

LITTLE WILLIE'S GIFT.

The universal pet of our school was a beautiful child named Willie Stuart. As I write, post hoc, I see before me the little man's long flaxen curls, his wistful blue eyes, the delicate complexion that flushed and paled with each passing emotion...

One forenoon the only dull-witted one of the baseborn contingent of our schoolfellows had fallen into some ludicrous blunder, which, in spite of the stern discipline maintained, had kindled his class into an irrepressible roar of laughter, and had brought upon him condign and severe punishment from the stinging tongs. During a momentary absence of the master from the school-room Willie Stuart amused himself by chaffing the perpetrator of the blunder.

"Ye cock yer head gey crouse, my bonny little man; ye that's naething but a bastard like ye!" cried the child, flashing scarlet, and bursting into a passion of tears as he flew at the throat of the other. We dragged him back just as the master returned, and the scene ended, Willie sitting white and trembling over his dictionary.

During the mid-day play-hour the boy who had assailed Willie and myself had an encounter which improved the appearance of neither of us. The same evening I related to our old nurse what had occurred in the school. To my utter astonishment she told me that the stigma which had been thrown at Willie Stuart was warranted by the facts.

She had the whole story from her sister, who for years had been a servant at Castle. Mary Stuart has been my lady's own maid. She had been courted by a farmer's son of the neighbourhood, and she had accepted him. But later they had quarrelled bitterly, on which account, no child seemed to know, and they parted in hot anger.

For days little Willie moped about, pale and sad, all his young life seemed dead in him. The story had begun to spread, and I fancy he had heard some kind of confirmation of it. He had been shunning me; but one afternoon the poor child came to me with his sorrow. "I have given a lie," said he wearily; "but God knows, I canna bring myself to see my mither—I wad sooner drow myself. But I'm no like these loons—it kills me to doubt that I'm an honest-born laddie."

Among the presents formerly offered as New Year's gifts were pins, which were first made in the early part of the sixteenth century. However trifling such gifts might now appear, it was then highly valued, as previous to the invention of pins clothes were made of skins, and were in use for fastening garments. In this manner arose the term "pin money" in marriage settlements, the bride stipulating for or the groom voluntarily conceding a certain annual allowance with which to purchase the child, and their tears mingled as the

THE SLAVE RAIDER.

Alone, in a dark corner of his tent, toying with the beads of his rosary, sat Osman ibn Seyt. His swarthy Arab face was lined and careworn, and his eyes were downcast in thoughtful mood.

For six weeks this nomadic slave raider had been in the caravan. Many a marauder and captives through the dim depths of the Great African Forest in search of human prey. Day by day they had trudged through thorny undergrowth, beneath the impenetrable canopy of primeval trees; and each night they had slept, hungry, upon the sodden ground, in the vitiated atmosphere of decaying vegetation.

The father, with each visit of his son, grew more and more affectionate, and Willie told us of this, increased in hopefulness of ultimate success. The color had come back into the child's face, his head was no longer on his breast, the glint had returned to the soft blue eye under the long eyelashes. I never saw him so beautiful as on the last morning he started with the post carts, blithe and sparkling. In the gloaming of that same shortening day the carter came home without him. He had waited for the lad for some time after the usual hour for starting homeward. A dense fog with a heavy flurry of snow then set in, and the carter had left in the full belief that the bad weather had detained Willie at Drumfuroch for the night.

This was quite probable; but, again, it was possible that the child had been well on his way home to the moss before the weather thickened. So the groom and I started immediately in the morning, intending to drive to Drumfuroch, keeping a keen look-out along the road and on either side of it. We carried blankets and a brandy flask in case of accidents. The road was bad; the fog and snow thickened, and so slow was our progress that we were only traversing the moss in the small hours of the following morning. It had lightened a little just as we were passing the manse patch of moss land; and the sudden idea occurred to me to alight and glance over that spot. It was a fortunate impulse, for there, just under the peat bank, on a sparse sodder left by the horses, lay Willie partially snuffed over. At first I thought him dead; but he was only stiffened by cold, and soon revived. We promptly wrapped him up warmly and administered restoratives. I drove him straight to his mother's cottage, till the groom was on to the farm to tell his father of what had happened.

By nightfall Willie was in peril of imminent death from violent inflammation of the lungs, and he was all but comatose for days. When he came to himself, he found his father and mother bending anxiously over him. A common apprehension, and a common solicitude, had united the dis-separated parents. He rallied under the inspiration of a great happiness; but the doctor shook his head and talked ominously of rapid wasting of the lungs. It was not long ere the child knew that he was doomed; but he pitiously entreated that his parents would graciously grant him by enabling him to die, "an honest-born boy." The bans of marriage between John McPherson and Mary Stuart were duly proclaimed on three successive Sundays for the first, second, and third times. On the fourth Sunday, which fell on New Year's Day, the couple were made man and wife by my father in the old barn-like church. During their absence I was sitting with little Willie, whose weakness and fragility were painfully visible through the hectic flush of excitement. As his parents now united in a redlock, entered the cottage, he started up into a sitting posture, and with extraordinary eagerness and extended arms he begged his mother to give him the "marriage lines." He devoured the certificate with ardent, hollow eyes, gave one great panting sigh of gratification, clasped the paper to his breast with the exclamation, "Oh, father an' mither, this is a New Year's Gift frae Heaven itself!" and then he turned his happy, wasted face to the wall. Ten minutes later I touched his forehead. The "honest-born boy" was dead.

James Whitcomb Riley owns up to being 33 years old. He says he was a painter by trade and sign worker at sign making a long time. He served an apprenticeship also as a house painter, but was never strong enough to follow the occupation steadily. The greatest drawback in life as a writer he has found to be the lack of an education, for he did not even have a common school training. He says: "There is not a rule of grammar that is familiar to me and I wouldn't know a nominative if I was to meet it on the street." He likes his serious better than his humorous verse, and looks upon "Bereaved" as his most satisfactory work. He derives his best profits from England. The publishers over there have got out eight editions of his poems, and pay him by mere courtesy a large royalty than he gets at home where he is protected by copyright.

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of Osman's tent, and disappear in the shadow and darkness. The night grew far advanced, and the singing and dancing ceased. The log fires burned low, casting a lurid glow upon the faces of the raiders, who, overcome with drink, now lay sleeping in all manner of grotesque attitudes. Deep black shadows enveloped the crowd of native captives, who were huddled together in the centre of the zercha. But they slept not.

The darkness increased; it was the hour before dawn. The wind rustled through the tree tops in the forest, and the heavy breathing of the sleepers became more sonorous and regular, and the frogs in the adjacent swamps croaked dimly at intervals. Occasionally one of the wood fires burst into fitful flame, revealing the squatting form of a dozing sentinel. Then a shower of sparks would arise from another fire, where a half-burnt log had rolled aside.

A watchful sentinel glancing towards the forest would have seen the glittering of keen eyes. But the palm juice had proved too potent. The Arabs slept. Dark figures led by the native girl Tinela, climbed noiselessly over the stocks, and swarmed like ants into a shady corner of the camp. If one of the sentries had but raised his head he would have seen the gleam of murderous knives and spears. There was a silent movement among the captives. One by one, they arose, freed from their bonds. Then they crouched like leopards, ready to spring upon their prey.

As a proof of the manner in which the civilization of the West is seizing hold on Japan and all that is Japanese it is stated that in a private mission school in the town of Kioto there are 400 Japanese women. Ten years ago the fathers of these girls looked upon them as slaves, or at best as upper servants. Now they strain every nerve to give them a liberal education.

As the night hours passed the scene in the Arabs' camp grew wilder. The victorious raiders gave themselves up to an unbridled carousal. The more sober of the party danced and sang until their bodies were bathed in perspiration, and they fell to the ground exhausted.

As about midnight the revellers were startled by a stifled groan which appeared to emanate from the direction of Osman's tent, and reassured by the subsequent silence they said laughingly: "Ha! Our master's vision shows her teeth again." Merely the dance and song continued, the deep bass voices of the singers blending with the incessant booming of the drums, filling the still night air with reverberations.

By noon the wretched captives were herded together, and the return march to their forest encampment. The arrival in the encampment was distinguished by triumphant shouts and howls. The marauders were beside themselves with delight, and the interval between their arrival and the setting of the sun was occupied by drinking and feasting. After securing their captives by means of grumets and forked sticks, the successful raiders gathered together in groups around blazing log-fires. Huge gourd and earthenware jars of fermented palm juice, which constituted a particularly well-invoiced portion of the spoils, were produced, and by degrees Osman's followers relapsed into a state of maudlin drunkenness.

Just as darkness settled upon the forest, Khalifan, the negro, approached Osman's tent, leading his female captive by the wrist. "Bwana! In obedience to your words, I have brought this beauteous girl." "Ha! This is the girl who stayed my hand when I would have shot. Question her, O Khalifan!"

The girl turned to her. The girl's eyes were downcast, but in answer to Khalifan's queries she mumbled a brief reply. "It is Allah's mercy to let this beauteous girl that she begged her father's life." "Oh, her father was it? A powerful Khalifan, who nearly killed my master?" "Allah be praised for our master's preservation," muttered the negro fervently. "She's a comely creature. Inquire her name."

Khalifan explained his master's words. Tinela cast one hopeless glance around her, then in despair she threw herself upon the ground and cried piteously. "A curse upon you, O Osman, angrily. But Khalifan's endeavours to pacify the savage maiden were futile. Springing to her feet, Tinela struggled wildly with the giant negro. Her cries and screams at length attracted the attention of a veral of Osman's followers to his tent, and all the girl fought and struggled for freedom. Osman's brow lowered, and, turning to one of his attendants, he said gruffly, "Go! bring her father."

In a few moments Tinela's father, bruised, battered, and blood-stained, was dragged forward from the crowd of captives. Straightening himself, and holding his arms, the savage chieftain cast a defiant look upon his persecutors, but when his gaze fell upon his daughter Tinela he bowed and ground his teeth. There was a dignity of mien about the admiration of his helpless captives; among whom physical courage was esteemed the highest virtue.

In response to Osman's brief command two of the Manyema raiders shouldered and aimed their guns at the chieftain's breast. The savage remained unmoved; he merely shrugged his shoulders and glanced scornfully at the guns. Tinela's eyes distended with terror. "Khalifan, tell the girl to look well upon her father! She chooses life or death for him. Another sound or struggle and that ironing savage yonder will be shot. Does she consent to behave with peace?"

RAILWAYS. Intercolonial Railway. After Oct. 17, Trains leave St. John, Sunday, 10.30; for Halifax and Annapolis, 1.00; for Halifax, 1.30; for Sussex, 1.30; for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal, 1.55.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR UNRIVALLED Tourist Sleeping Cars. West, from Windsor Street Station, MONTREAL, as follows: Every Tuesday at 9 p. m.

DETROIT & CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p. m. Seattle, Wash. and points on the Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a. m. Via the "800 LINE" to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

WESTERN COUNTIES R. Y. Fall Arrangement. On and after Monday, 17th Oct., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m.; arriving at Yarmouth 4.25 p. m.

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. Two Trips a Week FOR BOSTON. UNTIL further notice the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Boston, Portland and Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

DAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.) S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander. Sailings for November and December. From the Company's Pier, Red's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 a. m., local time, for Digby and Annapolis. Return same days.

Have You Shaved This Morning? If not, step right in to the Royal Barber Shop, 36 King Street. The best workmen employed. RAZORS HONED TO ORDER. Face Washes Supplied for Home Use. D. J. McINTYRE, Proprietor.

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VOL. V., NO. SIR LEONARD IS

Whether he will come to there is unknown. Some Points About the Member After the Position, and Then Have Got To-Way It Is Leonard May be Appointed.

Who will be the next governor Brunswick? This question has been before for the past two years and have been mentioned for the one time Senator Boyd came inside 'ack. He was known friend of Sir Leonard Tilley who had done much for his province. Then, Chief Justice Allen's very prominent in connection. His appointment, it would be most satisfactory to liberals, and besides the member governor would create a vacancy.

When the Allan boom height Hon. Peter Mitchell field and his friends on all sides pressed his claim. He was the only one of the "fatherhood" who had not been surrendered.

The medical fraternity of this time concluded that they candidate in the field and agreed upon Dr. Bayard as Since then it is understood that St. John members in parliament divided between Dr. Bayard and the latter's party suffered materially by the doctor.

Mr. Temple, M. P., had a governorship, but it is said to have abandoned efforts in that is working hard for the vacant. For a time the names of Skinner and E. McLeod, M. P. front, but the appointment by the local government to Judge of Probates put him on and it was learned that Mr. pulling the strings for a judgeship, and was not seen successor of Sir Leonard Tilley.

During all this time it is hands that either Hon. Mr. Mr. Costigan could have the it appeared that neither of them wanted to retire from the cabinet. If not Costigan, why Adams? "thought some activities who immediately began Burns, their efforts were so Mr. Burns' appointment, to the first of the year, had been Opposition to that of Mr. Burns, and from a quarter, The French of thought their then French threatened to withdraw from the government if Mr. Burns refused. They regarded him as a French and pointed to his the promotion of Judge L. C. county court to the Supreme in support of their chair without holding that a man public recognition, because would be pleased to note that were more evenly divided voters. Should, however, he not be appointed governor Court Judge those of that able to lay the blame upon brethren. Progress has authority that the government promoted Landry to the bench but for the opposition Adams, and it is equal Burns would now be Lie for the opposition of French friends in this province.

The statement has been well informed circles during weeks that the dead-lock norship was so great that he had been another to October, 1890. It was Mr. Costigan, finding the opposition of the French, Mr. Burns appointed, throwing his influence to aspirants and that as a cost Foster and Costigan. Sir pointment had been agreed usually made.

PROGRESS is in a position far Sir Leonard has been communication as to the position regarding the position yet made arrangements to action during the sitting which fact would seem to not at all certain whether tinu in office much longer. The very latest report Mr. Costigan is to eromship himself. It is not satisfied with in this government. With the report it is more the foundation in the Costigan takes the gov-