

Marcia.

It was night in Madrid. Within the walls of the city the spirit of quiet held unbroken sway. From the gloomy walls of the Carcel de Carte to the more gloomy ones of the Carcel de Villa, all was silent. Upon the broad, airy streets of the city silvery moonbeams rested, casting ghostly hues upon the grim statues of the Gothic kings, standing as sentinels in the Plaza de Oriente.

It was my last night in Madrid. Looking from the casement, Marcia Raymond said—

"How quiet the city is tonight. Beautiful Madrid! Do you not feel a strange attachment for this grand old city, Louella?" "I think Madrid very beautiful, Marcia, and when far away in my English home, I shall doubtless long for one of our promenades on the Prado; but I am a true English woman at heart, and to me there is no place quite so dear as our own 'Merrie England'; yet, some time in the future, I hope to visit Madrid again."

Sometimes, Louella! Ah, some time seems to me almost an eternity! It seems to me tonight, as we sit here alone, with nothing to break this oppressive stillness but our own voices, that I can hardly wait till the time when I shall enter upon life in earnest. To you, the time has already come.

"Tomorrow, and you are a schoolgirl no longer, you enter upon your woman's life; yet you sit by my side as calmly as though you were not the happiest girl in Madrid this night. When you do come to Madrid again I shall entertain you in princely style at the ducal palace."

Marcia! you wild girl! If ever you see the interior of the ducal palace, give me an account of it when you come to England."

"I ever I see the interior of the palace! Then you don't believe that you will visit me there when I am Duchess of Alva?"

"Believe it, Marcia! Why should I? I don't know, indeed, what put the wild idea into your silly little head. Do you anticipate a revolution, that Don Ferdinand may be created Duke of Alva?"

"Don Ferdinand! Oh, Louella, my heart is full of gloomy forebodings! Since he left the university and departed for his home in Santa Maria de la Almada I have heard nothing of him."

My poor Marcia! Do you remember the warnings I gave when first we met Don Ferdinand on the Prado? Do you remember I told you of the pride of the Velasquez, that Don Ferdinand would never wed a lowly English girl however beautiful she may be? And you are very beautiful, Marcia."

"Yes, Louella; my beauty is my only dowry. It is not sufficient for the man to whom I have given my heart, there are those of nobler birth in Madrid than Don Ferdinand Velasquez. If his pride prove stronger than his love, my beauty shall one day trample his love into the very dust."

When I am Duchess of Alva, perhaps, and her proud lip curls as she laughed a bitter, scornful laugh, very unlike her merry laughter of earlier, happier days.

"When you are Duchess of Alva! You really talk as if the thing were possible."

For a few moments Marcia was silent, looking dreamily upon the still waters of the Manzanares and the silvery moonbeams falling upon the noble bridges which cross it. Then she said—

"Louella, the gitanos are just without the city walls, not far from the gate Puerta de Alcala."

"And you have crossed the palm of some wild Romany woman with silver, that she might conjure up something still more improbable than your own fancy could for a moment imagine. It was enough that you thought to wed Don Ferdinand, but your wildest ambition would not have awakened the thought of your one day being Duchess of Alva. Forgive me, Marcia, but tomorrow we part. How often have I told you of the unhappiness that must follow dreams visionary as yours? Remember, your station in life is lowly."

"Yes, Louella. And if Don Ferdinand were but the humblest peasant, dressing his wines upon green hill-sides, and I his bride, my cottage home would be my palace, and love the priestess before whose altar Ambition's unquiet steps would all be stayed. But he is not; I cannot make him so. It is for him to say if love, or ambition, be the ruling power of my future. If he gives me love, then love will content me. If scorn, then my ambition shall know no bounds. The fire once kindled death alone shall quench it. Ambition once the mistress, and my station in life shall be above Don Ferdinand's, not below."

As I looked upon her strange, wild beauty, it was easy to imagine a coronet encircling that haughty brow, the jewels shining like the stars above us among the gloomy waves of her black hair; costly robes of purple and velvet, where now was only the simple garb of a school girl; while I fancied the bare white walls around us were hung with tapestry, and our narrow beds replaced by couches, with pillows of down, encircled with softest crimson.

So much power had Marcia's beauty over my usually calm nature; but the dream was only for a moment, and, recalled to myself once more, I said, by way of remembrance—

"Oh, Marcia, Marcia!"

But deep within my heart was a strong, fervent love for the beautiful visionary, and I knew that on the morrow tears would start unbidden when the hour should come to part me from her.

Two years we had been school-mates and room-mates, and on the morrow my father was to journey with me towards my English home.

Marcia was to remain in Madrid at the Convent of the Muses; her voice was

rich and powerful; some time I expected to hear of her debut as a public singer. She was an orphan, and alone.

How I trembled for her when first she met Ferdinand Velasquez!

Too well I knew the pride of the high-born Spaniard, to dream for a moment, as Marcia did, that he would one day make her his bride.

In the face of the brilliant future she could see in the distance, I knew that her high-born lover would cast her from his heart as one beneath him; and I also knew that as yet they were both unconscious of all this.

I, the friend and confidant, was the only one of the trio capable of reasoning. Ferdinand and Marcia were blind—willfully blind.

Some time I knew that Ferdinand would wake from his dream; then, where would my poor Marcia find herself?

This was a question of asked, but never answered.

She was proud as the proudest Spaniard of them all.

Her pride might be her safeguard. It was the only beacon light I could see for her in the dim, uncertain future.

On the morrow we parted. I left the beautiful city of Madrid, scarce knowing if ever I should enter its gates again.

Years came and went. In my English home new scenes and interests had in part banished the remembrance of my Madrid life.

In part, but not entirely.

When all things else seemed like the visions we see in the beautiful dreamland, Marcia, the strange, wild companion of my earlier years, haunted my memory, and ever as I thought of her there came over me an intense longing to see if the promise of her girlhood was fulfilled in the beauty of her womanhood.

Sometimes I thought Don Ferdinand's love had conquered his pride that perhaps her youthful dreams had become actualities.

Five summers had the hedges of England grown green, and five winters had the snow rested upon the moorlands, when my father was again called to Madrid.

Joyfully I made arrangements to accompany him, and my thoughts were full of Marcia.

"I will find her," I said, "and if her proud spirit is crushed by disappointment and sorrow, she shall return with me to England, and my home shall be her home."

We entered the city gate by the gate Puerta de Alcala, and as we neared it the long forgotten prediction of the gitanos recurred to me:

Did Marcia really place faith in the wild words of the Romany woman, or did she play on these words to hide her grief from me that Don Ferdinand returned not from his father's house in Santa Maria de la Almada?

I knew not.

Strange girl! her character was incomprehensible to me.

The evening after our arrival in Madrid, my father proposed our going to hear a prima donna who was then upon the high tide of popular favour.

We had not been seated long ere the words "the Duchess of Alva" recalled Marcia to my mind.

With quickly step the duchess passed by, so near that her robe brushed against my own.

Over the amber-coloured satin was thrown with careless grace a Spanish mantle, and through the costly lace of her diamonds flashed with every motion.

"Poor Marcia!" I thought.

To imagine for a moment that she should be Duchess of Alva!

The duchess was attended by many of the Spanish nobility, and for the moment the beatings of my heart were stilled, as I recognized nearest her the familiar features of Don Ferdinand Velasquez.

For a time I forgot to look at the duchess, as I eagerly scanned the features of the dark-eyed daughters of Spain, as one after another they lifted their heavy veils.

Vain hope! that Don Ferdinand had made Marcia his bride.

She was not among the attendants of the Duchess of Alva.

With a sigh I again looked towards the latter.

She had removed her veil, and there literally flashing with jewels, serene and self-possessed, sat Marcia—Duchess of Alva!

Yes, Marcia! and I, who had laughed the visions of her girlhood to scorn, was but a looker on, where she had taken her rank among the highborn of the land.

On the morrow I sought her. "Do you remember, Louella," she said, "I told you beauty was my only dowry? It was my beauty that made me Duchess of Alva."

"And Ferdinand?"

"Oh, Ferdinand was proud. He could not stoop from his exalted station to wed Marcia of plebeian birth; and he dared to tell me this, Louella! I never met him afterwards, till a coronet had cooled the fever of my brow. Since the duke died—"

"Marcia! the Duke of Alva dead?"

"Yes; he died soon after our marriage. Since his death I know that Don Ferdinand loves me as of old—ay, better than of old; and, as I said when you and I parted, my beauty—or I may say my pride now—shall trample his love into the very dust."

"I would not wed him, even if I knew he would crown me queen of Spain. I scorn a love like his. I hate him now with a hatred as intense as the love I once bore him. Long ago he crushed every feeling of humanity from my heart, and it will be the happiest day of my life when I refuse the offered hand of Ferdinand Velasquez."

As she spoke the drapery beside her moved, and, pale and stern, Don Ferdinand stood before her.

"Is this a jest, Marcia?"

"No jest, but solemn truth."

"Then, while you live, you shall never

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be my bride?" "Never, Don Ferdinand."

"If not mine, then Death's. If not mine in life, then in death!"

Before I could realize the fearful import of his words, the gleaming of steel was followed by the fall of the duchess; then the knife was plunged deep within the heart of Don Ferdinand himself, and his life's blood mingled with Marcia's in a crimson stream upon the marble floor of the ducal palace.

The visions of her girlhood had been realized, the jewels of a duchess had rested upon her brow, and her last resting place is among the noble dead of the house of Alva.

TWO OF A KIND MEET.

A Case Where a Farmer Scored—Diamond Out Diamond.

Waiting at the Union Depot, Detroit, was a round-faced man with an attractive countenance, eyes that invited confidence, and rather long hair, that waved from a fine forehead. He was dressed in clerical and looked the part. When the old farmer took a seat after buying a ticket for Ypsilanti the two fell into conversation.

The minister brought the talk around to pickpockets, and men who fool you out of your money, and expressed a great deal of dread of them. He clung to this topic until the noise of a row was heard from the outside, and he expressed a desire to see what was the matter.

"Come on," he shouted, as he started. "No, my friend," replied the farmer, "not if you have any money about you. It is sure to be taken from you in a rough crowd like that."

"Here, you hold it and my watch until I run out a few minutes and then I'll hold your valuables while you go."

"All right don't be too long," and the farmer accepted the trust.

When the minister returned the farmer was gone. Never did a clerical make a quicker exit. He rushed around muttering things profane, kept his hand in his hip pocket, and told everybody but the policeman that he could lick any farmer that ever wore shoe leather. Half an hour later he was in a saloon making things blue. "I'll know him if I ever see him again, I don't care how he's dressed, and I'll cut him into square inches. I don't allow any man to make a sucker of me and live to blow about it."

"Some guy cross-counter on the con game, Dick?"

"None of your blanked business but it that mug didn't do the farmer as well as I did the sky pilot I'll jump off the dock. He had a bunch with him as thick as my arm too. But he's got all my stuff and some lamb's got to make good."

It had simply been a case of diamond out diamond.

A Triumph in Division.

A lesson in arithmetic is no joke—a painful reality, rather—yet a Boston schoolboy is alleged to have been inspired to humor by the very worst of the problems in long division. After he had failed on the sums the teacher set, he asked permission to give one of his own. The privilege was granted.

"My aunt has eight children," he said, "and she doesn't like to favor one above another. She was at the market the other day, and she bought eight apples for them, one apiece; but when she got home she found she'd lost one apple. All the same she divided the apples so as to give each child the same number. How did she do it?"

The class hadn't got along to fractions, and the boy insisted that his aunt knew nothing about algebra. So the puzzled teacher finally asked: Well, how did she divide the seven apples so as to give each of the eight children an equal number?"

"She made apple sauce."

An Embarrassing Blunder.

It was in a Pullman sleeper, and just across from the bachelor's berth was a handsome little woman and her three-year-old boy. Early in the morning the two were laughing and playing together, and the good-natured bachelor smiled to himself as he arose to dress. Suddenly his little peeped out from the curtains of the opposite berth, and with a twinkle in his eye, the bachelor grabbed the plump tot and began: "This little pig went to market, this little pig went to market. The silence which followed could be heard above the roar of the train."

BORN.

Kentville, July 1, to the wife of H. Bain, a son. Halifax, July 1, to the wife of W. Harten, a son. Amherst, June 29, to the wife of E. Worth, a son. Paradise, June 21, to the wife of K. Hebb, a daughter. Hants, June 15, to the wife of C. Simons, a daughter. Berwick, July 1, to the wife of R. Corbin, a daughter. Sydney Mines, June 28, to the wife of J. Fraser, a son. Parratow, June 28, to the wife of Capt. Roberts, a son. Wilmington, June 21, to the wife of Rev. M. Foshay, a son. Hants, June 19, to the wife of C. Duncanson, a daughter. Rexton, June 28, to the wife of G. Davidson, a daughter. Gay's River, May 9, to the wife of D. Croase, a daughter. Windsor, July 1, to the wife of A. DeMont, a daughter. Weymouth, June 29, to the wife of C. Dennis, a daughter. Lunenburg, June 27, to the wife of J. Lohes, a daughter. Salem, July 4, to the wife of W. Cook, son and daughter. Yarmouth, June 29, to the wife of H. McKenley, a daughter. Glenwood, June 24, to the wife of R. Kenney, a daughter. Parratow, June 6, to the wife of Wm. Richardson, a daughter. Cambridge, June 29, to the wife of J. Bowden, a daughter. New Glasgow, June 23, to the wife of J. Fraser, a daughter. Trenton, June 16, to the wife of D. McDonald, a daughter. Windsor, July 4, to the wife of H. Tremaine, a daughter. Amherst, July 3, to the wife of Joseph Leggett, a daughter. Brookville, June 21, to the wife of L. Canling—twins. New Glasgow, June 20, to the wife of D. McAleese, a daughter. Bear River, June 30, to the wife of Fred Schmidt, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Truro, July 4, Wm. Creelman to Lottie Cox. Acadia, June 26, Walter Dodd to Mabel McKenzie. Halifax, June 27, Henry McNay to Mabel J. Rudd. Hantsport, June 28, Joseph P. Eder to Walter Cabell. New York, June 30, Wm. H. Lee to Mary Murphy. Pictou, June 19, Charles Langille to Agnes Langille. Springhill, June 26, Hiram Jillet to Marion Willard. Port George, June 27, Dewitt Fletcher to Elia Allen. Parratow, July 3, Hugh Mosher to Florence Smith. Halifax, July 1, Frank H. Longley to Miss Irene Smith. Halifax, July 2, Horace Reid Harrison to Jessie Stuart. Merigonish, June 29, Andrew Murray to Bessie Oulick. Eden Lake, June 19, Neil McFarlane to Isabella Smith. Bridgeville, June 19, James Thompson to Alice McKay. Yarmouth, June 29, Willard P. Moore to Allaretta Phipps. Springhill, June 24, Maurice Come and Millian Legere. Springhill, June 24, John Vinneau and Cristy McNeill. Hill Grove, June 27, Ruthens E. Welsh to Grace Ida Nichols. Halifax, July 3, Lawrence Shannahan to Katie Winslow. Windsor, June 28, Lena Lawrence to Frank A. Ross. Cumberland, June 18, Maggie Angus to Thomas Macdonald. Hill Grove, June 22, Chas. F. Cosseboom to Mary E. Warran. Truro, July 3, George Brenton to Wilhelmina Macdonald. Halifax, July 8, Michael Moroney to Florence Sullivan. Weymouth, June 27, Clarence Lewis to Lizzie Macdonald. Halifax, June 20, Ester Hamilton to Benjamin Davidson. Parratow, July 4, Joseph Martin to Jennie E. Macdonald. Woodstock, July 3, Charles Sparrow to Gertrude Macdonald. Great Village, June 18, Frank Boomer to Fanni Macdonald. Woodstock, June 27, Gladie Dickinson to Susie Dickinson. Wilmerville, June 26, Lina D. Burgess to Clifford F. Wilson. June 27, Leander Clifton Wallace to Mrs. Maggie Hall. Pictou, July 3, William E. Brown to Lillian St. Aubyn Smith.

DIED.

Digby, July 2, Gilbert Dunn, 81. Boston, July 2, Albert Gillette, 24. Wilnot, July 2, Sadie Kester, 19. Digby, July 2, Gilbert Dunn, 81. Ottawa, July 3, Mrs. C. Wade, 82. Springhill, July 2, George Berry. Nappan, July 1, John McEwan, 72. Liverpool, July 2, Ethel Ritchie, 49. Grand Pre, July 1, Anna Munroe, 80. Nappan, June 26, Rhoda Niles, 81. Bridgewater, June 30, Mrs. Lamb, 50. Stanley, June 28, George Woolner, 81. Seattle, June 31, Mrs. Alex. Burns, 49. Charlottetown, July 4, Ann Gillan, 78. Moncton, July 8, Francis DeWolf, 63. Wilmerville, June 18, Francis DeWolf, 63. Springhill, July 1, Eva Woodworth, 1. Black River, July 1, Eliza Fielden, 81. Ottawa, July 3, Mrs. Caroline Wade, 82. Springhill, June 29, John M. Gough, 43. North Sydney, June 24, Mrs. J. H. Ford, 44. Black Pond, June 18, John Thompson, 24. Lunenburg, June 27, Edmund Knickle, 71. Broadview, Wm. June 24, Violet Young, 68. Charlottetown, July 3, Christina Darrah, 62. Souris River, July 3, Anastasia Finley, 90. Charlottetown, Mass., July 2, Elizabeth Blois. Monticello, June 17, Francis McDermott, 43. Charlottetown, June 23, John Fraser, 80. Charlottetown, July 3, Ellen G. Hayden, 84. San Francisco, June 14, Frank McDonald, 86. Malaga, June 27, Mrs. Winnifred Cook, 84. Rossfield, R. R., June 28, Margaret McKay, 45. Malaga, June 28, Greta Langille, 6 mos. Oakville, C. C., June 28, Helena Johnson, 66. Upper Stewiacke, June 27, Adam McLeellan, 17. Cliftondale, Mass., June 29, Mrs. John P. Guppy. Liverpool, N. S., June 30, Capt. Eldred Day, 71. Port Hawkesbury, June 27, Daniel McKinnon, 24. Bridgewater, N. S., June 30, Sarah Ann Phalen, 71. Amherst, June 30, Deacon Charles Rockwell, 83. New Glasgow, June 23, infant daughter of John K. Fraser. Sydney Mines, C. B., June 27, infant son of Mr. J. D. Fraser.

Too Zealous "Tiger."

Willert Beale says in his reminiscences called "The Light of Other Days," that a certain mastiff, named Tiger, permanently injured "the dog," in his estimation, as a life-saving apparatus at sea.

We were at Brighton together, and I was bathing off a boat at some distance from the shore. Tiger was watching proceedings with unusual interest, and when I dived he sprang in after me. I rose from my plunge, and the dog seized me very gently by the neck.

Then, with his fore paws on my shoulders, he kept me under water. We had a terrific struggle. The more I fought the more energetic he became, although he never attacked me savagely.

I managed at last to reach the boat, and supported myself by the gunwale. We then came to terms. Tiger, finding that I was not in danger, as he supposed, left me, and my difficulty was at an end.

Saw Nothing in It.

One of those matter of fact persons who apply the rigidly utilitarian test to everything was looking one day at a "puzzle picture" in an illustrated paper, the puzzle being to "find the man" cunningly hidden by the artist in some unsuspected part of the drawing.

"I can't see anything worth looking at in this picture," he said.

"See it now?" asked a friend, pointing out the concealed figure. "That's the man."

"Yes, I see him," he replied, still puzzled. "What of him?"

This is the Barrundia case so far as it goes. A, B and C are wrong. The captain of the ship must surrender the accused person on proof that he is the person wanted and that the warrant for his arrest is apparently correct. The accused is not under the protection of our flag except in the high seas; in a foreign port our merchant vessels are subject to local law, not to our law; and the foreign country has a right to enforce its laws over its own subjects or citizens on American vessels in its own territorial waters.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

From St. John. Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901.

(Eastern Standard Time) All trains daily except Sunday.

DEPARTURES.

6.15 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North.

9.10 a. m. Suburban Express, to Westford.

1.00 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only, to Westford.

4.30 p. m. Montreal short line Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the "Imperial Limited" for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects for Fredericton.

5.10 p. m. Suburban Express, to Westford.

Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal.

Palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic.

Lutina Sleeper for Boston, St. John to Macdonald.

6.30 p. m. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Balminton, Westfield, Houlton, Woodstock and Fredericton. Connects for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston Pullman Sleeper off Montreal Express attached to this train at Macdonald.

5.20 p. m. Fredericton Express.

10.00 a. m. Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Westford.

ARRIVALS.

7.30 a. m. Suburban, from Lingley.

8.30 a. m. Fredericton Express.

11.20 a. m. Boston Express.

11.35 a. m. Montreal Express.

12.35 p. m. Suburban from Westford.

3.10 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only from Westford.

7.00 p. m. Suburban from Westford.

10.30 p. m. Boston Express.

C. E. D. USHER.

C. E. D. USHER.

A. J. HEATH.

D. P. A., C. P. R.

St. John N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton.....5.30

Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....7.15

Express for Point du Chene, Halifax, and Pictou.....11.00

Express for Sussex.....11.50

Suburban Express for Hampton.....12.35

Express for Quebec and Montreal.....13.45

Express for Quebec and Montreal.....13.45

Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.45

Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene.....18.00

"Daily, except Monday."

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney.....6.00

Suburban Express for Hampton.....7.15

Express from Sussex.....8.55

Express from Montreal and Quebec.....11.50

Express from Halifax and Pictou.....12.35

Express from Hampton.....13.45

Express from Quebec and Montreal.....13.45

Express from Quebec and Montreal.....13.45