

Napoleon Smith.

By a Well-Known New York Author.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"Well," said he, "it ain't been disposed of. The Captain was leaving it for his delectable what to do with it. You see, a meeting was called and views freely expressed as to how it would build up the place. The Baptists suggested a Baptist college and the Methodists wanted a Wesleyan seminary. This opened the way for the Congregationalists, and they proposed to build a preparatory school for divinity students. Hardness grew out of it, and Elder George Migley shrew his fist in Parson Ackerly's face, and y'know he lit him biff in the eye! While they were fighting in the hall the Methodists and Baptists tried to get a snap vote for the money and build two schools, but the crowd got back before the vote was taken and busted up the project. The young fellows run out and got in a big crowd and proposed to lay out a mile trotting course with a grandstand and elevated seats, to build up the town. So it went. Several proposed a street railroad, but there was no place for it to come from or go to, and it dropped. Well, in less than a week the church was divided, and all had evening meetings at once, and sort of divided the interest, so that the preachers didn't get enough at their donations to pay for the tickets. Every body chose sides, and a new hotel was run up to catch the overflow, as it were, from the old tavern. I ain't no idea the captain's money will ever be called for, because the people won't unite on a suitable way to expend it. Why, miss you, one man wanted to build an orphan asylum, when there ain't ten orphans in the town; and when we expostulated with him he said it would draw in orphans from other towns and we could build up the paper industry. Another man wanted to bore for natural gas, and start manufacturing, to keep our young people from drifting into the city, and so it went. Every body wanted business and wasted time to settle what we could do with that million of money. Of course, the Captain meant well, but his gift is liable to give the town or fit the people to go into a lunatic asylum and then take the money and build the asylum. If he had give us two millions we would all have to move out and leave the town."

"Well," said I, "I had never thought of the amount of money expended in a satisfactory manner at all. It is quite a problem. How is the village supplied with water?"

"Wells and cisterns," said the President.

"How would a system of waterworks strike you? An aqueduct, a reservoir in the park, pipes, and tanks, and the interest of a portion of the money to keep all in repair, with trustees to manage the funds?"

"Biggest idea!" said he. "Make a suggestion of that as coming from the Captain and it will go, mark my word!" and I may as well say here that it did go, and on a table of resolutions the Captain's name appears to-day—his best monument.

"Well, the banquet came to an end at last, and I brooght it away pretty happy. I purchased a beautiful little cottage in Sinclairville and installed the Captain and his wife in it. What halcyon days wasted after their long struggle with adversity! Napoleon wandered dreamily along the trout-streams when a young boy, a boy, hand-in-hand the beautiful couple walked dazed along forest paths outside the village. On the broad piazza of the cottage all that summer sunny days, they might be seen at their tasks as teacher and pupil. Loving men spoke kindly words to the handsome wounded veteran, and he was as happy as a lark. Trills of exquisite song floated out on the street and arrested the attention of passers-by. Smith himself had a second boyhood when I left them in the autumn. Was memory ever coming back? No, he might say, but he stood there for hours and looked up at the stars at his native hills. What did it mean when he stopped suddenly at the call of a robin and his hand to his forehead? He was thinking of his heart? No matter, they were happy—happy as we dream that angels are. They were a father, children, and when I left them I whispered a blessing on the Providence that had thrown this loving woman across the life-history of my friend.

You will remember the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia on the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776. On July 4, 1876, all the nations of the earth were invited to visit us and congratulate us, not only on the existence of the Republic through a century, but to sympathize with us in our just pride in the growth and advancement made in that time. Our two millions had swelled to forty millions of inhabitants, through immigration and natural growth. We had only ten years before emerged from a war almost unparalleled in the history of the world, and that war we had stood alone. Not an ally on the face of the earth. Not a dollar of a man had come to our assistance. In the eyes of the world we were on trial. The experiment of popular government was being put to the severest test, and men coolly watched what might be our death-agonies. It was again the Pharisees at the cross: "Let her be, let us see if Elias will come to help him." And the Centennial was the joyful resurrection after the pangs of political death.

Captain Smith and his lovely bride were now installed in one of those magnificent villas along the Hudson which lend a fairy beauty to the American Rhine. Servants moved deftly to and fro across the velvet lawns or in and out of the conservatory of flowers. The Captain entertained only a few friends. He would sit for hours looking down on the white sails of the coasters, or the great masses of boats drifting by, impelled by the punning steamer. Only for a time would he sit alone; then he would turn and call "Magdalene!" and the sweetening of rich skirts would fall on the ear, and she would bend above him and print a kiss on his smooth brow, or at a child, a boy, a youth, he grew, and free from care he had all the beauty of his early years. Thus another year rolled away in childlike happiness.

Again it is early springtime, again the scenes upon the river are panoramic and beautiful. With some light work in hand, Magdalene sits in a low rocker beside the Captain as he smokes his dreams. He is uneasy and restless now. He rises, paces to and fro, then seats himself and takes the strong womanly hand. He sighs.

"What is it, Captain? Why this heavy sigh?" she asks.

He tries to form a sentence; then he crests away his cigar and says, brokenly: "Why this day more than another?"

"What do you mean, Captain?" she says, with a pale face.

"What is the matter to-day? Why do I feel so strangely?" and he looks eagerly into her face.

She nearly swoons with surprise. Then in a trembling voice she says: "It is the anniversary of the day of your last wound."

He rests his head in his hands and tears flow down through his fingers. Magdalene gazes at him and freezes to stone. Then, that which she has feared has come upon her. Memory is struggling with the thick curtains of disease, and, striving to read them in order to get a glimpse of the past, Napoleon looks and whispers: "How long!"

"She whispers in answer, while her heart beats tumultuously: "Seven years to a day."

Then his head sinks lower and tears flow in a copious stream. It is true that in seven years the entire person of man is entirely made new? That every bone and sinew, every cord and muscle, every drop of blood, every particle of the sensitive brain and nerve is created anew in seven years? That is a question that no moralist, no physiologist, no theologian can ever reconcile with the existence of a soul and memory in man. Where, then, are stored the pictures of our mother's face as we looked up to it in babyhood? Where are kept the memories of a musical voice that has been silent in the grave a score of years? Where were the pictures of the village green and shouting school-mates which now rise up in the memory of the octogenarian as he dreams in his chair, resting his wrinkled face upon his knees and sighing lowly, superficial materialist? Aye, times the rain has cast its slough to mingle with the dust. Ten times that he has built his tomb walls and yet the old man in his dotage bubbles as he feels with trembling hands the pattern of the bed-covering, and he bubbles, too, of a mother he never knew in infancy. What then? Disease is the fog only that shuts out the landscape for the time—disease is the cloud which shuts out the sun back of fog and clouds are the clear sky and the sun, and behind the raving of delirium and the babbling of idiosyncy is the immortal soul—a prisoner in a prison of clay, a watcher for the lifting of the curtain, a waiter for the coming of the ruddy health on the freedom of eternity. Sad comes the age who weigh, dissect, and analyze man, and then tell him he is an earthly vessel, veriest dust, and again he asks: "How long?"

She clutches her breast as if to choke the struggling heart within, and whispers in a choking voice: "Seven years."

The curtain is lifted now. What will he see behind it? Is he brooght downcast eyes, while great sobs heave his breast. What does he see behind the curtain? Does he see a sweet, girlish face with wealth of shining hair, and what else? He sees an angel of pity standing a tireless sentinel beside a tomb, and a noble manhood is buried.

He sees long nights, with his head burning lamps, waiting for the day. He sees and feels now a soft and laid on a throbbing head and a soft looking out of loving eyes to watch the best sleep of an infant. He sees more than this; he sees a weak trembling form let through a mist of fancies, led over a rough ground by strong hands, and at last standing in the sunlight of life. He speaks: "How long did you say?"

"It is coming now. The curse, the rejection, the bitter upbraiding, and the search for the doll-faced girl, but she will turn to God and pray. The voice is low and resigned now as she answers: "Seven years."

He gets up slowly. He looks upon her, then he drops upon his knees and creeps to her. He takes that strong right hand and kisses it and sobs.

"I am a soldier. I will relieve the guard. You may come off duty and rest. Now, my love, my angel, shall lead you over the rough places of life. My eyes shall watch while yours close in sleep. Oh, my love, my angel, I have been dreaming for seven years, but in my dreams an angel face bent over me, and an angel kissed my brow. I have had a troubled sleep, but in my feverish sleep a cool hand pressed my head back upon my pillow. I kiss that hand, and an angel sang at its door and rolled away the stone of death. Will my life be long enough to prove to you that this is the real life and the real love? What you doubt, lay your head upon this bosom and yours alone. I offer you a love as deep and true as your own. Do you believe me, my darling, my angel?"

"It is too much. God is very, very good to me. Will you kneel and pray with me, my Captain, my brave, once more!" she said, and they knelt down together.

We leave them there where ayuncos for the weak and crying near their walls to fold in to a new life the waste of society, you may see their work where the once slave cots his book with laborious utterance, or the weary sailor finds a calm harbor in age—in every good work the vast fortune of this loving couple is expended.

They showed me a letter from France a short time ago. It read like this:

Brainvillers, France, June, 1887.

Dear Captain and Madam Smith:

Our boy Napoleon Smith Bickford, is growing to look so much like his namesake that we write to you to advise him to come on that tour to the United States. You will be astonished at his wonderful similarity. He has the chestnut curls and the aquiline nose, and, we believe, will have the carriage and physique of the Captain. You will love him! Will your yacht stop at Marseilles, or shall we write to you when it comes? We shall make the tour of the United States next year, and if it will be pleasant to you we would like our boy to remain with us. Travel will do him good. Colonel Bob has been promoted; he is in good health, and sends the enclosed flower from the button-hole. Cable us about the yacht. Almee is so large and fat you would not know her. Love to all!

Charles Bickford, General.

When they laid down the letter Magdalene said:

"If her boy looks any more like you, my Captain, than does Washburn, our eldest, I shall be astonished. Almee, our baby, looks enough like you to have been a boy. Well, and Almee is large and fat! Ah, my Captain, are you not sometimes sorry you lost the beautiful girl?"

"Never say it again, Magdalene. I weep when I think that a doubt can enter your mind."

And he seized her, drawing her to his knee and kissing her.

"What a scene this is for married people of middle age! he presenting" said the blushing wife.

"I think so myself, and so I believe them. You asked me who was my friend, three hours ago. He stood at my desk, a tall, handsome man, with a sideway droop to his head and a badge on his breast. That was Napoleon Smith. That was my friend's story."

THE END.

Blindness From Electricity.

An English journal records a number of cases of blindness from electricity within the last six weeks. It has been predicted that the present electric lamps continue in use, a weakness of sight will be produced in this generation, partial blindness in the next and total loss of sight in the third or fourth generation. It has been suggested that fluorescent tubes be adopted, which would fit around a room like a strip of moulding. It is claimed that they would give a strong, even light, which would not harm the eye and would cost no more than the present incandescent and arc lamps.

DETERMINING THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS IN THE FOREST.

Methods to determine the cardinal points while on the mountains, in heavy timber and brush or upon the featureless expanse of a great marsh, are numerous and reliable enough for all practical purposes unless a very long journey to be made, in which case it would make it necessary to hold on a fine point while making so long a distance, says a contemporary. Notes on the coniferous trees—pines, firs, spruce, cedars, hemlocks, etc.—show that the bark on these is always lighter in color, harder and drier on the south side of the tree, while it is in color much darker, is also damper and often covered with mold and moss on the north side. The gum that oozes out from wounds, knot holes, etc., is usually heavy and often of amber color on the south side, while on the northern side it remains sticky longer, and gets covered with insects and dirt, seldom drying out more than a dirty gray in color.

On large trees that have rough bark, especially during the fall and winter months, the nests of wasps, bees, spiders, etc., will always be found in the crevices on the south side. A preponderance of the large branches will also be found on the warmest or southern side of the trees; also, the needles of all the above-mentioned trees are pointed toward the south.

On the southern side, white birches will be found longer and pliable, damper to the touch and darker green in color on the north side. The cedars and hemlocks, as if trying to outdo the others, always bend their tops toward the new growth toward a southern sky.

The hardwood trees are equally as communicative, and have all the characteristics, so far as regards their trunks, as the coniferous trees, except the absence of gums; but this is more noticeable in the vigorous growth of mold and mosses that is very noticeable on the north side of these trees.

The ledges of rocks, which may be parts of mountains, or merely an occasional cropping out here and there in the woods, or, perhaps, some great boulder, will be a silent witness to testify to the effect of light and shade. The sunny side will usually be bare, or at most only boast of a thin growth of brush, dry kinds of mosses that will only grow when having the light let through the trees.

The forest floor on the sunny side of hills, ridges, clumps of trees, bushes, big rocks, etc., is more noisy under the footfall than on the north side. The mosses, where the dead leaves and litter are, will be found moist and mouldy and often covered with soft mosses and ferns.

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THE BARK DUNVEGAN.

Miss Bell, Daughter of Capt. Bell, Tells of the Loss of the Vessel.

The Story of the Wreck of the Bark and the Rescue of the Crew.

(Cork Examiner, Tuesday, Jan. 21.)

DUNGARVAN, Jan. 20.—Today our representative was granted an interview with Miss Bell, daughter of Captain Bell, master of the bark Dunvegan, now a total wreck off Mine Head, county Waterford. She is a young lady of prepossessing appearance, and about 20 years of age. She was on board the ill-fated ship at the time of the disaster, and last evening Mr. Ruddell, local agent for the Shipwrecked Mariners' society, proceeded to the scene of the wreck and drove Miss Bell back with him to Dungarvan. She is now a guest in his house.

She was most willing to answer all questions, and last evening she gave me the following information: The Dunvegan sailed on last Monday from Barry Dock, near Cardiff, with a cargo of 1,400 tons of coal, bound for Cape Town. She was towed by the tug as far as the Lundy Islands, where she boarded sixteen hands, all told, viz., Capt. Bell, master; Mrs. Bell (wife), Miss Bell (daughter), Mr. Bellmore, steward; Mrs. Bellmore, stewardess; Mr. Kirwan, 1st officer; Mr. McKenzie, 2nd officer; and the remainder members of the crew. The vessel was of bark rig, built of timber and owned by George McLeod of St. John, N. B., Canada. After leaving Lundy the ship experienced a head wind, which kept on till Wednesday morning, the weather being thick, and the winds increasing. So thick was the weather that not more than some yards ahead could be seen. The wind was south-west, and increased to a gale on Tuesday night. At about midnight on Tuesday the ship burned lights on deck and fired off some rockets. The fires on deck were kept brilliantly fed until the vessel struck the rocks at about 1 o'clock on Wednesday morning the ship was on the rocks. She ran in between two ledges of rocks and got jammed, her stern rising out of the water while her bow got depressed. The waves were very violent, and lashed over the vessel, but she was not much hurt. So dense was the haze that the shore (only 20 yards distant) could not be discerned. It was pitch dark. Even the brilliantly lighted light-house at Mine Head, one and a half miles distant, could not be observed. When the vessel struck the rocks all was commotion. However, the captain ordered a small compass, and ordered a small boat to be lowered and manned by three men to pull ashore carrying a rope. This was done, and the men successfully landed with the rope, but the boat got smashed. The ship was holding steadily between the rocks, the captain, apprehending no immediate danger, decided on waiting, if possible, till dawn before venturing on landing the remainder of those on board. To wait for dawn was over two hours, but as soon as the outlines of the shore could be discerned the captain ordered the lifeboat to be lowered, and the crew, including the three ladies, were all got safely on shore, but the splendid boat was smashed to atoms. The cliff here is precipitous and a difficulty presented itself of gaining the summit of the rocks, the sailors climbed up, and after this the remainder of those below were hauled up by means of a rope being tied around their bodies. The ship began to break after morning dawn, and soon became a total wreck. The men proceeded to the nearest farm house, which happened to be Mrs. Nugent's, of Ballymacart, and her treatment of the shipwrecked crew is beyond all praise. All that she could possibly do was done to make the men comfortable, particular attention being paid to the requirements of the ladies. All the crew are doing well. Today a wagonette and side-bar were despatched to Ballymacart to take the crew, or as many of them as will come, into Dungarvan, where apartments are engaged for them. Mr. Ruddell, the agent for the Shipwrecked Mariners' society, has his home here, and he provides for the comfort of those who were shipwrecked. It may be that some of the crew, and perhaps the captain, will remain in the vicinity of the wreck to see if any of their property can be rescued. In this case, as well as in the case of the Moresby wreck two years ago, the agent of the Shipwrecked Mariners' society has rendered invaluable service on behalf of that estimable institution. With regard to Mrs. Nugent, at whose house the shipwrecked sailors got shelter, Miss Bell's words are worthy of record. Mrs. Nugent and she were very kind to us, and treated us very liberally. We did not get anything out of the ship."

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WEEKLY SUN!

Special Notice to Our Readers.

Two Issues a Week, the First on Saturday, January 1st, 1898.

Thus Giving the News to All Subscribers While It Is Fresh and Timely.

Go to Your Post Office Twice a Week Henceforth for Your Favorite Family Journal.

With the opening of the New Year a radical change will be made in the publication of the WEEKLY SUN; a change that we feel sure will be heartily appreciated by all subscribers.

Commencing January 1st 1898, the WEEKLY SUN will be issued in two parts of 8 pages each,—one part on Saturday, January 1st, and the 2nd part on Wednesday, January 5th—and this new departure will be continued throughout the year.

By this plan readers of the WEEKLY SUN will receive the advantage of the best news service ever attempted in the Maritime Provinces.

The WEEKLY SUN fearlessly invites comparison with any of its contemporaries. It is a newspaper, first, last and all the time. It prides itself on its accuracy and truthfulness. Its columns are clean, pure and free from sensationalism, containing no matter that may not be presented to the Family Circle.

It has been for years a welcome visitor once a week in thousands of homes throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

It now proposes to double the number of its visits, and to call twice a week instead of but once a week on its patrons.

By issuing the WEEKLY SUN in two parts, Saturdays and Wednesdays, its subscribers will be placed as near as possible on a level with the city readers of the daily papers, and will be furnished with the news of the world as fresh

from the telegraphic wires as the the mail arrangements of the country will permit.

This great step in advance in the news service of the WEEKLY SUN will not be accompanied by any advance in price. On the contrary the management have decided to make a startling reduction in the annual subscription, and to offer the WEEKLY SUN to subscribers who pay in advance at a discount of 25 per cent

Henceforth the WEEKLY SUN will be conducted on a strictly cash basis, and subscribers who are in arrears can take advantage of this unparalleled offer by squaring their bills and re-mitting 75cts. for the new year.

REQUISITUM.

Straw on her roses, roses, And never a spray of yew! In quiet she reposes; I'd would that I did, too.

Her mirth the world required; She bathed it in smiles of glee, But her heart was tired, tired, And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning, In mazes of heart and sound; But for peace her soul was yearning, And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit, It flutter'd and fall'd for breath; 'Til death it doth inherit, The vasty hall of death.

WINTER'S JOYS.

(From the Chicago News.) Joyfully tingle the little bells In the glorious eventide, As the winter girl and her lover Indulge in a first sleigh ride.

Joyfully by the loving young man Her waist is gently pressed, While her peace her soul was yearning, And now peace laps her round.

Joyfully mingle two pairs of lips, "Oh, what bliss," says he, "But the only thing the maiden says is, once in awhile, 'Tis-be.'"

Joyfully to her home he returns The beautiful blushing flower, Joyous because the ride was short— It cost him \$5 an hour.

THE MARCH OF THE YEARS.

One by one, one by one, The years march past, till the march is done; The old year dies to the solemn knell, And a merry peal from the clanging bell, Likens the other one to the year that will be.

Bright and glad, dark and sad, Are the years that come in mystery clad; Their faces are hidden and none can see, If merry or sorrowful each might be, Bright and sad, dark and glad, Have been the years that we all have had.

Fair and subtle under the sun, Something from the South Sea, Has it given us treasures? Day by day It has stolen something we prized away; We met with it here and there, The buried hopes of the long-past years.

Is it not? And yet let us not forget How fairly the sun has risen and set; Each year has brought us many sunny hours, With a wreath of flowers and a crown of flowers.

Power in love, and time to pray, It has given ere it passed away; We hail the New that has come to view; And even though it may bring some pain, Each passing year is a thing to gain; We greet with song the days that pass; Do they bring us trouble? 'Twill make us true.

With smiles of hope, and not with tears, We meet our friends, and as they come, They bear us news of their restful home, And one by one with some treasure we come. They come to our hearts till all are gone.

WORLD'S NAVIES.

Remarkable Activity in Planning and Constructing New Ships.

The naval programmes of foreign governments for the next few years show remarkable activity in the planning and construction of new ships. They appear determined to keep pace with Britain, whose plans for 1898 comprise the construction or completion of 15 battleships, 11 2nd-class cruisers, 3 3rd-class cruisers, 10 3rd-class cruisers, 6 4th-class cruisers, 10 5th-class cruisers, 10 6th-class cruisers, 10 7th-class cruisers, 10 8th-class cruisers, 10 9th-class cruisers, 10 10th-class cruis