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POOR DOCUMENT

past taught her that love or marriage with an honorable man with an untarnished name was not for her; that fate had ordered that her life should be passed alone.

One day as she sat on a fallen tree absorbed in these thoughts, her tears fell unheeded upon her cheeks for her withered youth and lonely future which a father's love could now never fill, and she thought she heard a step behind her.

She knew so well who was there that she did not even turn her head, but by a supreme effort of will conquered her agitation and her face wore a mask of scorn and haughty disdain as Raymond came in front of her, and joining his hands exclaimed:

"Suzanne, Suzanne, have pity on me!"

"You can have nothing to say to me that I wish to hear. I beg, therefore, you will permit me to pass."

"No; this life is intolerable! You treat me as if I were the veriest wretch on earth. It is not so that an honest man's love should be trampled upon."

"I do not know what you refer to. I simply find your attentions distasteful, and I wish to make you so understand. As you seem to be unable to understand actions I am obliged to tell you so"

She wished to pass him, but he stepped in front of her, saying:

"You shall not go until you have heard me."

"Your action makes me but the more positive that I have done right in refusing to [illegible] you. Since you threaten me, I regard you as a coward."

"So be it. I am a coward."

She recoiled a little before Raymond, who seemed no longer to be able to control himself. But behind her was the ravine, with its abrupt and stony bank, so that she could not escape him that way without danger, and she turned to him, saying angrily:

"If you make one step toward me I shall throw myself down."

"Suzanne, I pity you."

"Me! Your pity me!"

"Yes, for you must love me well to treat me in this manner! You must have some reason why you do not want—not dare accept my love, and thus try to hide your own. I feel now what I have never dared hope—you do love me."

"You are utterly mistaken; I do not love you. I never did, never shall, and your love is an offense to me."

"Suzanne! you are very hard, very cruel. Listen. Impose upon me any condition you think necessary. However hard it may be I will accept."

Still no answer.

"Then there remains but one thing for me, and that is death. I cannot live without hope, without your love. Adieu, Suzanne. May you be happy."

And the young man, in a half demented condition, raised the muzzle of his gun and placed it against his heart, both barrels loaded, and before Suzanne could speak raised his boot to strike the triggers. Suzanne sprang forward involuntarily and caught the muzzle, turning it slightly, so that the two charges whizzed by her head and the powder burned her dress.

Her heart melted. One second more and he would have been lying a corpse at her feet, and, forgetting all that had seemed to her such potent reasoning, she sank to her former seat, powerless and faint.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Raymond," said Suzanne, in a feeble, tremulous voice, "you have frightened me. I will tell you something which you have a right to know. I love you, have loved you from the first. I am not ashamed to say it. I even think I love you truer than you do me." This was said in a deep, low voice, and with a profound gravity, and no mute permission was given to Raymond to do as he wished—seize those two little hands and cover them with kisses. Suzanne seemed to gather her strength for one last effort.

"Raymond, we must see each other no more."

"But I have more to say. Raymond, be courageous. Alas! we must see each other no more. All this pleasant dream must now be broken, and you must cease to think of me."

"I do not understand"——

"You will never understand. How gladly I would have spared you this. I tried, Raymond, even though it seemed my own heart would break. I did not want you to love me, nor to love you, for I knew what the end must be."

"But what obstacle?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Is it fortune? I know I am poor, but we are young, and I feel sure that I shall succeed in my profession. Indeed, I am doing well now for a young man."

"It is not that. This is an insurmountable obstacle and one not of my creation nor yours. We must bear it as best we may, having for our only consolation our mutual love. And, Raymond, I think it better that we part now, and forever."

"Is not this something which you have imagined graver than it is? Is it your father's opposition that you fear?"

"No."

"But, Suzanne, I love you!" continued he, with all the sublime egotism of a lover who considers that one fact to entitle him to everything he wants, and to excuse him for all his follies.

"That is what I feared, what I wished to avoid, for it is a great misfortune. Renounce me, renounce all hope."

"Is there anything against my family? What is it?"

"Hush, Raymond. I should be proud to bear your name, but it is utterly impossible. I shall never marry, neither you nor another. This obstacle has existed always and will as long as I live."

The two young lovers talked yet a long time, but always with the same conclusion, and Raymond was obliged to accede to the firm resolution of Suzanne.

When he walked home, his head bowed upon his breast and his heart in a mingled tumult of joy and despair, his mother watched him attentively, and at last decided that she would go alone and ask of M. Forney that he consent to receive Raymond as a suitor for the hand of Suzanne.

She loved Raymond so tenderly that she could not bear too see his visible suffering. When she asked Pierre the following day to harness the pony phaeton for her, as she wished to drive out alone, he said:

"Mother, I have wished for some time to speak to you, and if you can spare a few moments I will say what I wish now. You are going out to drive. Will you not go as far as the White House and ask M. Forney's permission for me to address his daughter? Of course, you could not have known anything of my heart, as I could not gather courage enough before to speak of it, but I feel as if life will hold little charm for me if I cannot win Miss Forney for my wife."

Julia sat as if petrified. She had known before that Pierre admired Suzanne, though for awhile she forgot, but now, while her favorite son's fate hung in the balance, she could not think of his pain. Besides, she thought that the extreme quietness of this avowal betokened a lack of feeling and that Raymond loved more profoundly and would suffer more; therefore, she took Raymond's part in her mind.

"I will do as you wish, my son," said she, "but be prepared for a disappointment. I have some reason to think Suzanne's heart is engaged elsewhere."

"The man who becomes her husband will have reason to be thankful for so great a blessing," said Pierre growing white to the very lips and turning away. Little did he imagine that Raymond loved her.

Suzanne was sitting in her room when Mme. De Noirville drove up and she felt a premonition of what was coming. Julia asked only to see M. Forney, and Roger went down to the reception room in obedience to her request. His heart beat high with unpleasant emotions which he always felt in her presence, but he had schooled himself to bear it in the pursuit of his purpose.

"I have not come to make a simple visit," said she, "but to ask a great favor of you, one so great that my heart fails me before I ask."

"Speak, madame," said Roger.

"My son Raymond loves your daughter with all his heart, and I have come from him to beg your consent to his paying his addresses to Mlle. Forney, if you have made no previous arrangements with another.

At the first words Roger rose, pale and breathless. At last he said hoarsely:

"Impossible! Impossible!"

"Sir," continued Julia, "he is poor, but he has talent and honor. His father was one of the best lawyers in France, and Raymond inherits his ability. You must have heard of his father, M. Forney. His name was Lucien De Noirville."

"I think I have heard his name," said Roger painfully. "There was something, I think, in the papers about—some terrible—some poignant"——

"You have heard that then?" said Julia in a constrained voice.

"Did he not die in the midst of an address to the jury, in the interest of a friend accused of robbery, I think followed by assassination—a friend and brother in arms, whom he believed innocent?"

"He was innocent, that friend. He was, indeed!"

"What became of this man? He was condemned, was he not?"

"Yes, but most unjustly; and he was killed a year or so afterward while trying to escape from the galleys."

Her head drooped, and she would have fallen to the floor without his aid.

"It is nothing; a slight giddiness. There are some recollections that are very painful in every life," said she. There was a silence of some moments. Then she resumed:

"So you will not accord me the happiness of my son?"

He made no answer. He was passing in review all that dreadful past with its tragic history. He tried to think whether he would not be in some sort repairing his wrong toward Lucien if he gave his only child to Lucien's son. Strange fatality that brought Julia to his feet to supplicate the happiness of her best loved son at his hands. Was he not in honor bound to give his sole treasure into the keeping of another's hands, smothering his own grief, to restore a little brightness in the home he had left desolate? He decided and his nervous march ceased, and he stood before Julia with his face set and white, as must have been those of the saints and martyrs.

"It shall be as my daughter desires." And then he sent a servant to bring Suzanne to him.

"Suzanne," said he, "can you divine the reason for which I have called you?"

"I am sure I cannot," answered she, trying to smile unconcernedly.

"Consult your heart, my child. Is there anything you desire?"

"Nothing, father, but your love."

She knew now, and felt that the battle she had fondly supposed ended had but begun. And then she continued:

"I do not quite seize your meaning; but I have no secrets from you, and I want nothing that you cannot give me."

"Suzanne, Mme. De Noirville has come here today to ask my consent to your marriage with her son Raymond. I have told her that it should be for you to decide. What do you answer?"

"I have told you often, father, that I do not wish to marry. I have not changed my mind."

"I shall not always be with you, my child. I may die, and you will be left alone without protection or friends."

"I have told you, father, I never wish to marry."

"Tell me, my dear child, do you love any one else? Be perfectly frank with me. If there is another whom you love in your heart, tell your father, my dear."

"Oh, father, that is most unkind! I never loved any one as well as I do you, and I never shall. Please say no more about it, for I shall never change."

There was such an accent of determination in this that Roger's thoughts flew back instantly to the time when this child had maintained in the face of everything that she "knew nothing; saw nothing," and he gave up the attempt to alter her decision.

"This is strange," said her father.

Mme. de Noirville, desperate, thought of Raymond. "Is this your last word? Have you no pity even for him, for his mother, whose happiness is bound up in his?"

"I am truly sorry," said Suzanne, "but I cannot change my resolution, which has been taken long since."

Julia returned home with her heart in a tumult. She had failed. Pierre took her melancholy air as the death blow to his hopes, and only asked hoarsely:

"Well?"

"She loves another."

No one saw him again that night. Raymond did not know what had taken place for several days after.

After Julia had gone Roger thought to himself: "Who can tell what is in a young girl's heart?" and he was vaguely uneasy for two reasons. One was he feared she had loved some one in America, and hiding that love in her heart was bound to suffer in silence all her life, for he knew the quiet persistency of her character; and the other thought was that she might not have forgotten that awful time, and that she felt that all doors to happiness were closed to her forever. But how to discover? How dared he break the silence?

Still he could question her more fully, more tenderly and alone. Perhaps she would tell him, but no, the answer was always the same. She loved no one so well as he, and she was determined to never marry.

Almost out of patience with her, he at last said, brusquely: "Keep your secret. We will speak no more of marriage, but I may say that you have bitterly disappointed me;" and he left her with her eyes full of tears and outstretched hands which he affected not to see.

The lives of all in the two families continued the same for a few days without new incident. Father and daughter avoided each other as much as it was possible, and when they were together there was no allusion made to the demand of Mme. de Noirville, though their thoughts ran often upon the subject.

Mme. de Noirville had finally told Raymond of the step she had taken, and at first he was inclined to reproach her for her unfortunate errand, undertaken without his knowledge. The answers of Suzanne to her father's questions aroused in him the demon of jealousy, and at last he could bear no more. "I must know, I must know," he cried and rushed off through the woods and into the park, in the blind hope of finding her who filled his thoughts. Nowhere in the park could he find Suzanne, and half himself he approached the house, feeling that alone and single handed he could storm a fortress for the sake of seeing her. Drawn by invisible attraction, he went to the large green house where Suzanne was walking listlessly among the plants. He reached her side and held out his hands in silence. She saw that his face was drawn and haggard with suffering, and her whole heart cried out for him, and she gave him her hand.

"Suzanne! Suzanne! I have had horrible thoughts. I could bear them no longer. What is this obstacle between us? I have a right to know. Your silence le ves me in the black shadow of doubt; and forgive me, Suzanne, I think such dreadful things—such things as you cannot imagine. They are worse to bear than the truth would be, no matter what it is. I pray you, Suzanne, on my knees, tell me what it is that stands between us, and I will bear it bravely if it must be borne; but, oh! tell me. Save my mind from such agonizing torture as your silence imposes upon me wish its unworthy doubts."

"Raymond," said Suzanne at last, wiping away with her own handkerchief the beads of sweat that stood out on his forehead as he knelt before her—"Raymond, you suffer much, and I pity you with all my heart. I will tell you. You have the right to ask me to lay bare my secret, though it is not in reality mine, but another's."

"Then hush, Suzanne. Forgive me. I no longer wish to know."

"It is too late," said she. "In spite of your cruel doubts which dishonor me, I pardon you; but you must hear my father's secret. But first you must swear secrecy the most absolute."

"I promise you, Suzanne, on my honor."

Suzanne closed her eyes as she leaned against the wall.

"Raymond," said she, "I cannot be your wife, because the name I bear is not mine, nor that of my father, for I am the daughter of a man in hiding from justice; because he committed a great crime, not one of those crimes which vengeance explains and extenuates, but an odious, frightful crime, which dishonors a whole family forever. My father killed a man for money!"

Raymond could not speak. She continued:

"You know of this crime, Raymond, though you were young then, and your father, the friend of my father, died in his defense."

"Roger Laroque!" whispered Raymond.

"Alas, yes."

"You are his daughter. You, then, are that little girl who bore herself so nobly, so bravely."

"Alas, yes. My father escaped and lived all these years in America. He thinks I do not remember, and he wished to return to France at the risk of being taken."

"What is his object?"

"That he cannot tell me, as he thinks I have forgotten. As if I could ever forget."

"But my father said that Roger Laroque was innocent! He knew him well, and friends like him do not mistake. I believe my father was right, and that your father was unjustly condemned. There was a mystery that was never cleared up. Suzanne, do you know that?"

"Alas! Raymond, you are good to wish to defend my father, but for me there exists no mystery. The judges were right in their questioning. I knew all. My mother and myself saw all. My father was the assassin."

CHAPTER XIV.

These two poor children stood side by side in the greenhouse, dumb with sorrow, almost incapable of thought, as though their hearts were scorched by lightning. For poor Suzanne to be obliged to tell this fearful tale, which she had buried so deep in her young heart that her father had not discovered it in ten long years, was almost like living it over again in reality. She had said truly she was doomed to a lonely, loveless life. And she loved Raymond with a deep and abiding passion, but a hopeless one.

Raymond had thought nothing could augment his love for Suzanne before, but now this revelation showed him her noble character, and his love centupled, mingled with a respect so profound that it bordered upon veneration, and a deep compassion filled his soul for the sufferings this young girl had so worthily borne.

"Now," said she, "you know all. Let us say one last adieu."

"Adieu? No! A thousand times no. My life belongs to you now, more than ever. I shall live to suffer with and for you."

"Oh, Raymond, we must say goodby; I prefer to feel myself alone to suffer and to remember. Leave me to my solitude and sorrow."

But he answered: "I prefer to love you and shall always do so."

Then they said goodby, sadly and sorrowfully, without more than a hand clasp and a lingering look.

He rushed out into the forest, where he wandered about, not knowing or caring where, and not returning to his home until late at night.

Suzanne sat weeping for a while, and then gathered up her strength to try and reach her own room. As she passed a large plant which stood between her and the door leading to the house she found her father lying unconscious on the floor, not ten feet from where she had stood with Raymond, and he had heard all!

She throw herself on her knees beside him and kissed him wildly. She called for assistance while feeling his chest to discover if his heart beat. It did, but feebly, and she called him by endearing names. She opened a window to give him air. Servants came and they did everything they could to restore him, but it was one long hour before he revived.

Remembrance came to him with consciousness, and he heaved a deep sigh, and reclosed his eyes and lay for a time in silence gathering his faculties. Finally he signed to the servants to leave him, and when they were gone he said with effort: "So, then, unhappy child, you have not forgotten?"

Suzanne knelt beside him and hid her face on his breast, weeping bitterly.

"Do not cry. It is not your fault, my poor lamb. We cannot command our memory. But you have given me great pain. I never suffered so acutely since the day I saw your mother and you accuse me, by your silence, before the judge. What shall I do to prove to you? For, my child, I am innocent of that crime. I am innocent, Suzanne. Do you hear me?"

"Oh, father, the past is gone; let us forget it and be happy together, you and I."

"No, the question is now opened between us and you must know all. I was and am still a victim."

"But mother and I saw you"——

"Saw me, oh, child! saw me kill that poor old man?"

"Yes; we were on the balcony. We saw you come up the street, hiding under the shade of the trees. We called you, but you did not answer. Then you went into the house. There was a man there counting money, then a horrible struggle, then a pistol shot, and darkness."

The young girl placed her hands before her eyes.

"And you both knew me?"

"I assure you we did. That is why my mother made me promise silence, for what we must have said would have been so dreadful."

"But you were so young, you might have been mistaken."

"I was young at night, father, but I have been old ever since. If I have appeared gay it was to render you happy. But, mother; she could not have been mistaken, too, could she?"

"Yes, my child. I did not commit that crime, and only one person believed in my innocence—Lucien De Noirville. He divined the truth, and his death was caused by it. Listen, Suzanne. The time has come when I must tell you all, and though I am ashamed through all my nature to have to tell you this, it must be told, and it will be another punishment added to those I have already borne. Do you remember all the incidents relating to that trial?"

"Alas, father"——

"That which condemned me more than all was that the money I had paid the dead man was found in my possession, and I will tell you about that."

And then Roger began at the beginning and told the whole story until the end, though as he told her about the woman who had brought the money, he blushed painfully with shame.

She blushed, too, but believed every word of that unhappy story, and felt that her father was indeed an innocent man, victim of some foul plot.

"Oh, father, pardon me," she cried, as she knelt beside him, and she covered his hands with penitential kisses and tears.

"I forgive you freely, my child. You could not have known."

"But, father, some one was guilty—some one who looked like you, was dressed like you, whom and I mother saw. Who can be he?"

"That is where the mystery begins, my dear. There is a guilty one, and my presence in France is for the sole purpose of discovering him. I feel that I shall not die until I have discovered the murderer of Laroulette. I live in the hope of having my sentence reversed by law and my good name restored."

[To be Continued.]

An Australian Mining Queen.

[London World.]

The sensation of the hour in the city is the doings and sayings of the Lady of the Nugget, Miss Alice Cornwell. In a few weeks she has achieved wonders. She has softened the heart of the Secretary of the Stock Exchange. She has shown her latest finds to admiring Archbishops and Bishops at the Mansion House. She has convinced Dr. Bryant that gold-searching is more profitable than watch making. She has held her own with speculators and financiers, and she has successfully floated a company which rejoices in the familiar name of Midas. Miss Cornwell is generally supposed in Victoria to have a heaven-born genius for mining. The members of Ballarat have given her the name of Lucky Foot and unanimously named her their representative in England. In Australia she has generally contrived to find ore where everybody else failed. In London the charming and astute lady-miner bids fair to attract a large share of interest hitherto bestowed on lady doctors, lady astronomers and lady bonnetmakers.

The Grave of Camille.

[Paris Letter.]

The grave of a woman long since deceased, one, too, whose life was neither honorable nor heroic, was beautifully adorned, while the resting-place of many a hard-working wife and mother was neglected. This tomb, which was covered with white camellias, was that of Marguerite Duplessis, the original Marguerite Gautier of "La Dame aux Camellias," the Camille of the Amerian version of the drama. It is now nearly forty years since that feverish, unquiet nature found rest and calm beneath the sod, yet every year some unknown hand showers her favorite flowers, now linked forever with her name, upon the clay that covers her. Many a woman as fair as she and as virtuous as she was frail has passed from earth since then and has been forgotten, but the magic wand of Genius has touched her and has given her a claim to undying remembrance. As long as "La Traviata" and the myriad versions of "La Dame aux Camellias" keep their hold upon the stage Marguerite Duplessis will never be forgotten.

A Matter of Economy.

As a matter of economy B. B. B. is the cheapest medicine in use for it takes less to cure chronic diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys and blood, than of any other known remedy. B. B. B. is only One Dollar a bottle.

A Postmaster's Opinion.

I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of "Hagyard's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh, postmaster, of Umfraville, Ont., "having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

A Claim Verified.

B. B. B. claims to cure all curable diseases of the stomach, bowels liver, kidneys and blood. That it actually performs all it claims, is proven by testamonials from parties which none can dispute. Send for testamonials of remarkable cures.

A Hint to Housekeepers.

Mrs. Robert Williams, of Glenila, Parry Sound, Ont., says, "I could not keep house without Hagyard's Yellow Oil at hand, I have used it in my family for croup, sore throat, and a cut foot and can highly recommend it to everybody."

Nil Disperandum.

"Never despair," is a good motto for all. If afflicted with any lingering disease, remember "while there is life there is hope." Never despair of relief until you have tried Burdock Blood Bitters. It cures diseases of the stomach, liver and blood when all other medicines fail,

SOCIETY'S DEBT TO PAUPERS.

A Physician Takes an Unexpected Attitude on the Question of Public Charities.

"The pauper has always had a hard time in this world," said a New York physician to a reporter. "Men whose hearts have been crowded aside by plethoric pocketbooks," he added, "dole him their pennies in the same spirit that characterizes their dealings with unfortunate relatives. Yet the pauper has become an indispensable element in the march of civilization and science.

"Before the Christian era and for many centuries after he was crowded out of life, like Lazarus in the parable, dying on the doorstep of Dives' palace, covered with sores and in all respects a veritable old time tramp. In this enlightened age, however, he has no one but himself to blame if such a misfortune overtakes him. Society needs him and is willing to build and maintain extensive public institutions, where he may eat, sleep, be clothed and die at an annual expense in this city, for example, of less than $100 per capita, including a pine coffin and a grave in Potter's field."

"But is not the pauper a great drain on the taxpayer?"

"Hardly. The obligations of society to the pauper, and the pauper's obligations to society, when weighed in the scales of primitive justice almost balance each other. If anything different can be found, the pauper has the worst of it. Unlike his brother, the criminal, whom the public is obliged to maintain, he has not become a burden on society through laziness or evil inclinations. Disease, old age, accidents are his irremediable misfortunes. He is compelled to accept charity; yet in the public estimation this fact overweighs all former services he may have rendered his fellow men in the discharge of his duties as a citizen, and society holds him body and soul until his obligations are fulfilled."

"In what manner can he possibly cancel his obligations?"

"In many ways. When disease overtakes him he becomes the object of medical experiments. Professors and students gather around his bedside and seek for some new light which may guide them in their practice among the independent classes, and surgeons undertake in his case operations they would never dream of attempting if the life of a paying patient were at stake. Thousands upon thousands die each year, giving up their lives in the interests of science; and the wealthy taxpayer derives in the end this benefit, that when some deadly disease strikes him down, his cure in many cases is effected by a new method of treatment, perfected by experiments which cost the lives of perhaps a hundred paupers. Glance at the medical experts in different diseases. The results of their experiments read something in this way: Total number of cases, 100; died, 70; improved, 23; cured, 7. Then follow the deductions as to the best treatment of the malady under consideration. Such compilations may be found in any medical work, and pauper cases have been in almost every instance the basis of the calculations.

"Aside from this how many obligations does one pauper cancel in sacrificing his body upon the dissecting table? How many physicians of reputation are indebted to him for their knowledge of anatomy and the functions of the various organs in the human body? What an important part he plays in the education and training of professional nurses? Thus he repays doubly whatever obligations he may owe to his fellow men. As a final consideration how could the commissioners of C. and C. manage to spend $1,500,000 per annum of the taxpayers' money if it were not for the paupers?"—New York Mail Express.

Hideousness of Mourning Raiment.

When a death occurs in the family the dressmaker is instantly summoned and everything that human ingenuity can devise in the way of hideous and mournful raiment is instantly ordered and worn indefinitely. In Europe the custom is different and much more sensible. Six months is considered a sufficiently long period for anybody to wear deep mourning, and deep mourning abroad means simply anything black. A widow in the first days of her grief will wear a costume of glistening black silk covered with brilliant cut jet. And pray, why should she not? How much more elegant and suitable, not to say sensible, is a gown like this instead of the dense somberness of our own mourning costumes that are enough to afflict every one with chronic blue devils? In this country people are beginning to show more common sense than heretofore about the length of time mourning should be worn, but there is still much to be desired in the character of the dress itself. These inky phantoms that parade our streets are neither cheerful nor edifying spectacles.—Clara Lanza's New York Letter.

Lincoln's Idea of Hamlet.

It is related that Abraham Lincoln once said to Hackett, the actor: "Why do you actors always play Hamlet as an irresolute, vacillating, vague, middle aged sort of a man?" "Because he was," said Hackett, with an air of certainty. "But he was not," said Lincoln: "he was young, impetuous, full of action, prompt. He is always doing something. The plo is full of it, and he ought to be played as a young man." Walt Whitman thus expressed his opinion: "Is not that the mystery, the wonder, the fun of it, as the slang word would have it, that Hamlet combines both those phases, the uncontrollable impulse, aggressive temperament, and at the same time the meditative, philosophic, anxious, hesitating man? Is not this the interest of the character which has caused it to be overlaid with great accumulations, which have hidden the poet's real purpose—if he had one."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Curious Nurse.

In India, where the elephant is treated by his mahout almost as one of the family, the grateful animal makes a return for the kindness shown it by voluntarily taking care of the baby. It will patiently permit itself to be mauled by its little charge and will show great solicitude when the child cries. Sometimes the elephant will become so attached to its baby friend as to insist upon its constant presence. Such a case is known where the elephant went so far as to refuse to eat except in the presence of its little friend. Its attachment was so genuine that the child's parents would not hesitate to leave the baby in the elephant's care, knowing that it could have no more faithful nurse. And the kindly monster never belied the trust reposed in it.—St. Nicholas.

French Drums and Trumpets.

There has been invented for the use of the trumpeters in the French army an instrument which at will can be turned so as to throw the sounds backward. A new pattern of drum, smaller and lighter than before, has also been prescribed for use in the army.—Boston Transcript.

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RICHARD EVANS, corner Carmarthen and Brittain streets.

L. E. DeFOREST, Coburg street.

NEWS STAND Intercolonial Passenger Depot.

W. MALONEY, corner Duke and Sydney streets.

P. DAVIS, Mill Street.

FAIRVILLE

C. F. TILTON.

ST. STEPHEN.

C. H. SMITH & CO.

ST. ANDREWS.

JOHN S. MAGEE.

FREDERICTON.

W. T. H. FENETY.

WOODSTOCK.

G. W. VANWART.

MONCTON.

W. H. MURRAY.

SUSSEX.

H. A. WHITE.

HAMPTON.

DR. MACPHERSON,

ALBERT.

L. M. WOOD.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

T. L. CHAPPELL.

EASTPORT.

E. S. WAIDE.

SHEDIAC.

FRED. H. SMITH.

AMHERST.

G. F. BIRD.

ST. MARTINS.

M. KELLY.

YARMOUTH

WM. BYRNE.