

POOR DOCUMENT

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SELECT STORY.

HOW IT ENDED.

"Can you listen to me for a few moments?" asked Mrs. Stangrove of her ward and niece, as they sat at work together.

"Certainly, aunt. What is it?" asked the girl smiling.

The smile, however, vanished as she saw the gravity of her companion's features.

"I have long suspected, my child, but lately I have felt quite convinced, that you love Captain Conway."

Margaret's face flushed, and her cheeks flushed crimson.

"Then some one was in the shrubbery last night," she thought; "and it was my aunt."

Mrs. Stangrove noticed the flush with evident pain.

"Am I right, Margaret?" she inquired.

A second time the girl paused; then, raising her bright young face, her eyes clear, steady and brave, answered quietly:

"Yes, Aunt; I love Captain Conway fondly, as he loves me. Our affection is not only mutual, but has been confessed."

"I am sorry—very sorry for it. I fear he is not worthy of you."

Margaret rose from her chair, paused, then, approaching her companion, and kneeling on the stool at her feet, her complexion a trifle paler, but her voice steady, said:

"Aunt, what have you heard to the detriment of Arthur Conway? Last night I promised to be his wife: thus I have a right to know; while so certain am I that my happiness is your happiness, that I feel whatever you have heard, whether right or wrong, you believe out of no dislike to Arthur, or to give me pain."

Mrs. Stangrove tenderly kissed Margaret's white forehead.

"You read me correctly, darling," she said. "Yes, you say truly; you have a right to know all. Listen. My suspicions were first aroused that evening when Capt. Conway brought those photographs to show you the likeness of his family. While you and he were engaged with others, I took up the packet, and was instantly struck by the extreme likeness of one—a vignette representing a young girl of hardly twenty. I exclaimed:

"What exquisite features! Is it a relation, Capt. Conway?"

"He turned red to the hair. His manner was confused, vexed. Almost unconvincingly taking the vignette from me, he thrust it into his pocket, saying:

"It is no relation, Mrs. Stangrove—it is no one of consequence. It was got in by mistake."

Margaret's face had become as grave as her companion's.

"If, aunt," she said, "you mean he loves this lady, why does he not marry her? What necessity makes him wed me?"

"My child, you are as yet unversed in worldly experience. Still, you may understand when I say you are not only an heiress, but have great future expectations."

"How!" and her hazel eyes flashed indignantly upon her words. "You would imply Arthur weds me for my money—that he is a fortune-hunter? Aunt—what you cruelly malign him!"

"I trust so. Nevertheless, Margaret, as your guardian, it was my duty to be careful. I had inquiries made, and Captain Conway watched."

"Watched?" ejaculated Margaret.

"Aunt, why have you told me this? How dare I ever look in his face again? It is humiliating. Why not have asked him himself? It would have been braver, more honorable."

"Because, Margaret, had I proved wrong, as I hoped, I would not have pained him by the thought that you whom he loved possessed even the least suspicion of his fidelity."

"Had you proved wrong?" interrupted her niece, turning very pale. "Oh, heaven! you were, then, right. What have you heard?"

"That once a week regularly Captain Conway visits a house in Brunton street, where the original of that vignette lives in apartments. He remains there two or three hours together, and appears on the most friendly footing."

Margaret dropped into a chair, and buried her face in her hands.

"Do not be alarmed," the girl said, in dull, stunned accents. "I shall not faint. The paroxysm will soon have ceased—as perfectly ceased as any engagement between me and Capt. Conway, if he does not explain all this, not only to my, but also to your satisfaction."

"My love, will you really promise me that?"

"I will, and do."

Such a happy ending, however, was not to be. When the officer came that evening by Margaret's desire, Mrs. Stangrove saw him alone, and, referring to his intentions towards her niece requested

an explanation of the vignette and the weekly visits.

Capt. Conway's complexion went white, then red, first with surprise, after which anger—an anger he could hardly keep within bounds as he inquired:

"Mrs. Stangrove, how have you learned this? Who told you?"

"I may not say. Enough that the information is correct."

"Correct?" he broke in passionately. "It is not correct. That is, in the meaning, madam, you give it. This lady is nothing to me."

"Nothing?" repeated Mrs. Stangrove, smiling incredulously.

"Nothing more than a friend, I would have said. She is a lady I respect, and would do anything to serve, but about whom to you I may not—cannot say anything."

"Under those circumstances, Captain Conway, I must decline you as a suitor to my niece."

Eagerly, but in vain, the officer entreated, expostulated, and stood upon his own dignity. Mrs. Stangrove was firm. Finally he requested to see Margaret, and with reluctance, the aunt consented. She need not have feared. Truly, to Margaret, her love was her life; but this mystery was an insult to her confidence and affection, and she was ready to surrender love and even life itself rather than bestow herself on one who feared to confide in her in turn—who, perhaps, preferred another.

"Margaret," remarked Capt. Conway, bitterly, holding her hand, which lay cold and passive in his, "it is your determination, then, that from this moment all is over between us?"

"It is, Arthur," was the answer. "But the blame is not mine, the misery is not of my making; all rests with you. You have but to speak, and—"

"Impossible!" he broke in. "Margaret, the secret is not mine. I have given my word of honor, and with a soldier, that is dearer than life."

"Or," she remarked, with slight bitterness, "love."

"Yes, love," he answered, bending his head, "it must be an entire sacrifice. Farewell!"

"Farewell!" she replied, and drew away her hand.

There was a brief silence, then he said, almost with a cry of pain blended with reproach:

"Margaret, can it be that after all the past—after the love which has—which, I feel, does yet exist between us—that we are to part? Can you not trust me?"

"I am bound by oath."

"And I for I made one to my aunt that all should cease between us, unless this matter was explained to my own and my aunt's satisfaction."

"Then all is over, indeed," ejaculated the officer, with a groan. "Farewell, Margaret; still, I will pray not for ever."

"It rests with you, Arthur—you alone. Though I reject you, I can never wed another," she said, extending her hand.

"Bless you for that!" he exclaimed, gratefully, as he pressed his lips to the slender fingers. "May fate have mercy on us both!"

A moment after he had gone, and Margaret had fallen in a swoon upon the carpet.

Mrs. Stangrove felt truly grieved for her niece's great trouble. Nevertheless, she considered she had acted quite correctly.

If Captain Conway chose to keep a secret, in which a young and beautiful woman was concerned, it remained ill for her affection for Margaret and the latter's married happiness. Still she felt out to the heart when she observed her niece growing daily thinner and more wan.

"I wish George would come home," she thought. "He might cheer her. Besides, too, Lady Pomeory and Sophia are returned to the Cedars. Thank goodness he is going to exchange from that miser able India regiment for one at home."

Lady Pomeory and Mrs. Stangrove had been school-girls together, and when women, such bosom friends that they had planned uniting their families by a union between their children. Sophia was not averse to the arrangement, for though not in love, George Stangrove was good looking and pleasant. Neither at first had the gentleman seemed backward, for the lady had a handsome fortune, and matters had gone on pretty well until over a year ago, when Captain George had showed such a decided loosening in his attentions, that it had roused his mother to declare that if he did not wed Sophia Pomeory, she would disinherit him.

He made no response; he did not say he would not marry the young lady, but he visited The Cedars more rarely, until an order from India prevented him from going altogether.

Thus stood affairs, when the papers brought terrible news to aunt and niece. England and France had declared war against Russia, and among the regiments ordered to the theatre of war was the one George Stangrove had just exchanged in to, and also the one to which Arthur Conway belonged.

When Margaret read this, the paper dropped from her hand. She covered her face, and felt as though guilty of a great crime.

"If he dies," she thought, with a burst of tears, "I shall never forgive myself. Will he not come to see me before he departs?"

No. The regiment started, but Arthur Conway made no sign. Margaret felt that all was indeed ended between them.

"And I desire it. I would not trust him!"

The war went on. Man slaughtered man. Nurses were required.

Margaret seized the opportunity; it was a means to see Arthur once more. Never had she loved him so dearly, trusted him so implicitly. She would serve in any capacity, if they could only meet again.

Not so easy. On her arrival she had her place appointed, and it was not near Arthur Conway nor her cousin. On inquiry, she ascertained that they were in quite another direction at present.

Days elapsed, when a great battle was fought. There were many slain, many wounded, and extra nurses were summoned. With cold misery at her heart—for she knew both the regiments she was interested in had been engaged—Margaret managed to go with the nurses.

Who were killed? Who were wounded? she asked herself, for there were none to tell her the names of the living and the dead.

She entered the hospital calm in appearance, but with an agony at her heart past description. At one moment she shuddered, lest she should find them there. The next she prayed she might, for fear a worse fate had befallen them.

A dizziness was upon her. She stood motionless between the rows of white beds, trembling to inspect them, when there reached her ear a voice that thrilled her soul. It said:

"Great Heaven! Margaret!"

She turned, and the next instant was kneeling at one of the white beds, her face buried on the pillow, where rested the head of its wounded occupant, while she exclaimed:

"Arthur—oh, Arthur, we meet at last. But, oh, to find you thus!"

Margaret was no good nurse to act in this fashion. She couldn't have helped it, however, to save her life.

Fortunately, Captain Conway's wound was but slight. Placing his hand gently on hers, he said, fervently:

"Praise Heaven for having sent you here to learn the truth, darling! See, another desires to speak to you."

He motioned towards the next bed, and looking Margaret behind her cousin. His eyes bade her approach.

Eagerly she did so, when, faintly, he spoke:

"Margaret, I have heard all cruelly you have wronged Arthur, the most noble of men! Be henceforth as true to him as he has been to me—to self-sacrifice."

"I do not understand, dear George," she murmured. "Pray explain."

"I will. You know mother's intentions respecting my marriage with Sophia Pomeory. I could not fulfil them, for I loved one as good as she was beautiful, though poor, and we were married. Only one knew my secret—Arthur Conway—and to keep his oath made to me, he sacrificed his own happiness. The lady—is my wife. If I die, be to her a friend!"

"George," cried Margaret, kissing his forehead. "I will be to her a sister."

Just then a doctor hurried up, reproof on his lip.

"Forgive me," said Margaret; "but these two are dear friends. One is my cousin, the other my future husband. I am calm now."

She might have added "happy."

She nursed them tenderly until Arthur was well and George out of danger. One day, as she sat by the latter's side, a lady entered. It was Mrs. Stangrove. She had heard of his peril, and had hastened to him.

She had him moved to her own apartments, where his pale, wan face softened her heart; he whispered to her his secret. There was one moment of disappointment, of anger, then the mother's heart yielded to forgiveness.

"Only live, my son," she said, "and I will pardon all. Your wife shall be my daughter, for I perceive I soon shall lose Margaret."

Such words were better than medicine to the invalid.

Captain George's recovery was now rapid, and a happy party, they all returned to England, where Margaret and Arthur Conway's marriage was solemnized. Mrs. George Stangrove was present at the ceremony, and Captain George gave away the bride.

The Richmond (Ky.) Register reports selling of a "stout-looking young fellow" into slavery for one year to the highest bidder. The price paid was one dollar, the purchaser a railroad contractor, and the offence vagrancy.

Progress of the Preparations for War against the Rebels.

Public attention is divided as to the intention of the Government to tax India for the expense of bringing over the Indian troops to the theatre of operations. One party alleges that thus the consistency of the Liberals is saved. They pitched into Lord Beaconsfield hotly for doing the same thing during the Russo-Turkish war without leave from Parliament, and also denounced the Tories for employing Indian soldiers to fight in Afghanistan. The cases are not similar. Indian troops had no possible interest in the Afghan imbroglio, which really concerned England only. At the present crisis the direct road to India is threatened with all the commercial advantages belonging thereto. Hence it is India's positive and immediate interest to see the Suez Canal kept clear of enemies and preserve in its integrity the machinations of Arabi Pasha. The thinking public see and understand the difference between the two cases. The Jingoes and their new and strange bedfellows the Parnellites, will neither see nor understand. The *Pall Mall Gazette* declares that there is no excuse for charging one penny of the expense of the Egyptian expedition upon the finances of India, except temporarily. If the Government is weak enough to yield to the temptation it will break up. All its members cannot be expected to swallow their words and belie the whole spirit of their previous utterances about the only legitimate application of the Indian taxes.

The False Prophet.

Mohammed Achmet, the False Prophet of the Sudan, was born in the region of Dongola, on the western bank of the Nile, where it makes its great bend. He was a poor man, a carpenter and boat-builder by trade. He first came into notoriety on the large island at Khartoum, situated about 200 miles south of Khartoum. Here, after the fashion of the fakirs and holy men, he withdrew from society, and devoted himself to prayer and meditation. He soon had a large following, and proclaimed himself the expected prophet and deliverer of the people. He wrote letters all over the country announcing himself and his mission. He was recognized at once as a leader. While many of the more intelligent Moslems repudiated him, others, moved both by religious and political motives, and who, above all, hoped that he would show them some way to escape the payment of their taxes, flocked to his standard. He was secretly encouraged and abetted by enemies of the Government residing at Khartoum. His presence in so commanding a position on the Nile soon became obnoxious to the authorities at Khartoum, and an expedition was organized to dislodge him. A detachment of 120 men of the regular army was sent against him on the island. These men were badly managed, and, although they were armed with the best make of Remington rifles, while Mohammed Achmet and his band had only their spears, they were killed one after the other as fast as they landed, till not one of the 120 was left. Not a shot was fired. It was a slaughter like the sticking of so many pigs. The steamer with its crew and one or two officers escaped back to Khartoum with the sad news. Of course, after this exploit, Mohammed Achmet knew this it would not do for him with his present forces to remain where he was. He therefore gathered together all his following—men, women, and children, cattle and provisions—crossed the Nile to the left bank, and fled to a wild mountain called Gebil Gedir, 200 miles south west of the Island of Abbas, and about ninety miles north west of the penal colony and military station at Fashoda. Here, in an easily defended and almost inaccessible mountain, he took up his abode. The Baggara Arabs, the former slave-hunters of the White Nile, now began to flock to his standard in great numbers. This large tribe is noted for its restless, lawless, unruly spirit. It was the policy of the Government to let the rebels alone, now that they had left the river, thinking that they would soon lose their zeal and disperse for want of provisions. But a new Governor of Fashoda had been appointed who considered it his duty to signalize his loyalty by organizing another expedition against the rebels. Contrary to orders from Khartoum, he gathered the military forces from Kaka, Fashoda, and the station at the mouth of the Sobat; in all, 600 soldiers of the regular army. With these he joined 200 men of the large native tribe of the Shillouks, under the King of Shillouk—500 men all told. With these he marched six days across the desert by forced marches. On the seventh day, when the men were all tired out from the long march and utterly unfit for action, they met the enemy. Mohammed Achmet was again victorious. The fight was turned into a slaughter. Sixty men were taken prisoners by the rebels; only twenty escaped by running for it; and all the rest were slain. The Governor of Fashoda and the King of the Shillouks were both killed.

A Cure for Sleeplessness.

A "Natural Philosopher" writes to the *London Daily News*: "Without aspiring to the title of Mr. Pangloss, I believe I may say I have discovered a cure for sleeplessness. To count innumerable sheep is a sort of wool-gathering that with me leads to nothing—a going for wool and coming home shorn of sheep. I say the alphabet backward awakens so many dancing figures of great A, little A, and bouncing B as set my wits on edge, instead of soothing them. Such praiseworthy processes of the mind requires supplementing by a bodily process. This proud discovery is made. Marry the mind to the body as in healthy sleep, and the deed is done. This is my process: Think of sleep if your mind runs that way; of any innocent and soothing whiteness, of snow, of waves, of falling or of dancing feet or leaves, or of wind on the grass or the corn. It is my peculiar fancy to be among books, to pass by shelf after shelf of them, punctually turning their backs upon me; the mere thought of the uncertainty of their pages would be fatal to my repose. Having set my fancy wondering, I take the forefinger of my right hand and describe a circle; and thus turning over in my mind books and circles, it will go hard with me if the one does not presently melt into the other and the whole into a dream. I maintain sleep must follow if this process is carried on with strength of mind to sternly check all the quitting of those two great points, a congenial walk for the fancy and persistence in describing circles. But the jade fancy must not turn aside nor must the hand swerve. Circle must follow circle; book must follow book, like the strokes of a pendulum. The mind, Dr. Baird would say, becomes hypnotized and care and sorrow lose themselves in death's twin-brother, sleep. Like every other great art this is not to be reached in a day. But patience will bring it about. The first night it will be impossible; the second it will be hard. Honest and persevering experiment will testify that a week will make practice a fact."

The Algoma Election.

Hon. William McDougall, who was defeated by Mr. Dawson in the recent contest in Algoma, has some idea of entering a protest, and should he do so on the grounds mentioned, the boundary problem will very shortly be brought before the Courts. The contention of Mr. McDougall is that affixed Province representation is given in the Dominion Parliament and that no Act of Parliament can transfer territory, or even a vote, from one Province to another. The last decision in the Courts on the western boundary of Ontario was that given in the DeReinart Quebec case, tried in 1818 at Quebec, when the boundary was defined as being the meridian of the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, which strikes the north shore of Lake Superior at a point between Thunder Cape and Prince Arthur's Landing. West of this line Mr. McDougall contends that Parliament had no right to add territory for electoral purposes to the District of Algoma, which is the Province of Ontario. Mr. Dawson's large majorities are west of this point, and Mr. McDougall believes that east of that the majority of legal votes cast for his opponent would be small if any majority at all existed. Should the official returns show a majority for him east of the line referred to Mr. McDougall will himself enter a protest. If there is a majority for Dawson a protest can be entered by any elector, but Mr. McDougall will scarcely follow it up himself. In the event of the protest being successful on the grounds stated, a new election would be necessary. Should the protest go on a curious spectacle would be presented—Mr. McDougall, who favors the Ontario contention in the boundary question, would be found fighting for the recognition of the boundary he has always disputed, while Sir John and Mr. Dawson would also find themselves fighting on new ground.

Drifting into War.

In answer to the allegation that England had "drifted into war" in Egypt as she "drifted into war" in the Crimea, Mr. Gladstone pointed out in Parliament that there was not a more singular example on record of the manner in which a particular phrase obtains currency in defiance of facts than the constant and everywhere established use of the word "drifting." What is the history of that word, he asked, in reference to the Crimean War? It is simply this, that at the moment when the war was on the point of breaking out, when all diplomatic correspondence had ceased, and when the whole policy of the Government in its endeavor to prevent the war had failed, Lord Clarendon was asked—I think by Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords—what was our actual position at that moment. Lord Clarendon said:—"All correspondence and all practical attempts for the maintenance of peace have ceased, and we are at this moment, if I may so say, drifting into war." This "drifting into war" was strictly confined to two or three days which intervened between the policy aiming at peace and the policy which led to war.

THE DELAY IN THE OPERATIONS.

frets the impetuous, who think an army can be moved as quick as the furniture of a house. Yet there has not only been no delay but very much the contrary. Never since the middle of the Crimean war have matters of such importance been so quickly arranged as during the last two weeks. The greater part of the force will be embarked within a few days. Tomorrow, in accordance with a General Order, a company of the Royal Engineers and part of the Commissariat Land Transport Corps will start for Egypt. The Household Cavalry, 450 strong, were sent off Saturday, and the troops from the Mediterranean will go next week. Owing to the present arrangements being less alarming, Arabi not going ahead as he feared he would, and the Musselman population being apparently quiet, the number of men to be embarked will be reduced by 5,000. But a second army corps is by this time nearly ready to start if needed, and the calling out of the reserves ensures a supply of trained and seasoned soldiers, besides those times-morale men who will now be prevented from passing into the reserved until the crisis is over.

THE FUTURE.

The knowing ones see more in all these preparations than meets the eye. Such armaments could not have been prepared merely to crush Arabi Pasha, to reduce whom to submission a few regiments landed at once would have sufficed. Either England intends to hold Egypt, or she fears a "Holy War." If the latter, the forces at present equipped are not enough to defeat the huge bodies of men that will be brought against her. If the former, the object will best be accomplished by delays, which will wear the Egyptians out, and force the public opinion of the country to declare itself one way or another. To have moved too quickly and zealously Cairo, as was proposed by some of the Jingoes, would have been to rouse the jealousy of Europe and to stir up the passions of the Mussulmans. Hence it is best for England to move slowly even in the matter of sending out troops. This is folly. Mr. Gladstone has emphatically denied any idea of conquest or seizure—or of any occupation, or the employment of any forcible means other than are necessary to accomplish the object he had in view from the first: the deliverance of Egypt from a lawless despotism, and the guaranteeing of the safety of the Suez Canal in the interests of Europe. Underhand work is not in Mr. Gladstone's line, nor does he wish to precipitate a European war by any such unstatesmanlike acts. At the same time, as no one can tell the issue of the crisis, England is entering into the struggle ready for any emergency. His determination is that if England has to do the work in conjunction with any other Powers, she will do it as an underling to none, but prepared to take and keep the first place, as she was the first to accept the responsibility of action.

A Russian Jew who reached Atlanta, Ga.,

eight months ago with \$4 in his pocket, is now building two neat cottages on city lots that he has paid for. The secret of his success lies in the fact that his family, a wife and five children, all work as well as himself, and contribute something to the general income. He averages \$30 a week as a tailor.

A Louisiana girl glories in a light brown beard on her chin and cheeks.

The saddest thing about it is that there is no young fellow attached to it, for, like Topsy, it "grows."

THE RICHMOND (KY.) REGISTER.

reports selling of a "stout-looking young fellow" into slavery for one year to the highest bidder. The price paid was one dollar, the purchaser a railroad contractor, and the offence vagrancy.