nd gravel, and ushed out as and from that go, until the re cold water ng. The well rhaps twenty he water five urface or the said that the gallons made he level of the water works ped, as a test. and nights, lowered the point. Below it had never The pumping same level as tored in a rethe town, at ed and fortythe town has for ordinary

early five miled. The hose hydrant and oof of any or town has an t for months fire engine is The traveller ssed by havwhich is cold although not hat from the try hill-side. water might ould want to the few cities which have It first became and although veral attempts ne succeeded. ars. therefore. twelve under in force all far as one can astily through In Summeren man being r friend, who Apart from have come main landto imply that ith their good er things that breaking the

rive we skirted the border of nt, along very with a deepe and carriage grass between. her hand, the potatoes that nect with the edgerows, and re out of the at times sugof an English her places we called Cem 3dead demand, later day, the "dead-head" n our drive we up and down. en, with great ound ourselves arm, the resion. For many in local polier of the Sulhe has come ing the seat in resent Goverso one of the the neighborand in the interview, innd inspect his en we arrived n thrown from back from the reached home we started ay so fast on o outstrip all wspapers wil hope to learn to be for stil farming and W. M. T.

TO HIS KING y, lives a poor ero Bati. The and loss of into difficulhe conceived early the next ut. The idea owing epistle: and Well-Born s dead-with this-and my been struck The wicked ues me sorely. r-in-law's godving soul in a kreuzer, benas a kreuzer ne a couple of no immediate back with inear's kukuruz rust that good my good king d also his dear ould kiss the igh-born lady to your king's Pero Bati." patched and a ascertain the This proven (about 3s) 'not in imlaced at Pero

ROUBLE.

er has been disest. This time of Fredericton, Telegraph, who riminally libelthe police, and ow to pay a fine ree months in in made no rehumor that it t power to senixed at \$500 by nee imposed ed for by many, maximum.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD. The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few. On Fame's eternal camping-ground Their silent tents are spread, But Glory guards, with solemn round,

No rumor of the foe's advance Now swells upon the wind; No troubled thought at midnight haunts Of loved ones left behind; No vision of the morrow's strife The warrior's dream alarms: At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are cowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed The red stains from each brow, And the proud forms by battle gashed

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade, The bugle's stirring blast, The charge, the dreadful cannonade, The din and shout are past; Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal, Shall thrill with fierce delight Those breasts that never more may feel The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane That sweeps his great plateau, Flushed with the triumph yet to gain, Came down the serried foe. Who heard the thunder of the fray reak o'er the field beneath. Knew well the watchword of that day Was "Victory or death."

Long as the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had raged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
'And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the glory tide;
'Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

Twas in that hour his stern command Called to a martyr's grave The flower of his beloved land, The nation's flag to save By rivers of their father's gore, His first-born laurels grew.

And well he deemed his sons would pour

Full many a norther's breath has swept Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has swept
Above the mouldering slain;
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground, Ye must not slumber there. Where stranger steps and tongues resound Along the heedless air, Your own proud land's heroic soil, Shall be your fitter grave; She claims from war his richest spoil— The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest, Far from the gory field; Born to a Spartan mother's breast On many a bloody shield; Smiles sadly on them here, And kindred eyes and hearts watch by

The heroes' sepulchre. Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood you gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot Where Valor proudly sleeps.

You marble minstrels' voiceless stone Yon marble minstrels' voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

## A FEMININE FENIAN.

"Waal! Another Fenian?" "Waal, I wouldn,t go ez fur ez callin it thet, James Francis. Of either hard or soft, kinder sots s'picion on her in Otter Crik, but a Fenian!" istmistress shook her head in charitable doubt. "I wouldn't 'tall rev'looshanry lookin."

demijohn of molasses against the sundry contents of a huge bandanna handkerchief. "'Pears ez ef this deestric' is jes runnin riot after sich firebrands." Kelly was the late incumbent of Otter Creek, discharged by the selectmen

on three counts, age, subscription to incendiary literature and indifference to arithmetical accuracy as clearly

zabaigam biag miag bio ibogr aah "Waal, I wouldn't go ez fur tz you come within three figgers of the answer, you're nigh enough." "She has smilin eyes," irrelevantly

out hand rakes in the corner. "Hit a!ready, Abe ?" sneered the veteran. "Smilin eyes be blowed! For a sarviceable schoolmarm give me a savage lookin gal. Howdy s'pose this un'ill rassle 'ith the mill gang ?" "I don't favor her persuasion," candidly admitted the stalwart James Francis, "but for all that I'm for giving her a fair trial, even though she does turn the hoss' head on the wrong road to meeting."

"Here she comes now a-caperin down the hill with them Tucker children," remarked the postmistress, a pleasant smile lighting up her comely face. "It do beat all how a great growed gal, an a schoolma'am at thet, kin frisk along ez giddy and friv'lus it since?" ez any of her scholars."

Quite unconscious of the interest she had excited the young teacher came hurt me so. blithely down the hill, her own rapid step still further quickened by the impatient urging of her small charges. the little sailor hat tilted forward over a face pretty only in its youthful curves and happy, frank expression. The postmistress was quite right in deciding that there was nothing revolutionary in her appearance Abe also was correct in his opinion of her eyes, and James Francis, viewing her critilurking in her persuasions. So im- Francis saw his advantage and meanpressed was he by the unfairness of ly pursued it. his original remark that after investing in chocolates for which he had no Mrs. Forbes to observe silence on the subject, a favor readily granted and quite as cheerfully withdrawn under the irresistible temptations of a cozy tea, with the girl teacher as her guest. Teaching in the country is the ordeal

love you." through which nearly every tyro must pass before being allowed to engage in city service. Though not the ideal soothingly over their glossy coats. "Let's cut another swath,"-suggestpurpose painted by pen artists, it is

the stepping stone from which many ed the girl irreverently. an ambitious worldling hopes to climb to the heights of fame. In her unobtrusive way Cecilia Desmond was ambitious. She coveted a college course and indulged in roseate dreams of a fullly. "I do mean it," she asserted passionfuture crowned with honors won by personal effort. As a step in the right direction, when the Otter Creek vacancy offered, she promptly packed

her simple wardrobe and said goodby to the dear ones in her city home. It was the first separation, and the ache pressed itself in a copious shower of youthful tears, quickly dried, however, in a flash of fun as the strenuous efforts of the stage driver to lash the trunk to the tailboard resulted in the breaking of the rope, sending him

sprawling in the roadway. After a month's experience of the new life the young teacher was beginning to realize that fame asks much of its votaries. The routine of work was wretchedly monotonous, varied only by occasional skirmishes among the different sections of the district. The constituency of Otter Creek academy had many subtle subdivisions based on family feuds or political and religious variance. To unite so many elements in even seeming harmony and at the same time impart sufficient instruction to satisfy the rather exacting community was a task of gigantic proportions, and one which the girl in her home letters frequently asserted could be accomplished only by the united effort of a statesman, a professor and a police officer. As comparison is a relief or a torture free to all. Cecilia fell into a habit of contrasting her fate with her surroundings, and thus became fully conscious that her lot was not as flowery as were the meadows stretching along the slope and tranquilly monopolizing

the fertile interval. From the meadows her thoughts reverted naturally to their owner, the fair minded young farmer who had championed her cause even while condemning her belief. He was one of during one of the long confidential nature's noblemen, she admitted talks preceding the final going away, rather grudgingly, and censured herself severely for allowing her thoughs to dwell pleasurably on his masterful manner and vigorous, manly beauty. At such times, to atone for her mental vagaries, she locked herself in her Its depths hold many a secret; but,' sultry chamber, and forcing her intellect to the contemplation of some abstruse problem beguiled herself into the belief that she was fairly revelling

in an intellectual elysium. Notwithstanding this severe, self inflicted discipline, youth at times ran riot and urged Cecilia to the commission of many acts not at all compatible with the dignity of her position or her lofty intellectual pretensions. The orchards, berry patches and sweet smelling hayfields were responsible for many of her deviations from the college course, but that the handsome James Francis was also an active agent was fairly well known even before the veteran farmer made his next visit to the postoffice and volunteered the information: "James Fran-

goin by." "She's a-drivin James Francis ez diah, afore the snow blows the selectmen 'ill hev the school on their han's. cormorant 'at ever lived 'ud jes' hev corse, not being a Methody er Baptis', how far gone they are. It minds me of when Jabez an me used ter come from meetin ez if we wuz walkin on

"You wuz fairly matched," snarled prefer sich a ser'us charge. She's a the malcontent, but this un thinks pleasant spoken young critter, an not herself a cut above farmer. Talks of goin ter college. Pity she wuz ever "Kelly wuz a Fenian," asserted a hired ter the Crik. If they're still in veteran farmer, deftly balancing a the medder I'm goin ter hail 'em on my way back an say suthin ez 'ill

"Trust you fer thet, you old crosspatch," muttered Abe, who seemed to be a permanent part of the general store. It's pizen fer some folks to see others enjyin theirselves.

"There you go, you blame old meescheef. I jes' hope ef you go meddlin proved by his favorite formula, "If in the long medder you'll git yer legs, twisted inter the mower an cut off at the jints." And with this awful expression of his wrath Abe went to uəunəənəs əqi Aq pəsaqop (xəəaQ lən pression of his wrath Abe went to Kelly wuz the late incumbent of the door to watch the veteran's move-

ments. True to his intentions, Obadiah crossed the intervening fields, and leaning on the fence inclosing the meadow hollowed his hands into a remarked an imprudent youth sorting

trumpet and bawled across: "Hull-oo, James Francis! Help so scurce 'at you hev ter hire Fenians?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he ambled off, his shrill, crackling laugh adding to the annoyance of the hay-

makers. "Don't you think you ought to apologize?" asked the girl quickly regaining composure.

"For what?" He came round to the horses' heads and from that vantage point looked steadily into the driver's eyes.

"For calling me a Fenian. You were very unkind." "I didn't mean to be," awkwardly then humbly, "haven't I made up for

"But I was a stranger then," insist ing on her injury. "That's why it

"I wouldn't hurt you for the world. You know that Ceceliar." The girl winced slightly. His pro nounciation of her name was one of the little thing that grated on her sensitive taste, but a superfluous letter or two lose force when the aggreshe was both she acknowledged inwardly and was moved to forgiveness. The moment was fraught with peril cally, became conscious of an alarm- for the college scheme. It was receding indifference to the manifold evils ing steadily into the distance. James

"This is as good a time as any to come to an understanding. When I earthly use, he requested the genial called you a Fenian, I hadn't even seen you. I don't know that I even knew what a Fenian meant. I don't know yet, but of this I am surewhether you're a nihilist, a Fenian or an anarchist, or all three together, I

The horses tossed their heads impatiently, and the man passed his hand lungs last week.

"Not another blade," he declared, until I have my answer. Yes or no?" "You don't mean it 'Say you don't, Cecilia," he pleaded humbly, yet hope-

ately. "I never meant to setle down on a farm. I want to go through colege and write A. B. to my name." "Write Journee instead," he said, with telling insistence. "Give up the school and come home to the farm. of parting throbbing in six hearts ex- Say yes, dear. You'll never regret it." The fringe of elms, shading the brooks rippling through the intervale caught the rays of the setting sun and cast them back again like javelins of light. The girl was dimly aware that evening was on the land. The air was heavy with the fragrance of new mown hav Shimmering banks of clouds sank down behind the tree tops; the chirping of crickets and the far off croaking of frogs down in the alder swamp mingled with the lowing of cows and the soft trilling of birds seeking their nests; the holy calm of nature soothed even the unrest of a

wavering heart and hushed into silence the promptings of ambition. "Everything living is going home," said the girl very gently. "Let us go too. See, the sun is nearly gone." "I am only waiting for an answer,"

he reminded her. "Do you know, Frank, that you have asked me to renounce the hope of a ful intonation in her voice that love interpreted correctly. She was pleading to be saved from her less noble

"We will seek it together," he answered. "Dear heart, life has only be-

Before the snow blew over the meadows Mrs. Forbes' prediction came to pass. The young teacher returned to her home, but not for long. "I never thought I could settle down

on a farm, mamma," she whispered "but Frank is-so-so-different." The mother's face was beautiful as, stroking the sunny head buried in her lap, she answered softly: "A woman's heart is a vexatious thing, my darling. with a tenderly indulgent smile, "love conquers all."-Mary B. O'Sullivan in

CHARLOTTE CO.

Donahoe's Magazine.

St. Andrews, Aug. 19, 1894.-The entertainment given in the parlor of the Algonquin on Wednesday evening last, by guests of that famous house,

was a success in every particular. The fancy sale and tea meeting by ladies of the Kirk congregation, held in Memorial hall last Thursday evening, was generously patronized and resulted in the addition of close upon \$200 in aid of the hall building fund. At the annual meeting of the Algon-

quin hotel stock holders, held on Saturday, plans of the proposed addition cis an the Fenian air gettin kinder to the hotel were submitted, together soc'ble. He's mowin the long medder, with an estimate of the cost. It was an she's drivin the machine. So sot on decided to commence work as soon each other 'at they couldn't see me after the close of the present season as satisfactory financial arrangements can be made. The addition is to he wal ez .the mower," laughed Mrs made by an extension to the south-Forbes. "You mark my words, Oba- western end of the house and will con sist of a basement and sub-basement a dining room with a capacity for 250 Shucks! The crossest grained old guests and 25 bedrooms. In the interest of the stock holders the addition to smile seein them young things go is a positive necessity. The patronage by. Lor, they don't know theirselves of the house is steadily increasing; during the present season; had the popular manager, Mr. Miller, been in a position to accommodate anything near the number of guests who applied for rooms, a very sensible increase would have been made to the income available for further extension and improve-

ment. St. Andrews, 6 a. m., Aug. 20, '94 The drought is at present broken by the welcome rain that set in about three o'clock, with one of the most violent electric disturbances of the

season. Hartt & Greenlow have commenced the shipment of the present season's turnip crop. The first lot are fine, full grown turnips, and were raised on the farm of Mr. Greenlow at Bayside.

St. Andrews, Aug. 21, 1894.-Fred Mc-Roberts,, fireman of the steamer Flushing, while off Point Lepreaux, esterday, got his left hand jammed in the eccentric of the engine and will probably lose some of his fingers. Rev. Canon Elligood of Montreal arrived yesterday and is registered at

the Algonquin. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler of Moncton arrived by C. P. R. yesterday, to visit Mrs. C's sister, Miss Hatheway, who is dangerously ill, having been sick for months past.

There was a slight frost on Monday night. St. George, Aug. 21.—The steamtoat excursion of the St. George lodge on

the 15th was a great success. James Bogue is having the finishing ouches put on his house on Portage street and will soon have it ready for occupation.

Dalton McCarthy, M. P., is spending few days here, the guest of Hon. A. H Gilmor. This is Mr. McCarthy's flist visit to New Brunswick.

The remains of Miss Bertha Grierwere brought here from Barre, Vermont, and laid to rest in the emetery, by the side of her parents. Her brother and sister, Mrs. Charles Moore, have the sympathy of many friends. A memorial service will be held in the Baptist church next Sabbath evening by Rev. Mr. Maider.

Your Second Falls, St. George, correspondent, in yesterday's issue, was evidenty trying his hand at sarcasm when he said: "All St. George pupils sor is handsome and spirited. That who have applied have been successful." If the three who went up for first-class failed to get anything they were not the only ones who failed. Second Falls is a quiet little village eight miles from here, and we have no doubt has a good school, but "poking fun" is not the best thing to do. Hav-

ing failed we'll try again. Business matters in general are very quiet about town. The lumber mills are closed down ,and the water in the river is so low that the granite polishing mills are running at very slow

Alfred Perry, a young man, lies in several attacks of bleeding from the

MY NIEGHBOR.

So, I looked my very maddest es I walked up to her door,
Till she looked up at me smilin' while awashin' up the floor,
An' her cheeks was red as roses an' her hair es black es night; I forgot to scold an' sass her, for she seemed so sweet and bright.

But my hand was to the plow now, an' it wouldn't never do
To forgit them desperdations jes' by lookin'at her shoe, So I gathered up my anger an' I said: "Now, my tone put out her eyes' light an'the lashes they fell down. An' my

But I ain't no man for foolin' an' I went right on to say

How her pigs et all my melons an' her cows
et tons of hay;

How her chickens scratched my corn out, an' I wouldn't hev it so, Gittin' harder all the time, like a madman Then the widder she looked up, with a tear-

drop on her cheek, a somethin' her throat that wouldn't let speak, sobbed and cried out in a kind o' teary tone
Thet she hed no one to help 'er, an' was poor

An' my hand was off the plow then an' aasked me to renounce the hope of a life-time? I have struggled so for a higher education." There was a wistful intonation in her voice that love Well, my scoldin' was a failure, sein' what I thought to do. For her pigs and cows are all here, an' the widder's with 'em, too.

—Will F. McSparren.

## A MISTAKE

Before he went away to make his fortune, Samuel Wadleigh had been very much in love with Cora Eastman. It was a boy and girl attachment, and a very romantic one. The boy was a tall, blue-eyed fellow, with a small waist and curly golden hair that lay in thick little rings all over his head. He was at once very manly and very youthful in appearance, and it would have been hard for a girl not to fall in love with him if he had tried to make her. Cora was a little brunette with big black eyes and a good color, and he thought her beautiful.

He longed to offer her his hand and heart and get her to engage herself to him before he left home; but he reflected that he had no right to bind her by any promise until he was sure of that fortune he was going to seek, and when he gave her a little forget-me-not ring he only spoke of it as a token of friendship. However, when they parted she knew as well as he did that he loved her, and looked forward to the

usual finale of a wedding. Time pased on. The young people wrote at first once a week, then once a month, then occasionally. "Absence" -says the modern poet-"makes the heart grow fonder of somebody else."

plenty of admirers. He got into a convivial set, where they drank a good deal of wine and had liberal views. She became very pious, and rather leaned to prohibition. Their last letters were very formal, and when fifteen years had passed and Samuel Wadleigh found himself coming home with the fortune he had made after all, he scarcely re

membered Cora Eastman Certainly Cora did not know him The light haired youth had changed into a man of 40. All his curls were gone, and his head to his ears was as smooth and shiny as a billiard ball. His waist was gone, too. He had the proportions of an alderman. However, he was still what people call a fine looking man. As for Cora, she had all her black hair and no wrinkles, and had kept her trim little figure, but she had changed curiously. He knew her at once, but she was not the same. What does time do to us? When

does he do it? How does he do it? If we could but find out? There was nothing to sigh over in Miss Eastman's case. She was a tight. trim little woman of five-and-thirty. But where were Cora's smiles? the dimples that seemed about to appear when she smiled? the soft brightness of the eyes? the way of looking and

moving? All gone—vanished! It did not occur to Mr. Wadleigh that he had altered much more—it never does occur to men. He told Miss Eastman that he was delighted to see her once more, and she said polite things to him, wondering all the time whether this could be the charming youth who used to set her heart beating by a touch or a glance—this very nice person, portly, well to do, well mannered, but not in the least interesting. She compared him unfavorably with Mr. Sweetsmie, the charming new clergyman who had just had a call to their church, and who had taken both her hands in his only yesterday and said, "What we should do without you in the Sabbath school,

Miss Eastman, L cannot imagine?" He was charming! The course of events threw Samuel Wadleigh a great deal into the society you when I first saw you, but still had of his old love : the families were connected and moved in the same circle. duty to try-I-I-must come out some By degrees he met small nieces and nephews who had been children when our pastor, Mr. Sweetsmile, and I feel he went away, and were now young that I have chosen for my happiness. certain little Cora, Miss Eastman's ways be a sister to you." niece, prettier than she had ever been, loved the forget-me-not ring. He re- fully; but, after all, he had be

auntie Miss Eastman. "You over again ?" younger Cora come and talk to "her old friend, Mr. Wadleigh."

Cora had heard of him as the gentlemah who had been her auntie's admirer and lived single for her sake, and she was very nice to him. She felt that he had a romantic history, a very critical condition, having had and that Aunt Cora ought to have been more constant, and so she was, as we have said, very nice.

Children Cry for | Pitcher's Castoria.

And of all this Mr. Wadleigh never

dreamed, and little thrills went through My neighbor was a widder, an' she hed a him, and he made up his mind that fate had been very good to him. Here run-down farm,
'her cows an' pigs an' chickens done a mighty lot o' harm
my fields ajinin', an' I stood it quite a

fate had been very good to him. Here was a lovely young creature—exactly the sort of girl he admired—smiing on him and listening to all his complihim and listening to all his compliwhile,
Till I wouldn't be imposed on in no sich kind ments in a way that encouraged him to pay more.

"The elder Cora is a very sensible woman," he said to himself. "She has quite forgotten old times; she has none of those foolish little ways that some women would have of reminding me that we were lovers. Really, some of those first letters of mine were tantamount to proposals; but it is all over; I am quite free. I'm a good match. No doubt little Cora will see that at once," and after solemnly deliberating the pros and cons for three days and nights he began to take Cora out to drive behind a pair of very handsome horses, to send her bouquets, and to in vite her to the opera. As she resided with her Aunt Cora, he naturally invited the other lady as chaperon. He did not say that, but plainly she understood it, for she left most of the talk to the girl, and was sometimes even seemed to try to excuse herself.

grave and silent. Once or twice she "So very sensible," thought Mr. Wadleigh and at last, when he had, he fancied, spent time enough dancing attendance on this fair one, he seated himself one evening at his desk and wrote an offer of marriage. "Which," he added, "surely cannot surprise you -you must know by my manner how I

This he addressed to Miss Cora Eastman and carried it to the house with his own hands. "For Miss Cora," he said to the ser-

vant. "Don't make any mistake." "Not I, sor," said old William. "I know right well which lady it's for." Now, old William had been in the family, many years. He well remembered those old days when this gentleman was spoken of as Mr. Samuel Miss Cora's sweetheart, in the kitchen He had no doubt whatever that the letter in his hand was meant for his young lady. The "bit of a girl," her niece, he still considered a child, and so with slow and solemn steps he made his way to Miss Eastman's own room, rapped on the door, opened it

and entered on tiptoe. "Miss Cora," said he, in an awful whisper, "Master Samuwell-I mean Mr. Wadleigh-tould me to give you this quite privately, and to be particu-

lar about it." "Thank you, William," said Miss Eastman, and when he was gone she sat looking at the envelope rather dismally. At last she oponed and read it. "I thought so," she commented, with little groan.

On the evening he had appointed in his letter Mr. Wadleigh rang the door bell a little apprehensively. He had a carnation in his buttonhole and a big bouquet in his hand. William opened the door. His smile

was confidential. "Miss Cora said if you would take a seat in the library she'd resave you in a few minutes." he whispered, and Mr. Wadleigh entered the library. Here all Young Wadleigh went a good deal was very quiet and no callers would into society abroad, and Cora had intrude. Here he would learn his fate. "And why should I fear it?" he asked, surveying himself in the glass over the mantlepiece. Yet, all the same, he was conscious of a certain

tremor, rather inward than outward, and his ears burned. Ten minutes at least were given him in which to quiet himself. Then a door opened at the end of the library and a and advanced toward it. It was Cora certainly, but not the one he expected held his letter in her hand. It suddenly dawned upon him that William had

made a mistake. "Pray be seated." said Miss Eastman, and he was very glad to sit down. "I teg," said the lady, "that you will give me a litle time. I can not formu-

late my ideas as I desire to. I"-It was all up with him, he felt. She would shortly exclaim, "Samuel, I am yours !" and perhaps fall into his arms. All the mistaken spinsters and widows in the plays did that, and he must make up his mind to it. There had been a tacit engagement between them It had never been broken off. He had written to Cora Eastman. She was Cora Eastman. Nothing could alter that, and he could not injure and insuit her. After all, she was a nice little woman, and of the proper age for his wife.

She was pretty still, she was good He had not the strength of mind to get out of this fix, unless it had been bad enough to warrant him in cutting his throat. And at this moment she spoke.

"Samuel," she said—she had not called him Samuel since his return-"Samuel, I have found words at last. Come here." He came and sat down in a great

chair opposite her. "You can't tell how I feel," sald she You tell me I must have expected this party and will not be allowed in the letter, but I did not. I thought you other, so for that reason he is drivhad forgotten. If you had said a word ing a horse of his own. Matters were one word. I was very constant for reasonably quiet, he said, in the poyears but time has an influence. I've litical world just now. altered; so have you. I did not know I guessed I should have thought it my how. I am engaged to be married to The Finding of the British Court in

ladies and gentlemen-among them a Don't feel too bad, Samuel. I will al-Ten times before this Mr. Wadleigh and with all her witching ways, her would have fancied that he must rehalf-hidden dimples, her smiles and joice at this termination of their meether sweet side glances. She sat op- ing. Here he was out of his dilemma, posite him at the dinner table, and he free again. All he had to do was to could fancy all the years rolled away, bow, look grave, accept the position of and he the boy who gave the girl he friend and brother, and retire gracemembered her a pudgy little child in fused, and he felt angry. He had been white fur walking with her maid in informed that he was no longer an the park and kissing her hand to Adonis, and he was hurt; and somehow Cora, in her excitement under the in-"What a charming girl?" he said to | fluence of emotion, and in the shadows of the library, looked so charming that And then Miss Eastman made the some portion of his old love sprung to life again. Now that he knew he could not get her, and that some one else wanted her, she became desirable.

"I am an idiot," he said aloud, and Cora answered: "Oh, dear, no! I shall always remember your truth and constancy very tenderly." He bowed and took his hat. He bowed again and retired

house he heard the front door open.

THEY DON'T AGREE.



Pond's Extract — Jersey Mosquito — small size. Have 'em bigger. For much bigger. INSTANT RELIEF Sting of MOSQUITO Heat of SUNBURN

COOLING REFRESHING PILES. (See directions

with each bottle.) HEALING FOR ALL EXTREMAL WOUNDS AND INFLAMED SURFACES A WONDERFUL HEALER.

Bathe the Aching Head or the Swollen Feet with POND'S EXTRACT. What comfort! When the mosquitoes send substitutes to do their work, then use something else "just as good" in place of Pend's Extract. But when

"William, where is auntie?" said

Cora's voice. In the library," said William. "But don't you go there. Mr. Samuel is in there offering of hisself. Poor gentleman, I'm afraid it's the day after the fair: but such is life."

Then Cora giggled and ran up stairs. Mr. Wadleigh never proposed to the youngest Miss Eastman. Later he married a showy widow who admired him intensely. She had no young Samuel Wadleigh with hyacinthine locks and slender waist to compare him with, and still Mrs. Sweetsmile keeps a little forget-me-not ring in a little Russia leather box and looks at it

sometimes. "Poor fellow!" she sighs. "How true and faithful he was to me, and how little I deserved it.

DALTON M'CARTHY IN TOWN.

He Chats Pleasantly With a "Sun" Reporter-Delighted With St. John.

(From the Daily Sun of the 23rd.) "Yes, I am making a tour of the maritime provinces, but it is not a political tour. I am on my vacation and I do not purpose working any more than becomes absolutely necessary," said Dalton McCarthy, M. P., to a "Sun" reporter at the Royal hotel last evefigure entered—Cora. He started up ning. The equal rights champion has been in Charlotte county for over a week. During the most of the time he -not his new love, but his old. He has been in St. Andrews, which he destopped—stood still. She advanced; she clares is a beautiful place in which to rest. He and Mrs. McCarthy arrived in St. John Tuesday night. Yesterday they were driven around the city and suburbs. They will probably leave for

Halifax tomorrow morning. "I was never in the maritime provinces before," continued Mr. Mc-Carthy, "and really I am ashamed of the fact. So far I have been delighted with my trip. My impressions of St. John have been very favorable. It is a beautiful city, admirably situated for trade. It has a fine looking harbor, good wharves, an elevator that must have cost a considerable amount of money; in fact it seems to possess about everything that a nineteenth century city the size of this should possess, I like St. John very much. I had intended to leave for Halifax in the morning, but I think now I shall

remain another day. "I have been prevailed upon to speak in this city, but I shall not do so until my return at least, which will be about the first week in September.

"I came down over the C. P. R. and I purpose returning by way of the I. C. R. I was not very favorably impressed with the so-called Short Line, and I have a great desire to travel over the Intercolonial."

Mr. McCarthy feels confident there will not be a dominion election before another session of parliament. He says he has, been kicked out of one

CHINA AND JAPAN.

the Kow Shing Case.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 22.-The Japanese legation has received no news of the engagement between the Japanese and Chinese reported from Shanghai in despatches published this morning. The officials of the legation express the strongest confidence in the accuracy, of the telegram received by the legation announcing the finding of the British naval court of enquiry at Shanghai, in the Kow Shing case, which was favorable to Japan. legation characterizes as-unqualifiedly, incorrect the assertion that the commander of the Naniwa ordered his men to fire on the survivors from the Kow Shing, who were struggling in

No matter how many standard strains a horse has, he is worth only as much money as he can show speed for, when it comes to the matter of

selling him for a trotter. Emperor William of Germany has to the door. As he went along the passage to the central hall of the large house he heard the front door open.

The bowed again and retired received a magnificent Arab steed from the Sultan of Turkey. The horse is jet black and very fast.

monade now. a picnic.