

The Lost Bracelet.

"We detectives see some queer things," said John Jones, an old man who had spent his life on the secret police; "but our life is not altogether free from romance; and as I have nothing to do at present, I will relate a circumstance that occurred to me professionally."

"Immediately after the war it was no small job to reopen the postoffice in the different Southern states, and in spite of the regulations of the postoffice department, and the vigilance of the detective force, the amount of mail matter lost was truly astonishing—not only letters, money and jewelry were mislaid or stolen, but whole bags of mail were carried off at a time, and in many instances so slyly that the thief was never detected."

"At that time I was in the secret service of the postoffice department, and was stationed in the South. I was kept more or less busy, but had nothing of importance to see after. Most of my work consisted in finding mail bags that had been mislaid on account of the ignorance or carelessness of the mail agent."

"I had grown somewhat tired of the monotony, when one day I received a letter from the department at Washington to report at one of the largest Southern cities."

"Next day I was at the postoffice there, long before the regular time of opening; and, while waiting, I noticed a young man about twenty five, with a sandy moustache, walking up and down the street, and looking anxiously at the closed door of the postoffice. I watched him some time as he passed me in his hasty walk to and fro. At last he stopped in front of me, and asked in an angry voice:

"Are you connected with the postoffice?"

"I answered in the affirmative, and was about to explain I was not the postmaster, when he interrupted me.

"Will you open this concern today or not, is what I want to know?"

"I knew by his voice he was from the Eastern states, and having traveled considerably through the Eastern and Middle states, I asked him:

"From New England, sir?"

"He looked at me a moment; his eyes flashed, his cheeks turned red with anger. In fact, I never saw a man so angry from so slight a cause.

"It makes no difference where I am from," he at last said, "I want to know when this swindling concern will open, at the same time nodding his head in the direction of the office.

"I forgot my reply, but it was not calculated to continue so unpleasant a conversation, and I could not help smiling when he, scarcely able to contain his rage, walked off.

"When the office was open I reported to the postmaster, and, after we had retired to his private office, he said, as he pointed to the man whom I had met in the street:

"Mr. Jones, Mr. Levy has lost a diamond bracelet. It was mailed in Virginia, and directed to New Orleans, but it has never reached its destination. I have done all I can do in this matter and now turn the case over to you with all the facts in my possession."

"The knowledge received was of no practical use. Several mail agents had been suspected between the point of mailing and New Orleans.

"Will you please describe the bracelet?" I asked Mr. Levy.

"Yes, sir," he answered, as he showed me the mate of the one which was lost. It was like this he said, "with the word 'Mary' engraved on the inside."

"It was the most beautiful bracelet I had ever seen. It was a perfect gem; and, as I held it in my hand, I could not refrain from asking:

"Why did you send such a valuable piece of jewelry by mail?"

"It was the mistake of a friend," he answered. "I directed it to be sent by express, but he, thinking it safer by registered letter, sent it, and you already know the result."

"He then broke out in a fit of rage, and heaped abuse upon every one connected with the department.

"I did not blame him so much then as I did when I first met him in the street.

"After learning all I could of the case, and promising to telegraph to Mr. Levy if I found the bracelet, I started on the mail. It seemed almost hopeless. I traced it as far South as Charlotte, North Carolina, but there all traces ceased. The distance between Charlotte and New Orleans was very great, and any of the mail agents and postmasters along the line could have taken it. It was my first job of importance in the South, and I was determined to find it if possibly could be found.

"I examined the receipts of the South Carolina agent. The bracelet had been signed for by a young unmarried man, who shortly after died, and it was impossible to find his books.

"After remaining some time in Charlotte, I went to the other end of the road, and examined the books of the connecting agents; but no clue could be found. All agreed that it had been stolen by the agent who had died, and I was advised by my superior officers to relinquish the search; but, being anxious to continue it, I was allowed one month more.

"There are several junctions on the road, and some offices where mail is given out in bags and marked for small country towns and villages. I had hoped that, on account of the amount of mail which at that time passed through the hands of the agents, it had been overlooked, and had found its way into the country.

"I had but one week longer in which to continue my search, when after examining all the prominent offices along the road, I alighted from the train at a station, enroute for a small office twelve miles in the interior. The mail to it—a weekly one—was sent directly by the mail agent.

"I hired a saddle-horse, and amused myself with the stories of the mail carrier, a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age.

"Toward noon, I arrived at a small country inn, and, after a hasty dinner, continued on my journey to the postoffice, a mile and a half further on.

"It was a beautiful day. The country was bedecked in all the beauty of summer. The tall maples, pines, through which my road lay, waved their heads in the breeze, and their heavy sighs brought to mind the days of Marion, whose bravery has added poetry to almost every forest in South Carolina.

"I was absorbed in thought, when suddenly the forest ceased, and the road ran down a long hot lane, at the bottom of which was a large white house, the residence of the postmaster.

"I rode along slowly, admiring the house as I did so. It looked cool and inviting, and it was surrounded by mock oranges, while here and there a tall pine waved its head above the surroundings, and seemed proud of the ivy that clustered around its trunk.

"I dismounted at the gate, and passed up the flower garden. A lady's hat, some small garden tools and a book were thrown carelessly beneath the shade of a tree, as if some girl, weary after a day of play and reading, had left them to enjoy a walk among the beautiful shrubbery.

"As I ascended the steps, I turned to enjoy the beauty that surrounded me, now made more grand by the voice of the happiest of all songsters, the mocking bird. It seemed a dream—a something too beautiful to be true—a paradise—and I could not refrain from asking myself, as I knocked at the door of this fairy abode, if I were not a serpent come to destroy all its pleasure and beauty.

"My summons was answered by a man, who asked if I wished to see Miss Mary.

"I answered I had come to enquire for a letter.

"He summoned Miss Mary, and, as I afterward learned, her father had allowed the office to be at his house, to show off his beautiful daughter; and she was a really beautiful girl of eighteen, and even now I can see the happy smile with which she greeted me.

"Please, ma'am," I asked, "is there a letter here for John Jones?"

"I used my own name, as I knew she had never heard of me, and I felt for once as if my occupation was a mean one.

"Jones?" she repeated, as she looked over a dozen letters she took from a small walnut box lying on a table in the parlor.

"Jones? No sir; there is none for him. There are some for Squire Jones' family," she added with a smile, as she held up a letter directed 'Miss Fannie Jones'.

"She will be glad to receive it?" I said after reading the address.

"Yes I know she will. I know who it is from and am going to take it to her myself, this afternoon. You don't hear, do you?"

"No ma'am," I answered. I am a stranger here.

"I thought so. In fact I knew it. Come to buy cotton, I suppose?"

"I came near being thrown off my guard. After some hesitation I answered:

"I have come in search of gold."

"Then you ought to see Squire Jones; there is gold on his place, they say."

"I would like very much to see him."

"I am going over there this afternoon. I will show you the way," she answered, innocently.

"And, before I had time to prevent, her light footsteps could be heard ascending the stairs. In a few moments she returned talking and playing with her father, with all the freedom of a spoiled child.

"After talking with the colonel, her father, for an hour or so about the change the country had undergone by the war, he gave his consent for me to accompany his daughter to neighbor Jones'.

"She retired, and in a few moments returned dressed for a ride. I will not attempt to describe her beauty; she was the most lovely woman I ever saw.

"I am ready now, sir," she said, as she tapped her riding-dress coquettishly with her whip. "Now, pa, a good-bye kiss."

"She put her arm around her father's neck. Oh, what a lovely hand! But—but—"

"But what?" we asked.

"On the arm was the bracelet I sought. I felt sorry I had found it. Why did I not relinquish the search, as my superior officer had advised me to do? I felt miserable. A woman, fair and beautiful, dressed to accompany me on a ride, now rested on her father's neck, the very picture of happy domestic life.

"Should I pretend not to notice the bracelet, and never tell her crime? Duty bade me to do otherwise. I first thought of arresting her then and there, but on second thought I concluded not to notice the bracelet, and telegraph the next day for Mr. Levy.

"I assisted her to mount her horse, and, as we cantered through the shady woods and her merry voice rang out, I felt the meanest of human beings. She spent a pleasant evening; I, the most miserable imaginable.

"The next day I telegraphed for Mr. Levy, and, although I refused on every possible plea but the right one, I was compelled to accept the colonel's hospitable invitation to dine with him.

"I will pass over a week of mental torture, during which time I was the recipient of many kindnesses from the colonel, when, to my relief, Levy arrived at the inn, and, as usual, raging and swearing what he would do.

"I cannot describe my disgust for the man, nor my feeling when I mounted my horse to accompany him to the postoffice. I made him promise he would say nothing if he saw his lost property, and told him I would arrest the person upon whom it might be found when I saw fit. This I intended to do in the most delicate manner possible, and that he should not have the satisfaction of seeing it.

"We arrived at the house, and were welcomed by the colonel, who introduced his daughter to Mr. Levy.

"This is the person who has the bracelet," I whispered.

"He looked at me in astonishment, and then turned to the beautiful girl before him.

"Don't—don't," he whispered. "I am willing to lose it."

"On our way back, I saw he loved her as much as I did, and it raised him much in my estimation. He visited her the next day, and went to the Jones'. When I left there, he was enjoying the company of his new-made acquaintance. In a month I received a letter from him, in which he said:

"I have captured the prisoner?"

"And so he had. They were engaged, and, before the year was over, married.

"The bracelet had been sent there by mistake of the agent, and on account of the rough carriage it had received over twelve miles of country road on horseback the pasteboard box containing it was broken. When she opened the mail bag it rolled out. She thought it was marked 'Mary,' she thought it intended for herself. The broken paper box must have escaped notice for it was never found. She thought it a present from an unknown friend. She wears both bracelets now."—Saturday Night.

DECEASED TO DEATH.

Indisposed to the Last Degree—Kindly Try this—testimony Work Have—South American Kidney Cure a Powerful Healer.

This capsule could be truthfully written on many a burial certificate, and in numbers that would appall. Bright's disease, diabetes, gravel and stone in the bladder, inflammation of the bladder, dropsy. Any or all may be induced by causes least suspected, perhaps the least thought of, and yet most dangerous is the back ache symptom. Don't dally with kidney pains. South American Kidney Cure is a quick reliever, and a powerful healer.—Cleanses and cures.

What Blind Men Can Do.

One is sometimes almost inclined to doubt if seeing is, after all, necessary a sense as it seems to us who enjoy it. Blind people can, if they will, do as many things which we are apt to regard as reserved for men and women with eyes. One of these is a blind gentleman of Paris, who has taken to riding the bicycle. He does not indeed attempt to ride entirely alone, but is accompanied by a friend, who touches him on his wheel from time to time in such a way as to assure him that his way is clear in no one's way, and that his way is clear.

Other blind persons have done things as remarkable as this. M. E. G. Guilbeau, a blind man who founded a museum for the blind, was able to ride a horse, swim in the river, go about alone through the streets of Paris, and even to explore without a guide through the precipitous Pyrenees. He also wrote and published two volumes of poetry—not so remarkable an achievement for a blind person, since poetry and blindness are often found in company. A still more remarkable blind man was Vidal, the sculptor, who indeed learned his art while seeing and lost his sight at the age of twenty-eight. He was not discouraged by this calamity, but became a sculptor of animals. He was so proud of his triumph over misfortune that he signed all his works "Vidal aveugle"—Vidal the blind man.



Waterville, Sept. 9, to Mr. S. Taylor, a son.

Windsor, Sept. 4, to the wife of Dr. Black, a son.

Windsor, Sept. 8, to the wife of Frank Warr, a son.

Wolville, Aug. 31, to the wife of Mr. R. Reid, a son.

Springhill, Sept. 12, to the wife of Samuel Reed, a son.

Somers, Sept. 8, to the wife of Owen Condon, a son.

Halifax, Sept. 15, to the wife of W. McCurdy, a son.

Halifax, Sept. 14, to the wife of Mr. F. Young, a son.

Springhill, Sept. 11, to the wife of Frank McNeil, a son.

Shubenacadie, Sept. 4, to the wife of Mr. Cameron, a son.

Bridgeport, Sept. 2, to the wife of Charles Walker, a son.

Lunenburg, Sept. 3, to the wife of Nathan Dickie, a son.

Milford, Sept. 8, to the wife of R. M. Pooley, a daughter.

Spes Springs, Sept. 19, to the wife of T. Marshall, a daughter.

Falmouth, Aug. 27, to the wife of Edward Lunn, a daughter.

Brule, Aug. 26, to the wife of George McLanders, a daughter.

Bridgeport, Sept. 12, to the wife of Stephen Conrad, a son.

Ashtford, Aug. 23, to the wife of Frank Cox, a daughter.

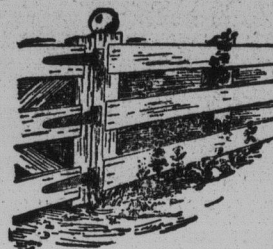
South Williamstown, Sept. 7, to the wife of T. Bishop, a daughter.

Wentworth, Sept. 4, to the wife of Delbert H. Field, a son.

Highland Village, Sept. 7, to the wife of Walker Robertson, a son.

Highland Village, Sept. 7, to the wife of Amos Giesda, a son.

Conquerall Bank, Sept. 9, to the wife of John Stanghenwhite, a daughter.



Fences

should not be allowed to go unpainted. They cost money, and should be preserved. You don't need as expensive paint as would be put on your house.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CREOSOTE PAINT

is suited to that purpose. Choice colors and ready to use. Also for barns, roofs, etc., where a good paint protection is wanted, and at moderate expense.

"Creosote" is a disinfectant and prevents decay. Ask your dealer for it.

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200 Canal Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
307 Washington Street, New York, at St. Antonio Street, Montreal.

MARRIED.

St. John, Sept. 6, L. J. Walker to Miss Alberta K. Hanson.

Celary, N. W. T., Aug. 16, R. S. Chipman to Isabel Haste.

Halifax, Sept. 12, by Rev. W. Ainsley, John Ross to Janet M. Hubley.

Truro, Sept. 8, by Rev. J. Sinclair, George J. Hunt to Emma G. Wilson.

Pictou, Sept. 8, by Rev. W. D. Moss, Wm. Ballie to Jennie C. Guterland.

Springhill, Sept. 3, by Rev. John Gee, John Letcher to Jessie J. Zolten.

Halifax, Sept. 14, by Rev. F. H. Almon, Eunice Tanner to Alex. Anderson.

Amherst, Sept. 9, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Harvey Howard to Mary G. Wylie.

Hopewell, Aug. 31, by Rev. A. McLean, Alex. J. Uiquhart to Lilian McLeod.

Grove Hill, Sept. 6, by Rev. A. Robertson, Jessie McDonald to Ella H. Eason.

Windsor, Aug. 29, by Rev. Henry Dickie, George McNeill to Lillian M. Hamm.

Windsor, Sept. 8, by Rev. J. A. Mather, James Conard Conri, Sept. 2, by Rev. J. L. Fash, George E. Longard to Kate E. Fader.

Dartmouth, Sept. 4, by Rev. Fred Wilkinson, Joseph Schaefer to Ruth Hines.

Upper Stewiacke, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Ray Frederick Carter to Alice Stewart.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 14, by Rev. Lewis Wallace, Ralph Schaefer to Edith Phinney.

Marquodoch, Sept. 7, by Rev. Edwin Smith, Matthew H. Gould to Emma Gould.

Boston, Aug. 17, by Rev. P. B. Davis, George B. McDonald to Laura M. Hobson.

Paradise, Sept. 7, by Rev. J. E. Eaton, Maynard McKennie to Myrtle Jane Whitman.

Centreville, Sept. 7, by Rev. G. J. Canlier White, Frank Deas Sizer to Minnie Clyde.

Digby, Sept. 7, by Rev. Brod R. Thomas, Wm. O'Connor to Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 14, by Rev. Lewis Wallace, Addy G. Nichols to Gertrude Daniels.

Weymouth, Sept. 15, by Rev. Geo. Harris, Walter McCormick to Louis Gertrude Eileen.

Canso, Sept. 14, by Rev. R. M. Leigh, Frederick John DeMont to Mary Gertrude Brise.

West Point, Sept. 7, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, Isaac P. Richardson to Margaret Shand.

Bathurst, N. W. T., Aug. 23, by Rev. John A. F. Sutherland, J. Allison Fraser to Esther Cook.

DIED.

Halifax, Sept. 15, Mattie Ryan.

Guyboro, Sept. 4, Effie Cook, 13.

Bridgeport, Henry Bennett, 65.

Springhill, Sept. 12, Annie Dill, 46.

Halifax, Marie McArthur, 8 mos.

Truro, Sept. 12, Janet McNair, 79.

Halifax, Sept. 13, Julia Hughes, 65.

Halifax, Sept. 13, Thos. Harvey, 41.

East Noel, Sept. 8, Gladys Hines, 3.

Hants, Sept. 6, Hugh MacDonald, 84.

Halifax, Sept. 14, William Gifford, 82.

Halifax, Sept. 14, James W. Gillin, 24.

Halifax, Sept. 14, Susan Ann Payne, 66.

Halifax, Sept. 16, John W. Guleam, 42.

Sherbrooke, Sept. 6, A. F. Falconer, 62.

Waterford, Aug. 26, J. Byron Lewis, 13.

Marshalltown, July 23, John Ground 50.

Greywood, Sept. 1, Hugh McDowall 68.

Halifax, Sept. 1, Berri Murphy 3 1/2 mos.

Seaview, Sept. 3, Mrs. Mary McLeod 72.

Marshalltown, Sept. 18, Giddy Graham 41.

Halifax, Sept. 14, Henry Blaxebrough, 68.

Springhill, Sept. 7, Andrew F. Brown, 59.

Portuguese Cove, Sept. 15, B. J. Bark, 43.

Scott Village, Aug. 15, Sarah Cochran 76.

Springhill, Sept. 8, Eleanor A. Chen 7 mos.

Greenwich, Sept. 7, Samuel Westworth 77.

Cambridge, Aug. 26, John D. Croftman, 54.

Boston, Sept. 10, Anna Florence McLeod, 36.

Pictou, Sept. 4, Aileen Leslie Fraser, 8 mos.

Cumberland, Sept. 1, Thomas W. Colburn 35.

Springhill, Sept. 7, Elizabeth Whalen, 8 mos.

Middle Sackville, Sept. 10, Rev. John Ambrose.

Greenwich, Aug. 27, Viola May Robinson 7 mos.

8 am Mill Village, Sept. 11, Hugh Paterson 76.

Colchester Co., Sept. 2, Mrs. Hugh Ferguson 73.

South Matland, Sept. 8, Ellen MacDonald Dow 76.

Truro, Sept. 6, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Burra.

Shubenacadie, Sept. 4, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Cameron.

Brule, Aug. 24, Ellen Elizabeth; also Aug. 26, Grace twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Langille.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Fall Excursion.

—TO—

Portland and Return \$8.50.

Boston and Return \$10.50.

Tickets on sale at St. John N. B. On Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, good for return within 30 days from date sold. Further particulars of C. P. R. ticket agents.

A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent,
St. John, N. B.

STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

—FOR— Fredericton.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John.

Steamer "Olivette" will leave Indian town for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamer "Clifton" will serve this railway will be as follows:

Leave Hampton for Indian town, Monday at 8:30 a. m., Tuesday at 8:30 a. m., Wednesday at 8:30 a. m., Thursday at 2:00 p. m., Saturday at 5:30 a. m.

Leave Indian town for Hampton, Tuesday at 9:00 a. m., Wednesday at 8:00 a. m., Thursday at 8:00 a. m., Saturday at 4:00 p. m.

CAPT. R. G. SABLE, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, DAILY SERVICE.

Leave St. John at 7:15 a. m., arrive Digby 10:15 a. m. Leave Digby at 1:45 p. m., arrive St. John, 4:30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted)

Leave Halifax 5:30 a. m., arrive in Digby 12:28 p. m. Leave Digby 12:40 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 2:12 p. m. Leave Halifax 8:45 a. m., arrive Digby 1:35 p. m. Leave Digby 1:45 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 3:45 p. m. Leave Yarmouth 4:00 a. m., arrive Digby 11:40 a. m. Leave Digby 11:55 a. m., arrive Halifax 5:45 p. m. Leave Yarmouth 5:35 a. m., arrive Digby 10:25 a. m. Leave Digby 10:30 a. m., arrive Halifax 4:35 p. m. Leave Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arrive Digby 8:30 a. m. Leave Digby 8:30 p. m., arrive Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying 5 busness express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday and Thursday. Immediately on arrival of the Express Train, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Friday and Wednesday at 4:00 p. m. Uniquely equipped on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Falmouth.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 3 from the Purser on steamers, from where time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
P. GIFFINS, Superintenden.

Intercontinental Railway.

On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Hampton..... 5.3
Express for Campbellton, Peggville, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.0
Express for Sussex..... 11.5
Express for Moncton, Quebec and Montreal..... 12.4
Express for Quebec, Montreal, Pictou and Sydney..... 12.7
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 12.8
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Hampton..... 7.15
Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 11.00
Express from Moncton..... 11.00
Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted..... 11.25
All trains arrive by Eastern Standard time.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
97 Prince Wm. Street,
St. John, N. B.