

A TYPE-WRITER LETTER.

When a man has battled with poverty all his life, feeling it as he fought it, and yet dreading all the while the coming of the time when it would gain the mastery and throttle him—when such a man is told that he is rich it might be imagined he would receive the announcement with hilarity. When Richard Denham realized that he was wealthy he became even more sobered than usual, and drew a long breath as if he had been running a race and had won it.

Denham had never before been called a rich man, and up to that moment he had not thought of himself as wealthy. He wrote out the check asked for, and his visitor departed gratefully, leaving the merchant with something to ponder over. He was as surprised with the suddenness of the thing as if some one had left him a legacy. Yet the money was all of his own accumulating, but his struggle had been so long, and he had been so hopeless about it, that from mere habit he exerted all his energies long after the enemy was overcome—just as the troops at New Orleans had fought a fierce battle, not knowing the war was over. He had sprung from such a hopelessly poor family. Poverty had been their inheritance from generation to generation. It was the inevitable legacy that father had left to son in the Denham family. All had accepted their lot with uncomplaining resignation, until Richard resolved he would at least have a fight for it. And now the fight had been won. Denham sat in his office staring at the dingy wall paper so long that Rogers, the chief clerk, put his head in and said in a deprecating voice: "Anything more to-night, Mr. Denham?"

Denham started as if that question in that tone had not been asked him every night for years. "What's that, what's that?" he cried. Rogers was astonished, but too well trained to show it. "Anything more to-night, Mr. Denham?"

"Ah, quite so. No, Rogers; thank you, nothing more." "Good night, Mr. Denham." "Oh? Oh, yes. Good night, Rogers; good night." When Mr. Denham left his office and went out into the street everything had an unusual appearance to him. He walked long, unheeding the direction. He looked at the fine residences and realized that he might have a fine residence if he wanted it. He saw handsome carriages, he too might set up an equipage. The satisfaction these thoughts produced was brief. Of what use would a fine house or an elegant carriage be to him? He knew no one to invite to the house or to ride with him in the carriage. He began to realize how utterly alone in the world he was. He had no friends, no acquaintances even. The running dog with its nose to the ground sees nothing of the surrounding scenery. He knew men in a business way, of course, and doubtless each of them had a home in the suburbs somewhere, but he could not take a business man to his home and say to him, "Invite me to your house; I am lonely; I want to know people."

It is not such an invitation he would not know what to do with himself. He was familiar with the counting room and its language, but the drawing room was an unexplored country to him, where an unknown tongue was spoken. On the road to wealth he had missed something, and it was now too late to go back for it. Only the day before he had heard one of the clerks, who did not know he was within earshot, make to him as "the old man." He felt as young as ever he did, but the phrase so lightly spoken made him catch his breath. As he was now walking through the park and away from the busy streets he took off his hat, ran his fingers through his gizzled hair, and looking at his hand when he had done so as if the gray, like wet paint, had come off. He thought of the man who had married him, who perhaps would have married him once, if he had asked her, as he was tempted to do. But that had always been a mistake of the Denhams. They had a married young except him, and so sunk deeper into the mire of poverty, pressed down by a rapidly increasing progeny. The girl had married a baker, and he was generally understood to be a long time ago. The clerk was not far wrong, when he called him an old man. Suddenly another girl arose before his mental vision—a modern girl—very different indeed from the one who had married the baker. She was the only woman in the world with whom he was on speaking terms, and he knew her merely because her light and nimble fingers played the business sonata of one note on his office typewriter. Miss Gale was pretty, of course—all typewriter girls are—and it was generally understood in the office that she belonged to a good family who had come down in the world. Her somewhat independent air deepened this conviction and kept the clerks at a distance. She was a sensible girl who realized that the typewriter paid better than the piano, and accordingly turned the expertness of her white fingers to the former instrument. Richard Denham sat down upon a park bench. "Why not?" he asked himself. There was no reason against it except that he had not the courage. Nevertheless, he formed a desperate resolution.

Next day business went on as usual. Letters were answered, and the time arrived when Miss Gale came in to see if he had any further commands to day. Denham hesitated. He felt vaguely that a business office was not the proper place for a proposal; yet he knew he would be at a disadvantage anywhere else. In the first place he had no plausible excuse for calling upon the young woman at home, and, in the second place, he knew if he once got there he would be stricken dumb. It must either be at his office or nowhere. "Sit down a moment, Miss Gale," he said at last; "I wanted to consult you about a matter—a business matter."

Miss Gale seated herself and automatically placed on her knee the shorthand writing pad ready to take down his instructions. She looked up at him expectantly. Denham, in an embarrassed manner, ran his fingers through his hair. "I am thinking," he began, "of taking a partner. The business is very prosperous now. In fact, it has been for some time." "Yes," said Miss Gale interrogatively. "It is about that I wanted to speak to you."

"Don't you think it would be better to consult with Mr. Rogers?" He knows more about business than I. But perhaps it is Mr. Rogers who is to be the partner?" "No, it is not Rogers. Rogers is a good man. But—it is not Rogers." "Then I think in an important matter like this Mr. Rogers or some one who knows the business as thoroughly as he does would be able to give advice that would be of some value." "I don't want advice exactly. I have made up my mind to have a partner, if the partner is willing." "Denham mopped his brow. It was going to be even more difficult than he had imagined. "No, no. I don't wish any capital. I have enough for both. And the business is very prosperous, Miss Gale—and has been."

"Is it then, a question of the capital the partner is to bring in?" asked Miss Gale, anxious to help him. "No, no. I don't wish any capital. I have enough for both. And the business is very prosperous, Miss Gale—and has been." The young woman raised her eyebrows in surprise. "You surely don't intend to share the profits with a partner that brings no capital into the business?" "Yes—yes, I do. You see, as I said, I have no need for more capital." "Oh, that is the case, I think you should consult Mr. Rogers before you commit yourself."

"But Rogers wouldn't understand either." "I'm afraid I don't understand either. It seems to me a foolish thing to do—that is, if you want my advice."

"Oh, yes, I will. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I should have had a partner long ago. That is where I made the mistake. I've made up my mind on that." "Then I don't see that I can be of any use—if your mind is already made up." "Oh, yes, you can. I'm a little afraid that my offer may not be accepted."

"It is sure to be, if a man has any sense. No fear of such an offer being refused. Offers like that are not to be had every day. It will be accepted." "Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I am glad that is your opinion. Now, what I wanted to consult you about is the form of the offer. I would like to put it—well—delicately, you know, so that it would not be refused, nor give offense." "I see. You want me to write a letter to him?" "Exactly, exactly," cried Denham, with some relief. He had not thought of sending a letter before. Now he wondered why he had not thought of it. It was evidently the best way out of a situation that was extremely disconcerting. "Have you spoken to him about it?" "To him? What him?" "To your future partner, about the proposal?" "No, no! Oh, no! That is—I have spoken to nobody but you."

"And you are determined not to speak to Mr. Rogers before you write?" "Certainly not. It's none of Rogers' business."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Gale shortly bending over her writing pad. "It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdom was steadily lowering. Suddenly she looked up. "How much shall I say the annual profits are? Or do you want that mentioned?" "I don't think I would mention that. You see, I don't wish this arrangement to be carried out on a monetary basis—not altogether."

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments, then rapped lightly at her door, but there was no response. He put on his hat and went out into the street. After a long and aimless walk he found himself again at his place of business. When he went in Rogers said to him: "Miss Gale has left, sir."

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"On what basis then?" "Well, I can't say. On a personal basis, perhaps. I rather hope that the person—that my partner—would, you know, like to be associated with me."

"On a friendly basis, do you mean?" asked Miss Gale, mercifully. "Certainly. Friendly, of course—and perhaps more than that." Miss Gale looked up at him with a certain hopefulness of expression. "Why not write a note inviting your future partner to call upon you here, or anywhere else that would be convenient, and then discuss the matter?" Denham looked frightened. "I thought of that, but it wouldn't do. No; I wouldn't do. I would much rather settle everything by correspondence."

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MR. RICHARD'S THE QUESTION OF IN WESTERN... Under these circumstances likely that there will be Westmorland, and that retire from the office. The question of his successor, corner rumor that Hon. Kings, the present Speaker will secure the position. If this happens, the when the legislature meets on Hon. Geo. F. Hill, and another view of Mr. in Westmorland would friends think there is him in the event of the opened. It is asserted Wells resign that Mr. test the constituency was such a prominent one Josiah Wood that he was opposed by the conservative even stated that his own son is disposed to look candidature. There is faith with Mr. Richard so, and nothing short of nition, if the county in vince his friends that was not extended to h In the event of Mferred the solicitor-general ing it, the constituent opened and this would settled questions to is not yet decided whether the county. Mr. member, seems to be oars with an assurance it to the effect that justice will admit of a co-registrar of the ce many friends of the h have expressed their since the election of Mr. Taylor in the favor from the govern that he took no part ing and working for election he re ent at a polling h informed that that assistance towards Mr. Gilbert Pugsley, energetic supporter, bated as much as h during the whole car service. He has a who are good support government, who proved an efficient o he took in the rec to entitle him to registers. If Mr. W tion, there is not mter will be settled before the electio One other solution may be the abolition tor general. There that the executive is known that promise ernment are in fave the event of its ab portfolio of the min

grumbled at the waiter when the devilled kidneys were a bit overdone, and I have soundly rated the kitchenmaid when she carried duck was not highly flavoured enough, but I have never enjoyed a meal as well as I enjoyed my supper to-night—Pain blanc with sauce sucree and eau ordinaire. And what a keen pleasure it is to gain the shelter of the "shack" you call home, and, nestling down under the coarse blanket, listen to the howling of the wind and the pattering of the rain, and reflect, with sorry satisfaction, that there are some poor devils worse off than yourself—in that they have no blanket to cover themselves with and no "shack" to keep off the wind and rain! Then what a pleasure it is to get a job helping to unload a vessel or, dry, you will be glad to know that when the job is over, you will be able to go to some cheap restaurant and have a fifteen-cent meal! And how carefully you eat everything that is put in front of you and drink every drop of the muddy concoction they call "coffee!" And recollect that this is only modified poverty that I am describing. There is poverty more dire, more dreadful than even this. I am writing these words in term Washington, one of the best advertised and most overdone states in this great and glorious country of America. Let no young man who has a steady berth, however humble, in England dream of leaving it and coming to this great and glorious West.

Intercolonial Railway. After Oct. 17, Trains leave St. John, Standard time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 1.00; for Halifax, 1.35; for Sussex, 16.30; for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal, 16.55. Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8.25; from Point du Chene, 10.25; from Halifax, 10.30; from Halifax, 22.30. BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway Station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. N. M. Proprietor. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches to trains and boats. HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor. BARKER HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N. B. Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are at attendance upon arrival of all trains. F. B. COLEMAN, Proprietor. CONNORS HOTEL, CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B. JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor. Opened in January. Handsome, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. Two Trips a Week FOR BOSTON. UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 standard. Retaining, will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 9 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Cairns and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.—(LTD.) S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commadore. Sailings for November and December. From the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.50 a. m., local time, for Digby and Annapolis. Returning same days. Passengers by this favorite route are due at Halifax at 6.30 P. M. HOWARD D. TROOP, President.