

POOR DOCUMENT

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SELECT STORY.

HER LITTLE FORTUNE.

"Oh, yes, my face is my fortune? Didn't you know that? The day grandpa made his will he called me into his room and gave me a choice to marry the man he had selected for my husband, or see the fortune he had always meant for me go to another."

"I don't like the man you want me to marry, grandpa," I said, "and so you may leave 'I stay single, and you may do as you like with your money.'"

"It's your last chance, mind that, miss!" he answered. "Either your promise to do what I want you to do now; or you will be left with no fortune but your own pretty face. I mean it."

"All right, says I; and that is how my face is my fortune—all the fortune I shall ever have."

"And all the fortune you will ever need too," muttered Cliff Atherton, as he stole admiring glances at the bright picture of a face with its rich coloring, its soft, dark lustrous eyes. "Odd, he said, that your grandfather never altered his will after that. He was so fond of you that he must have meant to."

"Probably. But as he never did, here I am with no other fortune than the aforesaid pretty face, which I imagine, will not bring me in much of an income."

"You must be left to cousin to whom the money is left—the money which ought to have been yours."

"Oh, no; it was not his fault, and my grandfather had a right to do as he liked with his own. Besides Frank Dean wrote to me and wanted me to take half the money; but I would not of course. He must be an uncommonly nice fellow. They say he is goodness itself to his mother and sisters. They were poor till this money came, you know."

"Were they? Well, I'm glad they were and sorry for you. Then I have a sort of feeling for Frank Dean—because he is a poor, deformed semblance of humanity like myself."

Edith Dyster turned and looked at him reproachfully.

"You do wrong to speak of yourself in that manner, Mr. Atherton. Few have such gifts either for good looks or intellect as you."

The young man glanced gloomily at the velvet covered crutches that stood within reach, and then at the twisted limb extended upon a cushion before him.

"You are very kind, Miss Leyster. But which do you call this—a gift of good looks or intellect?"

"Any one to whom you are dear would love you the more for it," she answered quickly. "Frank Dean has a misfortune similar to yours, I know; and now that he has got some money, he is going to have a certain very expensive surgical operation performed which it is expected will make him as sound a man as any. He wrote me all about it and I was glad. Would you like to see his letters? Perhaps the same surgeon could help you?"

"Perhaps, I doubt it, though. I shall have to lobbie my life through on crutches. No one will love me better for them."

Edith smiled a little sadly to herself. She thought she knew some one who loved him a great deal more tenderly for his crutches.

But Cliff Atherton was rich and she had no fortune but her face. If he were to guess that she loved him, he might imagine she valued him for his money. Only that day she had heard one of the boarders say to another:

"Edith Leyster thinks she will catch poor lame young Atherton. But he sees through her fast enough; and if he ever does marry her, it will be because he fancies no woman would have him except for his money, and she is rather a pretty creature?"

So Edith, in whose ears that speech burned yet, answered, lightly, "that he was very unjust to all his friends to say that."

"Friends?" he answered, bitterly. "You know it is not the love of friends I care for. Listen to me Edith?" as the girl was turning away with a very pale face, "I am a fool I daresay. You have been very kind to me; but it was only because you pitied me perhaps. Still, your goodness has emboldened me to speak. I love you, and if you will be my wife I will try to not let you regret marrying a poor lame creature like me."

He tried to take her hand but Edith shrunk from him trembling violently.

"It is impossible," she stammered "Oh, don't ask me."

He mistook the shrinking in her face for dislike.

"I will not ask you again—do not fear," he said, in a cold, pained voice.

He reached for his crutches, and without looking at her again, went in his slow, difficult way out of the room.

Edith burst into tears.

"How silly I am," she said, "to let the chatter of those gossip affect me! I might, at least, have told him that it was not pity made me kind to him."

She lingered a little in the parlor, in the faint hope of seeing him again; but

he did not return, and in the morning she heard that he had gone away very early.

"To avoid me!" she thought.

She was fortunate enough to secure a few music pupils; and set cheerfully to work. But she could not forget Cliff Atherton.

"It was cruel to part from him so," she thought. "Why did I not go after him that evening, and ask him to be friends with me, at least?"

"Have you heard about Mr. Atherton?" one of the ladies asked her, nearly six months after Cliff's departure.

It was the first time she had heard his name in all that period. She started a little, and flushed guiltily as she shook her head.

"They say," pursued the gossip, "that he had been away to Paris or some other place to a very great surgeon, in the hope of having that crooked limb of his straightened."

Edith clasped her hands.

"Ah," she said in a low voice, too agitated to utter more.

"But it was of no use. He is a worse cripple than ever—can't even go on crutches now."

"Oh!" muttered Edith, tears suddenly blinding her.

But she turned away her face that the other might not see her.

"And that is not all," her informant went on. "He has lost all his money, or most of it, and is back here as poor as the rest of us."

"Here!" almost shrieked Edith.

"Why, yes. Didn't you know. He's in the parlour yonder, stretched on the sofa in the bay window, just as he used to be, only a great deal more helpless. He had to be carried in, and he will have to be carried out."

Edith was shaking in every limb. Her sweet face was white. She could not keep her lips still, as she turned and went into the parlor.

Cliff lay there in the bay window, as she had been told. The delicate, handsome face paler than ever, but his white cheeks flushed at sight of her.

"Edith," he cried, extending his hand, and looking at her with large, sad, whistling eyes.

Fortunately no one else was in the room. But Edith, at sight of that dear, handsome face, was no longer enough mistress of herself to care whether they were alone or not. She was crying as she bent over him, and before she knew it she had kissed him.

"My dear, my dear, she whispered. "If you know how I have regretted parting with you so! I loved you all the time, but I was afraid people would say that I wanted you for your money. Now that you have lost it, they can't say that at any rate."

"Lost it?" he murmured, looking at her as if he could not credit his senses.

"Am I dreaming, Edith, or did you kiss me just now?"

She hung her head amid deep blushes of confusion.

"I did not know I kissed you. I did not mean to do that."

He caught the sweet face to his lips. There were tears in his eyes too.

"I don't deserve such a happiness," he said. "Who told you I had lost my money?"

"Mrs Wordy told me just now."

He smiled.

"What else did she tell you?"

"That you had been to Paris, and that it had failed."

He laughed aloud.

"Mrs Wordy is not posted. The surgical operation did not fail. I cannot take a step yet, and am not allowed to try. But if all goes right, I shall walk as well as any one in six weeks. It is all nonsense about the money too; I wonder where she got the idea?"

"You have not lost it?"

"No, indeed. That is not all, Edith. My name is not Cliff Atherton, but—"

"Frank Dean!" she cried, a sudden light breaking in upon her.

"Yes, I felt so mean to take the money from you—a woman, and you would not take half of it. So I came to try and persuade you, and immediately fell head and ears over in love with you. Then you refused me, and I thought I did not care whether the surgical operation succeeded or not. When it did I could not help coming back, in the hope that you might learn to love me after all."

"And I loved you all the time," she answered. "Only I was silly about what the gossip said."

In a horse car—Campbell, "my good fellow, don't show good breeding towards the ladies or folks who will think you came from the country."

When a woman is described by a cockney as being "artless," it does not necessarily follow that she is simple and unsophisticated.

The Duke of Connaught.

"Kosmos," in the London *World*, thus writes to the Duke of Connaught: They, (the English people) love their princes with an intense affection, and all they ask of them is that they shall exhibit some discretion, and fill to the best of their capacity that place in the national life to which circumstances have summoned them. Each of your brothers has done this with conspicuous success. The Prince of Wales has performed for nearly two decades the social duties of a Regent. The Duke of Edinburgh has connected himself not only by profession, but by hard work and actual achievement, with the navy. The Duke of Albany has taken the arts of peace into his tutelage. You, sir, selected the army as your calling; you are now likely to have an opportunity of proving to the world that the choice was rightly made. Thus far all that the English people know about you is that you are a young man of agreeable presence, and that you have shirked none of the routine duties of a British officer. There is little to distinguish you from a score of other young men who may be seen in the course of a field day in the Long Valley. You have the same face, bronzed by the sun, the same well-cut features, the same clear eye, that are the distinguishing marks of the healthier branches of Young Aldershot. You look, indeed, like what you are—a smart hussar, who only requires experience in the field to develop into a "beau sabreur." We have all known that you inherited in a special degree from your Royal mother that military instinct, in virtue of which Her Majesty is so acute a critic of a review or of a march-past; which enables her to tell at a glance whether the general condition of a particular regiment is satisfactory, and to detect anything like imperfect time in the measured tread of the infantry, as the Prince of Wales observes an infringement of Court etiquette, or the ear of the Duke of Edinburgh would resent a false note on a fiddle string. Only the occasion has been wanting, we have all felt, to convince the public that you are no mere carpet-knight. That occasion appears to have arrived.

The latest departure in English educational reform is the building of the London "Board schools." Throughout the Metropolitan area these schools are distributed to the number of 300, where they have almost entirely replaced the old and undesirable parochial system. They are almost modelled on one type, so that any one can be taken indiscriminately to represent all. The schools are built with a view to solidity and strength, as well as a thoroughness in sanitary arrangements. Ventilation is provided for by an ingenious relation of fire-places and windows, and so much importance is attached to light that the walls are described as "literally be windowed." From a sanitary point of view the "school buildings" approach very near to perfection. Each of the 300 schools provides accommodation for 783 children, and allowing to each child ten square feet of "school place," it contains 7,830 square feet of room, with height of ceiling in good proportion. All modern improvements in the shape of double desks, ink-wells, and chairs sloped at the correct angle for comfort have been introduced. The schools are of two kinds, those in the better districts exacting a weekly fee of two pence a week, while the "penny board" schools are placed in the poorest quarters of poor neighborhoods. Regular attendance is assured partly through the Board's compulsory power, but chiefly by means of prize giving; good useful books are given, one each month for regular attendance, an indirect but of great value to the children of the poor. It is expected that a great deal of good work will be done among the poor of London by these schools.

A shocking case of suicide occurred on Wednesday morning at St. Joseph de Levis, Quebec. A respectable citizen named Cyrille Sanson, who resided close to the Parish church, went out to his barn at an early hour, and some time after was found by a member of his family hanging by a rope around his neck from a cross beam in the barn, and quite dead. The unfortunate man leaves a widow and large family. Sanson is believed to be suffering from temporal insanity.

"There is always room at the top," said the hotel clerk with a sardonic grin, as he sent the weary guest to the ninth story.

British Columbia Elections.

Fuller details concerning the result of the Local election in the Pacific Province show that the Government has been literally swept away. As far as heard from, the Opposition outnumbered the Government by three votes to one, and this ratio will probably be maintained throughout the Province. The Premier was returned at the head of the poll, but his colleague, the Provincial Secretary, was defeated in Victoria district, and Attorney-General Hett came within one vote of being defeated in Esquimalt, notwithstanding heavy Government expenditures in the constituency. In Cowichan, Mr. Smith, the leader of the Opposition and probable next Premier, had an easy victory. In New Westminster, Mr. Robson, an uncompromising Liberal, was returned with 262 votes, which makes the number given to the highest Ministerial candidate, 76, appear rather small. Altogether the result is inspiring to the friends of Reform throughout the Dominion. After such an upheaval as this, the politics of the Province will be less apt to be considered only as a stepping-stone to patronage. Great questions are growing up in British Columbia, and though the dividing lines between the future parties may not run exactly parallel with the lines in the other Provinces, there will be a general agreement between the friends of progress throughout the Dominion.

A Locomotive Whose Age will be Witnessed by You.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin tells the story of the locomotive which ran through a broken bridge on the Kansas Pacific Railway across Kiowa Creek several years ago, sinking into the mud at the bottom, and has never since been heard from, though repeated efforts to recover so valuable a piece of property. The bottom is a quicksand, have limits, it seems very singular that the longest boring had failed to find any trace of the sunken engine. By and by, the Bulletin suggests, the alert geologists operations will drain the quicksand and harden it into rock, and then, long after the Kansas Pacific Road has been forgotten, and the Kiowa Creek has vanished from the map, some future scientist will discover a curious piece of mechanism, undoubtedly the work of human hands, lying under so many feet of undisturbed sandstone, and will use the fact as a basis for calculating how many million years old the human race must be. Thus history will repeat itself, as it has often done, and will continue to do.

AN EASTERN ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The reported death of the deposed Gackwar of the Principality of Baroda, in Western India, close another chapter in an Eastern romance well worth the attention of any historical novelist. Some years ago the Gackwar was detected in a deliberate attempt to poison Colonel Phayre, the British resident at his court, and was dethroned forthwith. The vacant throne was filled by a youth of twelve, originally the son of a Hindu peasant. The princess having seen the child in his native village and taken a fancy to him, adopted him as her own. This adoption, according to native ideas, made him in all respects her lawful son and heir. A similar adoption formed the basis of the prince's path by the death of his predecessor, in whose favor more than one plot has been hatched against him.

FASTIDIOUS IN ACUTE RHEUMATISM.—Dr. Wood, professor of chemistry in the Medical Department of Bishop's College, Montreal, reports in the *Canada Medical Record* a number of cases in which acute articular rheumatism was cured by fasting, usually from four to eight days. In no case was it necessary to fast more than ten days. Less positive results were obtained in cases of chronic rheumatism. The patients were allowed to drink freely of cold water, or lemonade in moderate quantities if they preferred. No medicines were given. Dr. Wood says that from the quick and almost invariably good results obtained by simple abstinence from food in more than forty cases in his own practice he is inclined to believe that rheumatism is, after all, only a phase of indigestion, to be cured by giving complete and continued rest to all the viscera.

George (to his friend who had been fishing this year in the adjoining state)—"The sun has burnt your face my boy, but it did not seem to have touched your hands; they are as—Alec—By Jove, it hasn't a chance, old man. They have always been in my pockets! New York became an awful expensive place. I'm regularly cleaned out."

CANADIAN NEWS.

A vein of bituminous coal, two feet thick, has been discovered at St. Martin's. It is said that work will be resumed at the Dorchester Copper Mine, as soon as pending law suits are settled.

One day recently Mrs. Ferguson, of Clinton, a lady 77 years of age, undertook to kind one side of a field of fall wheat, and accomplished it as easy as one of younger years would. She also stocked it. The work was done for pleasure alone.

It is stated in political circles that Mr. Dewdney, Lieut.-Governor of the North West Territories, will succeed Mr. Cauchon as Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba. Who the new Governor of the Territories will be is not known yet outside the charmed circle where Governors are made.—*Free Press*.

Large and destructive fires have been raging at Mill Village, Queen's County, for the past few days. A storm of flying cinders filled the air as a sea of flames swept down to the outskirts of the village. About 4,000 acres of timber land, owned by Mr. Henry Mack, 1,000 acres owned by E. D. Davidson & Sons, and 400 acres owned by Mr. Allen Mack, were burnt. The losses will be about \$2,000 each. Other heavy losses are reported. About 6,000 acres were burned over.

From the vicinity of Sherbrook, Quebec, comes the sad intelligence of a fatal burning. During the absence of the other members of the family in the fields, a son of Patrick Delaney, a farmer, of Rock Forest, approached a stove in the kitchen, a spark from which set fire to his clothing. The little sufferer was so severely burned that he died in a few hours.

The Winnipeg Sun says: "Great slices of the North West have been as good as given away to men whose only claim to recognition is that they have dipped their hands into their pockets for the party. To give a few townships to this man and a few to the other with no definite understanding as to how they are to be brought under cultivation is nothing better than bribery. Such a policy if persisted in will do the North West an incalculable injury."

A few days ago the little son of Charles Bagness, of Halifax, attending a temperance society picnic at McNab's Island, was asked by an unknown man if he would like a piece of cake, at the same time producing some. The boy took several bits and soon became sick, vomiting violently. Since then he has been confined to bed. Today he is reported to be in a bad state, suffering terrible pains in the body and his face being very much swollen. Yesterday several of his teeth came out. Another boy who was with Bagness says the man was a stranger and that he took one of the early boats to return to town. Bagness' suffering is apparently caused by mercurial poisoning.

The intimation that Mr. Macdougall intends to address a series of open letters to Sir John McDonald on the land question in the North-West, has been received with interest by the people who have gone up to the new country to live. They feel very sore over both the land and railway monopolies, and would no doubt be glad to see their case taken up by one who is not only a vigorous thinker and a vigorous speaker, but a vigorous writer as well. Mr. Macdougall has been so long in public life, that now he is without a seat in Parliament, it will be hard for him to keep still. He will have to find a vent somewhere, and we may be sure that if his letters to Sir John are as pointed as was his pamphlet on the North-West rebellion, they will make interesting reading.—*Telegram*.

If cedar block pavements continue to grow in popularity, look out for a raise in price, for the consumption of cedar will increase enormously. The supply, however, is so large that many years must elapse before an uncomfortable degree of scarcity will be felt. Among American cities which have lately adopted cedar are Indianapolis; Des Moines, Iowa; Springfield, Ill.; Laporte, Ind.; Minneapolis and St. Paul. Detroit, the pioneer cedar block city, has pavements of cedar in good order that have been down twelve years. Chicago has some which have lasted seven years, and are still in good order, notwithstanding defective construction and unsuitable local conditions. It should not be forgotten that in Canada, though Toronto leads the way among other cities in this matter, Strathroy was the first place to go energetically and intelligently into the cedar block business.—*Toronto Globe*.

La Verite (Ultramontane) declares its belief in the truth of the reports that Mr. Chaplain and his friends are bent upon making war on Sir Hector Langevin and supplanting him in the leadership of the Quebec wing of the Conservative party, and promises to-day to keep its readers posted upon the progress of a contest which it says is likely to be interesting. The same paper, referring to Mr. Starnes' entry into Mr. Mousseau's Cabinet, says: "This selection is more than strange, as Mr. Starnes is not only a perfect nullity, but ridiculous, compromised, and con-

WARD IN EGYPT.

The enemy's main defences appear to be finished. It is rumored that Arabi Pasha is sending laborers away to avoid the necessity of feeding them.

News has just been received of a skirmish to the westward of Alexandria, beyond Meks forts. Sailors and marines stationed there drove a number of Arabs back with a small field piece. There was no loss on the English side. "Foreigners here are beginning to grumble and have formed a so-called vigilance committee to watch European interests. This movement will be a source of considerable trouble to Sir Garnet Wolseley unless firmly dealt with."

Arabi Pasha's victories on Aboukir ridge have been drawn in.

Rebels, in great force, have taken up positions immediately threatening the canal. The English admiral has occupied the water works. He will not allow any interference whatever from De Lesseps.

The Khedive has appointed fifteen of his household officers to act as guides and interpreters to the advancing British army. Arabi Pasha's troops are unusually busy erecting earthworks beyond Malaha Junction. On the 19th some shots were exchanged and several prisoners captured near the canal. No casualties.

A captain in the Egyptian army, supposed to be the bearer of despatches to Arabi Pasha, has been captured at Sues. A number of Arabic documents, supposed to be important, were found on him. There is much excitement at Port Said. The ships are ready for action.

It is understood that divergence of views exists between the Fotte and Duffrein respecting the wording of the proclamation against Arabi Pasha. England insists upon commanding the Turkish troops. It is stated that the question will be brought before the Conference.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—It is decided to send a small balloon corps to Alexandria.

Bankers telegrams from Egypt confirm the report that Arabi will submit to the Sultan.

The Sultan, has peremptorily ordered Arabi Pasha to lay down his arms. If he refuses the Sultan will leave him to be dealt with by England.

Col. Gerard, of the mounted infantry, before daybreak to-day, rode on a reconnaissance within half a mile of the enemy's second line. The reconnoitering party was pursued by horsemen; of whom it killed several. Col. Gerard states that he accomplished his object.

According to reports by natives from Kafr El Dwar Arabi Pasha, on Sunday, held a meeting of the Ulemas and obtained from them a fetwa deposing the Sultan and naming: the Sheriff of Mecca as Caliph. Arabi, it is said, is organizing the Bedouins and has appointed commanders for horse at Chariki and at Garbich in upper Egypt.

Sir Garnet Wolseley and the household cavalry have just arrived at Alexandria.

The only way tell with a liar is to beat him at his own game. That is, of course, unless he is the editor of a pious newspaper. What started this item was reading about an American who had been to Europe, and who was telling a friend, who knew he was liar, about his trip across the Atlantic, and how, on the 25th of the month, "they encountered a swarm of locusts, and the locusts carried away every stitch of canvas of the ship." The listener looked thoughtful a moment, and then said, hesitatingly: "Yes I guess we met the same swarm of locusts the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went around a corner and kicked himself.—*Peck's Sun*.

The story about Senator Sawyer asking his daughters to learn to cook, and when they prepared him a dinner of their own cooking he gave each a cheque for \$25,000 is discounted by a man told of by a western paper. He kissed his daughter fondly and told her if she would learn how to cook he would surprise her. She learned the art, and he surprised her by discharging the servant and compelling the daughter to do all the cooking for the family and a gang of threshers; and you know how threshers will eat.

Life is like a pan of milk—more skim milk than cream.