

LONE HAND DICK

He was a queer, lonely chap, was Dick, though he was neither old nor ugly. Many a fellow among us at Lulu flat would have been glad enough to chum with Dick, for he was as steady as a file and as hard working as any man in the flat. But some how nobody ever proposed it. There was something about him that sort of choked you off before you could get along-side for business.

He went by the name of "Lone Hand Dick," not that his name was Dick particularly, but, bless you! that didn't matter on the flat. Somebody called him "Lone Hand" because he worked by himself and said nothing, and I reckon somebody else called him Dick because you can't go on seeing a man every day and not call him something.

Dick was one of the first, if he wasn't the very first, on the flat. When I got there he was flossicking about in a corner all by himself, and there were not half a dozen more within five miles. He was friendly enough, too—for the matter of that Dick was always friendly. It was Dick that showed me where to get water, and laid me on to the run of the stuff when I asked him, but outside of that he wouldn't go.

He was a young fellow, not more than thirty, any how; tall, active, and midding strong, too. There was something about his face you couldn't help liking when you got to know it. None of your laughing, touch-and-go faces, that don't mean anything when you do know them; no, nor yet your scowling, yellow-dog faces that mean no good; but a quiet face—real quiet—a face with a lot of meaning kind of drained out of it. The flat wasn't to say rich, not at first anyhow, till Jim Stokes dropped on to the deep lead, but there was always tucker and more in it. So far as I could guess, Dick had about his share and no more. If he had picked up a fortune, mind you, he wouldn't have said anything without he was asked, but I don't think I did.

Strokes struck the deep lead on Friday, and by the middle of next week Lulu flat was a gold field. Where they sprang from I'm blest if I know, but come they did, wagons full of them, traps, coaches, bullock drays, horses and donkeys, and one or two, though they didn't hardly count, being off color, on camels. In a week the flat was like a town; in a month we had two banks, and were talking about a town hall and a member of parliament.

It didn't suit Dick. Long before the end of the first week he had struck his tent—an uncommon one-horse tent it was, too, at that—and made tracks. After a day or two I missed him. He hadn't gone very far, though, and after a bit I came across a man that had seen him working by himself in a little corner of a gully just about big enough for one over the nearest range. It wasn't more than a week or two after that on a day, just as I had knocked off work, a young chap comes up to me—a quill-driving looking chap at that—and says: "Mate, do you happen to know a chap by the name of Forrester?" They say he was on the flat from the first.

"Can't say as I do, mate," says I. "What's he like?" "Like? Well, he ought to be like that," and he pulls out a photograph and passes it along to me. "I looks at it," "Dick," says I. "You know him, mate?" he says, looking at me sharp like.

"Well, mate, and suppose I did; what o' that?" for it comes into my mind about the trouble as we thought Dick might have been in. "What of that, stranger?" says I. "Come along up to the bank. We want to find him."

"Oh, ye do," says I. "Got a fortune for him, mate?" "Well, no, not that I know of, anyhow, but there's a party come in that wants to see him—wants to see him bad, too."

I looks at him. "What for?" says I, taking a draw of my pipe. "What for, mate?" "Oh, you needn't be suspicious, it's a gentleman and a lady," says he. "Why didn't you say there was a lady before?" I says, "I might know the party, and again I mightn't, but ladies ain't common. I'll see the lady, mate, anyhow."

I went along with him, though after all I wasn't sure. It was Dick in the picture right enough, but it wasn't our Dick; the picture wasn't to say a "shevvy devry" come to that, but it had been meant for Dick once.

It was after bank hours and the door was shut, but we round by the side into the manager's room. There was a man there and a girl—yes, she was only a girl, I could see that, although she had a thick veil over her face. The man was a swell.

"Do you know Mr. Forrester, my man?" says he. "Not much," says I, short. He turns round on the clerk angrily. "He doesn't know him by that name, but he seemed to know the photograph you gave me, sir," the clerk said. The girl stirred uneasily in her seat; the man turned to me hastily. "You know somebody like the picture?" he said.

"I looked at the girl; she seemed to be listening eagerly. "Well," I said, "I have seen somebody it might have been meant for once."

"We want to see him."

"Yes," says I. "What for?" The man looked at me angrily. What for, my man, and how does that concern you?"

"Well," says I, "I don't rightly know, nor I don't know how it concerns you to see him."

The man looked at me as fierce as a Coanmer in a tight place, but he didn't speak. And with that the girl rose and took a step forward. "Oh, sir," she said, in a soft, low voice that shivered a bit as she spoke. "Oh, sir, you will tell us, I'm sure. I must know; I must see him!" She had clasped her two hands together; they were small hands and very white, and they shook as she spoke. It was for no harm anyway, I could have sworn that much.

"Yes, miss," says I. "It might be the party, or again it mightn't, for he's changed if it is, but I'll find him for you in the morning."

It was a lonely spot where we found Dick, and not another soul was in sight. He was working in the bottom, the same steady, dogged, hopeless work that he'd always done.

"There," I said, stopping short and pointing at him, "is that the man you're looking for, miss?" We were standing at the edge of the trees, and Dick was below

us, and it might be thirty yards away. She had said nothing as we came along, but she had trembled so much that the man had given her his arm to help her. Now she seemed to pull herself together all in a moment as she threw back the veil to look. I looked at her then, and I tell you I could have gone on looking. Ah, that was something like a face—a face to think on in the dark, that was. She just gave one look, and then a sob. "Stay here," she said, motioning the man back with her hand. "Say here. Oh, George!"

Then she went down the slope, and with a quick smooth sort of walk. She didn't seem rightly to walk, only to go, and go quick at that. In a minute she was close to Dick.

"George!" she said—only the one word.

"George!" The word came up to where we were standing, and I tell you it was sweet as music.

Dick lifted himself from his work and stared stupidly round, as if he didn't rightly know what it was. Then he sees her, and with that he falls back a step, like a man dazed.

"Oh, George!" and she held out both of her hands to him across the heap of white clay. "Come back, George, come back. It is all found out. They all believe you now. You're cleared at last—cleared at last. Come back, George—back to me."

He stood for a moment or two like a man that had been turned to stone. "Cleared!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Cleared! Oh, my God!" then he clutched wildly at his throat, staggered and fell—fell at her very feet senseless.

She was on her knees at his side. I started to run down the slope, and I was at her side in half a minute, but she didn't want me. She had raised his head and leaned it against her breast, and she would let nobody touch him but herself. And there she knelt among the wet clay, holding Dick in her arms, the tears running down her face and falling into his. I got a little water and poured it on his head, and at last he began to come to. I lays my hand on the man's arm. "I reckon, mate, you and me's not wanted here, not mu h," I says, and I pulls him away.

We got a cart and we moved Dick to the bank, but it was another week afore they could move him any further. Then they left.

It might have been a couple of months later that I got a Melbourne paper through the post. There was a mark at one side, and opposite to that an advertisement.

"At St. Mark's Church, Toorak, on Dec. 1, by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Melbourne, Mary, only daughter of the Hon. John Lester, of Toorak and Dargalla Station, to George Wingfield Forrester, eldest son of Albert Forrester, M. P., of Wingfield Hall, Herefordshire, England."

By and by I came across another part. "The fashionable wedding that took place yesterday at Toorak had all the special interest which attaches to the last act in a very sensational drama. The ceremony was of the celebrated Dargalla murder trial, although now two years old, are still fresh in the memory of the public. The confession of the real criminal, while it happily restores Mr. Forrester to his friends and to society, affords a remarkable instance of the unreliability of even the strongest circumstantial evidence. The refusal of the jury to agree upon what seemed unquestionable evidence of guilt appeared to us at the time, we confess, a lamentable failure of justice, and we said so. It affords us great pleasure now that we are able to offer both to Mr. Forrester and the public our hearty congratulations."

TOLD ABOUT THE PENNY.
Meaning of the Phrase Among the Modern European Nations.

It is a familiar phrase, "only a penny," and it has been on the lips of Englishmen for 1200 years, as the copper coin so well known is the lineal descendant from the penny of the seventh century. In the laws of Ino, King of the West Saxons, 688, is perhaps the first mention of the word "penny." The earliest English coin was the silver sceat. It was a thick, lumpy coin, with very rude figures upon it, somewhat resembling a horse or a man; but in the very earliest part of the eighth century the silver penny was first seen, and it superseded the sceat.

We still speak of that first silver coin of our forefathers, although, we may not be aware of the fact. The word was corrupted into "shot," the s being softened into sh, and when we speak of "having no shot in the locker" and "paying our shot," we are simply using what our Anglo-Saxon ancestors introduced. The first penny was a thin silver coin about the size of a shilling, but very much thinner. It weighed from 22½ to 24 grains troy, and was then, as it is now, the 240th part of a pound.

We still call a weight of 24 grains a pennyweight. Why was it called a penny? This word really means "a little pledge." "A token"—that is, "a coin." It is from exactly the same root as the words pawn, panel, pane, empanel, paniel. The easiest thing to pledge or leave in pledge was a piece of clothing, and so this word was applied to clothes in Spanish panos.

If we look at other languages we find the same word meaning a token or coin, e. g., penning in Dutch, a penny, pennig in Icelandic, penning in German, and so on, or, for something pawned, pund in Dutch and pland in German.

The new silver coin was called a token, a promise, a pawn-ticket, in fact, for the value of it in gold; that is, a penny.

As years went on the silver penny became smaller and smaller. Edward III.'s penny only weighed 18 grains. Edward IV.'s 12 to 15 grains, Edward VI.'s eight grains, and Elizabeth's about seven grains, but there were no copper pennies all this time.

A curious fact about Saxon pennies is that they were struck in so many different towns. Wherever the king was, there was the penny struck, and we find pennies struck at Bath, Cambridge, Totnes, Win-

chester, Gildford, Stamford, Rochester, Stafford and York, and scores of other places. It was not only kings who struck pennies in those days; they are known bearing the names of bishops and archbishops, abbots and chieftains, and on each coin is also the names of its maker, the master of the mint at that time.

One more fact about Saxon pennies. They had a large cross on them from edge to edge, and could be cut through the lines of the cross into half pence and farthings, and were often so cut and used, but the tiny farthings must have been inconvenient coins to handle.

There were no real copper pennies and half pennies till we come to the reign of Charles II., 1660-1685. Elizabeth issued some pattern pennies in 1601 bearing the words "The pledge of a penny," but the pieces were never issued to the public. James I. allowed the issue of some copper farthings, which were very small thin pieces only weighing six grains each, and Charles I. issued other similar farthings, slightly larger in size.

These farthings were easily broken between the fingers and were very much disliked by the people, who preferred their own illegal token, and who suffered very greatly from the want of small change. Patterns of farthings were also prepared by the Commonwealth and by Cromwell, but they were never issued to the public.

In 1672 Charles II. issued his first penny in copper. James II. a halfpenny in tin in 1685 William and Mary a halfpence and farthings, Anne farthings only, George I. a halfpenny and farthings, George II. the same, and George III., in 17, the first copper twopenny-piece.

All this time there were pennies issued silver, and they were issued now Every year for distribution on Maundy Thursday as a mark of distinction to the poor, and of the value of a penny, twopenny and threepence. They are current coin and cannot be refused, but, methinks, if in Cheapside we offered one of these charming little silver pennies to the merchant who stands by the path, he would not recognize the Queen's smallest silver coin and would prefer to have the big bronze friend that we familiarly know as a penny.—Boy's Own paper.

HENRI DUNANT'S OLD AGE.
The Originator of the Red Cross Found in Illness and Weak.

Henri Dunant, the originator of the Red Cross movement, was found in misery recently in a little village in Canton of Appenzell, in Switzerland. In his old age he was suffering in solitude from poverty and illness, after having devoted his fortune and his powers in founding the association which has relieved the distresses of thousands in all parts of the world. As soon as his situation became known most of the Red Cross committees of Europe, including those of Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid, set to work to raise a fund to relieve him. It is now likely that he will end his life in comfort.

To prevent his being overlooked or forgotten a second time the committees are going to publish a memorial of his work.

M. Dunant possessed a moderate fortune originally. Happening to be in Italy when Napoleon III. was waging war there, he was able to witness the horrors of a battle field, and the sight inspired the determination that resulted in the Red Cross. He went to work on the theory that while it might not be possible to prevent war, it was possible to mitigate its barbarity, and at any rate to divide prompt succor for the wounded. Up to that time the neutrality of the wounded was an unsettled question, which was left to the discretion of commanders of armies, when it received attention at all. Sometimes commanders agreed to conventions providing for the care of the wounded on either side, and sometimes they refused to do so. M. Dunant devoted his fortune and his energy to his idea. He began by publishing a pamphlet showing the need of a society to relieve wounded soldiers. In it he said, "I shall not discuss the right to make war, but I say that if war is inevitable it should be carried on with the least possible barbarity." That sentence was the key-note of his endeavors. The pamphlet failed to attract attention. Then M. Dunant wrote a second appeal, entitled "Memories of Solferino." In it he described simply and effectively the horrors he had witnessed. He used a large part of his fortune in circulating the pamphlet throughout Europe, and in this way obtained a hearing. The result of his efforts was the famous Geneva conference out of which grew the various Red Cross committees organized to relieve the wounded. In October, 1863, a preliminary congress gathered at Geneva to decide upon the method of procedure for the conference to assemble the following year. The members included philanthropists as well as delegates representing various governments, and their efforts were directed to formulating a plan to which military as well as civil authorities would agree. The chief obstacles were military. While the various governments sympathized with M. Dunant's purpose, they did not want military operations interfered with. The credit of overcoming the hesitation on this score is due to M. Dunant. In a remarkable speech he demonstrated that it was possible for the rights of war and those rights of humanity that he advocated to coexist on the battle field; and in August, 1864, he had the satisfaction of seeing his project ratified by sixteen governments. The subsequent growth of the Red Cross movement is well known.

M. Dunant received many decorations and honors and was ranked among the great benefactors of mankind. Ill health prevented him from attending the latest Red Cross conference, and in the tremendous

expenses of the idea he came to be overlooked. While the present development of the Red Cross associations is due to others, it was he who obtained international recognition of the principle of the neutrality of ambulances.

A SKEPTIC CONVINCED.
HE HAD NO FAITH IN ANY ADVERTISED MEDICINE.

Attacked With a Bad Cold, His Trouble Went From Bad to Worse Until he was Threatened With Locomotor Ataxia—Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Had Failed.

(From the Yarmouth N. S., Times.)
The remarkable cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have long been a matter of newspaper notoriety, and many of them—well described as miracles—have been in our own province, but we believe so far none have been published from Yarmouth. A Times representative enquired in a quarter where such matters would like to be known, and learned that there were several remarkable cases of restoration to health directly traceable to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, right in our midst. Curious to ascertain the facts in relation thereto, our representative called on Mr. Charles E. Trask, who had been known to have experienced a long illness, and now was apparently in excellent health, his cure being attributed to Pink Pills. Mr. Trask, who has been an accountant in Yarmouth for many years, was in his office on John street when the reporter waited on him.

"Yes," he said, "there can be no possible doubt of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my case, and I will be pleased if the publication of the facts helps some other sufferer back to health. I caught cold, was careless and caught more cold. The first thing I knew I was seriously ill. I could not walk. All strength seemed to have left my legs and the weakness increased. From being obliged to remain in the house I became obliged to remain in bed, but still supposed it was but a very bad cold. I became so helpless I could not move in bed without help. I had good attendance and the best of care and nursing, but as week succeeded week I seemed to grow worse instead of better, still I was worn to a mere shadow and began to care very little if I ever recovered. A hint that I was threatened with something called locomotor ataxia reminded a friend that my case seemed similar to some of those described in the Times, which had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this first drew attention to them as a possible aid to me. I admit that I was skeptical—very skeptical—here are so many medicines being advertised just now, and I was never much of a believer in them. Well Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were purchased and I took them. I suppose I would have taken anything else, simply as the routine of a sick room. The first box seemed to show little effect, and by the time I had got through with the third box there could be no doubt my condition showed a marked improvement, and I was correspondingly encouraged. The pills were continued and I became rapidly better, so that I was able to sit up and go about the house, and occasionally go out if the weather was fine. Day by day I grew stronger, and to make a long story short, I feel I am to-day in as good health as ever I was in my life, and I can hardly realize I am the same man who suffered for six months, a helpless, dispondent being, who never expected to be on his feet again. While I have no desire for publicity I am quite willing these facts should be made known for the benefit of others, am ready at any time to bear hearty testimony to the genuine worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They restored me to health when I never expected to be about again."

Mr. Trask certainly looks the picture of health, and remembering the long period when he had been laid up, our representative left, fully convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have well deserved all that was said of them elsewhere. When such cases can be pointed to in our own midst there can no longer be any doubt of the reliability of the many statements of wonderful cures effected throughout the country.

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Caution: In view of the many imitations of our goods, consumers should make sure that the name "Walter Baker & Co. Limited" is printed on each package.
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD., DORCHESTER, ENGL.

Full of steam.
It's the usual way on "wa-h day"—a big fire—a house full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work
A TEAKETTLE
OF HOT WATER
AND
SURPRISE SOAP.
According to the directions on the wrapper does away with all this muss and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and clearer than when washed the ordinary way:
Thousands use Surprise Soap this way, with perfect satisfaction: Why don't you?

SURPRISE is good for all uses: Every cake is stamped—SURPRISE.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
"D.C.L."
SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN
PROPRIETORS:—
THE DISTILLERS, CO. LTD
EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

For Sale by Street & Co.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine
OUR BRANDS:—
D'Y CATAWBA, SWET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, 100% AUSTRIAN, (Registered), CLARET.
THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.
MARCH 15TH, 1898
E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.
DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.
Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. G. SCOVIL. Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 583. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

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