

MISS ROSELEAF'S BABY.

BY RACHEL GAREW.

Subdued joy pervaded the "Hotel Lombardia," at Florence, because it was rumored abroad that Miss Roseleaf's pug Trotsy was in extremis. He was not an attractive animal, mentally or physically, and had endeavored himself to no one save his lovely young mistress. His figure was ruined through overfeeding; he had lost one eye in a bygone tussle with a butcher's cut, and the other optic-glassed at the world with a stinker expression from out the black patch upon his countenance. Had he not mouthed Miss Winkham's slipper into an unpleasant pulp, and retired under Miss Elcherton's bed, there to snore and fidget like a lady into spasms? He had also snatched a biscuit out of the hand of infant innocence—the mother of said innocence passing a sleepless night wondering if it were not well to send for Pastor, to be quite sure that the child was no more than innocent.

For all these misdemeanors, Miss Roseleaf apologized with a grace so charming that the malcontents were seen to stop on the stairs to stroke Trotsy and beg him to be a dear little fellow, so he was—same same quadruped which they had erstwhile apostrophized as a hideous, snarl-legged, over-fed, vicious temperance.

But how could they do else than melt, with Doris Roseleaf's sweet eyes caressing them from under the shade of her big tossing plumed hat, and the shell pink on her cheeks deepening to warm sunset red at glances of her ill-favored pet?

"Yes, Doris is so fondly fond of the dog, I'm obliged to put up with him; but he is a great nuisance, to be sure, particularly in travelling. When we start for the Tyrol next week there will be the usual harrowing scene—the railway people refusing to let Trotsy go in the carriage with us, Doris in tears, and at last a fee to pay, a scolding, that really breaks my heart. We cannot afford such foolish outlays. I wish something would happen to the wretched animal, he has lived quite long enough." In the above words Mrs. Roseleaf has been wont to express her child's grievance to mixed audiences for years. Now that destiny, in the shape of change and a stiff neck, seemed close upon the heels of Trotsy, Mrs. Roseleaf inwardly rejoiced, but maintained a hypocritical attitude of concern in the presence of her daughter.

"I believe it would be well to send for a veterinary doctor, he would give poor Trotsy some chloroform or something to end his sufferings," she said to Doris, and in her aside to a friend asked for a grudge the expense, but it would be such a relief to have the little brute surely done for once and for all.

A few hours later, as Mrs. Roseleaf returned from a walk, she met her maid with a radiant face, crying: "Oh, mamma, Trotsy is so much better! going to recover and be better and stronger than ever before, the doctor says."

"What doctor?"

"Why, the vet, you said we ought to send for. I had him come while you were away, and he must be a wonderfully clever man—he has certainly saved Trotsy's life. He asked fifteen francs, but I had to give him as much as all. He has nothing smaller in your purse, and I couldn't ask him for five francs change. Mamma, don't believe you are well off, glad that poor Trotsy is better; and tears welled over in the lovely violet eyes which looked such havoc in the mother's breast."

"Yes—yes, child, I'm very glad," the mendacious old lady answered, but her looks belied her words. "Twenty francs more paid for making the dog's bed than before, and I believed he would be dead to-night. Ah, me! and that dreadful journey impending!" was the burden of her thoughts.

"Mamma," said Doris, one morning, breaking in upon her parent's perusal of "Pique," "I have a brilliant idea for making the journey for us all. Miss Willis told me she gave her cat an opium powder once, before taking him on a thirty-six hours' journey in the train. He dozed all the time in his basket, quiet as a lamb, and the guard thought he was 'hopped.'"

"I suppose you mean to give Trotsy an opium powder, but I fear the guards would be induced to mistake him for a dog."

"No, the powder is otherwise directed. Trotsy is to be given a big powder to keep him quiet, and he is then to be dressed as a baby, laid on a pillow, and a veil over his face is to cross the frontier. Peek shall carry him."

"Doris, do you think I would ever consent to such a preposterous idea? It isn't respectable. What would people say and think? Put such nonsense out of your head at once, I beg of you."

"Not a bit of it, mamma, dear, the idea is too excellent a one to let slip. You will be of my opinion quite, when you have allowed yourself time to reflect. The Stantons' nurse is going to lend me a pretty pillow with lace and embroidery, and one of their baby's dresses and a cap. Your chandah will do to wrap around his body. I will dress him and tie him on the pillow in quite the orthodox way. It will be great fun. Peek's face will be a treat with his head what has got to carry Trotsy masquerading as a baby."

"Poor Mrs. Roseleaf's face was clouded and set as racing day at Baden-Baden. She knew perfectly well that Doris would carry her point—the always yielded to the child, and what would the result be, not follow this last escapade? But in this instance, as in thousands of others, the weak old lady decided there was nothing to do but make the best of a bad bargain, and she took a stumpy interest in the preparations for what seemed to be a most novel undertaking.

The night of the Roseleaf's departure from the "Lombardia," a chosen few were asked into a private salon, there to inspect Trotsy in his new role. "Admirable! he would deceive the mother of a dozen babies. This should have a medal for her skill!"

"Keep his veil down and he will humbug everybody."

"The powder will keep him quiet for twenty hours at least."

"Rather a stout baby, but all the more comely for that."

"Let me kiss the darling; he looks sweet enough to eat!"

"With his veil down, yes."

This nature of will flow about in subdued whispers, interspersed with much suppressed laughter, till it was time for the Roseleaf party to start for the station. The expression of Peek, a very dragon of virtue of the British Empire order, when made to bear forth Trotsy on her arms, en belle, was never forgotten by those who remained at the "Lombardia."

"There is another blessed infant to make the night hideous for somebody," soliloquized a good-looking young Englishman,

peering forth from the window of a carriage at the Florence station.

"The train seems very full; I'm afraid we can't have a coupe to ourselves," said Mrs. Roseleaf, respectfully. "There is one compartment with only a young man in it; shall we go in there?"

"Yes," said Doris, promptly. "A man will not notice anything odd in the conduct of my baby, and will not wish to kiss it, as some silly women might."

"By Jupiter! they are coming in here—I am an unlucky dog and no mistake!" exclaimed Mr. Harold Lyman, the young man already mentioned. He was escorting from Florence to Verona his sister's baby, the very juvenile Contessa Montefiore, as well as her staid Abruzzi nurse; the woman to return at once to her successor at Verona. The baby's mother was ill of measles at Florence, and to escape infection the little contessa was hastily dispatched to its grandfather's, under the guidance of its rather scatter-brained young uncle. The baby was a brain-lunged fiasco of a month; sleeping like an angel on a velvet pillow at that moment, but soon she would awake and rend the air with her yell. To escape this, Mr. Lyman had had a perfidious guard for the adjoining coupe left vacant for her, and he held her fast by the neck of her quilted garment. He fumed and fretted inwardly for the time, when he found some solace in watching the movements of Doris, in the light of the half-veiled lamp. She took the baby from the grip and hugged him to her breast, kissed him through his white gauze veil, and nudged him to sleep on her soft arms—the sweetest rest in his whole life.

"Impossible that that girl is the baby's mother," mused Mr. Lyman to himself; "and yet, why not? She is very young, but she is a capital exponent of a pretty girl generally marries young. Lucky devil, her husband! It must be her baby—she don't cough and get other people's offspring in that way. The old dame has 'grandmother' plainly written on her countenance and her heavy married, and I heard the young lady call the elder one mamma. The vinegar vinegar party is their maid, of course."

"Thank Mr. Lyman mused on in a way that manifested him an accomplished observer. He would never see her again after that brief journey. What an extraordinarily quiet baby for two hours now it had not stirred or lifted up its voice, though it had been held by itself on the seat not far from Mr. Lyman. Was it a baby at all, perhaps only a doll or a bun-bun? But a thought came into his mind, and a slight fidgeting of his corpulent body, removed the young Englishman's doubts. He dashed Miss Roseleaf to redoubt her attentions to her disquieted pet.

"Presently a violent jerk of the train threw everybody into everybody else's arms. Mr. Lyman found himself clasped in the arms of Miss Roseleaf's hands, and assuring her there was not the least danger, though he knew no more of the matter, she did what was the trouble. A guard, running the length of the train, crying out some trifling accident, this stoppage, soon restored serenity."

"It was so soft and cozy her hands are," thought Lyman, "and what a fool I am to care whether another fellow's wife's hands rest on my head!"

All through this commotion the remarkable infant uttered not a sound nor moved as much as a finger. Lyman solved to hazard a remark that would convince him whether or not his fair companion was the mother of this stoical cherub.

"The—you baby is unusually good, does it never cry?" he managed to enquire.

His charming neighbor's face broke into smiles. Lyman's face fell—yes, only a mother could look so radiant at praise of her child.

"Yes, he is very good," the young lady said, with a blush.

Mr. Lyman somehow did not seem to feel a desire to pursue the conversation which the mother of this stoical cherub was the mother of this stoical cherub.

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"Go," said Mr. Lyman to the footman, "and take the baby from the nurse; she is waiting at the door. You need have no words with her, as she has been paid and dismissed. Make haste, and don't take the child."

To the great disgust of the affectionate uncle the new nurse had not been able to come in the carriage for the baby, and he must have a taxi-cab drive with it. Fortunately, it was not far. While the man was gone for the baby he bustled himself arranging a baby's chair in the carriage, big enough for the infant's grandfather to repose comfortably on.

"There, I hope she will sleep," he said, giving his work a final pat.

The footman dashed into the waiting room, cast a hasty, comprehensive glance about and then gathered up the unconscious Trotsy as the only infant in the room. He quietly withdrew him from the partially overhanging draperies of the snoring old woman's side, whom he took for the nurse. "Madonna mia! what a fright the old girl will have when she finds the baby gone! It serves her right, though; she ought not to go to sleep at her post, and I have no time for explanations."

Mrs. Roseleaf, on the bench opposite, continued to sleep the sleep of the just, and Trotsy was borne away.

"A sleep, Carlo! That is lucky. Put her down here, my boy, on these shawls. All right. Avanti! and the coach's carriage dashed forward."

Before the rattle of its wheels dashed away there began an animated scene in the waiting room at Verona. Doris, her darling Trotsy, brought out the very moment where she had left her pet, but to her horror, the bird had flown. Then arose tears and lamentations which would have melted granite. "Where was he, her darling, her beauty? She could care if the whole world knew he was a dog—only let some one return him, and he should have any reward he asked for. Somebody testified to having seen a footman in livery come in and take away the baby, or dog, or whatever it was. A case of abduction, then, and more hopeless than ever!"

"The nurse, with her baby sleeping sweetly as an angel, blinked stupidly at the excited people around her, understanding or caring nothing about their evident distress. She only wondered vaguely why the Signor's carriage was so slow in coming."

Presently Harold Lyman, with a face as white as a ghost, dashed into the room. He carried a lace handkerchief in his hand, and he was crying as he ran. "Madam, is this your property? I believe it is, for I noticed the same name on your permanent in the train."

"Yes, it is mine. It was found my darling Trotsy's neck. Is he still alive? Pray, pray don't tell me he is dead!"

"I am sorry to tell you, madam, and I am here to beg you to come and claim him. He is quite too much for any of us to manage. The turning to the nurse and baby, on whom his eyes had rested for a moment with intense relief as he entered the room, he said to the woman, with flashing eyes, "How dared you disobey me and go wandering off and using your pet at the most important moment. Your stupidity has nearly been a costly enough, he appeared with such fervor into fits, and if she dies, her blood will be on your soul!"

"It was pitiful, needless," the woman replied, unmoved.

Five minutes later Mrs. Roseleaf, Doris, Mr. Lyman and the real baby were packed into a carriage and were spinning whizz to the Palazzo to which Trotsy had been conveyed.

Never in all his life will Doris forget the things as she was tabernacled into the presence of her lost darling. It was a large, airy room, like a nursery, Trotsy, considerably recovered from his opium druggery, stood on the floor in a corset, and he appeared with such fervor into fits, and if she dies, her blood will be on your soul!"

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BERLIN'S BROKERS.

TEMPLE OF THE GODDESS FORTUNE IN GERMANY'S CAPITAL.

Money Kings in the Stock Exchange of Berlin—Entrance Practically Free to Strangers—Different Classes of Stock Jobbers—The Reporters.

The temple of the Goddess Fortune, the Stock Exchange, is erected on the banks of the Spree. It is a magnificent building, with Corinthian columns, arches and statues reflecting their pure outlines in the shallow waters of the river. Thirteen doors give access to the vestibule, whence the enormous hall is reached, supported by eighty pillars of granite, and decorated with fine frescoes. Statues of Mercury and Vulcan appear beside a group representing the adoption of paper currency. On the numerous benches brass names of the various firms are inscribed on the wall. There do not exist any privileged corporation answering to that of the "Agents of Exchange" in the Paris Bourse, and a special place called Corbelletti. The entrance to the Berlin Stock Exchange is practically free, if not gratuitous, and strangers are admitted on the presentation of a member of the craft. Business houses, however, are obliged to pay a supplementary tax for the admission of each of their clerks.

The stock exchange no supervision over the operations of the firms, especially since transactions on account have been recognized by the legal tribunals. The identity of the frequenters of the exchange is fixed by the importance of the business they carry on. The tariff varies according to the expenditure of several hundred francs, and every stock jobber is at liberty to buy or sell for his clients without further formalities, whether he is licensed or not.

The unlicensed stock jobbers exist under the name of Makler, Dankeon, whose directors, representatives or agents are only responsible for their acts to their own particular house. The Makler, Makler, he sworn in stock brokers, combine with the first mentioned to fix the case course, or average price of the various securities, and to sell at the Berlin Bourse without employing either licensed or unlicensed brokers.

An excellent buffet, served by women and girls, is to be found in the building itself, but even here the number of waitresses is so small that the waiter is obliged to do the whole of the work. Bankers, brokers, jobbers appear for a while to be having luncheon, engaged from the wholesome restraints of the straight waistcoat and the surveillance of their clerks.

At noon punctually the hall is filled by about 4,000 men, who carry on their business in stentorian tones, with a curious exuberance of voice and facial contortions. Bankers, brokers, jobbers appear for a while to be having luncheon, engaged from the wholesome restraints of the straight waistcoat and the surveillance of their clerks.

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1887. SECOND YEAR. 1888.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

The leading Family Paper of the Maritime Provinces.

The Second Volume of the THE SATURDAY GAZETTE will be commenced on Saturday, May 5. It has been the aim of the publisher of THE GAZETTE to steadily improve the paper and enlarge its field of usefulness. That our efforts have been attended with a fair measure of success is abundantly proved by the constantly increasing circulation of The Gazette which is now widely read, not only in Saint John City, but in every part of the Province.

SOME OF THE FEATURES

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IN GENERAL.

Besides the features above outlined the publishers of The Gazette are making arrangements for the introduction of several new departments, announcements of which will appear as soon as the arrangements are completed. We intend to widen the field of The Gazette so that it will be the best and most complete family newspaper published, or can be published, in and for this community.

Our maxim is to advance. So far every improvement made in The Gazette has been handsomely endorsed by the public of Saint John and the Province at large. The improvements in contemplation will necessitate a largely increased outlay, and we expect large additions to our circulation in consequence.

Education of Children. The theory of the education of masses of children had already among theory. Two individual things in the inorganic or organic world were ever created alike in all particulars. The law of difference is the law of nature, and the following of the law of nature is the road toward success. As this principle of education becomes more and more applied, the more will progress in education cease to be empirical, and become more practical.—School Journal.