

THE ALBERT STAR, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5, 1894.

A Night of Terror.

By Mrs. Alexander.

The Hon. Mrs. St. George was busy entering items in her weekly account book, and generally examining the bills of the month one cold morning a good many years ago. She was a tall, thin, gray-haired woman, with an aquiline nose and distinguished air, which cast a reflection of grandeur on the diminutive size of her tiny house in O'Pace, S. W.

She was still frowning over the butcher's book when the door was hastily opened by a bright-looking girl of 18 or 19, with shining nut brown hair and laughing eyes of no particular color, a slightly "up-tiptoe" nose, and red lips parting to speak over a set of pearly teeth. She held a note open in her hand, and came almost at a run toward the severe-looking lady who was studying her books and who looked at her sternly.

"Is the house on fire, Clara? Pray, shut the door!"

"Do read this note from Aline Carson, auntie. I suppose I may go!" Mrs. St. George took the note and read it slowly. "Marvell," she said, turning the note to look again at the address, "does that mean the lunatic asylum?"

"Yes."

"Aline Carson," repeated Mrs. St. George. "Is that rather elegant girl who called on you last week the daughter of—?"

"Yes, auntie," interrupted Clara, eagerly. "She is the only daughter of the celebrated Dr. Carson, who does such wonders by kindness, with the insane. You know her—?"

"An excellent person, no doubt," interrupted Mrs. St. George in her turn. "But not exactly the sort of host for you."

"Why?" said Clara, opening her eyes in genuine astonishment.

"These experimental doctors can scarcely be considered gentlemen."

"Aunt Honor!" indignantly, "Dr. Carson is a perfect gentleman! He has always been proud of knowing him! He is so good and clever, quite wonderful! I have set my heart on this visit to Marvell, and I shall be leaving town so soon."

"If your father does not object, Clara, it is no affair of mine," returned her aunt, coldly. "How did you come to know these people?"

"Aline and I were at school together for nearly three years at Versailles. During the short holidays Dr. and Mrs. Carson always came over and spent them at Versailles—not to take Aline across the Channel—she was rather delighted, and they were, oh! so kind to me! Aline was staying with you, as you see, at Inkerman, and it is so unlikely that she and her mother were away all the first part of my stay with you. Well, then, auntie, shall I write to say that I will go on Thursday?"

"Thursday?" taking a list of engagements from a letter rack, "why that is the 25th, the day of Mrs. de Tracy's dance, the last of the season."

"I don't care the least about it. I would much rather go to the Carson's, unless," checking herself, "you want me to go with you?"

"No!" abruptly. "There is no use in talking to you. I shall write to accept. There is just time to post her for 11 o'clock."

The days which intervened before the appointed Thursday were not exactly pleasant for Clara. She was not in the good graces of her stately relative, who, nevertheless, designed to drive her to Paddington Station, in her net brougham, and sent her almost clerical-looking manservant to take her niece's ticket and see her safely into the train. A short run of barely an hour brought Clara Rivers to her destination, where her friend awaited her, and after a delightful greeting drove her in a pretty little pony carriage by green lanes and past groups of grand trees to the large establishment which Mr. Carson ruled.

The merry chatter of the two girls—recalling of former experiences—looking Aline's treasures of clothes and books, photographs, and sketches, not to mention tea with Mrs. Carson, a pleasant, easy-tempered woman, made time fly fast, and it was soon time to dress for dinner.

"What charming grounds!" said Clara, looking out of the window of her bedroom, while her friend glanced round to see that nothing was wanting for the guest's comfort.

"Yes, my father is very particular about them. At the other side there is a wood and a large lawn, but this wing is quite ours. The patients' quarters are in the right from this room."

"Are you ever nervous about them, Aline?"

"Oh, no. The poor things that are really bad are far away in the left wing. The quiet, reasonable ones are in the right wing."

"Oh, yes. When it is said. When my father thinks it will do them good they come to the right wing. Mr. and Mrs. and I go to my rooms with them."

"Your brother Harry?"

"My half-brother. You remember he came to see me at Versailles the winter before last? You know he is mother's son. Mother was Mrs. Vigors before she married father. He has often asked about you. I hoped he would be here today. He has been away on a walking tour in the Pyrenees, but I'm afraid he may not come till Monday. He is not due at Wootton till Tuesday or Wednesday. You know he is a gambler. Now I will leave you to dress."

"You make us forget the time, my dear Major. We ought to be going to meet like honest folk."

visit paid by her friend's brother to their Versailles school, Clara descended to the drawing-room, meeting her friend at the door. Aline Carson was a tall, slim, stately-looking demure, with fair hair and blue eyes; she was about a year older than Clara, and much more decided in character and manner. The girls made a pretty contrasted pair as they entered together. Mrs. Carson was seated in her favorite chair, stroking a beautiful Persian cat, which sat on her lap, and the doctor was conversing with a well set up, well dressed, soldierly looking man, not tall, but broad shoulders and strongly built. His face was rugged and stern, and a scar as of a sabre-cut, crossed his forehead, and his eyes seemed his left eye. Clara thought she had never seen such piercing glowing dark eyes before.

Dr. Carson welcomed his young guest with kindly warmth, and presented the gentleman with whom he was speaking as Major Delmege.

"I presume you need not wait for Harry?" said the doctor to his wife.

"No," she returned; "he would be here by this if he were coming. We shall not see him now till to-morrow," and she sang for dinner, which was almost immediately announced.

Clara found herself vivacious with the Major, who from time to time looked at her with almost alarming fixity, only at intervals, however, for he gave all his serious attention to his dinner. Judging from his performance she imagined it must have been a considerable time since he had dined properly. At length his appetite was appeased and he began to talk with his host and hostess, by degrees absorbing most of his conversation; and very interesting his talk was. He had been a great traveler—had traversed Asia from the north, entering India from Mongolia, and finally journeying in Ceylon, where he formed a devoted friendship with a Buddhist priest, whose disciple he and who initiated him into the wonders of occultism—some of the strange doctrines of which he was proceeding to expound when Mrs. Carson retired to her chamber, and he was left listening open-mouthed to the Major's descriptions of the first man, according to the Theosophic ideas.

"Poor Major Delmege!" said Mrs. Carson, as she drew her chair to the open window and sat down to inhale the delightful odors of the garden. "He was growing quite excited, when your father looked at me. We must make him sing when he comes in."

"Still my father has great hopes of him," said Aline.

"Why? can it be possible," began Clara.

"Yes, indeed!" interrupted Mrs. Carson. "He is a patient of my husband's, and a very interesting one. He was badly wounded in the head, as you see, at Inkerman, and has been subject to curious illusions ever since, though in some respects quite reasonable."

"Is he very dangerous?" asked Clara, a little anxiously.

"No. When he first came he was inclined to quarrel with the men, but he was always nice to Aline and to myself. He has a fine voice; we must get him to sing. It always calms him."

A short silence ensued.

Clara did not at all like the idea of passing the evening in Major Delmege's presence. His eyes had frightened her. It was all very well, these benevolent experiments of Dr. Carson's—but he ought not to prosecute them when he had guests.

While she thought, the Major, followed by his host, came into the drawing-room. His eyes immediately sought Clara's with a somewhat wistful expression, but he sat down beside Mrs. Carson, and talked to her in a low voice for a few minutes, while the doctor began to question Clara about her experiences of a London season, and she was forgetting her uneasiness when Mrs. Carson said, "light the candles on the piano, Aline, my dear. The Major will give us one of his own songs."

That gentleman rose and walked over to Clara.

"Excuse me," he said, with a wonderful pleasant smile. "I did not catch your name when I was presented to you, and you remind me of an—old friend."

"Oh, my name is Rivers," said Clara nervously.

"Rivers! No!" shaking his head; "that tells me nothing. Still, even the semblance of a familiar face is welcome. To-morrow, if you will allow me, I will bring the picture of a lady whom I fancy you resemble."

"Now Major Delmege," interrupted Mrs. Carson. He immediately obeyed, and seating himself at the piano struck some chords with a fine strong touch. The works and music are both mine."

"But you will sing, will you not, my dear Major?" asked Aline, with whom he seemed very friendly.

"I will," he said, "I will sing you a camp song that our fellows were fond of when we were before Sebastopol. It's rough, you know, addressing himself to Clara, "but you cannot expect much from an uncultivated soldier. The works and music are both mine."

He dashed into a martial prelude, like a march, and in a rich, powerful, but untrained voice, trilled forth some verses with a refrain ending in "Comrades mine." The air was spirited and catching, and charmed Clara, who was exceedingly fond of music.

Once set down to the piano, the Major seemed disposed to remain there till the following morning. He sang song after song in a variety of languages, playing airs and dances of the wildest description, till the doctor arrested him. "You make us forget the time, my dear Major. We ought to be going to meet like honest folk."

You must give us the pleasure again when Harry comes. You know how much he loves 'Comrades mine.'"

Major Delmege started up. "I have forgotten myself!" he exclaimed, "you ought to have sent me away sooner."

He bade them a hasty good-night, holding Clara's hand for a moment longer than he need, and murmuring, "I shall see you again," and departed, followed by Dr. Carson.

"What a wonderful man! What a play to be so clever and yet so insane! Did he compose all those songs himself?" cried Clara.

"Oh, no!" said Aline, "some of them I know are not his, but several are—"

"He is rather excited to-night," added Mrs. Carson, "and the doctor had such hopes of him. I must say I always am a little afraid of his growing worse."

"Come, Clara," said Aline, "let us go to bed," and she carried her young friend off for a little further private conversation before they resigned themselves to sleep. Sleeping, however, they were not long in waking. Aline soon left her to repose, having made plans for riding to a "show" place in the neighborhood next day. Clara closed the door, locked it, and seeing a bolt above, shot it carefully, then she turned to look at the moonlight grounds before she drew down the blind, and prepared for bed.

When she returned to the dressing-room she perceived that a slight recess to the right of the window there was another door she had not seen before. It evidently opened into the central division of the house. She was a little startled, but she did not think about it, where it led to and if the key was on the other side, for it certainly was not in the lock.

She tried the handle. The door was immovable.

"Probably Aline has locked it and taken away the key," she said to herself. "I must not let myself be silly."

With this resolve she undressed, put out her candle and lay down to rest.

But though tired sleep would not come to her. She shut her eyes close, still she could not help seeing the strangely-marked features of Major Delmege, his curious half fierce, half wistful eyes. She was interested in him, but she opened her eyes close, then she tried to recall Harry Vigors, as a more agreeable object of thought. He had not made much impression on her, but she did remember him as a tall, soldierly-looking man, with a full face, full of life and fun, always ready for a bit of mischief, though sharp and clever with a good opinion of himself.

How tiresome it was she could not sleep. Now she opened her eyes close, and watched the shadows of the trees thrown on the blind by the moon—there at last she lost consciousness, only to dream uneasily of her host's patient, who seemed to be playing backgammon with her Aunt Honor's and finally threw his dice-box at that stately personage's gray curls.

She woke at this with a sudden conviction that there was a noise in the next room or passage and a rushing sound outside the house. She sat up and listened intently; no, the sounds must have been part of her dream. Now she only heard the distant barking of a dog. How long had she slept? She had left both candle and matches on the dressing table, and she felt strangely reluctant to get out of bed and fetch them.

What was that? A quick, soft footfall passing her door. The door opening on the passage which led to the staircase. Her heart beat, she could almost hear it. If, oh, if she could escape to Aline's room! But she dared not! She was now in a further stage of fear she slipped out of bed, and groped her way to where she had thrown her dressing gown over a chair and put it on, felt for the candle (the moon had now gone down), found it, but in so doing knocked the matches off the table, and fell as she would on the carpet, she could not hit on them. Should she scream for help? No, for the terrible creature at the other side of that frail door might be irritated into punning on her, and silencing her forever! There was a pause in the walking and footstep were heard, growing fainter, then louder. Next the handle of the door near which she crouched was tried by a strong hand, and a voice—not the mad Major's—a young, pleasant voice, asked "What's the matter? What's up? Can I help you?"

"Who—who is there?" sobbed Clara through the keyhole.

"Vigors—Harry Vigors! Can I help you?"

"Oh, thank God! thank God! Take me to Aline. Is it safe—is it safe?"

"Yes, safe enough if you will open the door."

And Clara, regardless of her dishevelled hair, her thin white dressing gown, her tear-stained eyes, swiftly opened the door and rushed into the arms of a tall man in a robe de chambre of Indian s. ft. who stood outside, having evidently deposited his shaded candle on a small table close by.

"Great heavens! Miss Rivers!" he exclaimed, holding her up tenderly. "What has happened?"

"Oh! take me to Aline! Before he comes out and murders you too!"

"The mad man—Major Delmege! He has been trying to burst open the door into my room. I—"

"Major Delmege! He is over so far off! The room next yours is mine! I came so late that I did not disturb any one, but just turned in to my own quarters. I had no idea that there was any one next to me. I threw my postmaster against the door into your room, which must have started you. I am awfully sorry. Do forgive me! Why, you are trembling like a leaf. No, I am sure you can't stand alone. Shall I bring my sister to you?"

"No," returned Clara, feeling vaguely it was rather too informal to stand there in such a dishevelled, cuddled up, in that protesting fashion by an almost total stranger. "No, I can go to my room, and she disengaged herself from him, "but you must come with me."

"Certainly," said Vigors, taking up his candle and preceding her. "I can never forgive myself for frightening you!" Aline got up. Here is Miss Rivers, wants you!" and he partially opened the door.

"Harry! What on earth has happened!" cried Aline, struggling into a wrapper and striking a light. "Why, Clara, you look like a ghost!"

A hasty explanation followed, Clara sheltering herself in a big armchair. "I am so distressed, dear, that I did not see the door into Harry's room is always fastened up—been for years!"

"Oh, it's all right now, thank God! Thank God!" said Clara, bursting into tears.

"Go away, Harry," said his sister, in a low voice. "How is it you were so late?"

"Oh, we came by Chertsey and Southampton, and did not reach Waterloo till past 10, then I missed the 11.30 at Paddington. Isay, Aline, can't I get anything for her? She is awfully upset."

"Your best place is to disappear! I will take care of her, and let us not say anything to father about it."

The next day Clara was nearly herself again.

Though looking pale and feeling nervous, she managed to ride, and found Vigors the most thoughtful and careful of cavaliers. Indeed, but having detailed the horrors of a night in Marvell, I have no right to prolong the story.

The Oldest City in the World.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Ninevah and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—a predestinated capital with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries.

It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light from heaven above the brightness of the sun," the street which is called "St. Paul's," in which it was said "he prayeth," still runs through the city.

The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the same old sea and water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their wailers." The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighing height, and was afraid to enter, "because it is given to man to have but on paradise, and, for his part, he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to this day what Julian called "the eye of the East," so it was at the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII. The Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artists in Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic painting, and seal rings united—called Damascus—its which boxes and buttons, and swords, and guns were ornamented.

It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams from Lebanon, the "rivers of Damascus," are "the eye of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian gardens."

A traveler lately in Madagascar said recently that a person can keep house, live well and keep three servants for about seventy cents a week. A hired girl would be paralyzed with astonishment if paid more than six cents per week, and a washerwoman thinks she has a soft soap at three cents per day.

Has Five Thousand Bods.

What is doubtless the largest hospital, benevolent institution and free school combined is in Turin, Italy, according to a consular report. It is called the Cottolengo, and is three stories high, in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. It has 5,000 beds, over 4,000 being constantly occupied. The connecting wing, forming the street front, contains the office, engraving, walking and other rooms. Numerous pavilions, cottages, school-houses and workshops occupy the grounds, separated by small but well-kept, gardens and yards, giving plenty of light and adding cheerfulness to the conglomerate of stone structures. The whole being scrupulously clean, a pleasing, homelike effect is secured.

Six years ago a poor monk named Cottolengo founded this institute on money solicited by begging. Its support is still obtained in this manner and by private, mostly anonymous, contributions from one day to another. No sick asking for treatment, nor any healthy person needing shelter have ever been refused admittance. If the latter is in extreme poverty and wants work and cannot get it outside it is given him here.

Homeless boys and girls receive free schooling. They learn how to read and write, knitting, sewing, embroidery or a trade. So do men and women, the trades of carpenter, shoemaker, tailor, printer, bookbinder, baker and cordwainer being practically taught. The more skilful laborers are placed in the repairing department. There is constant work for the hospital; also work to fill orders coming from the outside.

Deaf mutes, the blind, incurable idiots, fallen women and picked-up children are taken in and cared for. Anyone needing a roof over his head, so long as he is present and willing to work, and not a criminal, finds a welcome home here, provided he is willing to work in exchange for shelter and a good meal. The Cottolengo is a city in itself, managed by a committee of business men and physicians, ministered to by a priest and attended by a sisterhood. The question, however, whether the applicant be Catholic or not has never been raised.

How a gigantic establishment like this can be run without a fixed income seems to be a mystery. Still it is done, and it has worked well without a hitch for over half a century, growing steadily in the meanwhile in dimensions and in popularity.

Pets of the Great.

The Car possesses a huge bear bound to which he is devotedly attached. The animal was presented to him by the King of Denmark just after the railway accident at Borj, in which the Emperor lost a favorite dog. The dog sleeps by his master's bedside, and is always with the Car in his antechamber. If the dog growls at anybody that enters, it is said that they are not received well by the Emperor, who often remarks: "The dog knows my friends much better than I do."

The Queen of the Belgians is a great lover of horses, and has remarkable talent for teaching her favorite tricks. She possesses a small pony which can do no fewer than fifty tricks. The Countess of Planders, too, is passionately fond of dogs; she has six always with her, among them a poodle who is remarkably clever.

The Shah of Persia possesses no fewer than 3,000 cats. His favorite puss, Babr Kahn, a beautiful Angora, cats out of his master's plate.

The constant companion of the King of Greece is a sharp little mongrel dog, who attacked himself to King George during maneuvers and refused to be separated from him.

"The Thunderer."

The London "Times" reaps \$45,000 a year by its birth, marriage and death columns.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SALISBURY.

Express for St. John (daily) 7.30
Express for Moncton, Saint-John and Halifax 8.15
Express for St. John 8.30
Express for Moncton 8.45
Express for Halifax 8.55
Accommodation for St. John 9.15

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

In effect Monday, Oct. 1st, 1894. Trains will run daily (excepted) by Eastern Standard Time.

Leave Harvey 6.00
Leave Albert 6.15
Leave Hillsboro 6.30
Arrive Salisbury 7.20
Leave Salisbury 8.00
Leave Hillsboro 8.15
Leave Albert 8.30
Arrive Harvey 8.45

Connections made with Morning Express leaving St. John at 7.00 for points East and North, and with Quebec Express for points West. This Time Table shows what from the several stations, but it is not guaranteed for any delay resulting from failure to make connections as directed.

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