

MELINDA'S SMILE.

[Concluded.]  
I could hardly believe my eyes. I must have put them somewhere else in my sleep; and hastily I began to search the few drawers and cupboards my rooms contained. No; they had vanished as completely as if they had never been. I went to the door and called my landlady to tell her of my loss, though I had no hope of getting any information from her. One had only to look in her face to see that in that state of vacant stupidity there was no room for curiosity or even common intelligence.  
"Has any one been in," I asked, "while I've been out?"  
"Not nobody, as I knows on," she replied, with her mouth open.  
"Have you been in all the evening?" I went on in desperation.  
"Not no, no, sir. I've been up at the Red 'Cause I've a bit o' supper with our Martha Alice."  
"Did you look the door when you went out?"  
"Not no, no, sir. We never look the doors alone bedtime. There's no one, as 'ud break in 't Potover—let alone there bein' nothin' to take."  
"Well, they've found something at last," I said. "But what they want with a parcel of old letters beats me. Do you suppose they took them for banknotes?" And then I stopped suddenly, for I remembered some one who did want those letters.  
Mrs. Leach stooped and picked up a large sheet of paper from under a chair by the door, and handed it to me with a grunt.  
"Is this something o' yours?" she asked, and I took it to my hand. It was the last page of a song I read the words of the refrain.  
"And a girl never looks at one-and-a-half With a possible two-and-three."  
"Oh, Melinda, Melinda!"  
"Yes, I said, "I said, 'I'm the pen of a hymn I was singing to myself—a kind of sequel: Mrs. Leach, don't bother any more about the letters; it doesn't really matter; they were worth nothing. This was true in some sense than one."  
Mrs. Leach went happily down the passage and I was alone.  
I had some time for reflection during the long hours before morning, and soon made up my mind what to do. It seemed to me that I owed a duty to myself. I had resolved, much against my will, to be generous to Melinda, but she had forestalled me with a little plan of her own. "Now," I said to myself, "I shall play for my own hand."  
I walked boldly up to the Red House and asked for Melinda. I noticed as I went through the hall that the fire was in the grate, and that the stair-carpets were in the same woful plight—otherwise the place was much as it had been two years ago. Melinda's twin sisters met me in the hall. They were sixteen and almost as pretty as she was herself. Margaret was surprised to see me, and held out a plump, unwilling hand.  
"John," she cried—"you!"  
"Yes," I said, "it is John. You needn't try to hide the extreme pleasure you feel at my presence. I quite understand your feelings. Will you tell Melinda that I wish to see her alone?"  
Margaret gathered her scattered wits, and Melinda is out," she said sweetly; and my heart sank. I am afraid I was longing enough at this moment to look over my head. Melinda was hanging over the banister, listening with evident interest to our lively conversation.  
"I think you must be mistaken," I murmured politely. "Melinda is just coming down."  
She descended with hanging head and burning cheeks, and after a short but animated discussion I found myself alone with her in the dilapidated old schoolroom. I shut the door, and crossed to where she stood by the window.  
"I congratulate you on your success," I said.  
Melinda evidently expected more.  
"What do you mean?" she faltered.  
"What success?"  
"I smiled. "Your success in getting rid of your headache, of course. You look wonderfully well this morning."  
She didn't quite understand whether she was safe or not. She looked up inquiringly. Had I found out yet? Did I suspect? She didn't venture to speak, but she turned on the irresistible smile.  
"I am glad you are quite well," I said coolly. "For I am afraid you will find what I have to say a little trying. You had better sit down."  
Melinda looked frightened. She seated herself on the arm of the big, untidy sofa, and looked nervously at me. She had small feet, and always wore such pretty shoes!  
"Listen to me," I said gravely. "Before we leave this room we have got to come to terms."  
She gasped. "I know you're going to be horrid," she said, nervously rolling and parrying a sheet of music she held in her hand.  
"That sheet of music reminded me of something. I pulled the last page of the 'Tin Gee-gee' out of my pocket and handed it to her.  
"I think that is your property," I said. The scarlet of her cheeks faded, and she stared at me with wide open eyes.  
"Where did you find it?" she asked.  
"I will tell you that later on. First of all, Melinda, do you think you have treated me well?"  
"I couldn't help it," she murmured.  
"You know it wasn't me."  
"Perhaps not," I said. "At any rate, you cannot deny that you have broken your promise, and, for anything you know to the contrary, pulled my life."  
"Did it for the sake of the others," she whispered, in a voice that was almost inaudible.  
"I don't believe it," I said calmly. "I

don't believe it! You have never thought of anyone but yourself all your life. It's no good coming the noble, self-sacrificing motive over me, Melinda, because it won't wash. You have thrown me over for Leonard, partly because he had a lot of money to buy you expensive dresses and jewelry, and partly because you always are influenced by the person who is nearest to you. I ought to have known you were as weak as water. You have made a jolly mess of a man's life, and yet you can be perfectly happy and comfortable!"  
Melinda sighed. "There never was a more unhappy girl than I," she said.  
"I laughed. "That's all nonsense. You are as pleased as you can be because two men are making themselves miserable about you. I don't know why we do—you certainly are not worth it. I wish to heaven you weren't so confoundedly pretty!"  
This encouraged Melinda to try the smile.  
"So you still think me pretty, do you?" she said softly.  
"Pretty?" I gazed inwardly, for I knew that, however plainly I saw Melinda's faults, and however disgusted I was with her behavior, there was no mistaking the fact that I was more in love with her than ever. Pratty!  
"Besides," she went on, "you are mistaken. There is only one man miserable about me, and that is you. Leonard isn't miserable. He is very happy, as indeed he ought to be."  
"You—you?" she gasped. "You are going to tell him?"  
"Yes," said I. "I am, unless—"  
"Unless what?" eagerly snatching at any chance.  
"Unless—I spoke very slowly—"unless you break off the engagement and marry me."  
Melinda gasped.  
"John!" she cried, "you are mad!"  
"Marry you?" I asked, after all this?  
"Yes," I said, trying to speak with a calmness I did not feel—"marry me. I dare say you are surprised that I should want to marry you, now that I have found out your true character; but in spite of everything I care for you more than any other girl in the world, and I mean to have you in the end."  
Melinda laughed defiantly, and rose to go. "This is too much," she said. "I have gone a little too far, my dear John. I am engaged to Leonard. You are perfectly ridiculous. I have promised to marry him."  
Melinda laughed again. "This promise will be kept," she said. "Good heavens, marry you, after all the trouble I had about it before! You are certainly mad. You had a situation then, with a small salary, and now you are simply doing nothing. What do you propose to do to earn your living?"  
"As you say," I said, "nothing."  
"As you say," I thought. No, thank you. If you think my ideal of happiness is bread and cheese and kisses, and get even a certainty about that, you are mistaken."  
I smiled. "There might be a doubt about the bread and cheese," I said.  
"Melinda stamped her foot. "Oh!" she said, "you are perfectly ridiculous!"  
"I don't care what you do," I said. "I care only for you. He won't believe you have no profit."  
"Leonard will believe me," I replied calmly. "He has known me as long as he has known you, and he knows that I am at least am to be trusted. Besides, you have forgotten one little thing, or perhaps you don't know it, and as I am before, I can resist Melinda in any mood but this one. I sat down beside her and slipped my arm round her waist.  
"Melinda," I said, "don't cry. The game is certainly up, but there's no reason why we shouldn't have a fresh start and deal again. It will be all the easier for a full knowledge of each other's cards."  
There was no answer but a sob. I tried to see her face, but it was buried in the red sofa cushion.  
"You know, Melinda," I said gravely, "how much I have always cared for you. You know that if you don't have me my whole life is ruined. I made up my mind to be generous last night and to burn all your letters, and when you got in and found that you had taken them, I registered a vow that for the future I would play for my own hand alone. You shall never marry Leonard or anyone else. I can't force you to marry me against your will, but I can and will prevent you from deserting him. You don't play fair, Melinda. I could see one eye and a little pink ear."  
"I am not really half as horrid as you think," she said. "But, oh! John! I do so hate being poor!"  
"I believe you like me better than Leonard, after all," I said, smiling a little.  
The sobbing had stopped. Melinda was evidently considering.  
"Tell me the truth for once," I persisted.  
"It is Leonard you are crying for!"  
"Still no answer."  
"Melinda!"  
"Darling Melinda!"  
There was a choking sound from the cushion. "It couldn't be that she was laughing to laugh at," I said sternly.  
"I wish you weren't poor," whispered Melinda.  
"I took the little white hand and touched Leonard's gorgeous diamond ring."  
"I am going to take this off," I said. Melinda sighed deeply, but made no objection; so I gently slipped it away from her finger.  
"I am not poor," I said. "I have plenty of money for both of us. The South African railways were a success after all, and I think I can even go so far as a diamond ring, Melinda."  
Then at last she raised her head, and once more the irresistible smile was for me alone.  
"Dear," she whispered tenderly, "I have loved you all my life. I have been very foolish, I know; but if you will forgive me, I will never, never deceive you again."  
I smiled. Melinda did not impose upon me.  
"No," said I, "I'll take jolly good care you don't."

SAVE YOUR HAIR WITH SHAMPOOS OF CUTICURA SOAP

MARRIED 16-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

Japanese Vice-Consul at New York Has a Romance.  
New York, March 6.—Toichi Takasugi, Japanese vice-consul in this country, was married in the city hall yesterday, to Elizabeth Margaret Baker. Mr. Takasugi is said to be a member of a wealthy and prominent family in his own country, and he is 35 years old, while his bride was 16 years old last May.  
Mr. Takasugi and Zozo Takamagi, a Japanese importer, met Miss Baker and Teresa Johnston, the latter still being under 16 years of age, in Central Park, while his bride was 16 years old last May. The young women subsequently left their homes and went to live in an apartment in West Sixty-fourth street.  
After remaining there several weeks they moved to West One Hundred and Fourteenth street, where they were arrested last Friday and taken to court with the two men. Magistrate Deuel learned that Miss Baker was more than 16 years old, and he sent her home to her mother, releasing Mr. Takasugi.  
The importer, however, was held on a charge of abduction, and Teresa Johnston was sent to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.  
Mr. Takasugi went to Mrs. Baker and told her that he would kill himself if she did not consent to his marrying her daughter. Elizabeth accepted his plea in his saying that she would drink carbolic acid if their union was prevented. Mrs. Baker, under these circumstances, gave her consent.  
Alderman Marks performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by a number of a very serious matter. "Kiss the bride," said Alderman Marks, after he had pronounced their husband and wife, and Mr. Takasugi responded with alacrity, and shipped an elaborate ring upon her finger. The couple then left the marriage bureau, delighted with the outcome of their romance.

PRACTICAL SLAVERY. Negroes Badly Treated in Southern County. GRAND JURY ACTS. Pitiol Details of Treatment—Illegal Arrests, Whipping, Jail Without Trial—Will Be Tolerated No Longer by Authorities.

Colombia, S. C., March 7.—The grand jury of Anderson county today made its report to Judge W. C. Benet, and declared that a practical enslavement of negroes has been conducted in that county. The presentation was prepared by a special committee which visited the convict stock camps in Anderson county and found confined therein negroes guiltless of any crime, and undergoing a term of servitude under voluntary contracts which they had signed in partial ignorance.  
The charge of false imprisonment was made against J. S. Fowler, P. B. Allen and W. Q. Hammond, three of the largest planters and most influential men in Anderson county. The grand jury declared that these men, who employ convicts from the state, were keeping confined in their stock camps negroes who for some petty cause had been sent there for breach of contract, although convicted before no officer of the law.  
The presentation of the grand jury will put an end to this practice, which is conducted in no other county in the state. It has been known in Anderson county for a long time, that such a system was being carried on and the people of that county are glad that it has been done away with.  
Judge Benet declared that the presentation brought pitiful details. It told of illegal arrests and imprisonment, of cruel whippings, of prolonged imprisonment without even the face of a trial, of kidnapping negroes from other counties and even from Georgia, of fear to give testimony, refusal to testify, and of poor negroes professing to be satisfied and contented. In concluding he said that Anderson county would thank the grand jury for having relieved her of this shameful burden and saved her good name from the stigma that a few of her misguided citizens placed upon it.

WHITE ENAMEL IRON BEDS--Brass Trimmings. A SPLENDID LINE OF THESE GOODS NOW SHOWING.

Has Bow Foot and Brass Rings and Scrolls. \$16.50  
Has Bow Foot, Half Brass, Handsome, Pattern. \$18.50  
Has Bow Foot and Brass Arched Top Rails. \$14.50  
All Brass Bed. Has Bow Foot. \$23.00

Manchester Robertson & Allison

In 1888 Massachusetts had 538 miles of horse-car roads, and last year 1929 miles of electric roads. The effects of this change upon the area of the cities of the state is an interesting study in rapid expansion.

Keep your Stomach in good working order and your general health will take care of itself. This is the advice of an eminent specialist on stomach troubles, and he "clinches" the advice by prescribing Dr. Von Stan's Pileopile Tablets as a wonder worker in all phases of stomach and bowels. After eating to the chronic dyspepsia. 35 cents.—136 Sold by C. Fairweather, Union street.

Doctored Nine Years for Tetter. Mr. James Gaston, merchant, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes: "For nine years I have been disfigured with Tetter on my hands and face. At last I have found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It helped me from the first application, and now I am permanently cured."—135 Sold by C. Fairweather, Union street.

How long have your Kidneys been sick? Here's the South American Kidney Cure—evidence that's convincing: "I am a new-made mother, and I have five bottles of your medicine. I never expected to be cured of Bright's Disease, but half a dozen bottles did it. I thought my days were numbered, but this great remedy cured me." It never fails.—134 Sold by C. Fairweather, Union street.

While the population of Maine increased during the past decade by about 681,066 to 694,466, or about 5 per cent, the cost of the State government has nearly doubled during the last eight years.

Phil-Price.—The days of 25 cents a box for pills are numbered. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cents a vial are safer, surer and pleasanter to take. Cure Constipation, Sick and Nervous Headaches, Dizziness, Lassitude, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, and all troubles arising from liver disorder.—133 Sold by C. Fairweather, Union street.

A Philadelphia dentist has been used for \$5,000 for pulling a sound tooth by mistake. If the victim gets the money, the lost molar will have been well sold.

Cure the Nerves and you will control almost every disease that flesh is heir to. The foundation of health is a perfect stomach and good digestion—these right and you are insured plenty of nerve force, perfect circulation and pure blood. South American Nerve and Blood Purifier—gives nerve force—miles rich blood. It's a veritable "Elixir of Life."—132 Sold by C. Fairweather, Union street.

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EMPEROR WILLIAM'S CONDITION. Wound Was Inflicted by Missile—Weland Who Threw It, Thought He Was Heaving the Lead Aboard Ship.

Berlin, March 7.—Emperor William arrived here this morning. The emperor and Count Von Buelow met him at the station. When they reached the castle Professor Bergmann visited the emperor. Under the surgeon's hand the emperor's wound was treated with the utmost care. The emperor was in a very good condition.

500 People Badly Bent. In effect use these words in speaking of the curative qualities of South American Rheumatic Cure.—"My legs were stiff."—"My hands were distorted."—"My joints were swollen."—"My back was bent double."—"My pain was excruciating."—"Bleeding from the joints."—"A great remedy has been the best-kept secret that worked a permanent cure."—130 Sold by C. Fairweather, Union street.

No Heart too Bad to be Cured. Testimony comes by pileigh in commendation of the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. No case stands against this great remedy where it did not relieve the most acute heart sufferings inside of thirty minutes. It attacks the disease in an instant after being taken. Sold by C. Fairweather, Union street.

Lewiston Woman Drowned. New York, March 7.—A special to the World from Apalachicola, Fla., says: Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Peck, of Lewiston, Me., and the Rev. Hiram Vrooman, of Roxbury Heights, Boston, were sailing in a boat near here today and their boat capsized. Mrs. Peck was drowned. Her body has not been recovered.

Absolute Security. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Scott's Emulsion.

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THE PERRY PICTURES ONE CENT EACH. No mail order for less than 25 pictures and must be cash with order at our post-office. Send 5 cents or call-tel. Bulletin 5x10 (Cardboard mounts in grey and green, one cent each.) C. FLOOD & SONS, 32 1/2 King Street, St. John.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, November 8, 1900, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: TRAINS LEAVE Express for Halifax and Campbellton... 7.30 Express for P. L. du Chene, Halifax and Pictou... 12.15 Express for Sussex... 12.45 Express for Quebec and Montreal... 17.05 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney... 22.10 TRAINS ARRIVE Express from Montreal and Quebec... 12.45 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene... 15.00 Express from Halifax and Campbellton... 19.15 Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney... 24.45 Daily except Monday. All trains run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four-hour notation. D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Moncton, N. B., Nov. 22, 1900.

CITY TICKET OFFICE: 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

We Freely Acknowledge. That much of our present standing and reputation is owing to the character and ability of the students of whom it has been our good fortune to have had the training. This year's class is no exception, but is fully up to the standard of former years.

Business and professional men in want of bookkeepers and stenographers are invited to call upon us or write us. No recommendation will be made unless we are sure of giving satisfaction. No better time for entering than just now. Send for Catalogue. S. KERR & SON, Oddfellow Hall.

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