

## THE ALACRAN HUNTERS.

There are many poor people in Mexico, poorer even than the very poorest people you know here. So poor are they that hundreds, even thousands of them, never sleep on a bed in their lives—that is a bed raised above the floor. Their bed and covering consist of an old mat for the one and a blanket often in rags, for the other.

Various are the ways in which these people make a living. Many burn charcoal and carry it for miles on their heads to the towns, getting only a few centavos (cents) per bushel for it. Others cut and cord small bundles of the mesquite wood—a thorn bush resembling the locust—with which nearly all the cooking is done in the cities.

But the very strangest way, to say nothing of the danger, is by Alacran hunting. The alacran is a scorpion peculiar to some parts of Mexico, and a very deadly and dangerous one. Especially are they found in abundance in and around Durango.

Some say the reason of this is because of the great iron mountain there and the properties of the soil in which they fairly thrive.

No numerous and dangerous have these pests become of late years that the Government has found it necessary to offer a reward for their slaying. Seventy-five centavos (cents) a hundred is the price paid for the dead alacrans.

Though the danger is great—for the bite is known to be deadly, especially to children,—yet many boys and men make a regular business of hunting the alacrans. Most of the hunting is done at night though some of the killing takes place in the daytime, when it is more dangerous, for then the scorpions cannot be blinded.

The hunters go with the lanterns or other lights with which they lure the alacrans out of their holes in the adobe walls and other places. Then blinding them with the glare, they slay them. But now and then the hunter is not quick enough. The scorpion attaches itself to his hand ere the blow can be struck, and the poison enters his system, often producing death.

Fernando and Andres were two friends whose adobe huts on the outskirts of Durango were not far apart; or that is, they had been friends, but of late a misunderstanding had arisen. Hot words had been passed, and each had vowed never to speak to the other again.

One of the two Fernando's heart was the bitterer. That night, ere he took down his lantern to go in search of alacrans, he said to his mother:

"Madre (mother), I am going to quit this alacran hunting if Andres doesn't stop. I hate him so I can't even bear to see him." His mother tried to pacify him and also to reason with him.

"Is it not wrong the way thou art doing?" she asked. "I know Andres has been unkind to thee and has said hard things of thee. But didn't my Fernando also say hard things in return?"

"Yes, madre, I did, but how could I help it. He provoked me to it. He is mean and I hate him; yes, I hate him! I hate him I tell you!"

"But think how long thou hast been friends with him. Why at one time you could not bear to be away from him, no not for a day."

"But we have quarreled, madre. We have said hot words, and now all is over!" "Ah, yes hot words! What will they not do? Hasty tempers! They part the best of friends. Thou art angry now my Fernando. The temper blinds thine eyes. When thou art cooler, then thou wilt think differently, yea, and speak differently, too. Thou wilt even be sorry for the harsh words thou hast spoken."

"Never!" declared Fernando vigorously. "I get angrier and angrier every time I think of what he said to me; and I declare to thee, madre, passionately, that if he were dying I would not stretch out my hand to help him!"

"Oh, Fernando! Fernando!" and the mother laid her hand upon the shoulder of her impetuous boy. "Take care, my lad, that thou dost not repent, yea in heart's bitterness, those terrible words."

Fernando seized his lamp and rushed away. His mother's words had disturbed him more than he cared to let her see.

There were not many alacran hunters out that night. Several who would have been there had gone to help the ranchmen herd cattle preparatory to driving them down for market.

As Fernando was about to pass to the other side of an adobe wall, he came suddenly face to face with Andres. He scowled and passed on, Andres. I am sorry to say, returning the scowl.

Beyond the wall there was an open space. It had once been a garden, and at the upper end the old house was still standing. The garden was overgrown with weeds, and there were piles of stones scattered about. This was known to be a favorite resort of the alacrans.

"It he is coming to the old garden to hunt alacrans," said Fernando, and biting his lip, then I must go to another place. For I can't even bear to look at him—no, I can't!"

He stopped suddenly, and turned his head, for at that moment a sharp cry reached him.

but he was also moaning out with the torture.

"I must go," said Fernando, and again he tried to move. "I must go, and let him suffer all he can. He deserves it."

"What?" said a voice, "Go and leave him to die?"

"Now Fernando found that he could move. He wheeled quickly, as though the sharp point of a rapier had pricked him.

"Leave him to die!" repeated the voice. "Leave Andres to die! Your own Andres of whom you were once so fond?"

"No," answered Fernando, "No," and now there was a sob in his voice, "I can't do that!"

Where was all his passion, his blind hate now?

"Andrez! Andrez!" he cried sharply, but oh, so pitifully, as he sprang toward the suffering boy. "What is the matter with thee? What has hurt thee? The alacran? Oh, I thought so. Give me the hand, Andrez, give me quickly, and show me where the sting went."

He caught up the wounded hand. He faltered out tender, hysterical words over it as a mother in her grief might have done.

Amazed, Andrez gazed at him, the pain, the terror for the moment forgotten in this strange thing that had come to him. Could this be Fernando—Fernando who only yesterday had declared he hated him so?

Fernando, who had said he would gladly see him die?

"The alacran!" cried Fernando again. "It has bitten thee, but it shall not kill thee! I will draw the poison out with my lips, the lips that have said such evil things of thee, Andrez. But oh, forgive me. I did not know then how one could feel when death came."

At last Andrez comprehended. He looked at him with eyes that help the mist of joy as well as of pain.

"Oh, I am so glad!" he cried. "Fernando, querido mi (my dear one)!" then tell over against Fernando's shoulder weak and faint.

Fernando put his lips to the wound and strove bravely to extract the poison, but did not know if he had done so. Seeing Andrez still sick and faint, and thinking he must surely be going to die, the alarmed Fernando grasped him firmly in his arms and half carried, half dragged him to the shop of an old boticario (apothecary) he knew was near.

"He will live," declared the boticario promptly. "Much of the poison is already out. I will give him something to finish the work. But, my brave boy, let me first spray your mouth."

"Oh, mother," said Fernando, when telling her about it that very night, "how quickly one's thoughts and feelings can change when death is really near!"

"Yes, my Fernando, and happy is it for one when such can be the case. Some are so hardened, so unfeeling, even the presence of death cannot soften them."

"Oh, mother," replied Fernando with a shudder. "I do not see how a heart could be so hard."

"Thank God that of my dear boy could not be!" And a kiss fell on his face.

## MEN OF WEIGHT IN PARIS.

Big Men Who Find It Difficult to Hire Public Conveyances.

Jules Chancel gives in L'illustration an interesting account of a unique social organization recently established in Paris. The 'Cent Kilo Club' as it is called, requires as the chief qualification for membership that the applicant shall weigh at least one hundred kilograms—about two hundred and twenty pounds. Monsieur Chancel was invited to be present at a recent meeting where the weights and various measurements of the members were all recorded, and was greatly entertained by what he heard and saw.

It appears that several extremely fat gentlemen were dining together one evening, and deploring the fact that, on account of their physical superfluity, they were debarred from the pleasures they might otherwise enjoy as members of the numerous athletic and sporting clubs of the city; whereupon one of them suggested that they should form a club of their own, to which none but men as fat as themselves should be admitted.

This was the origin of the 'Cent Kilo Club.' In the course of Monsieur Chancel's visit, the president said to him:

"Do you not think that we could induce some men who are great in more than one way to join us? Could Monsieur Sarcey, for instance, be induced to apply for membership? I should think he possessed all the necessary qualifications."

Francisque Sarcey, it may be remembered, is eminently fitted in point of size to join this or any other club of the same nature, but the great critic and writer is none too fond of his flesh. Monsieur Chancel replied:

"Monsieur Sarcey blushes at the scales whenever he is weighed, I am sorry to say, and is becoming a vegetarian with a view of reducing his proportions."

The president started back with a look of horror.

"What!" he cried. "M. Francisque Sarcey ashamed of his flesh? Gentlemen, he said, appealing to his fellow-members, 'do you hear what Monsieur Chancel tells us? No, Monsieur Chancel, I am sure I express the opinion of every man here when I say that the Cent Kilo Club has lost the opinion it once had of Monsieur Sarcey. He is undoubtedly a great man—but ashamed of his weight!'"

And he went sadly off without saying another word on the subject. According to Monsieur Chancel, a gloom was cast

over the assembly, and the newspaper man soon turned to go out.

He was followed to the door by one of the club's most mighty members. As they reached the steps they perceived that it was snowing.

"Alas!" said the fat man, "I shall have to walk home through the snow for two miles!"

"Why," said Monsieur Chancel, in concern, "can you not take a cab? I am sure I can find you one."

"It is no use," returned his companion; "no cabman will take me into his vehicle. They all know me; I have broken down three cabs in Paris this year."

## Commercial Travellers.

Wm. Golding, commercial traveller, 180 Esther St. Toronto, says:—For fifteen years I suffered untold misery from Itching Piles, sometimes called pin worms. Many and many weeks have I had to lay off the road from this trouble. I tried eight other pile ointments and so called remedies with no permanent relief to the intense itching and stinging, which irritated by scratching would bleed and ulcerate. One box of Chase's Ointment cured me completely.

Great Britain has seventeen miles of railroad to each 100 square miles of territory. In the United States there are six miles of rail line to every 100 square miles. In Great Britain there are 1,980 people to support every mile of road. In this country there are only 380 people to each mile of railroad. The United Kingdom had 21,777 miles of road at the end of 1895. There has been very little new railroad constructed in Great Britain in several years.

Robbins—"What in the world does Hardy Upton mean by wearing a winter overcoat and a summer suit."

Dobbins—"Why a report got around that he had to soak his summer suit before he got his winter overcoat out. Hardy is trying to prove that the report is unfounded."

## BORN.

Rawdon, Oct. 2, to the wife of George Cole, a son. Truro, Oct. 12, to the wife of R. T. Craig, a daughter.

Amherst, Oct. 11, to the wife of W. H. Rackham, a son. Amherst, Oct. 7, to the wife of John Bryenton, a son.

Riverside, Oct. 6, to the wife of William Dench, a son. Springhill, Sept. 21, to the wife of Chas. Downey, a son.

Mill Village, Oct. 3, to the wife of R. B. Elliott, a son. Clairmont, Oct. 5, to the wife of Wm. Weatherbe, a son.

Springhill, Sept. 19, to the wife of Isaiah McCarthy, a son. Annapolis, Oct. 9, to the wife of Mr. C. M. Mahoney, a son.

Hantsport, Oct. 2, to the wife of Horace Davison, a daughter. Amherst, Oct. 9, to the wife of James Duxbury, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Oct. 4, to the wife of C. W. Lane, a daughter. Victoria Lane, to the wife of Joseph McEichern, a daughter.

Springhill, Sept. 18, to the wife of Dan Hattie, a daughter. Springhill, Sept. 18, to the wife of Wm. Jones, a daughter.

Springhill, Oct. 12, to the wife of Ira Townsend, a daughter. Springhill, Oct. 11, to the wife of Jerry Peppignot, a daughter.

Springhill, Oct. 8, to the wife of Malcolm McVicar, a daughter. Newcombville, Oct. 7, to the wife of Asaph Newcomb, a son.

Granville Centre, Oct. 9, to the wife of Chas. Withers, a son. Williamston, Oct. 10, to the wife of Rev. R. Osgood, a daughter.

Southampton, Sept. 28, to the wife of Ralph Harrison, a daughter. New York, Sept. 21, to the wife of Edward H. Barnstead, Jr., a daughter.

Halifax, Oct. 8, to the wife of Garrison Serp. Major Haines, a daughter. Bridgeport, Conn. U. S., Sept. 27, to the wife of Fred W. Crossley, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Ashland, Sept. 28, Albert E. Kinney to Mabel E. Wayner. Truro, Oct. 12, by Rev. H. F. Adams, George Wynn to Ruth Westerbe.

Halifax, Oct. 13, by Rev. Dr. Hearst, Isaac Griggen to Hattie Greenwood.

Halifax, Oct. 13, by Rev. N. LeMoine, William Twining to Alice Starr.

Parrsboro, Sept. 22, by the Rev. E. H. Howe, Clarence Dow to Clara Fife.

Guyaboro, Oct. 1, by the Rev. R. B. McKinley, Mr. Rumley to Jennie Pickett.

Shag Harbor, Sept. 23, by Rev. W. Miller, James Walsh to Miss M. A. Robinson.

Wolfville, Oct. 12, by Rev. K. C. Hind, Thomas L. Harvey to Susan Sherwood.

Truro, Oct. 13, by the Rev. H. F. Adams, Howard Goucher to Kate McCollough.

Shag Harbor, Oct. 2, by the Rev. W. Miller, Erasmus Nickerson to Alice Sears.

Ardoise, Oct. 7, by Rev. E. Farr, Amos T. Flett to Miss M. A. Robinson.

Baddeck, Oct. 6, by the Rev. R. T. Gwilm, Colin Ingraham to Annie K. Tremaine.

Annapolis, Oct. 12, by Rev. G. J. C. White, Hugh A. Calder to Minnie B. Bancroft.

Upper Musquodoboit, Oct. 12, by F. W. Thompson, Samuel C. Cox to Anna M. Dean.

Digby, Oct. 6, by the Rev. W. L. Parker, Frederick Stepanson to Florence Bradley.

Centerville, Oct. 9, by the Rev. G. M. Wilson William M. Hunt to Fannie Quidley.

Parker's Cove, Oct. 11, by the Rev. H. Achilles, John R. Kay to Maurice Halliday.

Baddeck, Oct. 5, by Rev. A. Kinney, H. Ernest Foster to Florence Beatrice Hall.

Lorway Mines, Sept. 28, by Rev. J. A. McGlashen, J. McDonald to Catherine McLean.

Cheverie, Sept. 26, by the Rev. G. W. Whitman, Edward G. Palmer to Flora McDonald.

West Brook, Oct. 6, by the Rev. E. H. Howe, Charles Pettigrew to Margaret Rector.

Hawkesbury, C. B., Oct. 8, by Rev. John Calder, Norman Macneil to Hannah Campbell.

Oxford, Oct. 14, by Rev. J. L. Davidson, Edward Simpson to Mary Matilda Oakey.

Florenceville, Oct. 6, by Rev. A. H. Hayward George Edward Brooks to Lillian Mable Bigler.

Halifax, Oct. 13, by Rev. N. LeMoine, William Twining to Alice E. widow of the late Joseph Starr.

British Columbia, Sept. 21, by Rev. R. Newton Powell, Rev. Albert M. Sanford to Jennie Lillian Barnes.

Pictou, Oct. 6, by Rev. A. Campbell, assisted by Rev. A. J. McKichan, Walker Robertson to Margaret Ross.

Canning, Oct. 5, by Rev. W. H. Hutchins, assisted by Rev. Thos. Trotter, Rev. C. B. Freeman to Angie A. Eaton.

Fredericton, Oct. 6, by the Rev. J. J. Teasdale, assisted by Rev. J. B. Marr, Alice A. Teasdale to Frederick M. Lettney.

Annapolis, Oct. 12, by the Rev. G. J. White, assisted by the Rev. R. S. Whidden and Jas. W. Bancroft, Hugh A. Calder to Minnie Bancroft.

## DIED.

Liverpool, Oct. 8, Peter Hutt, 78. Boston, Sept. George Holmes, 36. Dorchester, Oct. 14, Mrs. Peck, 51.

Bear Point, Oct. 5, Jane Shand, 52. Halifax, Oct. 14, Mrs. T. Leahy, 39. Halifax, Oct. 14, Susan Maxwell, 18.

Barrington, Oct. 5, Isaac Hopkins, 71. Canard, Oct. 2, William McGowan, 80. Liverpool, N. S., Oct. 8, Peter Hutt, 78.

Port Williams, Oct. 11, Daniel Rafuse, 72. Barrington, Oct. 5, Mrs. Ediz Hopking, 80. Weymouth, Oct. 9, Charlton Newcombe, 67.

Halifax, Oct. 11, Robert McFadrigue, M. D. New Minas, Oct. 5, Mrs. Charles Turner, 80. St. John, Oct. 17, Robert W. Crookshank, 76.

River John, Sept. 9, Alexander Langille, 72. Windsor Junction, Oct. 15, Isabella Kehoe, 74. West Lakeville, Oct. 2, Norman McDonald, 59.

Halifax, Oct. 14, beloved wife of T. P. Leahy, 39. Amherst Islands, Magdalen, Oct. 5, Mrs. Shea. Beaver Brook, Colchester, Oct. 11, Mrs. Job Creelman, 88.

Mill Pond, Oct. 3, Margaret, widow of John McLeod, 90. St. John, Sept. 17, Emma, widow of the late Otis Small, 74.

Long Island, Oct. 9, Kachael E. wife of Edward L. Gould, 46. Colorado, Aug. 14, Angeline, wife of Henry E. G. Edwards.

Cornwallis, Oct. 8, Laura daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Harvey, 2. Woodstock, Oct. 12, Emily, wife of Arthur J. Raymond, 35.

Lower Burlington, Oct. 6, Charles, son of Henry P. Sanford, 20. Low Point, Sept. 29, Margaret H. Petrie, wife of Francis Daley.

Pictou, Sept. 18, John son of Daniel and Lydia McKinnon, 25. Low Point, C. B., Sept. 29, Margaret H. wife of Francis Daley.

Lunenburg, Oct. 5, Fanny daughter of Nathan and Irene Lantz, 2. Zealand Station, N. B., Oct. 2, Sarah Ann wife of A. T. Burr, 61.

Halifax, Oct. 13, Susan, only daughter of Mrs. R. Maxwell, 18. Moncton, Oct. 10, Harry T. child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Duncan.

Portland, Oregon, U. S., D. C. Perley son of Hon. W. E. Perley, 47. Little Lorraine, C. B., Oct. 1, Elizabeth, wife of John Kennedy, 23.

Milton Oct. 11, Thomas F. infant son of James and Mary W. sh 18mos. St. John, Oct. 17, Mrs. Emma Small widow of the late Otis Small, 74.

Boston, Oct. 16, Philip, eldest son of Philip and Elizabeth H. Curran, 11 months. Avondale, Oct. 3, Lottie Beatrice, infant daughter of S. G. Barter, 3 months.

Cornwallis, Oct. 8, Aenes Laura, daughter of Iphadus and Ada Harvey, 2. Halifax, Oct. 11, Lena Blanche child of Wm. and Mary McArthur 13 mos.

Halifax, Oct. 13, Arthur Ernest eldest son of James W. and Rose Curran, 25. Halifax, Oct. 11, John William Bishop child of Thomas and Ellen Bishop, 1.

Halifax, Oct. 13, Arthur Ernest, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Currie, 25. South Maitland, Oct. 1, Mary Roy, widow of the late Capt. Alex. McDougall, 69.

Liverpool, Oct. 8, Percy Carroll, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kilcup, 11 months. Annapolis, Oct. 7, Addie Prudence, eldest daughter of Richard J. and Nellie Riley, 5.

Baccaro, Oct. 2, Clara Wilfred, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crowell, 2 months. Pleasantville, Lunenburg, Oct. 5, Fanny C. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard McLean, 3 mos.

Acadia Mines, Oct. 8, William Arthur, child of Mr. and Mrs. Howard McLean, 3 mos. Newton, Bridgewater, Sept. 29, Sibyl Marion, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Rafuse, 2 months.

## STEAMBOATS.

1897. 1897. The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED), For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick-est Time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4—Trips a Week—4 THE STEEL STEAMERS BOSTON AND YARMOUTH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, I have Lewis wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. City of St. John, Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pictou and Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY Evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.

Steamer Alpha, Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Afternoon. Returning, leave Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

Tickets and all information can be obtained from L. E. BAKER, President and Managing Director. W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston. Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

On and after Monday, Sept. 27th, The Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton for Indiantown.....

Mondays Wednesdays and Saturday at 5.30 a. m. Returning she will leave Indiantown same days at 3 p. m. instead of 4 p. m. as formerly.

CAPT. R. G. EABLE, Manager. W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston. Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

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## RAILROADS.

## Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897, the Intercolonial Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax..... 15.10 Express for Sussex..... 16.38 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17.10

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.30 Express from Halifax..... 16.00 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.30 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.20

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## The Short Line.....TO.....

## Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, etc.

Fast Express train, leaves St. John, week days at 4.10 p. m. for and arrives in Sherbrooke 5.30 a. m. Montreal 9.00 a. m. Ottawa 11.00 a. m. making close connections with trains for Toronto, Ottawa and all points West, and North West, and on the Pacific Coast.

Second class Pacific Coast passengers leaving on Wednesday's train connect Thursday with Weekly Tourist sleeping Cars Montreal to Seattle.

For rates of fare and other particulars, apply at ticket office, Chubb's Corner and at station. D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal. St. John, N. B.

## Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after 4th Oct. 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

## Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. L