

The Union Advertiser.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, Wednesday, April 24, 1895.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No 1433

W. G. ANSLON.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 29.

PROFESSIONAL.

Law & Collection Office.

C. J. Thomson,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
Commissioner Newcastle Civil Court.
Newcastle, N. B.

Thomas W. Butler,
Solicitor & Notary Public.
Fire, Life, & Accidental Insurance Agent.
Collecting and Recovering Promptly attended to.
Office over "The Herald" Store, facing the Public Square,
Newcastle, N. B.

O. J. ULLY, M. A. M. D.
Home, 807, 808, 809, LONDON.
SPECIALIST.
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street
Monmouth, Nov. 12, 1884.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
DERBY. N. B.
Der Nov 5, 1892.

P. A. Holohan, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Newcastle, N. B.
Office—That recently occupied by Dr. Smith. After hours will be found at the Commercial Hotel.
Newcastle May 9, 1894.

J. R. LAWLOR,
Auctioneer and Commission
merchant.
Newcastle, New Brunswick.
Prompts returns made on consignments of Merchandise. Auctions attended to in town and country.

MUSICAL TUITION.
Miss Edith Troy,
Graduate of Mount Allison
Conservatory of Music, is now
prepared to take pupils in
PIANO, VIOLIN, VIOLA, and
VOCAL CULTURE.
Terms on Application.
Newcastle, June 24, 1893.

HOTELS.
Waverley Hotel.
The Suburban has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKean house, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Single rooms if required.
R. H. Greenly's terms will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house.
John McKean.
Newcastle, March 28, 1895.

Elliott House.
The Suburban has purchased and newly fitted up the house formerly known as the "Mitchell House," opposite the Masonic Hall, Newcastle, is prepared to accommodate permanent and transient boarders at reasonable rates.
SINGLE ROOMS PROVIDED, 800 DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
WALTER J. ELLIOTT.
Newcastle, Jan. 21, 1895.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
MONMOUTH, N. B.
GEO. McSWENEY, Proprietor.

CANADA HOUSE
Chatham, New Brunswick.
WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
CONVENIENT to Access
Good Sample rooms for Commercial Travellers.

Olifton House.
Princes and 143 Gains Street.
ST. JOHN N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.
Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone Communication with all parts of the city.
April 6th 1895.

TO-LET.
Possession given immediately.
The old Manse cottage,
apply to
J. D. Craghan.

Jos. PRINTING.
Plain and in Colors in
FIRST CLASS STYLE at the
ADVOCATE OFFICE.

50 Years.

For the last 50 years Cough
Medicines have been
coming in and dy-
ing, but during
all this
time

SHARP'S
Balsam of Horehound
Never left the market for Curing
CROUP, WHOOPING
COUGH, COUGHS
AND COLDS.
All Druggists and General Grocers sell it.
25 Cents a Bottle.
ARMSTRONG & CO.,
Proprietors.
ST. JOHN N. B.

Intercolonial Rly.
On and after Monday the 1st Oct., 1894,
the al of this Railway will run daily
(Sun excepted) as follows:—

Will leave Newcastle.
Through express for St. John, Halifax
and Victoria, (Monday excepted).
Accommodation for Moncton and St.
John 4.00
Accommodation for Indian River 15.00
Accommodation for Campbellton 15.15
Through express for Quebec, Montreal
and St. John 22.00
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., Sept. 27th, 1894.

**REDUCED
PRICES.**

I have on hand a lot of
Boots and Shoes, including long
boots and other goods, all of
which I will sell at reduced prices
to clear.

Wm. Masson.
Newcastle, March 28, 1894.

The Grist Mill
—at
FRENCH FORT COVE
will be open for Grinding
every week day for the
balance of the winter.

C. E. Fish.
Newcastle, Jan. 2nd, 1895.

Sash and Door Factory.
The subscriber is prepared to supply from his steam factory in Newcastle
Window sashes and frames, Glazed
and Un-glazed,
DOORS AND OUR FRAMES, MOLDINGS,
Painting and Matching, etc.
H. C. Niven.
Newcastle, Jan. 2, 1895.

Tuning and Repairing.
J. O. Biedermann, Pianoforte and Organ
Tuner.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Regular visits made to the northern "Coast" of which due notice will be given.
Orders for Tuning etc. can be sent to the
Advocate Office, Newcastle.
J. O. BIEDERMANN.
St. John, May 6th, 1894.

Clearing Out Sale.
**BOOTS AND SHOES AT
GREAT REDUCTIONS.**
As the subscriber is going out of the Boot
and Shoe business he will offer his present
stock
VERY LOW PRICES
to clear. The stock must at once be sold to
enable extensive changes to be made for in-
creasing his hotel accommodation.

John McKean.
Newcastle, March 12, 1895.

A NEW CLOCK.
The old one is getting
worn out.
We have one to suit
you.
It runs eight days,
strikes the hours in full
and one at the half hour
on a Cathedral gong
And the Price is Only \$5.
Call in and see them.
H. WILLISTON & CO.,
Jewellers.
Newcastle, March 12th, 1895.

Ask your Druggist for



**Murray &
Lanman's**
FLORIDA WATER
A Dainty Floral Extract
For Handkerchiefs, Toilet and Bath.

**A MINISTER OF THE
GOSPEL SPEAKS.**

PETERBORO, Ont., June 27th, 1893.
To the Proprietor of South American
Nervine.

DEAR SIR: I have
much pleasure in
recommending the
great SOUTH AMERICAN
NERVINE to all who
have been with
nervous prostration and
indigestion. I found
very great relief from
the very first bottle,
which was strongly
recommended to me by my
physician.

I induced my wife to use it, who, I must say,
was completely run down and was suffering
very much from general debility. She found
great relief from SOUTH AMERICAN
NERVINE, and also cheerfully recommends it to
her fellow sufferers.
(My signature)

W. S. Barker
THE GREAT
SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE CURE
Cures all Nervous Diseases, such as Nervousness,
Nervous Prostration, Hot Flashes, Nervous Paroxysms,
Sleeplessness, Hysteria, Mental Depression, Sick-
ache, Epilepsy, also Indigestion and all
Stomach Troubles. It gives
relief in
ONE DAY.

R. LEE STREET,
Wholesale and Retail
Agent for Newcastle.

THE ART OF CURE.
SCIENTIFIC RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA
PAINS IN BACK OR SIDE
OR ANY MUSCULAR PAIN
LIES IN USING
"SOLUBLE"
MENTHOL
PLASTER.

WOOD'S PHOSPHORINE
The Great English Remedy.
See Packages Guaranteed to
promote and permanently
cure all forms of Nervous
debility, Emaciation, Spinal
atrophies, Impotency and all
effects of Abuse or Excesses.
Sold in the only Soluble and Pleasant
Form. Ask Druggist for Wood's Phosphorine; it
restores some worthless medicine in place of this.
Include price in letter, and we will send by return
mail. Price, one package, 4s. 6d. One only
cheap, see self cure. Fungible free to any address.
The Wood Company,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Selected Literature.
FOR LIFE OR DEATH.
BY GEORGE H. WESTLEY.
Is suicide a sin? We sat in the smoking
room of the C— Club debating it.
Some of us said yes, some no—Morton
was silent—an unusual thing for Morton,
for he had views on everything under
the sun, and a tongue that was
fast expressing them.

**Notice to Builders
AND TRADERS.**
Just Arrived,
1 car Steel wire Nails,
1 car tarred and untarred sheathing
Paper,
1 car plastering Lime,
with the usual large stock of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
1 car Redpath Sugar.
1 car Ogilvie's Hungarian and also a
large quantity of the best brands of
Canadian flour,
Rolled oat meal, Corn meal,
American S. C. Pork, Plate Beef,
Molasses, Codfish,
Paint oil, White Lead,
Put Barley,
American Home Light oil,
McDonald's Tobaccos, all brands.
Tea in half chests and caddies.
The above goods will be sold to the
trade at prices that will defy competition.

P. HENNESSY.
Newcastle, March 26th, 1895.

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Original.

BEAUBEAU'S ISLE.

A New Song—By Michael Whelan. Air: "Dixie's Land."

Oh hear the whistle sounding, the train is
starting.
Along the track 'tis sounding, my friends we
must away.
And as we leave Newcastle shore the time we
shall beguile
By singing songs of days of yore and bonnie
Beaubeau's Isle.

Ah, there it stands, that bit of land, while
waters round it flow,
And on its silent surface still the stately
forest grow.
What memories crowd around the scene, what
chronicles are piled
Upon the dusty tomb of time on lonely
Beaubeau's Isle.

Our histories record the fact, that many years
ago,
One thousand souls dwelt on that isle—Can
we believe it so!
One thousand hearts beat happy there, a
thousand faces smiled
When France's flag flew free and fair on
bonnie Beaubeau's Isle.

But pestilence swept down on them, smote some
on every side,
And most of those one thousand souls in
desolation died!
Ah, 'twas those suffering souls were free
from every guile
When summoned to the throne of God from
lonely Beaubeau's Isle.

And later, when the sword of flame swept o'er
this lovely land,
When death and desolation came and stood
on every hand,
Ah, who can tell what scenes befell those sad
hearts called
Upon to dwell in dark despair on lonely
Beaubeau's Isle.

Oh, that lonely little isle our Governor was
born,
Where honored name, ascribed to fame, his
country's page adorns,
When we think that pleasing tale, how can we
choose but smile
To think that John James Fraser was born
on Beaubeau's Isle.

And later on, what deeds were done when
Harley there held sway,
When building ships to sail the seas was the
order of the day.
No sound of axe or saw is heard, of anger, saw
or file,
No fair white flags are floating now from
bonnie Beaubeau's Isle.

The ancient buildings standing there are
glories pile
The ancient glory of the place forever passed away.
While all around that lonely ground the face of
things is new,
With blessings on the dear old days on bonnie
Beaubeau's Isle.

And days may come when there are gone, when
wondering eyes shall see
The ship and the flying machine sail over
Munich,
And the slowest of the trains the aerostat
shall smile
And scarcely see the poor remains on lonely
Beaubeau's Isle.

This prophetic I'll not prolong, nor sing of
ages dumb,
But I can tell you of the glorious change of age
yet to come.
The play that we now regret is only for a
while,
Great industries may flourish yet on bonnie
Beaubeau's Isle.

But, come what may in future day, still sing of
distant days
By each and all whom we recall, our country's
noble song;
And let us hope the future age shall raise
glories pile
To the memory of our Governor on bonnie
Beaubeau's Isle.
R. M. RIVER, N. B., April, 1895.

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General Intelligence.
HALIFAX, N. S., April 13.—A cable-
gram from St. John's, Newfoundland,
says that British Commissioner Murray
is getting relief plans formulated and
will begin work on the St. John's city
water works next week, which will em-
ploy 500 to 1,000 men at 50 cents a day
for one month. Work will cease then
to allow men to go to the fishery.
Similar work will be begun at outposts.
He is also arranging a plan to assist
fishermen with small outfits to begin a
voyage. The wage is considered small
and taken as a criterion of cruel
colony pay, strengthens the cause of
confederation greatly. The city engineer
is under the staff of the city engineer
and staff.

The anti-confederates are still acting
in the suburbs but are making no head-
way in St. John's.
DORCHESTER, April 12.—Seventy con-
victs of the Dorchester penitentiary have
presented a memorial to Warden Foster,
asking that they be placed on board
ships for a period and that the amount
thereby saved to the government be
forwarded to the suffering fellow convicts
in Newfoundland. The action of the
convicts is entirely voluntary, but it is
doubtful if the prison authorities have
the power to carry out the proposal.

GOOD-NIGHT.
Good-night, I have to say good-night
To such a host of restless things
Good-night, unto that fragile hand
All quivering with its weight of rings,
Good-night to faint, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut tresses of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
The snowy hand that clasps me, then
I'll have to say good-night again.
But there will come a time, my love,
When I'll find you warm and bright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my sad thoughts, till then, good-night.
You wish the time were now? And I
You do not wish to wish it so?
You would have kissed yourself to death
To own as much a year ago
What then has this sad night brought Ab, then
I'll have to say good-night again.
—THOMAS HALL ALANSON.

FRUIT.
The Family Doctor Tells of the Healthful-
ness of Fruit as a Food.
If English people would only realize the
importance and value of fruit as
an article of diet in the early morning, we
should find its appearance far more gen-
eral on the ordinary breakfast table. Of
its healthfulness at this period of the day
there can be no question whatever, and
more fruit and less animal food would un-
doubtedly conduce to a much healthier
condition of body. In the morning there
is an acid state of the secretions, and noth-
ing is so well calculated to correct this
condition of body, such as peaches,
apples and pears. The apple is one of the
best of fruits, oranges are also generally
well received, but the fruit which is ac-
ceptable to most people, but the fruit
which should be taken and not the pulp,
and the same may be said of lemons and
pomelos. Tomatoes, which are on the liver
and bowels, and blackberries, figs, rasp-
berries, currants and strawberries may be
classed among the best foods and medi-
cines. The sugar in them is nutritious,
the acid is cooling and purifying and the
seeds are laxative.

Fruit is the natural correctives for
indigestion, but the way in
which many persons eat them con-
verts them into a curse rather than a bless-
ing. Instead of being taken as an empty
stomach, or in combination with a simple
meal, or as a dessert, they are taken at the
end of the meal, after the stomach is already
full, and the whole mass of food is forced
down with tea, coffee, or other liquid. Fruit
to be of the best work should be eaten
either on an empty stomach or simply
with bread—never with vegetables. In
the morning, before the first of the night
has been broken, they are most healthful
and refreshing, but they serve as a
natural stimulus to the digestive organs.
And to produce their fullest effect, they
should be ripe, sound, and of good
quality. In our climate fresh fruit should
not be eaten until the fruiting season has
begun, and the fruit should be of the
best quality. The good effects that would follow
the abundant use of fruits are often more
than counterbalanced by the pernicious
habit of saucing them with sugar.
Very few fruits, if thoroughly ripe and at
their best, require any sugar, and a sachet
of fruit is a fact that is well known and
prepared for as a great good in the
matter of diet should be transformed into
exactly the reverse.—London "Family
Doctor."

General Intelligence.
Next to the sea otter, for clothing pur-
poses, the silver fox brings the highest
price, and in this case the Russians are
the principal buyers. The silver fox is one of
the most precious denizens of the Hal-
son Bay territory, and as much as \$120 has
been paid for a single skin. The silver
fox, however, is really not so very rare, and
is only a few white hairs mixed with
black ones—indeed, the most highly prized
skins are entirely black. The principal
use of these skins is for the collars of the
cloaks of Russian ladies.—Chamber's Journal.

General Intelligence.
I received last week, but too late for
publication, the following telegram from
America:
Belle of Baltimore left for London
eleventh.—Baltimore American.
Who is Belle is what Baltimore will
do without her, and what we are to do
with her when we are privileged to have
her among us, I do not know. But the
telegram being sent to me, presumably
for publication, I publish it.—Labouchere's
London Letter.

General Intelligence.
Hope rose snow with him.
"Can be rid of it," he exclaimed, with
a faint smile.—sublime. "I will use it
for a collar button."
Striding in his dressing case he arranged
the ribbon in such a way as to enable
him to gaze in triumph at the wart on his
nose, which had baffled medical skill to
remove.—Detroit Tribune.

General Intelligence.
What! Jane Dunsmuir married! She
used to declare she wouldn't marry the
best man in the whole world.
Well, she didn't.

to be looked for in the thickest of the

fray. But bravery cannot stay the course
of a bullet, so one day my poor comrade
was brought into the hospital tent badly
wounded. A ball had pierced his
shoulder, glanced on his collarbone, and
gone no one could tell just where. It
was still in his body, there appeared to
be no office of exit. He grew better
slowly, however, and in the course of
a week or two he started northward to re-
gain his strength, and so we separated.

"When the war was over I came to
New York and hung out my shingle on
a prominent thoroughfare. One after-
noon who should burst in upon me but
my old friend Leighton. No, 'burst'
isn't the word, for my visitor was not
the big, boisterous, good-natured fellow
I used to know, but a feeble, broken-
down skeleton of a man, poor, pitiable
thing on the picture of him that hung on
the walls of memory. At the first glance
I saw that he was a victim of the opium
habit. Do you know what that means
any of you fellows? Here's how one man
puts it: 'Throw a bucket of water into a
piano, and then light a fire under it,
and its strings will not be more out of
tune than are an opium smoker's nerves
out of order.'"

"I placed as easy chair for my visitor,
and he sat down. There was an ex-
pression in his eye that alarmed me;
strange, hunted look, such as I had seen
in cases of insanity. He spoke calmly,
however, and soon I had the story of his
life during the few years we had lost
track of each other.

"It appeared that when he came north
he rapidly regained his strength, and
soon was apparently as well as ever.
But presently he began to suffer from
pains in his head, pains which at length
became so severe that he was driven to
opiates to relieve him.
"But I have not come to consult you
about this," said Leighton; "this I can
bear; must bear. Would to God that
these pains were always racking me!
The worst is when they are not."
"Doubtless they leave you very much
exhausted," I said.

"They leave me," he replied, in slow
and deliberate tones, "with a burning
all but unconquerable desire to take
human life."

"Now, I am not generally a nervous
man, but I confess that I started at this,
and instinctively looked about me for
some weapon of defense.

"Oh don't be afraid," said Leighton with
a sad smile, "the fit is on me now. I
should not have come in if it had been
any other man. I have been nearly starved,
not daring to leave my room. I can
conquer my madness now, but the ques-
tion is, how long can I continue to do
so. It is growing stronger every day,
and my power of resistance I feel to be
growing weaker. Soon the craving for
blood will overcome everything else with
me. I am like a man who has slipped
over a precipice, and feels the earth and
shrubs to which he clings, slowly, slowly
but surely giving way to precipitate him
into the gulf below. I have taken
wretched cures out of the street, and killed
them in my frenzy, in the hope that it
might exhaust this awful desire. It
is of no avail. I must have human
life."

"Remarkably strange," I commented
as he paused. "Does this dreadful de-
sire of yours demand human life in a gen-
eral way, or the life of some in particu-
lar?"
"Why do you ask that, Morton?" he
cried, bending forward with sudden
excitement.
"You must answer me, Leighton, or I
can do nothing for you," I said desolately.
"Yes, you are right," he said, setting
back again in his chair. "Well, then,
sometimes it seems that any life will do,
and then again—Listen! Four days
ago I saw in Central Park a beautiful
young girl. Her face indicated a nature
pure, sweet and refined. I followed her
down the walk, out through the gate
and on, to her home in Jersey City.
I was led to do it by this devil that has
taken possession of me. I hung around
her dwelling and presently she came out
and sat on the piazza to study her les-
sons. Poor child, she little knew how
near she was to death. Doctor, if I
had my pistol with me, I should have
shot her. You may smile, but some-
times you shall take a pistol and
go there and kill her."

"I had sufficient experience with the
issue to know that argument was of
little use, so I did not attempt it. Nor
did my studies fit me to deal with such
a peculiar case. In as gentle and sym-
pathetic a manner as I could, I sug-
gested that he submit to confinement in
an asylum until this homicidal mania had
passed away.
"Great Jupiter, no! What was it,
matter of jealousy, money, or revenge?
It was neither," replied the doctor,
mysteriously—"but let me tell the story
from the beginning. And you, Frazer,
keep your ears open, for being no dog-
matist, this was as near as I shall
come to answering your question."

"In the first place, then, Leighton and I
were brought up together. We battled
our way through school side by side, and
then fought in the same regiment in the
civil war. No finer soldier than Leighton
ever drew sword. Typically he was a
splendid fellow, and mentally he was as
bright and sound as a new dollar. Our
regiment was much rough service, and
whenever we met the foe Leighton was

to be looked for in the thickest of the
fray. But bravery cannot stay the course
of a bullet, so one day my poor comrade
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lar?"
"Why do you ask that, Morton?" he
cried, bending forward with sudden
excitement.
"You must answer me, Leighton, or I
can do nothing for you," I said desolately.
"Yes, you are right," he said, setting
back again in his chair. "Well, then,
sometimes it seems that any life will do,
and then again—Listen! Four days
ago I saw in Central Park a beautiful
young girl. Her face indicated a nature
pure, sweet and refined. I followed her
down the walk, out through the gate
and on, to her home in Jersey City.
I was led to do it by this devil that has
taken possession of me. I hung around
her dwelling and presently she came out
and sat on the piazza to study her les-
sons. Poor child, she little knew how
near she was to death. Doctor, if I
had my pistol with me, I should have
shot her. You may smile, but some-
times you shall take a pistol and
go there and kill her."

"I had sufficient experience with the
issue to know that argument was of
little use, so I did not attempt it. Nor
did my studies fit me to deal with such
a peculiar case. In as gentle and sym-
pathetic a manner as I could, I sug-
gested that he submit to confinement in
an asylum until this homicidal mania had
passed away.
"Great Jupiter, no! What was it,
matter of jealousy, money, or revenge?
It was neither," replied the doctor,
mysteriously—"but let me tell the story
from the beginning. And you, Frazer,
keep your ears open, for being no dog-
matist, this was as near as I shall
come to answering your question."

"In the first place, then, Leighton and I
were brought up together. We battled
our way through school side by side, and
then fought in the same regiment in the
civil war. No finer soldier than Leighton
ever drew sword.

