

THE TRAITOR.

In the little village of Padron, in Galicia, during the French invasion, lived Garcia de Paredes, a crabbled old bachelor and licensed apothecary. It was on a cold and unpleasant night in autumn, about ten o'clock, that a silent group of shadows came into the square known today as the Plaza de la Constitution. They were going towards Garcia de Paredes's apothecary shop, which had been securely closed since nine.

"What are we going to do?" asked one of the shadows.

"Break in the door," suggested a woman.

"And kill them," growled many voices.

"I will take care of the apothecary," said a little fellow.

"They say that more than twenty Frenchmen are taking supper with him tonight."

"Ah, it is in my house! Three, billeted upon me, I have thrown into the well!"

"And I, said a monk, in a flute-like voice, have smothered two captains by leaving burning charcoal in their cell, which was mine before."

"And that wretch of an apothecary protects them!"

"Who would have thought it of Garcia de Paredes? It is not a month since he was the most valiant, the most patriotic, the most loyal man in the town."

"And tonight he is going to the French officers."

"Let us wait awhile," suggested an old man; "then we will enter, and not one of them shall be left alive."

While these manifestations were occurring at the door of the pharmacy, Garcia de Paredes and his guests pursued the god of pleasure with ardor.

Garcia de Paredes was about forty-five years of age. He was tall and as yellow as a mummy. His bald head shone with a phosphorescent lustre, and his black eyes, deep sunken under shaggy brows, were like mountain-imprisoned lakes that threaten sullenly.

The food was abundant, the wine good, the conversation animated. The Frenchmen laughed, sang, smoked, ate and drank at the same time. Garcia de Paredes joked, perhaps, even more than anyone else, and so eloquent had been in favor of the imperial cause, that the soldiers of Napoleon had embraced him, praised him, and improvised songs in his honor.

"Senors," the apothecary had said, "the war that we Spaniards are waging is as stupid as needless. You sons of the revolution came to rescue Spain from her traditional lethargy; to dissipate her religious shadows; to reconcile her ancient customs; and to teach her those useful truths that there is no God and no other life, and that penitence, abstinence, chastity and other Catholic virtues are but Quixotic absurdities, improper and unnecessary for a civilized people; that Napoleon is the true Messiah, the redeemer of the people, the friend of humanity. Senors, may the emperor live as long as I have to live!"

"Hurrah! Bravo!" cried the Frenchmen. The apothecary bowed his head with an expression of unspoken pain. Quickly he raised it as firm as before. He drank a glass of wine, and went on:

"An ancestor of mine, Garcia de Paredes a barbarous fellow, a Samson, a Hercules, killed two hundred Frenchmen in one day. I think it was in Italy. You see he was not so fond of the French as I am. The king himself made him a knight, and he was more than once on guard at the Quirinal, when Alexander Borgia was Pope. Ha! ha! You didn't think I came of such distinguished ancestors. Well, this Diego Garcia de Paredes, this ancestor of mine, who has an apothecary for a descendant, captured Cosenza and Mantredonia, took Cerinolia by assault, and fought honorably at the battle of Pavia. There we made a King of France prisoner, and his sword has been in Madrid nearly three centuries, until we were robbed of it nearly three months ago by the son of an innkeeper, Murat, who is in command of your army."

"Here the apothecary made another pause. Some of the Frenchmen were going to reply to him; but he, rising, and enforcing silence by his gesture, seized a glass convulsively and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder:

"I give you a toast, gentlemen: Hurrah for the Frenchmen of France the First, and of Napoleon Bonaparte!"

"Hurrah!" cried the invaders, acknowledging their satisfaction. All drained their glasses.

About that time a noise was heard in the street, or, rather, at the shop door.

"Did you hear that?" asked the Frenchmen.

Garcia de Paredes smiled.

"They are coming to kill me," he said.

"Who?"

"My neighbors."

"What for?"

"Because I am a French sympathizer. Several nights ago they surrounded my house. But what difference does that make with us? On with the feast!"

"Yes, on with it!" exclaimed the guests. "We are here to defend you." And, clinking the bottles and glasses, they shouted together: "Hurrah for Napoleon! Death to Ferdinand! Death to Castile!"

Garcia de Paredes waited till the toast was drunk, and then said in a mournful tone:

"Celestino!"

A shop boy thrust his head through a small door. He dared not enter that inner room.

"Celestino, bring some ink and paper," said the apothecary calmly.

The boy soon returned with the writing materials.

"Sit down," said the master, "and write the figures I will give you. Make two columns. At the head of the column at the right place, Debit, and at the head of the other, Credit."

"Senor," stammered the boy, "there is a mob at the door, crying 'Kill the apothecary!'"

"Be quiet. Leave them alone, and write what I tell you."

The Frenchmen laughed with admiration to see the pharmacist occupied in adjusting his accounts even while surrounded by death and ruin.

"Let us see, senors," said Garcia de Paredes. "We will finish our feast with a single toast. You—Captain—tell me—how many Spaniards have you killed since crossing the Pyrenees?"

"I," replied the Captain, arrogantly twirling his moustache—"I have killed—personally—with my sword—ten or perhaps twelve."

"Eleven, at the right," cried the apothecary, speaking to the boy.

The boy repeated, after writing: "Debit, eleven."

"And you?" continued Garcia de Paredes, I speak to you, Senor Julio."

"I—six."

"And you, Commandant?"

"I—twenty." "I—eight." "I—fourteen."

"I—none." "I don't know, I fired with my eyes shut." And so on, each one in his turn.

"Let me see, now Captain," continued Garcia de Paredes. "We will begin again with you. How many Spaniards do you expect to kill during the remainder of the war, supposing it to last—say three years?"

"Oh—well, call it eleven."

"Eleven to the left!" dictated Garcia de Paredes, and Celestino repeated:

"Credit eleven!"

"And you?" inquired the apothecary, in the same order as before.

"I—fifteen." "I—twenty." "I—one hundred." "I—one thousand." And so on, replied the Frenchman.

"Divide them by ten, Celestino," murmured the apothecary ironically, "and add each column separately."

"At the end of a breathless silence, Celestino, turning towards his master, read as follows:

"Debit, two hundred and eighty-five; credit, two hundred."

"That is to say," said Garcia de Paredes, "two hundred and eighty-five killed, and two hundred sentenced to death. Total, four hundred and eighty-five victims."

At this moment the outer door of the shop was broken in.

"What time is it?" asked the apothecary, with the greatest composure.

"Eleven o'clock.—But don't you hear them coming?"

"Let them come; it is time."

"Time!—for what?" murmured the Frenchmen, trying to rise. But they were so intoxicated they were unable to leave their chairs.

"Let them come!" they cried, however, grasping their sabres with great difficulty and vainly endeavoring to get upon their feet.

Below in the shop was heard the noise of the crowd, and above the clamor rang out the unanimous and terrible cry:

"Death to the traitor!"

Garcia de Paredes, hearing that cry, sprang up as though electrified.

"Let them enter!" he shouted. "Open the door! Let them all come and see how a descendant of a soldier of Pavia can die!"

The Frenchmen, terrified, stupefied riveted to their chairs by an unconquerable lethargy, believing that the death of which the Spaniard spoke was about to enter the room, made desperate efforts to lift their sabres which were lying on the table; but their fingers were unable to grasp the hilts.

At this moment the crowd poured into the room. There were more than fifty men and women armed with cudgels, daggers, and pistols, and all uttering wild cries.

"Kill them all!" shouted some of the women.

"Hold!" thundered Garcia de Paredes, with such a tone, such an attitude, such a look, that his cry, combined with the immobility and silence of the Frenchmen, infused a cold terror in the crowd.

"Put up your daggers," continued the apothecary with a failing voice. "I have done more than you for my country. I have played the traitor—and now you see the twenty officers of the invaders. Don't touch them; they are poisoned."

A cry of terror and admiration issued from the breasts of the Spaniards. They moved a step nearer to the guests, the greater part of whom were already dead, with their heads fallen forward, their arms outstretched upon the table; and their hands yet on the hilts of their swords.

"Hurrah for Garcia de Paredes!" then shouted the Spaniards, surrounding the dying hero.

"Celestino," murmured the pharmacist, "the opium is all gone. Send to Corunna for opium."

Then he fell upon his knees.

Only at that did the neighbors perceive that the apothecary was also poisoned.

Then they might have seen a picture as impressive as it was dreadful. Women, sitting on the floor, were supporting in their arms the expiring patriot. The men had caught up the candles from the tables, and, on their knees, were lighting up that group of patriotism and affection. Twenty dead or dying were in the shadow, some of whom were falling to the floor with horrifying thuds.

And at each dying gasp that he heard, at the fall of each Frenchman to the floor, a smile of glory illuminated the face of Garcia de Paredes. A little later his spirit took flight.—Pedro de Alarcon.

HOUSES IN TREE-TOPS.

The Indians of Guiana Build Beyond the Reach of Floods.

One's interest in the Guiana country naturally centers about the most fertile region, that which commands the mouth of its great waterway. As you approach the Orinoco from the gulf of Paris, you still see that picturesque sight to which Humboldt refers in his travels, "innumerable fires in the tall palm trees"—the dwelling places of the peaceful Guaranos.

The legend that this strange tribe of Indians, once the masters of the Orinoco, live in trees the entire year results from the great annual rise of the Orinoco. Ciudad Bolivar, three hundred miles up, this amounts sometimes, in a contracted place to ninety feet. On the broader delta it is always sufficient to cover islands and low ground; therefore the inhabitants very wisely build their houses well above the ground. For this purpose four tall palm trees are selected, and the cross-pieces which form the foundation for the houses are lashed to the main support by pieces of a tough vine indigenous to the delta.

Upon these is laid the flooring, and then the sides and roof are thatched with large palm trees, to which the Indians have given the poetic name of "feather-of-the-sun."

There are many advantages that this particular palm leaf possesses over others of the same family, the principal one being its similarity to asbestos in the quality of resisting fire. In the location of his house the Guarauno takes another wise precaution in building, and it is one that carries with it a lesson for the Government under whose sovereignty he lives.—The Century.

THE GEORGIA MOONSHINER.

Not an Object of Beauty, but Pathetic Going to Jail and Defiant at Home.

A moonshiner is not an object of beauty says a writer in the N. Y. Sun, but he is pathetic as he is seen on the North Georgia railroad trains going to jail, roped together with two or three companions in bad luck and yanked around by a guardian who is distinguished by pistols, strange coats, and tobacco juice. This guardian, the county Sheriff, looks as though he might with justice change places with his prisoner, and no doubt his time will come. For the moment his authority yields him exquisite satisfaction, and the height of his bliss is shown by a magnanimous offer of a chew of all around to the shrinking dazed men he has in charge. The moonshiners are that he is in a mighty bad fix and on his way to judgment for something nasty, but for the life of him he can't tell what it is; and as he reflects about it he can't see why a man may not make what he pleases out of the little corn he raises on the rocky side-hill of his half dozen acres. He can't read and he can't think—for long at a time—but he understands the word revenge, and he thinks about how he'll get it on "the feller 'at giv' intermation."

No, decidedly, he is not pretty as he crouches in the car seat, turning things over in his crafty head. His weather-beaten, parched garment a world too wide for his lank figure, his faded hair, his beard-covered face from which peer small, shifty, faded eyes or piercing black ones; his slouching frame and sneaking looks, bespeak the sympathy of the onlooker.

But it gives one quite another sensation to stumble upon this odd specimen of humanity in his home in the woods. There he is, indeed lord of his castle, and makes you recognize the fact. One day I rode far from home and lost myself on the faint trail of a wood road is among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Suddenly I came upon a cabin so sheltered by old cedars that the weather-beaten logs were scarcely to be seen from the distance of the shambling fence, where I dismounted. The hut was old and perhaps contained that curiosity of Georgia growing scarcer daily, a punchoon floor. I thought to myself as I picked my way through the yard litter to the house. Before I reached it a woman appeared in the wide doorway. Barefooted, scantily clad, with gray hair flying, face dirty, and snuff stick in her mouth, the creature added further to her plentiful lack of charms by a "what be you adoin' here" sort of expression written on every feature. Worse than all, behind her towered her six and-a-half-foot son, barefooted also, regarding me with sullen looks that deepened as I walked over the log step to enter.

The excuse I offered of losing my way only half satisfied the apparent suspicions of this lean and evil looking pair. My desire to see their hand-made chairs and tables, the punchoon floor, and all the rest of the odds, and ends of what was, even for a cracker inquirer, a fearful jumble of house-furnishing, was but a meagre passport to their graces. The son kept absolute silence while his mother, with reluctance, told me how her "pop" had "bowed out the fella" seventy odd years befo'. She sullenly allowed me to look at her spinning wheel and hand loom, which had made the stock of precious "kniver lids" rang'd around the wall on small tables. After examining all these and the powder horns and possum skin shot bags, guns, gounds, and

Letters Come.



Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Head-ache, still another of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood.

Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 334 Colborne Street, Brantford, Ont., says: "During seven years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all the time with violent headaches. Her head was so hot that it felt like burning up. She was weak, run down, and so feeble that she could hardly do anything, and so nervous that the least noise startled her. Night or day she could not rest and life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds of medicines and treatment for her but she steadily grew worse until I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from C. Stork & Son, of Brampton, Ont., for which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best investment I ever made in my life. Mrs. Ludlow took four out of the six bottles—there was no need of the other two, for those four bottles made her a strong healthy woman, and removed every ailment from which she had suffered, and she enjoyed the most vigorous health. That five dollars saved me lots of money in medicine and attendance thereafter, and better than that it made home a comfort to me."

hog bladders, I threw open the door of the adjoining room before either mother or son realized my intention.

There, in full view, was a small whiskey still, set in a pine box with the lid thrown back. Beside it was another huge box of corn, all ready for use. Here was the secret of frowning looks and lack of welcome. I had surprised them in the midst of preparations for expressing "mountain dew," and got myself disliked in consequence. The woman half covered by my side and whined:

"Yo' don' mind a little moonshinin', Miss do you?"

But the son leaped like an angry lion past both of us, slammed down the box lid, planted one bare foot fiercely upon it and glared defiantly at me. Neither did his look waver or soften as I assured them both with a laugh that moonshining was no concern of mine. I tried to brave it out, but the silence of the giant cracker wore on my nerves at last, and as I rode slowly off, having quite forgotten to ask the way home, I could still feel those threatening eyes boring into me with menace. The man had not once spoken, but his actions and a magnificent glance at a shotgun hanging badly on the wall assured me more plainly than a volume of language on the subject that where a moonshiner is concerned silence is best for all parties.

There are thousands of such families as this hidden behind the Georgia hills ready at a moment's notice to defend the petty law-breakers who murder it need be. They think it defending their liberty, thus intrenched among the cedars, but handcuffs and a through ticket to United States courts and penitentiaries are hard to comprehend. They clip the wings of this mountain eagle, dull his eye, and begot his views of citizenship. Hence the vague pathos of him as he passes on to justice.

TAUGHT A DOG TO SING.

New York Central Engineer Claims He Accomplished the Feat.

John Porter, a New York Central engineer, has a dog that he is teaching to sing. Roger, the dog, has been trained to perform every time a member of the Porter family opens the piano. In showing off the other day he kept time to the accompaniment. His style of singing was by yelping in time to the notes played on the instrument. When it ran soft and low, his voice sank almost to a growl; when the notes rose in loud strains Roger pointed his nose to the ceiling and sang a wild long wail of pithos in such treble as was never heard. When it was all over and the last note of the music had sounded, he wagged his tail and walked around to each one of the company for congratulations.

It was several months ago that the Porters first learned that they had sheltered this musical prodigy, and they and their neighbors have been having infinite amusement with him ever since. By dint of all the practice they have given him, Roger has improved vastly. He has learned songs and can distinguish from the first few notes of the accompaniment what selection is expected of him, and he sings them with all the feeling that a dog could have and vastly more than some people seen capable of. There is only one thing that will stop him in the middle of a song, and that is to be laughed at. If he is laughed at he stops short, goes back under the piano and stares contemptuously at the ill-mannered people until they go away and leave him.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

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- Halifax, Aug. 24, to the wife of T. Bedford, a son.
- Halifax, Aug. 26, to the wife of H. Flowers, a son.
- Port Elgin, Aug. 21, to the wife of C. E. Munroe, a son.
- Parroboro, Aug. 15, to the wife of J. S. Morwick, a son.
- Windsor, Aug. 18, to the wife of Aaron Blauvelt, a son.
- Halifax, Aug. 20, to the wife of Alfred Costler, a son.
- Halifax, Aug. 27, to the wife of George J. Steer, a son.
- Windsor, Aug. 23, to the wife of Wiley Davidson, a son.
- Truro, Aug. 26, to the wife of Thomas Blanchard, a son.
- Somerset, Aug. 16, to the wife of Robert Clifton, a son.
- Port Maitland, Aug. 24, to the wife of A. E. Ellis, a son.
- St. John, Aug. 27, to the wife of T. Earle Gibbs, a daughter.
- Parroboro, Aug. 15, to the wife of Capt. Gertsood, a daughter.
- Truro, Aug. 12, to the wife of H. H. Sutherland, a son.
- Windsor, Aug. 22, to the wife of John M. Lindsay, a daughter.
- Truro, Aug. 21, to the wife of D. Hemmeon, a daughter.
- Curryville, Aug. 21, to the wife of John P. Beaumont, a son.
- Sand River Road, Aug. 16, to the wife of Albert Fulton, a son.
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Dawson Settlement, Aug. 22, to the wife of Isaac N. Steeves, a daughter.

MARRIED.

New Glasgow, Aug. 4, by Rev. W. I. Croft, William James Elms to Matilda M. Wheeler M. Wheeler.

Halifax, Aug. 25, by Rev. M. Dobson, A. S. Black, to Forrester Coleman.

Cape John, Aug. 13, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, Daniel McKee to Bella Gray.

St. John, Aug. 26, by Rev. Wm. Penna, Samuel A. Kirk to Annie J. Miles.

Amherst, Aug. 25, by Rev. W. J. Mihan, William Shields to Annie Gould.

St. John, Aug. 26, by Rev. S. A. Baker, William Skyes to Eva L. Gorham.

Amherst, Aug. 25, by Rev. W. J. Mihan, R. H. Wemyss, Aug. 20, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, Carey E. Gosard to Bessie P. Doty.

Random, Aug. 12, by Rev. Mr. Daniel, David W. Dixon to Mary E. Mason.

Halifax, Aug. 26, by Rev. N. I. Perry, Henry R. Lordy to Edith A. Lordy.

Truro, Aug. 25, by Rev. Geo. S. Carson, George J. Wilson to Carrie H. Calkin.

Weymouth, Aug. 4, by Rev. H. A. G. Giffin, Silas Parker to Alice E. Cooman.

Oxford, Aug. 12, by Elder P. D. Nowlan, Brazillia F. Miller to Dollie Harpell.

Clementsvale, Aug. 19, by Rev. L. Lagille, John M. Baird to Alice S. Potter.

Halifax, Aug. 26, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Walter John R. Gervan to Agnes McKay.

Boston, Aug. 1, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Llewelyn T. Webber to Cassie M. Taylor.

Kawdon, N. S., Aug. 12, by Rev. M. Dan-el, David W. Dixon to Mary E. Mason.

Caedonia, Aug. 12, by Rev. J. K. West, Watson P. Forrest to Eva L. Thompson.

Moschelle, Aug. 19, by Rev. Henry de Blois, Rupert Whitman to Ada B. Jefferson.

Tracy Mills, July 11, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Herbert Buchanan to Mabel Cronkrite.

Truro, Aug. 25, by Rev. E. Underwood, Alex. John Campbell to Blanche Tremaine.

West Head, C. I., Aug. 12, by Elder Wm. Halliday, Fred N. Newell to Helena Smith.

Main River, N. B., Aug. 19, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, John R. Gervan to Agnes McKay.

Noel, N. S., Aug. 17, by Rev. E. J. Rattie, Thomas Bodd to Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson.

Selkirk, Mass. Aug. 11, by Rev. Albert Spalding, Fred Lindsay to Clara S. Croseby.

Newport, N. B., Aug. 25, by Rev. Jas. Falconer, George Fletcher to Maud Caldwell.

Acadia Mines, Aug. 19, by Rev. J. M. Heal, Howard S. McLean to Sarah J. Johnson.

Charlottetown, Aug. 17, by Rev. John T. Bryan, Captain, Aug. 25, by Rev. D. Drummond, Capt. E. W. Hickey to Euphemia Currie.

Baddeck, C. B., Aug. 17, by Rev. D. M. McDougall, Malcolm McAskill to Sadie McLeod.

Middle Musquodoboit, Aug. 25, by Rev. E. Smith, Thomas Sandford to Emma J. Brown.

Port Elgin, Aug. 19, by Rev. A. W. K. Herdman, Mitchell Ross to Charlotte Tremblin.

Moschelle, Aug. 26, by Rev. H. de Blois, Captain Edward Pitman to Augusta Williams.

Bass River, N. B., Aug. 19, by Rev. F. W. Murray, George B. Lavery to Mary M. Brown.

North Sydney, Aug. 25, by Rev. D. Drummond, Capt. E. W. Hickey to Euphemia Currie.

Bowmanville, Aug. 17, by Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, Robert C. Cruikshank to Marion L. Allen.

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