

ping suddenly before the me, for he had been pacing the room. "Do you take me for a love-sick swain, and expect I am going to spend any of my time to find out who will win? Ask her to marry you. I'll not interfere. I'm not quite so senseless yet as to think Myra Dean would marry a homely, rough fellow like me, with only a good practice to support me, when Lucius March stands ready to offer her his heart, his hand, and his fortune. Let the subject drop there. It was by accident that you learned my secret. Forget it, marry Myra, and be happy."

There was a tremor about this strong man's lips as he said this, but it was unnoticed by the handsome young man who still stood by the glass.

"I'll talk sensibly, Will; but your heart is larger than mine, and your brain too. You are worth a dozen fellows like me, but what I lack in my head I've got in my pocket, and that, you know, will do generally more than heart or brain. Of course, Myra Dean isn't the one for you. She is used to luxury, and really, Will, I do think I stand a little better chance than you with her, and I do like her immensely. You shall come to my wedding, Will, and take tea with us as often as twice week. I think I'll propose to-night, if I find a good opportunity at the party. I don't think you care half so much about her as I do—you have business, you know, to take your attention. Don't look so cross. I'm going out to get a new pair of kid gloves for the party. What number do you wear, Will? I'll get you a pair."

Dr. Browne was looking steadily into the fire; he did not look up, and apparently had not heard a word of his friend's remarks.

"Good day, then, Will, if you are bound never to speak again. I'll see you this evening," and saying this, Lucius went out into the street, and Dr. Browne still continued looking into the fire. Suddenly he turned about and commenced pacing the room again. He stopped in front of the mirror, and looked in at his brown face, the lower part of which was covered with a thick, glossy beard. There was a frown already on his brow; but he frowned deeper as he saw the reflection of his face.

"What is there about me that a girl like Myra Dean could fancy?" But as he said this half aloud, his face softened for an instant, as he remembered one—never-to-be-forgotten—time when danger was near him, and she caught his hand and looked up into his face, with pleading eyes, full of tenderness, too, he thought then; and he had, before he realized what he was about, pressed her hand, and kissed her brow, assuring her he would be careful. The thoughts of this sweet moment had cheered his heart many a time, and he had hoped that in spite of her riches and his poverty, he might one day call her his own; but the dream was over now. Lucius March would win her; he thought he was sure of that, but away down in his heart there was—though he did not know it—a ray of hope remaining.

He went to the party that night. He wished to see her once more while she was free. He seemed moody and reserved, and

with the same grin, and it is pity you must go away from the city. Would you marry her just as readily, Will, if she was poor? I must confess that I wouldn't.

"I should call such a question an insult to myself and Miss Dean, coming from any one but you," said the Doctor. "I love her, and not her money; and if she were penniless to-day, it would be the happiest moment in my life to make her my wife, and shield her from all harm. And I request you not to mention this subject again—it is very painful to me. No one would ever have known my secret if accident had not divulged it. To-morrow I shall be in a new place, with new scenes and new faces around me. I shall think of little else than my business, and probably never see Myra again."

"Oh yes, you will; when time has healed the wound, you will come and see us in our elegant house, and we will all be the best of friends. You are a grand fellow, Will, and if girls only knew what was good for themselves, they would choose you before me every time in spite of my riches and your poverty. I was fortunately born handsome and rich, and that is all girls ask for in a husband."

"Not all of them," spoke up Myra Dean, throwing back her veil, and looking with crimson cheeks into the young men's faces. "Not all of them, Mr. March. And I believe I know what is good for myself. I do not think it unmaidenly—after I have heard unintentionally your conversation, and have learned that I am beloved by Dr. Browne—to reply to him that I have loved long and truly, and will be his wife. I was forced to speak, through fear that he would go away to-morrow, and I should not see him again."

There was no one in the omnibus but these three, and Dr. Browne clasped the little gloved hand of Myra, and his face glowed all over with happiness. Poor Lucius March had nothing to say, though he tried to apologise, and only made the matter worse; and a few minutes after the discovery he left the omnibus; and Dr. Browne, still clasping the little hand of Myra, said never a word, and they rode silently on near to the maiden's home. When in the elegant and cheerful parlour, Dr. Browne, in the fulness of his joy, held the "brave little girl," as he called her, a moment in his strong arms, and thanked Heaven for the incident, so strange and so fraught with blessings, and Myra, for her bravery in speaking, and having the matter so amicably settled. He did not give up the new appointment offered him; but when he went there to commence his practice, he took with him a loving little wife to be all his own until death; and joy and peace went with them, and dwelt with them all through their lives; and blue-eyed Myra, as a wife and mother, proved in all her gentle ways that she knew at least "what was good for herself."

The chief resource of the Empress Eugenie, it is stated, consists in her private jewels, which she contrived to send safely to this country, in the custody of Prince Achille Murat, about the middle of August. Their value is estimated at above 5,000,000*fr.*

Many school rooms, many country mansions, and some churches, are in possession of specimens of this kind of art. A Study of a Female head, a Tiger killing a Deer, the Temptation of Christ, Cornelius sending for St. Peter, the Savior bearing the Cross, the Good Samaritan, the Head of a Rabbit, Oliver Cromwell—these are among the subjects of such pictures known to have been produced in this eccentric department of art. Connoisseurs of poker pictures talk about Smith of Skipton, Cranch of Axminster, Thompson of Wilts, and Collins of Ireland, as artists of some note. About the beginning of the present century, there was an exhibition of poker pictures in London, comprising fifty-three specimens by a Mrs. Nelson, and thirteen by Miss Nelson. The pictures were, without any high-flown words, described as having been "done on wood with hot pokers." The scorching is effected by any heated bar of iron; but in the best specimens tools of various shapes are used, to make some of the scorched lines narrower and finer than others; the artist having, literally, many irons in the fire at once. The actual lines of the device are first penciled or drawn; the scorching is to produce the shadows, the lighter tints being the result of holding the red-hot iron very close to the wood, but not quite touching. If the panel has any strongly marked lines, fibers, knots, eyes, curls, or other diversities of grain, the artist sometimes avails himself of these to produce pictorial effect, scorching around or near them, according to circumstances. In one instance a knot in the wood was made to represent the eye in a portrait, by a few judicious touches of the scorching-iron; while in another case curled lines or grain-marks were made available to represent the furrows in an old man's cheek.—*Scientific American.*

The latest invention for funerals is a coffin which folds down so as to resemble a sofa.

A freight steamer is to be put on the line from St. Stephen, N. B., to Boston, touching at this port, next spring.

A new burglar alarm in Cincinnati rings the bell, indicates the window attacked, and lights the gas. The only thing left to do is to shoot the burglar.

Among the stories from the diamond-fields of South Africa, is one about a home-stead and kral who had found diamonds.

Wheeler, the celebrated diamond hunter of Cape of Good Hope, has arrived in London. He brings stones valued at 30,000 pounds and weighing 88 carats.

A young lady named Minnie Huntoon, while singing at a church, in Jasper county, Ind., on Sunday last was suddenly struck dumb, and has not since been able to utter a word.

Wilson, the murderer, is writing his life. He says he can write up some thirty or forty of the burglaries in which he has been engaged, so as to make very entertaining reading. Here's a chance for the Ledger to secure a new contributor!

"No, sir, we don't expect but half a crop—we plant on shares."

A gentleman whose proboscis had been lost, was invited out to tea. "My dear," said the good woman of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular, and to make no remark about Mr. Jenkins' nose." Gathered about the table, every thing was going well; the child peeped about, looking rather puzzled, and at last startled the table: "Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins' nose? he hasn't got any."

A boy was once watching some of his school-mates as they pelted an old gentleman's windows with snowballs. The old gentleman finally rushed out of the house, determined, if possible, to inflict some severe punishment on the offenders, saying, when he caught the boy: "Now, you rascal, I'll stop you within an inch of your life! Accordingly, he began to thrash him, when the boy immediately commenced laughing, and continued until the old gentleman desisted with the exclamation—"What are you laughing at?" "Well," said the boy, "I'm laughing because you are awfully sold; I ain't the boy!"

The Good Old Days as Longed for by Josh Billings.

How I dew long (once in a while) for them good old daze.

Them daze when there was more fun in 30 cents than there is now in seven dollars and a half.

Them daze when a man married 145 lbs of a woman, and less than 9 lbs. (awl told) of anything else.

How I dew long for them old daze when edukashun konsisted in what a man did well.

Them daze when deakins were as austere as horse-reddish; ministers preached to men's soles insted uv their pockets.

Them daze when pollytyks was the exception and honesty the rule.

Them daze when lap dorgs and wet nusses wasn't known, and when brown bred and baked goose made a good dinner.

Them daze when a man who wau't bizzy was watched; and when wimmen spun only that kind of yarn that was good for the darning of stockings.

How I dew long for them good old daze when now and then a gal had a gal, but he wau't spill if he was named Jerrymier.

And yo who have tried the fether and fuss of life, who have had thes codfish of wealth stuck under your nose, cum beneath this tree and long for an hour with us for them good old daze when men were ashamed tew be fools, and wimmen were afraid to be flirts.

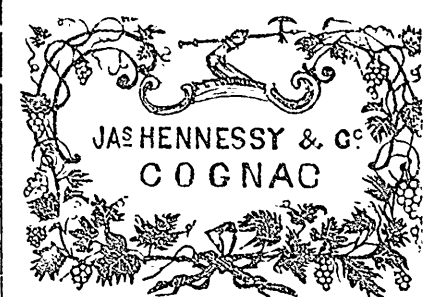
RAPID TELEGRAPHING.—It is said that Mr. Scudamore has at the Post office a new telegraphic instrument by which he reckons that he sends messages at the rate of 60 words per minufe. This instrument is to be tried at the Houses of Parliament at the opening of the session, in transmitting the summary of the proceedings in both Houses of the provincial daily papers.—*English Exchange.*

GENERAL AGENT FOR
The Maritime Provinces.

GROCERIES, &c.

ANTHONY CAIN,
DIRECT IMPORTER OF AND WHOLESALE AND
RETAIL DEALER IN

GROCERIES, WINE, AND LIQUORS,
OF ALL KINDS.



CONSTANTLY ON HAND:
TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, MOLASSES
DRIED FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, and all
other Goods found in a First-class Grocery.
Together with the choicest brands of WINES,
BRANDIES, WHISKIES, ALE and PORTER,
domestic and foreign, in wood and bottle.
CHOICE BRANDS OF CIGARS.
No. 56 King St., South Side, St. John, N. B.
ANTHONY CAIN.

SAINT JOHN
HOMOEOPATHIC PHARMACY,
46 King Street,
(Established 1869),

Constantly on hand, a complete Stock of
HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINES,
Prepared from the Purest Materials.
Domestic Cases and Books
at very prices, chiefly adapted for families
living at a distance from a Homoeo-
pathic physician.

EPPS and TAYLOR BROTHER'S
HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA
Very choice articles
Pure Arnica Tincture.

Also—A large assortment of Druggists'
Fancy Goods, consisting of English, French
and Swiss Toilet Articles, Combs, Hair
Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Nail Brushes, &c.
Perfumery, Pomades and Oils; Violet Pow-
ders, Puff Boxes, and Children's Brushes.
Orders promptly attended to.
HOMOEOPATHIC PHARMACY,
46 King Street, St. John, N. B.
oct