

THE WAR-TRAIL!

CHAPTER XLVII (CONTINUED).

As the lightning flashed, I saw Rube bending down over the road; he appeared to be examining the tracks. I noticed that there were wheel tracks—deep ruts—evidently made by the rude block-wheels of a carriage. It was these that the trapper was scanning.

Almost as soon as a man could have read the direction from a finger-post, Rube raised himself erect, and crying out:

"All right—this way!" set off along the road.

I was curious to know how he had determined the point, and questioned him.

"Wal, yur see, young fellur, it ur the trail o' a Mexikin cart, as anybody aiter seed that ur varmint knows it hez got only two wheels. But thur are four tracks byar, an thurfor the cart must a gone back an' forth, for I seed they wur the same set o' wheels. Now, 'ur raiz-omable to s'pose that the back track leads to the settlement, an' thes' this away."

"But how could you tell which was the back-track?"

"Wah! that ur easy as fallin' of a log. The back track ur the fresher by more'n a kuppel o' hours."

"Pondering upon the singular 'instinct' that enabled our guide to distinguish the tracks, I rode on in silence.

Shortly after, I again heard the voice of Rube, who was some yards in advance.

"I kud a knowd the way," he said, "ithout the wheel-tracks; they only made things more sartint sure."

"How?" I asked. "What other clue had you?"

"The water," replied he; "ee see, or ee mout, ef you'd a looked into the tracks that ur running this way. Do 'ee hear that thur?"

I listened. I heard distinctly the sound of running water, as of a small stream carried down a rough rocky channel.

"Yes—I hear it."

"Wal," continued the trapper, "it ur a branch made by the rain; we're a follerin' it down; an thurfor must kum to the river jest whur we want to git. Once thur, we'll soon find our way. I reck'n. Wah! how the durned rain kums down! It 'ud drown a muss-rat. Wah!"

The result proved the trapper's reasoning correct. The road water was running in the direction we had taken; and shortly after, the brawling branch shot out from among the bushes, and crossed our path diverging from it in an acute angle. We could see, however, as we plunged through the now swollen streamlet, that the current, in its general direction, was the same with our road; it would certainly guide us to the river.

It did so. Half a mile further on we came out upon its banks, and struck the main road leading to the rancheria.

A few minutes' brisk travelling carried us to the outskirts of the village, when we were all three brought to a sudden halt by the sharp hail of the sentry, who called out the usual interrogatory:

"Who goes there?"

"Friends!" I replied; "is you, Quackenboss?" I had recognized the voice of the soldier-botanist, and under the lightning, saw him standing by the trunk of a tree.

"Halt! Give the countersign!" was the response in a firm determined tone. I did not know this masonic password. On riding out I had not thought of such a thing, and I began to anticipate some trouble. I resolved, however, to make trial of the sentry.

"I hain't got the countersign. 'Tis I, Quackenboss. I am!"

I announced my name and rank.

"Don't care for all that!" was the somewhat surly rejoinder, "can't pass 'ithout the countersign."

"Yer durned fool, it's yur captain," cried Rube, in a peevish tone.

"May be," replied the imperturbable sentry; "can't let him pass 'ithout countersign."

I now saw we were in a real dilemma. "Send for the corporal of the guard, or either of the lieutenants," I suggested, thinking that that might be the shortest way to get out of it.

"Hain't got nobody to send," came the gruff voice of Quackenboss from out the darkness.

"I'll go!" promptly answered Garey—the big trapper thinking, in his innocence, there could be no reason why he should not carry the message to quarters—and as he spoke he made a step or two forward in the direction of the sentinel.

"Halt there!" thundered the voice of Quackenboss; "halt, another step, and I'll plug you with a bullet."

"What's that? plug he sez?" screamed Rube, leaping to the front. "Geeho, Geehosophat! yur plug 'im, eh? Yur durned multhead, it'ee shoot this way, it'll be the last time yu'll ever lay claws to a trigger. Now then!" and Rube stood with his rifle half raised to the level, and threatening to raise it still higher.

At that moment, the lightning gleamed; I saw the sentry with his piece also at a level. I well knew the accuracy of his aim; I trembled for the result. In my laudest voice I called out:

"Hold, Quackenboss! hold your fire! we shall wait till some one comes," and as I spoke, I caught both my companions, and drew them back.

Whether it was the commanding tone of my voice, which the ranger had heard

before, or whether in the light he had recognized my features, I saw him before it darkened, lower his piece and I, felt easy again.

But he still obstinately refused to let us pass. Further parley was to no purpose, and only led to an exchange of rather rough compliments between Quackenboss and my two companions; so after endeavoring to make peace between them, I stood still to await the chance of some one of the guard coming within hail.

Fortunately, at that moment, a ranger somewhat the worse for aguardiente, appeared in the direction of the plaza.

Quackenboss condescended to call him up; and after a crooked palaver, he was dispatched to bring the corporal of the guard.

The arrival of the latter ended our troubles, and we were permitted to reach the plaza without further hindrance; but as we passed the stern sentry, I could hear Rube mutter to him: "Ee durned multhead! ef I hed ye' out upon the parairas, wudn't I? Wah!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

CLIPPINGS.

The London *Lancet* says that there is absolute unanimity among medical men, whatever their other views on the drink question, that spirits, wine, or beer should only be taken with food.

A Tennessee man told a neighbor that he had hidden \$500 in a corn-crib, and that very neighbor was the chap found in a bear trap at the corn-crib next morning.

Keyhole caution: When a man is about to be told a secret he shuts the door. When it is a woman she opens the door to be sure no one is listening.—[French Fan.]

During his recent sojourn in Italy Richard Wagner, the composer, made many enemies by his criticisms of the Italian school of music, which he bluntly called "an old carrot."

Eating sausages imported from France has been the cause of death of a popular physician at San Antonio, Texas. The sausage contained some irritant poison that produced a fatal peritonitis.

A north of England paper speaks of a young farmer who "ran rapidly through his property." His property was an open field. He wore a red shirt, and a bull was in the wake of the young farmer.

They searched the school children at DeWane, O., the other day to find a dirk, and the result was the finding of twenty six pistols and revolvers, and six dirks and stabbers. Education reveals some strange traits.

The clergy and laity of the diocese of St. Andrews have presented Dr. Wordsworth, its Bishop, with his portrait. The Bishop played cricket with Mr. Gladstone in his first match. He is popular in Scotland.

A celebrated lawyer said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

Queen Margaret of Italy has among the ladies of her court two Americans whose magnificent jewels almost eclipse the famous diamonds of the Roman princesses. They are the Princess Trigiano Brancucci, nee Field, and the Princess Cenci, nee Spencer.

Mr. Tilden is already on the war-path. He is credited with having written to ex-Governor Palmer, of Illinois, announcing his intention of running for President in 1884, and asking Mr. Palmer to accept second place on the ticket.

A singular case of contagious vaccination was recently reported at the Baltimore Health Office. A young lady living in West Baltimore was recently vaccinated by a prominent physician, and while suffering with the fever attending borrowed a pair of earrings from a lady friend for a day.

Upon the return of the ear rings the owner put them on, and was astonished to find that she was thoroughly vaccinated in the ears.

The speech of the Governor of Michigan at the opening of the special session of the Legislature gives some details of the destruction wrought by the bush fires of last September, which present a very fair idea of the extent of that calamity. He says that the fire swept over a district of some eighteen hundred square miles, causing private losses, so far as known, of an aggregate of over two million dollars, and reducing nearly fifteen thousand persons to a state of dependence upon public aid for their daily bread.

In addition to this nearly three hundred lives were lost, and an immense quantity of public property was destroyed.

A London Truth correspondent writes: "The interest attached to the Tower at the ancient fortress of London has induced the Government authorities to take steps for its further restoration in that character. For a long time it was secondary only to Woolwich as the most important storehouse in the United Kingdom, but the desire of the late Prince Consort to restore it to its ancient character caused all the stores, with the exception of the arms, to be removed from it many years ago. At present it is the great National Armory, many hundreds of

thousands of rifles, pistols, &c., being kept in reserve there. It is now, however, in contemplation to remove these to a more central station probably Wooddon, and to place an increased garrison within the walls of the tower.

About four months ago Peter Lappin, a resident of London East, Ontario, was shot through the centre of the body by a comrade who was carelessly handling a revolver. The doctors were of the opinion that the wounded man would die as it was evident that the ball had passed through that part of the body where the stomach ought to be, and the chances were that a vital part had been pierced. But the man, contrary to all expectation, recovered, and now comes the explanation of the cause of his remarkable escape from death. It appears that prior to the shooting Lappin had fasted for thirty-six hours, and as a result the organs of digestion were shrunken and drawn out of their usual place and out of the course of the bullet. Had he eaten a breakfast that morning, or even a supper on the night before he was a dead man.

Take Care of the Colts.

In raising colts it is very essential always to maintain a very keen relish for food and sharp appetite in the young animal. This can only be done by strictly guarding against over-feeding with grain. For a five months old foal of about medium size, if the weather be moderate about one and a half pints of oats at a meal will be enough. Later, and with the advent of cold weather, one quart at each meal may be fed, with as much corn as could be shelled from a single ear. When the colt gets a little older, give the corn upon the ear, the shelling of which will afford him great amusement. Have warm quarters in cool weather, and have them kept clean and well ventilated. Turn the animal out to run during the warmest part of the winter's day for exercise. Provide the colt with a generous supply of dry bedding. Allow no manure to remain a day in colt's box or stall, always keeping the floor clean and well lighted. Accustom the young animal to be fearless, and have full confidence in you and your actions.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, featuring an illustration of a man and a dog.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Remedy for Rheumatism, featuring an illustration of a man and a dog.

Advertisement for Mack's Magnetic Medicine, featuring an illustration of a man and a dog.

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GRAND Gift Enterprise.

THE Committee for the above announce that, in consequence of a large number of tickets yet remaining unsold, and a number of agents not having made returns, they are compelled to postpone the Drawing until FRIDAY, the 3rd March next. The Committee feel that the ticket-holders would prefer to submit to this further postponement rather than that a large reduction should be made in the Prizes.

LAMBERT B. DISNEY, Sec'y to Com. Ch'town, Jan 13—4w cod wklly pd

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CHARLES I. MORRISON. Ch'town, Feb. 2, 1882.

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Further particulars may be had on application to the undersigned.

FRED W. HYNDMAN, Trustees of the Estate of Joseph Boats and D. K. Currie. Ch'town, Oct. 8, '81—now if

Prince Edward Island RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE NO. 17. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

To take effect on the 1st Dec., 1881.

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Table with columns: STATIONS, MIXED, MIXED, MIXED. Lists train times for various stations like Ch'town, Royalty, N. Wiltshe, Hunter Rr, Bradalbe, Co'ty Line, Freetown, Kensington, Summ'side, Wellington, Port Hill, O'Leary, Bloomfield, Alberton, Tignish.

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L. B. ARCHIBALD, Superintendent, Railway Office, Charlottetown, Nov. 29, 1881

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JOHN INGS, Ch'town, Sept. 7, 1881.

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