

TALES TOLD BY A MINER.

HOW AN ENGLISH LORD MET HIS DEATH IN MEXICO.

The Miserable Ending of a Life in Which The Moral Law Had No Place—A Degraded Wretch Who Sold His Own Daughter as he Would a Sheep.

Lord Hebron's mine at Pinos Altos was prospering from a few poorly worked contiguous claims from which Mexican poems carried the clay on their backs it had grown to be a richly paying property, in which the latest American machinery supplemented the experience and skill of the best miners from Cornwall, Lord Hebron had not stopped half-way when he undertook the development of that Mexican mine in the heart of the Cordillera Sierra Madre mountains.

Attracted by the surprising beauty of the scenery where pine-clad hills rolled down to glad valleys, and the finest sighs of heaven swept over the whole in quiet winds—he great traveller as he was—found no spot on earth so charming. It was but a mere trifle to him to buy out the small Mexican miners who owned the place, and then set up for himself. Machinery was brought from San Francisco, Cornishmen were imported from England, and lo! the squalid Mexican hamlet became a bustling, busy mining-camp. It became more than a mere camp. The energetic nobleman had a mansion built for himself of such dimensions and finish that, outside the city of Mexico, there was none to surpass it.

His mines prospered. Unlike other great Mexico mines Pinos Altos treated the miners with the most generous liberality. The miners were paid regularly in gold, and were not obliged to take part of their wages in goods from the tienda de raga, or company's store. Lord Hebron was the Company at Pinos Altos, and he wanted no illegitimate gains from the hard-working miners. There was therefore no tienda de raga in that favored spot.

Such a fact was sufficiently remarkable to publish the fame of the Pinos Altos mine throughout the whole province of Chihuahua. Miners flocked to it from far and near, and among them in an evil hour came Don Carlos Galvez. Don Carlos had once been a wealthy mine-owner himself, but had lost his property by gambling or in the thousand and one ways that property can be lost in Mexico. He brought little with him then to Pinos Altos but a high spirit and a very pretty daughter. This girl, Petra by name, soon became the reigning toast among the miners. All admired her beauty, but her exclusiveness kept them at a respectful distance. Petra had once been rich, and the memory of that happy time clung to her. She was now content to keep house for her father in their narrow quarters behind his little store and sought not for admiration or lovers.

A lover still she had in the person of Manuel Sotolagua, a young man who followed her from her native town of Alamos. It was rumored that his suit was fruitless, that the Senorita shunned him instead of giving him encouragement. However it was he brought about Pinos Altos, working in the mine or doing odd jobs around Lord Hebron's House.

He thus had an opportunity of learning how things went there, so that when the master of the house began to tire of his late: quarrels, Lolo Valasquez, and to cast admiring eyes towards the old miners beautiful daughter Manuel was at once acquainted with the fact. From that moment Lord Hebron should have known that his life was in danger. The careless lord, however, took no thought of Manuel's infatuation for the girl he was seeking, but at once set to work to secure her for himself.

This was far from being an easy task. Old Don Carlos was proud and unsentimental. He counted upon his daughter to renew the ancient glories of his house by a wealthy marriage, and was not disposed to throw her away on an Englishman. Marriage "honorable in all" he would gladly consent to, but anything else he could not tolerate—except for a consideration. As for the girl, she was damore and neutral. After the manner of Mexican girls she had no thought of doing anything but what her father might wish. Husband or lover, it was about the same thing to her if her father was satisfied.

Lord Hebron wanted the girl and bid high for the father's consent. The old gentleman most decidedly intended to make the most of his opportunity and his terms were pre-emptory. In case his lordship would not consent to marry the signorita, the douceur which would be necessary to heal the wound inflicted in the old miner's heart should be a store full stocked with goods, and the creation of the same into a tienda de raga. This was a pretty big price for a Christian man to ask for his child's honor, but then Don Carlos drove hard bargains.

Hebron was at first inclined to refuse such a demand, even though he lost the fair Petra, for he had no love for the tienda system. His good name and the reputation of his camp would be tarnished should he consent to the introduction of the hated institution, but then there was no other way out of his difficulty. The old miner was exorbitant, still his daughter was superlatively beautiful. The outcome was that Petra went to live in the big house, and

Don Carlos became the proprietor of a fine store.

A low murmur of disapprobation was at once heard. The miners were greatly taken aback. That they should be obliged to purchase their supplies from Don Carlos was bad enough, but that the cursed tienda system should be introduced simply as the price of another man's lust—even if he was a liberal patron was insufferable. Curses loud and deep were uttered by excitable Mexican miners, and it was evident that but little effort was needed to fan the flame of public opinion into a disastrous conflagration.

Manuel Sotolagua was not slow to turn the general distemper to his own ends. When he saw the beautiful Petra thus lost to him, deep down in his Mexican heart he vowed vengeance on the English lord Time was not slow to give him his opportunity. In a few weeks the feast of the patron saint of the camp came round—for every mining camp as well as every hamlet and village, has in Mexico its patron saint—and of course there was a general cessation from work for a few days. The first day there was no disturbance, the natives were not yet sufficiently soaked in mescol, and besides, they could not very well pay attention to the good San Francisco, or St. Francis, if they drank too deeply. The second day, however, towards noon the Greasers began to lose control of themselves. The mescol, or native whiskey was doing its work. Boisterous meetings were held and noisy Mexicans protested fiery language against the tienda innovation. Manuel Sotolagua was foremost in these demonstrations, and by word and act urged the others on to mischief.

This was not difficult, and it did not require much persuasion to induce the drunken greasers to storm the lord's castle. They were going in a body to seek the signorita Petra, cause of all their evils, when they were met by Hebron himself. Mounting a stand on the plaza de armas he attempted to address the riotous crew, when Manuel began popping away at him with a revolver. In a moment a score of revolvers were emptying their contents into the body of the unfortunate lord.

Then began a general riot and indiscriminate shooting. The crowd crazed by drink and the sight of blood, at once attacked the unfortunate tienda de raga. Don Carlos in attempting to defend his property was brutally murdered, but not before he had succeeded in killing a number of his assailants. Among these was the vindictive Manuel Sotolagua. Petra, warned in time, succeeded in making her escape across the mountains to her former home.

The Cornish men in the meantime were besieged by the Mexicans. They had taken possession of the deserted palace and now held it against great odds. The resistance thus met with inflamed still more intensely the insensate anger of the Mexicans, and resulted in a regular siege. Happily the house was well stocked with provisions, and was in such a position on the mountain side as to be easily defended.

The outcome might eventually have been disastrous to the plucky Englishmen, did not their own government interfere. By some unknown channel the tidings of Lord Hebron's death and the peril of his Cornish miners were carried to the English consul in a neighboring town. Within a week the Mexican government had its troops on the grounds with orders to spare nobody implicated in the English lord's death. Twenty greasers were promptly shot, and double that number were sent to prison. Lord Hebron was avenged.

REAL AMBER IS SCARCE.

Most of the Material Used for Pipes is but a Clever Imitation.

When a man buys a pipe or a cigar holder with a mouthpiece, while the dealer declares it is amber, the chances are ten to one that the purchaser is being deceived. This assertion may seem hard upon the seller, but so clever are the imitations of amber now in the market that dealers need have little fear of selling them, as no one but an expert can tell the false from the real.

Celluloid and amberine are the cheapest of the imitations, and no dealer would think of recommending them as amber to any one who appeared to know much about what he wanted. But with amberoid it is a different matter, for, as this substance is made from the amber itself, there is no perceptible difference in its appearance or properties. This is made from small bits of amber ground fine and compressed by hydraulic power. The process is a secret possessed only by a few manufacturers in Vienna.

All the long stems of clear, beautiful amber, which give a meerschaum or briar so fancy a price, are made of amberoid, excepting, perhaps, pipes made of the highest value. The belief that the sure test of amber is that it will pick up paper has deceived many people, for amberoid will do the same thing, as will amberine, which is a still cheaper composition made in England. Experts tell celluloid at a glance, but any one may distinguish it by its smell of camphor, which enters largely into its composition.

Most of the amber sold comes from along the Black Sea, in Turkey and Germany. Here, buried in the sand, is found the sea green amber of almost priceless value. This is chiefly used for jewellery, although smokers' articles are sometimes made from it. Green amber is seldom seen in this country. Black amber, used for jewellery and inlaying,

and milk white amber are also valuable. For many centuries amber has been regarded with favor on account of its supposed medicinal properties.

A pipe stem which is valuable and odd is made from the pinion of an albatross. The bones from the wing are about a foot and a half long and hollow. They are sold in this city by sailors who capture the large birds that alight on the marts of ships at sea.—New York Press.

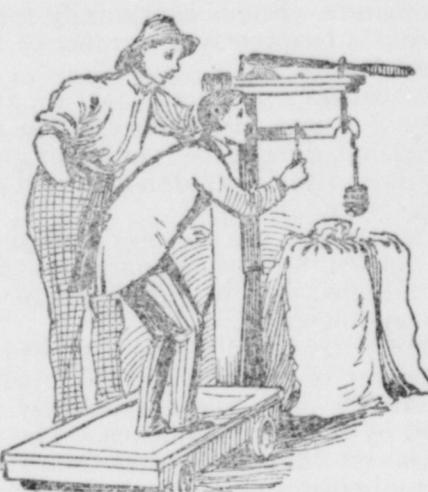
I GAINED A POUND A DAY.

A LANARK COUNTRY FARMER'S REMARKABLE CURE.

Taken with Bilious Fever the After Effects of Which Brought Him Almost to the Grave—He Gladly Speaks for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

Smith's Falls Record.

Mr. Joseph N. Barton, who lives about a mile from the village of Merrickville, is one of the best known farmers in the township of Montague. Up to the spring of 1894 Mr. Barton had always enjoyed the best of health. At that time, however, he was taken with a bilious fever, the effects of which left him in a terribly weakened condition. When the time came around to begin spring operations on the farm he found himself so weak to take any part in the work, and notwithstanding that he was treated by an excellent physician, he was constantly growing weaker and his condition not only greatly alarmed himself but his friends. Having read so much concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he determined to give them a trial, and without consulting his physician he began their use. He only used one box, and, not feeling better, he discontinued the use of the pills. This was where he now admits he made a serious mistake as he not only fell back to his former weakness, but became worse than before. He could now do no work of any kind, and the least exertion left him almost helpless. Life was a misery to him and he



I gained a pound a day.

was on the point of giving his case up as hopeless when a friend strongly urged him to again begin the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He agreed to do so, and by the time he had used three boxes there was a marvellous change in his appearance, and he felt like a new man. He still continued to use this life-saving medicine, with astonishing results. During his illness he had fallen in weight to 135 pounds, but he soon increased to 180 pounds. In fact, as he says, the increase averaged about a pound a day while he was taking the pills. He is now able to do any kind of work on his farm, and it is needless to say that he is not only a firm believer in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but loses no opportunity to sound abroad their praise, with the results that others in his locality have benefited by his experience and advice.

To those who are weak easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a veritable boon, curing when all other medicines fail, and restoring those who give them a fair trial, to a full measure of health and strength. They will be found an absolute cure for St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effect of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also specific for the trouble peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness. In the case of men they effect a radical cure of all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had at all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Lamps That Are Clocks.

Of the various examples that have been given of early specimens of the clock-maker's art not the least interesting are the several types of lamp clocks. One of these was a kind quite common in the 17th century and consisted of a lamp burner placed at the base of a glass oil receptacle mounted vertically on a suitable standard. The oil reservoir had attached to it a scale, facing the burner and showing the hours, beginning at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the lamp was to be lighted in winter, and ending at 7 o'clock in the morning. The lamp being lighted, the gradually descending level of the oil, as combustion proceeded, marked the hours.

The other device, of later origin, dated back to the beginning of the present century, utilized the same principle. It consisted of two communicating oil chambers, superimposed by a clock dial. In one of the chambers was placed a night lamp to illuminate this dial, and in the other was suspended a float from a cord which passed around a small pulley. The latter was



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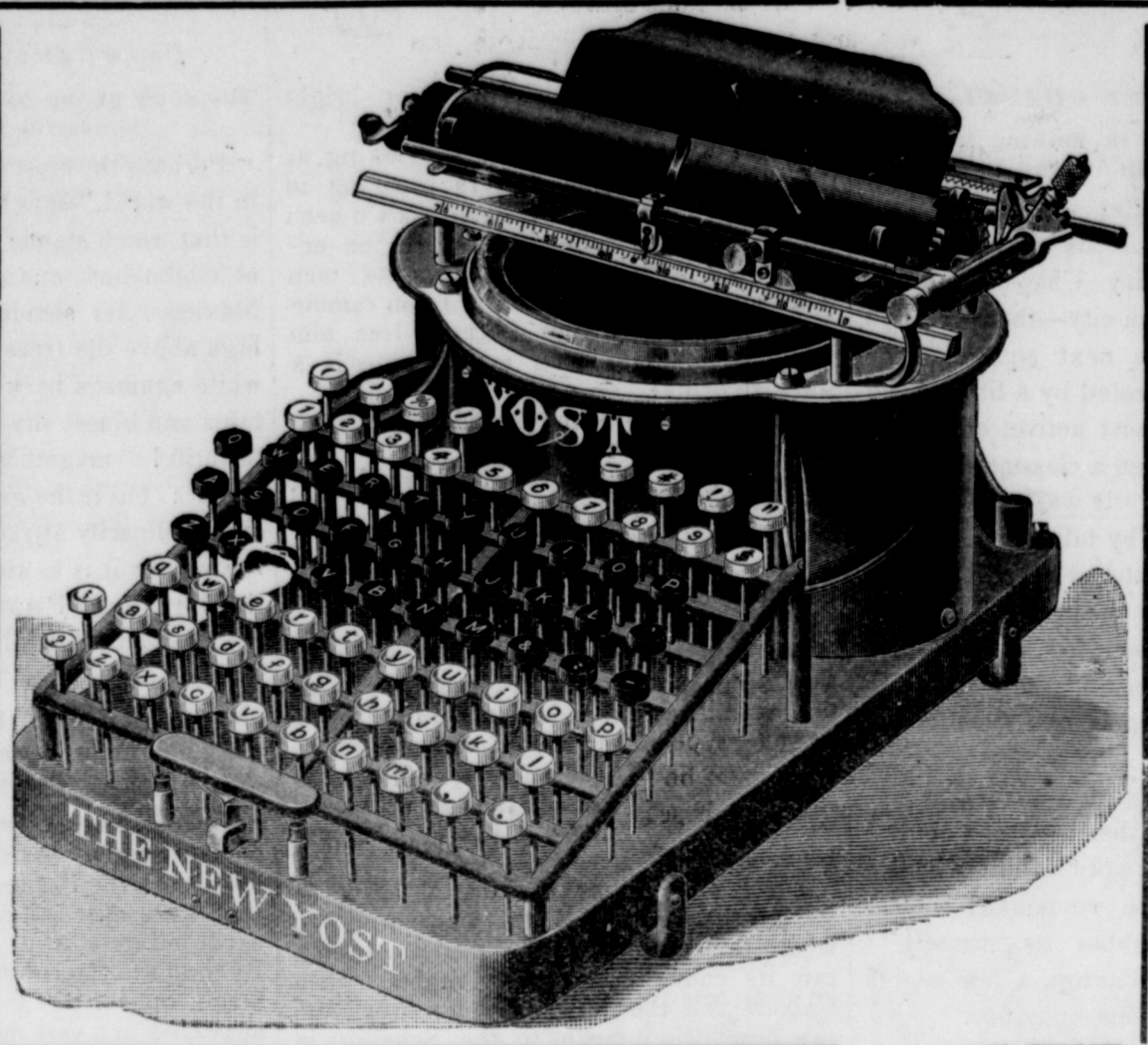
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mounted on a horizontal axis ending in the centre of the dial. The float of course descended as the oil was consumed and carried the index hand along with it, thus making the hours precisely as in the case already cited. At their best these timepieces could have had only an indefinite degree of accuracy, yet they probably served their purpose well and certainly are interesting at the present time as illustrating some of the expedients adopted by mechanics of an earlier period.—Cassell's Magazine.

He Did not Want a Row.

When the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (at that time known as the Duke of Edinburgh) went on his voyage round the world in the Galathea, he frequently unbent from his dignity as captain so far as to bring out his fiddle in the dog-watch and play jigs and reels, to which the men would dance of a calm evening. There is a good story told of the Duke in connection with this voyage.

When the Galathea was coming into Hudson's Bay and passing the small but important township of Williamtown, the Mayor and corporation put forth in full regalia to pay their duty.

His worship and suite scrambled up the ship's side, and proceeded to read a lengthy document, but had got no further than "May it please your Royal Highness," when the Duke, who was issuing a hundred and one orders to his crew, sang out—"Confound it! Can't you let a fellow bring his shin to her mooring peacefully without making all that row?" The mayor collapsed, and the address was unread.

A Beverage for Wheelmen.

Next to being lost at sea there is nothing that brings on the pangs of thirst quicker than bicycle riding. The hot sun and the constant inhalation of dust quickly parches the throat and makes the biker long for the next stop for refreshments. The wise rider avoids ice water, well knowing its danger. Alcoholic beverages are likewise tabooed because of their heating propensities, and there is little satisfaction in wishy-washy stuff sold under the broad classification of "soft drinks." A well-known wheelman in speaking of this, said: "What to drink is no easy problem to a man on a long, hot run. The only drink I know really fit for a bicycle rider is Hire's Rootbeer, carbonated. There are but few places now at which it cannot be had, and I tell you it braces one right up, seems to go right down to the bottom of your pedal workers. It is cooling and refreshing, quickly lowering your temperature and fully satisfying your thirst. I tell you there's nothing like it, and I've sworn off all other drinks when on the road." Hire's Rootbeer, carbonated, is made from the famous Hire's Rootbeer extract by the same formula, without adulteration of any kind. Besides being delicious it possesses many medical qualities, making it as popular with wheelmen and pedestrians as the good home-made Hire's Rootbeer is with the folks at home.

Postage Stamps as Educators.

Nobody can deny that postage-stamp collecting is a great help in teaching boys geography. Jack showed this at school when his teacher asked him where Nicaragua was and what it produced chiefly. "It's on page ninety-eight," said Jack, "and it produces more sets of stamps than any other country of its size in the world."

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