

A DESPERATE EXPEDIENT

The lecture was just at an end, and Walter Dundas, M. A. Cantab, gathered his papers together, while his audience, consisting of ladies, prepared to depart. The University Extension had but recently penetrated into the remote provincial town of Slumberleigh, and had there met with almost unprecedented success.

Reaching the outer door before the whole assembly had dispersed, Dundas scanned each of his students, exchanging greetings and farewells with some whose acquaintances he had made during his few weeks' residence in Slumberleigh. As the last parted, he turned on his heel and, leaving a slight sigh, betook himself to his hotel. "I must have missed Miss Clifford," he muttered; "she was certainly here before I left for New York, just to say goodbye."

Meanwhile, the subject of his reflections, a pretty, bright-faced girl of nineteen, had arrived at her home, a large handsome house in the principal street of the little town. In the hall she met her father.

"Come into the study and shut the door," he said. "I have something rather serious to tell you."

"The fact is, Mabel," said Mr. Clifford, "I have been, as you may have noticed, in pecuniary difficulties for some time past. Some months ago, to meet my more pressing claims, I was obliged to mortgage the house and to get a bill of sale on the furniture. But things have gone from bad to worse, and I have just found that, unless I can raise £200 within two months, I shall be in a fair way to become a bankrupt. Your uncle George is such a miser, that I've heard the faintest rumor that I was in difficulties through extravagance, he wouldn't leave me a farthing, far less give me anything! In fact, it is partly on his account, that I am so anxious to raise my money quickly, for if I am gazetted before he dies (the doctors say he hasn't two months to live) my name will be cut out of his will."

"But father, think of the debt! Why, it would be like robbing people!"

"I know, Mabel, I know, and all is fair in such a case. Besides, if everything does turn out well and uncle George's money comes to us all right, why, then we can get the presents out of pawn and return them—engagement suddenly broken off, you know. What objection can there be to that?"

"But the whole scheme is so preposterous! No, father, I really can't do it!"

"So you won't do that little service for me? Well, I might have expected it! Here am I toiling and slaving for these years—who would have thought it!—and you deny myself, paying sweet guineas for your tea to local lectures, and this is all the thanks I get!"

"I was at the last to-day," said his daughter, coloring indignantly. "The last! Then that lecturer fellow—what's his name?—Dundas, has gone? Look here, Mabel! Let him be the bridegroom. He'll never hear of it—he's not likely to ever come back again, and it will seem much more natural for you to be engaged to him than to a stranger. There! I flatter myself that I have made a brilliant suggestion."

"Father, I must tell you plainly," said Mabel, flushing angrily, "I decline to have anything to do with the plan."

and it was too late to draw back now. The only thing left for her to do was to prepare herself as well as she could for the many unpleasant interviews which she foresaw would have to be gone through.

True to his resolution, Clifford sallied forth that night to the gossip-monger, and returned in high glee at the manner in which his plausible story had been received. "Miss Worboise was delighted," he said, "and consulted me immediately as to what I recommended for a present. She is coming round tomorrow morning to talk it over with you, so mind and prepare yourself for any emergency."

Mr. Clifford had not miscalculated when he said that it would quite unnecessary to do more than tell the news to Miss Cynthia. In less than a week the whole town was discussing the engagement, and Mabel had received calls of congratulation from all her friends. Her father, wishing to hurry up matters, had fixed a day some six weeks hence, and had sent out dainty, silver-written invitation cards to their whole circle.

As he expected, on their being sent out, a stream of presents, steady enough to realize his most sanguine hopes, began to flow in, and he more than once congratulated himself and his daughter on the success that had met their schemes. Mabel, however, had often great difficulty in explaining away some discrepancies which did arise in spite of her care.

Time passed on, till at last one week remained before the date fixed for the eventful ceremony. Mr. Clifford had just been consulting Mabel as to the propriety of announcing the sudden indisposition of the bridegroom, when Miss Worboise paid her usual morning call.

"Oh, Mabel, darling, you don't tell me, but I knew you would like to talk it over, so I called in early. Naughty man! to combine business with pleasure like this!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mabel, with a gasp.

"You know as well as I. I really wonder if you let him. It's hardly respectable!"

"What is hardly respectable?" the girl asked, a horrible red seizing her.

"Why, of course, letting him lecture here the very day before his marriage. Didn't you know?—but of course you did. He has promised to give an extra lecture to supplement his course."

"Oh, yes—I know," said, or rather gasped, Mabel. "Of course—I have rather a headache this morning, and—would you excuse me?"

Miss Worboise, of course took the hint and left, with many expressions of regret, while Mabel sought her father.

"What shall we do?" she panted. "He is coming here before he crosses the Atlantic—actually here—in five days—he must hear of it—and I—shall die of shame!"

"You had better know the whole," she said, and then, as calmly and collectedly as she could, she told the humiliating story.

Half an hour later, Mr. Clifford re-entered the drawing-room, a telegram in his hand. He stood for a moment on the threshold, and then, advancing, said: "I suppose my daughter has told you all, Mr. Dundas? But I have you to thank for the unwarrantable liberty I have taken for the service you have rendered me—"

But this telegram tells me Uncle George is dead, and, as I am his heir, we can now, at least, end back the wedding presents."

"With your permission, sir," said Dundas, smiling, "Mabel and I have decided to keep them."

TOILETS OF THE SEA. Suppressions of English fishermen as to the Mysteries of the Deep.

The legends quaint customs, and superstitions connected with fish and fishing are many and curious. Ask a Scandinavian why salmon are red and have such fine tails. You will be told that the ruddy color of the fish is due to the fact that when heaven was on fire the gods threw the flames into the water and the salmon swallowed them.

The delicacy of the salmon's eye is explained by the story that Loki, when the angry gods pursued him, turned himself into a salmon. He would have escaped if Thor had not caught him by the tail. Salmon have had their tails fin and thin ever since.

Why are soles, plaice, and other flat-fish brown on one side and white on the other? By flattery failed. Then the sage, after having suggested that the eleven should "fall upon the monster and strangle him," which he thought in the circumstances would only be justifiable homicide, coaxed him, and laughed, and pulled him by the arm, and the other ten did the same; and finally the rock moved, and again they were all free Englishmen.

Strong and Unreserved Testimony of the Curative Powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Actions speak louder than words. Mr. John MacLennan of Washburn Bridge, N. S., made use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and says: "I used the medicine for the convenience of the people, but for the destruction of ships and sailors, and the annoyance of fishermen in general. In the progress of the work Old Nick dropped his hammer in to the sea. Snatching at it, I caught a haddock, and all haddocks carry the imprint of his black fingers to this day."

Fishermen have queer customs. A few years ago the fishermen of Preston, Lancashire, used actually to go fishing on Sunday. It seems incredible but they did. A clergyman of the town used to preach against this Sabbath desecration, and they thought they might catch a fish. And they did not. But they found out how to make their prayers of no avail. The fishermen used to make a hole in the side of the boat, and put this small "stump" up their chimneys. When his reverence was asleep and consumed the fish bit—like anything.

The fishermen of the Isle of Man always test a fish before they eat it. They have a tradition that at one time an evil spirit always haunted the herring bank and was always attended by storms. The spirit assumed many forms. At last it took the form of a man. The fishermen were certain that all will be said and sung.

On the Norfolk coast they think that flax and fish come together. An old fisherman used to make a hole in the side of the boat, and put this small "stump" up their chimneys. When his reverence was asleep and consumed the fish bit—like anything.

CARLYLE AS A JURYMEN.

How He Liked It and How the Verdict Was Secured Under Difficulties.

Carlyle once served on a jury. It must have been a curious experience for every body concerned. The action was over a patent, and after the first hearing it was adjourned, when an official of the court asked Carlyle to give his word of honor that he would come again when required.

The answer of the philosopher was an emphatic "No." He gave the official his word of honor, but he would not come back—they might fine him, they might kill him, but that box he would not enter alive any more.

When the summons for him to appear again arrived, Mrs. Carlyle, thinking to save him an expense, and ignorant of the consequence, burnt the paper, and was only enabled mentioning the matter accidentally to Sir F. Pollock that Carlyle was saved from a £10 fine, just a fifth part of the sum he was paid for writing the "French Revolution."

Even then there was some difficulty, for Mrs. Carlyle could not remember the name of the case, the date or the court. But the fact that it was a patent case was a clue, and Carlyle, "cursing from the bottom of his heart the administration of English justice," turned up in time.

The case was heard and the jury could not agree. Eleven were for the plaintiff and one for the defendant. Oddly enough, the recalcitrant jurymen was not the dogged philosopher, but an obscure individual as Carlyle described him. "With a huge flat head, and evidently no sense in it," the eleven reconstituted in vain.

At last Carlyle came to the rescue. "Don't reason with him," said he; "don't say he is a fool—it'll irritate him—that is our only chance."

But flattery failed. Then the sage, after having suggested that the eleven should "fall upon the monster and strangle him," which he thought in the circumstances would only be justifiable homicide, coaxed him, and laughed, and pulled him by the arm, and the other ten did the same; and finally the rock moved, and again they were all free Englishmen.

Lord Dufferin once our governor general was on leaving Oxford in 1846, led to make a close study of the Irish people, by witnessing the terribly painful scenes during the Great Famine. He with a friend took a hamper of bread for distribution, but an orderly dispensation of this relief was impossible, and the loaves had to be thrown out of a window, the famished women struggling for them. These episodes made a life-long impression.

TURKEY'S TRADE. Turkey sends out tobacco, the cereals, nuts, almonds, olives, all sorts of dried fruits, coffee, madder, opium, and an enormous amount of wine, the last named article to France, to be re-bottled and exported. A very important trade is also carried on in fish, sponges and coral.

BORN. Windsor, N. S., to the wife of H. P. Scott, a son. Dalhousie, May 20, to the wife of Mr. Fay, a daughter. Cambridge, May 8, to the wife of H. Landry, a daughter. Amherst, May 19, to the wife of J. Embley, a son. Amherst, May 11, to the wife of Daniel Geldert, a son. Halifax, May 21, to the wife of Sergt. Bowstead, a son. Roseville, May 14, to the wife of Samuel Steeves, a son. Hillsboro, May 18, to the wife of Hugh Sinclair, a son. Moncton, May 22, to the wife of Irvine Binney, a son. Petit Rocher, May 7, to the wife of J. F. Comeau, a son. Hillsboro, May 19, to the wife of George Kinnie, a son. Halifax, May 22, to the wife of Capt. Oye Lange, a son. Windsor, May 15, to the wife of C. Henry Dimock, a son. Dartmouth, May 24, to the wife of E. A. Butler, a son. Westville, N. B., to the wife of Dr. C. Ellis, a daughter. South Waterville, N. B., to the wife of George Martock, N. S., May 15, to the wife of John Daulton, N. S., a son. Hillsboro, May 10, to the wife of James C. Wright, a son. Lunenburg, May 23, to the wife of F. Wesley Newport, N. S., May 18, to the wife of Robert Chambers, a son. Charlottetown, May 20, to the wife of Robert J. Russell, a daughter. Middleville Branch, May 20, to the wife of Spurgeon Havelock, a daughter. Yarmouth, May 16, to the wife of Capt. Ralph McDonald, a daughter. Hammond Plains, May 19, to the wife of James M. Hesterick, a daughter.

MARRIED. Yarmouth, May 15, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Henry Giles to Rosa Mason. Woodstock, May 22, by Rev. Thomas Todd, E. A. McKel to Emma Fears. Malone Bay, May 11, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, George Batus to Minnie Hamu. Hanford, May 14, by Elder D. R. Nowlan, Archie Main to Elizabeth H. Webster. Havelock, May 23, by Rev. Abram Perry, Colby J. MacKinnin to Merat Thorne. Bale Verte, May 25, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, John L. Wall to Amelia Allan. Parrboro, May 1, by Rev. E. McLean, John B. Delaney to Willetta A. Johnson. Oak Point, May 9, by Rev. I. R. Skinner, Arthur J. Russell to Annie M. Coffey. Surrey, N. B., May 18, by Rev. W. Camp, John F. Wallace to Emma E. McFeters. Havelock, May 15, by Rev. N. A. MacNeil, Freeman Corey to Isabel L. Corry. Fairview, May 8, by Rev. J. L. Read, Havelock. Yarmouth, May 15, by Rev. D. B. Hubbard, Edward D. Churchill to Florence Hubbard. Bridgewater, May 8, by Rev. A. D. Swelburg, Stephen Tompkins to Lettie Hubbard. Grandville, May 2, by Rev. F. M. Young, James Frederick Wilson to Ella May Bane. Halifax, May 25, by Rev. Allan Simpson, Henry J. Mosher, of Berwick, to Annie M. Cooper. Yarmouth, May 16, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Edward D. Churchill to Florence Hubbard, of Yarmouth. Bridgewater, May 20, by J. B. Giles, Frank M. Laren, of Halifax to Clara Seely, of Brighton. St. Croix, May 15, by Rev. E. F. Caldwell, Theodore A. Hill to May H., daughter of James Hall. Lower Economy, May 16, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Noble Simpson to Laura, daughter of Charles Marsh. Urbana May 7, by Rev. J. Shipperly, Daniel Skatke of South Hants, to Jane Franklin, of Urbana. Joggins Mines, May 20, by Rev. J. M. Parker, Richard S. Davis to Annie daughter of Henry McCarty.

DEATHS. Truro, May 22, R. O. Christie, 33. Milton, May 19, John Taylor, 74. Halifax, May 21, Wm. Inglis Moffat, 51. Halifax, May 22, John J. Henry, 79. Petticoat, May 13, J. D. Cochrane. St. John, May 27, George Nixon, 31. St. John, May 28, Harriet Nixon, 62. Westport, May 21, William Morrill, 90. Westport, May 13, Charles W. Denton. Hebron, May 21, Mrs. Sarah Patten, 73. Campbellton, May 17, Richard Lane, 68. Hampton, May 21, James M. Sprong, 68. Amherst, May 18, Wm. Inglis Moffat, 51. Marydale, May 11, Thomas Chisholm, 82. Bridgetown, May 13, Watson Munroe, 54. Ship Harbor, May 3, Samuel Chipman, 90. St. John, May 28, David Palmer Howe, 76. Kingston, May 21, Stephen H. Crawford, 65. Westworth, May 18, Mrs. Louisa Smith, 77. Cheverie, N. S., May 16, Fred B. Palmer, 27. Kingston, May 21, Stephen H. Crawford, 65. Westworth, May 18, Mrs. Louisa Smith, 77. Fredericton, May 25, Miss Georgina Bain, 19. North Shore, May 17, Alexander McLean, 75. Stronach Mt., May 12, Owen de Forest Teft, 12. Berwick, May 8, Dominick J. Robichaud, 61. Halifax, May 24, Martin James Niblett. Windsor Forks, May 12, Mrs. Martin Burck, 85. Dorchester penitentiary May 15, William Higgins. Marysville, May 19, Phoebe, wife of Jacob Libby, 71. Wason, May 3, Sophia, wife of W. A. Skinner, 61. St. John, (west), May 25, Z. Charles E. Adams, 81. Blackville, N. B., May 3, Mrs. Charles Delany, 71. North Sydney, May 16, Capt. James W. Brown, 61. Gratton, May 5, Margaret, wife of Preston Wheeler, 70. Lower Williams, May 19, Miss Hannah Masgrave, 70. Lunenburg, May 22, Mary wife of Henry Mer son. St. John, May 20, Elizabeth, wife of James John son. Upper Hecwasy, May 12, Katherine, wife of Thomas Ross, 67. Dunkin, May 20, Mrs. Hannah Starr, wife of Wm. Ross, 67. Pictou, May 1, Mary, youngest daughter of Angus Lillis, 60. Halifax, May 21, Mary, widow of the late Patrick McKenna. Carleton Place, May 10, Matilda J., daughter of Daniel Evans. Cornwall Hill, May 15, Elizabeth wife of Robert Neill. Richmond, May 14, Aldran, eldest son of Rev. J. Dartmouth, May 25, Catherine, wife of the late Rev. A. S. Hunt. Hampton, May 27, Edward L., son of Judge, Wed dertown, 33. Black River, May 18, Willard W., son of James E. and Alice Peck. Brookline, N. Y., May 14, N. B. Gardiner, formerly of Yarmouth, N. S. Moncton, May 20, Robert Leo, son of John W. and Elizabeth Trice, 11. Marshelltown, May 15, Katherine Nobles, widow of late John Nobles 70. St. John, May 23, Hiram, eldest son of C. H. and Amelia McKnight, 13. Escuminac, May 21, George Lewis, eldest son of the late Thomas Lewis, 52. Barnesville, May 22, Alice L., daughter of Elizabeth and Robert Simpson, 20. Campbellton, May 18, Christina McIntosh, widow of the late John McIntosh, 74. North Head, Grand Manan, May 7, Ellen Jane, wife of John Johnston, 46. Halifax, May 22, Percy Howcroft Rhoads, only son of A. and Amelia G. Rhoads. West Bay, C. B., May 6, Effie Isabel, child of James and Sarah McMillan. Nashwan, C. B., May 17, Howard, son of John and Charlotte Anderson. Kewick, May 22, Annie C., daughter of George K. and Annie Dunphy, 3 months. Bayview, May 12, Thomas Wilson Earl, son of James A. and Dolly Johnson. Long Island, N. B., May 17, Ida M., daughter of William F. and Naomi Fladders, 17. St. John, May 21, Mary, wife of the late Henry Gordon and daughter of the late Thomas and Annie Selridge.

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Wolville, May 6, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Charles T. Stewart of Prosser, to Jessie Atwell, of Black River. Fredericton, May 31, by the Rev. Willard McDonald, Peter McNamara, to Margaret Macdonald both of Stanley, N. B. Murray Corner, May 14, by Rev. Jos. H. Brownell, George Field, May 13, J. D. Greenwood, both of Lunenburg, N. S. Urbana, May 15, by Rev. J. Shipperly, Samuel McPhee, of Lunenburg, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late Alexander Rose, of Urbana.

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