The Daily Tribune.

VOL III. SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 3, 1874. No 2 .2

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DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE!

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This statement is substantially a FACT based upon evidence in the possession of the agent, in the shape of numerous testimonials from past sufferers, in all the walks of life, particularly from some of our most respectable citizens and trustworthy families.

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THE TWO ANCHORS.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

It was a gallant sailor man
Had just come home from sea,
And as I passed him in the town
Hesang "Ahoy!" to me.
I stopped, and saw I knew the man—
Had known him from a boy;
And so I answered, sailor like,
"Avast!" to his "Ahoy!"
I made a song for him one day—
His ship was then in sight—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

I gave his hand a hearty grip,
"So you are back again?
They say you have been pirating
Upon the Spanish Main;
Or was it some rich Indiaman
You robbed of all her pearls?
Of course you have been breaking hearts
Of poor Kanaka girls!"
"Wherever I have been," he said,
"I kept my ship in sight—
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

"I heard last night that you were in;
I walked the wharves to-day,
But saw no ship that looked like yours,
Where does the good ship lay?
I want to go on board of her."
"And so you shall," said he;
"But there are many things to do
When one comes home from sea.
You know the song you made for me?
I sing it morn and night—
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

"But how's your wife and little one?"
"Come home with me," he said,
"Go on, go on; I follow you."
I followed where he led.
He had a pleasant little house;
The door was opened wide,
And at the door the dearest face—
A dearer one inside!
He hugged his wife and child: he sang—
His spirits were so light—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

'Twas supper-time, and we sat down—
The sailor's wife and child,
And he and I: he looked at them,
And looked at me and smiled.
I think of this when I am touched
Upon the stormy foam,
And though a thousand leagues away,
Am anchored here at home."
Then giving each a kiss, he said,
"I see in dreams at night
'The lit le anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

—R. H. STODDARD, *in Harper's Magazine for October.*

AN INFATUATION.

Rankle Row was wild with excitement, not because Mrs. McNamara, the pretty widow at number six was receiving the attentions of a gentleman from what Jenkins in his serious mood calls the "classic precincts" of the city. Excitement on that score had died out some six months before. For six months Cornelius Vavasour had called on the widow each Sunday afternoon, escorted her to church and back, taken tea with her, and departed bowing and smiling toward the window, from which she bowed and smiled to him, and now this wolf in the very fleest of sheep's clothing had been detected in the basest treachery.

Mrs. Priatt and Mrs. Lynx, strolling out in the cool of the day for a mouthful of fresh air, had rambled past an aristocratic mansion, belonging to one of the oldest of the old Dutch families, and had there caught sight of Cornelius Vavasour walking in the shrubberies with an elegant and graceful lady in silk attire and with a genuine Cashmere shawl about her shoulders. The wretch, much to the horror of his unobserved observers, embraced the Cashmere shawl, and once actually pressed a kiss upon the lady's lips.

Rankle Row was a sweetly sympathetic neighborhood. No one was there allowed his secret griefs. Had any one of its inhabitants inclined to "let concealment like a worm in the bud," etc., it wouldn't have been permitted, not that the nasty worm was always plucked away, but every one had a good look at the bud.

"It wouldn't have been so nice for dear Mrs. McNamara," said Mrs. McNemara's neighbors. "If Mr. Vavasour hadn't turned out to be a wretch. She was a good little thing, though she had her faults like the rest of us, and she wasn't well off and was obliged to make money by dressmaking." Let no one imagine for a moment that Mrs. McNamara was a dressmaker. For the credit of Rankle Row, let the supposition be silenced forever. True, she made dresses for a few select friends, and now and then for other people. True, she rose with the sun and went forth shortly after the same six days of every week, but she was not a mere dressmaker. No vulgar sign dangled at the door of number six.

It was a pity that the widow had been deceived, but pity wouldn't alter the case. Steps must be taken to undeceive her. The ladies of Rankle Row dispatched a committee of six of their number for the purpose.

With solemn countenances suited to the occasion, the committee took possession temporarily of the poor, dear thing's parlor, and did their Christian duty with Christian fortitude.

"Thank you, ladies," said Mrs. McNamara, when the last one had had her say "I have the greatest confidence in Mr. Vavasour, but I will make inquiries and satisfy myself as to the facts."

"You don't doubt the facts!" cried the two ladies who had discovered Mr. Vavasour's iniquity, speaking in indignant duet.

"Mistakes will happen sometimes," explained the widow, amiably. "I trust that this is a mistake. But I quite appreciate your kindness, and hope I shall some day be able to return it."

"We saw the person quite distinctly," said Mrs. Lynx. "She wore a violet rep silk worth $5 a yard at the very lowest calculation, and a real cashmere shawl."

"I suppose it was mean of me to allude to it," admitted Mrs. Lynx, afterward, in private council with her friends, "for we all know the poor, dear woman has worn her best alpaca quite threadbare, and freshened her bonnet with ammonia more than once; but it really was impertinent of her to say it might be a mistake, after I told her I saw it with my own eyes; and besides, it's for her own good. She ought to know at once that the other person is a lady whom no one would dare flirt with."

In spite of the crusade against him, Mr. Vavasour continued his Sunday visits. Mrs. McNamara begged that the ladies wouldn't concern themselves any farther with the subject. She had made inquiries, and discovered that Mr. Vavasour knew no one in the aristocratic mansion of which mention has been made, save a nice old lady, quite old enough to be his grandmother. Probably it was with her, or some one of her occasional visitors, he had walked in the garden.

As for the kiss, she declared, waxing valiant, that she didn't believe Mr. Vavasour would kiss any lady but herself; yet, if he had done so, just once, there was no great harm in a kiss, and she meant to receive his attentions, and marry him also.

After this the infatuated woman was abandoned to her fate, severely cut by one and all. Even her name was spoken with a shiver.

About this time mouthfuls of fresh air became necessary to a considerable number of the ladies in Rankle Row, the fresh air abounding principally in the vicinity of shrubberies where distant glimpses of the faithless Vavasour and his fairest fair might be had.

Some of the ladies declared that Mrs. Lynx must have a preternatural vision if she were really able to tell a camel's hair shawl from any other, at that distance, but as dramatic suitability seemed to require that the widow's rival should be magnificently attired, and they were all poetical creatures, their doubt succumbed to superior sagacity. Indeed, the magnificence rather increased than decreased as time went on, as well as the lady's loveliness and grace.

Mrs. McNamara had deservedly fallen into displeasure, but some gentle hearts melted to pity as the evidences of Vavasour's perfidy became more and more apparent. A committee once more descended upon her, and begged she would accompany them to witness the dreadful spectacle.

"Do you often amuse yourselves in this way, ladies?" asked the widow, no longer suave and smiling. "For my part, I have business to attend to, and if I had not I shouldn't set a watch on Mr. Vavasour's actions."

In the cause of humanity, the tender-hearted committee forbore to leave in righteous indignation even at this speech. They remained with Mrs. McNamara. They begged of her, for her own sake, to conquer her pride and listen to the voice of warning.

So earnest were they, that, presently, she became interested and begged to know full particulars. This was satisfactory. It gave one or two of them a chance to punish her ill-treatment of themselves. Such particulars as were wanting, in reality, were supplied by imagination.

"A lovely blonde," said one of the ladies, looking to Mrs. Lynx for corroboration.

Mrs. McNamara, who had blue eyes and black hair, fired preceptibly at this.

"I know Mr. Vavasour does not admire blondes," said she, sharply.

"That is what he tells you," said Mrs. Lynx.

"She is a blonde. Isn't she, Mrs. Priatt?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Priatt.

"Certainly," echoed one or two others whose consciences were elastic enough to admit the assertion of the one whom they had never actually seen.

"Quite a sweet face, I assure you," said Mrs. Lynx. "A pure Grecian nose."

Mrs. McNamara stole a glance in the mirror at her own retroussee feature, shrugged her plump shoulders and was silent.

Failing entirely in accomplishing its object, the committee at length withdrew, utterly disgusted, and completely exhausted by its charitable efforts.

On the occasion of their next inhalation of fresh air a bright idea seized upon one of these ladies.

"Why not speak to the other one?" were the words which conveyed the idea to her hearers' ears.

"Why not?" exclaimed one and all.

They concluded to invade the shrubberies, to get speech with the lovely blonde, to see how she would take the story of Vavasour's most fickle conduct. The occasion was not auspicious, for Vavasour lingered, provokingly, out of sight most of the time, which made the lingering a double annoyance. Long they waited for his departure.

"It's Saturday night," said Mrs. Priatt, "and I haven't given my butcher his order for Sunday."

"Never mind," said the others; "let us see it out."

At length Mr. Vavasour departed, whistling softly as he went. The ladies decided on a detachment of one, and Mrs. Lynx was unanimously elected to the office. The night had grown quite dark, so that that lady's journey through the winding gravel paths was a difficult one. She reached the lovely summer-house which Mr. Vavasour had just left, before his companion had stirred. There she sat beneath the dewy leaves, a lady in the sweetest shawl, a veritable cashmere.

She jumped up as Mrs. Lynx's footsteps sounded on the path.

"Stop," said she to the approaching intruder. "Stop where you are. I shall die of fright if you don't. Who are you, anyhow?"

"Mrs. Lynx, of No. 9 Rankle Row," replied the lady. "If it were not so dreadfully dark, I'd offer you my card."

"Excuse me a minute," said the other, as she leaned from the window of the arbor and called loudly for Ponto. Ponto proved to be a large and exceedingly demonstrative dog, who leaped up and pawed at Mrs. Lynx, who was ready to fly, screaming with terror.

"Down, Ponto," said the lady, "down I say. May I ask your errand, Madam?"

"Please tell me," said Mrs. Lynx, if you are engaged to the gentleman who has just left you, Mr. Vavasour. I assure you I ask the question from no idle motive."

"Well, yes," admitted the lady of the cashmere shawl, giggling and hiding her face in a point-lace handkerchief, "yes, I am."

"Because," said Mrs. Lynx, gravely, "a sweet friend of mine supposes herself to be engaged to him also, and I wish to undeceive her."

"You don't say so," said Mr. Vavasour's true fiancee, giggling more immoderately, pulling down a spray of white jessamine and tearing it to pieces, "like a perfect idiot," Mrs. Lynx afterward asserted.

"Well, I don't care if she does. I can't help it if the women make love to him. It isn't his fault, I'm sure. Tell the bold creature from me that we are to be married on Monday morning next, and please take yourself off my premises."

The affianced of Mr Vavasour gathered her shawl about her with these words—Mrs. Lynx saw a magnificent diamond flash through the darkness as she did so—and swept from the summer-house into the stately mansion, leaving Mrs. Lynx staring in amazement.

"Never before," sobbed that lady, "was I treated with such rudeness."

"Is she a blonde?" asked the curious group outside the gate.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Lynx.

"Of course I only said that to torment Mrs. McNamara. I am sure she deserves it. I rather think her hair is dark."

On Sunday afternoon, number six was a centre of attraction. The upper blinds stood partly open, and some one sat behind them. Male inhabitants of Rankle Row were dispatched to walk past the house and discover whom. Presently an end of black ribbon slipped through the slats and fluttered out. The fingers of a black-gloved hand next made their appearance. An hour elapsed, the ribbon still fluttered, the little hand was still visible, but Mr. Vavasour had not arrived. The time for afternoon church was over, and still that solitary figure watched. The tea hour had passed and night descended, but still it had not stirred. Poor dear! she was to be undeceived at last.

Monday arrived. Mrs. Lynx and her friends were about departing to get a peep at the wedding for which they had not received cards, when one of the little band discovered to the general horror and amazement that the black ribbon was still fluttering from the sash, a rigid hand quite out upon the sill.

They tried the door. They called, without answer. Some one procured a key. Having summoned all the male relations who happened to be at home, they entered.

"Poor girl," said Mrs. Priatt, "what an unlimely end. Why would she not be warned?"

They entered the silent house and went up-stairs, leaving Mrs. Lynx in hysterics and prone upon the parlor floor. Two of the deputed committee lifted the lifeless form in their arms, and then there was a roar of laughter from the men.

As for the women they raged inwardly and forced smiles. The figure was so lifeless that it fell to pieces, as mummies are said to do. In the fingers of one of the stuffed kid gloves were a pair of square white cards tied with snowy ribbon, on one of which was the name of Vavasour, on the other of the deceased McNamara's relict. By this it seemed apparent that the lady with whom Mrs. Lynx had conversed in the darkness was Mrs. McNamara herself. This supposition was verified by the newspapers of the following day.

The intended expedition was abandoned, as no one wished to encounter the bride, and Rankle Row is now puzzling itself to discover how it was that that absurd creature came to wear the silk dress and the cashmere shawl.

The report that Mr. Vavasour's aged relative, for whom Mrs. McNamara worked at times, had taken a fancy to the dressmaker and loaded her with favor, hardly seems a sufficient explanation of the mystery.

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The Government do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

WM. M. KELLY,
Chief Commissioner.

Department of Public Works, Fredericton, Sept. 10, 1874. } sept12

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Conspicuous, also, for its rare beauty, is the illustration accompanying the "Song of the Brook," where the streamlet, dashing beneath the rustic bridge, goes chattering

"Over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles."

"Till last by Philip's farm it flows,
To join the brimming river."

Altogether, this is one of the most charming and elegant books ever issued by the American press—a fitting gift for lover or friend; an attractive ornament for the parlor table; a valuable addition to any family library.

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