mThe Phantom Yacht.

An August day in the year 1796. In a substance of the sail with white face and protuding eyes after miles from the mouth of the sail with white face and protuding eyes the Jean River is an Indian village, consisting of a dozon or more wigeams scatared irregularly over a sloping hillside. "No," said the other, in a changed in the dozon of the largest wigeam stands in owner, dressed in the warpaint of his ind, shading his eyes with his hand and substance area of heaven down river.

She was. The wind blew as it had blown their amounts of the largest with his hand and substance area of heaven down river.

mile between her and her pursuer. At her masthead flies the white flag of France, while at that of her pursuer a black flig floats, threatening and sullen.

wreck. The spectators almost hold their while at that of her pursuer a bill at their before the pursuer as the pursue as the pursuer as the pursuer as the pursuer as the pursue as the first pursue as the pursuer as the pursuer as the pursue as the pursuer as the pursue as the pursuer as the derers, and others seeing the first boatloads discomfiture, are already rowing quickly toward the stern; over the sides, from all quarters they come, and one by one the noble handful, fighting in despair till the last, are surrounded, and with a few long drawn death cries of rage and agony, all is

Night is fast talling and already the stars are beginning to appear, when the pirates after hastily looting the vessel, sail away back whence they came. In the gathering darkness a group of Indians sit stoically watching the ill fated schooner and the fast disappearing pirate, and when the latter is sately out of sight launch their cances to paddle off to the scene of tragedy, when suddenly a loud explosion rends the air, an angry red finsh and a cloud of thick black smoke rolls up from the schooner. The remaining mast falls, and she settles slowly, bow first, beneath the waves, leaving the waters of the river rippling over the spot as peaceably as

A century has passed Again the same river but how changed the surroundings. White men now tread where the Indian once hunted the red deer to its leafy lair, and the spot where the Indian village had stood, is now occupied by prosperous looking cottages. On the exact spot where the Indian had stood on that eventful night a century ago, a man clad in a white duck yachting suit now stands hailing his yacht, which is one of a score or more of trim little yachts rising and falling gently at their buoys a few bundred yards from the shore. On some of them their crews are busy preparing the evening meal while on shore the snug little club house is gay with bunting and white suits. Tomorrow is the club anniversary, the gala day of the season and among other things the final race in a cup series will be sailed. All day the yachtsmen have been busy getting their respective yachts in racing trim and many a jest is exchanged by the rival crews as they rest after the days

But a sudden interest is manifested in the appearance of a sail away down river. The yachtsmen scan ber closely as es flying toward them. 'A big boat that I says Murray the owner of the 'Mayourneen.' Then suddenly Winston leaned forward and touched him on the shoulder. Murray looked at him in

club house, now brilliantly illuminated, sey couldn't have seen it," was the gen-remark. And quickly the word was ed along the yachts. "Say nothing se phantom," then all went slowly ashore to the reception arranged for the evening at the club house to dance all even-ing and far into the night with heavy hearts and forebodings of evil.

She was. The wind blew as it had blown flew. The water gurgled and hissed at their bows, their smooth white sides glistened in the sun as they flew over the ailed straight up as if she had half a gale behind her. The other yachtsmen had behind her. The other yachts sullit waves, and in the excitement of the moment their crews forgot the ghastly occurrence of the night betore. Slowly the gestures On came the strange sail till at last she was in plain view. A long rakish looking craft painted pure white, schooner rigged and of a last century model. Then suddenly there is the roar of a single cannes shot, then the crash of a broadside, the mainmast totters and falls with a crash and githe schooner drifts an unmanageable arising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line which tells a rising for the long black line the wind suddenly died out leaving the yachts bobbing up and down on the glassy swell with their crews lying idly on the deck gazing hop:fully in every direction for the long black line which tells a rising breeze. The turning point was marked by a white flag placed a few hundred yards the mainmast totters and falls with a crash and the schooner drifts an unmanageable wreck. The spectators almost hold their breath, as after the interval of a few seemingly neverending minutes there is a white flag placed a few hundred.

and with Lots of Practice.

Currie Business University.

117 Princess St., - St, John, N. B.

om had disappeared the night before yachts with terrible tury. The "Mayourneens" mast already bending like a fishing red, cracked then fell bringing a cloud of red, cracked then fell bringing a cloud of canvas with it and completely covering the three men comprising her crew. The mast held by the rigging, the yacht plunged for-ward like a wounded deer driving the mast through her starboard bow and tearing a

hole through which the water rushed like a cataract. The little yacht filled rapidly.

Is Grip with us again ?

(From N. Y. Herald)

"It would appear from reports received from practising physicians in different parts of the country that Grip in more or less epidemic form is beginning to make its appearance. The symptoms are said to be of a distinctly catarrhal character and to tend toward pulmonic complications. This gives the disease a green exceet."



THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

on Nov. 8, under the s

Clara Butt, the English highly successful Amer

Muhimann arrived from Eu to join the Maurice Grau O Emma Calve's voice fail

She continued in the Madame Bauermeister sin notes for her. Suzanne Acher in Faust on Friday. expects to reappear this w ville, after a few days of re Mathilde Marchesi in her

lections refers occasionally t tinguished singers who wer as a rule these are only th who figure in her intere Emma Nevada's story is in by her former teacher, who her and another pupil n Boutichoff, who has fallen in ity that was the lot of most whose names are mentioned and Music.'

Verdi, who completed hi year on Oct. 10, is to receive the Order of the Annunz King, and will thus become King, as that order confers all its members. Verdi, wh described as tall, thin and with long curls falling over h first two operas were almost he had to give music and six to keep himself alive. He v would never write another no he read the libretto of Mabr manager thust into his unwilli music rushed into his head li He was driven by inspirat again, and in Mabucco there finest music he ever wrote. It is never given. It would be present generation. To sh operas will take sometimes, R had Don Pasquale and L'Eli at the Costanzi Theatre, and t prowded every night.

Mark Hambourg, who mad ful first appearance in New Y Boston Symphony Orchestra i Russian and is said to be old, although he looks nearer his awkward, rather boyish is short, broad shouldered the possession of great physic Says the Sun after he had first sppearance, he walked without ease or grace to the stage, bowed abruptly to the a then disappeared at a gait nea as some of his tempi. His straight hair falls over his brov ertion of playing, and his a sufficiently distraught for po M. Hambourg does not re peculiarities, however, as he is who may one day be one of the sane, and for its own sake will be touched a little more warm glow of tenderness and poetry physical sense. He was born at in southern Russia, studied the with his father, and appeare player at Moscow when he was played for a while as a prodigy vent to Leschititsky at Vier said to have received his educa

