THE HERALD.

VOL. II., NO. 6. FREDERICTON, N. B., MONDAY, JANUARY 19, 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be found at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

Wm. WILSON,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Secretary-Treasurer York.
Registrar University of New Brunswick.
Agent Glasgow and London Insurance Co's.

Office: CARLETON STREET.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

New Brunswick Division.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect October 12th, 1890.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

8.20 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; 10.30 a. m. for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.30, 7.35 a. m.; 4.40, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a.m.; 12.10., 6.25, p. m. McAdam Junction, 10.47, a. m.; 2.15, p. m. Vanceboro, 10.25, a. m., 12.45 p. m. St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.15 a. m. St. Andrews, 6.55, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.20 a. m., 1.20, 7.20 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.20 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.10 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

C. E. McPHERSON, Dist. Pass. Agent. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen'l Supt

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 889

ON and after **Monday, June 10th, 1889,** the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.10
Fast Express for Halifax 14.30
Express for Sussex 16.35
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal 16.35

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec 10.50
Fast Express from Halifax 14.50
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton 20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

For Tickets and other information, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton

NORTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 25th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

2:40 p. m; Gibson, 2:45; Marysville, 2:55; Manzer's Siding, 3:20; Durham, 3:30; Cross ree, 4:10; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:10; Upper Blackville, 7:00, Blackville, 7:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:00; Chatham Junction, 8:25; arrive at Chatham, 9:00.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

6.[illegible] a. m; Chatham Junction, 7:00; Upper Nelson Boom, 7 15; Blackville, 8:05; Upper Blackville, 8:35; Doaktown, 9:25; Boiestown, 10:20; Cross Creek, 11:30; Durham, 12:10, p.m.; Marysville, 12:45; Gibson, 12:55, arriving at Fredericton, 1:00.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. Railway for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co, for St. John and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

All Trains will Leave and Arrive at Fredericton Station, West End of Bridge, instead of Gibson as heretofore.

All Freight to and from Fredericton will be received at Fredericton Station. Freight to and from Gibson will be received at Gibson Station.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

COOKED CODFISH.

Ask your Grocer for

COOKED SHREDDED CODFISH,

And Try It.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pills Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 30 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 38 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is [illegible] and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of all Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

13-10-83

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

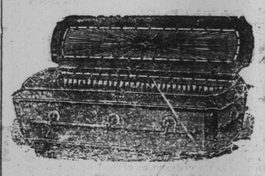
where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

BELL HANGING,

Speaking Tubes, &c.

ADAMS BROS.



FUNERAL

—AND—

FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS,

OPP. QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON.

Caskets, Coffins, Robes, Mountings, &c.

and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.

☞ *Special Prices for Country Orders.*

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.

Residence over Warerooms.

ADAMS BROS.

STEAMSHIPS.

ALLAN LINE.

Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of Canadian and United States Mails.

1890. Winter Arrangement. 1891.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made *the fastest time on record.*

The Steamers of the

MAIL LINE TO LIVERPOOL

Sailing from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, and from Halifax on SATURDAYS, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched as follows:

LIVERPOOL AND HALIFAX.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
4th Dec	.....PARISIAN.....	27th Dec
18th do	.....CIRCASSIAN.....	10th Jan
1st Jan	.....SARDINIAN.....	24th do
15th do	.....POLYNESIAN.....	7th Feb
29th do	.....CIRCASSIAN.....	21st do

and fortnightly thereafter.

These steamers sail from Halifax about 1 p. m. Saturdays, or as soon as possible after the arrival of the Intercolonial Railway train, due at Halifax at noon.

Halifax, St. John's, N. F., Queenstown and Liverpool Service.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
26th Nov	.....POLYNESIAN..	22nd Dec
9th Dec	.....NOVA SCOTIAN.	5th Jan
23rd do	.....CASPIAN.....	19th do

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation) $40 to $65
RETURN ..... $80 to $120
EXTRA CLASS CABINS on Parisian....$70 to $80
Children, in saloon, between 2 and 12 years, half fare; under 2 years, free.
Clergymen and their families are allowed a reduction of ten per cent. from these rates.
INTERMEDIATE — Outward, $25; Inward, prepaid, $30.
STEERAGE, $20.

Rates of Passage to St. John's, N.F.

Saloon, $20; Intermediate, $15; Steerage, $6.

GLASGOW LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

No cattle of any description carried on Mail Steamers.

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,

ST. JOHN N. B.

No. 9.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, May. 5th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John, for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.35 Standard.

Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer ROSE STANISH, for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Special Notice—On and after Aug. 16th, and up to and including Sept. 13th, a Steamer will leave St. John for Boston direct, every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.30 Standard time.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent,
Reed's Point Wharf, St John, N. B.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IT IS ONLY A SHORT WHILE SINCE

LUCY & CO.

started their present undertaking, and they can now with pride boast of having one of the best

Boot, Shoe,

—AND—

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

Business in the City. This has been accomplished in the short space of eighteen months, and it shows what pluck and perseverance will do when backed by fair dealing and close attention to the wants of the people. Their goods are bought and sold for CASH, and this is the real secret of their success.

They wish to call the attention of Christmas buyers to the fact that Presents bought at their Store are not only ornamental, but also useful to those who receive them. Respectfully,

LUCY & CO.

Their stock is now complete and they are receiving NEW GOODS every week.

C. C. GILL,

PAINTER,

House and Sign Decorator.

Tinting in OIL or WATER COLOR.
PAPERING and GRAINING.
EXPRESSES and WAGONS Painted at Short Notice.

SHOP AND RESIDENCE:

59 Brunswick Street.

N.Y.

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.

THE REGULAR LINE.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP,

VALENCIA,

1600 tons, (Capt. F. C. MILLER), will leave

COMPANY'S WHARF, Rear of Custom House,

ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK

via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every

FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.

(Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave

Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, New York, EVERY TUESDAY at 5 p. m.,

For Cottage City, Mass., Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.

CHEAPEST FARES AND LOWEST RATES.

Shippers and importers save time and money by ordering goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on the Intercolonial Railway.

For further information address

N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York

Or FRANK ROWAN, Agent,
N.Y.S.S. Co's wharf, rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

ADVENTURE WITH OUTLAWS

A Dangerous Ride in the Days of Bold Highwaymen.

I was lying ice bound at Lewiston, Idaho, writes Joaquin Miller in St. Nicholas. Men wanted to send money below to their friends or families; merchants, anticipating the tremendous rush, must get letters through the snow to Walla Walla. Would I go? Could I go?

The snow was deep. The trails, over open and monotonous mountains, were drifted full. Could any living man face the drifting snow and find his way to Walla Walla? At first the merchants had tried to hire Indians to undertake the trip and deliver their letters. Not one could be found to go. When the storm abated a little the men who kept the ferry across the Shoshone river scraped off the snow and, cutting down the unheaved blocks of ice, made it possible to cross with a horse.

At first I meant to carry only letters. But having finally consented to take a little gold for one merchant, I soon found I should lose friends if I did not take gold for others. The result was that I had to take gold worth nearly $10,000.

A few muffled up friends came down to the river bank to see me off. It was a great event. For two weeks we had not had a line from the outer world. And meantime the civil war was raging in all its terrible fury. As I set out that bleak and icy morning after I had mounted my plunging pony I saw in the crowd several faces that I did not like.

There was Dave English, who was hanged on that spot with several of his followers not forty days later; there was Boone Helm, hanged in Montana; Cherokee Bob, killed in Millersburg, and also Canada Joe. This last lived with some low Indians a little way down the river. So when he rode ahead of me I was rather glad than otherwise, for I felt that he would not go far. I kept watch of him, however. And when I saw that he skulked around under the hill, as if he were going home, and then finally got back into the trail I knew there was trouble ahead.

But the "Rubicon" was now behind. My impetuous horse was plunging in the snow, and I was soon tearing through the storm up the hill. Once fairly on my way, I looked back below. Dave English and Boone Helm were bidding goodbye to two mounted cowboys at the ferryhouse. Ten minutes later, as I looked back through the blinding snow I saw that these two desperate fellows were following me.

True, there was nothing criminal in that. The two highwaymen had a right to ride behind me if they wished. And Canada Joe had just as good right to ride ahead of me. But to be on a horse deep in the blinding snow and loaded down with gold was bad enough. To have a a desperado blocking the narrow trail before you, with his two friends behind you was fearful!

Once, as the drifting and blinding snow broke away up the mountain, I saw Canada Joe, with his head bent down in the storm, still pushing on ahead of me at a safe distance. A few minutes after, as I crossed and climbed the further bank of an ugly canyon, the two robbers came close enough to hail me.

One of them held up a bottle. They evidently intended to overtake me if they could, and profess to be friendly. This I must not allow. I urged my ambitious horse to his best. But, to my disappointment, as I hastened up a narrow pass I found that I was not far behind Canada Joe. This low browed, black fellow was reported to be the worst man in all that country. And that was saying he was bad, indeed.

I was in a tight place and had to think fast. My first plan was to ride forward and face this man before the others came up. But I was really afraid of him. It seemed a much easier task to turn and kill the two rear men and get back to town. But no! no! All this was abandoned almost as soon as thought of. In these days even the most desperate had certain rights which their surviving friends would enforce.

I was now but a few hundred yards behind Canada Joe. So far as I could find out the robbers were closing in upon me. But we had ridden over the roughest part of the road and were within a few miles of the high plateau, so that the wind was tearing past in a gale and the drifting snow almost blinded me.

Suddenly I had a new thought. Why not take the left, gain the plateau by a new route and let these bloodthirsty robbers close their net without having me inside? I rose in my saddle with excitement at the idea, and striking spurs to my brave horse, I was soon climbing up the natural slope at a gallop. Ah! but I was glad! Gallop! gallop! gallop! I seemed to hear many horses. Turning my head suddenly over my shoulder I saw my two pursuers not a hundred yards behind me. They shouted! I was now on the high plateau and the snow was not so deep! Gallop! gallop! gallop! Canadian Joe—thank heaven—was away to the right and fast falling behind. Gallop! gallop! gallop! I was gaining on the robbers and they knew it. Fainter and fainter came their curses and their shouts.

And then: Whiz! crack! thud!

I looked back and saw that they both had thrown themselves from their saddles and were taking deliberate aim.

But to no purpose. Not one shot touched me or my horse, and I reached the first station and finally rode into Walla Walla with my precious burden safe and sound.

RULE OF THUMB.

In China, a traveler wishing for a passport is compelled to have the palm of his hand brushed over with fine oil paint; he then presses his hand on thin, damp paper, which retains an impression of the lines. This is used to prevent transference of the passport, as the lines of no two hands are alike. The cunning Chinese have also discovered that the impressions of no two persons' thumbs are alike and also that the impressions of no one persons' two thumbs are alike. The European police keep books of photographs to identify criminals; the Chinese police keep merely impressions of each criminal's two thumbs, carefully labeled and numbered. He may shave, he may appear young and blithe, or old and crippled, but he cannot alter the impressions of his thumbs, which can at any time be traced on paper, and compared with the impressions always kept in safe custody by the celestial detective force.

HOW ABSURD

For people to ruin their health with unwholesome food. The food prepared with Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder is wholesome.

AN EASTERN MYSTERY.

What is known as the "secret mail" of India has for more than a generation perplexed the English mind, and is still a profound mystery, although numberless attempts have been made to explain it. Every one who has lived long in Asiatic countries is aware that the accurate knowledge of important happenings at a distance is often possessed by the natives a considerable time before it is obtained by the government, and even though special facilities had been provided for the transmission of the news. This was frequently and conspicuously illustrated throughout the Sepoy rebellion. Happenings occurring hundreds of miles away were usually known in the bazaars hours and sometimes days before the news reached the authorities, and the information obtained was regarded as so trustworthy that the natives speculated upon it even to the full extent of their fortunes. Indeed, upon one occasion the "secret mail" beat the government courier by fully twelve hours, although every endeavor had been made to secure the swiftest dispatch.

The Hindoos themselves say, when they consent to talk about it at all, that they depend neither upon horses nor men, and have no secret code of signals, but that they do possess a system of thought transmission which is as familiar to them as the electric telegraph to the western world. Any one may accept this explanation that will. But though most people, with less fondness for the mysterious and a better knowledge of the weaknesses of the Hindoos for making riddles of the simplest facts, will look for a more prosaic explanation, it remains to be said that none has been forthcoming. The "secret mail" is an indutiable reality, and no westerner has ever succeeded in solving its mystery. If news is transmitted by signals, no one has ever seen the signalers; nor if there is a vast system of stages in operation, covering hundreds and thousands of miles, has any one ever come across any of its machinery. And, indeed, it would seem that some means of communication must be at the command of the natives more rapid than horses or runners.—Providence Journal.

A LIVELY SPOON MARKET.

Society in general is suffering from a surfeit of bonbon and almond spoons. Of course the delicate little silver spoons designed for use at dessert are not in themselves a trial, but hundreds and hundreds of well-to-do people in Pittsburg have been regretting since Christmas that they had ever laid eyes upon them. The afflicted understand exactly what the spoons have been responsible for this season, but for the sake of the comparatively few who are in blissful ignorance it may be explained that too many people hit upon the artistic but cheap almond or candy spoon as a Christmas present. Some families were swamped with spoons on Christmas day, and by actual count one lady of extensive acquaintance in the East End received fourteen spoons out of a total of thirty-two presents.

The spoon gift took an extra unpleasantness when, as happened in many cases, it was simply a matter of exchange. For instance, Mrs. A—— sent her dear friend, Mrs. B——, a silver almond spoon; and Mrs. B——, putting her friendship for Mrs. A—— at the same figure, sent a similar spoon to the latter. You see the little notes of thanks under such circumstances proved singular difficulties. Mrs. A—— could not thank Mrs. B—— for her lovely "little spoons," nor could Mrs. B—— thank Mrs. A —— for her "exquisite spoon," with the cheerfulness and grace the occasion demanded.

A fashionable jeweller informs me that he sold more little spoons than anything else this Christmas. He could make money if he were to offer to buy all of them back at half price.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE SORT OF CLERKS WOMEN LIKE.

It is a fact that it pays retailers in certain lines of business to employ handsome and ornamental male clerks, just as much as it is profitable for confectionery stores to present the smiles of a pretty girl with every box of bon-bons. We may soar as high as we will in our philosophy, yet the vulgar truth remains that, in the hundreds of thousands of women shoppers in New York, there is a large class that enjoy being waited upon by a good-looking man.

A merchant who deals in various charming and delicate articles intended for female use was discussing this point recently.

"Yes," said he, I always employ good-looking clerks. It took me a long time, however, to find out just what sort of good looks I required. When I was at first advised to get some handsome men into my store I cast about to find a fine lot of strong-featured and athletic chaps—fellows that would be conspicuous anywhere for their muscular beauty and fineness of countenance—but not only did I find this a most difficult task, but the few examples I could secure seemed to have no attraction for the ladies at all.

"Finally a friend put me on to the fact that I must employ an entirely different order of fellows. I must get a lot of white-faced, slim-waisted, perfumed and soft-voiced chaps who could look unutterable things on the slightest provocation at a man of any appearance or age. I found able men as these very abundant, and some have no less than twenty who are, always one of them, more or less worshipped by the ladies that come to my shop."

CANADIAN TURKEYS IN ENGLAND.

We are glad to learn that the first consignment of Canadian turkeys to reach British markets has met with an encouraging reception. The shipment was made before the publication of the report of John Sanders, the dominion commissioner, who recently visited this country, and several of the suggestions made by British dealers were not, therefore, taken advantage of for this consignment. Nevertheless, the turkeys, which were consigned to various dealers in London, sold readily. They were, it is true, hardly heavy enough for this market, weighing from 10 to 12 lbs., though some of them scaled 14 lbs.; and in British eyes the smaller the turkey the smaller the price. Hence, while the best Irish and English turkeys fetch 8d per lb., and some weighing from 18 to 20 lbs. are even sold at from 1s to 1s 2d per lb., the Canadian article only sold for 6d or 7d. The price would probably have been a little greater but for the fact that the Canadian birds were unplucked, and had, therefore, to contend against some natural British prejudice on account of their appearance.

TRAGEDY OF MONTE CARLO.

A Ruined Russian Count Sells his Faithful Wife.

NICE, Jan. 10.—The week's record of suicides at Monte Carlo includes that of a young and beautiful Russian wife, who was as good as she was beautiful, by name Nadjeoka Charikoff. The Charikoffs are an ancient and noble family, whose estates lie not far from St. Petersburg, but the productiveness of which has been curtailed by the freeing of the serfs and the recent failure of the grain harvests. In fact, Count Ivan has lately been hard pressed to raise sufficient funds to defray the expenses of his usual winter visits to the Riviera, for Ivan, like many Russians, was an inveterate gambler, and found the amiability of the administration at Monte Carlo in abolishing the usual limit at trentret quarante very much to his liking.

But play was not his only amusement. On his way to and from St. Petersburg he had frequently made detours that enabled him to visit Bucharest, the gay capital of Roumania, where he found in the late spring all the rigors of a Russian winter, and quite as much gambling as he had left behind him on the Mediterranean littoral, not, however, in public gaming houses, but in the salons of the creme de la creme of the Roumanian aristocracy.

It was not long before he discovered that Bucharest contained an additional attraction in the person of Nadjeska Litolt, the youngest daughter of a large landed proprietor, whose beauty and many accomplishments had already brought all the eligible youth of Roumania to her feet, but she was still heart whole when the handsome Russian appeared on the scene. In an evil hour she allowed herself to fall deeply in love with the new comer, and it was not many days before she agreed to marry him.

The marriage occurred about the middle of November, just as Bucharest was donning its winter mantle of ermine, and the wedding festivities were celebrated to the music of sleigh bells as well as of cathedral chimes. What more natural, therefore, then that the bride, who had never before left home at this season, should visit a region of almost perpetual sunshine and enjoy the sight of roses blooming and lemons and oranges ripening in the open air in December? It is true that the exceptional cold of the past month was a keen disappointment to Nadjeska, but the fast hastening event of a tragedy soon drove all other thoughts from her mind.

It was not to be expected that Count Ivan intended to eschew play even during his honeymoon, and the event proved that he could not, as a benedict, resist the temptations of the Casino any more successfully than he had done as a bachelor. The Countess was aware that her husband was fond of play, as she had seen him gambling at Bucharest, but she was not prepared for the entire command over his whole being that the fatal passion had secured, in comparison with which her own charms of mind and person were as nothing.

The denouement that might have been predicted from such a state of affairs was not long in coming. Before a fortnight had elapsed Nadjeska realized that she had been virtually abandoned. Between noon and the time the tables closed at midnight she only saw her husband at dinner hour and even then she was not sure of his company, as he was frequently too much absorbed in the game to remember that he was hungry.

They had taken rooms at the luxurious hotel de Paris, adjoining the Casino, so that the count might be promptly on hand when the doors opened and play began. The hotel is resorted to by many of the wealthy, but otherwise least reputable of those who make Monte Carlo their winter home. To these idle gentry the sight of a lovely bride systematically neglected by her husband was a cheering and exhilarating spectacle. It suggested such possibilities of wooing and winning that the entire colony of ne'er do wells were at once keenly on the scent.

And now came the hour of Nadjeska's temptations. Carefully reared in a virtuous home, and unskilled in the wiles of fashionable coquetry, she firmly repelled all advances made by the ill conditioned crowd, but was unable to conceal the grief that the Count's conduct caused her. It was her undisguised unhappiness that gave them hope. Prominent among those who thus pestered her was Prince Altobreccia, an Italian. He was far richer and handsomer than any of the rivals, and seemed determined to gain his point. His method of procedure was a novel one.

Discovering that Count Ivan was losing heavily he sought an interview with him and coolly informing him that he (the Count) seemed to care more for money than for his bride, proposed that she should be transfereed to the Italian for the payment of 200,000 francs ($40,000) in French gold. The Count was not as tall as the Prince, but indignation at the audacity of the proposal nerved his arm, and he promptly knocked his rival down in the secluded corner of the Casino gardens where the interview took place.

But this spasm of right feeling and action was not to save the Count. He kept on plunging and losing until ruin started him in the face. It was for this that the wily Italian had, waited. He again threw himself in the way of the infatuated Russian, who finally humbled himself so far as to ask for the 200,000 francs as a loan. Nothing was said on the second occasion about the Countess. Prince Altobreccia, feeling certain that he had gained Nadjeska's love, hastened to seek an interview with her, and proposed an elopement, a proposal that it is needless to say was indignantly rejected. Meanwhile Count Ivan was engaged in rapidly losing his windfall, and the second day found him nearly reduced to beggary. He had enough money left to pay his own expenses northward, and unable to face the situation he had created, he took the first train for Vienna and St. Petersburg.

It was on New Years's eve that the Countess discovered that she had been abandoned. So far as ready money was concerned she was almost penniless, but she might have raised a considerable sum by selling her jewels. This she disliked to do, as she still hoped her husband would, after a short absence, return. It was Tuesday last, when having finally given up all hope, and too proud to call on her friends at home for help, she closed her unhappy career by taking poison.

Hardly was her body cold when the proprietor of the hotel received a telegram from St. Petersburg stating that Count Ivan had been run over by a railway train, and that on his pockets being searched a note was found giving his name, and stating that he had committed suicide, as he had lost 800,000 rubles and was entirely ruined, and pleading that a charitable silence might be preserved regarding his life.

ROSA BONHEUR'S ADVICE.

Rosa Bonheur sees few people; she will be sixty-nine years old next March; her health is not robust, and ingrained in her nature is a shrinking from too close contact with humanity, which reminds one of the timidity or shyness of her own deer of the forest of Fontainebleau. A request to be permitted to call on her, coming even from people for whom she feels respect and esteem, may be met with courteous apologies; a stranger has little hope of reaching her presence, and an invitation to seek her out in her country retirement in the little village of By at Thomery is something almost unheard of.

You may imagine then the surprise with which a young English girl now painting in the Academy Julian received one day a brief note in a strange, vigorous and almost awkward handwriting, informing her that Mlle. Rosa Bonheur would be pleased to see her at noon on a certain day in December. Miss Alice buttoned the precious letter into the bosom of her dress, took a Seine steamboat to the Jardin des Plantes, and fell feverishly to sketching a buffalo. She spent the money she had been saving for curtains in her bare little room in the Quartier Latin on the best etching obtainable of "Ploughing in the Nevernais." She says she lay awake two nights debating whether to cut her hair short and part it on one side.

On the eventful morning she took a seat in a first-class compartment from the Gare de Lyon. This, on the part of a young woman whose purse ached with famine, was paying great deference to the occasion. Mlle. Bonheur received her so quietly and simply as to check the outpouring of gratitude. "Let us have first," said the white-haired painter, "a little dejeuner."

"Now," said Mlle. Bonheur afterward, "draw that cat for me."

Miss Alice gasped with dismay. The cat was a huge fellow purring in one corner of the studio. Miss Alice prayed for the floor to open, but took up her pencil.

"Yes," said Mlle. Bonheur, "so they told me. I've seen worse lines—sometimes."

Miss Alice ascended to the seventh heaven at this equivocal praise.

"Where have you been," went on Mlle. Bonheur, "since April?"

"In—In Belgium."

"Drawing?"

"Not—much; resting."

"So they told me. Why don't you draw, or else go home and—make the soup for dinner?"

Miss Alice abased herself and promised to draw without intermission. Then she asked how her hostess, whom she had never before seen, had learned of her existence. It appeared that Mlle. Bonheur, who haunted the Wild West camp while Buffalo Bill was in Paris, had noticed the young English student sketching horses. Something in the girl's face had attracted her; she had had enquiries made among the ateliers, and, silently, in spite of her lack of intercourse with other artists, had kept track of her quasi-protege, whom she thus rebuked for a summer's idleness. Mlle Bonheur is an unsparing critic, and this is not the first time she has exhorted an aspirant to make due progress or to clean pots and pans.—Paris Letter, Pittsburg Gazette.

A GIRL BICYCLIST.

Miss Emma Wilson of Peoria, Ill., so we are told by Outing, had much difficulty in overcoming the prejudices of her rather conservative family to the bicycle as a means of getting to and from the school where she taught, the family home being a distance out of town. Finally, however, a lady's safety was purchased, and after a little private practice Miss Wilson succeeded in making very quick time between home and school. It happened one day that during the absence of her father her brother, Harry, an imp of a youngster of six years, who was always in mischief, undertook to help himself to some cake from the cupboard, and broke the glass door in his effort, gashing his left wrist terribly and severing an artery. The mother and sister rushed in, attracted by his screams, and were soon covered with spurting blood, which no bandage seemed able to check. Calling to the terrified mother to hold her thumb tightly on the artery, Emma rushed from the house, sprang on her 'cycle, and fairly flew in the direction of the town and the doctor. Fortunately finding him in his office, she told her story in a few rapid words, received his hasty directions and a tourniquet, mounted her wheel again and was off in an instant, reaching home and having the exhausting stream under control before the doctor dashed up in his buggy. The time thus gained unquestionably saved the child's life, and his sister is not called upon now to argue in behalf of her beloved 'cycle.

MISERIES OF YE EDITOR.

Caller—Seems to me your paper's been ruther dull lately, an' so I dropped in to give ye some local news. Local news is what the people wants, ye know.

Editor—Yes, indeed; and I am always grateful for assistance in that direction. Have a cigar. Have you written the item out?

Caller—No; I ain't no Horace Greeley; but I'll give ye th' idee, and you can dress it up to suit y'rself. Just say in y'r paper next week that our enterprisin' townsman, Jacob Hogson Coldcash, that's me ye know—what keeps the old reliable dry goods an' grocery store at the corner, has gone to the city to buy a new stock, an' on his return he'll show his customers the finest lot o' dry goods and groceries they ever sot eyes on. Prices low as the lowest. Good-day.

Editor (to himself)—Thank fortune, the cigar I gave him was one of those left by a dramatic agent. It'll kill him.

"How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss of love's beginning"—

sings the poet, and his sentiment is true with one possible exception. If either party has the catarrh, even love's kiss loses its sweetness. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a sure cure for this repulsive and distressing affliction. By its mild soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases. $500 reward offered for an incurable case.

AN EXCELLENT RECIPE.

Mrs. Spriggs—"How careful your little boy is of his head! My boy is constantly running out in all sorts of weather, without overcoat or overshoes, no matter what I say. How do you manage?"

Mrs. Briggs—"When my boy catches cold I give him cod liver oil."

Some people have an idea that about all religion is for, is to help them to have a good time and be respectable.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

How Rouget de Lisle Came to Write the National Hymn of France.

This idea of celebrating "The Marseillaise" is a worthy one, for it has led French troops to victory under republics and under an empire, while during the reign of Louis Philippe it was heard often, thus showing that it belongs to all classes.

Let me tell of its origin, though some of you may already have heard the story. France was in danger, her people were called to arms, and they responded nobly. In the house of the Mayor of Strasburg a friendly dinner was going on, at which men swore to die for liberty against the allied kings of Europe. Some one spoke of those heroic songs that stimulate the ardor of the soldier, and lamented because France had not one such. Rouget de Lisle, an officer of engineers, was at the table; it was known that he dabbled at poetry and music, and the Mayor asked him to compose a new march for his fellows. He set about the work immediately. The night was superb, he took down his violin, played and sang. Air and words came both at the same time; the subject transported him. It was as if the soul of La Patrie was passing into his own, as if through his mouth liberty was uttering her enthusiasm and her generous anger. He wrote, he sang, he improvised, but it was the soul of France that dictated. In the morning six verses were completed, and, vibrating with patriotic excitement, he read the "War Song of the Army of the Rhine"—the first time—to his friends, who became electrified by the manly accents. The new hymn was sent to Luckner, commander of the Army of the Rhine, who distributed manuscripts of it throughout Alsace, and it was executed on the public square of Strasburg. Thence it travelled over France and south to Marseilles, which town told it to her volunteers, and they sang it when they entered Paris, on the 10th of August, 1792, when they took the Tuilleries. That was how it got the name that will cling to it forever. It was played in the army, and generals said it was worth 10,000 men. Copies of "The Marseillaise" were ordered when requisitions were made out for weapons.

The aristocratic Captain was desolate at having contributed the part which "The Marseillaise" had taken in overthrowing the monarchy, for he never intended his hymn should be a republican anthem. Later on, when proscribed as a royalist, he was fleeing over the Alps, and heard its strains. "What is that hymn called?" he asked his guide; the peasant replied "The Marseillaise," and it was thus he first learned the name of his own great composition. "The Marseillaise" became the national hymn of the First Republic, and it remains so under the First Empire. Napoleon had such admiration for the hymn that he prohibited it being performed except on grand occasions, just as the "Te Deum" is only sung when there has been a brilliant victory. At St. Helena he said: "The Imperial Guard always marched to the tune of "The Marseillaise"—no wonder they won battles. Forbidden under the Restoration, the song came into