

HUERFANO BILL.
BY CY WARMAN.

"It's awful for you to have to die for me," said the messenger as the two men leaned upon their elbows and looked at each other. His shirt was pasted to his shoulder. His shoe having filled up, the blood was now oozing out between the lacings.

"It is not awful," said the dark man, rubbing the ends of his fingers over the wound in his breast. "It's a useful ending of a wasted life. I never dreamed that I should die so nearly satisfied. And such sport! Why, that fight between you and the—and Huerfano Bill,



She turned to face the posse, as you call him, was the best thing I ever saw. And the last wild plunge of the maddened horse. What a climax! I wonder where the soul plunges to at that last leap? Stuff, there is no soul and no place to plunge to. I've always said so. And yet," he went on, looking steadily at his companion, "when I was near fainting a moment ago I thought the end had come, and instead of darkness there was dawn—an awful dawn—the dawn of a new life, and the glare and uncertainty of it frightened me. I can't remember ever having been frightened before. Did you ever see the sky so blue?" he asked, as he leaned against a rock and turned his face toward the heavens. "And the hills so green and the air so fresh and cool and sweet?" And again there was silence, and the wounded man appeared to be trying to listen to the lifeblood that was trickling into his lung and wondering how long it would take it to filter away. The messenger dozed. The black horse bit off a mouthful of bunch grass, and, holding it still, raised his head and listened. The men sat up and reached for their arms. The sound of the approaching army came from the canyon.

"They've been re-enforced," said the dark man. "But you're all right—I can square you in two minutes—and as I've got to cash in any way it makes no difference. Look out, there's a woman," he said excitedly as the warden's daughter emerged from the canyon and galloped toward them.

"Hello, gal!" said the dark man. "Where is he?" she called.

"Here, here," cried the messenger from behind the rocks, and a moment later she was bending over him. For a brief moment she suffered him to hold her to his breast, and then, pushing him away, she looked him full in the face and asked in a tone that almost froze his blood: "Are you guilty or innocent? Tell me quickly." But the messenger appeared to be utterly unable to answer or even comprehend her meaning. She stood up and glanced toward the canyon.

"He's all right, gal. You've made no mistake," said the stranger.

"He saved my life," said the messenger, pointing to his companion. "Why don't you thank him?"

"How can I?" she asked, turning to the stranger and offering the gloved hand.

"Take this package to Mrs. Monaro in the white cottage on the river, down by the smelter. She's my wife. You'll find her. And if you'll take the trouble

to go kind to her I shall die in your debt and remain so so long as I'm dead. Now take this gun and protect that boy. They won't fire on you, and I don't care to kill anybody else, now that I'm already overdue in another world."

She took the gun mechanically and turned to face the posse that was at that moment beginning to swarm from the canyon.

"Are you mad?" shouted the warden. "Drop that gun!" cried a sheriff with his left arm in a sling.

The messenger, utterly unable to understand what the row was all about, attempted to rise and in his excitement stood on his broken ankle, and the quick pain caused him to fall in a faint.

"Look after the boy," said the dark man, and the warden's daughter dropped the ugly weapon and lifted her lover's head from the ground.

"Drop that gun!" repeated the sheriff. A cowboy snied a rope at the dark man, but he dodged it.

"One minute," said he, opening his shirt and showing his death wound; "you'll have no trouble arresting me."

"Where's the murderer?" shouted an excited citizen.

"There's the chief," said the dark man, pointing to the wounded sheriff. The sheriff scowled.

"Is the express agent here?" asked the principal speaker, and a fat man with a red face came forward.

"This messenger is innocent. I mean to kill the first man who offers to lay a hand on him; after that you must protect him. This letter, which I have taken the liberty to open, explains it all. The sack of gold he left in the tank you'll find where I cached it in the river opposite the engine. The paper, I suppose, is all there by his side. He was afraid of being robbed and was trying to reach the junction when he was assaulted by these idiots, whom he mistook for robbers, and how well he fought his own wounds and the dead men down in the gulch will show you."

The messenger, having regained consciousness, sat up and looked wildly about. The agent, realizing at a glance what an awful mistake had been made, fell upon the bewildered messenger and wept like a woman. Every passing second added to the general confusion and excitement. Cries of "Hang them, hang them!" came frequent and fast from the rapidly increasing crowd.

The warden, who also understood, lifted his daughter, held her in his arms and kissed away the tears that were filtering through her smiles.

"I don't believe it," said the sheriff to his companion.

"Because you're a chump," said the dark man.

"What's it all about?" asked the messenger of the agent.

"Where is the murderer?" cried a newcomer, a brother of the dead deputy, and then, catching sight of the messenger, he ran straight toward him, holding out a cocked revolver as though it had been a sword with which he intended to run him through. When he was within four or five feet of the wounded man, the dark man struck him a fearful blow with a .45. The man went down. The dark man coughed and a great flood of blood gushed from his mouth; he clutched at his throat and fell forward upon his face. When they turned him over, he was dead.

"My poor dead friend," the messenger almost moaned, dragging himself toward the prostrate form, "and I don't even know his name."

"I do," said Sheriff Shores, who had just arrived upon the scene and pushed himself through the crowd. "It's Huerfano Bill, the bandit."

THE END.

A Conscientious Deacon.

A French paper tells a story of an American (probably Chicago) deacon, the owner of a large pork packing establishment, who was not above sharing the work of his men. He used to stand at the head of the scalding trough, watch in hand, to time the length of the scald, crying, "Hog in!" when the carcass was to be thrown into the trough and "Hog out!" when the watch told three minutes.

One week the press of business compelled him to work unusually hard, and Saturday found the deacon completely exhausted. He was too good a churchman to rest next morning, however, and, tired out as he was, he attended service as usual, but the strain was too great. He soon fell asleep. The minister preached a sermon of uncommon effectiveness, the peroration of which was a perfect climax of beauty. Assuming the attitude of one listening intently, he recited to the breathless audience:

"Hark! They whisper. Angels say—"

"Hog in!" came in stentorian tones from the deacon's pew. The astonished congregation turned from the preacher, but he, too intent, went on:

"Sister spirit, come away!"

"Hog out!" shouted the deacon; "tally four!"

Some Queer Texts.

When ladies wore their "topknots" ridiculously high, it occurred to Rowland Hill to diminish them from the pulpit, and he did it by means of the words, "Topknot, come down," which he evolved from Matthew xxiv, 17, "Let him which is on the house top not come down." Of course nothing but the exceeding quaintness of the preacher could have excused such a liberty with the sense and sound of the sacred text.

It was almost as bad as Swift's uniquely brief discourse on the text, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." "My friends," said the dean, as he closed the book, "if you approve of the security, down with the dust." As a matter of fact, it is usually only the quaint preachers who do venture on such liberties.—Chambers' Journal.

We have been in this stand for over 22 years, but now we are going to move. Before doing so, we will offer our large stock of crockery and glassware at a bargain, wholesale and retail at the cheap crockery store.—W. P. Colwill.

All the poetry, all the romance, all that is ideal in the wide, wide world, is bound up in that one word: "Motherhood." A woman's greatest happiness, her greatest duty and her greatest privilege is to become the mother of a healthy, happy child. Untold thousands of women fall short of this because of weakness and disease of their wombs, or for a brief spell are the mothers of puny, sickly children that bring them sorrow, and leave them only sorrow.

The woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organs is certain to become an invalid. No woman can suffer in this way and be a healthy, happy, amiable wife and a competent mother. Troubles of this nature sap the strength, rack the nerves, paint lines of suffering upon the face, destroy the temper, make the once bright eyes dull and the once active brain sluggish, and transform a vivacious woman into a weak, sickly, invalid. This is all wrong. It is all unnecessary. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a marvelous medicine for ailing women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity and makes them strong and healthy. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the nerves. It banishes the discomforts of the expectant months and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It guarantees the little new-comer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. An honest dealer will not endeavor to substitute some inferior preparation for the sake of an extra little selfish profit.

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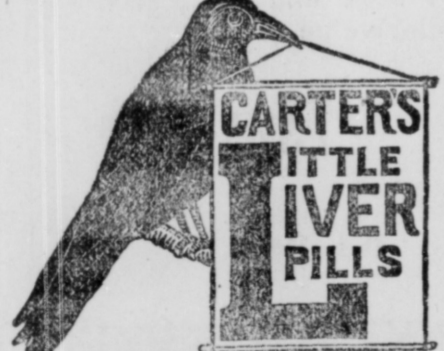
P. E. Island Railway

On and after MONDAY, 27th Dec., 1897, trains of the Railway will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) as under.

Trains Outward. Read down.	STATIONS.	Trains Inward. Read up.
7:10 A. M.	Charlottetown	7:30 P. M.
7:20	Royalton Junction	7:40
7:30	North Wiltshire	7:50
7:40	Hunter River	8:00
7:50	Bradallbane	8:10
8:00	Emerald	8:20
8:10	Freestown	8:30
8:20	Kensington	8:40
8:30	S' Side (Lv. 12:00 Ar. 12:30)	8:50
8:40	Miscoache	9:00
8:50	Wellington	9:10
9:00	Port Hill	9:20
9:10	O'Leary	9:30
9:20	Stonemfield	9:40
9:30	Albionton	9:50
9:40	Tignish	10:00
9:50	Charlottetown	10:10
10:00	Royalton Junction	10:20
10:10	Bedford	10:30
10:20	Mt Stewart (lv. 8:50 Ar. 9:03)	10:40
10:30	Cardigan	10:50
10:40	Georgetown	11:00
10:50	Mt Stewart	11:10
11:00	Morell	11:20
11:10	St. Peters	11:30
11:20	Bear River	11:40
11:30	Souris	11:50
11:40	Emerald	12:00
11:50	Cape Traverse	12:10

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The Private Pig.

The number of pigs kept by the colliers and artisans of the north of England fluctuates with the price of coal and yarn. In good times every collier keeps a live animal of some sort, and, though dogs, guinea pigs, cage birds and homing pigeons are attractive, his fancy animal is usually a pig. He admires this on Sunday afternoons, and groups of friends go round to smoke their pipes and compare pigs and bet on their ultimate weight. They have private pig shows, with subscription prizes. Each animal is judged in its own sty, and it is interesting to know that the evolution of an almost perfect pig was due to the innate sagacity of the Yorkshire pit hand.

The sties in which these animals live are very rough affairs, often made of a few boards nailed over railway sleepers, but it is interesting to learn that when the author was acting as a peripatetic judge at the colliers' show he found young pigs as blooming and healthy as possible, and that, small though the colliers' back yard is, he always contrives that his pigsty shall be thoroughly ventilated and look toward the south. Architects of costly home farms often house the unhappy pigs under north walls and condemn them to rheumatism, cold and sunlessness. Yorkshire produces not only the best pork, but has long been famous for the best cured hams in the world.—London Spectator.

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