

THE ALBERT STAR, WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1894.

A Gage of Love.

Richard Buckley, M. D., or, as he was generally known in his native town of Pergamos, "young Mr. Dick," was a skillful and successful physician, well-liked and respected by his fellow citizens with one exception; but oh, what a mighty test of the rule that was

"Dr. Dick" was tall, slender, erect, and replete with nervous energy. His face was pleasant and sympathetic, and his brown eyes more expressive than ingenious, for they were near-sighted. In the sick room he was in and out, like a thoroughbred horse, and his presence was a relief to the patient, but in his recreations he was apt to be vain and distant, as if his mental acuteness also required the adjustment of his professional spectacles. Probably the amiable failings resulting from this absence of mind were more potent than his popularity than his ability could have been had it been aggressive, for we laugh most with the friend at whom we offend least.

Outside of such trivial eccentricities, "Dr. Dick" had no deficiencies. He was a bachelor, alone in the world, unrestrained by either the demands or jealousies of relatives, and hampered by neither debt nor vice. His future was a broad, rich meadow, growing more expansive and fertile as he advanced. What wonder that many an anxious matron of Pergamos believed that she possessed just the one eye hand fitted to gambol on such a green.

"Now Mr. Dick," at heart, was ardent and romantic; his dreams of love were universal, except that none came which comes when one beckons. Hence, the most profuse of suitors, well-trained bowmen were unmoved by him. And, indeed, his receries at the present sufficed for reality.

When he smoked at night, his easy chair before the cheery hearth, he could see the tender eyes of his ideal in the glow and could well nigh feel the stroke of her little hand in the heart's soothing vibrations. Such imaginary companionship was very grateful after the labors and worries of the day, and then, by the time his pipe was exhausted and the embers were teaching the melancholy of all fervor, how exceedingly sleepy he had become.

Then his recreations, though dimly shared, were keenly appreciated by Dr. Dick. There was the club, of which he was the founder, and a perpetual member of the House committee. He had afforded as many various types of comradeship as it did of good fellows. Besides, every month or so he was called on important business to the metropolis, which exigency, in truth, consisted of his yearning for some old college friends, their divergently engaged in clambering Parnassus, and of their yearning for him.

It happened, one day, a pleasant evening, that Dr. Dick came dashing down the stairs of his hotel in a tremendous hurry, for it was natural for him to be always behind time and to follow to give to the fact. In a word, he was ever doggedly chasing the train of an engagement out of its station. He was now on his way to a bachelor dinner, which was to adjourn for digestion to the theatre. As he blinked with uncertainty, which glowed with assurance. Yes, it must be she, there was the identical blue dress; and could he mistake the outlines of that form or that radiant smile, once more asserting its superiority over sweet seriousness?

"Who is she?" he gasped. "Why, old Dame McPherson, of course," answered his friend. "Don't you know her?"

"The wife of my mortal enemy? Phaw of course I do. But I mean the other."

"Why, their daughter Evelyn, their only child; you must remember her?"

"Yes, as a little girl; but where has she been to grow like that?"

"Away at boarding school, receiving her instructions. She's a hummer, isn't she?"

"At boarding school?" repeated Dr. Dick. "Oh, do tell me where at once."

"Why, old man," said his friend, in surprise, "I'm not a vingar-nosed spouting. But let me see; yes, she's been at St. Griselda's Female Seminary at Hillsdale."

Ah, here was confirmation stronger than proof of holy writ of that ineffable identity!

"Why, you act as if you were very much struck," continued the friend. But Dr. Dick said not a word. He turned abruptly away, and in the deserted smoking-room, sought his favorite seat before the hearth. He looked at the coals into a joyous blaze, and gazed; but alas, he could not share in the vehemence. He was struck, struck in a heap. To think that this bewitching unknown should prove to be the daughter of his adversary; and such a prejudiced, redoubtable adversary, too. If he were only a foe of the ordinary sort, then he might well persist, but against that hard stubborn head, the keen blade would turn its edge. He remembered her now, oh, yes, the little Evelyn; how had she, indeed ever passed from his memory, that dear little child, so eager for his word and smile!

In his study days, when her father, that grim, unrelenting one, had been his friend and mentor, she had been a great pet of his. Why had he not realized that five years can change fourteen from immaturity into goddesshood? Ah, those old days; there was something inexpressibly tender about memory, after all. Then the one stout champion of his pupillage had been this same Dr. John Knox McPherson, his dead father's friend, his own guardian and tutor. What pride that old man had taken in his success, with what daring hyperbole had he pictured his future! Even now, as Dr. Dick recalled those fierce irascible features, he

"I shall find her," he soliloquized, "I know I shall. There is a mystic magnetic influence which will guide me more accurately than the needle turns to the pole. At last, at last, have I found my fate!" Poor young doctor, so foolish in thy sapience; through experience thou shalt learn that one does not find one's fate, but is rather found by her whenever she designs to seek!

As Dr. Dick sat in the theatre box gazing at the stage, but in reality viewing the sharp end of the hotel corridor, after a nervous wait he furnished with his watch-guard. His fingers caught a strange little object, entangled in its meshes, which, furtive observation revealed it to be a gold charm in the shape of an anchor. His companion's absorption allowed him to examine the trinket. On one side was the inscription; "St. Griselda's, '93," and the other the bold original legend, "Hope on, hope ever."

"Ah!" murmured Dr. Dick after the singular, yet voracious habit of the war-horse, "I have a clue." He had, indeed, and hence was likely to become involved in the labyrinth of false influence. Certain it was that the next day the affable hotel clerk was either Spartan or Bœotian in his inability to recognize the fair guest from her admirer's impassioned description, and when at length Dr. Dick returned to Pergamos to resume his round of professional calls, he took with him a heart so heavy with disappointment that his gig creaked and his faithful horse looked back in pained surprise.

And yet the little jewel in its own hand and original language bade him not to despair. Its possession was such an advantage, if only he might encounter its owner. It gave him the rights of an acquaintance which certainly his adventure did not vouchsafe. If only—ah, what a high fence around felicity that little proviso can be; and yet the steadfast of heart may climb and peep and finally gain an unbroken view!

One Sunday, as Dr. Dick was passing out of church, he caught a glimpse of a face a little in advance of his which gave to his feet the wings of impatience, instead of the clogs of decorum. Was he dreaming? If not, then there was, that fair, bewitching girl, not smiling, indeed, not even more charming in her sweet seriousness. Dr. Dick pressed forward, until one object intercepted his pursuit; but this body was bulky and important, with its swaying gait, and, alas! it was animated by the fiery soul of John Knox McPherson, M. D., the exception afforded, but that one soul, in a word, that felt a bitter, unextinguishable hatred toward him.

Dr. Dick cast off impatience and resumed the steady tread of decorum. To his regret, he noted that his ancient enemy would embrace the most offensive chance and squeeze it into a deliberate insult. Were their relations already sufficiently strained? Besides, this was hardly the time place for an elaborate explanation. He would restrain his ardor and hope, since the "on" and the "over" seemed so near a glorious fruition.

The following afternoon, while Dr. Dick and a friend were standing at the club window, two ladies passed by one elderly and matronly, the other young and sylph-like. And on the "elderly" Dr. Dick stared with eyes that tried to pierce the disguise. As he blinked with uncertainty, which glowed with assurance. Yes, it must be she, there was the identical blue dress; and could he mistake the outlines of that form or that radiant smile, once more asserting its superiority over sweet seriousness?

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seemed to see regard peering out at him, as from a mask. Oh, the pity of it, that he should ever have become estranged from this pugacious yet noble nature! But could he blame himself? Come, let him see:

Dr. John McPherson was a Scotchman typifying to the ends of his fingers the strength, the reason, the frailty, and the absurdity of his race. He was stout of heart and of intellect, but over-sufficient in his confidence of each. Mankind was generally wrong, while one exchanging exception, and that exception was Dr. John Knox McPherson. He was called a doctor of the old school, a title he would have repudiated with scorn, for there was but one school to him, and without it lay the utter darkness of quackery. He had a practice as extensive as his desire in Pergamos, for his dress suit and ruff, his ponderous watchguard, his snuffbox and red bandana, the latter of which waved at the snap of the former, exhaled a tonic of confidence in the sick room; but more, and vastly more, too, he was president of the Pergamos Medical School. Here, indeed, centered his interests, for here were taught the pure principles of his craft as they had been transmitted through an unbroken line of adepts from Hippocrates even unto himself. For one, shut out from this source of learning, Dr. McPherson felt the sincerest pity, but he who after attendance there dared to seek strange goals, was to him Anathema Marantha, and the Abomination of Desolation, combined and infinitely intensified.

It followed, then, when young Richard Bulkley, his prime favorite and hope, after graduation, had gone abroad, and to Germany, of all places, and had there studied in despite and contravention of professional ethics, that Dr. McPherson shook the dust of friendship off his feet and bestowed his head with the ashes of hatred. Thereafter Dr. Dick was an accused thing to him, the more accused because reason would often approve of his industry and skill, and memory reflect his nature in soft, pleasing colors.

Little wonder, then, that Dr. Dick had well-nigh forgotten the little girl whom in his student days he had so petted and admired; little wonder, too, if in this maiden's heart every fond word and deed of his had not only been preserved, but also enhanced. For in this young man's panacea is oblivion and woman's remembrance.

Just off from the smoking room, separated by heavy curtains, was a small apartment popularly called "The Den," for there sundry friends old members of the club, but that one soul, in a word, that felt a bitter, unextinguishable hatred toward him.

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professional engagements became in comparison his resting spells. There was general rejoicing in Pergamos, and amusement, too, when it was known that Dr. Dick had won the great prize offered by the State University. Not only was the popular pride tickled by this success, but also the popular sense of incongruity, and many were the surmises as to how the old President would be able to assimilate so bitter a pill. Dr. Dick wondered also, and uneasily, as he wended his way to his antagonist's house, where the mood of his victory was awaiting him. He was resolved to endure verbal, eye, even physical, abuse, if only all he might be permitted to see his beloved. But what then? Would he be allowed to begin where he had left off? Poor Dick did not know, but he had never left off.

John Knox McPherson, M. D., received Dr. Dick with the awful austerity of his namesake. "It behooves me," he began, "by virtue of my official position, to present to you the prize which you have so unexpectedly—ahem! so meritoriously won. I am constrained, too, to express my personal sentiments of gratification—no, don't do it all, I mean amazement—I swear, no, I don't know what I mean. I've lost my head altogether!" and the red bandana frantically waved like a signal of distress.

"What?" roared the old man. "Was it you smuggling before the fact? Well, it was lucky I didn't know you. I was that enraged! But you did maintain my words, my boy, and right scientifically, too; and the Dean may be a graduate of my school, and an honor to it besides. There, there, I've always loved you, and I'll not ever forgive, but I'll forget." And Dr. Dick was included in a snuffly and sticky embrace.

"My success is due to your instruction," said Dr. Dick, adroitly. "All else is but—"

"But an idiosyncrasy of your own, interrupted comical medulla oblongata," interrupted the delighted President.

"And now may I hope," continued the young man, "that you wish to keep your word—"

"Me word! I'll have you to understand, sir—"

"From a partnership with my daughter's hand in marriage," quoted Dr. Dick.

"So it's Evelyn you're after and it was not a meek fondness for your old preceptor that moved you? Well, well, it's natural, I suppose, and the mother says he's never forgotten. But, what the rolls of out paper are the desired height, the shaft drawn out, leaving the paper, each strip with its ring to be separated from each other by a knife for that purpose. After separating these little rolls are soaked in water until thoroughly impregnated, then taken out and left to drain, where it is twisted like any other yarn. The yarn is then dried, wound into cops, and then it is ready for the loom—"

Three Times Three.

Mrs. Clarence Beebe, President of the Young Woman's Christian Association in New York city, gave the farewell address to the graduating class from its business schools. She told the graduates that there were three s's three p's and three f's by which their lives should be governed—self-control, self-respect and self-possession; patriotism, purity and prayer; faithfulness, frankness and flexibility.

A Wonderful Piggy Engine.

D. A. Buck, a resident of Waterbury, Conn., once made a perfect steam engine that was so small that the engine boilers, governors and pumps all stood on a space only one-fourth of an inch in diameter and less than seven-sixteenths of an inch high. The engine had 148 distinct parts, held together by fifty-two rivets. The diameter of the cylinder was but one-twenty-sixth of an inch, and the whole affair, not including the base plate, weighed but three grains.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

TIME TABLE NO. 29.

In effect Monday, July 23, 1894. Trains will run daily except on Eastern Standard Time.

Leave Salisbury.....10.00
Arrive Albert.....10.20
Leave Albert.....10.40
Arrive Salisbury.....11.00

Expresses made with Fast Express from Salisbury and with Electric Express from Albert. Both express trains are expected to arrive and depart from the several stations, but it is guaranteed that the Company will itself responsible for any delay resulting from failure to make connections advertised.

By Office, SHERWOOD, Hillsboro, July 23, 1894. Manager.

Marble and Granite ornaments and Grave-Stones.

T. F. Sherard & Son, MONCTON, N. B. Work Delivered Free.

ANGUS O'HANLEY, Blacksmith, Hillsboro, N. B. All kind of blacksmith work done with neatness and dispatch.

Herse Shoeing A Specialty. MONCTON, N. B.

MASTERS & SNOW, Representing the best English, Canadian and American Insurance Companies. Fire, Life Accidents and Plate Glass.

Too often the most unkindest out of all is the newspaper woodcut.

It Came High.

Every safe manufacturer has attached to his force expert locksmiths whose duty consists in opening safes which have gotten out of order.

Many of the accidents to safe occur from the gross carelessness of their owners, and at times the honest safe-crackers enjoy a quiet laugh at the expense of a group of bank officials or the proprietor of some important establishment.

Not long since a large manufacturer telegraphed to a New York safe-maker requesting that a man be sent at once to his place of business, a town about fifty miles from the city.

Upon reaching his destination the expert, with his kit of tools, repaired to the establishment, and was informed that the vault, an old-fashioned affair which bore with it a key which contained the safe and books of the concern, could not be opened.

The man examined the lock and then the key, opened his kit, took out a bit of wire and began to dig a mass of dirt, dust and lint out of the key. Then he inserted it to the lock, and the proprietor with a sickly smile looked up turned the implement and opened the door.

"What's your charge?" asked the manufacturer.

"Fifty dollars," replied the expert.

"Does anyone know you are in town?"

"No."

"Well, then here's \$50," remarked the manufacturer. "I'll give you \$10 extra if you'll take the first train back to New York without telling anyone the price I've paid to have a man dig dirt out of a key for me."

Paper Carpets.

We have had a great variety of carpets materials, first and last, and a good many uses have been made of paper, but the two have never before been identified. Now, however, we are informed that carpets are being made of paper, and the following description of the process is made public: The stock used must be of long fibre, in order to give strength to the paper. All such as are to be colored must be dyed in the pulp to obtain uniform color throughout. Colors must be fast.

Every lot the same color must match to shade, as it cannot be changed when once done. The paper must be of uniform thickness throughout the width and length of the roll, for though color may be right, coarse yarn will not shade alike. As the yarn is twisted, hence, if dirty, and is not discovered by subsequent handling, it goes in the carpet and to the customer.

When the rolls of out paper are the desired height, the shaft drawn out, leaving the paper, each strip with its ring to be separated from each other by a knife for that purpose. After separating these little rolls are soaked in water until thoroughly impregnated, then taken out and left to drain, where it is twisted like any other yarn. The yarn is then dried, wound into cops, and then it is ready for the loom—"

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"DOMESTIC"

The Star that leads them all.

Two Machines in one—Chain Stitch, Lock Stitch.

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Pianos and Thomas Organs.

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Parties in Albert County should apply to me or my agent B. Beaumont before purchasing elsewhere.

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assorted stock of Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Mowers, Rakes, etc., etc.

Farming Implements. The subscriber offers for sale at bottom prices: Mowing Machines, Rakes, Harrows, Ploughs, Cultivators, etc. Warehouse at Hillsboro near the station, Albert Jac. Boyle's shop where all information will be given in my absence. Will be at Albert on Tuesday.

D. B. LIVINGSTONE. This well-known Stallion will stand for the season at the farm of the subscriber, Middle Coveville, Tutu on application.

Jas. G. McDonald. ALBERT STAR \$1.00 A YEAR.

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