

(Continued from first page.)

therefore she was in an excellent temper, for she would have all the credit of playing the generous step-mother without costing her a shilling.

"I am completely on your side," she cried. "And I promise the *frouseuse* shall be ready in an hour's time, royal one, fit for the future Mrs. Davenant."

Lilian blushed painfully. Her feelings were not her own analysis—perhaps they were not unlike those of a slave who is decked in silk and jewels when sold to her master. She tried to utter her thanks, but stopped, choked by thoughts of the kind weak father who had left her to a hard woman's mercy.

"After all, it is his money she has," she said to herself. "I need not be so ashamed and galled at receiving a little of it at her hands."

"This is settled!" exclaimed Edgar joyously. "You can make no objection, Lilian, reasonably; and an unreasonable one would hurt me."

"Objection? She will be delighted! I am thankful to see her happy at last. And Mrs. Challacombe gave her a step-mother's kiss, which left a crimson tinge on her delicate cheek."

Thus the marriage day was fixed for her without a word from herself. And yet she did not care much for delay; her fate was sealed now, and each hour she was growing more reconciled to it, more at peace under the sustaining thought of Edgar's affection.

"What do you say, Lilian?" he asked, bending forward to look into her eyes. "It is only your mother who has spoken yet."

"As you will," said Lilian, softly; and she suddenly grew very pale. "I think it too soon; but if—"

"There are no ifs," interposed Edgar quickly. "Now we will not say another word, shall we? In an hour's time I will fetch you for our usual drive. And Mrs. Challacombe, I am privileged now to have Lilian to myself, so I shall take a little breathing time with us, to let Mrs. Challacombe try to look sweet at this, but she had been too glad to get a noisily boy or prying girl out of the way for a long time."

He was secretly vexed that this chance of peace was over.

"The Honorable Mr. de Carteret," said a servant, setting the door wide open, and that slightly individual entered with a springy step, and eyes behind which lurked laughter. He caught sight at once of the diamonds.

"Ah, Davenant, you have been parting with your cash, I see! That proves you are almost a married man."

"The wedding is this day month," whispered Mrs. Challacombe, under cover of Edgar's hurried good-bye to Lilian.

"So soon?" and he lifted his eyebrows with a half smile. "Well, the diamonds are so superior to my own little inconstancy," he said to her ear.

"Hush, you naughty man! You really must not say such things!"

"Well, Davenant, I expect those stones have cost you the price of a good many commissions," observed the careless de Carteret as he walked to the window and took the case in his hand.

"What, broken already? Broken links, Miss Challacombe—is that it? By the bye, I saw you this morning—a queer, outlandish sort of creature, talking gibberish—who inquired most affectionately for your old regiment."

"My regiment?" said Lilian in a tone which made Mr. de Carteret alter his manner.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Challacombe. I mean the —th Lancers. You remember they were here two years ago?"

Lilian grew white, but kept her eyes steadily fixed on her tormentor.

"I remember," she said. "And what then?"

"Oh, nothing! But this queer foreigner asked for the regiment, and I had to make him understand the best way I could that it was gone to the Antipodes."

Edgar's face changed as he listened; he leaned his elbow upon the table and regarded his forehead with his hand; this hid his colorless aspect.

"Why did the man speak to you?" he asked quickly.

"Because he saw a Lancer salute me, I think; and, being a foreign noble, he of course imagined there was only one Lancer regiment in the English Army."

"He did he say nothing more?"

"He said a deal more—he poured out a tatar of words—but I was not among his squad of brickmakers at the Tower of Babel, so I did not understand one word. I gave him my benediction, and advised him to depart for his own country, where it is to be hoped his tongue is not unknown."

"How curious! I wonder what he could have wanted," said Mrs. Challacombe.

"Money?" returned the Honorable Aloys. "Some one in the —th Lancers has forgotten a little bill owing to him, and he has come over here on the bad speculation of getting it paid. He was a very dark man; he looked like a Maltese."

"But I don't think Lancer regiments go to Malta," said Mrs. Challacombe.

"Was he a Spaniard?" asked Edgar, his hand still shading his face. A Spanish mercantile ship sailed out today."

"By Jove, that's it! Yes, he was a Spaniard."

Edgar rose laughing.

"And did he take your good advice and return to the ship?"

"That's more than I can tell you. I should say he did for there is very little garlic in the country, and naturally he would pine for the plenty in his own land. Now let me guess what you have given for these diamonds. I am but a bad judge of the value of brilliants."

"I would rather you would not guess," returned Edgar shortly. "In fact, you cannot—it is a secret. No one will ever know their cost but myself."

"Oh, I expect Phillips has robbed you! I know him of old—he is a dreadful thief. You should have made Davenant buy your diamonds of a good London man, Miss Challacombe."

"I returned Lilian sadly. 'I did not want diamonds. I know nothing of the purchase.'"

"I shall be late," said Edgar, hurriedly. "I must go to Phillips at once and get this link mended."

He held out his hand to Lilian, grasping her feverishly for just an instant, and then let it drop.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

A Romance from Afghanistan.

A strange romance comes from Kabul relative to the capture by the British of a supposed young Afghan who had been wedded in England in an engagement at Christmas on the 25th April last. He was taken to the military hospital and while there was his name changed to English, "Father," "Mother," "Johnny."

It transpired that he had been stolen from his parents some twenty years ago by the Afghans. From that time he had been in the hands of the British and to their ways, and it was with much difficulty General Sir Donald Stewart could induce him to wear European clothing, and to adapt himself to the new surroundings. He was subsequently overcome by kindness, and his wild Afghan manners became more refined, which regiment he appeared to be greatly taken. When he heard the pipe music he would say in his broken manner, "With, very wild; run up hill and play shoot." From this it was inferred that he had fought against the regiment. Finally, at his own request, he was permitted to stay, and he will accompany the regiment home. No clue, however, has been found to his parents.

The story possesses a value as furnishing reply to the query whether one's native language can ever become eradicated from one's nature. The discovery that this young British Afghan, if we may be permitted to coin the terms, had at one time knowledge of English, was probably accidental, and arose from the delirium of illness, during which the strong impulses of nature are apt to become developed, when under the ordinary conditions of life they lie dormant. It is not unreasonable to suppose, had this young man never been wounded, he would have retained his savage influences all his life.

To those who are fond of investigating these phenomena an instructive study is here afforded. The circumstance, however, recalls to mind a part of the evidence given in the celebrated trial of the "Borneo Claimant." It will be remembered by those who followed the evidence that the then Attorney General held a strong inference of fraud, the fact that the claimant had forgotten the French language, in which the true heir had been reared from infancy by Lady Hamilton. The claimant, however, contended that through prolonged absence he had lost all recollection of it, and his counsel, the late Dr. Aveling, tried his best to show that this was a perfectly reasonable result, and did not materially affect the justice of the claim.

Here we have a case which, if not exactly parallel, approaches it in some points of resemblance. The young man captured in Afghanistan is said to be about 29 years of age. He, therefore, must have been stolen at an age when children are least likely to learn, say about three years old, and must have placed her imprint strongly on his mind for him to remember in his illness the few short words which gave the clue to his nationality.

Cure for Stammering.

Some years ago a famous professor came to a town where I was then residing and announced that he would cure the worst case of stammering in ten minutes without a surgical operation."

A friend of mine was an inveterate stammerer, and I advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid ten guineas, and soon called at my office talking as straight as a railroad track.

I was greatly astonished and asked my friend by what miracle he had been so strangely and suddenly relieved of his life-long trouble. He most provokingly informed me that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of cure.

I knew two other bad cases, ladies, and calling on them, reported what had come to pass. They were soon at the professor's rooms, came away greatly pleased, raised twenty guineas, went the next day, paid the cash, and in half an hour were ready to have the question popped, to say "Yes" without a single jerk.

I was soon made acquainted with several other cases, and was quite remarkable, and resolved to put on my magician's wits and wait upon the regular man myself. He seemed an honest, earnest fellow, and the days I had made up my mind to pay a large fee, and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whosoever I would.

Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one, but my contract gave me the privilege of using the knowledge as I pleased.

And now I propose to give the readers of my journal a simple art which has enabled me to make very happy many unhappy stammerers. In my own case, the stammerer is made to give the desired result, but in three-fourths of the cases which I have treated the cure has been complete. The secret is simply this. The stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to be on every syllable. It is the best at the first lesson to read some simple composition, like one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word, then read in a newspaper, beating each syllable. Soon you need only beat on every word. You can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the forefinger, or moving the large toe in the foot.

I doubt if the worst case of stammering could continue long, provided the sufferer would read an hour or two every day, with thorough practice of this simple art, observing the same in his conversation. As thousands have paid large fees for this secret, I take great pleasure in imparting it to the generous patrons of my journal.—Lewis' Gymnastics.

Often times I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by an invisible tow line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails furled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on steadily in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath a little bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little tug, one stem tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little stem tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the wind, and no man knows where. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, fully freighted,

MILLER BROTHERS, VEGETINE

Made a New Man of Me; Cured My Wife of General Debility.

Dear Sir—Some time ago I got run down in health and had no appetite, and some of my friends advised me to take Vegetine, and it made a new man of me. Before using it my hair was falling out, and was quite bald. Since I used it new hair is growing all over my head, and I know it was the Vegetine that did it. My wife used it also, for General Debility, and it did her full as much good as myself.

THOMAS SAULTER. Complaints of Five Years' Standing Cured. Toronto, Ont., Nov. 27, 1879.

Dear Sir—I used your Vegetine for years past. Having taken eight bottles of Vegetine, I must state that I have derived great benefit from its use, and the most delicate and nothing that I have taken gives me such speedy relief as your Vegetine.

Yours respectfully, CHAS. HALL. I hereby certify that the above certificate was given me by Mr. SAULTER, and the medicine purchased at my store.

JOSIAH GREEN, Pharmaceutical Chemist. A BLOOD PURIFIER. Toronto, Ont., Sept. 21, 1879.

Dear Sir—I used your Vegetine as a blood purifier, and can recommend it as an honest medicine. It did more for me than I expected.

JOSIAH BOWEN, 35 Ann Street. CHRONIC HEADACHE. GENERAL DEBILITY CURED. Toronto, Ont., Nov. 25, 1879.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq., Boston. Sir—I have much pleasure in testifying to the virtue of your Vegetine. For years past I have suffered exceedingly from Chronic Headache and General Debility, from which I obtained no permanent relief until I was induced, about a month since, to try the Vegetine. I am now better in health than I have been for the last four years; enjoy my food better, am much stronger, and quite free from my old enemy, the Headache. Hoping that my testimony may induce others to try the same remedy, I am respectfully yours, MRS. D. A. JOHNSON.

I have very great pleasure in endorsing the above statement of the benefit to my wife's health since she commenced the use of the Vegetine.

D. A. JOHNSON, Late Minister of the C. M. Church. Pimples and Humors on the Face and Body. Montreal, P. Q., Feb. 23, 1880.

Dear Sir—For several years I have been greatly troubled with pimples breaking out on my face and body. I had consulted several physicians and also tried several preparations, but obtained no relief. I thought I would try Vegetine, as I had heard several times in its favor, and before I had used the first bottle I saw I had the right medicine. I have used three bottles and my health is very much improved, and the pimples have almost entirely disappeared from my face and body. I recommend Vegetine to all who are troubled as I was.

Yours truly, J. OSBURN. I am personally acquainted with Mr. J. Osburn, and know it to be a true statement of the facts. I sold him the Vegetine.

P. O. GROUT, Druggist, 601 St. Joseph Street, Montreal. Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK. For Digby and Annapolis. Connecting at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations, and at Digby with the Western Counties Railway, for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

UNTIL further notice, STEAMER EMPRESS will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and return every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY evening. Fare—St. John to Digby—\$1.50

St. John to Annapolis—2.00 Annapolis to Digby—1.00 Round Trip Tickets to Halifax via this route good to return by Intercolonial Railway. Tickets may be obtained on board Steamer, at H. CHUBB & CO.'S Agency, Prince Wharf Street, and at R. B. HUMPHREY, AGENT P. FERRAS, Union Line Offices, 41 Dock St. Empress Warehouse, Reed's Point.

35 PER CENT. A 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture. The Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that HE DOES NOT INTEND raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as was being in his list below; but intends making Still further Reduction, as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his new large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from \$60.00 to \$120.00. BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from \$20.00 to \$40.00. A good suit for \$25.00. SOFAS, \$10.00 to \$24.00. WALNUT CHESTS, \$3.50 to \$5.00. CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, \$5.00 to \$10.00. CENTRE TABLES, in Marble Tops, \$14.00 to \$18.00. BEDSTEADS, \$2.50 to \$3.00. WASH STANDS, \$1.00 to \$1.25.

Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and as times are so hard, will sell at Prices that will DEFTY COMPETITION.

JOHN B. REED. Bridgetown, April 22, 1879. BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE. So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper end of the same street. Re-arranged and ready opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN, July 17th, 1878. THE SUBSCRIBER keeps constantly on hand: Common and Stuffed Furniture in variety. Also, Spring Mattresses, Chairs from 25 cents, each, upwards. Also Cradles, Swing Cots, of all kinds which will be sold at the Lowest Market Prices!

UNDERTAKING attended to in all its branches. JOHN Z. BENT.

WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY

Summer Arrangement. Time Table. COMMENCING THE 14th DAY JUNE, 1880.

GOING WEST. Express Daily. Windsor to Annapolis, Monday, Wednesday, Friday only. Annapolis to Digby, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday only.

GOING EAST. Windsor to Annapolis, Monday, Wednesday, Friday only. Annapolis to Digby, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday only.

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Jolzer's Corner.

The FRENCHMAN'S "REVENGE." There are but few pleasing reminiscences of the times when business and credit were prostrated by the hurricane which swept over the country in '57—when the banks generally suspended specie payments, and hard cash was a phenomenon. We recollect but one mirth-provoking incident connected with the great panic, and that was the presentation of a hundred dollar bill at the counter of a city bank by a Frenchman, with a demand for the specie. "Mon-sieur," said the fierce little Frenchman, "Will you pay me this bill? Will you give me specie?" "We cannot redeem it at present," said the teller, in a very condescending tone. "We have suspended." "What do you mean? I have no specie, but I will have to argue, so gold, so silver, so copper!" "We cannot pay it now. We will redeem our notes when other banks will redeem theirs."

"When other banks say yes, say I will," said the fierce little Frenchman, "I will wait for you, but I will not wait for you!" "You had better wait sir. You had better keep cool." "I will not wait; I will not keep cool; I will wait for you, but I will not wait for you!" "You paper note all in specie piece, I cheer him. I stamp on him. You lose your little bill note. There, sir, I am evened up." And having destroyed the note, looking full defiance at the cashier, telling, all in the bank, the little Frenchman stalked out of the bank with the air of Napoleon.

A Drummer's Revenge. From the Galveston News.] Young Bummellans has just been discharged by his employer, old Two-cent. The facts are as follows: Bummellans had just returned from a trip over the State. His trip had been very satisfactory to himself, perhaps, but not so to his employer. He had spent a great deal of money in buggy hire, and one thing and another, and taken a very few dollars. When Bummellans called in to see the old man the latter was as usual as the mischief. He said, "I don't believe you make any effort to sell goods. Ven I wash a drummer I always sold goods to two merchants no matter ven day don't want any. I made de acquaintance ven everypody."

Bummellans came very near replying that it was the reputation of his principal that prevented him from selling anything, but he restrained himself together.

"How did you use to manage to sell goods?" "I will show you all about dat. Schost you sits down in chairs. You pees a contry merchant, plays now de drummer."

"All right," says Bummellans, "I'll be a country merchant, and I'll show you how they do it."

Bummellans pretended to be writing on his doek, and old Two-cent came up from one side, bowing and scraping.

"Good morning. Can't I sell you some goods?" "Who the hell are you?" says Bummellans, looking up. "I travels for de Galveston firm of 'em?"

"You do, you do? So you travel for that infernal old thief, do you? Take that! and to impress upon my employer, the different kind of your making trade, Bummellans kicked the old man four or five times, pushed him up in a corner and choked him for awhile, and then told the old gentleman to get up, speechless from bona fide rage, if you ever come in here again I'll not leave a whole bone in your carcass."

"There was a little shooting scrape at a little town in the interior of Texas not long ago, and it was not long before a Galveston News reporter was sent to interview one of the principals.

"So you are going to write it up," said the survivor.

"Yes, I want all the facts." "I don't care a cent what you say about the shooting, but I have one little favor to ask."

The reporter said he would grant it cheerfully if he could.

"Well," said the shootist, "I want you to put down that my grandfather was one of Lafayette's privateers, and the worst cut throat of the gang."

The reporter started a little, but the shootist went on to say:

"Please put in one of my uncles was hung by the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, and two more of them are making shoes in the Illinois penitentiary. And that another one of mine is practicing law in New York, and my only sister ran away from home with the clown of a circus; that as far as you can learn there is not a member of the family, and that none of them are doing something disgraceful."

"Why, what do you want all that in the paper for?"

"Because I am sick of reading in the papers that every fellow who has a little shooting scrape belongs to one of the most respectable families in the country. Just put it down for me, that one of the parties to the unfortunate affair belongs to a highly respectable family, if you don't put it that way you will wish you had."

It is stated that a prominent citizen of Galveston was brought home very late in a comatose condition. His terrified wife, thinking it was apoplexy, sent for the family physician. The doctor examined the patient carefully and then directed that the clergyman be sent for. In a few minutes the spiritual adviser was bending over the couch of the dying man. Finally the clergyman said: "Why he is drunk! that's what's the matter. Why am I sent for here at 12 o'clock at night?"

"Do you suppose," replied the doctor, "that I am going to be the only fool on Galveston Island?"

That's the story they tell.

He was sitting in the parlor with her when a rooster crowed in the yard; and leaning over he said: "Chanticleer! I wish to gracious you would!" she said; "I'm sleepy as I can be. He took his hat and left, and hasn't been back since."

It now turns out that the wreck of the Vera Cruz was discovered by the pilot of St. Augustine, Florida, two days before they announced its occurrence, and that in the meantime they scoured and appropriated several thousand dollars worth of property, rifling trunks and securing such large amounts of valuables that teams were employed for several days in hauling away the plunder. As soon as the fact of the wreck was generally known crowds went out from St. Augustine and secured all they could by their hands on, even robbing the bodies of the dead.