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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 478.

LITERATURE.

A SKETCH IN A NARROW STREET.

From Harper's Weekly.

It was so narrow, this little back street, in the quiet old-fashioned German town, that Hans Gottlieb could, if he had so wished, have shaken hands out of his window with his opposite neighbor.

The sun that shone so bravely elsewhere was seldom visible here, only in the early morning a few golden gleams found their way in, and gave faint encouragement to the two or three flowers that blossomed in pots on the window-sill.

On such occasions Hans would pause in his work, knowing full well what was coming—how the case-mate opposite would be flung open, and a girl's voice, singing a little French song, would ring across the silent street to his listening ears; how a slim pretty figure would for a moment stand framed in the blossoming scarlet-runners—a pretty figure, with dark French eyes, and black hair, drawn up under a white cap, a beautiful contrast, so Hans thought, to his comely yellow-haired countrywoman. As soon as his vision appeared, Hans would pause in his work and turn his eyes toward it; would wait till the watering of the flowers and the singing of the song were alike ended, and then would approach his window.

"Good-morning," his neighbor would call across, in that pretty foreign German that was so enchanting in his ears—"Good-morning, Monsieur Gottlieb!" and then with a nod and a smile the trim little figure would vanish into the dark shadows, and Hans return to his work.

But though life was too busy with these two, and bread difficult enough to win even when one worked hard for it, so that neither could afford to idle away the minutes in talk, yet Hans as he worked, dreaming of the days when bread-carrying should not mean daily bread, but honor and glory to those he loved, was pleasantly conscious all the time of a dark head bent over a table drawn close up to the window opposite, close covered with many bright-colored scraps of muslin and paper, which in due course, under those deft small hands, became summer flowers, at this short distance seeming to the looker-on the spoils of a June garden.

Thus they worked day after day, these two, so near together, and yet so far apart, abating from all conversation which might have made the days pass more quickly; but when an hour's idleness might mean going to a superior bed, so that even Rose Cordier, dearly as she loved the sound of her own voice, refrained from making use of it, except for an occasional song. But when the day was over, when the coolness in the little close street, and the shadowy gray of the strip of sky overhead, gave notice that the long summer day was drawing to an end, when the small room grew dark, then Rose would rise and open the door to interchange greetings and gossip with the neighbor, with the woman sitting on her door-step knitting in the peaceful twilight, their children playing about them; with the fathers returning from their work; with the young men loitering about smoking—for Rose had always a bright word and look for every man, woman, and child she knew.

And they were all fond of her—of this little foreigner who had come amongst them four years ago, with an old mother, since dead, and who had earned her daily bread honestly among them.

Then as it grew even darker Hans Gottlieb would become aware that the day and its work were over, and would lay aside his chisel, and also seek what little fresh air there was at the door of his dwelling. He did not laugh or gossip with his neighbors, as did Rose Cordier; it was not his way; and this fact was quite recognized by the dwellers in William Street. Beyond a "Good-evening, neighbor," they did not seek to disturb him in the enjoyment of his evening pipe; only occasionally Rose would step across and ask him what he was at work upon, or if he had had a good order, and then pour would proceed to describe his work, his prospects, until Rose, with a pretty string of her shoulder, would tell him in her foreign German she could not understand him; he must speak slower, much slower; it was too late now, but to-morrow, yes, to-morrow, he must try to explain it all again, for it was interesting, so interesting. But for now it must be good-night—"good-night to every one!" and the slight, trim figure had disappeared, and the door was closed.

The neighbors watching Hans as he strolled up and down the little street afterward, pipe in mouth, added and smiled to one another. "Ah, when there is enough for two over yonder, there will be a wedding!" Such was the form the whispering took.

Even the hardest workers take a holiday now and again, and the feast of St. John the Baptist is esteemed in Friedburg the legitimate summer holiday of all its industrious inhabitants. The happy day is spent, according to an old custom, at a small village three miles distant from the town, where a time-honored fair is held.

Lion-tamers, fat women, dwarfs, giants, all the hundred and one shows that are the rightful property

of a fair, are to be found there, and later on there is dancing under the soft evening sky, and after that, home early, so as to be up and about on the morrow, to work, if possible, harder than ever, to make up for the wasted day.

To Rose Cordier, with her quick French blood, her youth, her light-heartedness, this fête was one to which she looked forward for many weeks beforehand, and the little foreigner knew she was never likely to want a cavalier; and this was looked upon as almost a *sine qua non* of the entertainment.

The neighbors smiled more than ever when they saw Rose come out of her door the morning of the 24th of June, looking as fresh and bright as the red rose in her belt, and Hans appeared immediately afterward, a companion rose in his buttonhole. They were all standing about in little groups, preparing to start themselves to the scene of festivity, many of them with babies in their arms and very little things clinging about their skirts, but they had time to an admiring glance at this other couple first.

"Before we start," said Hans, suddenly, a little constraint apparent in his voice, "would you come into my atelier, mademoiselle? I have been working at something I should like to show you."

"Yes, truly, I should like it. I have never been there yet. Let us go."

They turned back as she spoke, and he pushed open the door. "See," he said; "it is not finished yet, but it is to be a wreath of roses." He led her, as he said those words, to where on one side, out of the way of dust and dirt, lay—the half-completed wreath of roses.

"It is pretty," she said. And then: "Is it an order? What will you get for it?"

"No, it is not an order," he said, a little sadly. "I have been doing it in the spare moments after my day's work."

"It is pretty," she repeated, touching with her small fingers the delicate curled leaves, which surely had the stamp of genius upon them; "but it wants something," she added, after a pause.

"What?" he inquired, eagerly. "I have looked at it so often that I can not find out whether it is right or wrong."

"I know," she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Color! Ah, monsieur, if you could but see the wreath of roses I made last week for the Gräfin von Adelford for a ball, you would know what I mean. Oh!—with a little clasp of her hands—"It was as perfect! Perfect as Love!"

Her thoughts had quite laid quite wandered away from the delicate flowers before her, indeed, she did remember them until they stood once more in the street, with the door closed behind them, when it came across her that she might have been rude.

"They were very pretty," she said, softly, "but you see they are not finished yet. When they are, perhaps—who knows?—you might sell them."

"Perhaps," he said. "I could try, if you wish it; but when I made them I thought—the color swept up into his face—"that you would like them."

"Yes, so I should, if you were rich enough to give presents, or if—Well, you will not mind my speaking the truth to you? You are rather a dreamer, are you not? That is a bad thing—"shaking her pretty head. "It does not make a fortune, and money, you know, one must have. So take my advice—leave off carving things no one cares to buy, and only do what you can sell. You are not angry?"

"Angry?" repeated Hans, "when you are so kind as to take an interest in me, and wish me well? Why—" But here they had reached the merry, laughing crowd, and the spot where the omnibus was waiting, and the rest of the sentence had perforce to wait completion at some future time.

And it was a sentence Hans had not intended to complete. Not yet. By-and-by, when there was a little more money in his pocket, and when the children did not forsake him then it would be time enough to finish that sentence. But on this as on other occasions it was a scene of "man proposes," at least so far as Hans was concerned, for the long joyful day over, and tired holidays seekers beginning to consider the quickest way home, he found himself under a soft starry sky, walking downward by the side of Rose Cordier.

"It would be pleasant to walk," he had said, standing by the crowded omnibus, filled with drowsy crying children and wearied mothers. "Are you tired, mademoiselle?"—after a second's pause: "would you rather drive?"

"No, I will come with you," she replied: "it will save the trouble." So they had started homeward together. And ere very long Hans found himself reverting to those unfinished words of the morning.

Love-making seemed so natural, so desirable, under these circumstances, that it was difficult to think of waking up on the morrow to the hard day's work, and the knowledge that where it is so difficult to keep one, what would be done if there was yet another?

"It is selfish of me to ask you, Rose, when I have nothing to offer, but I am young, and strong, and willing to work—and I love you, Rose."

Hans stood still as he spoke, and his voice trembled as he clasped the girl's small hands in his.

Rose was moved too. The tears stood in her bright eyes; her cheeks looked pale in the twilight.

"Yes, dear Hans," she said, timidly, in that sweet foreign tongue he had learned to love; "but, you see," "Yes, I see. We could live upon nothing. No, alas! no. But, Rose, the color flushing up into his face again as he said, hesitatingly, "We might be engaged? Could you—oh, I know it is asking a great deal, but could you wait for me?"

"Ah, Hans, you must not think me unkind, but—it would so long, and—There was no mistaking the girl's tones, even if the words were a little vague.

"And there is Andre Leroux?" "He is from my country," cried the girl, quickly, blushing a bright rosy red. "It is a natural, strange stranger, I should like to see and talk to a countryman of my own."

"Yes, dear Rose; I am blaming you. Do not think that. As you say, amongst strangers, it is pleasant to meet one who speaks your language. It must be often lonely for you?"

"Yes, Hans," Rose replied, brushing the tears out of her eyes. "If it were not for you, I should find the little street dull and sad since the poor mother died. And, ah, if they entered the sad street, 'here we are at home! How quickly we have come! Good-night, Hans!'"

She stretched out her hand as she spoke, and again Hans took it in his and looked down at the pretty face. "It is such a pity," she said, softly, "that you have no money."

"Such a pity!" he echoed, sadly, losing her hand as he spoke.

"Are you not angry with me?" she went on.

"Angry? No, certainly not. Why, I see, of course, you were right. It was silly of me to ask you to wait; you might be an old woman before I had enough for you to marry on."

"Yes, dear Hans, it would never do. I know you would agree with me when you thought it over. But you will still remain my friend?"

"Always your friend, Rose. It does not matter, you know, how poor a friend I am."

Rose wept a few tears, and then she said: "One day, when I was alone, I fell asleep and dreamt of Andre Leroux; Hans to ponder over whether there was anything to be done, nothing he could do to better his position."

It was so difficult in the prosaic light of day even then when day-dreams of Andre Leroux were not often well-to-do—is not a swift road to a fortune.

Carving the letters of a dead friend's name—more often painting them on common black wood, for the customers who sought out the little atelier of Hans Gottlieb were not often well-to-do—is not a swift road to a fortune.

And although he was not proud, and after Rose's remarks about the time wasted over the wreath of roses, which might perhaps have been turned to better account, he did not often work little odd jobs he could after working hours, still even then the little heap of savings did not seem to increase much.

And often and often now Hans noted a certain M. Andre Leroux come along the narrow street of William Street, to walk up and down the street with his opposite neighbor.

Each time the sight of the spruce flower-maker—for Andre's trade was the same as Rose's—sent a throb of pain to the great honest heart of Hans Gottlieb. But he did not repine, did not blame Rose. It was one of the many misfortunes of not being rich, that was all. But not a cause for complaining, only a burden, like so many others that fall to the lot of the poor man—a part of his day's work.

It was not so often now that Rose Cordier ran across in the gloaming to ask how his work progressed, and the neighbors ceased to gossip and nod their heads when they saw them speak to one another. "It was changed all that, that they had thought likely to come to pass; the wind was in another quarter now; they could see, as yet, it was not difficult to see what was coming."

Only the children did not forsake him, but were just as eager to talk to him and run after him as in the days when there was no spruce Frenchman to share with him the honor of the narrow street.

But after that evening he gave up his little room, packed his few goods, and made up his mind to go away—to go to Rome, that haven of ambitious minds.

Now that the little savings were not all to be hoarded against the day when they might be wanted for another, it was no use guarding them any more. Better, so Hans decided, use them in going away to where daily bread might perhaps be easier by than in this narrow German town; where perhaps even the carving he was so fond of might gain him money for work, and allow him to put in one side this other work that occupied him now.

Besides if the worst came to the worst, and he did drift into utter poverty, it did not matter so much now.

And with that "now" Hans buried the past, and started forth on his travels.

First, however, he went across the street, and for the first time entered Rose's domain—Madame Leroux, as he had to call her.

"I have come to wish you good-bye, madame," he said. "And see, I have brought you, as a parting present, the little wreath. It is finished now."

He laid it down as he spoke among the colored roses on the table, between monsieur and madame as they sat at work.

"Oh, that is good of you, very good!" cried Rose, the ever ready tears coming in her eyes. "And so you are going away? Ah, my husband, and again Hans took it in his hand, and looked at the pretty face, and said: "You must also wish Monsieur Hans 'good-bye,' for in the old days before he was married he was always a kind friend to me. And see, also, what a beautiful present he has brought us!"

At his wife's words M. Andre stood up.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Gottlieb had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"It is graceful, very graceful," said the Frenchman, lifting the parting gift of Hans. "One would scarcely have thought that his great hands could have fashioned such a thing. When it grows dark, dear wife, if you fetch a nail and a piece of cord, I will myself attach it to a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Gottlieb had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone."

"You have it exactly, my wife," replied M. Leroux, with fond appreciation of Rose's cleverness. "That is just what it needs—but then we can not have every thing." And M. Andre's gaze returned with much satisfaction to the crimson roses before him.

It would have surprised this couple, perhaps if they could have seen on into the coming years—if they could have listened to the world of a world-renowned collector of the beauties of art.

He only did two of them—"He was addressing some three or four eager listeners in a London ball-room—the one that he did for Lewison, and which first made him famous. You never saw it? Why, it is a marvel! The curl of the hair, the gleam of the eye, the petals, it is wonderful. I would have given him any thing he asked for one like it. But, poor fellow, as you know, he only just lived long enough to know he was famous."

However, when I was last in Friedburg, his native town, and striving to find out all I could about him—if he had done any thing before he went to Rome—there it was, that wretched, narrow street, as I was telling you before, I found this fact of his greatest work, a present to a sweetheart, I suppose. The fact told me he knew him, so I called to see if I could glean any thing about him, there, hanging up on the wall, I saw that very wreath that had been hanging me for months."

"How did you persuade her to part with it?"

"Ah, Lady Grace, that was not very difficult—honest English gold. How her eyes glistened at the sight of it! They were artificial flowers, makers!"—and we will hang it up in its place, so that you will not miss the other. And as to him, poor fellow, life is difficult, and perhaps he is well out of it."

So Madame dried her tears.

"Ah, that will be lovely," I heard her say, as I carried my treasure away; "and I like the colored ones best. And the money, you see, my friend, is far better; it will feed and clothe the children, whereas the wreath—we could only look at it!"

"You are interested in him now, are you not, Lady Grace? You will all come and have tea in my rooms to-morrow afternoon, and see the wreath of roses? Poor fellow, what a sad pity it was that he died so young!"

A press of business—The pitting press.

Something about Zulus.

The Zulus live in a beautiful and fertile land in which they have two harvests every year, and need scarcely do more than scratch the soil and sow their seed, to secure an abundance of vegetable food. There are rich pastures on which large herds of cattle feed, so that beef is plentiful, and as the bush, or "blanzi," as they call it, is full of antelope, wild boars and buffaloes (to say nothing of larger game), and many of the men are keen hunters, they are particularly well off for meat. They are also great lovers of beer, which has been compared to this gruel made with weak loak, and though this beverage is not very intoxicating, they drink such quantities of it in the course of the day that they are sleepily stupid by night. The Zulu idea of perfect happiness is plenty of beef, beer, and nothing to do but just to sit still, eat, drink and listen to whatever news and gossip any one may be able to tell them.

The women do all the field and garden work, with the exception of hoeing the King's corn, which is done by the men, who present themselves at the royal kraal every spring for this purpose. There is however, one particular office which women are forbidden to perform, and that is, milking the cows, which is always done by men or boys. They are remarkably superstitious people, and believe devoutly in signs, omens, and dreams. A man will not go out hunting if he has had a dream of ill-omen on the previous night; and if he has a wonderful escape from danger or accident, attributes it to the care of his "Ehloze," or guardian angel. Their ideas of a Creator are very indistinct, and consist merely in a tradition that the "big one of the sky" brought their nation originally "out of the reeds," and missionaries have not been welcomed among them, because King Cetewayo has always thought that if he once admitted them, a foreign army would soon follow, and to use his own expression, "eat him up."

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A press of business—The pitting press.

The Congress held at Paris with reference to the projected ship canal through the Isthmus of Panama has decided in favor of a level canal from Panama to the Gulf of Limon; and it appears that the cost of this would be little short of \$250,000,000. This is a very large sum to invest in such an enterprise, when in the course of the next few years there will be not fewer than three competing lines of railway across North America. Without entering upon engineering questions, it is well to bear in mind that the Suez Canal was constructed by forced labor, that no forced labor is to be obtained in this case, and that the inhabitants of the isthmus are by no means given to hard work, even when tempted by high rates of pay.

A woman in a Kansas Pacific railroad car sat facing a man who, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant, and said, "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said he was not looking at her, but at the clock on the wall. "I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic. "Yes, sir, that's the eye."

"Well, madam, that eye won't do any harm. I've a glass eye madam—only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse me. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The explanation and compliment combined put the woman into a good humor.

Life is full of disappointments. We recently offered to cur a bad case of Rheumatism for a year's subscription in advance, but just as we were on the point of lifting the shackle, a sympathetic friend suggested Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, and the money and the patient vanished instantly.

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