

# ARIZONA CHARITY.

"I frequently find myself taking a notion to say a word," said the old cattleman, as he lit a cigar, "same as I do agin some people. There's the word 'charity,' none of 'em wears it as a heap. Not but what I believe in givin', an' as fast as I runs up with a human bein' in a hole. I most likely lays off a day an' pulls him out. But I don't like this yere word 'charity,' none whatever. It seems like it puts you on a horse an' leaves the other man out. It sets you 'way up an' the man who takes it 'way down yander."

"What you all calls 'charity' in the East is nuthin' but plain everyday business on the range, an' you sees it 'round your camp as common as cactus; an' so you ain't appallin' or abosin' or speculatin' on it, none whatever."

"I've gone on yere a heap about doin' of benevolences, an' I recalls a little mission play it come our way to make down in Woltville, Ariz., some years back on the trail. The victim in this yere charitable cloud burst was a woman."

"This yere episode I hereby relates was this way. It was jest about the fourth drink time, as you all say, eight a. m., an' a band of us was standin' an' stamin' 'round the bar of the Red Light a fixin' of the hour in our minds, when up comes the stage from Tucson. Old Monte was a lookin' mighty dignified, an' a poppin' his whip like the crack of a '45,' whereby he was makin' camp with his outfit on the dead gallop; an' to us a lookin' on, these yere signs was plenty plain he had a 'squaw inside."

"Well, the sage steps an' as soon as the door is open out capers as nice a little girl as ever pulled a dress on over her head. She was put up in black, an' looked some pale and tired, as the shorely calls to a 'ridin' with such an inebriate forty miles as Old Monte, an' the minute she out she goes into the stage office."

"That young female," says Doc Peets—"an' you can bet your moccasins Doc Peets know his business every time—is undoubted a leep elegant, but whatever she's mediatin' when she comes rappin' at a camp like this is a stack too many for me. Whatever do you think yose'f, Enright?"

"I shorely has to pass a hand like that," said Enright. "At the same time I deplores a pore rank stranger like this yere young woman, strikin' camp an' no one to meet an' spread a blanket for her. Now, yere's Nellie," Enright continues, turnin' at Faro Nell, who's gettin' her nose panned with the rest an' stands lookin' on, "an' it strikes me as a good safe play for Nell to go hold a pow-wow with her, Nell bein' a person of tact an' likewise a female, all similar to the other. Meanwhile we stands our hands 'ol Nell comes scoutin' 'round to us agin."

"Me go talk to her?" says Nell; "well, I'll jest fool you a whole lot. You hear me? I don't go n-er her. Not as I'm none too good," continues Nell, a shovin' of her big sombrero back kinder oneasy, "but if you alls had as much savvy as some prairie dogs you'd know mighty well this yere lady wouldn't talk to no snooty cattle as me."

"Just then this yere strange girl comes to the stage station door an' looks out."

"She's sendin' up a signal smoke now," says Doc Peets, "an' I'm allowin' I'll put up that way an' see whatever is up anyhow." So Doc Peets threw his belt and gun behind the bar an' up he goes, just as placid as a sod house. We was all watchin' him, an' the bow he makes when he throws his rifle for her makes us feel proud 'cause we sees the camp wasn't goin' to get the worst of it."

"Well, people," says Cherokee Hall, "we're all some nervous an' stampeded, so s'pose we absorb some beverage pendin' Doc's return?"

"We gets our whisky an' set 'round, not thinkin' much, and bimbeys in half an hour Doc comes in."

"Gents," says he, "it devolves on this yere camp to make a mighty delicate play. This yere maiden, who this day hops into this yere maid, is broke—clean busted; nary a single centous in her warbags. A brother of hers, she says, with no brands or y'ear marks, strays onto this range two years back. She says his name was Good—Jim Good—an' they tells her in Tucson he's over yere. I recalls this yere maverick myself as a man who gets downed over in Red Dog last summer, grabbin' of a bet in a fare game. Of course, I'm plenty cunnin' an' don't divulge none about this short horn's death; but puts it up guileless as how he's gone somers'else. I allows he has plenty of dust an' is rollin' pocco high when he makes his last camp with us."

"This yere," continues Peets, "pleases her. She says she's got a whole outfit of relatives in 'Frisco, and figgers he's gone there, an' says she'll go, too, as soon as she done earns the dinero to take her. There's how the deal stands, an' I wants your action; I wants to say in closin' that when I lets the joy a gleamin' in her eye when I sets the lie about her brother, I makes up my mind immediate to formulate and tell her some more."

"It's unfortunate," says Enright, "at a crisis like this that the simple life of a Woltville don't afford a multitude of trails by which a young woman of report an' recited may travel safe to wealth. I shorely regrets it, but I'm constrained to say this yere camp is no place for this female, an' she's quittin' winner to leave. It appears farther by the report of Doc Peets she needs money, an' I hopefully calls on you to suggest a way to round it up."

"Let's all throw in 'round," says Dan Boggs, "an' makes a pot for her. Travelin' ain't 'an,' an' three or four stacks of blues would take her anywhere."

"That won't do," says Peets. "I make a little bluff all similar, on my own hand, an' she gets hostile at the bare mention. We can't give her no money, none whatever. We've just got to rig a deadfall an' trap her into takin' it."

"I'll go ten blind," says Enright, "that what Peets stands is right. Females is mighty funny that a-way about takin' money from lunge men; an' it has come to my notice—the deal bein' resemblome to this—as how they seem to regard every bill a rattlesnake. Now, yere's how we fixes it. Peets brings this female to the New York store, we meanwhile adjournin' similar. The Red Light's all right, only it ain't no place for the caucus we contemplate."

"Now, this yere is how we'll do," says Enright. "We'll stand up over to the store, as I remarks, an' then when we're located Doc Peets'll bring in the girl. Then Peets up an' says, 'Whoever is yere Unk you're tellin' me of in 'Frisco?' jes' like that. An' a girl replies, mabby, 'It's Jim Jones.' Now, yere's where I gets my cards. I laugher easy an' sociable, an' says, 'Jim Jones?' Not 'ol Jim Jones of 'Frisco? Why, me ez Jim was old runnin' mates way back in the '50s.' Then sorter hackin' the play as all proper a-discoverin' the child of an old friend, I ups an' kisses her. Then we sets 'round an' pos-wows, an' final I recollects owin' Jim \$453.50, closin' out a claim over in Nevada in '39—bein' an interest Jim forgets about—an' I urges her, bein' she's headed that way, to take Jim's dust to him."

"At this point we overturns her reason still more by Peets sayin' he'll cash a draft onto that Red Dog brother for \$100, to take her through to 'Frisco,' objection, of course, mighty guileful, agin usin' any of her Uncle Jim's dust, unless it's a forced play some'ts along the trail. As to said sum I owes her Uncle Jim, why, we makes it up by chippin' in, as was suggested by Dan Boggs."

"So we all drinks in admiration of Enright, an' then Cherokee Hall, who deals faro in the Red Light, gets his stack in."

"Mr. Enright and gents," says he, "I don't aim to seem romantic, but I'm in favor of sparing the feelings of this yere female. At the same time we lines her out for her Uncle Jim, as suggested. Now, what I says is this: 'stead of givin' this female the money s'pose we makes five or six poker games out of this yere assembly—say \$200 table stakes—an' takes ten or better to take the rake. By pursuin' of this course we encourages trade, provides the money, an' the girl sin't under obligations to no body nor nothin'."

"I'm in on this yere poker game," says Faro Nell, "ain't I, Cherokee?"

"Well, now, you're surely in it, Nellie," says Cherokee. "Your chair sets next to mine. I never wants no better people near me."

"I indorse the remarks of Mr. Hall," says Doc Peets, "with my full name. He's a sport and a gentleman. Now you will center over to the store, like Enright says, while I rounds up the girl."

"Well, that's how we do it. We works round the girl too easy. Enright like an' Peets lies an' Cherokee lies. Old man Enright kisses his old pard's niece, an' Peets comes in similar, 'cause he knows her brother. It's a gay time an' you bet your pony it takes a heap of woc off the girl."

"Say Doc," whispers Nell, as we goes over to the Red Light to open the poker games, "tell her to sleep in my room to-night. I won't have to need it, 'cause this yere game we're in for's good to take till mawin'. But don't you never tell her whose it is, or you see, she'll go camp somers'else."

"Well, son, the rake on these yere poker games was most \$800, an' we makes her take the whole business; claimin' the extra was interest on the \$453.50 Enright owes Unk."

"The law makes him do it, Miss," says Peets, "an' you're dead right to take it. There's a heap of bad blood in Woltville about this yere sharp Enright a-owin' your Uncle Jim so long, an' if he don't get it squared this yere trip I'm allowin' the boys are liable to lynch him some. You'd better take it; it may save his life."

"So the next day we starts her off, first givin' old Monte notice we'll down him when he comes back unless he drives slow. When she's gone we all feels free an' good—like a load of our minds."

"We shoved the cut on her too easy," says Faro Nell, as she turns from watchin' the stage. "You all couldn't run no brace game like that on me, you bet; could you, Cherokee? You liars wouldn't stand no show with me. I'd seen your smoke if I'd missed your tracks; an' done run up on them lies about my Uncle Jim an' what's owin' him the first camp you'd made. But she's a good lady, an' I powerful glad she's stacked to take her through."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**HEART DISEASE CURABLE.**  
Evidence Hardly to be Questioned Points that Way.

In general opinion the doom is fixed of the man or woman who finds heart troubles growing upon him, and the most observant is aware that this disease has fastened its fangs on a very large percentage of Canadian people. Men and women are dropping dead daily from heart failure. It has been proven beyond a doubt that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is possessed of such elements as give back to the individual—who may have been a life-long sufferer from heart trouble—his usual vigor and endurance. It will give relief in thirty minutes. The slightest exercise proved fatiguing to Thos. Petry of Aylmer, Que., who had suffered for five years from heart complaint. He had not taken one bottle of Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart before its good effects told, and having taken four bottles of the remedy he says: "I am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease."—Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

**The Oldest Love Letter.**  
A tablet made of Nile mud, which was recently discovered among the treasures of the British museum, has been found to contain in cuneiform characters the marriage proposal of a Pharaoh for the hand of the daughter of the king of Babylon. As this brick-like missive was written about 3,500 years ago, it may justly be regarded as probably the oldest love letter on record. Since it was "brickified," it may also be said to have been burnt, as soon as it was written.

**A Talk to Boys.**  
Every youth of eighteen knows what it is possible for him to do, and his solemn mission is to turn his possibilities into powers, to get the right use of himself. A young man without the sense of his own possible ability is a calamity to himself and the world. Earth is full of tragedies; but the most tragic of all its tragedies is a wasted life. One of the most prominent of the old Norse families has for its crest a pickaxe, and for its motto 'I will find a way, or make one.' This was in the spirit of their great deity, Thor, who yielded the hammer. You must respect yourself if you would be respected. There is nothing more contemptible than to do a thing, especially a doubtful or an evil thing, because others do it. No man ever rose to what he might have been who fell in with the majority simply because it was the majority. Into whatever society you go, young man, consult yourself—consult your own conscience upon its rules and habits before you submit to them. A stalwart 'No' when there is something shady means a stalwart character; and the mincing 'Yes' means a character weak, if not bad. A young man, past twenty, without backbone or moral conviction, stands a terrible chance of losing the angelic part of his heritage. —Prof. Dallinger, in 'Boys' Own Paper.'

**Laid Up for Four or Five Weeks at a Time—Permanently Cured by Three Bottles of South American Kidney Cure.**

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# CLUB DRINKS AND RAINE'S LAW.

Some Problems in Wine and Finance that Now Confront Clubmen.

Drinks are going to be higher at the clubs after the Raine law goes into effect. The profit on wines and liquors is important to every considerable club, and \$800 a year out of that profit is an item worth considering. As prices now are there is only a small margin of profit on most club wines, but a somewhat larger one on whisky and mixed drinks. It is a problem in nearly every club to give a good dinner, wine at 25 or 30 cents a half bottle. All sorts of devices are resorted to in order to do this at a small profit. One club used to buy an imported claret of fair quality and dilute it with a small percentage of water in order to sell the wine at a profit with the dinner.

Whisky varies in price from 10 to 25 cents a drink in New York clubs. Most clubs give a fair whiskey at 10 cents, and a better one at 15, 20, or 25. There is a profit of 30 to 60 per cent, on whiskey at these prices, quality corresponding with price. A drink of whiskey in a club is rather larger than the average drink at a public bar, because most clubs send the drink of whiskey to the consumer in a tiny decanter holding enough for the man that habitually takes a big drink. There are from fifteen to sixteen of these decanters in a quart of whiskey, and at this rate there is a good profit on a fair whiskey at 10 cents per drink. But there are only about twelve cocktails in a quart of whiskey, and cocktails are sold in most clubs at 15 cents each, or 25 cents for two. Time and ingredients considered, there is a rather light profit on cocktails at this rate. The profit on cocktails made mostly of gin is perhaps rather smaller. The profit on some other mixed drinks is larger, especially summer punches. The profit on good sherry at 15 cents per glass, the usual price in the clubs, is not great. There is a fair profit on domestic beers, and perhaps a smaller one on imported beers and ales.

The probability is that after May 1 whiskey will not be less than 15 cents a drink at the clubs, and that cocktails will no longer be sold at 25 cents for two. Claret at 25 cents a half bottle will be of rather poorer quality than heretofore, and perhaps more naive claret will be consumed. The imported ales will probably go up five cents per bottle in some clubs, and mixed drinks generally will contain poorer liquors than at present. Champagne, which are considerably cheaper in the clubs than elsewhere, will go up, and so will some other imported wines. Every club of good standing takes pride in furnishing only good whiskey, so that the quality of this domestic drink will not be debased.

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Halifax, April 1, to the wife of Dr. A. F. Whitford, a son.  
Halifax, Mar. 31, to the wife of Charles Ward, a daughter.  
Halifax, Mar. 31, to the wife of J. H. Harris, a daughter.  
Halifax, Mar. 29, to the wife of J. H. Castery, a daughter.  
Wolville, Mar. 25, to the wife of E. Colpitts, a daughter.  
Kentville, Mar. 29, to the wife of Mr. Keddy, a daughter.  
Grand Pre, Mar. 29, to the wife of Lewis Hardacre, a daughter.  
Mt. Denison, Mar. 19, to the wife of Wm. McDonald, a daughter.  
St. Andrews, Mar. 23, to the wife of John McFarlane, a son.  
Three Brooks, Mar. 23, to the wife of James McGinnis, a son.  
Melrose Highlands, Mar. 29, to the wife of C. H. Woodill, a son.  
Newport, N. S., Mar. 28, to the wife of O. H. Vaughan, a son.  
Hantsport, Mar. 24, to the wife of Capt. Welton Davidson, a son.  
Tusket Wedge, Mar. 18, to the wife of Augustus Le Blanc, a son.  
Kentville, Mar. 30, to the wife of George Acker, a daughter.  
Weston, N. S., Mar. 24, to the wife of Havelock Clem, a daughter.  
Upper Stewiacke, Mar. 30, to the wife of R. D. Power, a daughter.  
Lower Eel Brook, Mar. 22, to the wife of Zacharie Surette, a daughter.  
South Branch, Mar. 26, to the wife of Michael Murphy, a daughter.  
Arthurette, Mar. 20, to the wife of Lincoln H. Giberson, a daughter.  
Cambridgeport, Mass., Mar. 27, to the wife of Hiram S. Bliss, a son.  
Sandy Cove, Mar. 17, to the wife of Albert Gidney, twins son and daughter.

**What is "Orinoco?"**  
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**AT DEATH'S DOOR.**  
Friends Thought the End Was Near.

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At death's door owing to kidney trouble, nervousness, sleeplessness and run down system. Mrs. Irvine's friend realized the fact that she was nearing the grave, and did not hesitate to express their fears. Doctors and their prescriptions could not break the power of the disease and the ordinary advertised medicines of the day proved useless.

A resolve was at last made to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair and honest trial. For the glorious result, ye doubters and skeptics? Four bottles of Paine's Celery Compound effected a cure and saved from death a wife and mother who was thought to be incurable. A forcible reason why every sick man and woman should use Paine's Celery Compound.

Mrs. Wm. Irvine, who resides in St. John, N. B., writes thus:

I have been troubled for the past ten years with kidney complaint, and have tried a great many preparations and doctors' prescriptions with little or no benefit. For the six months I have had a great strain upon my system from night-watching and overwork. I was breaking down, and my friends said 'I was going fast to death.' I resolved to try P