

## SAUNDERS'S VAGATION

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE  
(In the Metropolitan.)

A barred door on the left led into a larger room; on the right led into the corridor. William Saunders stood in the little intermediate office some-what ill at ease. Two men in uniform were sitting at a desk, watching him settle himself into the black suit, which in spots was a bit too small for him, and in other spots a bit too large. Saunders, still fumbling with his suspenders, turned toward the latter exit. One of the men at the desk rose and pulled him back.

"Here," he said, thrusting a small roll of bills into Saunders's hand, "here's what you've earned and your ear fare. And you've got to sign this," he added, opening a book.

"By George, thirteen years is a long time," after all," exclaimed the man in uniform. "Still," he continued, "it seems like yesterday when Saunders came in."

"Well now, Saunders," resumed the first man, "everything's all right and you can go. Anybody to meet you?" Saunders shook his head. The man at the desk got up and opened the right-hand door, leading into the hall outside, through which Saunders walked slowly. Good naturedly they stretched forth their arms and shook him by the hand.

"So long, Saunders," they said, "hope we never see you here again. By the way," one of them continued, as he stepped forward and pulled back the outside door, "where are you bound for now?"

The sun came streaming in, and Saunders moved out to meet it. For the first time in nearly fourteen years he felt the free air upon his face. He turned and looked at the two men, with a strange light in his eyes.

"I'm going—home," he said, with a sort of gulp in his voice.

He had figured out pretty much just how it would be. Thirteen years had made a change. He was prepared for it. Most things looked different, as he knew they would.

He started slowly up the road leading from the station, an unknown man in what seemed to him to be an unknown place. It was a hot day and as he went, he kept taking off his hat to wipe his face and head and whenever he did so he felt the sun burn upon his skin.

At the top of the hill involuntarily he stopped and turned in through the gates of the old cemetery, not knowing whether he could find the place or not, for he had been afraid to inquire. However, he came upon it at length—the old lot. It was the next one to Perrine's and he knew it when he saw it, though there was no monument; nothing but the lot overgrown with grass and weeds. Side by side were two indistinct rain washed mounds. He stood there, looking down at them with an idle curiosity. He remembered that, when his mother died, he had scratched the date with a nail on the door of his cell. He had done the same thing for his father. To his mind the symmetrical position of the two graves resembled those two inscriptions side by side, that he had left behind him. He had stooped down and began to pull a few weeds, but before he was through, he saw some woman, wearing in his direction, leaving the place as it was, he sauntered out.

The hotel was kept by a new man. It was a good thing, Saunders thought, as he knew it was the roll of bills—he had concluded that it was wise, perhaps, to do this. The landlady was a bit impressed and gave him a decent room. He paid for a couple of days in advance, and when that time was up, he found the first, telling the bartender he was waiting "for a party."

On the third day he went out, over the stone bridge, and down the hill. At the bottom, two rooks perched on the left-hand one. Half a mile further on he came to an old house, a picket fence in front of it, partly fallen down. His grandfather had built that fence years ago—the first he had had in that part of the country.

A dog coming round from the back barked at him. A chubby little girl in home-made overalls, with her hair "up," followed. He pushed open the gate and went up to the front porch. A woman's step grew distinct inside. As she opened the door he was thinking to himself that he could almost count the times his mother ever came to the front door or walked over the front hall carpet. The back way had always been her entrance and her exit.

The woman looked at him inquiringly. He took off his hat. "I was just walkin' along," he explained. "I thought I'd ask for a drink of water."

She looked at him suspiciously—strangers are always regarded with suspicion—but, nevertheless, she motioned to the well. He drew up a bucket and drank out of it as he used to do. It was good water. It had the same old taste.

He stepped up on the piazza. "I used to know these folks," he said, with an awkward sweep of the arm. "How long have you lived here?"

The woman replied to his question by asking one herself. "Did you come from here?" He shook his head.

"From East Donaldson," he returned, pointing with his finger toward the east, and turning his head in order to avoid her glance.

"We bought the place," resumed the woman finally, "go in ten years ago. It was just after old Mr. Saunders died. The old man didn't live much longer. The place was all run down. Still they say they got discouraged like." She lowered her voice. "They had trouble with their only son—he went bad, they say. Did you know him?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," he returned, somewhat uncertainly.

"It's terrible, I think—a thing like that," she continued, in a commiserating tone.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Saunders, meekly. He had been sitting, holding his hat between his knees. He now rose and stood there, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

The woman looked at him again, a trifle more suspiciously than before. "Is there anything you want?" she inquired, sharply. Saunders fumbled with his hat.

"No, ma'am," he replied. "I thought I'd just like to look in—that's all. I know the folks, you know," he explained.

"Mitchell had ought to have left him alone," said the bartender, "he's quiet enough. But that's always the way with Mitchell."

Saunders walked slowly, until he was well out of sight of the inn, burst into a mile down the road he began to run. Finally he saw him. Then he slowed up again, standing for an instant to listen. He heard no sound except that of the footsteps of the man ahead of him. Then he called out:

"Mitchell!" he exclaimed. The other man turned and saw who it was. Saunders came up to him.

"We'll have it out right here," he said, thrusting his face suddenly into that of the other man. Mitchell sprang back, fumbling all the while in his pocket. At length he drew out a knife.

Saunders watched him, and burst into a laugh, for it was just what he had wanted him to do. He drew out a knife of his own, and the fight began.

It was a dark night. Saunders could not see very well. But the dandy he reached forth, felt for, and laughed at, something on the other man's face. It was the scar in which the selfsame knife had bit so deep so many years before.

The next morning Mitchell was found just as he had been, fourteen years ago, unconscious and half dead, upon the country road.

Six months later, one of the two men in uniform who had taken leave of Saunders, opened the prison door. Two officers stepped in. Handcuffed between them was the prisoner. They took him into the little room. The prison officers prepared a receipt, and from Saunders's previous record, entered his pedigree anew upon a fresh page. Then they removed the handcuffs. Saunders stretched his arms with relief. The other door was opened. One of the men came in, and on the shoulder and marched toward it.

"Sorry to see you here again, Saunders," he remarked, with a note of regret in his voice.

Saunders stretched his arms once more and sighed.

"I'm glad to get back—home," he said.

He remained hidden for a while and thought it out. He knew well enough that she had married the fellow that he had struck down and almost killed, fourteen years back. He had stolen himself for that—in fact, he had got over it long ago. It was not that. He was wondering what he should say to her and how she would take it. At last he stepped out, and walked over toward the wall. Then he tried to resist it when he saw her. She was tall and spare, with sharp angles in her face and body.

He stepped behind a tree and looked at her. She had not seen him. It was she, all right—he was sure of that—but different to what he had expected, somehow.

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## Foot and Ankles Swollen

Could Not Sleep at Night.

Backache and Kidney Trouble the Cause.

## Doan's Kidney Pills

Cared After Other Remedies Had Failed.

These Wonderful Kidney Pills will Cure the Most Obsolete Cases of Kidney Trouble if Only Given a Fair Trial and Used According to Directions.

Read what Mrs. Geo. H. Alward, Whites Point, N.B., has to say about them: "This is to certify that I have used Doan's Kidney Pills for pain in the back and kidney trouble and I do most gratefully recommend them to any person suffering in this way. I was so bad with kidney trouble that I could not get around the house. My feet and ankles were so swollen and painful that I could get no rest day or night. I tried several remedies but could get no relief whatever until a friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I soon perceived a decided change for the better and had only taken two boxes when I was able to do my household work again, and three boxes made a complete cure."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

"BEAUTY POSSIBLE TO EVERY GIRL." So Declares Miss Lucille Hill, Physical Instructor at Wellesley College.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 30.—That it is possible for every girl, born without physical defect, to become beautiful, is the doctrine of Miss Lucille Hill, director of physical training at Wellesley College, and she is trying hard to demonstrate the correctness of her ideas to the large number of girl students.

In her work at Wellesley, Miss Hill has everything fitted to the individual need. Every girl is examined and her athletic work is purely corrective at first.

In nine cases out of ten, however, this corrective work has never been done before, Miss Hill says. To be most beneficial and easily accomplished, it should have been begun in her early school days.

Miss Hill says that she notices that every year people object more and more to their daughters playing basketball. To insist on having the rough way the majority of the girls' teams play, and because the girls play before mixed crowds in athletic suits.

Miss Hill is going before women's clubs in small cities, and urging the mothers to insist on having physical instructors in the high schools.

A woman instructor could examine the girls, she says, and see that they are in a physically fit condition to do the work of every day.

"Girls should not play under the same rules as men," said Miss Hill. "They should have lines on the floor, play only 15-minute halves. Under these conditions," Miss Hill says, "basketball is not injurious."

Miss Hill proposes to give to the girls of each of her classes who walks best a bunch of violets.

"Should be a matter of careful training unless she naturally walks correctly. With proper 'setting up' movements for the trunk, in connection with exercises for the arms, there is no reason why any woman should be awkward."

"This should be taught in secondary schools, as the girls are in a more impressionable stage then."

The first step in the investigation, she says, is to play all the muscles more than the waist. In all normal children, the play and the dance must be equally developed, and neither should be frowned down.

"Both society dances and classic dances are taught at Wellesley. The latter is taught in rather an original way. The girls sit together on the floor and the piano plays perhaps some dreamy rhythmic thing, full of the languor of the South."

"She plays it with all the passion of her musician's soul. I then ask the girls if any of them feel like moving. Perhaps one girl simply taps her foot in time to the music. Another rises and glides away."

"I then interpret the music as I feel it, while the girls watch me. In this way, the girls learn to dance the classic dances of the ancient times. They can interpret for themselves Strauss, Offenbach, Victor Herbert and De Koven."

GOING TO HEAVEN NOW. Remarkable Fortitude of a Dying Child Evokes Admiration of Hospital Attendants.

"Goodby, doctor and nurse, Katy is going to heaven now. Tell mummy to brace up, and tell 'Bob' that 'Joe' they must take good care of her now that Katy is going away."

With a smile on her lips, though her suffering had been excruciating, little Katy Judge passed away in the New York Hospital yesterday. She had been left alone the night before in a room of the tenement at No. 419 West Sixteenth street, where her mother had been doing her best to make a home for her and her two little brothers. As she was passing the stove her little frock caught fire.

At the hospital her mother sat with her through the night, but with the morning came the certainty that her child could not live. Mrs. Judge's courage gave out. Throughout it all Katy never lost her brave heart, and from first to last never uttered a word of complaint, and in the wisdom of her five years her only thought was for her mother and little brothers. It was a death which those who cared for her will not soon forget.

THE PUNISHMENT. (Town Topics). "In your bachelor's club, what is the penalty for marrying?" "Marriage."

## LONDON REPORTS SAY THE DANDY OF OLD IS RETURNING.

Tailors, shoemakers, corset makers, hatters and other artists who contribute to the making of the ultra fashionable man in New York are wondering if the dandy of seventy-five years ago is to return here the same as he is threatening to do in London. Cable despatches and observing men bring from the British Isles reports to the effect that the epicures in dress in London have revived many of the extravagant features of attire which distinguished the dandy of 1850.

It is only within the last six months that these old Victorian fashions have been revived. At first a few extreme dressers began wearing their hair longer than the prevailing fashion, and this was soon followed by the old style watch guard for evening dress, with the corset, the small waisted coat and dancing pumps in the place of conventional patent leather shoes.

London fashion writers predict that the next year will see many modish Englishmen garbed in the picturesque fashion of the thirties. The bell skirted coat, the bell crowned hat and the skin tight trousers are likely to appear again. When the dandy had his day in London and Paris fashionable society was not sufficiently developed in America to afford the fashion, and this, but fifty years later he appeared in the form of the dude and flourished amazingly.

Now the male portion of New York society is distressed to know how his second coming may affect us. Corset dressers in robust health indignantly insist that the extreme fashions of the days of Count d'Orsay and Lord Disraeli will never go in New York. They laugh at the idea of wearing their hair after the Byronic style and submitting to the discomfort of corsets. Embroidered silk stockings and dancing pumps are now a part of every well dressed man's wardrobe in American society, but long hair, corsets and other revived charms of the ancient dandy will probably find few votaries in New York.

It is possible that the women who like to look charming in quaint round skirts and demure old bonnets may induce here and there an impressionable man to accompany them in the revival of the ancient dress, but their number will probably be limited. Revival of old styles has become almost an epidemic among certain London women. They are even cultivating as far as possible the bottle neck shoulder that was regarded as the height of elegance seventy years ago.

THE FELLOW WHO CAN WHISTLE. The fellow who can whistle when the world is going wrong. Is the fellow who will make the most of life.

No matter what may happen, you will find him brave and strong. He's the fellow who will conquer in the strife.

The fellow who can whistle when the whole world is a-bustle. Is the kind of man to stand the battle's brunt.

He's got the proper metal, and you can't keep him down. For he's just the sort that's needed at the front.

The fellow who can whistle is the low who can work. With a note of cheer to vanquish His soul is filled with music, and no evil shadows lurk.

In his active brain to foster grim despair. No petty cares nor trifles can his buoyant spirit check.

For a sunny heart can never know defeat. The fellow who can whistle—he is built on Nature's plan.

And he cheers his tolling fellow-men along. There is no room for pessimists, but give to us the man Who can whistle when the world is going wrong.

—Sidney Warren Mase, in December Lippincott's.

LEGAL LORE. Just after the war, an old dandy came up to the governor and said: "Master, kin you make me justice of de peace?"

"Well, Uncle Ned, in a case of unusual what would you do?"

Uncle Ned thought deeply. "Mars-ter, I'd make him pay de costs of de court and support de child." December Lippincott's.

## Arotics!

Never could see why they called them Arotics—they are so warm and comfortable. Why the man who wears our warm Winter Arotics will think he is standing right on the equator.

We Have the Very Best Makes of Arotics, Storm Gaiters and Alaskas

For Men, for Women and for Children. Nowhere on earth can you find a more comfortable place for your feet during the cold, winter weather, than can be found inside our Arctic Footwear. Men's and Women's sizes, \$1.75 to \$3.00; Misses' and Children's sizes, \$1.25 to \$1.65.

A warm store full of warm shoes.

D. MONAHAN,  
162 UNION ST.

## A SUGGESTION

FOR A

## Christmas Present

Any relative or friend living in the United States, or any distant point in Canada, will appreciate a Home Paper. Send them the SEMI-WEEKLY SUN for a year. The cost is only Seventy-five Cents, from now until 31st December, 1904. Send the money with the address to:

SUN PRINTING COMPANY,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

## POISONED BY CHEAP CANDY.

Four Year Old Boy Killed and Two Children in the Same Neighborhood Made Ill.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 1.—The parents of children who live in the neighborhood of Nostrand and Lexington avenues are much alarmed at the death of 4-year-old Louis Stutzman of 239 Lexington avenue, from ptomaine poisoning. The physicians say that the illness was due to the eating of some cheap candies which he had purchased at a store nearby.

The boy complained of a slight illness on Saturday afternoon and when unusual symptoms were displayed Dr. Louis Turton was called in. The physician soon diagnosed the case as ptomaine poisoning. The little fellow grew worse by Sunday and died early this morning.

Just what kind of candy the boy had been eating is not known, as the parents were not aware that he had any, and the storekeeper does not remember the sale.

Two children living at 235 Lexington avenue were violently ill about two weeks ago from ptomaine poisoning and they narrowly escaped with their lives. The same symptoms which developed in the case of Louis Stutzman were shown in the illness of the other two children. They, however, recovered after an illness of two weeks.

A POSTSCRIPT. A little St. Paul girl had a very large family connection to pray for, and one night when she rose from her knees her mother said:

"Why, Edith, you forgot grandma!" She got right down on her knees again and said:

"Oh God, wouldn't that give you cold feet! I forgot grandma!"

## ALMOST THE SAME.

The waking hours of G. Otto Krupp were spent in thinking of schemes whereby he might get rich quick. As the owner of an eight-mile railroad, he was a person of considerable local importance in the Pennsylvania-German settlement where he resided.

One morning when Mr. Krupp's brain was particularly active it occurred to him that by sending passes over his road to the presidents of the big railroads of the country he might receive complimentary passes in return.

This would enable him to see something of the world at comparatively small expense, and such passes as he could not use personally he could dispose of advantageously. Mr. Krupp lost no time in getting letter-heads printed with his own name in large type as president. Then he sent "R. and A." passes broadcast and awaited results.

One hot afternoon, a rushed representative of a big western road walked into Mr. Krupp's office and said he had been all over town looking for the "R. and A." Railroad and could not find it. He said he was sent from Philadelphia to investigate before the company issued a pass over its entire line.

"It is chust outside of town—five minutes' walk," explained Mr. Krupp, smiling.

"How long is your road?" asked the railroad's representative.

"About eight miles, I think." "Thunder! You don't expect us to exchange passes with a road like that, do you?" the representative demanded angrily. "Why, we have eight thousand miles of road."

"Well," answered Mr. Krupp, drawing himself up with an air of offended dignity, "maybe my road ain't so long as yours, but its chust as wide."

## LAXA-CARA TABLETS

THE human system is at best a delicate machine. It is fitted to take care of the food and drink necessary to life. But you are careless. You eat this and that without regard to what you may eat irregularly to-morrow, you probably put Nature to a trying task right along. Closing of the bowels or constipation, results. The impurities that ought to be carried off back up and poison the body.

Laxa-Cara Tablets help Nature where you abuse her. They act soothingly, but open the bowels and the poisonous accumulations, which you are liable for, are carried off in the natural way. Laxa-Cara Tablets are delightful in their action and easy to take, because they come in small tablet form, chocolate coated.

Get your bowels into proper working condition, and you will probably find yourself a well man or woman. For packages at drugists' 25 cents, or by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

FRANK WHEATON  
FOLLY VILLAGE, N. S.

SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA.



OVER-EATING  
AND  
OVER-DRINKING