

back and see him make an ass of himself. And while he was musing on matrimony, he saw a bright little phanton flash by. Inside of it was his wife, gay and pretty, chatting with one whose polite attentions were not a compliment to a lady, married or single. He went home in a fury. When presently the wife in all her poodle dog prettiness came back a scene took place which it will be quite as well not to repeat.

It may be mentioned that similar scenes followed. The discord became common talk. Everybody took the part of the wife. Was she not a sweet, pretty, childlike creature, whom no one could help loving? A man who would mistreat her was a brute and a monster. Who would blame her if she did seek a little relief from the wretchedness at home? There was no lack of those who did not like Philip. His imperious temper and haughty frankness had tended to draw friends around him. By degrees he got the name of a tyrannical husband and a bad man. He heard the whippers about himself. He saw his wife flirting openly with fops and rakes. He became a young fellow for despondence.

One evening he came home earlier than usual. The light burned low in his wife's parlor. He looked in. The man whom he had been riding in the park with Myra was there. His arm was about her, he was murmuring low words in her ear, her head was on his shoulder.

Philip was like a tiger. With one hand he gripped his wife's arm, and flung her against the wall. He took her companion by the throat, before he had time to recover from his first dash. He throttled him until he was purple, and threw him out the door, and down the steps. He was a giant.

Then he clasped his hands to his temples, and sat down to think. A crumpled rose-colored object lay on the wall, attracted his sight. It was his wife lying there insensible, in the gay dress she had worn to receive that man.

He had laid violent hands on a woman. Myra was in a dead faint. He gathered her up and carried her to her bed. He sent for the doctor. When she recovered consciousness, and her eyes fell on him, she fainted once more. She was ill for many months.

From that night she never could endure the sight of her husband. He wandered about as an acrobat. Her side of the story got abroad. Philip never told his side, he was as proud as Julius Caesar.

His wife hated him with a steady hate. It was surprising that a creature so shallow and fickle could cherish a passion so deep and constant. Feelings which she never could develop, though, when they are on the wrong side.

Dumory was at heart of a chivalrous, noble nature. He had used violence toward a woman, his own wife. That thought never left him, night or day. He jaded himself. Could he do nothing to make amends? Nothing. He might live to be a hundred years old, and make every hour a period of expiation, but he could never be the same in his own eyes again. That thought was the most agonizing. A noble soul always cares more for its own respect than for the respect of others.

Myra could easily have had a separation. She did not seem to care for it, however. He mentioned it to her.

"You want to get rid of me, now that you have killed me, do you?" she said, querulously.

"God knows I do not, Myra," he said. "If there was anything that would make things right God knows I would do it."

"There is nothing that will make things right. I hate you! Look what you have brought me to. And you would marry me! What do you bring all those children in here for? You do it to vex me. I am going off again. Give me my drops and go away."

He looked at her. Myra was like a lioness. She caught the thought in his brain, with a mental keenness she had never shown before his illness.

"Yes, I'm going crazy, and you have made me so. Give me my drops, I tell you, and go away."

He obeyed. He went into the corridor, and walked the floor. He sent for the family physician, and asked him anxious questions. The family physician answered shortly:

"Your wife is an opium eater. What a life was it under these two! The high born soul needs only one lesson. Philip had had his lesson. He never had the same again. From that night he had struck his wife. He became the gentlest, most patient of men. His boys were growing to be bright, intelligent little creatures. He devoted himself to them. He was in the place of a mother to the least infant. All the happiness of his life he found with them.

By degrees his wife quite lost her mind. He would not put the issue away in any an asylum. He accepted the care of her as part of his punishment. He tended her wants and humored every whim of the poor crazed creature. She retained still gleams of recollection. The most vivid was her hatred of Philip. She never forgot that in her most demoralized moments. She knew him and her boys. For the children in her sane days she had had little fondness. Now one of the gleams of remembrance that was left her told her Philip loved them. Therefore she hated them. Her insane fancies took shape in one intense idea—revenge on Philip Dumory.

She became a cunning, dangerous lunatic. Philip had watched night and day. He kept himself away from her. The sight of her irritated her uncontrollably.

He slept in the room alone with his boys. He would not permit them to care of another at night, lest harm should come to them from their insane mother. It was touching to see how he tended them and how much they were to him. From caring so constantly for these helpless ones he came to care for others, too, and think of them. He lost himself in self forgetfulness and sweet thoughtfulness for others, this self-willed, fiery tempered youth who had always had his own way.

Time glides on apace to the happy and miserable. What cares Time! He will not hold his glass back to give one hour more to youth or a Cleopatra. He will not hasten it to shorten by so much as one second the torment of a martyr in flames.

Philip Dumory's boys were 4 years old. All the tenderness of his powerful nature went out to them. They slept in a little bed beside his own. He hung over them long and fondly one night, studying each child's feature, listening to their softly falling baby breath.

How lovely they were, lying there in their white beds! The rosy faces were flushed with sleep, the milk white baby arms were flung above their heads. The rings of bright hair hung damp, and warm about their pretty brows.

"God bless them!" murmured Philip. He went to his couch and was shortly in a deep slumber. How long he had been asleep he did not know. He was suddenly awakened with an awful horror at his throat. He only knew something was strangling him, something was pressed steadily down upon his mouth and nose. He threw his arms convulsively upward. His hands caught a human form, which glided from his grasp. With a last effort he saw the face. It was a pillow.

He tried to spring to his feet but fell back, weak and helpless. He saw his wife gliding like a spirit out of the low window that opened on the veranda. How could he see her in the darkness? What was that light? Flame and smoke burst in through the door from the hallway. The flame licked the ceiling and lapped the door. The smoke spread through the room. He was suffocating again.

Great God! His boys! His darlings! With the last effort he could make in that desperate moment, he staggered toward their beds, and fell across them with open, empty arms. The children were gone!

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRE.

Where were Philip Dumory's boys? A wild glance around showed him they were nowhere in the room. The burning flames sucked his breath and scorched his hair. He had barely time to save himself by the window through which Myra had vanished like a spirit.

Where was she now? Was she perishing in the flames with the children? She was not on the veranda. Fire and smoke poured from all the windows and mounted to the roof. They drove him from the veranda. He sprang down the iron supports to the ground. He ran around the burning building crying for help. The cook and the coachman came past him. These were all the persons in the house at the time, except his wife and children. The crowd came pouring in from the street, and in another moment the grounds were full of people. The house was a mass of flame. He saw his boys lying there. He fancied he heard a cry. He darted toward the fire like an insane person. Strong men caught him by the wrists and held him back. In scarcely more time than it takes to read this the fire had done its work. Only the bare outer walls of the house were left. The inner walls had fallen in. What had they buried under their dreadful ruin? One handed men some clothing. He had forgotten he had only his night clothes on.

It was a pitiful thing to see him, crying for his children, calling them by their names, searching for them under the trees, peering into corners if the outbuildings, as if they might not be hidden there. All that night he went on cradles that his insane wife. Toward morning he remembered that he was a man. He collected himself.

Messengers, descriptions of the lost children were sent in every direction. There were days, weeks of heartache for the stricken father, but no tidings of his darlings came. "Where was his wife? It was the conclusion, at first thought, that she had been burned to death, and buried under the ruins. In his agony that night Philip had not given much thought to her. But next morning a message came from Mrs. Dumory. His wife was at her house, and would be, her husband, take her away at once, and provide for her! She had fled there in the night, from the fire. Madam did not feel safe to have her in the house.

Philip had no home for her now. There remained only one place. The poor, demoralized creature went to a nunnery. The origin of the fire was matter of mystery. Nothing certain could be found out. But the day after it happened the coachman came to Philip with the air of one who had something to communicate.

"It don't look well a man to be telling tales on a woman, Mr. Dumory," he said. "But Mary, who tended on Mrs. Dumory, left her last night and went to a ball. I saw her at midnight. I was out myself, and I don't deny it, and didn't come home till eleven o'clock. I saw a bright light in the library, where the piles of newspapers are. I thought it was you reading, and I didn't want you to know I was out so late. I put off my shoes and slipped across to the back stairs. I saw Mrs. Dumory going along the hall toward your room, with a night lamp in her hand. There was nobody to watch her, and she slipped out, and I think it was her set the house afire."

Philip thought too, remembering what he had seen. But the boys, his children! Had she carried them in her sleep into her own room, or into the library, before she lit the fire? It was an awful thought.

The boys were at first given up as lost. But Dumory had yet to learn the depth of deviltry and cunning for which a human soul is capable. New troubles awaited him. He had none to whom he could turn for help. His father and mother were now both dead. He had never been the same to him after his marriage. It had caused them a displeasure and deep disappointment. They were never quite able to overcome. He took lodgings near the ruins of his home, resolved to penetrate the mystery of the disappearance of his boys. He had had the debris of the building carefully dug out and examined. A council of eminent experts was summoned. They searched the burned remains. No trace of bone or of flesh could be found. After laying their heads together they rendered an opinion of a wisdom and profundity such as only medical and chemical experts can give.

The law has a waxen nose, which the lawyer can turn to the right or left as he pleases, says the German proverb. So the lawmen, the verdict of the learned ones on this wise:

"The undersigned have to report that they have carefully examined different portions of the ashes and embers taken from the ruins of Mr. Philip Dumory's house. They have subjected the same to rigid analysis. In their judgment traces have been found of a substance which may be construed to be the ashes of human remains. At the same time they deem it necessary to state that a similar substance is sometimes the residuum from the consumption by fire of other organic compounds."

"JAMES EMMETT, M. D.,
"H. T. TOMPKINS, M. D.,
"J. L. BORD, Pharmacist."

There was wisdom. Philip Dumory was just where he was before. What should he do next? He sought every possible source of information. He examined the newspapers with fear and hope every morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, for his comfort and encouragement, this met his eye:

"Readers of The Daily News will remember the mysterious fire which destroyed Mr. Philip Dumory's house on Linden street a few weeks ago. At the time there were many conjectures as to its origin, but none that seemed to offer a solution of the mystery. Among the rumors current at the time, one that Mr. Dumory set fire to his own house. The gentleman's wife is out of her mind and is now in the Iron Gate asylum. The unfortunate Mrs. Dumory was before her marriage a young lady of remarkable beauty and accomplishments, and it is said, was crazed by domestic unhappiness. She has still some sane moments, however. During some of these flashes of reason she has let fall rambling remarks which beyond doubt point to her husband as the author of the fire. Her disordered brain clings to the fixed idea that he removed the twin boys and then fired the house. This opinion was shared by Mrs. Dumory's mother, with whom the unhappy woman took refuge when she escaped from the flames."

"Such was the rumor, too unpleasant to be recalled. Accordingly, the report of The Daily News was sent to the house of Mrs. Dumory's mother to trace the origin of the ugly suspicion, if possible. Mrs. Bliss is a lady noted for her charitable deeds and moves in the highest social circles."

"Our reporter was admitted to an interview, and the following conversation took place:

"Reporter—I have called, madam, to ascertain your opinion as to the truth of the rumor that your son-in-law set fire to his own house."

"Mrs. Bliss seemed overcome with emotion. Affliction such as hers should, perhaps, be secret from the public eyes. But the public is interested in unravelling the mystery, perhaps the crime, that lies back of the fire on Linden street. The lady spoke at length, with visible reluctance, substantially as follows:

"Mrs. Bliss—I would be far from laying any straw in the way of my daughter's husband. He has enough to answer for as it is. My poor darling's mental condition, and what brought her to it, are well enough known."

"Reporter—Did you understand your daughter at any time to convey the impression that she saw Mr. Dumory applying a match to the combustible material in the library?"

"Mrs. Bliss—Of course my poor daughter is out of her mind. What she says may be fact, or it may be only an insane fancy. But when she has seemed to be in her right senses, she has insisted from the first that she saw her husband carry the children down stairs and out of the door to the rustic garden house. He left them there, and went into the library. The crowd came pouring in from the street, and he was not to be seen. He went carefully, so as not to be taken. He ran away and came to me. She was frightened almost to death, as well she might have been, poor darling!"

"Reporter—What motive could Mr. Dumory have for the deed?"

"Mrs. Bliss—The house was heavily insured, though I would not wish to think a man of his wealth would commit such a crime on that account. He was educated in Germany. He has often been heard to regret he ever left there. He could hide the children awhile, and then go to Germany and take refuge there. He was so excited about the fire had blown over. It has been hinted to us that he wished to get rid of his wife to marry a woman in Germany. You will spare a wretched mother's feelings further, I am sure. I do not wish to be forced to conclude that my poor daughter was such a monster as to—no, no, he surely would not have set fire to his own house, supposing that his insane wife would be burned to death! My child has been the victim of cruel wrong."

"Here the afflicted lady's feeling quite overcame her, and the reporter took his leave, after thanking her for her kindness in forcing herself to answer on a subject so repugnant to her feelings."

"Mrs. Bliss refrains from making any accusation against her son-in-law, it will be served. Her delicacy of feeling in this respect can only increase the sympathy which must be universally drawn toward this estimable lady in her sorrow."

It fell like a thunder bolt upon Philip Dumory. It is not too much to say that at this point his feelings also quite overcame him. He had been wisely learned, at that time, the self control which is the first duty of a man to himself. He rose slowly to his feet, in a white rage he murmured:

"—I'll murder that old woman."

He hurried out to the street and away. He rang the bell of the Blackfriars. "Where is Mrs. Bliss?"

The grim old colored serving man answered:

"Yer mother-in-law's got the mevks to-day."

The rest he would devote to searching the earth for his sons. He could not give them up. He spent all his fortune in the search for his boys. At last he gave them up for dead. He returned home. No comfort for him there. He found himself looked upon with coldness and mistrust. Men who had broken his bread in better days passed him without speaking. Women who had been his mother's friends gave him a glance of horror, and hurried on, in the common belief he had hid his own house with the monstrous intent that his insane wife should perish within. Thus skillfully had malice wrought its work.

He had now to earn his bread. He looked for work. Who would give employment to one suspected of so foul a crime? No man. At length he was driven to say:

"I will go away, where no living creature has heard my name. I will shut this hateful world out of my sight."

Were not these hard lines for a young man who had always had his own way?

CHAPTER VI.

TWO SCENES.

Once more, as on the first day of this story, the sun was shining low on a summer afternoon at the stone house. Once more, too, Shirley sat beneath the willow down by the millrace. Those old trees keep rising before us constantly.

But now it was two years later than when the story began. It was the day after Shirley had read her poem and been crowned with the silver laurel wreath. School had ended for the year.

The girl wore a white dress, and had a red rose in her hair. Her hair. The hair was no longer in braids now. It was wreathed around and around at the back of her noble head. She was waiting for a young goddess, as she threw her head back in an attitude full of spirit and natural grace. Was she expecting anybody, sitting there in her white dress, with the red rose in her hair?

Two strong hands suddenly covered her eyes from behind, and a voice said:

"Gussie, who?"

It was a deep, sweet voice. Shirley had heard it almost every day for two years. One is not certain but she had heard it in her dreams, sometimes, lately. A kindly face, with the eyes bent low toward her, it was a serene face now, not restless and dark and bitter, as when we saw it first. It was full of peace, it still a face at times.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Outside Barbarians in China. The foreign residents in Canton, a mere handful of consuls, tea and silk merchants, live in a small island separated from the city by a broad canal. There are large, comfortable houses, a long bridge shaded avenue and a fine sea wall protecting the island from the sea. The island is a sort of a walled garden, and the night and day seems to be a virtual imprisonment on this island of Shameen, and one realizes how harshly at the mercy of the Chinese mob the residents are. Two years ago there were riots and a storming of the Shameen, and several houses were burned, and at any moment the least spark may ignite the smoldering wrath of the natives and precipitate another reign of terror. Except for the sense of being shut in and hemmed in, with no place to go and not wanting to leave the peaceful shade and quiet of the island for the din and disquieting sights of the Chinese city, the Shameen is a small sort of a winter paradise. Rose bloom, the sun shines warmly, and tennis is played in the winter season with enthusiasm.—"Kuhnamah" in Chicago Tribune.

A Mountain Flower Farm. One of the largest flower farms in the Alps Maritimes, where flowers are grown for marketing purposes, is at the Marquis de Rostang, at Sella, about 2,600 feet above the level of the sea and twenty miles from the coast, upon the southern slope of the Alps Maritimes. The soil is of a chalky nature, and very poor, and up to 1881 the olive groves covered the property. The yield was but a very small income. Mrs. de Rostang, however, determined to see whether it could not be made to grow flowers, and cutting down the olive trees, she had the ground trenched to a depth of four feet, while arrangements were made for irrigating the twenty-five acres. In the autumn of 1881 she had planted 45,000 plants of violets and 140,000 of white jasmies. This in the spring following the rest of the ground was planted with roses, geraniums, jonquils, etc., and a laboratory built for making seed. The result was most satisfactory, for in the fourth year—that is to say, in 1885—the property, which had before yielded an income of \$115, produced now to the value of \$4,251, leaving a net profit of \$770. St. Louis Republic.

A New Fad in Brooklyn. The ultra-fashionable young ladies of Brooklyn, when promading or on shopping tours, have a new fad which attracts much favorable attention. It is that of wearing a bright flower of some sort, not on their bosom or at their throat, but between the lips, perfection in the fad depending largely on holding the flower stem between the teeth as carefully and forcefully as a veteran smoker does his cigar. In comment on this new custom The New York Evening Sun says: "A strikingly handsome brunette carried a beautiful rose between her lips which beat the rose in color, and two demure brown haired maidens had violets of different shades between their white teeth. Moss and violets were the favorites, though carnations, heliotrope and a single daisy were worn by some. The score of economy no more striking way could be devised for displaying the beauties of nature, both in rose and maiden."—Chicago News.

Upheaved by an Earthquake. A phenomenon which occurred during an earthquake at Port Sandwich, in Mallicola Island, on the 21st of October last, has greatly alarmed the people. In the middle of the port the waves were rolling as usual, when suddenly a column of water was projected upward, and flames leaped up, lighting the sea and land for some distance around. It is feared that Port Sandwich may some day meet with the fate which befell Fort Republic, which is now almost blocked up, owing to the upheaval wrought by an earthquake.

1887. SECOND YEAR. 1888.

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The leading Family Paper of the Maritime Provinces.

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SOME OF THE FEATURES

OF THE

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From time to time we will publish short articles on early History of the Province, with particular reference to the early History of Saint John and vicinity.

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Every week from this date we will furnish our readers with a complete condensed report of the news of the week from all points.

IN GENERAL.

Besides the features above outlined the publishers of **The Gazette** are making arrangements for the introduction of several new departments, announcements of which will appear as soon as the arrangements are completed. We intend to widen the field of **The Gazette** so that it will be the best and most complete family newspaper published, or can be published, in and for this community.

Our maxim is to advance. So far every improvement made in **The Gazette** has been handsomely endorsed by the public of Saint John and the Province at large. The improvements in contemplation will necessitate a largely increased outlay, and we expect large additions to our circulation in consequence.