

John Warne's Revenge.

Two men sat together in a room in one of the finest residences on a fashionable New York street one summer night. One of them was a well preserved gentleman of perhaps 55 years, and from his age and dress it was easy to tell that he was used to moving in the higher circles of society. The other was of nearly the same age, but there was something clinging to him, like that indescribable fitness which always seems to surround a book from a library, that told he was a man whose years had been spent among bills and ledgers.

He dragged her down to the water's edge. He dragged her out into the cruel waves, and with an iron grip upon the neck which she had fastened, he thrust her down beneath the flood and held her there. There was a wild, fierce struggle for life and liberty, but it was a vain one. His hold was not to be shaken off. It was death to her. It was revenge to him.

Pretty soon it was all over. He dragged the unresisting form back to the shore and dropped it on the wet sands. He never stopped to look at the face beneath the dripping garment that had shut out the world forever, but strode away across the sands, a vagabond and an outcast on the face of the earth forever more. But he had had his revenge.

A telegram, sir. John Warfield clutched the paper with fingers that shook like aspen leaves. His face was frightfully pale. He tore it open and read: 'We have had news for you. A terrible accident has happened. Come immediately.'

He knew who and where it was from without looking at the signature. Half an hour later the southward-bound train bore him out of the city. An hour after that he was standing at the door of the Pension des Demoiselles, where his daughter and niece had spent the last two years of their lives. He rang the bell, and stood there in the chill gray mist of the dreary morning, waiting with a pale and frightened face for what?

A heavy footstep in the hall. The door was opened by a girl with yellow hair and a white tear stained face. 'Oh, Uncle John! she cried, and burst into tears. 'It is so terrible. The man's face was ghastly with sudden terror. His teeth chattered so that he could hardly speak.

'I thought it was you!' he cried hoarsely, at last. 'Where is Cécile?' He clutched her arm so fiercely that she cried out with pain. 'She is in the parlor,' the girl answered sobbing. Do you want to see her now? He put his hands to his head in a sort of dazed way. It seemed to be whirling around and around, and he was trying to stop it.

'I must be a little wild,' he said, as if he hardly knew what he was saying. 'Cécile is in the parlor, you say? Is she well? Does she know that I am coming?' 'Oh, Uncle John! cried Catharine Oram with a great sob. 'Don't you know? Cécile is dead!'

He never answered her. He put out his hands, as if to grasp at something to steady himself by, but found nothing; and, with a gasping cry, he fell face downward to the floor. That afternoon this letter was put into John Warfield's hands: 'I have waited for twenty-five years for revenge. You have thought that I never found out your secret; you have thought that no living person, save yourself, knew that my sister's life was ruined and her heart broken by you. But you were wrong. How I learned the fact matters not. But I swore to be revenged. I have had none for mercy for your victim; I have had none for me. You thought to end an innocent life that stood between you and your selfish ambition. I have taken an innocent life, and sacrificed my soul for the revenge that I have been waiting for. When that work is done, but I made no mistake in doing what I have done, but that I intended to do it from the first as it has been done, think of the ruin you wrought so long ago, and say, if you can, that my revenge is not complete.'

Today John Warfield looks out upon a little strip of God's green earth from behind the bars of a madman's cell; and to-day John Warne wanders up and down the street, a haunted, remorseful man. He is under the shadow of the curse of Cain; for him there is no rest here or hereafter.

THE PETRIFIED MAN FAKES.

Latest Specimen of This Article Comes From Montana—The Hoax's Variety.

Now and then there comes a report from somewhere declaring that a petrified human body has been found, to the vast wonderment and interest of the credulous. Scientific men pay no attention to such stories, knowing them to be canards, the famous Cardiff giant fable having established an abiding skepticism among scientific men as to fossil human beings. But dime museum managers, practical jokers and other benefactors of the public "discover" stone men in unexpected places and always arouse some interest in their finds.

The latest of these merry fakes comes from the region of Fort Benton, Mont. Two weeks ago it was reported that a petrified human body had been found near that place and that it was supposed to be the remains of Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, who was drowned in the Missouri River there while Acting Governor of the territory. The innocent Chicago papers swallowed the hoax and printed it as important news, as indeed it would have been had there been any truth in it. Investigation of the story was made and it proved that the "petrified man" was merely the brain fossil of a museum owner who wanted such an article to add to his collection of freaks and who will probably appear in Chicago before long with a stone dummy in his care. What the nature of the dummy will be depends upon the taste of the dime museum man.

The so-called petrified men that have been exhibited to the public in the past have been various in design. Some of them have been merely masses of rock in the natural state, which, by the aid of a power-

ful imagination (furnished by the showman) might be thought to resemble in general outline a human body. Others, extensively advertised, have been merely small pieces of rock bearing something the appearance of an arm or a leg and perhaps honestly supposed in the first instance by the ignorant farmhand or ploughboy who found them to be parts of the human body turned into stone. Still other wonders of this sort—and the most successful ones—have been made to order. It costs something to have a human likeness out of rock, but it has been done and very likely will continue to be done so long as the public loves to be fooled.

Some years ago a showman exhibited in St. Louis a petrified infant. It was a rough looking infant, and its features were obscure and unromantic, but it was unmistakably human in shape, and great was the rush to see it, with the result that the showman made large sums of money and described his treasure as the scientific wonder of the age. Where he made his mistake was in quarrelling with the creator of the fossil about the price. The stone-cutter brought suit against him, and described the ordering, making and delivery of the scientific wonder at a certain price down and the rest to be paid at a given time. The showman declined to pay up, said the stone-cutter, because there had been some criticism of an irregularity in the infant's features which the showman averred, detracted from its market value. The maker never got his money because the museum man shipped the town leaving the child of his fancy behind him.

A somewhat similar hoax was worked in Chicago by a "professor," whose advertisements declared him to be an eminent paleontologist. He travelled on the strength of his petrified man alone, having no other curios except his lecture on the subject of the discovery and probable history of Lithos as he called the exhibit. All went well until one day Lithos fell from the stand on which he lay during the lecture and gave out a suspiciously hollow sound when he hit the floor. The eminent paleontologist incautiously lifted him up and revealed a wooden nakedness to the scandalized audience, for the outer layer of him had broken off in spots, showing ordinary wood underneath. Lithos was simply a dummy of wood overlaid with some calcareous deposit. The professor got away alive, but Lithos was utterly destroyed.

If a true petrified man ever were discovered his discoverer would not need to exhibit him at dime museums, for he would bring almost any price that might be asked. It is extremely improbable, however, that any such discovery will be made, though it is not regarded as impossible. Physicians say that there is no more reason, so far as physical reasons are concerned, why man could not be petrified as various animals, and fossil remains of various animals are not uncommon, but authenticated human remains have not been discovered up to date and it ever they are they will not be identifiable as Gen. Meagher or anyone else known to this period of the world's existence, for the reason that that it will have taken hundreds of centuries to complete the petrification by nature's processes. About sixty years ago an Italian, named Segato, scientist, discovered an embalming process which had the effect of petrification, and a cross section of a body treated by him is still used as a table top in Naples. His process, which died with him, has been rediscovered recently, it is said.

BLISTERED BY DOCTORS.

For Heart Disease Without Help—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relieves in Fifteen Minutes.

Mrs. O. Ward of Magog, Que., was a great sufferer for years from heart disease. Physicians blistered her and gave her other treatments without relief. She read in the papers of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. She procured a bottle of it. Fifteen minutes after the first dose she had relief. Before taking this remedy she had constant spells of suffocation and fluttering, and severe pain at the top of the heart, and was so weak that the act of sweeping the floor caused her to faint. She continued using the remedy until she had taken six bottles, and today she is well as ever she was.—Sold by E. C. Brown.

Hix—Say, it's dead wrong for a politician to use the eagle for an emblem. D'x—Why is it? Hix—Because the eagle never thinks of feathering its own nest.

BORN.

Hillsboro, Dec. 8, to the wife of Herbert Taylor, a daughter. Chatham, Dec. 5, to the wife of E. Maltby, a son. Moncton, Dec. 12, to the wife of Con. Gordon, a daughter. Ward's Creek, Nov. 27, to the wife of Fred Orr, a daughter. Campbellton, Dec. 2, to the wife of Alex. Mowat, a daughter. Woodstock, Dec. 7, to the wife of Rev. Gordon Fringie, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Windsor, Charles Logan Smith to George Walter, son of Rev. J. Brown, Frank Gardner to Ida Murray. Elgin, Dec. 6, by Rev. I. Thorne, Geo. Eldart to Beatie Prosser. Milton, Mass., Nov. 20, Emma Schuman to Ernest A. Morgan.

Boston, Nov. 21, by Rev. Chas. Page, James Bladen to Mary Smith. Chester, Dec. 8, by Rev. A. Bert, Lawson Craft to Stella Easton. Chester, Dec. 7, by Rev. A. M. Deat, S. Wm. Sel to Beatie Young. Anticosti, Nov. 30, by Rev. W. Robinson, Chas. H. Easton to Annie Smith. New Glasgow, Dec. 9, by Rev. A. Bowman, John Murray to Effie Mack. Glasgow, Dec. 6, by Rev. J. E. Beal, John Kirk to Ella W. White. Bellefleur, Dec. 12, by Rev. F. Fickes, Edith Vail to Walter H. Kirk. Halifax, Dec. 7, by Rev. G. W. Schurman, Joseph Hunt to Beatie Webber. New Glasgow, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. Davis, Kate Cole to Geo. Woodworth. Bridgewater, Dec. 9, by Rev. S. March, Wm. Rob. Webster to Annie Leung. Yarmouth, Dec. 8, by Rev. J. B. Jackson, Nathan Boyd to Hannah Johnson. Halifax, Dec. 9, by Rev. Dr. McMillan, Campbell Robertson to Jessie Frost. Mahone Bay, Dec. 6, by Rev. S. Friggens, Alphonse E. Mader to Terie Mader. Waterford, Dec. 11, by Rev. A. Crispell, Howard Carter to Adeline McManus. Pictou, Dec. 8, by Rev. W. Wright, Clarence Reid to Mrs. Cyrella Reid. Hanson, Colchester, by Rev. Chas. S. Bate, H. A. St. John, Dec. 12, by Rev. S. Hartley, Henry Grant to Katie A. Sanderson. Middle River, Dec. 8, by Rev. D. S. Frazer, George Hill to Christine Grant. Sussex, Dec. 13, by Rev. W. Campbell, Prof. F. J. St. Yves to Mrs. Annie Edger. Gloucester, Mass., Dec. 5, by Rev. F. H. Reed, Bristol, Queens, Dec. 11, by Rev. H. Shaw, Wm. Coombs to Henrietta Buchanan. West Tatamouche, Dec. 7, by Rev. D. A. Frame, George King to Mrs. Eliza Moss. Denmark, Queens, Nov. 18, by Rev. S. March, Chipman Wile to Estelle Woodie. New Campbellton, Nov. 14, by Rev. D. Drummond, M. J. Marley to Estelle Campbell. St. Margaret's Bay, Dec. 15, by Rev. W. Arnold, Jas. Herrick to Janet Cleveland. Great Village, Dec. 13, by Rev. O. Chapman, Donald E. McLoughlin to Alberta Lawton. Chester, N. S., Dec. 9, by Rev. W. J. Armitage, Capt. J. Allan Chace to Mamie Woodie. Bay St. Lawrence, C. B. Nov. 23, by Rev. A. McFarren, Dennis Leroie to Susan Dunsley. Boston, Dec. 11, by Rev. A. E. MacLennan, Mr. E. C. Gilchrist to Miss Catherine MacKenzie. Curryville, E. B. Dec. 8, by Rev. C. W. Townsend, Estel McAlister to Annie Curry.

DIED.

Colchester, Robert Upham, 62. St. John, Dec. 18, James Taylor. Greenfield, Nov. 27, Neil Young, 61. Halifax, Dec. 9, Mary A. Perry, 16. St. John, Dec. 14, Patrick Ryan, 76. St. John, Dec. 18, Thomas H. Lloyd. Annapolis, Dec. 10, David Harrett, 67. St. John, Dec. 17, Mrs. Anne McKeown. Fort Louis, Dec. 1, William Finney, 71. Stellarton, Dec. 14, Jesse Elizabeth Turner. Truro, Dec. 8, Capt. Edward T. Rider, 60. Liverpool, Dec. 6, Mrs. Doina Brown, 83. Yarmouth, Dec. 3, Mrs. Ann O'Rourke, 83. Cape Island, Dec. 6, Freeman Nickerson, 62. St. Mary's, Nov. 27, Mrs. Wm. Williams, 83. Black River, Nov. 30, Mrs. Jane Davidson, 78. St. John Co. Dec. 11, Hugh H. Davidson, 78. Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 12, Hugh McIntosh, 67. Sydney, Dec. 9, Angelina Williams McLean, 15. Victoria Road, Dec. 15, Annie May Anketell, 10. Humboldt, Dal. Nov. 12, Milton E. Tomlinson, 76. Lower Campbell, Dec. 5, Dorothy E. Webster, 60. St. John, Dec. 14, Foster MacFarlane, M. D., 65. E. B. Dec. 10, Ellen J. wife of Faley McKnight 24. Halifax, Dec. 15, Sarah Ann, wife of James Kilne. Grandpas, Nov. 25, Cymbaline Alonso Eric Hendart, 18. Grayville Ferry, Dec. 6, William Mills Weatherston, 71. Ostarbo, Dec. 14, Elizabeth, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Clarke. Bristol, Eng. Nov. 10, Mary Ann, widow of Charles Wallace, 81. St. John, Dec. 18, George Christie, son of G. A. and Annie L. Chase. Truro, Dec. 11, Clarence, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. McDowell. St. John, Dec. 18, Baby B., infant child of F. P. and Emma F. Galloway. Harvey, A. C., Dec. 8, Mary, child of the late George Vernon, 71. Cumberland Co., Dec. 2, Francis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Morrell, 2. Shubenacadie, Nov. 19, Janet Orr, youngest child of W. J. and H. A. Wallace, 11 months.

STEAMERS.

Change of Sailing. On and after Monday, Nov. 6th, STEAMER ..Clifton will leave her wharf, Hampton, Monday and Wednesday mornings, at 7 a. m. for Indian Cove. Returning will leave Indian Cove on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock (local). On Saturdays she will make round trips as at present. CAPT. R. G. MARIE, Manager.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted).

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou. Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou. Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Moncton. Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex. Accommodation from Moncton. Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal. Accommodation from Moncton. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. J. FORTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EXCURSION RATES.

Christmas and New Year's Holidays.

ONE WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP between all Stations on the Atlantic Division and from Atlantic Division stations to points in Canada, Port Arthur and east. SCHEDULE: PU. LIT. C. 125-126. In sale Dec. 21st, to Jan 1st, inclusive, good to issue till Jan. 31st. SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES—There is on application of school authorities a Dec. 1st to 15th inclusive, good to return till Jan. 15th, 1900. Above arrangements also apply from all Stations on the International and Dominion Atlantic Railways to Canadian Pacific Railway Stations named above. TO BOSTON—M.A.S.—First-class collected fares for the round trip from St. John, N. B., to Boston, via St. Stephen, St. Andrew and intermediate stations. Tickets on sale Dec. 20th to 30th inclusive, good to return thirty days from date of issue. For further information as to rates, train service, etc., or to reserve berths on the Popular Short Line Express to Montreal, etc., call on the Ticket Agent at St. John, N. B. Passengers will note that the Canadian Pacific has Dining Cars on day express between Montreal and Toronto, as well as on short Lines, Truro to Brantford.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Nov. 13th, 1899, the Steamers and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Leave St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arrive Digby 9:30 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:30 p. m., arrive St. John, 3:35 p. m.

Steamship "Prince Arthur."

St. John and Boston Direct Service. Leave St. John every Thursday, 4:30 p. m. Leave Boston every Wednesday, 10 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sundays excepted). Leave Halifax 8:30 a. m., arrive Digby 12:30 p. m. Digby 12:45 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 3:30 p. m. Leave Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arrive Digby 11:45 a. m. Digby 11:55 a. m., arrive Halifax 3:30 p. m. Leave Annapolis 7:20 a. m., arrive Digby 9:30 a. m. Leave Digby 8:30 p. m., arrive Annapolis 4:45 p. m.

S.S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and most comfortable voyaging out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Yarmouth on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p. m. Free meals on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agents.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. P. GIFFINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

1899 1899.

THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO.

LIMITED.

For Boston and Halifax

VIA. Yarmouth.

Shortest and Most Direct Route. Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston. Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

STEAMERS "BO-TON" and "YARMOUTH"

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Dom. Atlantic Ry. train from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 p. m. connecting with Dom. Atlantic Coast Ry. and all coach lines. Regular mail carried on steamers. The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CLYDE OF MONTECALLO" leaves Canada's wharf, Halifax, every Monday (10 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston. Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 138 Hollis Street; North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agents on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 145 Hollis street, or L. E. BAKER, President and Director. Yarmouth N. S., July 21, 1899.

STAR

Line Steamers

For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7:30 a. m. standard. JAMES MANORREY, Manager, Fredericton.

VOL. X... Some officials do in a happy fashion seem to be one of the public and for various reasons lenient city would forever from the "influence" has his his position. Last week he has upon an old man in time he chose to evening. It was not an arrest for any great festival day in the market. His view alone McSorley a constable. He is would have much from but he knows instance of the law with him. The side when he made. No doubt the priest the constable's act idea of spending C naturally made son His friends tried in vain and finally to go along with him. "I can't walk, I you will have to be leaved heavily again. McSorley would of talk but when he persisted in his the officer to assist jail. The policeman d and the locks he e not of a friendly n he could be called trip him and so he old man to go along sick and you must the prisoner. I just another policeman which by this time in which the same w so liders the day the when the prisoner had arrived the side would not move. Expressions of sides, "Let the old Christmas Eve" an constable had no su like gain death and officers got his man half dragged him to. There never w country market S news of the arrest streets by this time people to see the f treated to the ga Campbell who did aside in his eagere The necessity for h parent but he was l tryman who was lea strong for he went "I'm not doing any as Campbell made isled. Somebody five, turned aroun named Fox, a brot so severe a mauling bit him a smash th Fox had not end the action of the s place that a well k him intimately call you're wrong there. Fox started to say bell was going to a no, but some friend the sergeant followe as bound to go to complaint against C shared had killed friends persuaded h no use. McSorley lande be supported thro arms of the police such an arrest on C pleasant one for the Good Evening A pleasant custom foria hotel which th existing between th