

TAKEN BY SIEGE.

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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(CONTINUED.)

Then he sat down and pulled his hat over his forehead and said nothing for some minutes. Then he broke out again: "There things look as if they are not over yet. You know your story, old fellow, and you do like a man. I know mine some times. God help me, but I can't do it. When I die, Rush, I want you to have my name. You'll find my heart in the right place, just where you examine my head you won't find my moral qualities what they ought to be. Then you forgive me for lots of things, won't you? You say, 'Dear fellow, this heart was all right if it will work as strong as yours, you must be too hard on him. You'll say all this, won't you, Rush?'

And John looked across the table and said his brother's hand with an expression of intense longing into his face. "I have no fault on this score, John, we know too well what a warm heart you carry about with you to be hard on you for a mistake."

He supposed his brother alluded to his increasing habit of drinking. "Thank you, old man, thank you more than words can tell. You never, in a night, you mustn't mind me, another party of brains will set me all right. And I'm not going to the word, he drank one would not be drinking."

"Suppose we walk around Madison square," he resumed. "My head is on fire these August nights and beautifully cool, perhaps this will help it." On their way out they met Mortimer in the hall. He looked through the door and saw John and his brother. "I wish, John, that if you have any business troubles you would come into my office, I might help you."

"Thank you, Rush, for your kind offer, but I'm not in any way troubled; just a fluctuation in mining stocks that may hurt us all. To-morrow, look out a silver and gold mounted revolver, and, going over to a sporting house, take my advice, Rush, and keep out of stocks—particularly mining stocks."

John lighted a cigar, puffed it once or twice, and threw it away. Then he got for several minutes and then engaged in his old trick of pulling his hair over his forehead. "I wish, John, that if you have any business troubles you would come into my office, I might help you."

"Come along, Rush, I've got you up late enough; it must be after 1 o'clock. I'll walk down to your lodgings with you."

They walked the whole distance in silence, which was broken by John when they reached the door of the house. He took his hat and, holding it lightly, said: "Good night, Rush, pleasant dreams." Then, suddenly, "We've always been good friends, haven't we, Rush? We've never quarrelled, have we, John? You'll see that I have a strong character left—just enough to bury me."

"I wish you'd stop talking about dying, John; you'll live to be a hundred over all our graves—just as long as you like you." And Rush tried to laugh, but he had his brother's manner, even when you are serious; you do that, won't you, Rush? You'll see that I have a strong character left—just enough to bury me."

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In our hands, kissed the newspaper's lips and her cheek close to his. She did not weep; she only kissed the cold face and the lifeless hands, and patted and murmured words of passionate endearment.

Signora Colla and Antonio became alarmed by her long absence and the stillness, and, opening the door, found Leon stretched by her dead husband's side, as lifeless and still as he. Terror rendered them speechless. They both thought she had killed herself on the body of her husband, but, hoping against hope, Signora Colla put her hand on the girl's heart and found that it was beating; she had only fainted. They laid her on the sofa and brought her by slow degrees; but she was still in a dazed condition.

Signora Colla deemed it best to get her home before the officers of the law took possession of the place, so she and Antonio led the unconscious girl to the cab, in which she was driven home, while Antonio went to the nearest police station and gave information of the tragedy.

In a short time all was confusion in the house where John Hurston's body lay. The police were perfectly satisfied that it was a case of suicide, and the coroner gave his verdict to that effect. The address of the dead man's family was found among his papers, and the following morning a telegram informing them of what had occurred was dispatched to them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BIBLE IN THE FROZEN NORTH. Hudson Bay Indians Learned to Read & Write. At Norway House, on a certain occasion, says Mr. Egerton Young, missionary of the Canadian West, there, a number of Indians came into my room, not only after their usual business, but with them for the first time. When I became aware of this, I asked whether they were from a distance, and they replied that they were from a distance of four hundred miles, they had come from the Keweenaw (the Great Rock), but we did not understand it, although we had been told that they were going for the Indians cannot read unless some one has taught them. I knew from their account they must have far away from any missionary. I asked them if they had any books, and they said they had the Bible with them. I turned the pages and they read in many places.

I was amazed and asked them again to tell me. They said they had a book which they had bought from a trader at the Hudson Bay Company's store. They had been hunting some of the Christian Indians, and had found a book in a house, and had taken it with them. They had the Keweenaw. We got them to read it and then to teach it to the other Indians. I had them to read it and then to teach it to the other Indians. I had them to read it and then to teach it to the other Indians.

Every soul in a village of 300 population had first learned to read the Bible with my white teacher, and having practically come into possession of the Bible, they were able to read it in the hands of the Hudson Bay Company's agent, and going over to his writing table, laid it down beside him. I have given instructions to the snows four night distance that the Bible should be given to the Hudson Bay Company's agent.

READY FOR BUSINESS. GENTLEMEN: You can have your Cheek put in good order by sending them to JOHN S. DUNN, Repairing, Pressing and Altering a Specialty. ROLLED BUTTER. JERSEY BUTTER. PINE APPLES. STRAWBERRIES. SCOTT BROTHERS, Waterloo Street, near cor. Union.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY will be held at the Metropolitan Hotel, Broadway, N. Y., corner of Pier Street and Union Street, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 17 and 18. Rev. J. H. Gunning, pastor of the Harvard Street Baptist Church, Boston, has resigned his pastorate, and has accepted of a call to the First Baptist Church, New York City. Mr. John H. Buckner has just given \$100,000 to the American Baptist Education Society for educational work in the United States, payable \$100,000 each month, beginning with March and ending with December next.

Rev. A. G. Edwards, vicar of St. Peter's, Carmarthen, has been nominated by the crown to be bishop of St. Asaph. The new bishop is a Welshman by birth, and is 45 years of age, and was ordained in 1874 by the bishop of St. David's.

North Branch, Mich., Methodist church held a jubilee over 100 conversions. A Methodist church was recently dedicated for the Indians of Thyomouth (Mich.) mission. At dedication, 100 converts were presented with two dozen hymn books in the Ojibwa dialect, the gift of the Methodist Book Concern.

READ AND PONDER. We should be ashamed to think what we would be ashamed to do. You will find that the more roots we put into the soil, the more we will help other people, with the quickest and the most perfect results.

It is only by labor that thought can be made to bear fruit. Labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity. Among the highest aims in heaven ought to be separated with impunity. Among the highest aims in heaven ought to be separated with impunity.

NOTICE. I have had all communications in regard to matters affecting the Department of Indian Affairs, and the Hon. the Minister of the Interior, and I have had all communications in regard to matters affecting the Department of Indian Affairs, and the Hon. the Minister of the Interior.

STEAMERS. International Steamship Co., Summer Arrangement. FOUR TRIPS A WEEK. On and after Monday, April 22nd, the Steamship 'MONTREAL' will leave Saint John for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LIMITED). SUMMER SAILINGS. On and after Monday, April 22nd, the Steamship 'MONTREAL' will leave Saint John for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans.

For Washademoak Lake. The Yarmouth Steamship Company. FOR YARMOUTH, N. S., and Boston. N. S. A. P. E. I. A. Agents.

UNION LINE. Saint John and Fredericton. UNTIL further notice, the Steamship 'ACADEMY' will leave Saint John for Fredericton, and vice versa, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Shore Line Railway. ST. STEPHEN ST. JOHN. Eastern Standard Time. On and after Monday, Dec. 1st, Trains will leave Saint John for St. Stephen, N. B., on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Hotels. New Victoria Hotel, 242 to 252 Prince Wm. Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. J. H. McCOSKERRY, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, 109, 111 and 113 Princess St., St. John, N. B. JOHN C. DUKES, Proprietor.

Travelling Public. BARKER HOUSE, 109, 111 and 113 Princess St., St. John, N. B. JOHN C. DUKES, Proprietor.

CAFÉ ROYAL, Donville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK.

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NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO. (ALL RAIL LINES). ARRIVAL OF TRAINS. FROM RANGOR, 8.30 a.m. Parker Car attached at 9.00 a.m. From St. John, 8.30 a.m. Parker Car attached at 9.00 a.m.

ST. JOHN OYSTER HOUSE. 50 North Side King Square. Oysters, Oysters, for the Live season. 100 Bbs P. E. I. Oysters, 75 Bbs Butcher Bar.

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