Checkmate.

Everyone had said the correct thing from an individual point of view, but the hero was rather tired of it all; not that the theme bored him in the very least, but being a man of artistic tastes, the manner of broaching annoyed him. It sunk the subject to the level of the commonplace. He had made for himself an enviable reputation by his master stroke in the rout of Kashmir Singh, and to add to his notoriety, had written a book describing the brilliant achievement. It was very cleverly done, gratifying to his compatriots and delicately flattering to himself. It recorded the overthrow of an Indian tyrant (as the British understood it), a rajah who had believed himself justly entitled to the absolute government of a certain hill province which his ancestors had held since the rather remote age of King Alfred's rout of the Danish invaders of Briton.

Talavera had reserved for himself the distinction of extirpating the tyrant, the manner of which was so modestly told as to impress the credulous public with a due sense of his brilliant militant power and the possession of subtle qualities which go to make a hero all the world over. All London knew the history perfectly, and all London had told that it knew. But when he discovered among his avowed worshippers a woman who had made no mention of the of his chef d' œuvre, he set himself resolutely to exact his just tribute for the sake of conquest, pure and simple.

She was a dark brunette, rather oddly gowned in straight garments of pale yellow stuff that seemed to envelope her like a golden-hued mist of sunrise. He thought her small and slight until she rose, when he saw that she was, in fact, unusually tall, with rhymic curves of outline and superb carriage. Her face was not beautiful in repose, but her eyes were wonderful, deep, dark, flower-like, inscrutable, coldly repellant and smilingly seductive by turns.

By a singular chance he found himself assigned to her company for a short interval between ceremonials, and her nonchalance piqued him unreasonably. She sat beside him quietly, her hands folded on her lap over a few long-stemmed yellow roses that drooped forlornly in the heated atmosphere, observing much and speaking little; meantime tolerating his presence with simple complacency of good breeding.

Presently Maxwell came up smiling affably. 'You two should have a great deal to talk about,' he said; 'Miss Merwin takes enthusiastic interest in all things Oriental.'

'Indeed!' said Talavera, rather lamely. He was thinking of a minutely described incident in his book. There was a woman concerned therein who had Miss Merwin's inscrutable, splendid eyes and the same fleeting, shadow-like, scornful smile which had misled him into precarious undertaking.

'You have read Talavera's book, of course?' Maxwell said jauntily.

'I have seen it,' she answered indifferently.

'And found it charming?' he persisted.

She hesitated markedly, and the hero filled the pause with a laugh which was intended to carry off his chagrin lightly; but it missed its mark widely.

'To what particular instance do you object?' he asked with finely-turned irony.

'To the misstatements generally. One or two vital points should be corrected,' she answered evenly, fixing her eyes on his expectant face. Her voice rose thin and fine above the confused murmurings of the assemblage like flute notes through the heavy drone of a bass-viol. A sudden hush succeeded the babble of voices, and Talavera felt himself inexplicably isolated from the throng of worshippers.

'For instance?' he demanded.

'In the raiding of the palace, for instance. Enoyt, the lady in question, did not importune your officers for her life and liberty. You will remember that she refused to accept your terms of surrender. She was finally accompanied by proper escort to the English mission at Hurdwar.'

'Yes,' with an involuntary quiver of strained expectation; 'and then?'

'In the meantime you set about taking the prince prisoner—and failed. In the stress of confusion a faithful servant effected a hurried change of dress with the prince and—it was he that you killed instead of Kashmir Singh. For that mistake or escape you were not to blame. You struck him in the back, you remember, he fell on his face so that you could not see him; and you were prevented from any investigation by the servants. That escaped your mind.'

She paused and drew a little breath of subdued emotion, and the company divined unspoken trouble and lapsed into the cruel silence that compels diversion or explanation, neither of which Talavera could give. He smiled feebly, but his face bore the impress of untold emotions and the look in his eyes was not good to see in a hero.

'And the rajah?' he asked in quick, nervous tones.

'When he knew that defence and escape was impossible he fell honorably by his own sword, as a rajput should.'

Talavera drew in his under lip with a deep-drawn breath that ended in a ghastly smile of derision.

'May I ask the source of your information?' he said.

'It is very direct,' she answered, with a slowly dawning smile of scornful assurance, 'Enoyt, the lady, was the rajah's sister—'

'She told you?' he broke in incredulously.

'I am she,' she answered with inimitable dignity.

NATURAL HISTORY FACTS.

Curious Instincts of Animals Which Puzzle the Wisest Head.

Here is a curious and little known fact regarding litter-bearing animals—dogs, wolves, the whole cat family, hogs, rabbits, and so on—each of their young appropriates to itself one particular teat—and never by any chance sucks any other. At first all all the teats are tumid and full of milk. Within a week those which do not suckle become dry and small. Thus a glance at the mother shows the number of her young. The effect is often very curious. By this process of natural selection the big milk-giving teats frequently alternate regularly with the dry ones.

The wise men say this is one of nature's special provisions against injustice. Without it among gregarious animals, the strongest litter would plunder, trample and starve the weaker ones. Of course, in the same family the pig or puppy or kitten or cub which holds on longest and sucks hardest gets the biggest share of the provision—but that is another thing from going outside.

Very young lambs are as like as peas in a pod to everything, except the noses of their mothers. A hundred ewes at pasture with lambs of the same size, will make no mistake about their children—that is, if the children have once been accepted as their own. Sometimes it happens that for no visible reason a ewe rejects her lamb, and cannot be induced to own it. If she has twins she may own one and reject the other. A case in point was that of a grade of merino, which brought forth at once a big, bouncing white lamb and a very scrawny black atom. She would not look at the white fellow, but lavished a passionate devotion upon the black one, to the great amazement of the shepherd. He declared that in forty years' experience he had seen nothing like it, though he had known many cases in which black lambs were promptly drowned.

Regular shepherds have a trick by which to fool the ewe's nose. If a new born lamb dies they strip it of its skin and fasten the skin securely upon another lamb—one of twin or it may be of triplets Then for a day or two they pin the little creature along with the bereft ewe. In most cases she accepts it and rears it, never knowing the difference, but sometimes, as soon as the skin is removed, she pushes it violently away, and will have nothing more to do with it.

Milk giving does not always depend upon motherhood. A case in point was that of a barren mare, left at pasture with a pair of weanlings, about 5 months old. Their mothers were out of sight and hearing, but after the first two days it was noticed that they appeared to be suspiciously content. In a week the mare, their companion began to lose flesh, her owner decided to investigate. A little watching showed that she went through the form of suckling both colts. She was separated and kept twelve hours in a stall. At the end of that time milk was dripping from her udder, and she was whinning as restlessly for her adopted children as though they were her own.

Almost the same thing happened to a heifer calf, the pride of a Tennessee cow pen, where calves were never weaned, but suckled as regularly as milking time came round. Two impish small black boys, who had the job of 'keeping off the calves,' beguiled the tedium of waits by penning the heifer calf in a fence corner and pretending to milk her in a broken gourd. They began in June, when the creature was six months old. By October they had 'brought her to her milk.' It came in a tiny stream, of course, but was milk unmistakable. Curiously enough the heifer, which had every mark of turning out a valuable milker at maturity, proved almost worthless for the pail.

There are many odd and interesting things to be said of the quail, which is known throughout a large scope of the country as the partridge. One is that it has the power, when badly frightened, of withholding its scent. A covey, quickly flushed, will scatter and lie so close the best dog in the country will overrun them, making no sign of point until the bird flutters up right under foot. Another is that it has the faculty of simulating death. If taken winged, in hand, and of coming quickly to life the minute the grasp is relaxed in the neighborhood of good cover. Further, the birds have a sort of barometric sense.

A woodsman marking the direction in which quail feed can almost certainly foretell the day's weather. If they choose stubble or cornfields it will be mild and moist, if they go to the open woods he looks for wind and sun, if they scurry for thickets of briar and sedge then he know bitter cold is imminent. Unless forced to migrate by lack of food a covey always sleeps within a hundred yards of the nest it was hatched in—and this, although it may have fed all day several miles away. The sleeping is done in a huddled ring, tails in, heads out, all around, and so closely bunched that a good sized napkin will cover it. Instinct possibly lies back of the ring making. Thus the shy creatures hope to escape surprise from creeping vermin, minks, weasels, foxes, which steal upon them in the night.

Quail are Mormons of the first water. In the mating season the strongest cocks strut and preen themselves before their several wives, ruffling defiance the while at the poor bachelor birds who flock by themselves in disconsolate pairs and trios. The wives lay their eggs together, and take turns in brooding them, as does also the head of the family. After the covey is full grown it runs in a long very keen triangle like a file of geese, very much exaggerated. They feed as they run, hence it is easy to toll them into a baited coop. Once inside, they will run wildly around, flying against the bars and trying to thrust their heads between, with no thought of returning by the way they came.

Wild turkeys have the same idiosyncracy. Beyond a doubt it has contributed largely to their rapid extinction. Wild and tame ones have in common the habit of pecking to death any one of their members who falls lame, or droops aggressively. They also share in a wild dislike for the color scarlet. A red flag left at their mercy will be pecked and torn and trampled as long as there is a sound thread.

A Military Suggestion.

A colonel in the French army, who had a great eye for neatness, but not much of an ear for music, took occasion one day to compliment his bandmaster on the appearance of his men.

"Their uniforms are neat," said the colonel, "and their instruments are nicely polished and kept in order, but there is one improvement I must insist upon."

"What is it, colonel?"

"You must train your men when they perform, to lift their fingers all at exactly the same time and at regular intervals on their instruments, so—one, two one, two!"

The Tooth Of Time.

"It is wonderful," said the newly arrived guest at the mountain resort "how time makes such havoc."

"Of what were you thinking, sir?" pleasantly inquired the proprietor.

"I was thinking," said the guest, "what a magnificent building this was in the circular I saw before leaving the city six hours ago, and how it has changed since then."

In Lotos Land.

Visitor: "You don't mean to tell me that you have lived in this out-of-the-way place for fifteen years?"

Citizen: "I have, for a certainty."

Visitor: "I'm surprised. I can't see what you can find here to keep you busy."

Citizen: "Neither can I. That's why I like it."

BORN.

Truro, Dec. 18, to the wife of Chas. W. Rent, a son.
Digby, Dec. 18 to the wife of Milledge Rice, a son.
Springhill, Dec. 14, to the wife of Thomas Fear, a son.
Truro, Dec. 18, to the wife of Leonard Johnson, a son.
Lunenburg, Dec. 6, to the wife of Thomas Mason, a son.
Springhill, Dec. 15, to the wife of Isiah McCarthy, a son.
Truro, Dec. 9, to the wife of Alexander Robbins, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Dec. 19, to the wife of Wm. Maller, a daughter.
Albany New, Dec. 8, to the wife of Newton Kempton, a son.
Springhill, Dec. 18, to the wife of James Cameron, a daughter.
Merriston, Kings, Dec. 16, to the wife of G. N. Banks, a son.
West Apple River, Nov. 7, to Mr and Mrs. Jesse Neaves, a son.
Caledonia, Queens, Dec. 6, to the wife of Fred W. Smith, a daughter.
Kempt, Queens, Dec. 18, to the wife of Elbridge DeLong, a daughter.
Malden, Mass., Nov. 27, to the wife of Chas. Simpson, twins—son and daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Chas. A. Murray to Mrs Bertha F. Grey.
Windsor, N. S., Charles L. Smith to Georgie Salter.
Hubbard's Cove, Dec. 13, A. L. Dauphiney to Bernice Kraus.
Milton, Mass., Nov 30, Ernest H. Morgan to Emma H. Scherman.
Picton, by Rev. W. T. D. Moss, Hans Brownson to Mary A. MacKenzie.
Flag Harbor, D. c. 4, by Rev. W. Miller, Fred Atlee to Frances Adams.
Halifax, Dec. 19, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, Genio T. Suker to Eva G. Randolph.
Berwick, Dec. 13, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Amos J. Yelloch to Ina M. Ramse.
Yarmouth, Dec. 4, by Rev J. E. Jackson, Nathan Boyd to Hannah E. Johnson.
Mahone Bay, Dec. 6, by Rev F. Fraggens, Alpheus Ernst to Teresa L. Mader.
Smithfield, N. S., Dec. 6 by Rev. D. S. Fraser, Clifford Gill to Christy Grant.
Bridgewater, Dec. 6 by Rev. S. March, William Rodenhiser to Annie Lemar.
St. John, Dec. 21, by Rev. E. W. Weddall, Amos G. Potter to Eliza M. Cains.
Petitcodiac, Dec. 24, by Rev. H. R. Baker Robert A. Cole to Rachel Barlock.
New Glasgow, Dec. 6 by Rev. Arch Bowman, John S. Murray to Effie Reid.
Mira, C. B., Nov. 22, by Rev. W. R. Caldwell, Alex Campbell to Kate McKeagan.
Antigonish, Nov. 30, by Rev. W. H. Robinson, Charles G. Griffin to Addie Reid.
Picton, Dec. 5, by Rev. F. H. Wright, Capt. Clarence Reid to Mrs. Cyrilla Elliot.
Cambria California, Nov. 29, by Rev. J. H. Chase, Chas. J. Russell to Zoa Bullum.
Mars Hill, Maine, Dec. 13, by Rev. Wm. DeWitt, Judson N. Strait to May L. Wing.
Cambria, California, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. H. Chase, Dick Saunders to Lena Lefingwell.
Kentville, Dec. 13, by Rev. George McMillan, Blake J. Huston to Lucinda Schwarz.
Boston, Mass., Nov. 22, by Rev. Charles L. Page, James W. Blades to Mary L. Smith.
Summerfield, Dec. 12, by Rev. G. A. Gibbison, Robert Hamilton to Laura M. Smith.
Bristol, N. S., Dec. 11, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, William Coombes to Henrietta Buchanan.
St. Margaret's Bay, Dec 13, by Rev. W. J. Arnold James Berringer to Janet L. Cleveland.
Harborville, Dec. 13, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, William R. Cogger to Emma E. McBride.
Great Village, Dec. 13, by Rev. O. N. Chapman, Donald E. McLaughlin to Alberta Lawton.
Bay St. Lawrence, C. B., Nov. 28, by Rev. A. McPherson, Dennis J. Lerro to Susan J. Dalsley.
Brighton, Digby Co., Dec. 21, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Lloyd S. Bailey to Laura E. F. Van Blarcom.
Case Settlement, Dec 20, by Rev. F. H. W. Pickles W. McLeod Kelmstead to Mrs. Rebecca A. Black

DIED.

St. John, Patrick Coughlan.
Perth, Dec. 7, Mrs. Jacob Post.
Boston, Dec. 16, Henry Curtis, 46.
Earltown, Dec. 2, John Burnett, 83.
Woodville, Dec 1, Daniel Wood, 81.
St. John, Dec. 22, John Kickham, 26.
Dartmouth, Dec. 18 John Martin, 45.
Yarmouth, Dec. 14, Elizabeth Carr, 70.
Yarmouth, Dec. 14, Mrs. Thomas Ross.
Acadia Mines, Dec. 17, Alice Betts 22.
Baddeck Bay, Dec 10, Alex. Fraser, 75.
Kingston, Ont., Dec. 7, Wm Mason, 56.
Charlottetown, Dec. 8, F. Archibald, 78.
Kentville, Dec. 16, William D. Grono, 33.
Port Bevis, Dec. 4, Jessie S. McLeod, 16.
Port Clyde, Dec. 3, Susan Sutherland, 84.
Peabody, Mass., Dec. 16, James Kehoe, 40.
River Philip, Dec. 6 Goldie V. Stonehouse, 1.
Eastlistown, C. B., Dec. 7, Mrs. Dan McKay, 29.
Truro, Dec. 19, Margaret A., wife of James Hudson.
Sydney Forks, Dec. 13, James William Stephens, 13.
Halifax, Dec. 19, Margaret, wife of Albert Clements 65.
Plymouth, Carleton, Co., Dec. 18, Andrew Stevenson, 66.
Cape Negro, Dec. 7, Bertrm, son of Capt. John Smith, 18.
Blar Tulloch, Scotland, Ellen, wife of John J. Ferguson.
Port Bevis, Dec. 7, Alexander, son of Mr. Donald McLeod, 12.
Washademoak, Dec. 23, Idella M. wife of William Straight, 25.
Clark's Harbor, Dec. 13, Maggie, wife of Lewis J. Nickerson, 22.
Mahone Bay, Dec. 5, Donald, infant son of Capt. Avard Mader.
Advocate Harbor, Dec. 9, Charlotte, wife of Capt. John Roberts, 56.
Stellarton, Dec. 7. Elizabeth, widow of the late James Cameron, 80
Malden, Mass, Nov. 28, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stimpson.
St. John, Dec. 21, Laura C. and Bessie A. twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. A. Mason, 17 days.

STEAMERS.

Change of Sailing.

On and after Monday, Nov. 6th,

STEAMER

..Clifton

will leave her wharf, Hampton, Monday and Wednesday mornings, at 7 o'clock for Indiantown. Returning will leave Indiantown on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock (local). On Saturdays she will make round trip as at present.

CAPT. E. G. KARLE, Manager

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. the 16th, 1899 Trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.)

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax 7.25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou 12.00
Express for Sussex 16.40
Express for Quebec, Montreal 17.30
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 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 .....
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal .....
Accommodation from Moncton .....

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 14, 1899.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
1 King Street St. John, N. B.

RAILROADS.

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, Fort Arthur and east.

GENERAL PUBLIC—Tickets on sale Dec. 23, to Jan 1st, inclusive, good to return till Jan. 4th, 1900.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.—Tickets on sale on presentation of school certificate Dec. 9 to 21st inclusive, good to return till Jan. 21st, 1900.

Above arrangements also apply from all stations on the International and Dominion Atlantic Railways to Canadian Pacific Railway Stations named above.

TO BOSTON MASS.—First-class unlimited one-way fare for the round trip from St. John, Fredericton, St Stephen, St. Andrews and intermediate stations. Tickets on sale Dec. 20th to 30th inclusive, good to return thirty days from date of issue.

For any further information as to rates, train service, etc., or to reserve berths on the Popular Short Line Express to Montreal or All-Rail Line to Boston, write D. P. A., 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 Line, Truro to Brownville.

A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

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

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arv Digby 9 30 a. m.
Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.40 p. m., arv. at 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 (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arv in Digby 12.50 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12 45 p. m., arv Yarmouth 3 20 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9 00 a. m., arv. Digby 11.45 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arv. Halifax 5.50 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.50 a. m., arv, Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3 20 p. m., arv, Annapolis 4 40 p. m.

S.S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying 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 Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

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

F. GIFKINS, 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 "BOSTON" and "YARMOUTH"

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Dom. Atlantic Ry. trains from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 3 p. m. connecting with Dom. Atlantic Coast Rys. and all coach lines. Regular mail carried on steamers.

The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTICELLO," Leaves Cunard'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, 126 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 8th, 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 MANCHESTER,
Manager, Fredericton.