

A Romance of Spain.

Roderic De Mandena was the boast of the province of Seville.

His father, Don Pedro, held a strong castle on the heights of Brandil, overlooking the river Mar.

Roderic the counterpart of his sire in bravery and conduct of arms, was, after the manner of youth, hot-headed and impulsive.

Nor was the old knight himself deficient in fiery soul, albeit with him years and worldly experience had induced greater cautiousness.

One morning Roderic, accompanied by a troop of hunters, set forth from the castle in quest of game.

In the latter part of the day, overcome by fatigue and separated from his companions, he came suddenly upon a gipsy encampment.

The elders of the tribe, with oriental gravity, welcomed the young nobleman, who, in the act of replying to their greeting, was struck with the beauty of a young girl in their midst.

Roderic was smitten; but, with the innate tact of high breeding, he avoided all intrusive manner, and soon retired.

Henceforth, however, it was remarkable how assiduous he became in the pursuit of the manly chase.

Day after day, the forest was his home; and whether alone, or accompanied by his faithful hunters, ever did it happen by some mysterious accident, that the young lord found himself drawn away to the gipsy camp, where he once more beheld the beautiful Imelda.

But in the meantime his father had imbibed certain disagreeable suspicions.

Surprised at Roderic's frequent absences he caused him to be carefully watched.

But it was not till the steps of the young chieftain had been repeatedly tracked, that the secret of the forest visits was discovered.

Then it was that the storm broke forth.

Young Roderic did not and could not entertain other than an honorable love; and rather than an intermarriage with the gipsy blood, the proud old Spaniard would gladly have witnessed the leveling of his ancient towers.

For several days Roderic remained as it were a prisoner at home, and then prepared with a retinue of men-at-arms to join the campaigns of King Ferdinand against the Moors.

Months passed away, and there came news of a great victory gained by King Ferdinand upon the fields of Granada.

In honor of the event, Count Lopez de Amintor gave a banquet, to which were invited the company from far and near.

Among other guests came Don Pedro, between whose family and that of Count Lopez there had formerly been a bitter feud.

Now, however, all had become changed to peace and amity; and in respect to his age and soldierly renown, Don Pedro was placed at the right of the host, who paid to him the utmost attention.

Suddenly, at the more serious offices of the feast were about to commence, there entered a band of minstrels, and one of their number, a young girl, sang with much spirit the verses which we have attempted to render here.

'Drink not, unless with loyal lips
Ye press the ruby wine;
Beware! the nectar is blooded lips
Brings poison from the vine,
Beware!

'Beware! but if the patriot's glow
Times a conscience bright,
Drink deep, and while the goblets flow,
Forget, each guest, an knight,
Time and care.

'Who's true to honor and to pain,
Come drink the generous stream;
But ye who're false to honor's name,
Beware its threatening beam,
Beware!

She paused, and the guests, surprised by this unexpected prelude, burst forth into acclamation.

The rich wines of Seville and Valencia flowed fast and merrily among the guests, and the host drank as if wishing to set the example of joyous riot.

But after awhile his cheek was struck with paleness, his breath came thick, a burning thirst appeared to have seized his system.

The guests, alarmed, gathered round, while the count, furiously repulsing the assistance offered, cried out:

'False, false! I did not poison the cup!'

The blood of Don Pedro grew chill as he saw his entertainer borne from the festive scene, and in his behavior found his blackest suspicions most fully confirmed.

The treacherous host had fallen into the trap which he had set for his guest.

Most fortunate had been the escape of Don Pedro.

On the entrance of the singer, he had noticed the singular look which she turned upon him.

Furthermore, during her singing, he had noticed, when emphasizing the often-repeated warning—Beware! a meaning look thrown upon himself, which seemed to indicate some caution necessarily veiled from others.

During the act of applause, Don Pedro succeeded in exchanging, unperceived, his own untasted cup with that of his host.

Count Lopez died that eve. But strange to say, notwithstanding the efforts of Don Pedro to discover the minstrel, whose timely and well contrived warning had saved his life, no trace of her abode, or even her existence, could be found.

At length Roderic returned from the plains of Granada, for the arms of King Ferdinand had prevailed, and the Crescent had yielded to the supremacy of the Cross.

Little more than a month elapsed when it was told abroad that the house of Mandena had incurred the resentment of the powerful master of Calatrava, who had condescended to offer in marriage the hand of his only daughter.

Roderic had rejected this splendid alli-

ance, although the damsel was famed for her beauty and accomplishments.

Men wondered at his unaccountable behaviour, and it was said that the Christian knight must have been wrought upon by the spell of some Moorish magician.

'Master,' said his page one day, 'behold what I received but a little while since, with a request to deliver it into thy hands alone. And a singular messenger-bearer it was, who delivered me the gift.'

Thus saying, the lad held out a bit of reed to Roderic.

'It was given me at the edge of the forest by a man of swarthy features and uncouth garb, who made me promise to deliver it into your hands with the direction that you alone should break open the reed.'

The young cavalier, breaking the reed, took from its hollow a little scrip, on which were inscribed the following words—

'To-morrow noon at the rock spring—Imelda.'

At the appointed time and place, he was in waiting.

A fallen branch bent beneath a light step and Imelda was clasped to his arms. But the gipsy maid, with a reproachful look, freed herself from his embrace.

'Roderic!' she exclaimed, 'dost thou remember the faith which I, a simple, trustful girl, exchanged with thee beside this spring? And hast thou kept thy promise?'

'I have,' said Roderic. 'I have kept faith in sunshine and in shadow, in tented field, and on the embattled wall. And now, Imelda, let us part no more! Thou shalt be my bride.'

'Listen! Thou hast not seen the Lady Ysabel, whose hand has been offered thee. She is beautiful, high born, wealthy; and would bestow on thee all the love which I myself can give.'

'It is wronging thee and thine, that I should favor thy piteous suit to myself. Nevertheless, submit to the further proof which I impose, and henceforth, if thou persist in thy attachment, I will not be obstinate.'

'Thou shalt, in disguise, journey to the mansion of Calatrava. Represent thyself as a stranger knight journeying homeward from Moorish imprisonment, and in need of rest and shelter.'

Doubtless thou wilt be gladly received. Then wilt thou have an opportunity to behold the Lady Ysabel. If thou return from the ordeal unpierced, I shall no longer hesitate to listen to thy entreaties.'

The lovers parted, and Roderic returned homeward.

There he learned that sudden business had summoned Don Pedro on a distant journey.

Roderic surprised the tenants of the castle by the intelligence that he also should be absent for a space; and then without delay set forth for the walls of Calatrava.

Many an hour of hard travel passed by before the youth dismounted at the master's portal.

The porter received his request, and bore the message to Calatrava, who quickly returned courteous greeting, and an entreaty that the stranger knight would consider his mansion as his own.

Roderic followed the guide, and mounting a flight of winding stairs, and entering a hall where was set forth a bounteous repast, passed on to the apartment whence issued the sound of voices.

The servant threw open the door; Roderic crossed the threshold, till drew back in amazement, for in an open chair by the side of Calatrava sat Don Pedro.

'Welcome, sir knight,' Calatrava said. 'We have already been apprised of thy approach, and right glad are we to behold within our walls two such well-trained soldiers as Don Pedro and his son.'

Roderic, dumb with astonishment, heard now a whisper at his ear, and turning his head, beheld the gipsy maiden.

'Imelda!' he cried.

'The minstrel!' exclaimed Don Pedro, in his turn yielding to surprise.

'My daughter!' said Calatrava, smiling at the embarrassment of his guests. 'But I perceive that these young people have met before; and as they may wish to renew their acquaintance, I propose, Don Pedro, that we adjourn to the battlements, where I can show you a most noble prospect of hill and dale.'

'How now, Roderic?' said Ysabel, when the lovers were left alone. 'Methinks thou art not so fluent of speech as thy wont has been at former trystings. Hast thou, lost thy tongue?'

'Ay, for happiness, dearest Imelda, Ysabel, or what ever may be thy name. But what means all this mystery in which thou hast involved thyself?'

'Fortune, not myself, was its origin. But last, my faithful knight, while I relate to you a romance of the woods:—

'Once there lived a gipsy maid, who, notwithstanding her mean estate, listened credulously to the love of a noble youth.

'He was in truth noble and honorable, and would gladly have made her his bride. But family pride held them asunder, and the youth departed to the wars.

'Meanwhile, the whom he had loved served in menial capacity at a feast, when the father of this youth was received and outwardly treated as an honoured guest—against whom a treacherous host entertained most foul intent.

'The banquet was interrupted by the sickness and disgraceful exposure of the host. But a nobleman of high repute there present, remarking in the gipsy maiden a most wonderful resemblance to his deceased wife, sought out the minstrel, and rejoiced to discover a daughter, who in early childhood had been stolen from his arms.

'And now, shall I say more? Readest thou the riddle aright dear Roderic, and wilt thou fly from Ysabel, who promises to thee faithfulness and love?'

'Forsoke thee?—never!' replied Roderic, pressing to his bosom the fair speaker.

But as the sad annoyance to which love is ever exposed! The interval was most unseasonably interrupted; for the door opening, Calatrava appeared.

'Humph!' said the master, while a grim plesantry played over his features, 'I had come to announce that our table waits, but I fear that such foolish beliefs as yourselves think little of our sublimity matters. But come, ye need not colour thus. I may be somewhat hasty in giving utterance to my thoughts; nevertheless, the chapel is close at hand, where, with your mutual help, we shall be able satisfactorily to arrange all differences of opinion.'

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BORN.

Turo, Oct. 12, to the wife of Richard Wisner, a son.

Wolvil, Oct. 12, to the wife of D. Harris, a son.

Amherst, Oct. 11, to the wife of David McKell, a son.

Lunenburg, Oct. 12, to the wife of Capt. Romkey, a son.

Lunenburg, Oct. 8, to the wife of John Smith, a son.

Springhill, Oct. 12, to the wife of Henry Sweet, a son.

Widmerville, Oct. 4, to the wife of M. Hodges, a son.

Ferwick, Oct. 16, to the wife of Henry Smith, a son.

Petite Riviere, Oct. 4, to the wife of Jacob S.erry, a son.

Springhill, Oct. 14, to the wife of Mr. Blenkhorn, a son.

Halifax, Oct. 18, to the wife of Norm n Hartley, a daughter.

Springhill, Oct. 13, to the wife of Charles Bond, a daughter.

Wolfe, Oct. 19, to the wife of H. Gross, a daughter.

Amherst, Oct. 12, to the wife of Michael Welch, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept. 22, to the wife of R. McDonald, a daughter.

Mersey Vale, Oct. 3, to the wife of I. Crombie, a daughter.

New Mexico, Oct. 10, to the wife of Russell Davison, a son.

Scott's Bay, Oct. 11, to the wife of Norman Stee, a daughter.

Amherst, Oct. 14, to the wife of Harry Rockwell, a daughter.

St. John, Oct. 7, to the wife of John Stronach, a daughter.

Monquodoh, Sept. 24, to the wife of Arthur Kilen, a son.

Springhill, Oct. 9, to the wife of James H. field, a daughter.

South Boston, Oct. 3, to the wife of James McWhir, a daughter.

Monquodoh Harbor, Sept. 30, to the wife of Benjamin Power, a son.

MARRIED.

Turo, by Rev. A. McLeod, James Fielding to Annie McNutt.

Bilthorn, by Rev. M. Freeman, Robert Brewster to Julia Thorpe.

Sydney, Oct. 17, by Rev. J. Forbes, John Walker to Elsie McQueen.

Bridgewater, by Rev. H. Ruggess, Chas. Corkum to Alice Melner.

Lowell, Mass. by Rev. W. Leland, Alfred Howe to Jessie McEachern.

Yarmouth, Oct. 17, by Rev. C. Tyler, Wm. Wakeford to Garry Perry.

Boston, Oct. 10, by Rev. J. A. McEwain, James Crowto to Lillie Tracey.

Lower Granville, Aug. 20, by Rev. J. Vince, John Whitel to Beatie Deup.

Springhaven, Oct. 12, by Rev. W. Weston, James Treilly to Martha Treilly.

Digby, Sept. 20, by Rev. Dr. Morse, Lyons Stanton to Isabelle Redding.

Annapolis, Oct. 5, by Rev. L. Wallace, Ostin Daniels to Beatrice Goucher.

Princeville, Oct. 10, by Rev. L. Tingley, Samuel Harnish to Ruby Wright.

Aylesford, Sept. 26, by Rev. Jos. Gaez, Harry Mills to Jennie D. Evans.

West Paradise, Oct. 4, by Rev. E. Steever, Edith Daniels to Arthur Graves.

Scott's Bay, Oct. 4, by Eder Woodworth, E. Cyrus Jess to Cora A. Davidson.

Brooklin, Oct. 11, by Rev. W. Layton, John Macdonald to Eliza Kitchen.

River John, Oct. 5, by Rev. J. A. Crawford, Wm. Murray to Susan Kingsley.

Pictou, Oct. 4, by Rev. F. Wright, Aulden Whidden to Catherine McLean.

Digby, Oct. 12, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Arthur Turabull to Lillie Hayden.

Dartmouth, Oct. 17, by Rev. Thos. Stewart, Henry B. Dastan to May Troop.

Port La Tour, Oct. 12, by Rev. J. Phalen, A. L. Reynolds to Eunice Huskins.

Aylesford, Oct. 4, by Rev. Jos. Gaez, Ingram Bowley to Mary McMillan.

Grand River, C. E., Oct. 5, by Rev. W. Grant, D. Mcaskill to Mary McCuspie.

Westville, Oct. 5, by Rev. R. Cumming, John J. Thompson to Agnes Stewart.

West Archaet, Oct. 11, by Rev. A. McMillan, Rev. A. L. Fraser to Ida McAski.

Granville Ferry, Oct. 11, by Rev. J. Hart, Fred. W. Clark to Ella M. Robinson.

Port Hawkesbury, Oct. 5, by Rev. W. Purvis, Angus McLean to Etta Malcolm.

Port Hawkesbury, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. Purvis, Robert McKinnon to Mary Ward.

Worcester, Mass. Oct. 3, by Rev. C. L. Short, Almon Redden to Florence Jefferson.

Greenwich, Kings Co., Oct. 11, by Rev. J. Donkin, Frank Kinsman to Lizzie Manning.

Everett, Mass. Oct. 11, by Rev. A. McKinnon, Malcolm Nickerson to Annie Hilles.

Stoneham, Mass., Sept. 9, by Rev. C. Beal, Mr. C. W. Weeman to Mary Dodge.

Weston, Ontario, Oct. 14, by Rev. C. H. Rich, Margaret L. Holley to Mr. J. K. Her.

Bridgewater, Oct. 11, by Rev. J. A. MacGillish, Finlay Peterson to Catherine McQuarrie.

Roachville, N. S., Oct. 11, by Rev. R. O. Morse, David James Graham to Laura Cunningham.

Marion Bridge, C. B., Sept. 28, by Rev. D. McQuarrie, Neil Ferguson to Margaret Morrison.

Williamsburg, Conn. Co., Oct. 17, by Rev. W. W. Kingsgate, Walter Bragg to Gussie Metcalfe.

Perry, Point King's Co., Oct. 18, by Rev. H. S. Walnwright, Leonard Parce to Evelyn Fowler.

DIED.

Digby, Oct. 7, Charles Spurr, 29.

Turo, Oct. 14, Minnie Craig, 12.

Amherst, Oct. 9, Jane Small, 88.

Digby, Oct. 17, W. H. Dakin, 76.

Yarmouth, Oct. 9, Elsie Perry, 88.

Halifax, Oct. 14, Elizabeth Brophier.

Goshen, Oct. 14, Mabel Hayward, 39.

Beech Hill, Oct. 13, James Doyle, 71.

Centerville, Oct. 7, DeWicht Griffin, 24.

Digby, Oct. 16, Adam Hewitt, 72.

Yarmouth, Oct. 8, John Harrington, 69.

Amherst, Oct. 11, Mary C. Barker, 20.

Sherbrooke, Oct. 7, William Lawson, 71.

Little River, Oct. 17, Amos C. Laik, n, 87.

St. John, Oct. 22, Capt. Wm. Thomas, 74.

Cumberland, Kings, Geo. J. Chapman, 80.

Auburn, Oct. 7, Mrs. Nancy Rutherford, 100.

Clark's Harbor, Oct. 5, John G. Goodwin, 8.

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 7, Orlander Warner, 58.

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Harrison's Cove, Oct. 4, Mrs. Jacob Marks.

Port Hastings, Sept. 19, John MacKinnon, 40.

Westchester, Oct. 12, Mrs. James Menkie, 83.

Halifax, Oct. 15, Edna, widow of Alex. Slatie, 60.

Boston, Oct. 12, Clara, wife of C. F. Sunnot, 27.

Tecoma, Wash., Oct. 2, Alvan H. Fullerton, 38.

Colchester, Oct. 12, Miss Bessie Partridge, 42.

Queensville, C. B., Oct. 6, Alex. MacKinnon, 96.

Moncton, Oct. 10, Mrs. Mary Lindsay Russell, 83.

Halifax, Oct. 14, Patrick W., son of Patrick O'Tool.

At Hesthelle, Pictou, Oct. 14, John D. Cameron, 35.

Centerville, Oct. 5, Emma, wife of A. T. Beutlier, 28.

Hanport, Oct. 15, Annie, wife of Hon. J. H. Longley.

North Toronto, Oct. 4, Alice M., wife of Alex. Bryce.

Windsor, Oct. 15, Marim, widow of Stephen Jackson, 83.

Petticoat, Oct. 16, Bertie Brown, wife of F. H. Boden, 33.

Wolville, Oct. 17, Margaret, widow of James S. Mc, 74.

St. John, Oct. 13, Pamela, wife of David Hawthorne, 54.

Yarmouth, Oct. 12, Mary Eliza, widow of Nathan Lewis, 83.

Clifton, Oct. 16, Amelia Janet, wife of Jas. McCurdy, 59.

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Lakeri, Oct. 6, Benjamin, son of James Johnson, 9 months.

Amherst, Oct. 11, Elouis Harlett, wife of C. A. Freeman.

Halifax, Oct. 16, Margaret, widow of Captain Joseph Harro.

Yarmouth, Oct. 12, Margaret A., widow of Charles Hunter, 59.

Windsor, Oct. 16, Levinis, widow of John Kirkpatrick, 69.

Kingston, Oct. 11, Elizabeth, relic of Francis Woodbury.

East Leicester, Oct. 10, Daniel H., son of Rupert Morris, 6 months.

Kempville, Yarmouth, Sept. 29, Sarah A. widow of James Mood, 67.

Mt. Middleton, Oct. 14, Sarah, relic of the late Robert H. rabro k r, 6.

St. John, Oct. 22, Jessie Winifred, daughter of M. J. and Hannah T. Wall.

Halifax, Oct. 15, Florence Bertha, daughter of Geo. and Florence Harveys, 18 days.

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Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 12.05

Express for Sussex, 12.10

Express for Quebec, Montreal, 17.30

Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney, 22.10

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Express from Halifax, 16.00

Express from Pictou, 19.55

Accommodation from Moncton, 24.45

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Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899.

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1899 1899.

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Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

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