

Her Next Move.

Geraldine Fowler sorted her mail somewhat listlessly. Some of the envelopes held rejections. She could tell them by their plumpness. There seemed to be an unusual number this morning.

There were one or two acceptances. She smiled as she drew the checks from their envelopes and laid them carefully away. It had paid, after all, her coming to New York. She had gained her experience and broadened her outlook. Yet, perhaps, it had made her restless as well.

A troubled look came into her eyes as she took up his letter and read it. A flush spread over her face. 'I thought so,' she said as she finished reading and dropped it on the desk. Then with an impulsive movement, she leaned forward and buried her head in her hands.

It had all come so rapidly this new emotion. Less than two weeks ago she had forgotten the existence of Godfrey Taylor. To be sure she dimly recalled the gay times she had had with him one summer, and her admiration of him because he was an editor, and could talk familiarly of books and dramatic events. She had even fancied she liked him, but he had gone out of her life.

Suddenly she had heard from him. He had seen a story of hers and had written. This had been followed by other letters and here was the culmination. 'I have not found you to lose you. I want you to marry me at once. Come to Washington for the fall, enjoy all the advantages I can give you. You can go into society—I have means—you can entertain literary people and indulge your fondness for the stage, which I remember, and in January we will go abroad. I shall probably be appointed to some office there.'

Her eyes glistened. 'It is what I have always wanted,' she murmured. 'And Edward—' She stopped. The faithful lover at home had hardly entered her mind. 'Well, I could not go back there any way and be content,' she sighed. 'My life here has spoiled all that. He must wake from his dream sooner or later. He told me to be free; I will be free.'

She smiled triumphantly. Then she seized the pen and directed an envelope to a little far-away country town. 'I am tired of it all,' she wrote on a slip of paper. She paused. 'The truth will come later,' she said, as she hastily added. 'My next move will surprise you.'

Then she wrote to the other one. 'You may come if you like,' she said; 'I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps—' She left it here. Edward Wherritt entered the post-office with an eager step. A glad light crept into his eyes as he saw the familiar handwriting and a thrill of pleasure ran through the man as he took the letter from the postmistress. His hand trembled a bit, inasmuch that some papers fell to the floor, and he laughed a happy laugh as he bent and picked them up.

Then he slipped them all into his pocket and turned away. It was a long time since he had heard from her. His hand closed tightly upon the letter in his pocket. It was there now fresh from her hand. He would now hasten to read it. It was there—his. No power on earth could take it from him. The light in his eyes grew deeper, and a happy smile played about his mouth. He had several errands to do. He must visit the news stand first. There might be something of hers in one of the magazines. His quick eye caught her name, and he slipped the publication into his pocket.

Then he finished the errands and walked rapidly towards home, his hand still closed upon the letter, and his mind speculating as to what it would say. Would it tell of some new success? How proudly he had watched her career! Perhaps it would say he had decided to stay another six months in New York. Well, never mind. He could stand it, and the end would be so much nearer. The letter felt thin. After all, probably it was but a hurried note, to tell of some sudden pleasure she wanted to share with him. His heart gave a bound. Anyway, it was from her—that was enough. The words were so few. 'My next move may surprise you,' he repeated.

he wandered toward the station, and stood gazing down the track from whence his letter would come. He stamped his feet a bit impatiently, and took out his watch. It was coming at last! With a roar that would seem to waken the yet sleeping people, the train drew in. The morning papers and the mail bag were thrown out to the platform. The roll of papers bounded away into the wet grass. He sprang after them with a laugh. The early morning air was exhilarating. He grasped them in his hand and waved them triumphantly at the baggage master as he leaped out of the door of his car. Then he turned. A woman stood beside him.

'I have come home,' Geraldine said. 'For an instant he gazed at her with startled eyes. Then with a quick movement he gathered her into his big arms and drew her close. Her tired head fell on to his strong shoulder, and the sad, pleading eyes were hidden from view. Her hat fell unheeded to the ground, as he kissed hair and forehead again and again. This was her next move.—The Housewife.'

THE ENSIGN'S EMBARRASSMENT.

It Doesn't Pay to Vest Authority in the Immature. Clothing the immature in a little brief authority and responsibility is frequently attended with results that reverse of impressive, as in the case of one of Uncle Sam's youthful naval officers, concerning whom the Boston Globe furnishes the following: While the Philadelphia was lying at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard a young ensign was placed in command of the deck. It happened that only one item remained on the list of the morning's duties, and that was to sweep decks at seven bells. It was not a very martial command to give, but as the time approached, the officer of the deck waxed nervous. He imagined that the eyes of all hands were on him, and that the safety of the ship depended upon his giving the order in the proper voice. At three minutes of seven bells he again scanned the order-book. It read, 'Seven bells: Pipe sweepers.' It was plain enough, and the young officer took his stand near the mainmast, and called out in a very weak voice, 'Bo's'n's mate!' The man addressed sprang to his feet with finger touching cap. 'Ay, sir,' he replied. Glancing hastily around, the scared officer muttered hoarsely, 'Sweep sweepers!' It was an entirely new order to the boatswain's mate. He touched his cap inquiringly. The ensign, more confused than ever, stammered desperately: 'Peep sweepers, my man!' The words were overboard, and the laugh which followed proved the last straw. The ensign drew himself up, and with withering scorn exclaimed: 'Sweep sweepers, and be quick about it, too!' This time his order was obeyed, the grinning boatswain's mate having fathomed his meaning.

A Good Man to Have in the Boat. Persons who refuse to acknowledge ability in others until the world has acknowledged it, sometimes have some experiences which should teach them discrimination. The members of a well known rowing club once found themselves a man short in a boat's crew. A stranger stood by the landing-stage, and was hailed by the coxswain. 'I say, mister, can you row?' 'A little.' 'If you like to take an oar, we'll coach you up the stream.' 'Don't mind, if you take it slowly.' The stranger took the seat offered and did his fair share of work. The coxswain, unwilling to let the crew appear too easily satisfied, gave the word to quicken the stroke, and the new man responded admirably. At the end of the afternoon, the captain said, as the crew stepped out of the boat, 'You've got on very well, sir. If you come down again we'll give you another lesson.' 'Thanks,' replied the stranger; 'I'll be very pleased. If you let me have a line I'll be sure to come,' and he handed the captain a card which revealed the fact that the stranger was the then champion sculler Hanlan.

PAYING THE TAX.

The Hen wanted for an Opportunity to Discuss Duty. The following anecdote, found in the Cleveland Leader, calls attention to the fact that since the war tax was levied there has been at least one instance where a hen proved her superiority to man, inasmuch as she did not discuss her duty until after she had done it. A farmer in a country town in Ohio recently took a crate of chickens to the express office for shipment to Cleveland. When the charges were named, he counted out the money and handed it to the agent. 'There will be a cent extra,' said the agent, 'for the war tax.'

'Well, I ain't a goin' to pay it,' said the owner of the chickens. 'Then I can't accept the crate,' the agent replied. 'What's the matter with you people, any way?' the farmer demanded. 'Don't the officers of the company care anything about the way the government's run? Haven't they any interests? Do they think the farmer is the only man who ought to pay for the protection of his property, and keeping up the army and navy? I've heard a lot about soulless operations, and I'm beginning to think it ain't all talk, either. I don't care for the extra—'

Just then there was a violent cackling in the crate, which had been deposited upon the express track, and going over to see what it was all about, the irate farmer found that one of his hens had laid an egg. 'Here! Look at this!' he said; 'this hen has got more soul than your old company!'

'We will call it square,' said the agent, 'apparently convinced of the justice of the farmer's remark. 'Give me the egg and I'll pay the war tax on this crate of chickens.' The egg was handed over; the old brown hen gave a final triumphant cackle,—as well she might, for a hen in need is a hen indeed,—and the incident was closed.

The Ambition of a Human Animal. A certain United States Senator is reported to have said to a party of friends recently: 'If I had plenty of money I'd have music played at all my meals, and get cigars made at \$50 a hundred. Those are two luxuries I would most surely indulge myself in. I'd have the music played by a small orchestra, say a horn and two or three violins—and a flute and a

bass viol—and I'd have it play soft, 'ar monious airs while I ate; and now ar'd then I'd have some vocal music given by colored voices. I'd have them sing such things as 'Wen the Watermelon Lings on the Vine'; that's a song calculated to inspire the most sluggish appetites.'

What a high and noble ambition for a Senator of the United States! But he has lots of company—men and women to whom wealth and vast resources mean only ingenious methods of spurring a jaded and sluggish appetite to feed on delicacies for the stomach. Nothing great or noble ever comes from people inspired by such motives.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Dec. 14 by Rev. J. McMillan, John Lynk to Annie Munro. Aylesford, Dec. 7, by Rev. J. L. Read, Wm. J. Topp to Margaret Probert. Amherst, Dec. 10, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Peter Belliveau to Daisy White. Lunenburg, Dec. 8, by Rev. Oscar Gronlund, Elfred Ritcey to Chas. Maxner. Eastport, Dec. 2, by Rev. A. J. Ford, William J. Miller to Cordelia White. Haverhill, Mass., by Rev. D. W. O'Neil, Harry G. Colburn to Edna E. Hall. Amherst, Dec. 7, by Rev. E. Harris, Leigh B. Baker to Harriet F. Facey. Malbone Bay, Dec. 4, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Jas. Frank to Laura Louise Awall. Port-Lorne, Dec. 7, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Phineas Banks to Mrs. Ada Felch. Truro, Nov. 29, by Rev. Mr. Gagnie, D. J. McColester to Annie McKinnon. Colchester, Dec. 7, by Rev. E. P. Keegan, George Whidden to Christie Brenton. Salisbury, Dec. 10, by Rev. J. C. Steadman, George Wood to Lorna Levesque. Oak Hill, Dec. 7, by Rev. H. Harrison, John W. McKenzie to E. M. Moulton. Truro, Dec. 14, by Rev. H. F. Adams, George C. Colchester, Nov. 30, by Rev. A. Chapman, Rupert S. Meadows to Estelle C. Taylor. Lower Wakefield, Dec. 14, by Rev. W. Rutledge, Frank Hill to Alice Westmore. Fitchburg, Mass., by Rev. A. T. Kempton, Edwin C. Jordan to Elizabeth A. White. Bridgewater, Dec. 6, by Rev. E. P. Churchhill, Ab. North to Isabelle McKenzie. North Attleboro, Mass., by Rev. George E. Osgood, F. N. Fales to Mrs. Nellie McConnell. Upper Merquodobolt by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Range, Queens Co., N. B., Dec. 3, by Rev. F. W. Patterson, Henry B. Fajoy to Agnes Miller.

DIED.

Truro, Dec. 8, James Stark, 51. Halifax, Dec. 14, Wm. Bafter, 60. Bridport, Dec. 14, Robert Carr, 64. Jordan Falls, Dec. 4, Abner Owen. Kestonville, Dec. 6, John Adams, 57. Weymouth Mills, Dec. 8, Stephen Thibean, 80. Waweg, Dec. 14, John W. Cathcart, 40. St. John, Dec. 14, Mrs. Jessie Slipp, 63. Truro, Dec. 8, Mrs. Henry Kennedy, 62. St. George, Dec. 14, Ellen Magowan, 48. New Glasgow, Dec. 8, Wm. Fallock, 83. Newcastle, Dec. 4, John Macdonald, 69. Brookville, Dec. 17, William Armstrong, 71. Economy Point, Dec. 7, Samuel Dunning. St. John, Dec. 18, William Armstrong, 71. St. John, Dec. 14, Mrs. Stephen Storm, 63. Mouth of Jemseg, Dec. 12, William Adams, 71. New York, Dec. 11, Wm. John Murray, 71. Jate P. B. Hamilton, 56. Boston Mts., Nov. 17, Jas. MacKenzie, 25. Maria Joseph, Dec. 1, James Hawbolt, 82. Weymouth Mills, Dec. 8, Stephen Thibean, 80. San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 21, John M. Hockin. Hillsboro, Dec. 11, Ellen, wife of Jas. T. Ward. Chgoquo, Dec. 15, Jessie, wife of Calvin Dalton. Malbone Bay, Dec. 12, Edward Jas. Wynnet, 69. Liverpool, G. B., Dec. 14, James R. McRobbie, 47. Beaver Falls, Pa., Nov. 28, Frederick Posthay, 68. Parrboro, Dec. 7, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Allen, 8 years. Halifax, Dec. 15, Mary Ann, wife of Aaron Simfield, 64. Sackville, N. B., Dec. 14, Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Allison. West Gardner, Mass., Dec. 3, Sleur Banoni D. Cormier. Upper Sackville, N. B., Dec. 8, Nelson M. Estabrook, 29. Brookfield, Dec. 11, Bessie, wife of Abner P. Dickie, 32. Stellarton, Dec. 10, Elizabeth Fraser, wife of Alex. Mackay, 68. Glace Bay, Nov. 30, Mary Josephine, wife of John Le Abrial, 20. Harvey Bank, A. C., Dec. 18, Alice, wife of Capt. Robert White, 43. Mason, C. B., Dec. 18, Christina, widow of Hon. Wm. McKee, 84. Apohqui, Dec. 15, Matilda, widow of the late Wm. H. Owen, 74. Croydton, Dec. 12, Lucy, widow of the late Edward Fitzgerald, 93. Fort Saxon, Shelburne, Nov. 29, Nancy, wife of Samuel McLean, 76. Digby, Dec. 5, Arnold, son of Capt. and Mrs. Fred Robinson, 10 months. Boston, Mass., Dec. 7, Dora, eldest daughter of the late F. B. Hamilton, 36. Dartmouth, Dec. 12, Beatrice, daughter of Capt. Isaac and Mrs. Miller, 29. Edgett's Landing, A. C., Dec. 3, Alfretha R., infant daughter of William and Ida Barnett.

QUITTING.

The reply made by a young Swedish maid in service in this country to her mistress expresses clearly, though in imperfect English, what every sufferer from homesickness feels. 'You ought to be contented, and not fret for your old home, Ina,' said the lady, as she looked at the dim eyes of the girl. 'You are earning good wages, your work is light, everyone is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here.' 'Yas'm,' said the girl plaintively, 'but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick—it is the place where I don't be.'

Voice from doorway: 'Mary, what are you doing out there?' 'Mary: 'I'm looking at the moon.' Voice from doorway: 'Well, tell the moon to go home, and you come into the house. It's half past eleven.'

PRESIDENT-SUSPENDER. PATENTED. EASY, ELEGANT, STRONG. BORN. Moncton, to the wife of Wm. Mann, a son. Newport, to the wife of J. F. Rathbun, a son. Sackville, Nov. 30, to the wife of J. R. Ayer, a son. Windsor, Dec. 3, to the wife of Fred Levers, a son. Granville, Dec. 13, to the wife of James Gilliat, a son. Bridgeton, Dec. 10, to the wife of W. H. Cochran, a son. Ellershouse, Dec. 11, to the wife of Anthony Aker, a son. Moncton, Dec. 15, to the wife of M. A. Hutton, a son. Amherst, Dec. 17, to the wife of W. B. Carly, a son.

Parrboro, Dec. 14, to the wife of David Dow, a son. Tatamagouche, Nov. 26, to the wife of Dr. Roach, a son. Shelburne, Dec. 4, to the wife of E. P. Barnaby, a son. Weymouth, Dec. 7, to the wife of Thos. F. Burke, a son. Ferrona, Dec. 4, to the wife of Rev. W. H. Smith, a son. Maplewood, Dec. 15, to the wife of D. McKeen, a son. Parrboro, Dec. 7, to the wife of E. D. Allen, a son. Halfway River, Dec. 7, to the wife of Rufus Crouse, a son. Parrboro, Dec. 5, to the wife of James Allen, a son. Fox River, Dec. 10, to the wife of Wiley Cochran, a daughter. Truro, Dec. 9, to the wife of W. B. Simmons, a daughter. Truro, Dec. 3, to the wife of Edward Bruce, a daughter. Halifax, Dec. 12, to the wife of Fred Jones, a daughter. Kentville, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. Duncanson, a daughter. Gabarus, Dec. 10, to the wife of John McKinnon, a son. Digby, Dec. 6, to the wife of Oliver P. Comeau, a daughter. Baddeck, Dec. 11, to the wife of Capt. D. McRae, a daughter. Harlaw, Dec. 14, to the wife of Wm. Hubble, a daughter. Halifax, Dec. 12, to the wife of Frank H. Blackshaw, a son. New Glasgow, Dec. 7, to the wife of John A. Marshall, a son. Margaree, Dec. 8, to the wife of Malcolm McLeod, a daughter. Colchester, Nov. 27, to the wife of Thomas Higgins, a daughter. Parrboro, Nov. 30, to the wife of Bradford Newcomb, a daughter. Fenwick, Cumberland, Dec. 10, to the wife of Wm. Smith, a son. Coverdale, Dec. 15, to the wife of Fenwick A. Smith, a son. Richfield, Dec. 9, to the wife of the late Edw. Spencer, a son. Englishtown, C. B., Dec. 9, to the wife of Kenneth McLeod, a son. Halifax, Dec. 11, to the wife of Henry J. Barnstead, a daughter. New Prospect, Dec. 4, to the wife of Augustus Givin, a daughter. Shelburne, Dec. 7, to the wife of James A. Kirkpatrick, a son.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y. New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 5th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, N. B., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEITING, Agent. New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 5-11 Broadway, New York City.

RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a.m., ar. Digby 10.00 a.m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p.m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., ar. in Digby 12.20 p.m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 3.25 p.m. Lve. Halifax 8.00 a.m., ar. Tuesday and Friday. Lve. Digby 12.50 p.m., ar. Digby 12.15 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a.m., ar. Yarmouth 8.00 p.m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a.m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.55 a.m., ar. St. John and Truro. Lve. Digby 10.30 a.m., ar. Halifax 3.32 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a.m., ar. Digby 9.50 a.m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p.m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

S.S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.00 p.m. Unusually quick and comfortable service. Full particulars apply to the Steamship and Palace Car Express Agents. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agent. S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrboro. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1/2 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Mgr. T. G. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898 the train of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou 7.00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow, Pictou 12.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal 16.30 Express for buses, Montreal 16.40 Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney 22.10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex 8.30 Express from Halifax, New Glasgow, Pictou 16.00 Express from Quebec, Montreal 19.25 Accommodation from Ft. du Clene and Moncton 21.25 Accommodation from Moncton 22.45 All trains run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'y. Christmas Holiday Excursion Tickets. on sale to Pupils and Teachers in Schools and Colleges on surrender of proper certificate from Principal, between stations in Canada, East of Port Arthur, December 10th to 31st, good for return passage until January 31st. To Commercial Travellers on presentation of their Certificate in territory as above, December 7th, and To the Public between all stations on line East of Port Arthur, December 21st, to January 2nd, good for return until January 7th. all at One Way first Class Fare for the Round Trip. To Boston. To Pupils on surrender of certificate from Principal any time up to Dec. 30th, good for return until Jan. 31st. To the Public any time up to Dec. 30th, good for return until Jan. 10th. AT \$10.50 EACH. Further particulars of Ticket Agents. C. E. FUSHER, A. H. NORMAN, Genl. Pass. Agent, Ass't. Genl. Pass. Agent, Montreal, St. John, N. B.