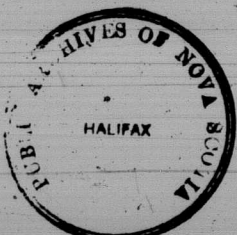


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Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1871.

No. 9.

Literature.

THE SILVER TOKEN.

"There, Tina!"

"Mr. Bruce Medway held triumphantly up two semicircles of silver in the air, so that they might be sure to make a sufficient impression on Ernestine Cady's blue eyes, and smiled with the exulting satisfaction of one who feels that he has accomplished his mission."

He was a bright, earnest-looking young fellow, with gray-brown eyes and a square, firm mouth—not handsome, but very manly; and as he sat there on the green wood-land bank, with the hair thrown back from his broad forehead, and the sunshine mirrored in his eyes, you felt instinctively that he was one who would make his way in the world, no matter what obstacles might intervene."

Ernestine Cady stood leaning against the gnarled, mossy trunk of an immense chestnut-tree, with her little feet half buried in plumes of nodding, fragrant-ferns—a rural picture in blue muslin and fluttering azure ribbons. She was very pretty, with the delicate bloom and freshness of a flower—a flower that winds and frost had never touched."

"Didn't I tell you I should do it, Tina?"

Ernestine took up the little file that lay on the bank.

"I thought it an impossible task with such an implement as that."

"Nothing is impossible," returned Bruce, sententiously, as he passed a bit of blue ribbon through a hole in the broken piece of silver. "Will you let me tie it round your neck, Tina?"

"What for?" But she stooped her pretty head as she spoke, and let him tie the knot beneath a cascade of pale gold curls.

"And I shall wear the other next my heart. They are amulets, Tina—shams, if you choose so to phrase it! That silver piece carries my allegiance with it. Tina, if ever any cloud comes between us—if ever we are separated—"

"Bruce!"

"Such things have happened, dearest; but, nevertheless, in any event, this broken coin shall be a token and a summons to me, wherever I may be—whatever Fate may have in store. Don't look so grave my little blubbird. Is it so very wrong to mingle a bit of romance in our every day life? Where are your flowers!—it is time we were returning."

"She will come—I am sure she will come!"

The dew lay like a rain of diamonds on the grass and shrubs, as Bruce walked up and down the little pathway by the hidden spring, watching the round red shield of the rising sun hanging above the eastern horizon. And then he looked at his watch.

"The train will be due in nine minutes. Surely Tina will not let me leave her without one reconciling word? If we could but live the last week over again! Hush! that must be her footstep on the moss."

The shriek of the coming train sounded through the blue purity of the air, and the last, little faint sparkle of hope in the lover's breast died out.

Tina had not come—Tina had forgotten him. Well, so let it be!

And what was Tina Cady doing in the fresh morning brightness?

"I wonder if Mr. Bruce Medway has come to his senses yet," thought Tina, with a toss of her head. "I shan't measure my actions by the rule and plummet of his lordly will, I can assure him. If I want to flirt with Pierce Marbury I shall do it!"

"So you are up, eh Tina! And as fresh as a rose, I declare."

Tina put her red lips up to kiss her bluff old father in an abstracted sort of way. She hardly saw him as he stood there.

"Oh, by the way, Tina, I forgot to give you this note last night—it was left by the hotel porter. Really,"

I believe my memory isn't quite as good as it was."

Tina caught the note from her father's hand, and broke it open in fevered haste.

"The train leaves at seven!" She saw the words as vividly as if they had been written in characters of jagged fire, and as she read them the old clock half-way up the wide, old-fashioned staircase struck eight.

It was too late—too late!

The sharp thrill of agony at her heart was succeeded by a passionate feeling of resentment.

"Let him go!" she said to herself, while the red pennons fluttered on her cheek. "I would not lift a finger to keep him here!"

So, when Bruce Medway's earnest appealing letter came a day or two afterward, Ernestine folded it quickly within a blank envelope, without breaking the seal, and sent it back. Ernestine could scarcely have told why she kept the broken silver coin—but she kept it.

Just as pretty as the rosy Tina of two years since, but paler, graver, and more sedate. Trouble had be-seiged the family since their migration to the grand domains of the Far West. Tina had learned the serious part of life's lesson, and she had learned it well.

She lifted the latch of the rudely constructed log-house and entered, with assumed cheerfulness on her face.

"How are you now, father?"

"Better, I think. Come to the fire, Tina—you must be cold!"

"Not a bit. Has mother come back?"

"No; it's very strange she stays so long. I suppose Mrs. Ebbetts has a great deal to say, though. I don't wonder your mother is glad to get away from a sick room for a while."

He spoke a little wistfully, and Tina winced as she listened, knowing that her mother had made an excuse of some neighborly errand to dispose of in the nearest village of such poor little odds and ends of gold chains, pins, and rings as yet remained to their diminished estate. Was there anything wrong in this fraud? Tina almost felt as if there was.

It was not pleasant to be poor.

"She will be home soon, father," said Tina. "Only see what a basketful of cranberries I have gathered out in the swamps! This will make the barrelful and Mr. Signet has promised to send it to New York with his. Don't they look like red jewels, father? And the money will buy you a new coat."

He smiled faintly.

"I think it had better buy my little girl a new dress. Shall I help you to pick them over?"

"I had rather do it myself, father, and you must try to sleep a while."

Half an hour later Tina came thro' the room, with a scarlet shawl thrown over her head, and a wistful, scared look in her eyes.

"You are not going out again, my child."

"Only up to the cranberry swamp, father; it isn't dark yet; I—I have lost something."

"A ribbon or a collar, I suppose," said Mr. Cady to himself, as he lay watching the crimson glare of the October sunset; while Tina, putting aside low tangled bushes, and searching bits of rank, swampy grass, was repeating to herself, in quick nervous words:

"How could I lose it? Oh, how could I be so careless!"

But the search was all in vain; and the chill twilight sent her home, dispirited and unsuccessful. And Ernestine Cady cried herself to sleep that night, because she had lost the broken silver coin.

"You'll be sure to come, Mr. Medway? I want to introduce the successful author to my friends. You are to be my lion. You will come?"

"Yes, I'll come, if you wish it!"

Bruce Medway went dreamily on his way, and Mrs. Lyman whispered to one of her fashionable friends that "she was quite sure Mr. Medway had

been crossed in love—he was so deliciously melancholy."

The table was superbly spread—Mrs. Lyman's dinners were always *comme il faut*—and, through the sparkle of old glass and translucent glow of painted china, you saw baskets and epergnes and pyramidal bouquets of magnificent hot-house flowers. As one of the Beau Brummels of the day had said, "It was like looking at a beautiful picture to dine with Mrs. Lyman."

The dessert was in its first stages, when the hostess leaned coaxingly across to Mr. Medway.

"Do try some of those little cranberry pates, Mr. Medway; I have just received a barrel of the most delightful cranberries from my dear old Uncle Signet, in Iowa."

Bruce was idly striking his fork into the little crimson circlets, quite unconscious of what he was eating.

"Yes, they are very nice," he said, mechanically. And then he bent down to see what bit of extraneous white element was glimmering through the ruby translucency.

Only a broken silver coin!

"From Iowa, did you say, Mrs. Lyman?"

"From my uncle, Squire Signet, who lives in the Far West."

"What part of Iowa is that—that produces such a harvest of cranberries?"

"Datesville, I believe, near the Owassa River."

And then the conversation branched off into some different channel—Bruce Medway had found out all that he wished to ascertain on that one occasion.

"A token and a summons to him, wherever he might be!" Bruce remembered the words he had spoken two years ago, and his loyal heart gave a great leap as the memory flooded it with warmth and brightness.

"Cranberries?—yes—I remember 'em," said old Squire Signet, biting the end of his cedar pencil. "Crop was uncommon good this fall: old Cady's darter brought 'em here to sell by the peck."

"To sell!" Bruce began for the first time to appreciate the titles of trouble that had edited round the serene little islet of Ernestine's heart.

"Where do they live—Mr. Cady's family, I mean?"

"See that ar' old blasted pine in the hollow? Well, just beyond there a road leads down past Cady's—Won't stop a little longer? Well, good-evenin', Squire!"

And Bruce Medway walked down through the orange twilight to where the skeleton arm of the blasted pine seemed to point to the light in a far-off window—walked to meet the dearest treasure of his heart!

Through the uncertain panes he could see the tiny room all bright and ruddy with cherry fire-light; the slender drooping figure sitting alone on the hearth-stone with its golden shine of hair and the thoughtful bend of its neck. And he opened the door softly and went in.

"Tina!"

She put back her hair with both hands, and looked at him as if she fancied herself under the delusion of some spell.

"You summoned me and I have come. Tina, my love, shall the old times return to us once more? Shall we be all the world to each other once again?"

It was full nine o'clock by the silver-studded time-piece of the stars before Bruce Medway rose to take his departure.

"But tell me one thing, Bruce," said Ernestine, laying her hand lightly on his, as they stood protracting their lover-like adieux on the door-stone in the frigid moonlight, "what did you mean when you said I had summoned you?"

He drew a little box from his breast-pocket, and smilingly held up a bit of silver.

"And I wear it match close to my heart, Tina!"

"Bruce—surely that is not my half of the coin?"

"It was your half, Tina."

"And where did you find it?"

"One of these days I will tell you; dear—not in a very romantic juxtaposition, however. You remember what I said to you when I divided the silver piece between us?"

As if Tina had forgotten one word or syllable of those old days!

The iron hand of time has swept away all those tokens of long sympathy. Mr. Medway is a - - - - - aged, bald-headed member of society, and Mrs. Medway has white hairs mixed in the golden brightness of her braids; but she keeps the worn bit of silver and its sweet associations still, and believes most firmly in true love and romance.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

One of the most romantic trials on record is now in progress in one of the London courts, involving the title and estates of an ancient baronetcy, with a roll equal to \$150,000 a year in gold. The case is briefly this: In 1853 Roger Charles Tichborne, son of Sir James Tichborne, left England for Valparaiso. Up to April, 1854, letters came from him to his mother, who learned from them that he was engaged in traveling in various parts of South America. He also sent home birds, some pictures, and some peculiar spurs and stirrups. In the course of 1854 Roger had taken passage at Rio de Janeiro in April, on the ship "Belle," bound for New York, that she had foundered at sea, and that the owners and underwriters treated her as having been lost. "No tidings came of the crew, except that one boat belonging to the 'Belle' had been met with on the ocean with no one on board, and that it was taken for granted that the whole crew were drowned. This seems to have been accepted as conclusive by all but Lady Tichborne, who clung to the belief that her son was saved, and had a presentiment that she would one day see him again."

Some time in 1858 a common sailor presented himself at Tichborne Park, with the story that he had just arrived from Australia. He asked for alms, and had a conversation with Lady Tichborne, in which he declared that he had heard that a boat's crew from a ship, which he thought was the "Belle," had been picked up at sea and brought into Melbourne. Sir James Tichborne, the father, did not think the report worth notice. The mother, however, finding it a corroboration of her cherished hopes, clung to it as gospel. She caused advertisement to be inserted in the Australian papers, and took various other measures to discover her lost son. All were unavailing, it appears, until after the death of Sir James. But in the month of March, 1866, she received a letter from Sir Roger, written in New South Wales, expressing the wish to come home directly, and asking that money should be sent to enable him to do so. This was done, and he arrived in Paris, to meet his mother, accompanied by a wife and child, in January, 1867. He being unwell Lady Tichborne went to see him in a hotel in the Rue St. Honoré. She instantly recognized him as her first-born son, Roger Charles Tichborne.

Her conviction on this point is strongly expressed in an affidavit to which she has sworn, one paragraph of which reads as follows:

"I am certain as I am of my own existence, and distinctly and positively swear, that the plaintiff is my first-born son, the issue of my marriage with the said Sir James Francis Doughty Tichborne (deceased). His features, disposition, and voice are unmistakable, and must, in my judgment, be recognized by impartial and unprejudiced persons who knew him before he left England in the year 1853."

The mother's belief was further strengthened by constant talk with the claimant over numerous private family matters that occurred during her son's youth, by his reminding her of the articles he had sent her from South America, etc. All this evidence, she says in her affidavit, is to her mind most conclusive, and declares it is impossible she can be mistaken in his identity.

The evidence of other persons is equally positive in his favor. George Allen, formerly butler in the Tichborne family, swears that he has no doubt of the claimant's identity with the veritable Sir Roger. Thomas Carter, the body servant of Sir Roger in 1862, is no less positive. He has "no more doubt that the claimant is the Sir Roger Tichborne of 1842 than he has that he, Carter, is himself."

Other people in or connected with the regiment to which Sir Roger belonged likewise recollect and identify him.

On the other hand, the evidence against the claimant is equally strong and positive. Several witnesses—one of them a well known clergyman—who knew Sir Roger before his disappearance swear that they do not believe the claimant to be Sir Roger. The real baronet was educated in France, and spoke French with fluency. The claimant is quite ignorant of that language, which he professes to have forgotten in the course of his long knocking about the world. It also appears that the Sir Roger who sailed for Valparaiso was short and slight, while the claimant is tall and stout. As he was twenty-four years of age at the time of his departure, it is plausibly urged that he can scarcely have altered materially in stature since that time. The contestants further declare that the whole affair is a conspiracy, of which a man named Bogle—for many years in the service of the Tichborne family—is the prime mover, and that he it is who selected his man in Australia for this personation, supplied him with information, and taught him how to play his delicate and critical part.

The examination of the claimant by the Solicitor-General has been searching and severe, and nothing in fiction could rival one scene in which the claimant was interrogated respecting the contents of a sealed packet which Sir Roger, at the time of his departure, left in the hands of his business agent, to be acted on only on the happening of certain events. The claimant was very reluctant to answer, and did so only on the positive order of the Court. His answer involved the reputation of a married lady, then present in the court-room, the cousin of Sir Roger, whom he declared under oath he had seduced a short time before leaving England. The papers in the sealed package he declared contained directions to be followed in case she should have a child. This statement made a profound sensation in the court-room. It was indignantly denied by the other side. The papers in question were destroyed in 1854.

The heir whom the present claimant will dispossess, in case his pretensions are made good, is a lad named Henry A. J. Tichborne, grandson of Sir James, and son of Alfred Tichborne, also deceased. The trial promises to be one of extraordinary length, as well as excitement and interest.

Fatal Presentiment.

A most touching incident is told in connection with one of the victims of the Pittsford coal-mine disaster.

He was a Welshman and had been in this country about seven months. On the morning of the day of that dreadful catastrophe he had taken his breakfast as usual, and his wife prepared his dinner, and set the sail by his side. For some time he sat wrapped in thought, his arms folded, and a deep melancholy apparently brooding over him. He was aroused from his reverie by his wife telling him that his dinner was ready, and that he would be late as the bell had rung. He started to his feet, and, going upon her for a moment with a look full of tenderness, said, "If I should not come back alive, would you be in such a hurry getting me out?" The wife answered, "No," but remarked that "if he was going at all, it was time he was gone."

He lifted his hat without saying a word, and, after kissing his wife, kissed the four children, who were playing on the door step. When he had gone about fifty yards from his home he returned, and again kissed his wife and children. His wife noticed that he was the victim of the gloomiest forebodings, and was about

to entreat him not to go to work if he apprehended any danger. But hope and courage and the pressing necessities of her family overcame her intention. She stood in the door, however, and watched him on his way to the fatal pit. When at the point where he turned out of her sight he paused, and seeing his wife, waved with his hand a last adieu, and immediately disappeared. He had parted with his loved ones forever. When, later in the day, the alarm of fire was sounded, the wife remembered her husband's gloomy demeanor in the morning, and looking out toward the flames, she exclaimed, "The West Pittsford breaker is on fire, and my husband is lost!" She rushed immediately to the scene of disaster, and waited in dreadful expectancy until her husband was brought up—alive. Hope revived in her breast. But, alas! in vain were all the care and tenderness she and others could bestow. She was soon a widow and her children fatherless.

The Origin of a Pestilence.

It need not interfere with our active sympathy and aid to the sufferers from the terrible epidemic at Buenos Ayres, if we take to heart, writes the "British Medical Journal," the lesson which that epidemic teaches. The natural advantages of the town, as to site and climate, are very great; but, by a reckless and obstinate disregard of the commonest rules of hygiene, soil and water have been so poisoned that it is doubtful whether there is an effectual remedy less sweeping than to remove the population altogether to another site lower down the river. During three score years a progressively increasing population has done its work. There is absolutely no drainage. In the courtyard of every house a cess-pool is dug; as this is filled, a trench is led off to a second at a lower level; presently another trench to a third, and so on. The soil is light and sandy, and so readily allows percolation. Thus have successive generations contrived to utterly poison the soil, water and air of their town. Lately, the courtyard of one old house was found to be so riddled with cess-pools—there being thirty—that it was at last resolved to move the club. The same conditions prevailed more or less over the whole city. Mr. Bateman, C. E., has been sent for, we believe, to give plans for drainage, and to see what can be done. He will have no easy task.

Wholesale Poisoning.

A distressing case is reported to have occurred at a wedding in Iowa recently. After the ceremony had been solemnized, the guests about two hundred in number, partook of elegantly served refreshments. Before the close of the evening festivities the visitors, one after another, betrayed illness, until the strong suspicions arose that the company had been poisoned. The bride and groom became ill, and were taken to their room. Every physician in the city was summoned, but as many of these were at the feast, they were also ill, and unable to even properly attend to themselves. What was a few minutes before a scene of joy was changed to almost death-like despair. The victims were removed to their homes, and groans and moans were heard in almost every house. The pain and sickness were almost beyond description. Within the two days following the assemblage 147 persons had met their agonies worse almost than death, and a number of others were becoming ill. Investigation indicated that the cause of the illness was in the ingredients of the ice-cream. In freezing it the confectioner used a copper refrigerator lined with tin. When the refrigerator was afterward examined a greasy substance was found on the sides—unmistakenly verdigris. The confectioner had no idea, however, that the refrigerator had not been properly cleaned, for he partook of the ice-cream himself, and was among those who were rendered sick.

Another Pest.—A correspondent of the London (Ont.) "Advertiser" gives a woful account of the devastation caused the grass in that section of the country. The writer says: "West of Simcoe for twelve miles, and as far South as Lake Erie, there is scarcely a patch of clover left. Wheat is stripped of every leaf; and when the wind blows we have fields of waving grain and grasshoppers from three to seven on a head. Our pasture fields and residences are bare—not even thistles or weeds left, with the exception of sorghum; and like an invading army still they come, worse than the Fenians for you cannot drive them back. By digging trenches, which are soon filled with them, we get rid of some, for they cannot get out. But still they come."

PARIS SCENES.

A lady correspondent to the Boston "Traveler" writes as follows:

"Eight days were consumed in conquering Paris; street by street; almost house by house, the road was contested. It was eight days of the same story—the attack, the defence, the flight and the pursuit, arrests and executions, till the ear was weary and the heart sick with the noise and the blood. On Sunday eve, May 21st, the army from Versailles entered Paris on the southwest. On Sunday, May 28th, they fired the signal of victory at the north-eastern fortifications—the Commune was conquered."

Sunday, June 4th, seemed like a fete-day in Paris. The gates were reopened on every side. The citizens, too long pent up amid the dust of marching troops and the smoke of battle, rushed to the country to breathe the fresh air and pluck the abundant flowers. The exiles, for months shut out from their homes, came hurrying in. Alas! in many cases their homes were in ashes."

The faithful walked in crowds to the churches to offer thanks that religion was once more reinstated on the pedestal whence the godless Communists had hurled her. Heaven grant that the plague spots which the insurgents unveiled may not again be concealed beneath the folds of her embroidered garments!"

"The remains of the martyred Archbishop of Paris were lying in state at his hotel. Thousands went to give a last look at the old man, whose sufferings we all have been grieved. Most extensive preparations are being made for his approaching funeral. We were no longer pained by hearing the guns which told us prisoners were being shot by hundreds. We could never forget that in the ranks of the Commune were many who entered with pure motives, and were held there by force, fighting most unwillingly against their brothers."

INCIDENTS.

"One young soldier was ordered to set fire to a church. The materials were thrust into his hands, to refuse doing the unbecoming task he knelt at a confessional to ask for pardon. The victorious soldiers of the line entered and found him in his hand. He was shot—after that at least he met a Righteous Judge."

Two brothers thirteen and fourteen years of age were sent to defend a barricade alone, and at last to shoot each other rather than to surrender."

For the Ladies.

A woman's ailment—the stich.

An exchange paper calls the leading lights of the woman suffrage movement "female cultures."

A Providence paper talks about "animated fragments of shattered rainbows." The writer means ladies.

A woman in advertising her runaway husband says:—"David has a scar on his nose where I scratched it."

Mrs. Jones, of Iowa, wants a divorce because her husband loafed around home to see her run a sewing machine for his support.

Alleging to Chignecto, Mrs. Clever said, "A girl now seems all heat." "Yes, till you talk to her," replied Mr. Clever.

AMERICAN MUSICAL "CRITICISM!"—The critic of the Terra Haute (Ind.) "Gazette" compares Mlle. Milson to the Venus de Medici, and says that "her notes fell on the tendrils of his heart like the bubbling music of distant waterfalls on a bed of smashed roses." She came "like a gust of bright sunshine," and when she sang "Home, sweet home," the dazzled critic felt as "building a castle of alabaster and gold, surrounding it with rainbows, shutting it in with gates of pearl and moonshine, and embowering it with roses."

THE CREATOR OF WOMEN.—A poet in the "Keele Republican," celebrating the works of Dame Nature, has an idea which comes very near being original:—

"She next made Woman—so the story goes—

With an improved material and art; Gave her a form, the choicest one of those That make aught beautiful, and to her heart

A power to soften man—and force the rose Its blushing tint to her soft cheek impart—

Then chipped the rainbow up, and with the chips She went to work and finished off her lips!"