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NO. 4.

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COLMEA OF HVION

Place of Sittings & P. O. Address of Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Jan. 1890.	Hour of Opening
Milton Wm. Panton.	25	29	31	26	27	29	29	9.30a.m
Our ville IP Dal		6	8	3	11	6	8	10 a.m.
Cool getown		12	14	9	17	12	21	9.30 "
	1	14	16		19	13	23	10 a.m.
Campbellville. S. R. Lister	4	8	10		13	8	10	10 a.m.
Burlington Jas. Robinson	15	5	7	2	10	5	7	11 "

and Tuesday, 10th December, at 10 a.m. County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 2nd April, and 1st October, at 10 a. m.

County Court Sittings-Formerly Terms-Monday, 14th January, 1st April, Tuesday, 2nd July, and 7th Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts-Wednesday, 2nd January, 3rd April, 3rd July & 2nd October. By order, T. C. MATHESON, Clerk of the Peace.

was obliged to make two efforts before she days, or to take note of the changing sea heard this thing discussed by some chatter and man and beast-of each leap-each touch succeeded. She had given such a passion of sons, when one hot day in the early summer ing young chulos. BY FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT. exhausted, and she went out into the daz- his face.

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." "That after day ... day after day ... and at night she three times and then coughed. Lass O Lowries, " &c., &a

[Copyright 1889, by John A. Taylor, Terente.]

Pepita trembling.

Pepita, "and I am cold." through and have a fever that we may ruin prayer. ourselves with doctor's bills; and all be. "Sacred Mother," she said, "I have sold Jose fell back two steps. when you should be asleep."

clutching against her breast something she I will say nothing ill to him." hung round her neck by a bit of ribbon. It That night, for the first time, she heard "I thought you believed nothing but ill of was the devisa she had stolen from Jovita, of Sebastiano. and which had not been thrown away at all. Little Carlos came in and was full of are angry-angry." In the day time it was hidden in the bos m news. her hand held it. By this time a sort of success and that perhaps he will go to selves with." terror had mingled itself with her passion America. and anger and pain; and she lay trembling "Where is America?" asked Jovita.

She said it to herself a thousand times in impossible?" She said it in as many moods as there were King has spoken of sending for Schastiano. self?" soning childish rage -- sometimes with a his old age "

up the road, her cheeks pale, her eyes dilat ure familiar to the painted saints and the wine shops and at the street corners he was ed with self-pity and tears. "I am like Sarita! Yes ... Suita!" She remembered with superstitious tremor in tently the billion little face was pale turned? How there would be sport-how a all the things that had been sail to her of _the even will with tomare. A moment it there would be pleasure. Life began to wear the punishment that would fall upon her bestood before the alter; and then flung up its a more vivacious aspect. And what had he cause of her hard-heartedness. She remem- arms with a fleror gest me. bered Jovita's prophecies and how she had .. Many of that it cried, brokenly, cess -such adulation. The impression among

their sighs. She remembered Filippo whom beaten child. she had not spared one pang. Filippo, at whom she had only stared in seern when he wept and rung his hands before her. Had he felt like this when she sent him back to Seville to despair? A cruel fever of restlessness burned her. She could find pleasure no more in the no-

velties of the city, in the gaities of the gardens, in her own beauty. Sometimes she was sure it was magic---the evil eye. And she slipped away, poor child, and knelt in the still, cool church, and prayed to be delivered. But once as she was doing this a sudden), thought struck her.

"Not to think of him any more," she said, knitting her brows with yet another new "Not to remember his face-not to I' remember his voice and the words he said! No, no! And her resary slipped from her speak herself-she could not ask questions fingers and fell upon the stone floor, and she -she could only wait -hungry and desolate. picked it up and rose from her knees and They would not even say-these people-

All that day and night she thought and or not-whether he was at the other end of thought, and the next day went to pray the world, or whother he was only in some again; but not that she might be delivered. other city. The truth was that Jose had in She brought to the shrine at which she knelt nocently cantiened the others against speak. substantial promises as offerings. Hers ing of one whom Papita disliked to hear of. were not the prayers of a saint, but of a passionate importunate child, self-willed and fully. "Girls are like that sometimes. It tempestuous. She would not have prayed makes her angry when one talks of him." if she could have hoped for help from any. But slow as he was he could not help see. earthly means. She had never prayed for ing in time that something was wrong with anything before. She had always taken Pepita. Sometimes she scarcely talked at ... what she wanted and gone her way; but she all, and she did not flame up when Jovita had had few needs. Now in this strange grumbled-it seemed as it she scarcely heard. saints to help her. She stormed the painted appeared to be asking something. Often he

wax figure in its niche with appeals which were innocently like demands. Make him come back-make him come back to her. Mother of God! he must re. turn. Make him come to the wall some like laughter and mocking. He began night—yes, to-night. He must not know gradually to fancy she was always thinking h that she was like Sarita-but he must come; and whatsoever she did or said he must not then there was nothing. She had all she go away again. She would sell her new wanted. She had as many trinkets as the necklace—the silver comb her mother had other girls—she had even more. She had left her—the comb her father had given her so little work to do that she had sought nother in the days of their courtship—she some outside her home to fill her spare mowould do some work and give to the Holy ments-and she loved no one. There was Mother some candles and flowers---but he not a man she knew who would not come if must come back-and he must not go away she had smiled. What then could it be!

She knelt upon the stone floor, her hands ever—prettier because of the burning look wrung together, pouring forth the same in her eyes and—and something else he words breathlessly, over and over-each re could explain a kind of restless grace of iteration more intense than the last---all her movement—as if she was always on the alone

young strength going out into the appeal. And still she had not yet reached the longer?" he asked her once. point of knowing what she should do and say when he came.

Yes," she answered.

"Do you want anything?"

vourself as you did at first."

better days."



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waited by the wall, but the road was always "You will not mind now," he said. "It is so long ago, and it is all over. Sebastiana And she could hear nothing-not a word. has come back. He did not go to America: his neck?" She could not ask--even though sometimes he is in Madrid to-day. He came to me in Pepita had loaned against the wall, put-In the middle of the night she was waken as she sat and gazed at Jose with hungry the street—he did not avoid me—he was re-

ed from her slumbers by something—she eyes it seemed as if she must drop dead if joiced to see me. It appears that it is all "He will not," she whispered, growing knew not what. Soon she perceived it was he did not speak. But he did not speak well with him. Afterwards Manuelo told hot all over. "No, he has not forgotten. because he could have told her but little, me. It appears there is a very pretty girl in il have given the little heart and the flowers Mortgages hought alvances made on second while and candles. And he could not forget while mere mention of Sebastiano's name an- marry her."

and months and at last one evening she him with eyes that burned as never before, tence of a chill. Since she would not give "That is well," said Jovitat. "Get chilled went to the church and prayed a new "It is not true!" she said through her him up he was hers. tirth. "It is not true!"

cause you choose to remain in the night air the comb and the necklace and I have "Not true?" he stammered. "Why not! strange misery and unrest which grew more worked and can keep my word. I have They say so." Pepita lay on her pillow, her eyes wide bought a little golden heart. And if he "A man who slays bulls as he does," she open in the darkness, her small hot hand comes" in a fainter whisper-"if he comes said, "does not forget a woman in a day." Jose was lost in amazement.

him," he said. "What has happened? You "It is not true about the girl from Lisof her dress -at night it hung by a cord and "They say that Sebastiano has had great bon," she said. It is a lie they amuse them to her. Once she went into the charch and Never had innocent Jose been so thunder-

struck. This was beyond his understandbecause she was saying to herself again and "It is at the other end of the world, and ing. He was afraid to speak, and kept looknever yet have the people seen a bull fight." ing sidewise at her as he ate his soup, but -no more. "I am like Sarita! I am like Sarita!"

"Never?" said Jose, starting. "That is she said no more. "What has happened?"

She knew that it was blasphemy, but she he said to himself, over and over and over did not care; and before she went home she the weeks and months which followed, and "It is true," answered Carlos. "And again. "Will she not allow him to marry bought a sharp little knife and hid it in her "It is true," answered Carlos. "And again. "Will she not allow him to marry bought a sharp little knife and hid it in her "It is true," answered Carlos. "And again. "Will she not allow him to marry bought a sharp little knife and hid it in her "It is true," answered Carlos. "And again." Will she not allow him to marry bought a sharp little knife and hid it in her "It is true," answered Carlos. "And again." "Will she not allow him to marry bought a sharp little knife and hid it in her "It is true," answered Carlos. "And again." "Will she not allow him to marry bought a sharp little knife and hid it in her "It is true," answered Carlos. "And again." "Will she not allow him to marry bought a sharp little knife and hid it in her "It is true," answered Carlos. "And again." "Will she not allow him to marry bought a sharp little knife and hid it in her "It is true," answered Carlos. "And again." "Will she not allow him to marry bought a sharp little knife and hid it in her "It is true," answered Carlos. which seemed to her helplessness like years, they are rich and like new things; and the another though she does not want him her. breast

- hours in the day. Semetimes with wild read His will be rich enough to build a palace for Later he went out again. It must be confessal that he went in the hope of seeing not true." shock of fear-sometimes in a frenzy of A few days later, in the dask in the even- Sebastiano, or at least hearing of him. There shame-Isometimes as she stood and looked ing, there crept into the church a little fig. was not disculty in hearing or him. In the great ball fight was remembered. No one waxen Virgin. But today it wore a charge being talked of in every group. Of what fairs used to date from it in the minds of th ed aspect. It moved slowly at first -re- else could people speak who knew he had redone since he had left Madrid? Such Suc-

laughed in their faces and turned away from alter steps shuldering and sobbing like a hear snutches of song of which his name was the refrain. It was only because he so loved his own people that he had refused the mag. nificent offere inade by the King of America. He had refused them - he had chosen to remain in Spain. He had come to Madrid. Soon he would appear before them again-He had even gained in strength and dexterity; and as to his good looks -ah! what a

dashing handsome fellow ! to speak to him. What fortune -- what haptimes when piness. The honest fellow felt himself over she hated joyed. They were to be friends again. It was quite late when he found himself walking homeward over the white road again. He had drunk wine enough to make him feel quite gay; and as he went he sang now and then a verse of a song about the

ovs of the bull fight. thought he heard behind him the sound of look. Could it be she-Pepita--who felt rapid feet-light feet running. He stopped dizzy and could not see, who could distinguish and looked back. What was it he saw, or nothing in the splendid panorama of the whether he had gone to the King of America thought he aw? Was it a small dark shape triumphal march? And what clamour, which flitted instantly with the shadow of what excitement there was on every side. the trees? It looked like a woman who did "What bulls! What men!" they were not wish to be seen. Well, he would not saying about her. the opposite side of the road. In fact he waited for one moment to come.

crossed to the other side to leave the way The great bull ran bellowing round the wrest semething from him. The careless was a stretch of road unshaded by anything. to the attack. bird-like look had gone-the carcless birdwhite space, and Jose seeing it in the full "It takes too long." body breathless and panting.

"Pepita!" he cried. "It is you?" and stood and looked at him. "Yes," she answered, "It is Pepita; and amuse them. will tell you nothing."

head violently. Then he let it drop.

one has cast the evil eye upon me. have done no harm, and I shall do none.' "No," he said, rather stupidly. "You would do no harm. Let us go in then." And without another word they went into "It is not so new," she said; "but there the house, Pepita to her bed to lie awake and gaze at the darkness, Jose to sit with

ment she kept her great eager eyes fixed his head in his hands and thinking a thou. upon him, and then she moved slowly to sand wild thoughs until he fell asleep. He could not know that where he had . been she had been also-that when the snatches of song had been sung she had heard on his big clumsy shoulder and said: "You are a good brother! You are a good broth them-that when the people had talked of Sebastiano she had listened—that when Se "I have always loved you," he said with bastiano had stood in the bright light she simple pride. "When we were children you had stood in the shadow and watched. know I always promised that you should see had not thought of danger or of being a covered. She had only thought of one thing

of the steel's point. strength to her siege that she was almost he came in-Jose-with an innocent joy is "She is a pretty young girl," they said "Not as pretty as that other, but handsons zling sunlight trembling. She did this day He looked questioningly at Pepita two or enough. She was a little devil, that other But it is a mistake for a man like him to marry. How can a man feel free to risk his

life raily when he has a woman hung about

I -- He will come back." "I stayed out in the dew too long," said gered her. So the time went by-weeks Pepita clenched her hands and stared at She struggled with the passion ite persis-

But she did not know what to do; there was nothing but to wait in this fever of

cruel every day -and at the bull fight if he would only look -perhaps-yes, if he saw her face he would un terstand and como. In the days before the great entertainment took place she was like some little savage creature at bay. She could scarcely bear to hear the voices of those who spoke

If he does not come," she cried to the amidst all the fluttering-though her breast when she looked up her eyes were fierce. waxen Virgin, "I will pray to you no more

"This," she whispered, "this-if it is true about the girl from Lisbon -but it is , For many years afterwards the day of the ; who saw it forgot it as long as he lived. Af- -Pepita!"

A year had passed since that first brilliant day when Pepita had gone forth in her irst fertal dress. She remem's red it all as Pepita ! Jovita was grumbling a little in her haste, about her. not as she had done then; and in the look-

the bright attire-the soft black hair, the to her feet. ed rose, the mouth. As she looked a sudden triumph made her radiant. "I have not grown ugly," she said. too young and strong for that, and excite-

When she found herself scated among t Jose had the luck to see him again, even fluttering fans of rainbow colors that moment's glow of exultation left her. Strange- face without other and the red rose with ly enough she could not help thinking of the was the color of blood. Then there was empty church and the waxen figure before near him-a rear among the people on a conwhich she had knelt and then of the night. when she had stood watching by the wallmusic and the grand entry of the moving the blood pouring from his side.

stream of color and glitter dazzling her eyes. When he was about half-way home he No-just at first she had not the power to

look then. What was the use of giving her Only she seemed in the midst of all the trouble? He tramped on, perhaps a little boud-voiced eagerness and delight to sit more slowly. It was late for a woman to be alone, a sold little figure vaguely tormented out on the lonely road alone. It must be by the gaiety and the voices and the color of past midnight. Then the thought came to fluttering fans and ribbons and costumes him that perhaps she wished to pass him. In The deep rose had fled from her face; she that case he might look the other way, on sat with her hands wrung on her knee and

his quick glance-his bright sword. taught the people of America.

"He plays with it as if it were a little lamb," they cried Sebastiano! Sebastiano!" Of what use to tell what must be seen in all its danger to be understood. The joy and exultation rose to fierce fever-headthe cries swelled higher -faces flushed and eyes sparkled and flamed -while the brilliant figure darted - leaped - attackedplayed with death as it had done scores of ; plause only Pepita's fan was motionless moved up and down and the throbbing in her side was like the beating of a hammer. were closed she was speaking to Schae-

"Him will look soon," she was saying. "He will look as he did that three day. My hanger night and day-one is driven mad eyes will make him look. They will force by it t him to it. Lizten-it is Popita whose eyes have not forgotten. No. And it is Pepita All the strength of her body and soul she when you loved," she said. "I knew it was

threw into her laze sall the fire of L c young a lie. I wildly be ding heart and the bbing pales. "Ye," he whispered, "it was a lie. Kiss "You trust he ..," she ___ * Pepita! me on the in outh. e diessed herself on this etier morning. And unless it ally he lemed forward so thered lips which had mocked melted upon that her white formul great yes, and the

were the same flowers nothing their heads; its hair stood out among the fales of those And he looked up and saw her and their ing glass there was the same little figure in eyes met; and without knowing she started No one knew, no one but herself saw how it happened: even she did not understand until all was past. Their eyes met as they No, she had not grown ugly. She was had done on the day a year before. No, not

as they had done then, but with a stran re swam before him there was a second-a fatal second in which he saw only the small

, shrick from the women. The bull was up n him - he made a mis-step and was caught and then of the sharp little knife in her amid the shricks and bellows and dung inbreast. And then came the clamour of the ert far out upon the hoof-trodden dust with



begged to be allowed to nurse him, and Se-

In his struggle with death, which lasted Upon this theory the Federal authorisimple anxious face of Jose he saw when he material together and the army in ed, "and show us what you would have when the fever brought him delirious visions he was often vaguely conscious of his pre-And it appeared they were not to be dis- sence. For himself, he did not know

bull and made a little mocking bow of salute It was a beautiful night which came after in ually as he made his way to the he looked into its small furious eyes with a a long day in which those about his bed had stand. The Prince had no idea he was smile, as it drew near-a bellowing black looked at him with pitying eyes, and at last popular. He overlooked the familmass, snorting and throwing up the dust. It a priest had come and absolved him of his tarity, and appeared to enjoy his rewas as ready to begin as he. It rushed upon sins and left him with a solemn kindly bless- c ption. Queen Victoria said afterhim and he was gone. He played with it- ing, with a soul clear of stain and ready wards that she was more than pleased,

found his dream a living truth. Jose was no longer in the room. The moonlightenade everything clear, and upon the floor beside him knelt Pepita, her eyes fixed upon his. "Dios! Dois!" he murmured.

"Hush!" she said. Do not speak. It s Pepita. Look at me. They said that perhaps to-night you would die. I have prayed until I can pray no more, and when came to Jose the tears were falling from his eyes, and he said perhaps you would not see the day. Then I showed him the little knife hidden in my breast, and told him if he did not let me come to you alone I would not live. I said I could force you to remain

on earth. I love you -I love you. It has all happened, that which you said would happen; and when the devisa fell at my feet hid it in my breast with the other which was there before. And because I love you o you cannot die. I will do anything you say I must do. I am Pepita, and I give my self to you. I would give my blood and my life and my soul for you. Every night I have waited by the wall in the hope that you would come. I have watched you when you did not see me. If you had not come 1 should have killed myself-if you had ceased Only l'epita sat without colour or ap- to love me I should have killed myself-#

you die I will drive the knife to its hilt in heart. I can love more than those women who love so easily and so often. I She was speaking to herself, though her lips knew nothing about it when I was so proud and mocked you. I know you now. Mother of God! it is like r thousand deaths when the cannot see the face one wants. What

she bent more closely over him, crushing are on you. You must feel them. You his unwounded arm against her heartsourching his soul with her look. "They said there was a girl in Lisbon

His min varied itself around her neck and

"Did you saffer?" he murmured. She began to sob like a child, as she had sald all at the feet of the Vicgin. "I told you that you would suffer! It was the same thing with me. Saints of Heaven! Luman beings cannot bear that long. I shall not die, and I will make you forget the pain. Stay with me, and let me see your eyes and touch your lips every hour, that I may know that you are Pepita, and that you

have given yourself to ma." "I will stay thosugh an the day and night," she answered. "They connot make me go away if I do not wish it. They always give me my way. I have always had it -the Virgin herself has given it to ne." It seemed this was true. In a few months om then the people who strolled in the public proden on Sandry looked at a beautiful young couple who walked together. "There are two who are mad with love for each other," it was said. "Schastiano and his wife. She is the one he threw his devisa

Chicago city council has passed an ordinance excluding all foreigners from the service of the city in any capacity. The number of suicides in the United

States last year, as closely as can bo

to when he thought himself a dead man.

They used to call her 'the Pretty Sister of

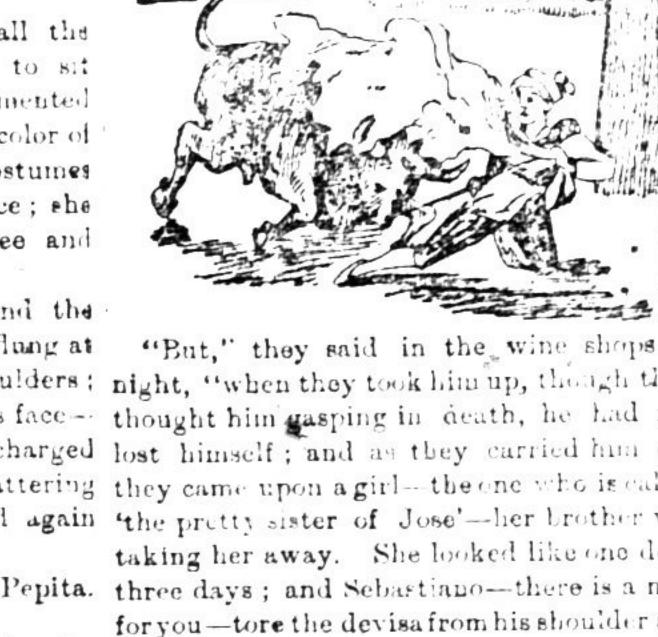
figured, was 7,000, and the majority of them were farmers and farmers' It is announced that Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales. has been betrothed to the Earl of Fife. and that Prince Albert Victor, eldest sen of the Prince of Wales, is betrothe a to his cousin, Princess Victoria of Prus-

after death not a trace of leprosy was Mail advices from West Africa confirm previous reports of the shocking privations to which Mr. Stanley has been subjected. It is stated his hair

down through the Jura Pass into France and that war is very near.

The visitors at Windsor cattle show were mostly loval farmers, and they outed themselves hoarse at the sight f their Queen. The greeting to the rince of Wales was no less hearty. Good old Prince!" was shouted consle was delighted and amazed. Per-

ps her amazement was due somewhat to the free and easy way in



taking her away. She looked like one dead reciprocity relations between the United for you -tore the devisa from his shoulder and An account of Father Damien's last She let the mantilla drop from her face always ready to see him come, and to give He is a good fellow-her brother Jose-and

tering blades—the people shouted—rose in dreamed not of Heaven but of earth, of a red their seats - leaned forward - laughed - rose in soft black hair, and of a passionate mocked the bull-cried out praises of sword little face whose large eyes glowed upon him

him a welcome when he risked his life to wept like a child for Sebastiano, and has f

ing sword seemed to become a score of glit- He had fallen asleep afterwards and had

you need not ask-I will not tell you. I He stepped forth in his rich dress and with bastiano will have it so." have been to—to look at something—and I his gallant bearing, a more beautiful and gay "I am strong as an ox," Jose had said, has turned snow white, that his clothes

> appointed in their expectation of sport. whether he was to live or die; but one night They saw that when he stood before the he found out. led it on-defied it-eluded it. The flash for Paradise.

clear, and went on good-naturedly, singing arena; little beribboned darts were flung at "But," they said in the wine shops at sia. had had few needs. Now in this strange. Her eyes had grown bigger, too, and there anguish she could do nothing for herself, and was a burning light in them. They always had been right. Soon the footsteps draw to good-naturedry, singles arena; little beribboned darts were fluing at "But," they said in the wine shops at sia.

Her eyes had grown bigger, too, and there his song loudly and all out of tune. Yes, he him and stuck in his shaggy shoulders; night, "when they took him up, though they Senator Pugh. of the U. S. Senate's had been right. Soon the footsteps draw to the course of th anguish she could do nothing for nersen, and was a burning light in them. They always surely it was the place of the Virgin and the speared to be asking something. Often he speared to be asking something. Often he speared to be asking something. Often he speadow within the shadow w nearer-the shadow within the shadow taunting cries mocked him. He charged lost himself; and as they carried him cat says that everywhere in the Northwest, slipped past-ran swiftly. But by that hither and thither in blind fury, scattering they came upon a girl-the one who is called on both sides of the border, there is a time they were nearing his home, and there men and horses, who only returned again "the pretty sister of Jose"-her brother was strong feeling in favor of a renewal of The shadow hesitated, darted across the "It takes too long," communed Pepita. three days; and Sebastiano—there is a man States and Canada. light uttered a cry and started in pursuit. And then the voices began to call for Se-dropped it at her feet-and she snatched it illness states that three weeks before But in a few moments he had reached it and bastiano. "Sebastiano!" on up-all wet with his blood-and thrust it his death the leprosy increased terribly held it by the arm, feeling all the slender every side -even the grand ladies and their in her breast and dropped like a stone. It in his face, mouth and hands, causing cavaliers clapping their hands and calling is said that he loved her, and she had a him to suffer much. Strangely enough also. The beauties in the high places were devil of a temper and treated him badly.

> figure than ever it seemed the excited people weeping. "I can watch like a dog. I want are in rags, and that he is without shoes, He put his hand up and rubbed his fore thought. He had grown finer, without neither sleep nor food, if it comes to that; being obliged to use skins to cover his doubt, they said. His face was a little pale, and once when one of my comrades fell from feet. "I shall not ask," he said. "You would but that only made more beautiful his long a scaffold I was the only one who could Grave alarm is still felt in Switzer. do no wrong. You are a good girl; but dark eyes, under their dense straight black nurse him without killing him with the pain. land, where everybody is now convinclashes. It was the women who said this, and He will tell you that I nursed him well and ed that Germany intends sweet ing "Are you not pleased with Madrid any "You think I have gone mad," she said, who saw the richness of his dress-the was never tired." with a sudden change of voice and a piteous colors of his devisa—the close curl of his "Let him stay," said Sebastiano. crisp hair-the grace of his movement. The men saw his superb limps-his firm step-- so long, it was always the large form and ties are working like beavers to get war "Come, little slayer of bulls," they shout- knew what passed around him, and even