

A Sage Brush Nightingale.

Kitty Mims is not a common name, nor can it truthfully be affirmed that it is at all suggestive of romance. Yet Kitty Mims was a remarkable young woman, but this was due as much to her unusual surroundings as to her undoubted personal charms.

Simon Mims, Kitty's father, was the landlord of the Aurora Hotel, the only tavern in the mining town of Experience, Nevada, that agreed to furnish accommodations for man and beast and kept its pledge to the letter.

Simon Mims was known far and near as 'the doctor,' and he felt not a little proud of the title. 'I ain't never graduated, as ye mout say,' he would explain to strangers who came for a prescription, 'but thar's two pains I set on relieving every time, and they're the pains that most troubles folks in these diggings—they're hunger and thirst. Are you troubled that way, friend?'

The population of Experience was mostly transient and largely composed of rough miners, many of them foreigners, who seemed to have acquired the English language in a very profane atmosphere.

The gentler sex was not well represented. Four sets of cottolions exhausted the supply. But had the ladies been represented by the usual proportion, and had Experience been many times more populous, still Kitty Mims must have been the belle.

Her education was limited to a not very familiar acquaintance with the three Rs. But the miners, one and all, were ready to wager their 'bottom dollar' that as a singer 'Kitty Mims could give the odds to Neilson, Patti and the hull caboclos of 'em, and then come out many lengths ahead.'

Judged by the effects of her efforts, no prima donna that ever trod the boards could surpass her when she sang 'The lone starry hours give me, love, 'which was always followed by a storm of 'angkoros.' But she came out the strongest in 'Way Down Upon de Swanee Ribber' and 'Home Sweet Home,' songs that invariably produced a great deal of coughing on the part of her bearded auditors, and the use of handkerchiefs—just as it they were troubled with sudden colds or dust in their eyes.

Of course Kitty Mims had suitors, and of course she was the cause of much heart-burning among her many admirers, for it must be confessed she was not ignorant of her charms, and she used her charms with a fascinating tyranny against which the strongest did not dare revolt.

Rufus Ford, the superintendent of the mine, was a confident, fine-looking fellow, and he boarded at the Aurora Hotel. Up to the time of his meeting Kitty he was in profound ignorance of poetry as an art, but his soul was touched so that he attempted to compose a song in which he designed having 'darling Kitty Mims' at the end of every stanza. He failed miserably in the effort, as a more practiced rhymist might have done.

'If the name had only been Ford,' he said, 'I'd had no trouble with it. There's 'adored' and 'floored' and 'gored' and—'

'And 'sward,' said Tim Reed, coming to the foreman's aid.

Mr. Ford refused any assistance in this direction that savored of profligacy, and it may be added that he had no admiration for the young man who volunteered his help.

Tim Reed was a tall, well built man of six and twenty, 'bashful as a gal' his companions said. He was the only man in Experience who neither drank nor gambled.

It was Rufus Ford's privilege to sit at the table on which Kitty Mims waited. He was Kitty's first partner at the dances, and the very first time a buggy drove down the one street of Experience Kitty sat in it beside the young superintendent.

The older men joked with Simon Mims and thought the landlord was non-committal, he gave the impression that he would not object to Rufus Ford as a son-in-law.

The younger men gradually dropped off one at a time, reluctantly leaving the field to Rufus Ford; the only exception was Tim Reed.

It might be said, however that Tim Reed was never really in the field. He did not board at the Aurora Hotel. Kitty had never 'sweetened his coffee by looking into it'—a plan that was thought to save her father much sugar. He had never danced with her, though once when he did muster up courage to ask her hand for the next set she was engaged.

Tim Reed spent many of his spare hours at the hotel, watching for Kitty Mims and pretending not to see her when she came in sight.

On her 16th birthday Tim sent her a bouquet of wild flowers he had gathered in the hills that morning—in honor of the occasion the whole camp took a holiday—and in the centre of the flowers he hid a golden heart which he had himself rudely fashioned from a nugget he had long kept by him.

It was rumored that Rufus Ford had sent to Frisco for a 'dime-ant ring,' and that Kitty would wear it at the dance that evening.

As often before, the dining-room of the Aurora Hotel did service as a ball-room that night, and from the crowded doorway Tim Reed looked out at the dancers, and he caught the flash of a jewel on Kitty's hand.

After the dancing had progressed some time the men about the walls began shouting:

'A song! A song from the sagebrush nightingale!' Having no cold to urge as an excuse, and being as willing to oblige them as they were anxious to have her Kitty Mims mounted a chair amid great applause and sang the favorite songs.

During the evening Kitty managed to get near to where Tim Reed was standing and she whispered:

'Thank you, Tim.'

His eyes did not deceive him. Some of

his flowers were in her dark hair, and the golden heart hung from a chain that encircled her smooth, white throat.

Tim Reed did not wait longer, but went to his cabin up the mountain side and lay down, but it was not to sleep. He could not define his feelings, could give, if questioned, no adequate cause for the tumultuous joy at his heart. He was too happy for reason, too much excited for rest.

It was near daylight when he fell into a doze, but in his dreams he still saw the blossoms in her hair and the heart of gold up on her breast.

She was calling his name—louder—louder. She was beating on the door.

'Tim Reed! Tim Reed! For God's sake come out! The mine is on fire!'

He sprang up and threw open the door.

There stood Kitty, white-faced and excited.

'See, Tim! see! There are eight men in the shaft and all of them married—'

Tim Reed did not wait to hear more. He saw the pillar of smoke shooting up from the mouth of the mine, about which the people crowded, the bravest not daring to descend the fatal opening. Even Rufus Ford had lost his head and seemed paralyzed.

'What are you about, Tim Reed? Don't go down, man! Don't shout to the people.'

'Stand by! the fire has not touched the shaft. Pull up—usual signal!'

That was all Tim Reed said. The next instant he was lost to sight. He had gone down the chain, 'hand over hand.'

After long minutes, a signal came up from the smoking depths. The stationary engine was started, and the bucket rose, holding four blackened, half suffocated men.

Again the signal was given and again the bucket rose, with four other men, and one of them gasped out: 'For heaven's sake, lower away! quick! Tim Reed is roasting!'

The bucket flew down the shaft, from which lurid heat gusts now came with the smoke.

An awful lapse of agonizing seconds, then came a faint signal to 'Haul up!'

The bucket flew to the surface enveloped in flame.

A cry of horror burst from the throats of strong men, and Kitty Mims fell fainting, beside the blackened, blistered form that was snatched from the mouth of the pit.

'Any other man but brave Tim Reed would have died,' was the general comment weeks afterward, when it was found Tim would live—live, but never again to look up at the sky and the hills that he loved.

'Why—why did you go down?' asked Kitty, as she sat feeling her fingers—they had no jeweled ring now.

'I thought of the wives of the married men, Kitty. I was single. What mattered it so that I saved them?'

'Hush, Tim!'

He felt a tear on his hand and he knew her lips were near his sightless face.

'You will want a wife now, Tim. Let my eyes do for both. Father is willing.'

It is the privilege of queens to propose, but then Kitty was a queen, and she is none the less one now that she is Mrs. Reed and the landlady of the Aurora Hotel.

It Tim Reed ever bemoaned his calamity no one knew it—not even the wife, from whom he could have no secrets.—Unica Globe.

HORRORS OF METEMMEH

Dervishes Transform the City into a Modern Golgotha.

The town of Metemneh stands about a mile from the waterway, but the intervening plain presented a most wonderful sight, one of the most wonderful that have crossed my path in four campaigns. The dervish army had evidently remained, after the fall of the Jaalins at Metemneh, encamped for some time in this plain, behind their chain of entrenchments, and had lived on the fat of the land; for this place, and here I am not exaggerating, over an area not less than five feet square miles, was simply one mass of the refuse of flesh meat—a modern Golgotha. Animals must have been slaughtered in thousands with ruthless waste, since even now the sand-driven plain is but a mass of animal's skulls and bones. The hides even were not preserved, but are to this day, rotting in the sun.

We rode across this ghastly stretch to the town itself. In its day Metemneh must have been one of the most flourishing Arab towns upon the Nile. To-day it is a ghastly catacomb, a veritable city of death. As we rode down the deserted streets and passed through the crumbling alleys a feeling of deep depression held us. How could it have been otherwise, for here we were in what a few months ago had been a flourishing, busy town, with its commercial interests, its family and internal ties, its markets, its homesteads and its byres. Now it is a gutted city, given over to desolation, decay and the foul scavengers of the desert.

Fire and sword had done their work. There was not a roof but bore evidence of the invader's fire brand, not a courtyard but held its complement of dead. The very domestic animals had been slaughtered at their tether, and the infants at their mothers' breasts. From the dry-brick

Ninety-Five Cures in One Hundred Cases.

Within a period of sixty days, one hundred cases of Asthma treated by Clarke's Kola Compound showed the marvellous percentage of ninety-five, absolute cures—and these figures are gathered from hospital records. \$2 a bottle; three bottles for \$5. Sold by all druggists, or The Griffiths & Macpherson Co. 121 Church street, Toronto.

21

mansion of the leading sheikh to the hovel of the meanest fisherman every dwelling bore testimony to the ruthless tragedy which had overtaken them. Bleached bones lay in heaps in every corner and sun-dried carcasses fouled the air of every open space.

Doorways and alleys showed how they had rapidly been mudded up, and in all the scrub by her riverside household belongings showed how the wretched Jaalin had tried to save their simple penates by a hurried flight. But the bones around these caches were only a detail of the one great tragedy which was almost a successful attempt to blot out not a nomad family but an agricultural race.

From the town we went into the desert to the spot where the dervishes had made their second camp. The introduction was gruesome enough, for upon a dry sandy knoll we came upon the conqueror's gallows. It was but a crosstree of blackened logs, from which a lengthy rope was still listing to the breeze, but at its base were evidences of its use in all their creepy details. I counted eighteen human skulls, to the bleached jawbones of which the beads of the victims were still adhering, while a clean-cut shin bone showed that mutilation had preceded death.—Soudan letter in the London News.

Disappointed.

This amusing incident, from the war budget of a Massachusetts private, indicates that at times the minds of our brave boys were about evenly divided between grub and glory, with a leaning toward grub.

The first night on the island of Cuba, one of the boys was marching—they were struggling along in single file—when he espied a nice, plump, red-wattled bird perched in a tree fifty yards to the left.

'A wild turkey! A wild turkey!' he yelled.

Up to his shoulder went his rifle. Bang! The bird fell and the marksman dashed into the brush after his prize. His comrades awaited his return, visions of a 'square meal' floating before them. Out the brush he came, thumb and finger tightly clutching his nose.

'Buzard!' he muttered, and the disappointed boys resumed their march.

A Poor Diner.

The Montreal Witness prints this little story of a poor woman who recently went to a saloon in search of her husband:

She found him there, and setting a covered dish, which she had brought with her, upon the table, she said:

'Thinking that you are too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought on yours,' and departed.

With a laugh the man invited his friends to dine with him; but on removing the cover from the dish he found only a slip of paper, on which was written:

'I hope you will enjoy your meal. It is the same as your family have at home.'

What a train of ailments

Follow in the wake of a stomach that is out of kilter—what a story of suffering can be saved in the timely use of so pleasant and positive a cure for Dyspepsia and indigestion as Dr. Von Srau's Pineapple Tablets. The pineapple is a veritable fountain of vegetable peeps—Nature's tonic for people out of sorts. One Tablet relieves. 35 cents.

'Yesterday,' said Jabson, 'I refused a poor woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time.'

'Your softness of heart does you credit,' said Mabson. 'Who was the woman?'

Jabson: 'My wife.'

Yellow or brown cottons or silks can be dyed black. Try Magnetic Dyes, black costs ten cents only.

'What I Told My Wife' is the title of a new book. It is almost needless to say that it is fiction.

'I know now,' remarked the young man who was sued for breach of promise, 'why they call it 'courting.''

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

21

Freeport, Oct. 31, to the wife of Percival Powell, a daughter.

Windsor, Nov. 9, to the wife of James Seymour, a daughter.

Buconche, Nov. 13, to the wife of P. P. Cormier, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Nov. 9, to the wife of Arthur Burridge, a daughter.

Southesk, Nov. 13, to the wife of Wm. Sheasgreen, a daughter.

Annapolis, Nov. 14, to the wife of Jos. McMullen, a daughter.

Rosbury, Mass., Oct. 25, to the wife of Adelbert Miller, a son.

Weston, Mass., Nov. 2, to the wife of Allen A. Mosher, a son.

Argyle Head, Nov. 6, to the wife of Locke L. Ryder, a daughter.

DeBert River, Sept. 30, to the wife of Spenceley McCull, a daughter.

South Farmington, Nov. 2, to the wife of C. E. Robinson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Freeston, Nov. 10, John Brown to Betsy Thomas.

Windsor, Nov. 15, Joseph McDonald to Mabel Smith.

Pictou, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, John Elliott to Annie Elliott.

Rawdon, Nov. 5, by Rev. R. Mutch, Robt. Creed to Ella Wood.

Cambridgeport, Mass., Nov. 8, Clarence Johnson to Nellie Kelly.

Halifax, by Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, George Sloane to Mary E. Gregory.

Yarmouth, Nov. 10, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Jacob McEwen to Ora Crosby.

Amherst, Nov. 17, by the Rev. Fr. Mihan, J. F. Kenny to Miss Henry.

Newcastle, Oct. 21, by Rev. J. A. Clark, Isaac McDonald to Annie Ramsay.

Malden, Mass., Nov. 2, by Rev. Mr. Huse, Wm. H. Smith to Annie E. Kelley.

Halifax, Oct. 29, by Rev. Wm. Ainley, Charles A. Gibson to Carrie Robinson.

Sandwich, Nov. 9, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Jas. Beaton to Katie McDonald.

Newcastle, Nov. 14, by Rev. J. A. Clark, Wm. B. Drysdale to Lizzie M. Copp.

Hantsport, Oct. 25, by Rev. G. R. White, Frank Kenzie to Blanche A. Tracy.

Halifax, Nov. 9, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Frederick C. Clayton to Melissa J. Taylor.

Richibucto, Nov. 7, by Rev. E. J. Bannan, James Robichaud to Dorothy Daigle.

East Leinster, Nov. 9, by Rev. L. Daniel, Arthur M. Purdy to Maui M. Terrie.

Boston, Nov. 16, by Rev. Jas. J. Dunlop, Frank L. Thompson to Ida M. Ferguson.

Milford, Nov. 10, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Walter Crook to Margaret T. Brazil.

Clark's Harbor, Nov. 15, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, David Snow to Lizzie Hopkins.

Truro, Nov. 2, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Murdoch McDonald to Laura McPherson.

Port La Tour, Nov. 5, by Rev. J. H. Davis, James M. Crowell to Maggie L. Smith.

Deep Brook, Nov. 6, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Alfred L. Sabean to Alice E. Hamilton.

Halifax, Oct. 29, by the Rev. William Ainley, Charles A. Gibson to Carrie Robinson.

Woods Harbor, Oct. 25, by Rev. W. Miller, Thos. Nickerson to Melinda J. Jenkins.

Weymouth, Mass., Oct. 5, by Rev. Wm. Kirby, Jas. Vassant to Addie Jenkins.

Yarmouth, Nov. 14, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Charles O. Hamilton to Anne H. LeGais.

Newcastle, Nov. 10, by Rev. J. A. Clarke, Hugh Cameron to Louisa M. McDonald.

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 10, by Rev. F. Dixon, Bedford E. Macken to Agnes Dickey.

Millstream, Kings Co., Nov. 9, by Rev. Gideon Swin, James Parlee to Ella Finnis.

Yarmouth, Nov. 10, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Wilbert E. Medley to Harriet A. Poole.

Truro, Nov. 15, by the Rev. Archdeacon Kauback, William McMillan to Ella Fielding.

North River, Nov. 16, by Rev. J. D. Spidell, Nathan F. Eldridge to Annie M. Lynds.

Middle Sackville, by Rev. E. E. Daley, Rev. Malcolm MacLean to Alice V. Anderson.

West Pubnico, Nov. 7, by Rev. L. E. Duchesneau, Jerome D'Extremont to Clara D'Eon.

Meadowville, Oct. 14, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, D. M. McLean to Margaret Sutherland.

Bathurst, Nov. 16, by Rev. Thos. W. Street, Frederick W. Ellis to Gertrude A. Knowles.

Norton, Kings, Nov. 2, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Charles L. Spragg to Susan E. Walker.

Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 26, by Rev. L. R. Twichell, Thos. E. Christopher to Lizzie N. Gavil.

DIED.

Halifax, Nov. 16, David S. Horne.

Halifax, Oct. 31, Handley Bates, 39.

Central Grove, Oct. 30, John Elliot, 94.

Parrsboro, Nov. 6, Mrs. Ooder Bennett.

Little Brook, Nov. 11, Ernest Clark, 29.

Campbellton, Nov. 4, Sylvester Siles, 42.

Windsor, Nov. 6, Mr. Charles Bacon, 49.

Malden, Nov. 6, Mrs. W. D. Lawrence.

Portland, Me., Nov. 11, William Carr, 24.

Woodstock, Nov. 10, Mr. Henry Allen, 70.

Maccan, Nov. 4, Mrs. David Harrison, 62.

Truro, Nov. 11, Mrs. Catherine Leathy, 55.

Portland, Me., April 7, Jacob Charles Bell.

Chatham, Nov. 11, Mr. Michael Cassidy, 58.

Digby, Nov. 5, Newton Marshall, 4 months.

Clark's Harbor, Nov. 12, Mrs. Thos. Blades.

Boston, Nov. 1, Albert Ford Harrington, 35.

Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 5, Mr. Wm. Halliburton, 54.

Onslow, Nov. 15, Sarah, wife of John E. Faulker.