happened to you?"

Meanwhile we had reached the cabin, and as I sprang from the saddle Jim pointed with a trembling hand to the ground.

"Here, look at this; you can see the prints of the ghostly horse's hoofs," said he, in a voice full of excitement. "I was cleaning up the things in the cabin, when I suddenly heard a noise outside. I thought you fellows had returned, and went out of doors to meet you. Horrified, I sprang back; before me, on a horse, nothing but skin and bones, was a man without a hat, with long black hair. He sat bolt upright in the saddle; he had a thick black beard; his face was ashen gray, and two eyes, wide open, stared at me in a ghastly way as only a spectre's can. I wanted to cry out, but my tongue seemed glued to my mouth—I felt my hair standing on end. Then the ghost turned his horse—started off at a gallop—I could plainly hear the rattling of the rider's and the horse's bones."

Jim shuddered again at the remembrance of the horrid spectacle.

"That was the same fellow that we followed!" cried Anderson; and I could only agree with him.

We then told Jim of our adventure and he, too, after reasoning that it could not have been a ghost, but simply a human being, possibly some lunatic.

It was my custom before going to bed to look after the horses. I left the but that evening as usual, but hardly had I taken a few steps, when suddenly I stopped as though my feet were rooted to the ground.

Directly in front of me, in the bright moonlight, stood the same ghostly rider. His long black hair hung loosely around a ghastly face. The eyes were sunk deep in their sockets. The mouth was wide open, and the glimmer of the white teeth could be seen behind the black beard; in his left hand he held the reins, while the right hung limply by his side. He sat in the saddle as though hewn out of stone, without the slightest motion.

"I had the same feeling as Jim. I wanted to cry out, but could not; only a hoarse whisper came from my throat, but instinctively, my hand sought the revolver at my side. I slowly raised my six-shooter and covered the frightful apparition. Then I found my voice:

"Who are you? Answer or I'll shoot," I said.

At the sound of my voice the horse, which consisted of nothing but skin and bones, jumped to one side, and both horse and rider went off at a breakneck gallop, the bullets which I sent after them taking no effect. I distinctly heard the peculiar rattle of which Jim had spoken and which gradually grew dimmer and dimmer, until nothing could be distinguished but the far-off clatter of horses' hoofs on the rocky ground.

My heart was beating violently as I re-entered the hut.

Not one of us closed an eye that night. I tossed to and fro, in vain speculating what was to be done if the uncanny thing reappeared. When at last morning dawned, I resolved to ride over to the trappers at the creek and get their advice.

Soon after sunrise I started, and after two hours' ride saw the shanty of my friends some little distance ahead. They came to meet me with their guns in their hands ready to shoot.

"Lucky for you that our eyes are accustomed to long range and that the air is clear to-day, else either you or your horse would have a bullet between his bones now," said the elder of the two trappers, as I reached them, holding out his hand in friendly greeting.

"That's so," acquiesced the other, also shaking hands, but with a very solemn air. "Charley is right. We were ready to shoot, but luckily saw our mistake in time."

"Since yesterday we have been on the watch. We've been fooled long enough, and mean to make an end to this infernal nonsense," said the first trapper.

"Has a singular-looking rider also paid you a visit?" I cried eagerly.

"Do you know the beggar?" asked Jack quickly.

I don't know him, but it is on his account that I'm here. And I related our adventure, to which both listened attentively.

"No doubt it's the same fellow who got the best of us," said Charlie, shaking his head. "Day before yesterday we saw him for the first time. He took no notice of us and seemed deaf to our shouts. About noon he and his miserable old horse stood there just opposite our shanty. 'Hallo, what do you want?' I called out. No answer. A minute afterward he was gone. In the evening he drew rein up there on the hill again. As he wouldn't answer me I lost patience and got out my shooter, but before I could raise it the fellow again disappeared. But I'm not going to be fooled to-day. I'll send a bullet through him or his horse."

I willingly accepted the trappers' invitation to stay with them during the day. Our conversation turned almost exclusively on the mysterious stranger. In the afternoon I accompanied them to their traps, and while they were setting them I walked up and down with my gun in my hand. We had resolved, as soon as the rider should reappear, to shoot his horse, and in that way get this singular creature into our hands.

The day was drawing to a close and the peaks of the mountains were dyed in the sunlight.

"The fellow has a notion we're going for him," said Jack. "I shouldn't be sorry if he slipped by us now, for I'm anxious to see what sort of—"

He stopped suddenly, and the words seemed as if frozen to his lips as he stood staring at the rocks opposite the hut. There, on the top of the hills, clearly outlined against the red sky, was the ghostly rider. He stood staring, spellbound, at the apparition. Then a shot rang out, and the horse fell forward.

"Come on, and don't let the fellow crawl from under and get out!" cried Charlie, with the smoking gun still in his hand, and pulling the revolvers from our belts we all scudded over the frozen creek that ran in front of the shanty and up the declivity.

Jack was the first to reach the top. With one bound he stood next to the rider, who lay motionless on the quivering horse, of which he was still astride.

"Hold him!" yelled Charlie, with whom I was close on Jack's heels.

"It's not necessary," said Jack bewildered, "for you've shot the beggar dead."

"Nonsense," said Charlie angrily. "I know exactly where my bullet hit. I aimed at the horse's left eye," he added.

"There it is!"

Meanwhile Jack was examining the rider closely.

"What is this?" he cried, astonished. "The fellow is bound fast to the horse—look here—even with a chain." Horrified he sprang back. "Look! The man has a mark around his neck. Great God, he's been hanging—he's been lashed to the horse, and the poor beast has been carrying around a lifeless burden."

Filled with astonishment and horror we saw that Jack's suspicions admitted of no doubt. The rope had sunk deep into the man's muscular throat and the knot was still attached to it.

Charlie then raised the dead man's head.

"Why, it's Black Sam!" he exclaimed. "He was a wild fellow, but he got his deserts. His gun was always ready, and he has sent many a good fellow to pass in his checks. Who knows how long it is that he has been astride his horse? Corpses do not decompose up here in the mountains but dry up; I've often noticed that in dead animals." Shuddering, he turned away. The dead man, with his withered face and staring eyes, had a truly horrid appearance.

"What'll we do with him?" asked Jack, after a short pause.

Charlie considered a moment, then answered, while unfastened the bands which fastened the dead man to the dead horse.

"Lend a hand here, boys. It's our duty to give him a Christian burial. Let's put him in the gully."

In a few moments the dead man was released. Charlie took him by the shoulders, Jack and I by the legs, and so we carried him to the place indicated, and by our efforts soon had a grave dug, in which he was laid. After this had been filled in we rolled stones and small rocks over it to prevent the wolves from disturbing the dead.

It was night before we had finished our work. A solemn stillness reigned over all; no sound was to be heard, and with uncovered heads we uttered a short prayer.

"God be merciful to this poor sinner," added Charlie. Then we silently returned to the hut.

We retired that night earlier than usual, and even in my dreams the ghostly rider appeared to me. I awoke several times bathed in perspiration, disturbed by the loud howls piercing the stillness of the night. Wolves were eagerly fighting over the bones of the dead horse.

Next day I returned and related to my astonished friends the end of the ghost rider.

Whenever a man fails, his wife tells the public that he was "too conscientious" to succeed. What she tells him in private is sometimes different.

THE WAYS OF CARD SHARPS.

Mechanical Contrivances Used to Trap the Unwary.

Of old it was the continent that was generally accredited responsible for the production of card-sharps; nowadays it appears that they do flourish exceedingly in America, from whence they are exported in large numbers to our shores. Formerly, moreover, the French Count or German Baron depended chiefly on the deft manipulation of cards or dice, whereas in these more advanced times tricks with apparatus have ousted mere slight-of-hand from all the more select circles of American card-players. The quickness of the hand of an expert may deceive the eye of a novice; but, if we are to believe Mr. Maskelyne, a skilled gambler, on the other side of the Atlantic would instantly detect any "hanky-panky" with the cards, for the chances are that he has the same feats at his own fingers' ends. No doubt the Heathen Chinese immigration had much to do with the modern science of swindling with apparatus. One knows what capabilities Bret Harte's specimen had in his sleeve-though, in default of a foot note, one may still wonder whether the wax on his taper fingers served as a "hold-out," or as an attachment of the "shiner," or was merely used to mark the cards during play. The unscrupulous miner out west, when he pitted himself against the more subtle oriental, soon began to discover that, under certain circumstances, things are not what they seem; as, indeed, one of his own poets remarked about the same period. The devices to which we have just referred in their present forms, as described at length in the book before us, are very probably the offspring of this intercourse between lawlessness and ingenuity. Marked cards of a sort have no doubt existed for generations of gamblers, but they had little in common with those now in use. They actually used to be capable of being detected in the course of play, whereas the clever sharp of today will gladly submit you his pack for examination at your leisure, and that even if you are an expert at such things. Mr. Maskelyne exhibits with copious illustration some of the more simple methods of marking a pack; but, marvellously ingenious as these are, a really "good man" always prefers to invent his own system. If he can "ring in" his own cards he obviously has you at his mercy; if not, he will patiently mark the pack during the course of play, and under your very nose. But these are the very elements of the science of cheating. Next in order come the reflectors, or "shiners."

These are convex mirrors of various degrees of fineness, from the shining silver which fits under the edge of the table to one which lies hid in a tooth-pick. A very convenient article is fixed on the top of a cork plug, which (having contentiously knocked out the ashes) you delicately insert into the bowl of your pipe. The price of this is five dollars, whereas the simple "shiner," which you stick with cobbler's wax in your palm, is only a dollar and a half. With the reflector you know what cards you have dealt your adversary, whether the cards be marked or not. "Hold-outs" are still more elegant "goods." They are employed to keep back cards that will be more useful later on. At "poker," for instance you may thus gradually collect four of a kind, and reserve them until bets run high. It is curious to note that the finest hold-out of all (price 100 dollars) is a return to first principles, and works in the shirt-sleeve, which is made double. This was invented by one Kepplinger. For a time he worsted all his rival sharps, until at last a party of three conspired to "set about him," and, having discovered his secret, compelled him as a penalty to make similar apparatus for each of themselves. It is a most elaborate machine. There is a spring slide working in the sleeve, which protrudes to seize the cards. It is set in motion either by a slight extension of the leg or by spreading the knees. You sit with motionless arms, your cards clenched in your fist, according to the America custom which, no doubt, came into use simultaneously with the employment of marked cards. Up comes the slide with the "held-out" cards, an exchange is made, and the apparatus again retires by the double shirt sleeve.

It may be news to most honest folk that such "goods" as these are almost openly advertised for sale in America. Mr. Maskelyne reproduces several catalogues of the "sporting houses" which deal in them, and they are entertaining reading, as indeed is the whole of his book. We have no space to set out at length, the many other devices for scientific cheating which he explains with absolute clearness. There are, for instance, "prepared" packs. These have no marks, but certain cards have their edges tampered with, or their upper or lower surface is roughed or extra-glazed to an imperceptible but all-sufficient extent. The chapter on collusion and conspiracy reveals possibilities of which the simple-minded would never dream. Nor are other gambling games neglected. We are initiated into all the latest improvements in dice, roulette-tables, dealing-boxes, and used at baccarat and laro, and many another device for benefit to the "bank." But we do not agree with the author or these "horrible revelations" that his book will be a sort of gospel—that henceforth sharps will be foiled of their victims, inasmuch as the eyes of the flats are now open. It seems far more probable that the swindler will swindle with more intelligence and adroitness than before, whereas the "flat" will merely become a "fly flat"—the "mug" who fancies himself, which last state, (as Mr. Maskelyne himself admits) is far worse than his first. It is, surely, too much to hope that card-playing for money will instantly vanish from the land.

Mr. Maskelyne, with his mind set upon higher things, speaks with undisguised contempt of the average English "flat," who still allows himself to be swindled with devices that have long become impossible in America. Most elementary manipulation, he tells us, is still rife in this country; really fine work would be absolutely thrown away, and so is scarcely worth acquiring. The sharper in ordinary company will dare to deal second cards, keeping the top for himself, or even from the bottom of the pack. At the common or railway-train

game of "Nap," for instance, he will make the cards himself, selecting a good hand to put at the bottom of the pack, which he then presents to be cut. He does not trouble to neutralise the cut by "making the pass"; he merely picks up the original bottom half of the pack, leaving the other half on the table. Then he deals, the bottom cards going to himself or a confederate. The same thing can be done at "loo" or "poker," or any other round game where only a small portion of the pack is required. And the curious part of it is that quite a large proportion of entirely innocent players in this country do habitually deal with only the cut portion of the pack. Presumably in a friendly game in America such a dealer would be shot "at sight."

I cured a horse of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

I cured a horse badly torn by a pitch fork with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

St. Peter's, C. B. EDWARD LINTLEE.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Bathurst, N. B. THOS. W. PAYNE.

NOTHING SO NICE AS HAMILTON'S SUPREME DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES. ASK FOR THEM.

TRY

D & A Long Waist

PRICE: \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING

Dry Goods Houses

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

Canadian Express Co.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Line to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies.

Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.

Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa.

H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt. J. R. STONE, Agent.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY,

(Via C. P. R. Short Line)

Forward Goods, Valuable and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world.

Offices in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, Intercolonial R'y to Halifax, Joggins R'y, New Brunswick and P. E. I. R'y, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Piquet and Havelock R'y.

Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty. Connect with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Eight hours ahead of all competing Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec.

Lowest Rates, Quick Despatch and Civility. E. N. ABBOTT, Agent, 96 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

SUNLIGHT SOAP LESS LABOUR GREATER COMFORT

Does your Wife Do her own Washing? If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day. Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap. HARDING & SMITH, Agents.



Drop Us a Line If you cannot procure Ram Lal's and we will give you the address of a live grocer who sells the best Tea to be had. In Sealed Lead Packages Only. Rose & Lafamme, Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

EDITORS, CLERGYMEN, PHYSICIANS TESTIFY.

Men and Women in all Walks of Life Tell of the Remarkable Cures Wrought by South American Nervine Tonic.

SIX DOSES WILL CONVINCE THE MOST INCREDULOUS.



EDITOR COLWELL, OF PARIS, ONT., REVIEW.

Newspaper editors are almost as sceptical as the average physician on the subject of new remedies for sick people. Nothing short of a series of most remarkable and well authenticated cures will incline either an editor or a doctor to seriously consider the merits honestly claimed for a medicine.

Hundreds of testimonials of wonderful recoveries wrought with the Great South American Nervine Tonic were received from men and women all over the country before physicians began to prescribe this great remedy in chronic cases of dyspepsia, indigestion, nervous prostration, sick headache, and as a tonic for building up systems sapped of vitality through protracted spells of sickness.

During his experience of nearly a quarter of a century as a newspaper publisher in Paris, Ont., Editor Colwell, of The Paris Review, has published hundreds of columns of paid medicine advertisements, and, no doubt, printed many a gracefully-worded puff for his patrons as a matter of business, but in only a single instance, and that one warranted by his own personal experience, has he given a testimonial over his own signature. No other remedy ever offered the public has proved such a marvellous revelation to the most sceptical as the South American Nervine Tonic. It has never failed in its purpose, and it has cured when

doctors and other medicines were tried in vain.

"I was prostrated with a particularly severe attack of 'La Grippe,'" says Mr. Colwell, "and could find no relief from the intense pains and distress of the malady. I suffered day and night. The doctors did not help me, and I tried a number of medicines, but without relief. About this time I was advised to try the South American Nervine Tonic. Its effects were instantaneous. The first dose I took relieved me. I improved rapidly and grew stronger every day. Your Nervine Tonic cured me in a single week."

The South American Nervine Tonic rebuilds the life forces by its direct action on the nerves and the nerve centres, and it is this notable feature which distinguishes it from every other remedy in existence. The most eminent medical authorities now concede that fully two-thirds of all the physical ailments of humanity arise from exhaustion of the nerve forces. The South American Nervine Tonic acting direct upon the nerve centres and nerve tissues instantaneously supplies them with the true nourishment required, and that is why its invigorating effects upon the whole system are always felt immediately. For all nervous diseases, for general debility arising from enfeebled vitality, and for stomach troubles of every variety no other remedy can possibly take its place.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St.; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.