

THE ADVERTISER

MY FIANCE'S GLASS EYE

He was tall, dark, and, to my taste, altogether charming. Last evening, for the first time, we walked in the winding walks of the park. The straight avenue, which stretched itself within view of the house, had been, until now, the only witness of our confidence.

I loved dearly this avenue, with its great oak trees at regular intervals, short, the benches for talking quite at one's ease, the green grass all around and beyond. When one wandered off a bit, the lime walkway, paved, by the light of the setting sun, great, wide, open eyes, all smiling at our happiness.

"Walk along the avenue with Monsieur de Valente, Angèle," my mother had said to me at the beginning of our engagement. "The path in the park are altogether too damp."

And I walked along the avenue, gaily, resisting Raoul—he was named Raoul, who appeared to have, I know not why, a marked preference for the shaded paths.

"Mamma says the narrow paths are damp. Had we not better remain here?" That evening, however, my head was turned, and something tugged at my heart-strings—he was to leave the next day to buy up some paper necessary for our marriage.

Eight days without seeing him? How could I live? And he, taking advantage of my trouble, made me turn into the damp, narrow walk, which, by the way, in spite of bad reputation, seemed to me as dry as possible.

"My Angèle, you are not going to forget me during these eight days?" "Forget you? No! I would have lifted my hands to take Heaven as a witness that such a thing could never happen if he had not been so tightly clasped in his arms. It is not my habit to lose myself in sentimental protestations—my heart is too certain, and this time not more than at others did I play my native false.

"Raoul, you love him, do you not? Well, then, I wish to tell you all my faults, I shall be more tranquil if you know them beforehand. You would see them sooner or later; so listen. I am very wild, I will not yield to you. You may as well make up your mind to it. Then I am as inflammable as gun-powder. I stamp my foot, I scream, I even cry at times. I am very impatient, I pass quickly. Besides that, I am a coquette, like all women. You will not be jealous, I hope. And Angèle, I am quite a little bit of a gossip. I can't quite tell a little gentleman's faults, not wicked, not despicable—I find nothing else. As to the physical, what can I have wrong there? You must know that also, as I am of my fingers nails is not quite the same as the others. Look; but it seems to me that that's not too ugly."

And, releasing my hand, I showed him a little pink nail, a little squarer than the others, a very innocent eccentricity of nature. Raoul laughed and wanted to kiss it, but I drew away my hand. "I have also long, thin, white teeth, which is gone forever, alas! I can never altogether be wise. They took it out because it came too soon, and, sir, it is our curse. Confess yourself, Angèle, visibly embarrassed, remained silent.

"Go on, have courage. You may be quite exact—I shall not scold. I do not know your faults, but it is quite certain you have some. In the first place, you are near-sighted, for you wear a monocle instead of an eye-glass, which, it seems to me, you would see much better. Mamma says that that glass causes you to make such fearful mistakes, but I don't think so; I please me as you are. However, take out the eye-glass, so that I can see how you look when your face isn't crooked."

I had seated with a little gentle gesture, the string of the monocle, when Raoul stopped my hand. "No, my little Angèle, leave it there. Without it I should no longer see you. I am near-sighted, very near-sighted, it is true; and I want to see you, Angèle, for you are the joy of my life."

"Then, even before I had time to think, he had taken me, drew me to him, and covered my eyes and my hair with kisses. "Raoul, how naughty of you; enough of that, if you please." "Why naughty? Are you not my fiancee, my little darling wife? When I am your wife it will be quite different. Let me go; I will not remain here; it is too dark under these trees."

I had succeeded in releasing myself and holding down my hair, which, under those soft kisses, where flying in all directions, as if charged with electricity, I escaped by running away to a more frequented path. There was no longer any question of making Raoul offend. Hissing violently, I was thinking of quite different matters. The next day he was gone. What a frightful moment this departure when, standing on the front steps, I had turned away my head, so as not to see James gather up the reins, the horses pull together, the victoria sway; in a word, so as not to see they were taking him away from me.

Papa had gone with him to the station, while mamma and I breakfasted alone together. It was dismal in the extreme. Mamma ate as usual, which I couldn't understand. As for myself, I ate only a very little, just enough to sustain me, and even that with difficulty. Every mouthful stuck in my throat. In the midst of the breakfast Justinie opened the door. "Madame, Monsieur de Valente has left his glass eye in his room. Shall I send it to him?" "Had the heavens been opened to let fall on the table, the sun and the moon, I couldn't have felt a greater shock. The end of the world will, perhaps, be nothing to equal it. I repeated with horror: "His glass eye, Justinie?" "Yes, madame; it is on his wash-stand." Mamma grew pale, but remained calm. "Very well, I will leave

the room. We will see if it is necessary to send it to him." I had only two ways to express my intense emotion—sneezing, or burst into convulsive sobs. I chose the latter. "Mamma—mamma, he has a glass eye! Good heavens, is it possible? How horrible! I shall never console myself I shall die of grief."

"Calm yourself, my child, calm yourself. It is ridiculous to put yourself in such a state. This gentleman has deceived us, that is all. I always thought he had rather a queer expression."

"Mamma had risen, and I was sobbing on her breast. "Why did he not tell me? I, who had avowed all my own defects—the wretched tooth, and the anger—all everything! Dear me! How unhappy I am! And only last evening he had said, 'You are the joy of my life.' "Come, calm yourself; don't cry."

"I tell you it is ridiculous. Think of it! How unfortunate it is that things have gone so far. Only eight days before, it is lucky we found it out in time."

I hardly listened. One question burned in my throat. He has another eye to change with, mamma, and he has one which he has used probably put in water to cool. Mamma was horribly worried; I knew never known any one who had a glass eye, and do not care to know how they manage it.

She continued a little monologue all to herself. "It is pleasant! All this trousseau, marked with a V. We will never find the same mark again; and my husband will have to wear one, else. He was so alarmed with this gentleman at first sight. The references were perfect; an excellent character, his college preceptor, one can never forget on that. A pretty discovery, indeed! I always thought there was something extraordinary about him; the individual never pleased me, and I was quite right."

I had raised my head; the vision of the glass eye gazing at me from the depths of whatever basin still troubled me profoundly. But another vision came also to my memory. I saw again my fiancee, so good, so tender. I heard once again all our prospects for the future; all our joys, all our pains, and suddenly it seemed to me to be last evening and a rain of kisses was falling on my hair. I had not said mamma about these kisses; but I felt that I loved Raoul with one eye, and that nothing would induce me to give him up. All my courage came back to me.

"I am sure he must have lost that eye in some honorable, magnificent way; in saving some one, perhaps, or in some other noble, but less such a certainty—no, no, he has such a noble, noble, I quite understand it is something like that."

"What do you say? Are you crazy? Do you think I am going to allow you to marry with such an infirmity? You, my beautiful girl, you are, only seventeen, and with your fortune, and with your beauty, my child, do not waste for yourself a romance of devotion and sacrifice; it is perfectly useless. I will never consent to your marriage with a man with one eye. Should he lose the other, he would be blind, and how agreeable that would be!"

"But, mamma, I will take care of him, and I will love him in spite of his infirmity, in spite of everything nothing will ever separate us. I was in an extraordinary state of exaltation. My sobe began again harder than ever, and I did not promise soon to him, when Justinie reentered the room, her longest face showing every expression of astonishment and stupefaction. "It isn't possible that madame's child can be herself in such a state, because Monsieur de Valente has forgotten his glass eye in his room. I will take care of it, and I will love him in spite of his infirmity, in spite of everything nothing will ever separate us."

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LONDON POLICEMEN.

It costs that City Ten Million a Year for their Services. It costs close upon \$10,000,000 a year to police London. There are in the metropolitan police force 15,000 men of all ranks, and their total cost, including salaries, clothing, and other expenses, amounts to the big figure £1,343,909 a year. Then there is the pay of the commissioners, directors, clerical staff and workmen generally, the maintenance of stations and officers and the thousand and one other things which enter into the operation of the department, which brings the total cost of the machinery for guarding the peace of the British metropolis a few pounds short of £2,000,000 a year.

There are 12,385 ordinary policemen on the force. They are called "constables," there being only one grade below that of sergeant. The pay of a constable varies between 24 shillings a week, the pay of a new recruit, and 488 shillings a week, the maximum pay of an ordinary constable. There were last year 1,099 men on the London police force recruited in a winter and 29 men in summer. This force of constables is supplied to the constables of the various divisions of the metropolis, the constable does not get his supply of clothes from the government stores he receives £3 a year in place of the clothing.

This matter of allowance is an important one to the policeman, and is received by every member of the force. Lodging, for instance, receives an allowance of coal money when they are not living in the stations. Married men get fourpence a week and single men three pence halfpenny a week. Married men living in stations receive 40 pounds of coal a week the year round; single men 40 pounds in winter and 30 pounds in summer. This form of coal and coal allowance amounted to £14,930 last year. The London policeman has by no means so good a job, as far as remuneration is concerned, as his New York policeman, making all allowance for the difference in comparative value of the money, with the exception of a place in comparison with the average Londoner as the New York policeman, when compared with that of the average New Yorker, indeed, even as the London policeman is poorly paid, even as the policeman in England—New York Sun.

Padrowski's Account of Himself. "When I am to appear in public I keep perfectly quiet during the preceding hours. I put on my best clothes immediately after rising every day. I eat with great appetite, and am not in the least a difficult machine to get on. When my recitals are over I feel that a weight has been lifted off my mind, and then I like to join in a little of the fun. I practice at all hours of the day, and at night—sometimes all night, for I have to set me to work to get ready for my grand chance without a piano, and very often practice between the courses at meals or while I am dressing, or while from insomnia consequent to the great strain on my nerves, and although it is not noticeable to the general public, I am a martyr to nervousness. I go through positive tortures when I contemplate playing Liszt's recital myself to absolutely subdue my feelings or they would rise to such a pitch as to prevent my having the least control over my fingers."

An Awful Dream. I had a dream the other night when everything was all right. I saw the baseball club of Galt go down the White Dunes, Bradford, were laughing fit to kill. In front the baseball club of Galt's old towering like an Alp. Each ball was ornamented with a lovely little scaly. Come all ye jolly fellows who live in neighboring Give ear and hear the wondrous deeds were done by Galt's boys. He kept the first base clear of all trespassing. "They were pie," said Mr. Down, a smile upon his lips. As he softly opened up his hands and caught them out for me. Now there was Mister Sower, and Mister Hever, and Mister Mr. Miller on third base were there too. And Scottie he was everywhere where'er a fly ball flew. He put the ball across the plate for scalps to beat the base.

Congre took his snuff pan and snuffed a good home run. And Mister Fowles scooped home before the game was done. Mr. Cran was tipped to bury Galt, at setting of the sun. He faded colors, all duty on the shelf. And clean them up; the champagne is coming back to Galtish. And Billy Smith will stand and watch, and Charlie Madlock smile. And Lapham will come limping home from many a And Tommy Smith, in left, will crouch at Galt's feet. And all the good and rare old photos will sit up on the fence. And Master Geordie Strenam will whisper: "It's in me."

The dear old ghosts, the good old ghosts, will creep their hands and cheer. "Well, all old Jack Anderson like made on his feet. Tommie (couldn't) catch drops a sympathetic tear. The best piece Amie Lantz, and some of the old old Glad because the champagne is coming back to Galtish. —The Khan, in Galtish Measure.

Smokeless Powder Affected by Cold. It has been shown in the course of some recent experiments, which have been made by the Austrian artillery, that the combustible properties of smokeless powder are greatly reduced by such low temperatures as are used in Austria during a somewhat severe winter. Of 28 charges fired with smokeless powder, which has been artificially refrigerated, 35 filled, though only 2 out of 150 failed when the shots were fired at a normally mild temperature.—Ju

Her Last Letter. "Thus we part, wretch, and this is the last letter from your unhappy Anna. P. S. More to-morrow."—Fliegende Blätter.

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GO TO W. J. ROSS, FOR YOUR WALL PAPER, A large assortment to select from Also a good assortment of Window Blinds. Call and see them. Selling at Rock Bottom Prices.

Executors Notice. All persons having legal demands against the estate of Thomas R. Harris, late of the township of Aylesford, County of Kings, merchant, deceased are requested to render their accounts duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment to. ERASER HARRIS, Executors and H. M. F. FRANKLIN, Trustees. 6 mo.