

THE THREE CIGARETTES.

"Well, Reggie, I must be off," said Major Oldham, rising from the breakfast table and addressing his nephew...

When his uncle had gone, Reggie finished breakfast at his ease, and then went, key in hand, to search for a cigarette.

"Just like my luck!" he growled. "And those Bond street wretches have not yet sent me the box of Egyptians which I ordered."

He applied the key to some of the lower drawers, which he drew out and overturned, in search of what he wanted; but still without success.

But the tobacco was there, and he looked the drawers of the writing-table again and went out to consult the deer-stalker about his occupations for the day.

Major Oldham's Highland shooting-box stood in a beautiful valley amid the moors. Reggie was the old soldier's favourite nephew, and as the major possessed a large fortune, which he made no great attempt to get through, Reggie was said by every one to have—as the phrase goes—"great expectations."

After more than a week, during which time we had experienced the average difficulty in avoiding Bedouins and in obtaining proper food and shelter in one Arab village and another, we approached the districts bordering on the coast and felt that in a few hours we should be safe from the wandering tribes, who were the only enemies from whom serious danger need be feared.

Alas, we began to congratulate ourselves too soon! One evening, as we ascended by a magnificent gorge in the mountains, beyond which we could feel sure of safety, we found ourselves confronted by a small troop of mounted Arabs.

Perhaps his worst fault was a tendency to fly into extremes whenever anything aroused him. But even this was not excessive, for he would fly to the wrong extreme. He would sometimes flagellate himself, so to speak, about some trifling mistake he had made.

The major was a man of peculiar temperament, but on the whole, goodnatured. Perhaps his worst fault was a tendency to fly into extremes whenever anything aroused him.

As usual it was Dicky Blount's business to get us out of this dilemma. He decided instantly. Calling me to place Zara behind me on the saddle (both for her safety and to enable me to use my weapons if necessary), he called on Mamma to charge and force the enemy in front to take to their heels.

A short and desperate contest was the result. Fortunately we carried fire-arms, while the handful of rabs before us depended upon their steel alone.

The victory was in our favor. Two or three well aimed shots disabled some of the Bedouin troop, and we dashed through the remainder at full gallop.

At this moment the Bedouins in the rear, seeing that we were better mounted than they, and that they had not the least chance of overtaking us, discharged their musket at our retreating figures.

We were soon out of danger. Another mile down the slope of the mountains brought us to the open plain beyond. And here Dick and Mamma, who were in advance, drew rein to see how we fared.

A cry from the former warned me, for the first time, that something was wrong with Zara. Her long white veil, which fell over her shoulders, was stained with blood.

Coming to a deserted mud hut, we dismounted and carried her within. She laid her down, and I looked in despair into her face for some sign of hope. There was none.

She never spoke again. In the dim twilight evening the beautiful black eyes closed forever, and the gentle heart ceased to beat.

The rest may be told in Reggie's own words. My uncle ceased speaking. For a minute he buried his face in his hands. When he rose his eyes were wet, and his lips pressed hard together. I could say nothing.

sufficiently large sum of money as a reward for faithfulness. We accordingly presented ourselves, with our credentials, to the wicked abductor of Zara, the merchant's daughter.

The sheik received us cordially enough, little suspecting the object of our visit. Though our conduct was not particularly straightforward, we considered ourselves justified by the exigencies of the case.

My uncle raised his hand and stopped me. I could see that he ruthlessly thrust his own sensitiveness into the background.

That all is fair in love and war was recently exemplified in the case of an uptown young man who had a falling out with his best girl, all on account of another fair charmer.

Girl No. 1 heard of the existence of girl No. 2 and immediately became as cool toward the unfortunate young man as one well can in this kind of weather.

Finally he hit upon a brilliant scheme. Inditing a letter to girl No. 2, in which he requested her to cease annoying him with her unwelcome attentions, he placed it in envelope and carefully addressed it to girl No. 1.

The scheme worked like a charm. The foxy epistle was returned with a very gracious note, and now everything is moving along smoothly once more.

The Shah of Persia when visiting the late Emperor of Germany some years ago, was taken to the opera, and during the course of the performance was asked how he liked the music.

"That's it!" cried the Shah, enthusiastically. "That's the piece I was trying to tell you about!"

So for the edification of this barbaric ruler, and to the anguish of the rest of the audience, the orchestra tuned and untuned, and returned their instruments in the most heartrending fashion, and the Shah leaned back in his chair while his face wore a look of unpeepable enjoyment.

"Yes," said the parson at ten o'clock, "young Jordan was out driving with Miss Popinjay the other evening, and his horse ran away. They were both thrown out, and the buggy smashed to pieces. It was a providential escape for both of them; but I can't understand how the young man came to lose control of his horse."

"He must be out driving with one hand," flippantly suggested the minister's eldest son—a wild rake of a boy. "Or perhaps he had the reins around his neck," said Edith, a shy young beauty of sixteen, with a charming mien.

And then everybody exclaimed in chorus "Why, Edith!"

Mr Guesty.—Well, Bobby, that was a pretty close game, wasn't it? Bobby.—Yes, Mr. Guesty; it was; but there is a little matter I feel my duty to speak to you about.

It is said that Mrs. Siddons smiled only once in the course of her life, so far as her friends observed, "and then she laughed aloud." She was visiting a house where wine was offered her at the table.

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them to you to-morrow. They are in a drawer of my desk—Good Heavens, I'd like to be the matter of Joseph Lynch, a son. It seemed horrible to have to give him such pain. The words of regret poured from my lips.

My uncle raised his hand and stopped me. I could see that he ruthlessly thrust his own sensitiveness into the background.

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BORN.

Newton, N. S., July 18, Janet, daughter of the late Simon Fraser, 80. Nelson, July 20, to the wife of David Donnet, a son. Mackintosh, July 20, to the wife of Joseph Lynch, a son.

MARRIED.

Truro, July 24, by Rev. John Robbins, David Ryan to Agnes Cox. Mira, C. R., July 19, Joseph D. Spencer to Harriet C. R. July 19, Joseph D. Spencer to Harriet C. R.

DIED.

St. John, July 27, Richard Dinn, 62. Halifax, July 28, John T. Farrell, 28. Little Ridge, July 29, Clara Porter, 59. Truro, July 29, William Sutherland, 58.

DEPARTURES.

St. John, July 27, to the wife of David Donnet, a son. Mackintosh, July 20, to the wife of Joseph Lynch, a son. Yarmouth, July 20, to the wife of J. D. McDeville, a son.

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WANTED! People to Understand That - BASS'S ALE, GUINNESS'S STOUT are the finest beers brewed. But in order to obtain them at their best it is indispensable that they be matured and bottled by experienced firms who possess the knowledge and have the capital to enable them to carry the goods until they are matured.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH DRINK AT SMALL COST. Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake Sugar.....two pounds Lukewarm Water.....two gallons

Lehigh Coal LANDING. Very Cheap for Cash. To arrive: Caledonia House Coal. J. F. MORRISON. CONSUMPTION.

STEAMER CLIFTON

will leave for Halifax on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen Clifton, Ruddy Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river.

Yarmouth Steamship Co.

The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours. FOUR TRIPS A WEEK from Yarmouth to Boston.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN'S

GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. And all intermediate stopping places. THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BLANKEN, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, will, until further notice, run the above-named place, leaving for Yarmouth every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 8.30 o'clock.

STAR LINE STEAMERS.

For Fredericton and Woodstock. MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Olivette, leave St. John for Fredericton (Sunday) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 10 a. m. for St. John and Yarmouth.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Summer Arrangement. Daily Service, (SUNDAY EXCEPTED) BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND BOSTON. Until further notice the steamer "Yarmouth" will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7.30 (excepted) for Eastport, Lanes and Boston.

RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, June 26th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m., 11.55 a. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.45 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 2.10 p. m.

Intercolonial Railway

1894—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1894. On and after MONDAY, the 28th June, 1894, the trains of the Intercolonial Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax.....7.30 Accommodation from Pictou to St. John.....12.00 Express for Quebec, and points as far as Montreal, commencing 2nd July, Express for Halifax.....12.30