

The Union Leader.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Our Country with its United Interests.

W. C. ANSLOW.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 45.

Newcastle, Wednesday, August 14, 1895.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No 1449

PROFESSIONAL.

Law & Collection Office.
C. J. Thomson,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
Commissioner Newcastle Civil Court.
Newcastle, N. B.

Thomas W. Butler,
Attorney & Notary Public,
Fire, Life, & Accidental Insurance Agent,
Collecting and Conveyancing Promptly attended to. Office over T. Russell's Store, facing the Public Square.
Newcastle, N. B.

C. J. MacDULLY, M. A. M. D.,
M.D., COL. SURG., LONDON,
SPECIALIST.
DISEASES OF THE EAR & THROAT
Office: Cor. Waterland and Main Street
Moncton, Nov. 15, 1894.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
DEBYBY - - - N. B.
Dartmouth Nov. 15, 1892.

J. R. LAWLOR,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant
Newcastle, New Brunswick.

MUSICAL TUITION.

Miss Edith Troy,
Graduate of Mount Allison Conservatory of Music, is now prepared to take pupils in **PIANO, VOICE, PIPE ORGAN, and VOCAL CULTURE.**
Terms on Application.
Newcastle, June 6th, 1895.

HOTELS.

Waverley Hotel.
The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKean House, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Single rooms if required.

John McKeen,
Newcastle, March 28, 1895.

Elliott House.
The Subscriber having purchased and newly fitted up the house formerly known as the Mitchell House, opposite the Masonic Hall, Newcastle, is prepared to accommodate permanent and transient boarders at reasonable rates.

WALTER J. ELLIOTT,
Newcastle, Jan. 21, 1895.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
MONCTON, N. B.
GEO. McSWEENEY, Proprietor.

CANADA HOUSE
CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.
Wm. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

GOVERNMENT of Access
Good Sample rooms for Commercial Travellers:

Clifton House.
Princes and 143 Geminia Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.
Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 6, 1895.

WANTED. IMMEDIATELY. Energetic man, no experience necessary. Special advantages offered. Write for particulars. BROWN BROTHERS Co. Toronto, Ont.
Paid Capital \$100,000.00. No. 10, Sp. Rd.
May 25, 1895.

Ladies Tailoring.
Ladies and Misses coats, wraps, and dresses made to order, also cutting and fitting at short notice.
Ruelle Magic Scale Cutting System taught.
Mrs. S. McLeod,
Newcastle, April 22nd, 1895.

Job Printing.
Plain and in Color in BEST CLASS STYLE at the ADVOCATE OFFICE.

REDUCED PRICES.

I have on hand a lot of Boots and Shoes, including long boots and other goods, all of which I will sell at reduced prices to clear.

Wm. Masson.
Newcastle, March 28, 1894.

Sash and Door Factory.
The subscriber is prepared to supply from his steam factory in Newcastle, Window sashes and frames, Glazed and Unglazed, DOORS AND DOOR FRAMES, MOLDINGS, Finishing and Matching.
H. C. NIVEN.
Newcastle, Jan. 2, 1895.

Tuning and Repairing.
J. O. Biederman, Pianoforte and Organ Tuner.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Regular visits made to the northern Counties of which due notice will be given. Orders for Tuning etc. can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.
J. O. BIEDERMANN.
St. John, May 6th, 1894.

TIME TABLE OF THE M. S. N. COY.
Str. Miramichi,
Captain DUGRACE.

will leave Chatham every morning (Sundays excepted) on and after MONDAY, MAY 20th, 1895 at 7 a. m. for Newcastle, will leave Newcastle for points down river at 7.45 a. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and at 8 a. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Str. Nelson,
Captain BULLOCK,
will leave Chatham at 10.15 a. m., 11.45 a. m., 2.00 p. m., 4.20 p. m., 7.00 p. m.

SOLAR TIME.
Making the usual calls at Douglastown, Bathville and Nelson. The str. Nelson will carry passengers at one fare on the S. P. M. trip from Newcastle, and the 7.00 p. m. trip from Chatham, good for day of issues only.

W. T. Connors, Manager.
Chatham, N. B.

MILLINERY.
Ladies wishing to have a nice Hat or Bonnet should call and see our new Spring and Summer Millinery. We have the latest Hats and Bonnets, also Flowers, Feathers, Jets, Ribbons, Laces, Tulle and Velvets.
Children's Hats, Caps and Tams, Infants' Bonnets, Ladies Hats, Underwear and Handkerchiefs, Old Ladies Dress Caps, and a nice line of Stamped Iron Goods.
Trimmed Millinery always on hand.

Jennie E. Wright,
Opposite Public Square.
Newcastle, April 30th

Mrs. J. Demers.
A Complete Stock of Summer MILLINERY FOR ALL.
All the latest novelties in Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Jets, Plumes, Ornaments, etc., Sewing rapidly and extra cheap. Infants' cloaks, Infants' Headwear in every variety and price, from 25c upwards. Wash Silk and Shot Silk in all the new shades, Black Silk, Satin, Crapes, Ladies Summer Vests, Underwear, Corsets, Belts, Bath Bonnets, white and colored Handkerchiefs, Handkerchiefs, Veilings, Sideseams, fancy hair pins.
Old Ladies' Dress Caps, Stamped and Fancy Linen Goods, Ladies' Wrappers and Fancy Wares. TRIMMED MILLINERY always on hand and warranted to give satisfaction.
MRS. J. DEMERS.
Newcastle, May 20, 1895.

Seasonable Goods.
I have received and offer for sale at lowest prices Heavy White Soufflet!

Preserving Kettles.
Light Steel Agate Preserving Kettles, Wash Tubs, Butter Tubs, large Wooden Butter Bowls, Butter Prints and moulds.
Stout nails and shoe nails, all sizes. Sewing machine oil, Harness oil, Axle Grease.
Just received another lot of these splendid Wrappers and Washers which I am selling so cheap.

J. H. PHINNEY.
Newcastle, July 27, 1895.

A NEW BOOK,
BY **Michael Whelan.**
Now in press to be issued about the first of August, a book of **Poems and Songs.**
The book will contain about a hundred pages, and will be sold at the extremely low figure of 25c per copy, or \$3 per dozen copies.
It is to be forwarded by mail 2 cents for each copy made to be added to the price to prevent postage.
Address orders to the publisher, W. C. ANSLAW, Newcastle, N. B., or to the author, M. WHELAN, Bryerton P. O., Northumberland Co., N. B.

Selected Literature.

A TELEGRAPHIC COURSHIP.

I had been a telegraphic operator at Brandon some six or eight months, and had held communication of a purely business character only with the operator at Danwood, when there came a change. Death silently removed the man who had been in charge there so long, and a new operator was installed.

A message span along the line one February morning in this wise: 'Good morning, Brandon.'

Then came the information: 'The former operator died last night, and I have taken his place.'

'What is your name?' I asked. 'Nellie Merton. What is yours?' 'A spirit of devilry prompted my reply: 'Ned Clayborn.'

'Thank you,' was the concise response. Then a message in real earnest came along the line, and we were obliged to attend to business.

Every day I had my uneven acquaintance 'Good-morning,' and never closed up without a farewell message. A twinge of conscience racked me at times, and a still small voice whispered its warning; but the temptation was too great, and it was not long before I was sending shy messages, containing a good deal between the lines, to the unseen Nellie. The replies of these messages were guarded, but hopeful, and I grew bolder. It was no end of fun.

She told me her history. She had run away from home because her parents insisted upon her marrying a man she disliked.

Here, I put me to the test. I tried my eyes, and looked up, but saw no one but the tall young man who was looking at me very earnestly.

'Where is she?' I asked, ready to cry again.

'Here,' he said, holding out his hand. Instinctively, I put my hand into it, and it closed over it firmly.

'I also have a confession to make,' he said, earnestly. 'I thought you were another young fellow like myself, and wishing to relieve the tedium of these long, monotonous days, struck up a flirtation. I intended some day to mention the young man and have it out with him, when you came with your strange confession.'

'In short,' he ended, abruptly, 'I am Nellie Merton. And you are Ned Clayborn? Come, dry your eyes, Ned; you're Nellie's not heart-broken at the turn of affairs.'

After staring at him in silent amazement for the space of five seconds, the truth of the whole matter began to dawn upon my confused brain. My face grew hot with indignation. I snatched my hand from his and sprang to my feet.

'You are a mean contemptible fellow!' I cried.

He did not reply, but stood looking at me from his superior height.

'It was a hundred times meaner in you, because your object was a woman. I will never forgive you, if I live to be a thousand.'

'Isn't that rather paradoxical, considering the fact you thought I was a woman, and you were enacting the role of the coronation. She demanded her rights as a Duchess, and consequently could not be degraded. She entered alone, and her magnificent stage effect and self-possession as she walked up an avenue of armies in file was one of the grandest sights of my day. The Duke of St. Albans was grand treasurer of England, and the Duchess was one of the most ladylike persons ever born.'

'I was summoned to London again, as singer's year at the Theatre of the Victoria to Prince Albert.'

The professor came to America in 1849 he says on \$75,000. His money was in stocks with incidents of his early life in England, and his subsequent life in this country, including his military service during the late war. He is engaged in writing his reminiscences, and frequently writes short poems.

Prof. Crouch has composed a number of songs besides the world famous air of "Kathleen Mavourneen."—Baltimore Sun.

Queen of Madagascar.
It is a little more than twelve years since Ranavalona III., the present sovereign, was raised to the throne and immediately afterwards married by Rainilaiyvy, Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, the Warwick and Queen-maker of Madagascar. He has, however, not found her quite so pliable in his hands and subservient to his wishes as the estimable lady who formerly enjoyed the honor. Having become a Christian while under the instruction of the missionaries of the London Society, she zealously followed in the paths of kindness and benevolence which her illustrious predecessor, Ranavalona the Good, so nobly had trod before her. But, though still very young, she manifests far more independence of character, and rumor has it that the disagreements between herself and the Prime Minister have of late become more marked. She came to the throne in 1883, when the last war had just broken out, and it was her duty on several occasions during its progress to appear before the assembled thousands of her warriors and stimulate them by a few energetic and stirring words to a brave defence of the kingdom. "I am a woman," she said, "but I have the heart of a man, and I fight with you. You and you to myself with those who would do you to death. God forbid that we should become slaves of the foreigners." Quite recently she was seen at the great Kariary, at which the Queen made use of similar patriotic language amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitude. As the danger becomes more imminent the spirit of patriotism apparently grows, and it would not be surprising, notwithstanding the rumors of treachery

Selected Literature.

A TELEGRAPHIC COURSHIP.

I was on the verge of tears, and with a husky voice, I cried out, sinking into a chair, and holding up my hands deprecatingly: 'Don't say another word! You will set me wild. If you will not tell me where to find Nellie, I went on, in desperation, will you please tell her that I have been a bad, wicked girl, and—and—and—there is no such person as Ned Clayborn. It started in fun, and—and—please let me go to her. She will understand me so much better than you can explain it.'

'No such person as Ned Clayborn? My dear young lady, I must beg leave to differ with you. That is the name of the young man who, in three short weeks, is to marry Miss Merton. Surely he is not dead?' he added, in consternation.

'Oh, will you not understand? It was all a joke at first. I thought it would be great fun, and so I—well, I am Ned Clayborn, and after a time we became engaged—all in fun, too; (here I laughed hysterically); I tried to stop, but I was so wicked I could not, and now poor Nellie will break her heart, and—and—and—and I broke down and began to cry in a miserable way.'

'Unlike most men, my compassion was not in the least disconnected at sight of tears but simply laughed, and long. Presently the laughter ceased; and I heard uneasy movements in the chair occupied by my companion; then he got up and paced about restlessly. Pretty soon a light tuck fell upon my arm, and his voice, very gentle and kind said: 'Nellie is here to receive your confession and forgiveness.'

I dried my eyes, and looked up, but saw no one but the tall young man who was looking at me very earnestly.

'Where is she?' I asked, ready to cry again.

'Here,' he said, holding out his hand. Instinctively, I put my hand into it, and it closed over it firmly.

'I also have a confession to make,' he said, earnestly. 'I thought you were another young fellow like myself, and wishing to relieve the tedium of these long, monotonous days, struck up a flirtation. I intended some day to mention the young man and have it out with him, when you came with your strange confession.'

'In short,' he ended, abruptly, 'I am Nellie Merton. And you are Ned Clayborn? Come, dry your eyes, Ned; you're Nellie's not heart-broken at the turn of affairs.'

After staring at him in silent amazement for the space of five seconds, the truth of the whole matter began to dawn upon my confused brain. My face grew hot with indignation. I snatched my hand from his and sprang to my feet.

'You are a mean contemptible fellow!' I cried.

He did not reply, but stood looking at me from his superior height.

'It was a hundred times meaner in you, because your object was a woman. I will never forgive you, if I live to be a thousand.'

'Isn't that rather paradoxical, considering the fact you thought I was a woman, and you were enacting the role of the coronation. She demanded her rights as a Duchess, and consequently could not be degraded. She entered alone, and her magnificent stage effect and self-possession as she walked up an avenue of armies in file was one of the grandest sights of my day. The Duke of St. Albans was grand treasurer of England, and the Duchess was one of the most ladylike persons ever born.'

'I was summoned to London again, as singer's year at the Theatre of the Victoria to Prince Albert.'

The professor came to America in 1849 he says on \$75,000. His money was in stocks with incidents of his early life in England, and his subsequent life in this country, including his military service during the late war. He is engaged in writing his reminiscences, and frequently writes short poems.

Prof. Crouch has composed a number of songs besides the world famous air of "Kathleen Mavourneen."—Baltimore Sun.

Queen of Madagascar.
It is a little more than twelve years since Ranavalona III., the present sovereign, was raised to the throne and immediately afterwards married by Rainilaiyvy, Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, the Warwick and Queen-maker of Madagascar. He has, however, not found her quite so pliable in his hands and subservient to his wishes as the estimable lady who formerly enjoyed the honor. Having become a Christian while under the instruction of the missionaries of the London Society, she zealously followed in the paths of kindness and benevolence which her illustrious predecessor, Ranavalona the Good, so nobly had trod before her. But, though still very young, she manifests far more independence of character, and rumor has it that the disagreements between herself and the Prime Minister have of late become more marked. She came to the throne in 1883, when the last war had just broken out, and it was her duty on several occasions during its progress to appear before the assembled thousands of her warriors and stimulate them by a few energetic and stirring words to a brave defence of the kingdom. "I am a woman," she said, "but I have the heart of a man, and I fight with you. You and you to myself with those who would do you to death. God forbid that we should become slaves of the foreigners." Quite recently she was seen at the great Kariary, at which the Queen made use of similar patriotic language amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitude. As the danger becomes more imminent the spirit of patriotism apparently grows, and it would not be surprising, notwithstanding the rumors of treachery

WHAT THE SPIDER SAID.

'I was spinning a web in the rose vine, and the spider, and the little girl, and the thread knotted and her needs broke, and her eyes were full of tears. "I can't do it," she cried. "I can't! I can't!"

'Then her mother came, and bade her look at me. Now every time I spun a piece, silky thread, and tried to fasten it on one branch to another, the wind blew and tore it away.'

Selected Literature.

A TELEGRAPHIC COURSHIP.

I was on the verge of tears, and with a husky voice, I cried out, sinking into a chair, and holding up my hands deprecatingly: 'Don't say another word! You will set me wild. If you will not tell me where to find Nellie, I went on, in desperation, will you please tell her that I have been a bad, wicked girl, and—and—and—there is no such person as Ned Clayborn. It started in fun, and—and—please let me go to her. She will understand me so much better than you can explain it.'

'No such person as Ned Clayborn? My dear young lady, I must beg leave to differ with you. That is the name of the young man who, in three short weeks, is to marry Miss Merton. Surely he is not dead?' he added, in consternation.

'Oh, will you not understand? It was all a joke at first. I thought it would be great fun, and so I—well, I am Ned Clayborn, and after a time we became engaged—all in fun, too; (here I laughed hysterically); I tried to stop, but I was so wicked I could not, and now poor Nellie will break her heart, and—and—and—and I broke down and began to cry in a miserable way.'

'Unlike most men, my compassion was not in the least disconnected at sight of tears but simply laughed, and long. Presently the laughter ceased; and I heard uneasy movements in the chair occupied by my companion; then he got up and paced about restlessly. Pretty soon a light tuck fell upon my arm, and his voice, very gentle and kind said: 'Nellie is here to receive your confession and forgiveness.'

I dried my eyes, and looked up, but saw no one but the tall young man who was looking at me very earnestly.

'Where is she?' I asked, ready to cry again.

'Here,' he said, holding out his hand. Instinctively, I put my hand into it, and it closed over it firmly.

'I also have a confession to make,' he said, earnestly. 'I thought you were another young fellow like myself, and wishing to relieve the tedium of these long, monotonous days, struck up a flirtation. I intended some day to mention the young man and have it out with him, when you came with your strange confession.'

'In short,' he ended, abruptly, 'I am Nellie Merton. And you are Ned Clayborn? Come, dry your eyes, Ned; you're Nellie's not heart-broken at the turn of affairs.'

After staring at him in silent amazement for the space of five seconds, the truth of the whole matter began to dawn upon my confused brain. My face grew hot with indignation. I snatched my hand from his and sprang to my feet.

'You are a mean contemptible fellow!' I cried.

He did not reply, but stood looking at me from his superior height.

'It was a hundred times meaner in you, because your object was a woman. I will never forgive you, if I live to be a thousand.'

'Isn't that rather paradoxical, considering the fact you thought I was a woman, and you were enacting the role of the coronation. She demanded her rights as a Duchess, and consequently could not be degraded. She entered alone, and her magnificent stage effect and self-possession as she walked up an avenue of armies in file was one of the grandest sights of my day. The Duke of St. Albans was grand treasurer of England, and the Duchess was one of the most ladylike persons ever born.'

'I was summoned to London again, as singer's year at the Theatre of the Victoria to Prince Albert.'

The professor came to America in 1849 he says on \$75,000. His money was in stocks with incidents of his early life in England, and his subsequent life in this country, including his military service during the late war. He is engaged in writing his reminiscences, and frequently writes short poems.

Prof. Crouch has composed a number of songs besides the world famous air of "Kathleen Mavourneen."—Baltimore Sun.

Queen of Madagascar.
It is a little more than twelve years since Ranavalona III., the present sovereign, was raised to the throne and immediately afterwards married by Rainilaiyvy, Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, the Warwick and Queen-maker of Madagascar. He has, however, not found her quite so pliable in his hands and subservient to his wishes as the estimable lady who formerly enjoyed the honor. Having become a Christian while under the instruction of the missionaries of the London Society, she zealously followed in the paths of kindness and benevolence which her illustrious predecessor, Ranavalona the Good, so nobly had trod before her. But, though still very young, she manifests far more independence of character, and rumor has it that the disagreements between herself and the Prime Minister have of late become more marked. She came to the throne in 1883, when the last war had just broken out, and it was her duty on several occasions during its progress to appear before the assembled thousands of her warriors and stimulate them by a few energetic and stirring words to a brave defence of the kingdom. "I am a woman," she said, "but I have the heart of a man, and I fight with you. You and you to myself with those who would do you to death. God forbid that we should become slaves of the foreigners." Quite recently she was seen at the great Kariary, at which the Queen made use of similar patriotic language amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitude. As the danger becomes more imminent the spirit of patriotism apparently grows, and it would not be surprising, notwithstanding the rumors of treachery

WHAT THE SPIDER SAID.

'I was spinning a web in the rose vine, and the spider, and the little girl, and the thread knotted and her needs broke, and her eyes were full of tears. "I can't do it," she cried. "I can't! I can't!"

'Then her mother came, and bade her look at me. Now every time I spun a piece, silky thread, and tried to fasten it on one branch to another, the wind blew and tore it away.'

Selected Literature.

A TELEGRAPHIC COURSHIP.

I was on the verge of tears, and with a husky voice, I cried out, sinking into a chair, and holding up my hands deprecatingly: 'Don't say another word! You will set me wild. If you will not tell me where to find Nellie, I went on, in desperation, will you please tell her that I have been a bad, wicked girl, and—and—and—there is no such person as Ned Clayborn. It started in fun, and—and—please let me go to her. She will understand me so much better than you can explain it.'

'No such person as Ned Clayborn? My dear young lady, I must beg leave to differ with you. That is the name of the young man who, in three short weeks, is to marry Miss Merton. Surely he is not dead?' he added, in consternation.

'Oh, will you not understand? It was all a joke at first. I thought it would be great fun, and so I—well, I am Ned Clayborn, and after a time we became engaged—all in fun, too; (here I laughed hysterically); I tried to stop, but I was so wicked I could not, and now poor Nellie will break her heart, and—and—and—and I broke down and began to cry in a miserable way.'

'Unlike most men, my compassion was not in the least disconnected at sight of tears but simply laughed, and long. Presently the laughter ceased; and I heard uneasy movements in the chair occupied by my companion; then he got up and paced about restlessly. Pretty soon a light tuck fell upon my arm, and his voice, very gentle and kind said: 'Nellie is here to receive your confession and forgiveness.'

I dried my eyes, and looked up, but saw no one but the tall young man who was looking at me very earnestly.

'Where is she?' I asked, ready to cry again.

'Here,' he said, holding out his hand. Instinctively, I put my hand into it, and it closed over it firmly.

'I also have a confession to make,' he said, earnestly. 'I thought you were another young fellow like myself, and wishing to relieve the tedium of these long, monotonous days, struck up a flirtation. I intended some day to mention the young man and have it out with him, when you came with your strange confession.'

'In short,' he ended, abruptly, 'I am Nellie Merton. And you are Ned Clayborn? Come, dry your eyes, Ned; you're Nellie's not heart-broken at the turn of affairs.'

After staring at him in silent amazement for the space of five seconds, the truth of the whole matter began to dawn upon my confused brain. My face grew hot with indignation. I snatched my hand from his and sprang to my feet.

'You are a mean contemptible fellow!' I cried.

He did not reply, but stood looking at me from his superior height.

'It was a hundred times meaner in you, because your object was a woman. I will never forgive you, if I live to be a thousand.'

'Isn't that rather paradoxical, considering the fact you thought I was a woman, and you were enacting the role of the coronation. She demanded her rights as a Duchess, and consequently could not be degraded. She entered alone, and her magnificent stage effect and self-possession as she walked up an avenue of armies in file was one of the grandest sights of my day. The Duke of St. Albans was grand treasurer of England, and the Duchess was one of the most ladylike persons ever born.'

'I was summoned to London again, as singer's year at the Theatre of the Victoria to Prince Albert.'

The professor came to America in 1849 he says on \$75,000. His money was in stocks with incidents of his early life in England, and his subsequent life in this country, including his military service during the late war. He is engaged in writing his reminiscences, and frequently writes short poems.

Prof. Crouch has composed a number of songs besides the world famous air of "Kathleen Mavourneen."—Baltimore Sun.

Queen of Madagascar.
It is a little more than twelve years since Ranavalona III., the present sovereign, was raised to the throne and immediately afterwards married by Rainilaiyvy, Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, the Warwick and Queen-maker of Madagascar. He has, however, not found her quite so pliable in his hands and subservient to his wishes as the estimable lady who formerly enjoyed the honor. Having become a Christian while under the instruction of the missionaries of the London Society, she zealously followed in the paths of kindness and benevolence which her illustrious predecessor, Ranavalona the Good, so nobly had trod before her. But, though still very young, she manifests far more independence of character, and rumor has it that the disagreements between herself and the Prime Minister have of late become more marked. She came to the throne in 1883, when the last war had just broken out, and it was her duty on several occasions during its progress to appear before the assembled thousands of her warriors and stimulate them by a few energetic and stirring words to a brave defence of the kingdom. "I am a woman," she said, "but I have the heart of a man, and I fight with you. You and you to myself with those who would do you to death. God forbid that we should become slaves of the foreigners." Quite recently she was seen at the great Kariary, at which the Queen made use of similar patriotic language amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitude. As the danger becomes more imminent the spirit of patriotism apparently grows, and it would not be surprising, notwithstanding the rumors of treachery

WHAT THE SPIDER SAID.

'I was spinning a web in the rose vine, and the spider, and the little girl, and the thread knotted and her needs broke, and her eyes were full of tears. "I can't do it," she cried. "I can't! I can't!"

'Then her mother came, and bade her look at me. Now every time I spun a piece, silky thread, and tried to fasten it on one branch to another, the wind blew and tore it away.'

Selected Literature.

A TELEGRAPHIC COURSHIP.

I was on the verge of tears, and with a husky voice, I cried out, sinking into a chair, and holding up my hands deprecatingly: 'Don't say another word! You will set me wild. If you will not tell me where to find Nellie, I went on, in desperation, will you please tell her that I have been a bad, wicked girl, and—and—and—there is no such person as Ned Clayborn. It started in fun, and—and—please let me go to her. She will understand me so much better than you can explain it.'

'No such person as Ned Clayborn? My dear young lady, I must beg leave to differ with you. That is the name of the young man who, in three short weeks, is to marry Miss Merton. Surely he is not dead?' he added, in consternation.

'Oh, will you not understand? It was all a joke at first. I thought it would be great fun, and so I—well, I am Ned Clayborn, and after a time we became engaged—all in fun, too; (here I laughed hysterically); I tried to stop, but I was so wicked I could not, and now poor Nellie will break her heart, and—and—and—and I broke down and began to cry in a miserable way.'

'Unlike most men, my compassion was not in the least disconnected at sight of tears but simply laughed, and long. Presently the laughter ceased; and I heard uneasy movements in the chair occupied by my companion; then he got up and paced about restlessly. Pretty soon a light tuck fell upon my arm, and his voice, very gentle and kind said: 'Nellie is here to receive your confession and forgiveness.'

I dried my eyes, and looked up, but saw no one but the tall young man who was looking at me very earnestly.