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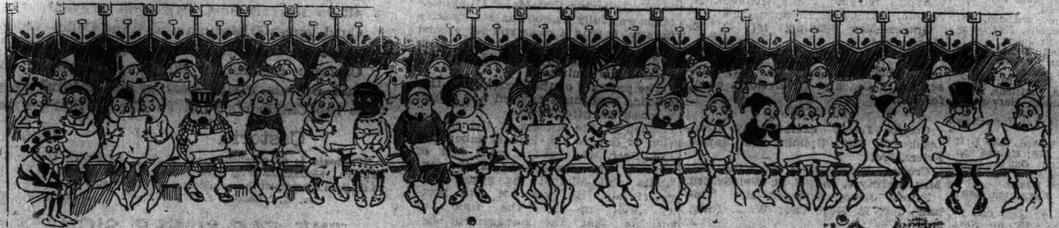
The BROWNIES at CHESTER.

OBJECTS indistinct and gray Grew fainter with the dying day. Until the creatures made to bask In sunshine quit their sport or task, And out with sharp, nocturnal sight Came all the rangers of the night. The Brownies, who had kept apart From busy men in field or mart, Now ventured from their safe retreat And took the road with willing feet. Where ancient Chester rises high Above the Dee that ripples by.

They promptly paused to rest awhile, Or rambled round in Brownie style. Said one, "The bridge on which we stand For centuries this stream has spanned. In ages past full oft it knuckled When hosts marched on with bows and bills. To drag the Welshmen from their hills. But Tuffy was not there alone. To gnaw the stolen marrow bone, But many a leek-fed lad besides, Who battles well and better hides. And often kings, despite their pack Of knights, came empty-handed back."

Another said, "The wall of stone That girds the city like a zone, Speaks of the time when on this crest The Roman legions found a rest. Some say that John, the scoundrel king, One night within this sandstone ring, When marching on amidst his host, To bring his foe to block and post, Made rather free with new-brewed ale And peaches from the neighboring vale. And in the moon was posted down A boxed-up king to London town." Another said, "You're wrong, my friend; Not here, he found a timely end. But at old Newark, as I've read, While from the Wash he quickly sped, Depressed by losses on the beach, The subtle ale and blushing peach Got in their work, and, freed from care, At King the country well could spare. But, fact the fact, as we know, Still shining down the years will go A warning which the Brownie kind No less than man should bear in mind." Then, moving at a rapid rate, They reached the Fore or southern Gate.

And with the deepening shade, grew bold And entered in the city old. They stood awhile the house before, That on it an inscription bore, Which told that when the plague so dread Had filled each street and lane with dead, This house alone in all the town, Escaped the stern Almighty frown. Much came to view within that wall On which the Brownies well might call. The Baths, where Romans felt the scrubs.



Of brush and sponge in marble tube, Or lay and dried their traveled bones. In drowsy mood, on heated stones. The Brownies viewed the plot of ground, Which legions often gathered round, To see the races or exploits Of those who fought or pitched the quoits. Eye sparkling lights had ceased to burn The old Cathedral in its turn. Received attention from the band, Who were not satisfied to stand. And view the structure from without, But climbed around it in and out. The organ loft received his share, And while they perched so high in air, Uniting in a hymn of praise, They seemed the very roof to raise. Through choir and nave they rolled along The burden of the sacred song. The cloister roof, the chantry stones And transept aisle gave back the tone, Till crypt and dome took up the strain That made the building ring again. The bishop's throne they counted not Too sacred nor too rich a spot. For Brownie limbs to rest awhile, So there they sat to chat and smile. And closely scan, the stones and wood That nigh a thousand years have stood.



The Stanley Palace, Eaton Hall, And Warren Castle had a call. That held them for a little while. From hedge below to docton keep

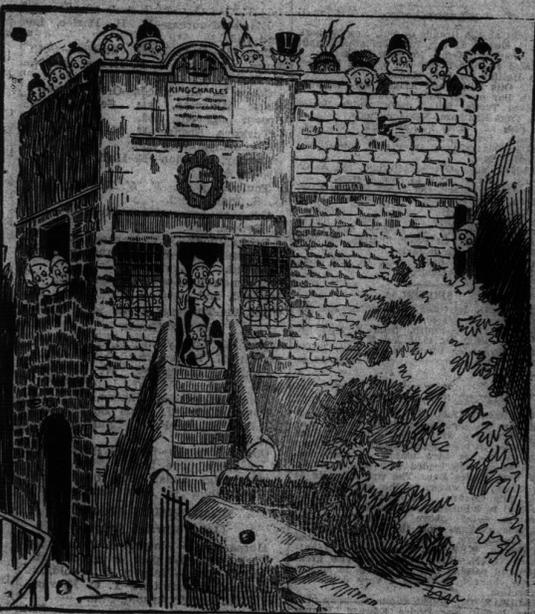
They soon made bold to climb and creep, Till more they knew about the place Than any of the Warren race. They circled round the city wide.



Some on the wall and more inside, The Water Gate their footsteps knew: The Goblin Tower attention drew. And roused conjecture and debate About its purpose and its state. At length the tallest tower was gained And to the top the Brownies strayed.

For from that height King Charles beheld His army routed and expelled. From Rowton Moor, and with it fled The hope that he should upon the spot. So long they stayed the morning ray, Begun to streak the east with gray,

And moving in his weary round A watchman chanced to reach the ground. And bad it was for Brownie plot That halt he should upon the spot, And worst of all a shout should take Upon the steps some notes to make.



They were denied the only stair, With not a moment's time to spare Before the sun all faring red Would send its shafts at every head. To be thus caged with morning red Might well awaken greatest fear. The Brownies had no choice but throw Their chances on a jump below, Or wait until the watchman's back Would turn and leave an open track. And still the precious moments sped, Each eye was popping from the head, But ere he moved upon his way Still nigher spread the hints of day. And when at length the coast was clear They counted every second dear, And for some hiding places strained While yet a fringe of night remained. By happy chance an early rock Of goats was grazing on a rock.

On these they settled down like flies And caused confusion and surprise. The frenzied creatures made aware Of this addition to their care, Ere they had time to study o'er The nature of the food they bore, Were very quickly up in air. And off it mattered little where, Fresh from the mountain grass of Wales They tossed their heads and shook their tails. And started for the wildest moor The neighboring country could insure. The faster they flew o'er the sand, The better suited was the band. As nowhere near the town had they The least desire to longer stay, For as they fled the sun uprolled And turned the Chester spires to gold.

P. E. ISLAND APPLES. An Important Step Taken in the Matter of Exporting Island Fruit. At a recent meeting of the P. E. Island Fruit Growers' Association, it was decided to make a trial shipment of apples to England. In this Hon. Senator Ferguson expressed his appreciation of the work and importance of the association, and declared it to be his firm conviction that Prince

Edward Island is destined to rival Nova Scotia in the production of superior fruit. He had just returned from the Halifax exhibition, whither he had taken some 45 samples of Island apples—30 from his own small orchard; and he had expert authority for the statement that in size and bloom they compared favorably with the apples exhibited in Halifax. He was satisfied that with the adoption of the improved methods of the day as to spraying, we could easily fight

the pests which menace our orchards. For the first time he had this year sprayed his own orchard, following closely the formula laid down in the experimental farm's report, and was happy to say, with the best results, Senator Ferguson then spoke of the necessity of producing those apples which will best suit the British market. He said that in Nova Scotia orchardists were narrowing down, instead of extending the list of varieties produced; and in effecting this the

science of top grafting was being generally called into requisition, thus making use of the growth of trees producing unsuitable fruit. He spoke also of the importance of a proper package in which to ship our apples, and the manner of filling these packages, declaring that "slack packed" apples were fatal to success. Color counted for much in the British market, and it was found that by grafting on the Red Astrachan, a superior bloom could be obtained for the super-

ior varieties. He also remarked upon the importance of a good sample shipment, and said that he had no doubt but such would prove acceptable to the British consumer and profitable to us. What is said to be the largest variety ever known in Madawaska county was given recently when in action of breach of promise of marriage. Agnes Albert versus William Sweeney, the plaintiff was awarded \$5,000.

ON THE NILE.

Important Blue Book Issued by British Foreign Office. France Notified that Great Britain Will Brook No Interference There by Any European Power. The Sirdar's Timely Expedition to Fashoda—All the Shillouks Declared Their Allegiance to British Government.

LONDON, Oct. 9.—The foreign office has issued a Fashoda blue book, giving the correspondence between the French and British governments. It begins with a despatch dated Dec. 10th, 1897, from Sir Edmund Munson, British ambassador at Paris, to Lord Salisbury, referring to rumors of the massacre of the Marchand expedition and expressing the ambassador's satisfaction that he has been allowed to acquaint M. Hanotaux (French foreign minister of that time) with Lord Salisbury's views that if other questions are adjusted Great Britain will make no difficulty regarding the French claim on the northern and eastern shores of Lake Tchat. The despatch shows, however, that the ambassador made it clear that this concession must not be understood as admitting the right of any European power except Great Britain to occupy any part of the Nile valley.

M. Hanotaux replied on Dec. 24 in a long despatch of respectful protest against Lord Salisbury's views. On Aug. 2 of this year Lord Salisbury wrote Lord Cromer, British diplomatic agent at Cairo, giving him instructions that, after the capture of Khartoum, two flotillas should ascend to Fashoda and go up the Blue Nile as far as it should prove navigable for steamers. Under these instructions the sirdar was personally to command the Fashoda flotilla and to take a few troops, if he should consider it desirable, the object being to assert Great Britain's sphere of influence in the Nile valley.

On Sept. 7 Sir Edmund Munson reported to Lord Salisbury a conversation in which M. Delcasse, French foreign minister, stated that Marchand had no authority to decide on questions of right, and had been instructed to abstain from any action likely to lead to a local conflict. M. Delcasse further expressed a conviction that the matter was susceptible of arrangement by means of discussion. To this Lord Salisbury replied on Sept. 9 that Great Britain regarded the operations of the sirdar as placing all territories of Khalfia Abdullah by right of conquest in the hands of the British and Egyptian governments, and insisted that this contention admitted of no discussion.

Then follow various despatches regarding the discussions between Sir Edmund Munson and M. Delcasse, the latter explaining that Marchand was now virtually a lieutenant to the sirdar expedition, and therefore the situation at Fashoda, even if Marchand was there, could not be as dangerous as Sir Edmund had reported. On Sept. 25, still following the blue book, the sirdar reported the results of his expedition to Fashoda, fully confirming the announcement already cabled the Associated Press, including the fact that Gen. Kitchener's arrival there prevented a second attack on Marchand. The French officer informed the sirdar whether he had concluded any treaty with Marchand, while all the Shillouks declared their allegiance to the British government. Moreover, Marchand was in such a precarious position that nothing could have prevented his annihilation by the dervishes had we been a fortnight later in crushing the Mahalla.

Other despatches indicate that M. Delcasse declined Great Britain's request for the immediate recall of Major Marchand, and that Great Britain agreed to despatch a message for the French government to Marchand as a matter of courtesy, without accepting any responsibility for the results delay might entail and still maintaining that the matter admitted of no compromise.

In the final despatch appearing in the blue book Lord Salisbury, under date of Oct. 3, instructs Sir Edmund Munson to inform M. Delcasse that the latter's message to Major Marchand had been sent, but that Great Britain views the Marchand mission as having no political significance whatever.

BRITISH TROOPS, Returned from Khartoum, Reported to be Dying Like Flies.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—A despatch to the Daily Chronicle from Alexandria says: "The troops who have returned from Khartoum are dying like flies from enteric disorders, supposed to be due to canned beef and indulgence in cheap spirits."

Children Cry for CASTORIA.