

STILL NO TRACE OF HIM.

H. P. MOORE'S WHEREABOUTS A GREATER MYSTERY THAN EVER.

Nothing Heard of Him for Three Months, although His Brother Masons have Searched Everywhere—His Last Letters Written in Norfolk, Va.

The disappearance of Mr. Herbert W. Moore, and the fact that after three months of letter writing and searching, his whereabouts is a greater mystery than ever, has been the cause of a great deal of absurd speculation and rumor.

Herbert W. Moore, son of the late chamberlain of Portland, is one of the best known of St. John's many young barristers. Last fall he went to New York to collect some money, and on his return remained here several months.

On the eighth of January he again returned to New York, with the intention of staying there until the balance of the account was collected. He left here with an uncle, and while in New York stayed with a cousin in Brooklyn. In letters to his wife and mother, he stated that he intended going west with a friend, and the next they heard from him was by letters written in Norfolk, Virginia.

He stated that he was ill with la grippe, and that the doctor attending him thought he would be unable to leave the house for several weeks. The letters both to his wife and mother were short, relating to business matters, and ending with a promise to write in a few days.

In the meantime the members of the different orders to which Mr. Moore belonged, have been trying to learn of his whereabouts. The masonic lodges in Norfolk were written to, and made a thorough search of that city, but were unable to find any trace of him.

All efforts in this same line have been unsuccessful, and his whereabouts is a greater mystery every day. It was Mr. Moore's intention to move into his own house on Symonds street, on his return, and in the last letters received from him he sent a notice to quit to be served on the people who then occupied it.

This was done, and the house was not rented until a short time ago, when his wife, unable to understand his absence, and unable to tell how long it might continue, rented the house and returned to her parents.

The search for Mr. Moore has been conducted very quietly, but unceasingly, and the fact that the public know very little of what is being done to find him has given people a chance to use their imagination to better advantage than they probably could if they knew something about the case.

The result of this has been that many absurd rumors have been given circulation, but PROGRESS is in a position to state that anything aside from what is now published is untrue, as far as his friends in this city are aware of the facts.

In none of Mr. Moore's letters can be the least evidences of insincerity in his promises to write again, and they were all most affectionate, dealing with matters concerning the family's business.

A note written to the person whom Mr. Moore went to collect the money from was replied to, and a cheque was received by his wife for part of the amount. This letter also stated that although the balance due Mr. Moore was ready for him he had never claimed it, nor had they seen anything of him since he was heard from in Norfolk.

It is now three months since the last letter received from Mr. Moore was written, and his wife and mother have almost given up all hopes of ever seeing him again alive. But where or by what means he might meet his death they are unable to imagine.

STILL NO TRACE OF HIM.

A NATIONAL ISSUE SETTLED. How a Carleton County Hamlet Received Its Name.

The little hamlet of Cork, which lies just on the borders of sun-down in Carleton Co., N. B., did not always bear its present name, nor, indeed, a "given" name of any kind.

"The Settlement" was for a long time its sufficient designation among its own inhabitants, outside of whom it is doubtful if anyone, at that time, had ever heard of the place. After a time, however, the need of a post office suggested itself to Mr. Patrick Gillespie, the possessor of the leading intellect and only grist mill in the village.

To that end he therefore prepared a petition, which was forwarded to the proper authorities, and the prayer of which was duly answered by the establishment of a post office bearing his own name, "Gillespie," and with himself as the first postmaster.

Now it happened that Mr. Gillespie was the only person in the village of Irish name and descent, the balance of the population being descended from various old English settlers.

These, therefore, while fully recognizing Mr. Gillespie's claim to the position of postmaster, contended that, being the only Irishman in a village otherwise composed wholly of Englishmen, he had no right to give an Irish name to the place, but that in simple justice to the majority an English name should be substituted.

A second petition was therefore drawn up, setting forth the circumstances of the case, and praying that the name of the village be Mr. Gillespie but York. To this petition Mr. Gillespie was not asked to subscribe, nor was he even notified of its existence.

In addition to his intellect and his mill, Mr. Gillespie had still further possessions in the person of an only daughter, who inherited his intellect and his mill, doubtless, before this, inherited the mill also.

On her devoted the duty of making up and distributing the meagre mail that passed through the newly established office, and thus, in the natural course of events, the petition last referred to fell into her hands.

With the conscientiousness peculiar to post office keepers of her sex, she straightway carried the package to the water kettle and neatly opened it with the aid of the steam therefrom.

This was her invariable custom with all letters received at the office, and a valuable safeguard against the use, by unscrupulous persons, of her majesty's mail for unlawful ends. It also kept Miss Gillespie au courant with events both in the village and in outside districts.

On reading the petition Miss Gillespie at once grasped its import and also the situation. She then extracted an idea from her intellect. The neat erasure of a single letter and substitution of another was all that was necessary to change the entire meaning of the petition; and that is why, in response to its prayer, the name of the village is no longer Gillespie but Cork.

When C. W. Weldon, Q. C., was moving from the King square house where he has resided so long, a few days ago one of the prominent features of the change was a large number of House of Commons' trunks.

SEEN ABOUT THE CITY.

FAMILIAR NOTICES, AND WHAT PEOPLE ARE THINKING ABOUT.

How the no Smoking Rule is Enforced in Public Buildings—Hustling in the Freight Shed—The Riggers' Strike and the Effect the Weather Had on It.

In nearly all public buildings the walls are adorned with notices of some kind or other for the guidance of frequenters, but by all odds the most popular sign is "No smoking allowed." The wording never varies; it is always the same, until now it has become so commonplace that its usefulness is almost gone.

Like a great many laws that are much more valuable than anything else, yet it serves its purpose, in making life a little bit easier for those who are employed to enforce the rule it so unconcernedly sets forth.

Officials very seldom enlighten the offender in words. They merely point to the sign, and unless he cannot read, that is usually enough. There used to be a notice in the country market that was very ineffective in this respect.

It announced that no dogs were allowed within its doors, but when one did venture in the sign was never the means of making him go out again, nor did the deputy clerk, ever refer the dog to the notice, and see the animal put his tail between his legs and skulk away.

Harsher measures were used. "No smoking allowed," is also in the market, however, and although the cards are somewhat dirty and worn, a case occurred the other day of a man who consulted the deputy clerk before lighting his pipe. The butchers and men who frequent the market are very different from the man referred to. They light their pipes when there is the least possible chance of the clerk being around, and when he does make his appearance there is a whistle and they all know what it means.

The I. C. R. depot is another place where "No smoking allowed" is displayed everywhere and strictly enforced. If the walls were papered with such notices, however, they would not do away with the necessity of having a policeman to direct attention to them.

Nearly every other man who passes through there carries a pipe or cigar in his mouth, or carries it in his hand until he reaches the street or car shed, and every train brings passengers, who will loiter in surrounded by clouds of smoke. But they never enjoy it in the depot for more than a minute, for the officers always seem to look at a man's mouth the moment he enters the door, and if he is smoking there is a pantomime performance which sometimes surprises him.

In the street railway transfer office the no smoking notice is anything but consistent with the business done there, and the clerk is sometimes very much embarrassed. For instance, when he sells a man a cigar and then sees him settle himself on one of the benches for a comfortable smoke, it seems unkind to point to the notice on the wall. But the rule has to be enforced.

They Didn't See Him. The arrival of Mr. Collingwood Schriber in town this week caused some excitement among the employees in the freight sheds. Nothing short of a chance to ask for more pay will produce this effect in that department of the railway, and when the opportunity arrives there are always a number ready to take advantage of it.

Consequently, while Mr. Schriber was in town there was some hustling among the employees. Several of them awaited his arrival and a chance to interview him, but he wasn't to be seen at the depot. Nor could they get a chance to speak to him anywhere else, for he took refuge in the Union club, and the rules of that institution made it impossible for them to get past the front door step.

It is said Mr. Schriber has expressed an opinion in regard to the freight shed employees, to the effect that if they did less grumbling and more work they might be very much better off. Perhaps it is just as well for some of them that they did not meet him while he was here.

MR. HARTLEY IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Some Fun at His Expense—How He Got His Degrees.

Rev. "Dr." H. S. Hartley is wandering about Nova Scotia, lecturing and selling an occasional book, the price of which is little value for the time he would waste by his persistence.

There is a good joke about his last canvass in this city, which is good enough to tell. Three young lawyers in Pugsley's building put up a job on the colored mendicant, and chipped in a third each to buy one of his books.

When he came around to canvass them, the first one of the trio that he called upon was busily engaged in reading his book, and to Mr. Hartley's astonishment told him he had purchased it from an agent the day before.

Before Mr. Hartley had finished his indignant harangue about fraudulent agents and piratical editions of books, the volume in question was quietly sent to lawyer No. 2, who was also deep in its pages a few minutes later, when the noiseless divine passed into his room.

The same story of the agent and the book was poured into the author's ears and his excitement became intense. It was difficult to restrain him, but the lawyer was a plausible enough talker to hold him until the third had gone on its mission to its bird owner, where the reverend "doctor" found it ten minutes later.

The same story was repeated without a smile and Hartley's frantic appeals for justice were only quieted when an ingenious advertisement was concocted and printed in the daily papers threatening all sorts of things to the person who was selling a pirated edition of his work.

Hartley had a good many jokes played upon him and not the least of them was the securing of the degrees which he sported at the end of his ancestral name.

The degrees were the "gilt" of the Chicago degree factory, which supplies them for certain considerations. The consideration in the Hartley case amounted to about \$100, which was supplied by the club of fun loving fellows who banqueted Hartley and had many an hour's fun out of him.

It did not take him long to get the degrees, and when they arrived they looked much the same as two or three others held by other professional men in the city, the only difference between them being that the gentlemen referred to paid for their own "parliament honours" while the "boys" paid for Hartley's.

Nothing to Talk About. Little Going on in Baseball Circles—Gossip of the Clubs. There isn't much life in baseball said a crank to PROGRESS this week. Why last spring the town was agog at this date with news of the game and the players.

This year there is not a word. The Shamrocks are talking lacrosse for all they are worth, and the A. A. club is not doing any talking except a new pavilion which almost argues for tennis. Some of the old members are in favor of amateur base ball, but the sight of a professional is not longed for.

The Y. M. C. A.'s proposition to give \$200 for the use of the A. A. grounds for its members was, as PROGRESS readers already know, not regarded with favor. The managing committee of both clubs are still talking about it, but the A. A. people are firm in their contention that there is nothing fair and business like in the proposition to allow about 200 Y. M. C. A.'s the use of their grounds for such an amount as \$200.

WILL NET ABOUT \$800.

THAT IS THE CASH RESULT OF THE CENTURIES.

The Expenses were Heavy, but it is Thought They Will Not Exceed \$1000—Some of the Booths' Remarkable Financial Success—The Nineteenth Century Leads.

"I think," said Secretary C. H. Ferguson of the A. A. club, as he tilted back in his chair and the smoke curled up lazily from his well-beloved briar, "that we will clear about \$800 from the centuries exhibition. That isn't too bad considering the enormous expense of the interior fitting of the rink. Some of those booths are built strong enough to support a regiment."

PROGRESS understands that this amount will be even more than sufficient to erect the ladies pavilion, the estimated cost of that being about \$600. It is quite probable, however, that the extra \$200 will come in very handy for fitting up the interior.

Something more than 5000 people paid quarters and fifteen cents into the ticket windows of St. Andrews rink last week, and not more than 1000 included all those who put in an appearance Monday, Tuesday and Saturday evenings. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were the big nights, and Friday discounted any of them.

The entrance money was of course the greater part of the receipts, but by no means all. There was a wonderful financial and business woman in the nineteenth century booth who, it is said, after paying all expenses of the booth, will have \$250 to hand over. Of course there is where the queen had a book store and other crowned heads lettered off an art gallery.

Pretty good tipples also poured their value into the same cash box, to say nothing of the peanut and candy man, the post office or the catch nickel schemes of Florence Nightingale.

The refreshment booth will come next in order with cash. It must be remembered that all the booths set out with the laudable ambition of paying their own coaching and other incidental expenses out of the booth receipts and handing the balance over.

There is an idea—the project of some enterprising person—to lease the rink for the summer just as it is at present, and run a continuous entertainment of some kind. The bowlers where kings and queens and lords and dukes have rested and displayed themselves would suit the people admirably in the cool summer evenings.

The Penny in the Slot Collection. Anyone who wants to know how much trouble a person will take to save a cent, should call on PROGRESS. Mr. Beverley has transferred his collection of penny in the slot curios to this office. It consists of over fifty pieces of lead, brass, tin and iron, cut as nearly as possible to resemble a cent.

The majority of them are made of lead with the impression of a cent stamped upon them, but they try everything from an iron washer to a cotton factory check. Yet none of them had the desired effect, and it is not likely that the machines will ever be able to compete with the church contribution boxes.

They Will Look Very Gay. The Citizens' band is considering the advisability of getting uniforms, and the silk hats will have to go. The band, although not fully decided upon the suits, intend to startle the public when they appear in them. The uniform that at present finds the most favor among the members, is made up of a long red coat with bottle green silk facings, blue trousers, and white helmets with plumes and incandescent lights for evening engagements.

WON'T TAKE HIS PAY.

Captain Fred Jenkins Refuses to Accept a Patrolman's Wages.

One of the things the new council will have to deal with in the new future, will be the police committee's report which was adopted by the board of safety some time ago, and which sets forth a scheme for establishing a secret service, and several other matters in connection with the force.

Among them the question of Capt. Fred Jenkin's pay. When he was appointed to the captaincy the board refused to give him increased pay, and the disgraced officer, John Weatherhead, has been getting captain's pay ever since for doing patrol duty. Capt. Jenkin has not drawn any money since he was promoted, being probably under the impression that when matters are settled he will receive captain's pay for the time he has been holding the position.

Members of the council who are in a position to know, say it is very improbable that his hopes will be realized. Elections and other business have made it impossible to deal with the police difficulties, but it is said that the aldermen have not changed their views in regard to them, and there is likely to be some fun before everything is settled. Meanwhile John Weatherhead is still on the force, much as some of those interested would like to see it otherwise. When the statement went forth that coaches were seen driving up to the dance in Lower Cove on Easter Monday night, despite the denials of the chief, he blamed Weatherhead for giving them currency, and ordered him to hand in his resignation.

Weatherhead, it seems, postponed this ceremony, and still wears the buttons.

ROUGH ON MR. CLARK. Ex-Policeman Corbett Explains Why He Reported the Victoria Hotel. Ex-policeman Thomas Corbett, of the Northern division thinks he has been grossly misrepresented of late. The reason he was discharged from the force was because he had been found playing cards for amusement in a place where a flask of liquor was found under the counter.

Mr. Corbett, however, thinks that this was not the only reason; but that his superior officers merely took advantage of this to further their own ends, without regard to any reflection they might cast upon his character. Although his dismissal was somewhat unexpected, a change from the Northern to the Southern division would not have surprised him. On the contrary, he expected it. He says the captain of the Northern division contemplated having a change made to suit the convenience of a relative of his who lived in Indiantown, but was in the southern division of the force.

Ex-officer Corbett also lives in the north end, and although it would have made it very inconvenient for him to do duty in the South end he was the man to be changed, despite the fact that several of the men in the northern division live in the city. But he was disposed of in another way.

Mr. Corbett says he had a reason for reporting the Victoria for selling liquor after hours. When he was before the chief, on the charge of being a frequenter of a place where liquor was for sale, unlawfully, the latter said he could not see how officer Corbett could be in the place and not know that liquor was sold there.

Mr. Corbett says he merely wanted to show how easily it would be for a man to board in a house where liquor was sold unlawfully without knowing anything about it.

A Sensitive Clergyman. In one of the larger towns of eastern Nova Scotia, the congregation of one of the churches thought they would like a change of ministers, as the then present incumbent had occupied the desk for nearly twenty-five years. A man of great piety, learning and ability, they found great difficulty in securing an excuse to ask him to resign. Last Sunday week, when the clergyman ascended the pulpit he found a slip of paper on his desk containing these words: "Please do not read your sermon this morning." He complied with the modest request, and instead of reading his very carefully prepared paper, he preached his farewell sermon. Who placed the note on the desk is not known, but the preacher thought it generally voiced the sentiments of the congregation.

Surprised a Large Audience. An amateur performance that was far ahead of many professional minstrel shows that have visited St. John within the last few years, was given in Berryman's hall, Monday evening. In fact there was nothing amateur about it, and the idea of weekly shows should be carried out.

Electric Light, No Coke. A King street merchant wanted some coke to use in his repairing work, and sent to the gas company for it. He did not get it. The answer was, "No electric light or gas, no coke."



We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in PROGRESS. The questions will be given every week, and the publisher of PROGRESS will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches PROGRESS office. The rules and conditions that govern the Bible Question Competition will also regulate this. Answers will be received until the Saturday following publication, and the successful competitor will be announced the next Saturday. Answers should be addressed to "History Competition," care PROGRESS, St. John, N. B. All letters addressed otherwise will not be considered.

B. Cecil Travis, Hampton, N. B.; Harold A. Lyman, 294 Princess street; Arthur J. Nesbit, 134 Carmarthen street; Sarah Smith, 21 Wall street; Helen Seely, 21 Dorchester street; J. F. M., 99 Brunswick street; Pauline Whitaker, 34 Dorchester street; Walter H. Golding, 177 Leinster street; Frank McArthur, 79 Princess street; Jessie I. Lawson, Duke street, Carleton; Katie I. Beverly, 132 Union street; L. G. Patton, 1 Elliot Row; Mabel Robinson, 37 Union street; Jeanie Johnstone, 14 Elliot Row; Nellie Harrison, 12 Brussels street; Miss Agnes Bizard, 30 Orange street; Don F. Pidgeon, Indiantown; R. D. Peters, 1 Charles street; Leo Bradley, Indiantown; Violet E. Palmer, Fredericton; Lizzie Green, German street; Harriet E. Mills, Stanley street; Thomas Hayes, 113 Quebec street; Annie Lawton, 274 King street (East); M. Evelyn Clark, 26 Dorchester street; Lizzie E. Thompson, 47 St. James street; M. E. Simpson, 37 Elliot Row; J. Edith Garrick, 257 Charlotte street; Louise Carmell, 38 South Side King square; Nellie Campbell, 9 Bridge street, Indiantown; M. Fanny Russell, 211 Queen street; Miss Mary Stevens, Campbellton; Ethel M. Youngclaus, 35 Erin street; Reely C. C. McMackin, 133 Orange street; Annie McLeod, 27 Coburg street; Matthew G. Adams, 11 Wentworth street; Jessie Ferguson, Richibucto; Mildred A. Nutter, 53 Waterloo street; Ella Macaulay, 237 Princess street; C. H. Aughterton, Wood street; Miss Bessie Carpenter, 205 Duke street; Miss Katie Kelly, 64 City road; Ethel F. O. Rowe, Seely street, north end; L. S., box 448, St. John; Miss Fannie Sayre, Richibucto; J. Joshua, city; Arthur McMann, Brookville; Miss Florence Beattie, west end; Thomas Sweeney, Bay shore; Willie McFarlane, 207 Duke street; Carleton; Atkinson; Richibucto; Miss Effie Johnson, Campbellton; Norman McLeod, Fredericton; Jennie Deinstadt, 70 Exmouth street; Florence Addy, 147 Union street; E. F. L. Sturdee, north end; E. J. Rodger, Amherst, N. S.; Miss Maggie Reid, Chatham; H. Livingston, Wellford station; Jessie Dow, Moncton; M. H. May, Moncton; G. E. Watson, Moncton; Miss Nellie Hayes, Sussex; Edith M. Murray, Chatham; Paul Sheehan, Fredericton; Sarah Byrne, Sussex; Marie Antoinette, 19 Cliff street; Theresa Ferguson, 135 Orange street; Lena M. Murray, 20 Orange street; P. Roden, 77 Paradise Row; Miss Ida Franke, city; Annie McCarty, St. James street; Arthur G. Dick, Brookville; Harold Kimball, 151 Waterloo street; Grace A. Morley, 15 Coburg street; Grace A. Estey, 36 Peters street; Violet, 84 Germain street; E. V. Brownell, Fairville; Birdie Patton, North End; Alice Hall, 160 King street (East); Willie McDonald, 297 Princess street; Florrie Schuman, St. James street; Edith Olive, Carleton; Clara Brennan, 67 Waterloo street; Louise, Paddock street; Arthur S. Dinmore, 135 Duke street; George A. Hallett, Grand Falls; William Hogan, 29 Cliff street; T. J. Merritt, Duke street; Roy A. Morrison, Fredericton; Ryerson Long, Fredericton; Winnie G. Godkin, Fredericton; Ecoliere, Fredericton; Fred K. McManis, Brookville; Annie Merritt, 265 Duke street; Richard Kaye, Carleton street; Blanche M. Collier, Charlotte street; Annie L. Gullivan, Fairville; Mable Ross, St. Andrews; Ethel O'Brien, St. George; Edith Peters, Hampton; Nellie, 106 Broad street; Lillian Taylor, Sussex; Harold McDonald, Point du Chêne; Andrew K. Mackasey, Moncton; George Cole, Moncton; R. B. Owens, Newburg Junction; Viola G. McFarlane, West End; Minnie Higgins, 14 White street; Bessie Davis, 92 Waterloo street; Ethel Emery, 196 St. Patrick street; Michael F. Moran, Botsford street, Moncton; James Currie, Amherst; Grace Fawcett, Sackville; Jessie McGibbon, Douglas, York Co.; G. A. H., Kingston; Rose Red, Quispamsis; W. L. Fairweather, Rothesay; Fernelia, Upper Kintore; Mabel S. Estabrooks, Upper Gagetown.

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2. In what year did the Prince of Wales visit Canada? ANS. 1860.

3. Who commanded the Red River Expedition of 1807? ANS. Sir Garret Wolesley, now Lord Wolesley.

4. In what month and year was the British North American act passed? ANS. In March 27th, 1867.

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SCANDAL IN GUMVILLE.

RACING ON THE SABBATH DOWN THE RUE DE COWPATH.

Parson Hooper's Girls Conspicuous—Neck and Neck Between the Old Mare and Whitefoot Olympus—The Terrible Struggle and Final Catastrophe.

Gumville, April 22.—If there is one thing that raises a heavenly tingle in our breast it is to see the youth of our land enjoy themselves. We would sooner see the children at play than a dog-fight. We like to see the kids of our community scamper over the green sward of Nature with undisturbed freedom. But we are free to confess that freedom is a thing which can be too free and ought to be frowned down with no uncertain sound. We are alladin' now to the disgraceful Orgies enacted in our precincts last Sabbath morning. But to resume.

This community has been aware for some time past that young Jefferson Harris was spoons on Parson Hooper's daughter Violet. It has likewise been strongly suspected that young Azariah Scudder was roamin' around the suburbs of the reverend gentleman's youngest daughter, Emerency. But it was not known till now that there was hard feelin' between Jefferson and Azariah ownin' it appears to Azariah bein' crowded out of the parlor and bein' obliged to court his girl in the kitchen, where he was camped on by the whole famerly. If there is anything calculated to undermine the religious instincts of a young man it is to have to court his girl under the supervision of her dotin' parents. We have been there. But to resume.

The reverend gentleman as everyone knows resides in Upper Gumville about a mile and a half from the Freewill church in Lower Gumville. Last Sunday morning Azariah drove up to the parsonage with the old mare and, havin' stowed Emerency aboard, started in a peaceful way for the meetin' house. Just then young Jefferson Harris came along with his four-year-old Olympus critter and hooked onto Violet. Azariah is a tranquil young man by nature but mortal ugly when his bile is rized, and we don't blame him in this appalling episode. But to resume.

It was against all human nature that Azariah, after bein' sot on so hard and often as he was, should allow young Jefferson to throw dust on him and Emerency, right before the public gaze, but that is just what that ornery young blood made up his mind to do.

No sooner did he see Azariah on the road ahead than he touched up young Olympus and undertook to give him the go-by. This was adding insult to injury. Azariah latched the old mare a stem winder, and with that off they went tearing down the Rue de Cowpath on this peaceful Sabbath morn as if the devil had kicked em endways.

Geminity! the white feet of Olympus hardly touched the earth, and the old mare snorted and tore along like a locomotive! The road was lined with people heading for the synagogue, but Azariah's blood was up and for that matter so was Emerency's. From one side of the road to the other they swayed and swung, young Jefferson's enamel teeth shut close and Azariah pilin' the gad on the old mare like all possessed! It was awful.

At the post office the black ostrich feathers of Violet was stringin' out behind as they flew, and Emerency was hangin' to the seat like grim death. "If you let them pass us, Riah," said she, "never let me see you again."

Jewillikins! how they flew. At Boner's brook Olympus was a neck ahead, but he run over Nehemiah Slocomb's dog and broke, and the old mare, with Emerency's red shawl streamin' out, shot by like a cyclone.

But in a minute the mare struck rough footin' and young Olympus came walkin' up on her, the snow springin' from his foothills, the spray flyin' from his nostrils and his long white tail over the dashboard—Jerusalem! If it hadn't been the day of rest the sight was glorious. Violet was a little scared, but showed her teeth to Emerency saucy like as the white stockings of Olympus went swingin' past, as much as to say, "I'll remember you for this my lady; you'll see!" It was awful.

But just then they struck the down grade at the school house and, Jewittaker, how the old mare flew! Her head was stretched out and she snapped her tail every time the gad fetched her, and her feet darted out like fish-hooks as they grabbed the dusty ground! Foot by foot she climbed on young Olympus—she passed the hind-wheel, and then the forred-wheel—and then his middle—and then his head, while the pebbles from her feet flew over the dasher in a perfect hail storm.

At the cross-roads they nearly ran over Deacon Hopper, but the red shawl was still ahead. At the cheese factory Olympus run into a flock of sheep and the wagon jumped a yard in the air. They overtook old Ebenezer White, and knocked a wheel off slick and clean, and Azariah's beany went sailin' like a balloon out over the meadow.

Good heavens, how pretty the white stockings of young Olympus looked as they flashed in the sun! On the up-grade the

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this For sample package send three cent stamp to

critter showed his breedin' and again the ostrich feathers flew in the van.

Then Azariah stood up and piled on the gad like mad while the girls were sassin' each other. Over the bridge and past the corner they bounced and rattled, first shawl and then feathers to the fore!

Down the street they went scattering the people right and left, till just as they reached the church what should the old mare do but turn round sharp and bolt for the gate! Azariah hollered, the girls screamed and Jefferson tried to rein Olympus up, but it was no use; in a jiffy the horses struck each other, the sparks flew in showers from the wheels and over went both kersmash in the ditch. It was awful.

Violet was picked up on the side of the road with her ostrich feathers under her in a good state of repair, but cryin' bitterly. Emerency went over the dasher head first and landed in the ditch. She was stunned for a spell, and when she came to the first thing she said was: "Riah, they didn't pass us, did they? Come, kiss me!"

Azariah, who was tangled up in the red shawl slid a rod or two on his ear and, when the traces broke, was dragged through the gate by the old mare. Young Jefferson leaped up on the old mare's hinder, slewed over the shafts and, the devil bein' good to his own, lit on his feet.

There was no preachin' in the meetin'-house that day, brother Hooper bein' too much used up over the awful occurrence to enter the tabernacle. The excitement in Gumville this week has been tremendous. Opinion is evenly divided as to the propriety of Jefferson and Azariah and several fights has been the result. Some is in favor of invitin' the reverend Mr. Hooper to resign; while the Opposition is in favor of raisin' his salary. Our private opinion of young Jefferson is that he is an infernal scoundrel. BILDAD.

MARRIAGES IN BRITANY.

Money is not Necessary, But the Ceremony is Elaborate and Trying.

A typical Breton wedding is as curious as it is improvident. So poor are often the young pair that the only way they can set up housekeeping is by presents from their friends of food, flax, furniture and money. The youth desirous of matrimony simply offers his hand to the object of his choice. If she accept she must confirm her acquiescence by drinking wine with him. Her father's consent is asked by proxy, the deputy holding a piece of tuzze during the interview. The father usually offers an old woman, a young widow, and a child, before granting the request.

On the wedding day a cowherd leads round the village an ox wagon laden with the wedding furniture. This consists of a press, a bedstead like a wardrobe (shutting up entirely, with only firework for ventilation), a cask of cider, a churn, a porridge pot, and a bundle of faggots. On the top of this load two maidens are seated, one spinning hemp and the other flax. The bride shows her fine breeding by making her friends drag her to church. On either side of the altar burns a wax taper, and it is expected that whoever of the two is next the least brilliant light will die first.

The bride, on leaving the church, is presented with a distaff to remind her of her duties. Tripe, butter, buckwheat-bread, and cider, form the marriage feast, towards which each guest pays his portion. During the meal the bridegroom disappears to purloin a mattress; if he is caught in the act, it is pulled to pieces. Finally, the bell-ringers inflate the bagpipes, and, on a new-mown field, dancing is led off by the bridegroom.

At night, according to an ancient custom, the mother gives her daughter a handful of nuts. The happy pair are serenaded at their retire, and are served with a soup containing crusts threaded together, in symbol of unity. Their embarrassment is vainly endeavoring to eat these crusts provokes much amusement, after which they are bidden "Good night."

Easy to Dress the Boys.

It is a much easier matter to dress children than it was some years ago, for the suits worn by the little fellows of today are almost all bought ready made. In this line Messrs. Scovil, Fraser & Co. have done such a large business that they were warranted in making a specialty of it, and have a stock that must please the most fastidious parents, and which includes suits that will fit boys of all sizes. Messrs. Scovil, Fraser & Co. have recently been awarded the contract for supplying 40 conductors' suits for the C. P. R.

Watch For It Next Week.

Mr. T. H. Hall's change advertisement reached the office too late for publication this week, but it contains information regarding safety bicycles which can be read with equal interest next week. Mr. Hall has been the agent for the famous Rudge bicycles six years, and in his advertisement puts forth four very good reasons why they are the best.

The Cup That Cheers.

The East Indies commenced tea culture in 1860. In 1864 two and a half million pounds were sold and consumed by the British Isles. In 1890 over one hundred million pounds were used, showing by the vast increase the popularity of Indian tea. A very superior quality—RAM LAL'S PURE INDIAN TEA—for sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this For sample package send three cent stamp to

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

THE LADIES OF THE FREDERICTON UNION THINK SO.

But the Men would Require to be Shut up—What a Dozen Good-looking Men could do at Convassing—The Man Mortal is Degenerate but Enjoyable.

One of the most flourishing institutions in Fredericton is the Women's Christian Temperance union. Of late it has been flourishing the flag of women's rights.

The union does a good work in the city. It scatters a good many tracts over the face of nature which, no doubt, are read. It visits the poor and also the hospital and the county jail. And sometimes it will visit its own members—but this depends.

It is a joint stock corporation and owns a fine brick building, embellished with mansard roof and mortgage, which contains a public hall and several stores. The union rents the stores and woe betide the tenant who is slack on quarter day. It manages a coffee room, which is a great convenience to lawyers and business men who have not the time to travel home for dinner. The bill of fare is nutritious and reliable. It commends itself, especially, to persons of an economical, but at the same time, gastronomical, turn of thought.

A great deal is undoubtedly done for temperance by the union. But the crowning glory of the union is its weekly meetings, where questions of the day are handled in vigorous, man fashion. There is an election of officers now and then, and the tellers who count the ballots have lots of fun. There are discussions on the rules of parliamentary debate and the union has them down very fine indeed.

For the past two weeks the union has been debating the subject of women's suffrage. No man mortal was allowed inside. But the hall was crowded just the same.

Some vital points have been adjusted; others are yet unsettled. It is admitted by the union that women are better than men, but not so enjoyable. It is even conceded by the union that women are smarter than men, but why they cannot throw a stone or sharpen a pencil has been elucidated.

It is the opinion of the union that woman was made because man was lonesome and that it was inadvisable to throw upon him the entire responsibility of raising the family himself. But the idea that woman was an after-thought is not entertained by the union.

It is believed by the union that a man mortal is of no intrinsic value to the world on wash-days, and it is strongly suspected that at house-cleaning times he is an unmitigated nuisance. It is held by some that a man mortal is essentially dangerous, but this view while stoutly supported by evidence, is not concurred in by the single ladies of the union.

Some of the fair orators of the union maintain that a man who smokes is a nuisance. But these are mainly orators who have weak stomachs. Others affirmed that smoking keeps a man good-humored and out of mischief.

The union inclines to the view that man is an intelligent being with strong powers of reason, while woman's intelligence is intuitive. Morally, man's status is high, but he will bear a deal of watching.

The main question in the union around which all others cluster is whether woman should vote. She is inclined to think she should. She thinks her influence upon politics would be refining—that she would counteract the degenerate tendencies of the man mortal. That in matters of morals her vote would be cast for truth and purity and goodness. Some contend that she is fitted for the higher realm of politics; that she has a right to take part in grave affairs of state. But what would become of the poor government if the surveyor-general's bonnet was out of fashion, or if the provincial secretary put on airs, or if domestic incidents should render it advisable for the premier to remain at home, is not stated.

The union was present in full force last Wednesday and the Wednesday before when the question was discussed. Of course the majority were in favor of voting. But the other side made out a strong case, nevertheless. Here is an extract from a speech delivered by the leader of the opposition.

Let us take the city of Fredericton and see how the vote of women would affect temperance. Suppose the question for the next election was prohibition and anti-prohibition. What percentage of the votes would be cast for prohibition? Are there more women than men according to their numbers who would vote the prohibition ticket with existing influences? I believe there are not. As in every city, there are many true women who would vote and use their influence for the right every time. But I don't believe even in this well-behaved city of Fredericton they would be in the majority. In case women had a vote you could not shut the men up, and what woman is not susceptible to their influence? Turn a dozen good-looking, popular, wily men out to canvass this city, and they would capture more votes in a forenoon than the W. C. T. U. could in a month! There are so many weak points of attack in our sex that I will mention another. More than half of the females of any city are hampered in the matter of dress. They look upon their favored sisters who can sport a sea-like esquisse or silk dress as something altogether outside of the pale of ordinary mortals—beings endowed with something of a cherub's grace—and as we come down in the scale of aspiration, a new bonnet, a gaily dress, or a cloak and hood for the baby will more than take the place of the permanent barrel of flour or \$5 bill. Still descending to the lower strata where votes would come thicker and faster, a web of calico or a few yards of ribbon would purchase votes without number.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this For sample package send three cent stamp to

But despite the appeals of the leader of the opposition, the government with its "servile majority," (as the man politician would say) voted down the amendment to the time of 23 to 7. And, then by a vote of 19 to 7, it was resolved to circulate petitions in favor of granting to women that which the selfish male human has so long enjoyed—the right to speak by ballot. BILDAD.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WOOD TURNER OF LONG EXPERIENCE with hand and automatic machinery, wants Situation.—Address, HUGH CRAVVOOD, 31 Germain st.

DANCING IN THE BARN. "Schottische" (Military), 10 cents; Lots of others. Send for list. Music printed to order.—Jas. W. DODDY, 211 Brunswick st., Halifax, N. S.

FOR SALE, A WELL-ESTABLISHED Book binding town on the I. C. R. line. Good chance for the right man; capital required small.—For particulars apply to Progress office. ap25-41

FOR SALE, A GOOD established Photograph carrying on a first-class trade. Reasons for selling given for all particulars, address "FOTO" care Progress office St. John, N. B.

EXPRESS THERE are quite a lot of express men. But if you want your baggage, or any furniture or delicate article moved be sure you get it by the Express. It is the only reliable baggage Transfer Company in St. John, N. B. mar27

MRS. RORER'S 12mo, 881 pages, with portrait of the Author and elaborate index; oil-cloth cover, \$1.50. COOK BOOK, Every recipe has been repeatedly tried and found to be practical, sensible and thoroughly reliable. It contains chapters on Dinner-giving, To Cook, What to Save and How to Use it, Kitchens and Pantry, Combinations of Foods, etc.; it comments on ways of cooking, the selection of things to be cooked, and the utensils to cook them with. Mrs. Rorer is a high authority on all matters relating to cookery, and the book offers the best results of her long experience. Mailed on receipt of price.—C. FLOOD & SONS, St. John, N. B.

50cts. PAYS FOR A SOLID RUBBER principle as a \$2.50 pen. Guaranteed not to clog. Sent packed in a neat box with filler. A regular bonus for agents: \$4.00 to \$10.00 a day made easy. Send stamps, or post office order for sample. —H. V. MORAN & CO., Box 22, St. John, N. B.

\$5000 IN PRIZES to those who make the largest number of words from the letters in the two words "CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST." Prizes, ranging from \$1 to \$1000 in gold. Open until May 29, 1891. 15 days allowed after May 29 for letters to reach us (send distant notes). Send stamp for full particulars. Address: CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ont., Canada. may29

CONFIDENTIAL DIAMONDS and all other jewelry for engagement, and a splendid lot of wedding rings on hand or made to order on the shortest notice. Notice to meet any emergency on this score, and warranted to suit by W. TREMAYNE GARD, 81 King St.

SUMMER RESIDENCE TO LET, for the full season, or for a longer period. Beautifully situated in a grove of trees, within a few rods of the river bank, and convenient to city by boat or train. House two-story and nearly new—seven rooms; good cultivation. Pure spring water on premises; good school handy. Rent reasonable. Possession given any time after navigation opens.—Address "Summer Residence" care Progress Office. (ap24) 41

LESSONS IN COMMON ENGLISH or higher branches; and all other subjects for children. Backward pupils can receive strictly confidential lessons.—Address, "GOVERNMENT," Progress Office, St. John, N. B. ap, 4, 11.

"WHAT'S WORTH doing, is worth doing well." Watches and jewelry repairs in particular, and to this end try with all such articles the most reliable. Every article warranted to prove satisfactory.—W. TREMAYNE GARD, No. 81 King St.

PROPERTY FOR SALE, situated at Robey's Cove, near Harris foundry, and owned by Mrs. LALAN, comprising large two-story house, and house in rear. For terms and particulars apply on the premises.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situated at Robey's Cove.—20 minutes ride from station.—For Sale, or to let for the summer. Just the place to spend a summer holiday. Two minutes walk from Kennebec; plenty of ground. House in good repair; barns attached.—Apply, for particulars, at Progress Office.

SEATING FOR SALE, Cheap. Parties looking for seating for new halls or public buildings, of any kind, can get great bargains in this line by applying to TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, St. John, N. B.

STARTLING, ISN'T IT, that you can insert an advertisement every week, for the small sum of twenty-five cents. Try it, and watch the result.

BOYS WANTED in every locality in N. B. and N. S., from 12 to 15 years of age. For fortune made, but good wages—no school hours. Key-chain; sell well. If tail for 25c., send 25c. for sample. H. V. MORAN & CO., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know something of bright, honest boys who would not object to making money for themselves, or keeping their parents, by two or three hours every Saturday, in such towns and villages in the Maritime provinces where Progress is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage, by writing to Progress "Circulation Department," St. John, N. B.

TO LET.—THE DRY GOODS STORE, formerly occupied by Mr. W. C. Allan, King Street (West End).—Apply to ROY. TUNNEY, 12 King Street, City.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN. Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have suffered intensely from RHEUMATISM in my ankles for over twelve years, and I take great pleasure in stating that two applications of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM immediately relieved me, and one bottle entirely cured me.

ELIZABETH MANN, Stanley St., City Road.

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street, St. John, N. B.

For sale by all Druggists. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simons Bros., and Forsyth, Smedley & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Write for pamphlet of people we know, who have been cured by Scott's Cure.

CANNED Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Peaches. 1400 Cases In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

Now Then, Young Men! Don't be down-hearted about your Clothes. You'll get a nice new suit presently—we'll tell you how to get it. You want a Summer Suit; not too heavy; not expensive—a nice light suit. Fancy colored Tweed—a whole suit for \$6.00. An elegant fit; you can try it on before buying.

OAK HALL, SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. Corner King and Germain.

GUARANTEE!

A GREAT MANY HOUSEKEEPERS are now considering about the New Cook Stove or Range they will require in the Spring, and debating as to the best place to buy it. In their enquiries among friends they will receive a great many conflicting reports regarding the merits, or otherwise, of the many Stoves sold. This coupled with the contradictory statements of dealers, will make the doubt still greater. Realizing this, and to remove all doubts from the minds of those who may favor us with their confidence or orders, we may say that WE GUARANTEE EVERY STOVE OR RANGE WE SELL TO WORK PERFECTLY, and to be as represented in every particular, and in all instances where our guarantee is not found correct, we will refund the amount paid and pay all expenses connected with the transaction. Our assortment of STOVES to suit all classes is unequalled, and embraces a great variety of sizes, qualities, and prices, with something to suit all concerns. IT WILL PAY TO INVESTIGATE OUR STOCK, and compare values, and in doing this to KEEP IN MIND OUR ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE.

EMERSON & FISHER, STOVE AND KITCHEN FURNISHING DEPOT, 75 to 79 Prince William Street.

YOU MUST RIDE A BICYCLE

If you want to Stand Straighter, Hit Harder, Look Better, Feel Better, Work Better. You buy a wheel be sure and buy a BRANTFORD. They are made especially for our Canadian roads. Diamond Frame, made of the best imported Steel Tubing, Wheels, Hollow Rims, True Tangent Spokes, Endless Rubber Tires, made handles, and all ball bearing. We have Bicycles for all ages, Baby Carriages, Tricycles and Velocipedes. Call or send for one of our 24 page catalogues.

C. E. BURNHAM & SON, FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A Boon to Health! AND A HOUSEHOLD SAFEGUARD

"PEARL" WATER FILTER.

WHY persist in drinking unfiltered water, polluted with animal and decaying vegetable matter, and in large towns with factory refuse, sewers and impurities from adjacent dwellings, thus breeding typhoid, malarial fevers, bowel diseases, cholera, and a whole train of kindred evils, when you can purchase a "PEARL" WATER FILTER FOR \$1.00.

If your Faucet has not a thread upon it, we can supply at small cost an adjustable thread, which is always handy. Price of Filter, \$1.00. Adjustable Thread Connection, 35c. Get one, and ensure pure water.

MANUFACTURED BY T. McAVITY & SONS, - - - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

The Model Grande is the BEST.

COLES, PARSONS & SHARP.

Peaches. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

ing Men! out your Clothes. You'll tly—we'll tell you how to ner Suit; not too heavy; ht suit. Fancy colored \$6.00. An elegant fit; ying.

HALL, ASER & CO. and Germain.

NTEE! A GREAT MANY HOUSEKEEPERS are now considering about the

New Cook Stove or Range they will require in the Spring, and debating as to the best place to buy it. In their enquiries among friends they will receive a great many conflicting reports regarding the merits, or otherwise, of the many Stoves sold. This coupled with the contradictory statements of dealers, will make the doubt still greater. Realizing this, and to remove all doubts from the minds of those who may favor us with their confidence or orders, we may say that WE GUARANTEE EVERY STOVE OR RANGE WE SELL TO WORK PERFECTLY, and to be as represented in every particular, and in all instances where our guarantee is not found correct, we will refund the amount paid and pay all expenses connected with the transaction. Our assortment of STOVES and RANGES is unequalled, and embraces a great variety of sizes, qualities, and prices, with something to suit all corners. WE WILL PAY TO INVESTIGATE OUR STOCK, and compare values, and in doing this to KEEP IN MIND OUR ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE.

& FISHER, FURNISHING DEPOT, William Street.

and study much, and whose habits must be there aglandi Hoyt, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE A BICYCLE Look Better, Feel Better, Work Better.



They are made especially for our Canadian Riders. Steel Tubing, Hollow Rims, True Tans, and Velocipedes.

WAREROOMS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

on to Health!

A HOUSEHOLD SAFEGUARD

L WATER FILTER.

in drinking unfiltered water, polluted with animal and vegetable matter, and in large towns with their impurities from adjacent dwellings, thus causing cholera, typhoid, and other diseases, and a host of evils, when you can purchase a WATER FILTER for \$1.00.

is not a thread upon it, we can supply at small cost any size of filter, which is always handy.

ED BY - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Grande

T. S & SHARP.



MUSICIANS' SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

After quite a lot of reflection I have arrived at the conclusion that the Spring—what ever it may do in other things—does not turn the average person's fancy to thoughts of melody, for there simply has not been a thing going on in that line, worth speaking of for the last two weeks or more. Of course, the Oratorio Society keeps on in the even tenor of its way, but that does not do the general public much good just at present. At the rehearsal on Monday, Mr. Henry Terrell took Miss Goddard's place as accompanist for the evening. There was a very good attendance and some good work was done on the organ.

Miss Rodgers has been engaged to fill the position of organist, in the German street Baptist church, of organist, in the German street Baptist church, which fell vacant by Miss Edie Barbour's resignation.

Miss M. V. Hancock, who has been visiting friends in Boston, has returned to her post in St. David's church. Miss Lindsey acted as organist in the church on the 22nd.

Miss J. Annie Young has returned from Fredrickton and is once more singing in St. David's. St. John's church choir has lost another member in Miss Isabel Hunt, who left for England on Friday. I join with Miss Roe's many friends in wishing her every happiness in the new life she is taking up. Miss Halliday will be absent from the St. John's choir for three weeks, which she will spend in Boston.

A board of a song by Lohr which I fancy would be pretty. It is called "What Shall I Say?" Dison and Co. have published a new song for a baritone voice, "Day of Days," by Beardsley Van de Water, among which are "Abide With Me," by Halley; "As Pants the Heart," Gollnick; "Sweet Saviour, Bless Us Ere We Part," by Henry Leslie; "The King of Love," Smart; "How Sweet the Name," Reay; "By Way, Not Mine, O Lord," Nunn.

Miss J. Thompson publishes some excellent songs from "Foreign Lands," "Singing" by Goldstein, and "Ah! Let Me Tell Thee," Chacowicz, for soprano; "Selma's Thoughts," Schanz; "Glorious Granddaddy."

There is an article on congregational singing, etc. in the Churchman for April 18th, which is well worth reading. It is written to the effect that all that is best in music, as well as in everything else, should be offered to God, and is partly in answer to a correspondent who advocates the vexed question of having purely congregational singing.

The choir of St. James' church sang the music of a sacred cantata entitled "The Ship of the Immanuel," written by Dr. Geo. B. Arnold, organist of Winchester cathedral, for his choir and dedicated to them. It is in many respects a charming composition. It is in many respects the reputation of the composer as a writer of some of the leading composers of church music of the English school. —The York Churchman.

Mr. Jas. S. Ford's new song, "Pretty Little Maiden Mine," which is being published by Ditson & Co., should be out this week. A lady who has just returned from Boston speaks of hearing Mr. T. Daniel sing in Dr. Horton's church on Copley square. Mr. Daniel sings in a contralto voice, the other members of which are Mrs. M. H. Coffin, soprano, Miss Lillian Carl Smith, contralto, Mr. E. H. Barker, tenor, and Mr. Alfred Beethoven evening at Mrs. Thos. Walker's, Princess street, on Tuesday. I will try and give the programme as nearly as possible. The Beethoven programme was as follows: Concerto in D, Minor, selections were as follows: Concerto in D, Minor, concerto and piano, Mrs. W. W. Bowden, Miss Fossie, Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, trio, from Septet, violin, cello and piano, Mrs. W. W. Bowden, Miss Fossie, Bowden and Miss Clinch; quartette, Mrs. W. S. Carter, Mrs. McNeill, Father Davenport, and Mr. Alfred Porter. Among the numbers by Handel were, arias from "Bianco," Mr. G. Ludlow Robinson. Airs: "Rapid Thy Course," "Judy's Accusation," "The Merry Peace," "Judas," Mrs. W. S. Carter, "O Lovely Peace," violin solo, Mrs. W. W. Bowden, and Father Davenport; violin and piano, Mrs. G. H. Barker, "O Lord of Hosts," "Simon, Mrs. Gilchrist; "Ye Men of Gaza," "Simon, Mrs. Davenport. (The last three selections had string accompaniment—violin, Mr. Bowden, Mrs. Bowden; bass, Mr. W. W. Bowden, A. Ewing. "He shall Feed His Flock," "Moses," Miss Halliday. The last number was a quartette sung by Mrs. Carter, Mrs. McNeill, Father Davenport and Mr. Porter. The next musicale will be at the residence of Mr. W. M. Jarvis, King street east, on the third Tuesday in May, when a miscellaneous programme will be rendered.

At the services in Trinity church on St. George's day, the choristers from St. Paul's and the Mission day, the choristers from St. Paul's and the Mission day, assisted the regular choir. An anthem by Shaw, and Morley's canticles were sung. By the way, I hear a rumor to the effect that our Episcopal churches tomorrow will be, I hear, Mr. Morley's canticles in the morning. Some one told me that Miss Hitchens was bringing a soprano from Boston as an associate teacher in her choir. I do not expect that meeting will crowd out music next week and things will be duller than ever, for I do not hear of anything in that line, not even a Sunday school concert.

Letting Him Down Easy. Editor.—Mr. Plumduff, you may make a little change in your column tomorrow morning. It takes up too much space. Cut it down one-half.

Mr. Plumduff—"Yes, sir." "Then the other half won't need any special heading. Remove the heading."

"Yes, sir." "And it needn't be leaded. Run it solid."

"Yes, sir." "That will make it take up about a third of a column."

"Yes, sir." "And then it can go in any part of the paper wherever there is room for it."

"Yes, sir." "And if there isn't room it can be left out."

"Yes, sir." "And it hardly seems worth while to keep it going, does it?"

"Yes, sir." "You are right, Mr. Plumduff. Your resignation is accepted."—Chicago Tribune.

No Public Watch. He was prowling around the depot with a white-wash brush in his hand and a step-ladder over his shoulder, when a man who had just come in on the train inquired: "What time of day is it, uncle?"

The old man leaned the brush against the wall and laid the step-ladder down on the walk. Then after a long search on a ragged pocket, he produced a galvanized old watch in his car. Then without looking at its swollen face, he said: "It's half-past-kar-ter-arter. Wha don't yer keer yer watch yoseff, an' not be gwine round 'betherin' gatten?" I ain't no town clock, nobow."—Detroit Free Press.

He Wanted Death. Moses Schaumburg has been quite ill. Upon his recovery Dr. Bliester presented his bill for forty-three visits at \$3 or \$129.

"O mine Gott," groaned Moses. "Death was post doctor after all." "Why do you say that?" asked the astonished physician. "Because he only makes one visit," replied Moses, glaring like a demon at the doctor.

"Well," replied Dr. Bliester, drawing a pistol, "it is none too late for that yet." "Twas Siftings.

Mark your linen with Robertson's Printing Shampoos. Perfectly indelible.

mingled strains of "Silver Threads among the Gold" and "Do you love me Mollie Darling," came floating on the breeze. I try to conceal the fact in my heart I love the vulgar hand-organ, and if there is a monkey my cup runneth over! So if anyone sees a son of Italy looking for fresh fields to conquer, just recommend him to try the devil's half acre, where he "will fill a long-sight want."

The two school examinations, of which I spoke last week, took place on Friday and Saturday evenings, and outside of the rather too great length of programme, were very successful, and Mr. Oulton, with his assistants, Miss Grierson and Miss Ford, were to be congratulated upon the result of their labors. Some of the recitations were really fine, notably those of Miss Maudie Hamilton and Master Roy McGrath. The latter possesses eloquentary gifts with the Dorchester dialect. Master Albert Hickman's "Chinese song" was exceedingly well sung, and provoked a wild applause, as did Miss Jahn's solo "Rolling Dolly Day." The solo "See-Saw," sung by one on a long board, was very pretty also. The orchestra gave valuable assistance, and had been a few less numbers would have spoiled the programme. Master Albert Hickman's "Chinese song" was exceedingly well sung, and provoked a wild applause, as did Miss Jahn's solo "Rolling Dolly Day." The solo "See-Saw," sung by one on a long board, was very pretty also. The orchestra gave valuable assistance, and had been a few less numbers would have spoiled the programme. Master Albert Hickman's "Chinese song" was exceedingly well sung, and provoked a wild applause, as did Miss Jahn's solo "Rolling Dolly Day." The solo "See-Saw," sung by one on a long board, was very pretty also. The orchestra gave valuable assistance, and had been a few less numbers would have spoiled the programme.

I hope he will take care of it. Mr. Robb and Mr. Oulton sang two duets, "Carolin' John" on Friday, and the old favorite, "The Singing Lesson," on Saturday evening. There were very many more pretty tableaux, songs and other

Those who have house-cleared and taken down their hall stoves, in a moment of sanguine anticipation of warm weather, sit apart in chilly cleanliness and wish they hadn't, while the wiser Martha's, who

are still in a state grimy comfort, gather around their warm heartstoves and rejoice. A few of our winter visitors still linger with us, but others have returned to their respective homes in time to render dutiful aid in the spring cleaning.

I am glad to say that Miss Jean Thomson and Miss Call of Newcastle, are amongst the former. Miss Short, of Dorchester, is visiting her brother, Mr. Geo. B. Willet.

Mr. T. R. Whitehead, of Halifax, spent Sunday and Monday in town. Mrs. Geo. McSweeney and Mrs. J. S. Benedict are spending a few days in Amherst.

I regret to say that there is very little change in the condition of Mr. E. T. Tyler, paymaster of the I. C. R., who has been ill for some weeks past with typhoid fever. The fever is running its course with but little improvement, and can be looked for, until after the crisis.

Mr. P. H. Bliester, of Fredericton, who has been spending a week with his friend, Miss Barnes, returned home last Thursday, to the great regret of her many Moncton friends.

I am sorry to say that we are about to lose Mrs. Alexander MacLean from Moncton, as she has decided to make her home in the future with her daughter in the city of Chicago. She will be greatly missed by her large circle of friends, as she has been a resident of Moncton for many years.

We have sustained another serious loss lately in the departure of Mr. W. S. Thomson, of the engineering department, I. C. R., who has accepted a position in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Thomson was a position in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Thomson was a position in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Thomson was a position in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. E. S. Outhouse returned on Saturday from his long visit to the United States. Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Parry spent a few days in St. John last week visiting friends, and incidentally taking in the centuries exhibition.

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A \$10,000.00 Stock of Brussels Carpets, AT COST PRICES.

I INTEND to sell out my Entire Stock of BRUSSELS CARPETINGS, during the Spring months. Intending purchasers will do well to call early and make selections. Hotel keepers will find this a grand opportunity to buy.

HAROLD GILBERT CARPET and FURNITURE WAREROOMS, 54 KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

Gurney's Hot Water Boiler RADIATORS

Have proved to be THE BEST Heating Apparatus in the Market. More used than any other system.

ALSO ASK FOR OUR "DEFIANCE" HEATER, for domestic use in Hotels, Barber Shops, and Heating small offices.

WROUGHT STEEL RANGES, ANY SIZE. For Private Houses, Hotels, and Public Institutions.

Scales, Locks, Door Furniture, Hot Air Furnaces, Etc. TO BE PROCURED FROM THE TRADE.

E. & C. GURNEY & CO. - - MONTREAL.

Miss Maudie Fitch took part in "ye olde folks concert," given in Churchill's hall, Hantsport, and delighted the audience by her pleasing and artistic execution of the violin.

Mrs. Junison Harris is visiting in Woodstock, N. B. Mrs. Miller is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Deane.

Miss Annie Parker is home from Boston. Miss Parker has lately graduated from the Massachusetts general hospital. I believe she intends returning to Boston shortly, where she will study homeopathy.

Miss Newcomb is a victim of the gripe. I am glad to learn the Rev. T. A. Higgins, who has been quite ill is recovering.

Mr. Lou Brown has gone to Boston where he will remain for the summer.

AMHERST. [PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst, by George Doucass, at the Western Union telegraph office.]

April 22.—Society for the last week has been unusually quiet. A number are enduring the tortures of the gripe with commendable patience. Every day I hear of a new victim.

Mrs. Geo. McSweeney and Mrs. Benedict, of Moncton, have been spending a few days in town. Mrs. McSweeney and child left on Monday night to spend some time in Bangor. Her sister, Miss Bliss, accompanied her as far as St. John.

Mr. A. R. Dickey, M. P., accompanied by Mrs. Dickey, expects to leave on Saturday night by the C. P. for Ottawa.

Prof. Max Sterne anticipates leaving shortly for Munich to take a six months' course in vocal culture, and on his return will open a conservatory of music in town.

Hon. H. R. Emmons and Mr. J. A. McQueen, M. P., spent Sunday and Monday in town, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Allen, Crescent avenue.

We are all delighted to hear that Rev. Mr. McGregor has decided to remain in charge of St. Stephen's church.

Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Steele, Miss Tighe, and Dr. and Mrs. Tupper, all returned from their three weeks stay in New York on Tuesday evening.

Rev. U. E. Harris sails tomorrow for Liverpool, C. B., for home. He has been put in charge of a lot of immigrants for Canada.

Music hall was crowded on Monday night to hear the band concert, assisted by other local talent, and all were delighted, the music being of a very high order.

Hon. Barnaby's musical recital will take place next Wednesday evening, when music lovers will enjoy another treat.

TRAVELLING CLOAKS. 'HEPTONETTE'

Every garment bearing this trade mark is guaranteed perfectly Porous, Odorless, Free from Rubber, yet Rain-Repellent.

"Heptonette" garment can be worn on the hottest day with perfect comfort. Water runs off "Heptonette" garment, as of a duck's back.

The most important feature in "Heptonette" garments is the SECRET COMBINATION OF MATERIAL AND MAKE OF THE CLOTHS. They are UNRIVALLED in durability, design, richness of appearance and rain-resisting properties.

"Heptonette" garments are unequalled in fit and finish.

For Sale by Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

Wholesale Agents for the Province.

THE PRESS (NEW YORK) FOR 1891.

DAILY. SUNDAY. WEEKLY. 6 pages, 1 ct. 20 pages, 4 cts. 8 or 10 pages, 2 cts.

The Aggressive Republican Journal of the Metropolis. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE MASSES. Founded December 1st, 1887.

CIRCULATION OVER 100,000 COPIES DAILY.

The Press is the organ of no faction; pulls no wires; has no animosities to avenge.

The most remarkable Newspaper Success in New York.

The Press is a National Newspaper. Cheap news, vulgar sensations and trash find no place in the columns of The Press.

The Press has the brightest Editorial page in New York. It sparkles with points.



ICE CREAM! I SCREAM! LADIES, ATTENTION!

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his lady customers, and the public generally, that he is now ready to fill their orders for Ice Cream, in any quantity desired. Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry, Pineapple, Ginger, Chocolate, Coffee, Almond, Pistachio, Tutti Frutti, etc.

Prompt attention given to all orders sent to the Lorne Restaurant, 105 Charlotte Street.

T. C. WASHINGTON, PROPRIETOR.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and style of TURNER & FINLAY, was on the 24th day of March last, dissolved by lapse of time.

ROBERT TURNER, ANDREW FINLAY.

TRUSTEES' NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that ROBERT TURNER, of the City of St. John, Dry Goods merchant, has this day assigned all his estate to us, in trust for the benefit of his creditors.

SAUEL C. GILCHRIST, Trustee. E. & R. McLEOD & EWING, Solicitors.

Step Ladders! CHEAP, STRONG, AND DURABLE.

THREE STEPS.....\$.60 FOUR STEPS.....\$.80 FIVE STEPS.....\$ 1.00 SIX STEPS.....\$ 1.25 SEVEN STEPS.....\$ 1.50

J. & J. D. HOWE, MARKET BUILDING, GERMAIN STREET.

White Enamelled Signs Letters—Best sign on earth. Robertson, St. John.



EVERY SKIN SCALP & BLOOD Disease Cured by Cuticura

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, or distressing eczema, and every humor of the blood, which, after loss of hair, forms pimples to the most pertinacity, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA SKIN PURIFIER and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of all Humour Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy.

Hold every where. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.00. Prepared by the TORREY BROTHERS, CUTICURA MANUFACTURING CO., Lowell, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

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The Victor Typo Writer, latest and best, \$77.00. Robertson, St. John, sole agent.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Montreal Building, 38 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 25.

WILL BEAR WATCHING.

Some of our friends think we were somewhat premature in speaking against 'Boss' CHESLEY as chairman of public safety.

Of course that is something for the friends of both parties to argue about. So far as we are concerned we have not a high opinion of either as chairman of public safety.

MR. CREED'S MORAL SENSE.

For the second time Mr. I. C. CREED, of Fredericton, has brought himself, his son and a public educational institution into unsavory prominence.

We doubt it there is much room for Mr. CREED to plume himself upon his part. We do not propose to defend any disgraceful act, but so far as we can understand from a plain and circumstantial relation of the facts, the offence of the student did not go beyond boyish imprudence of which any lad might be guilty.

The lot of the Boston policeman who hustled a Transcript reporter from the church steps and dragged him to the police station is not a particularly happy one.

The excessive good humor of Chief CLARK when the Victoria Hotel was reported for selling after hours must have been somewhat forced, when the fact is taken into consideration that he has practically lived at the hotel since he was appointed chief of police.

ROUGH ON MR. BOK.

Kate Field and Mr. Forman After the "Ladies Journal" Editor. Under the heading of "Mr. Bok Again," Allan Forman, editor of the New York Journalist, drops upon Mr. E. W. Bok, who is widely known both as the editor of the Ladies Home Journal and as the author of a syndicate literary news-letter, which is published in the Saturday editions of daily papers all over the country.

There is a young man named Bok, who maintains a more or less uncertain connection with journalism through a "syndicate" which supplies matter to a list of papers of considerable importance. Personally I believe Bok to be a harmless young fellow addicted to a scheme of literary mendacity which, if undignified, is certainly not criminal.

Composahun.—The Ham. The Ham don't set up Much four looks but it is Surprisingly akker in its Am & is full of Force.

But Mr. Bok does not stop there. About a year ago he asked a number of distinguished gentlemen their opinions on the subject of smoking.

But soon, alas! the vision fades, Life's stern reality Disperses it in all first swoop, Oh sad and grim fatality, The vision fades—but leaves with me A glow of kindly feeling.

My Ode on Cops. As peaceful as the soft Zephyr 'at steals the eye's sweet, The dawn 'til, meadow-brook, 'jes' workin' by the day, Er as a broken heart 'wa's fixed 'th' 'God's' healin' cement.

The Sale Begins on Monday. The trustees of Mr. Robert Turner announce the real opening of the trustees sale to begin on Monday.

A Balance Act. Who comes at morn with heavy churn? Who badgered is at every turn? Who has to take the public's spurn? The milkman.

The Milkman. Who wakes so early every day? Who through the fog must find his way? Who from his work must never stray? The milkman.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Arbutus. Trailing arbutus, harbinger of summer, Blooming on hillside bleak amid the snow; Then first fresh breeze to greet the early comer, After the long, dark night of wintry eoe.

Childhood's Hour. Come back once more, once more to me, Oh childhood's happy hour, In all life's journey, strange and drear, I recognize thy power.

Again I stand beside the brook And watch its waters bright, And launch again my tiny bark, That swift glides from my sight.

But soon, alas! the vision fades, Life's stern reality Disperses it in all first swoop, Oh sad and grim fatality, The vision fades—but leaves with me A glow of kindly feeling.

My Ode on Cops. As peaceful as the soft Zephyr 'at steals the eye's sweet, The dawn 'til, meadow-brook, 'jes' workin' by the day, Er as a broken heart 'wa's fixed 'th' 'God's' healin' cement.

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NOUVELLES FRANÇAISES.

Les Sables Au Bal. C'était un beau spectacle qui se présentait mardi soir dans le rink St. André à l'occasion du bal des Carriers.

Le Petit Trianon a aussi offert un asile attrayant à bien des personnes qui, fatiguées de la danse, se sont rangées devant le foyer hospitalier de l'aimable Autrichienne pour causer sans doute du destin malheureux de leur brisée d'autrefois.

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PEN AND PRESS.

The Young Men's Herald comes out this week as the organ of the Y. M. C. A., and is filled with association news, while a cut of ex-Mr. C. Miller, P. D. Tilly, A. W. McLeod and J. E. Irvine are the publication committee, and if the first number of the Herald is a criterion, it will do much to keep up the interest in the association.

Progress had a visit this week from Martin Butler, poet, and publisher of one of the most original papers in the country, Butler's Journal.

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HOPEWELL CAPE.

APRIL 22.—The concert and supper given by the ladies of Elder D. C. Lawson's church was a fair success. The most attractive feature of the programme was the solo by Miss Mrs. B. A. The concert solo by George Spencer.

APRIL 22.—Mr. and Mrs. T. Sweeney DesBrisay, and their daughter, Miss Alice DesBrisay, are visiting their friends in St. John.

APRIL 22.—The grand finale of the B. and C. club was given by the Misses Estabrook at the hotel last Wednesday evening. The youth and beauty gathered for their farewell dance.

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LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP. Full Pound Indispensable in every well regulated family for all household and Laundry purposes. Made only by WM. LOGAN ST. JOHN, N.B.

BUCK'S CELEBRATED RANGES



IMPROVED HAPPY THOUGHT.

This is a first-class Range, equal to any American, and guaranteed to work as well as our "Celebrated Jewel," which is acknowledged to be the most economical and best working Range in the market.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 33 KING STREET, OPPOSITE THE ROYAL HOTEL. FRY'S COCOA



FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

RUBBER CLOTHING!

Ladies' Cloth Surface Cloaks and Capes, silk sewn button holes, \$2.00 each. Sizes, 54 to 60 in. Gent's Tweed Coats with and without Capes.

OUR STOCK INCLUDES RUBBER CLOTHING OF ALL KINDS.

ESTEY & CO. 68 PRINCE WM. STREET, SAINT JOHN.

NOW SHOWING: Solid Silver. Quadruple Plated Ware

ALL NEW PATTERNS, AND VERY CHOICE. SUITABLE FOR WEDDING PRESENTS. Call and Examine.

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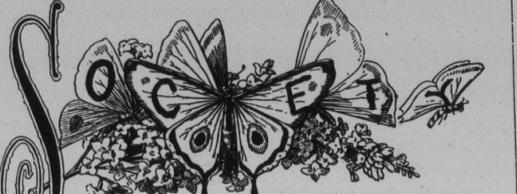
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St. John—South End. There have been many brilliant weddings in St. John during the last few years, and that of Miss Belle Nicholson and Mr. F. W. Black Barnes, R. N. which was celebrated in Trinity church on Wednesday evening, was no exception. Perhaps more unusual interest was manifested in this wedding than in any other of the kind in this city.

The front pews were reserved for the guests, who were escorted to their seats by three gentlemen ushers, Mr. Kelle Jones, Dr. Eason and Mr. Chas. Harrison.

Punctually at the hour named for the ceremony, Mr. Barnes entered the church with his best man, Mr. George Jones. Mr. Barnes wore the full court uniform of an assistant paymaster in the royal navy, with Egyptian medal and Khedive star, while Mr. Jones wore the full dress uniform of the N. B. artillery brigadier.

The bride soon after walked up the aisle leaning on the arm of her brother-in-law, Dr. Murray MacLaren, and followed by her four bridesmaids—Miss Ida Nicholson, Miss Tina MacLaren, Miss Nan Burpee and Miss Dorothy Nicholson.

The four bridesmaids were dressed alike in costumes of pale blue bengaline, trimmed with blue crepe de chene, veils of pale blue tulle, blue bouquets of white roses tied with ribbons. Each wore pins of gold, set with pearls, the gift of the groom. The dresses of the bridesmaids were imported from England, and the ribbons and sprays of trailing roses falling about the feet. Miss Nicholson made a charming bride.

According to an ancient custom at military and naval weddings the bride drew her husband's sword and cut the cake.

The bride's health was proposed by Dr. Bayard in a very happy manner, and responded to in a neat little speech by Mr. Barnes.

The bridesmaids were proposed by Mr. Douglas Hazen, and replied to by the groomsmen, Mr. George W. Jones, who called forth much merriment by his witty allusion to the bridesmaids.

Shortly after supper, the bride and groom left the merry party to change their dress for travelling costumes. Mrs. Barnes' "going away" dress was of brown cloth, tailor made, with hat to match.

At 11 o'clock the bride and groom left by C. P. R. for Montreal and Niagara Falls, where they will spend a few weeks. Mr. Barnes having been granted several months leave from the admiralty. They will return to St. John after their wedding tour to spend a month or two.

It would be impossible to describe the many elegant costumes worn by the guests, and I will only give those of the sisters of the bride, Mrs. Murray MacLaren and Miss Sara Nicholson. The former was attired in a most becoming costume of butterfly yellow, trimmed with crepe de chene, with bonnet of the same shade trimmed with yellow roses, with bouquet to match. Miss Nicholson looked remarkably well in a dress of pale green cashmere embroidered in pink, demi train of green bengaline, bonnet composed of tulle of pink roses, and white pink ribbons. The bridesmaids gifts which are almost to numerous to remember, were arranged on tables in the library. Costly gifts were received from friends in England and the States, as well as St. John.

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The Entire Stock must be sold within a short time.

ST. JOHN—WEST END. An interesting event occurred on Thursday evening in Trinity church, when H. Edith Clark, eldest

...-in-law, Mr. B. S. Knowles, looking and charming in a gown of white cashmere and silk, and a spray of orange blossoms and silver. She was attended by cousin, Miss Lou Trenholm of Hanterholm, who wore a gown of cream silk with a trim of pink flowers, pink silk and cream ribbons. The wedding party led from the organ under Mr. Medcalf's...

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23.—Mr. Geo. F. Hubbard, M.P.P., re-
come from Fredericton last week.

A. H. Gillmor and granddaughter, Miss
and Dick, left here on Monday for an ex-
ist to Montreal and Ottawa.

im. Cooper (Fredericton) was in town this
a day or two.

aura Wetmore left here last Saturday for
y, where she intends remaining for the
part of the summer.

nd Mrs. Arthur Moran of Bonny River
unday here, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. S.

T. Wetmore spent Sunday here with his
Mrs. Douglas Wetmore.

eo. Ludgate leaves here this morning for
is, where he has accepted a lucrative pos-
is many friends wish him bon voyage.

A. S. Baldwin went to St. John Monday
erry Graham of Milltown spent a few days
this week.

E. Algar of St. Stephen was here on Mon-
Samuel Dick, who has been absent four
etraded home this week.

George E. Sands of St. Stephen made a short
re this week.

im. Drayton of Halifax spent Sunday here.
A. H. Gillmor leaves here on Saturday for
to attend to his parliamentary duties.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1891.

MAN, WOMAN AND WHEEL

ASTONISHING RECENT GROWTH OF THE BICYCLE HABIT.

Nearly Half a Million Riders—The Question of Road Improvement—What Women Riders Wear—A Family Party on Wheels.

A few years ago there came a time when cycling seemed to have reached its limit. One would have said that it was likely to remain stationary, or even to decline in public favor.

Since that time a few things have happened, however, which have changed the appearance of things wonderfully. The perfection of the safety wheel has made it possible to ride without the constant fear of a broken nose. The invention of the ladies' bicycle has relieved the weaker sex of the burden of a third wheel and set women all over the country to cycling. The pneumatic tire has placed the bicycle racer abreast of the trotting horse for short distances and away ahead of it for long ones. The prices of "machines" have dropped as their quality improved. The improvement of the common roads has been due largely to the persistent clamor of cyclists and reacts to increase their number. Here in Union county, N. J., for instance, where road making has been reduced to a science, the valuations have increased \$2,000,000 in a very short time, largely due to wheelmen and road makers. "The Oranges" are the Paradise of bicyclists about New York, though the city itself offers nothing like so many advantages for them as Boston, Rochester, Buffalo, Washington, Chicago and even smaller places. The metropolis lags behind in nearly everything.

There are between 250,000 and 300,000 wheels in the country, not counting the myriads of children's velocipedes. As some of the cycles are hired out and some owned in partnership and some are tandems and carry double, there may not be so very many short of half a million regular and occasional wheelmen in this country.

That isn't all. In the past the athletic clubs frowned upon bicycling. They do so no longer. The great New York athletic club set the example in the new order of things by combining with the Citizens' Cycling club, and using the Citizens' club house as a bicycle annex. The Manhattan

A. C. not to be undone, set aside quarters for wheels, organized a cycling division and will give under its auspices handicap road races throughout the season, and the wheelmen are looking abroad for more worlds to conquer. By the time they have made the roads of the entire country as good as those in Orange they will be as numerous as the Russian army.

The safety or "goat" bicycle is the uni-



LAURA JEAN LIBBEY AND HER WHEEL.

versal favorite nowadays with men and women alike. The reasons are many. The certainty of avoiding tumbles is not the only one. Safeties are all practically of the same size, and if the owner ever gets tired of one he has no difficulty in selling it. If he has a big wheel the difficulty of selling is tenfold. First he has to find a man who wants a wheel of that sort, and only do nowadays, and then it's literally ten chances to one that the purchaser's legs won't be of the right length. The dealers like the safeties, too, as they are made in one size and three styles, and there is no necessity of carrying unsaleable sizes to suit an occasional long or short legged man. Even in racing the safety is only about five seconds to the mile behind the big wheel. Such a record as that of C. E. Kluge—twenty-five miles on the road in 1:26:40—show that the safety is by no means slow when vigorously propelled.

William Heyney, Jr., has travelled 6,000 miles in Germany on an American bicycle, and will this summer conduct a bicycle party through the

Hartz mountains. All will use safeties. Now that one American wheel—Mr. Stevens'—has been round the world, their merits are getting to be pretty well known abroad.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the present cycling outlook is the number of women who wheel. Here the difference of motive in the sexes comes out strong. Men wheel because they want to, women because others do. Mr. Richards, the manager of the New York house of the great Columbia company, says that it makes an immense difference whether bicycling starts right or wrong in a town. If women of character and social prominence happen to take to the wheel first in a place, the dealers are happy in plenty of orders. If the sport "starts wrong" it may languish for years unless the leaders happen to take hold of it.

The cycle makers in England and America could afford to present the Princess of Wales a wheel in solid gold for her part in popularizing the sport.

Robert Bonner says that the bicycle rider will never catch up with the trotting horse for a single mile, but Mr. Bonner is a prejudiced witness and apt to be mistaken. The mile record has been much more rapidly reduced by bicycle riders



WILLIAM HEYNEY.

than by trotters, and that the makers have not exhausted the possibility of improvement is altogether probable. The cushion tire proves to be not much of an improve-

ment upon the old solid kind, but great things are expected of the pneumatic tire, which consists of a hollow rubber tube blown full of air. The great trouble with this tire so far is that it has to be made soft and flexible and soon wears out and bursts. It may be doubted whether it will ever be much used on cheap road machines, but for track racing it is certainly a great invention, saving several seconds on the mile. One inventive Philadelphian has devised a steam bicycle which, he says, will go fifteen miles an



THE NEW STEAM TRICYCLE.

hour with no more labor than that of steering. With such huge profits to be made in the sale of wheels, the inventors are likely to keep improving them every year.

When the men began to ride bicycles they at once, as a rule, adopted practically the costume they now wear—something resembling a baseball player's suit, with the addition of a sack coat. Minutiae such as rubber soled shoes and club caps came later. With women the question of dress comes first of all, and it has been practically decided that she can wear almost any variety of dress, it is better to have one design especially for the wheel. The divided skirt was at first recommended for this, but here in Orange I doubt if there are three divided skirts—I refer, of course, to the dress itself—in use. Women who belong to the clubs wear the club caps or hats. When not so attached they wear a Tam O'Shanter cap, a pretty toque with bird's feathers, or anything that does not flap or catch the wind.

The owner of one of the nattiest cycling costumes in the country described it to me somewhat as follows: "It is made of dark blue serge with a Greek tref of light blue about the bottom of the short skirt another light blue tref upon the belt, and still another light blue tref on the collar. The soft felt hat is dark blue, with a light blue cord about it. Tailor made? Why of course, you goose." Dark colors, black, blue gray and brown,

short skirts absolutely devoid of trimming, close fitting bodices; these have been the rule in ladies' cycling costumes. This summer an element of divergence will be introduced by the liberal use of starched shirt fronts and vests of a very manly aspect by smart young women. When the very hottest weather comes, thin loose silk blouses will be the most worn.

The English *Bicycling News* says that a ladies' college debated the question whether wheeling was a proper sport for women. Afterward the women voted on it, thirty-two favoring the sport, fourteen denouncing it, and seven "hedging." It is difficult to see why any one should wish to negative such a question, provided the woman has time, money and strength. But no; time and money alone are necessary. The strength comes by using it.

The best sport of all is sometimes seen when husband and wife go leisurely trund-



C. E. KLUGE.

ling along upon a tandem, and three or four children of assorted sizes come following after, mounted, singly or doubly, upon their own wheels. Such a sight is not uncommon in "the Oranges."

Their Ideas of Education.

The catholic priests who are at work civilizing the wild man of Borneo have a hard time convincing the older savages of the meaning and the value of education. The Rev. Thomas Jackson, prefect apostolic of North Borneo, who is now in New York, soliciting aid to carry on the work on the island, tells this story:—

The priests induced the chief of one of the wildest tribes to let them take his son to one of their schools. The boy was in

the school two months. One day the chief and all his big warriors came sailing down the river in their canoes. They were heavily armed and called loudly for the boy. One of the priests came out of the school and said to the chief: "The boy is all right and in fine health."

"We must see him," said the chief.

The boy came out. The father looked disappointed. "Your skin is not white," he said.

"Oh, my," said the priest. "How can any one get white in this broiling sun?"

"But you said you would make him like yourself," said the chief.

"We did say that," replied the priest, "but we meant intelligent, like ourselves, not white."

The chief looked puzzled, and then called the boy to him. "When is it going to rain next time?" asked the chief.

The young man shook his head. The chief looked displeased.

"What will be the size of the rice crop next year?" he asked again. Once more the youngster shook his head.

"We have lost our great sword in the wood, we have searched everywhere for it but cannot find it. Where is the sword?" The boy shook his head the third time.

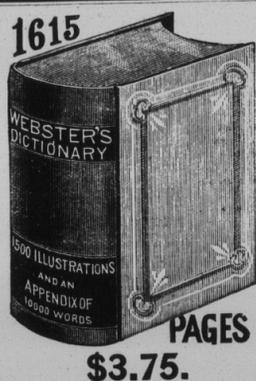
Turning to the priest the chief said angrily: "You promised lies. The boy is no more intelligent than he was when you got him." And taking the lad by the shoulder, he walked off with him, followed by his warriors.—N. Y. Sun.

Fish Hatched in the Sky.

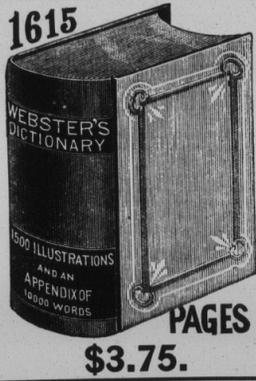
I observe a reference made in the *American Angler* touching upon showers of fish, in which it states that science has not yet fully explained the phenomena. This is perhaps slightly incorrect. Several causes have been suggested. Might it not very probably be that fish and frogs which fall apparently from the skies are really bred there?

Water fowl, it is known, very frequently carry eggs of fish to a great distance, having swallowed them, and in their flight disgorging the same unharmed where they can and do fructify and mature in water over which these birds pass. The eggs of many old fish are very glutinous, and readily adhere to substance brought in contact with them during particular times of their incubation. Is it not very probable that not only do those birds convey ova upon their wings as well as in their crops, and becoming detached from the wings, may remain suspended in the moist atmosphere, which is quite possible under certain conditions of atmospheric pressure, and that when under development they become too heavy, and naturally fall to the earth.—*Nature's Realm.*

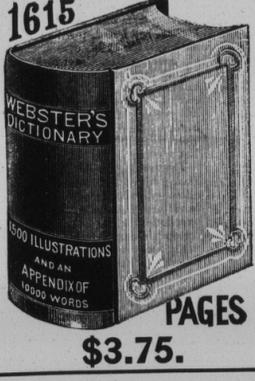
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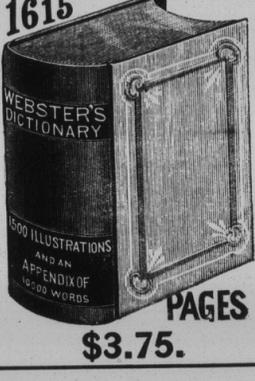
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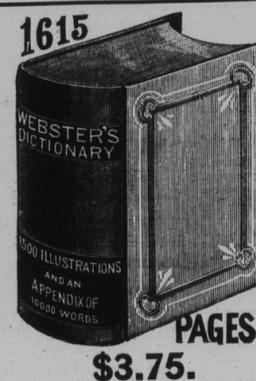


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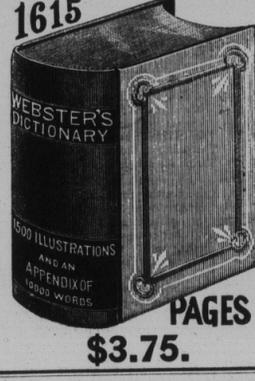
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By J. Fitzgerald Molloy,

Author of "How Came He Dead?" "That Villain Romeo." "A Modern Magician," &c.

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CHAPTER XIII.—POISONOUS WORDS.

"Anything new regarding the mine?" the captain asked, as he walked beside the baronet, under the shade of the park trees.

"Nothing," Lord Hector seems to think it promising.

"Speaking of Maynes," the captain said in a careless tone, "do you think you acted wisely in asking him to stay at the abbey?"

"Why not?" demanded Sir Danvers.

"You don't know anything about him?"

"He's an old friend of my wife's."

"That's the very reason you should be more cautious."

"What do you mean?" asked Sir Danvers, hastily.

"Oh, nothing, save that as a man of the world I always look with suspicion on the old friend of a young married woman, especially when he happens to be a deuced good looking fellow."

"Well, you had better keep your suspicions to yourself; you have no grounds for them in this case."

"Look here, Danvers, do not be angry with me; you know nothing of this fellow, and I do—perhaps more than I care to acknowledge."

"What do you know?" asked the baronet, his brow contracting.

"Well, when we were in the bush together I saw a good deal of him, and we became pretty close friends. Amongst other things he confessed to having played fast and loose with the affections of a young girl in the old country, whom he had known all his life," said the captain, drawing freely on his imagination.

"What—what was her name?" asked Sir Danvers, in a voice that bespoke his agitation and pain.

"That he didn't mention, of course; but his memory of her was not keen enough to prevent him making love to other women; the sex always had a fascination for him, and just before I left he got into a terrible scrap about a married woman, but the affair was somehow hushed up."

"What, do you mean to say he is a profligate?"

"I state facts—I leave definitions to you."

Sir Danvers was silent; he had unconsciously taken a vicious and dangerous man into his household, and by all the sacred laws of hospitality he dared not thrust him out until he departed of his own free will. But, at all events, he could guard from danger the precious pearl which fate had given him as the comfort and blessing of his life.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" asked the baronet.

"Well, in the first place, I had no opportunity; and then I didn't wish to say anything until I saw how he behaved himself. But the fact is, from what I saw, I should be at all surprised if she was the girl he was in love with before he went away."

"And what if she was? She is now my wife, and she holds no less a position as a woman than she," the baronet cried out, wrathfully.

"I didn't say it was she," the captain answered, coolly, and then preparing to give a home thrust, added, "I know nothing about her early life; you do, of course."

Sir Danvers used perceptibly at being reminded that he was wholly ignorant regarding her past, for in the true spirit of chivalry he had trusted her all in all, placing his honor and happiness unquestioningly in her hands.

"One of my reasons for thinking the girl he was engaged to and Lady Fothergille are one and the same is that he wears a locket bearing her initials E. F., Ethel Frayne or Ethel Fothergille, and I should like to see what it contains."

The blood left Sir Danvers' face, and he almost reeled as if he had received a blow, for Mrs. Crayworth's statement that the locket held the portrait and hair of the woman Lord Hector loved came back to him, and now he learned her initials were identical with those of his wife. There could scarcely be a doubt it was Ethel this man had loved, and she, before accepting Sir Danvers as her husband, had confessed she had once loved with all her heart. True, she added, that he was dead, but this might be false; she might have meant that he was dead to her, but perhaps with his return to her life the old feeling might like-wise have come back followed by regrets that she was irrevocably bound to another man. These thoughts filled the baronet with pain; the great love he bore his wife took swift alarm; he would rather never have met her, nay, he would prefer to see her laid in her coffin than that her heart should turn from him.

"I greatly fear I have given you pain," the captain said in his smooth voice, "but even at the risk of doing so, I thought it better to speak for the sake of the safety and honor of your name."

"Thank you; I am very well able to take care of the safety and honor of my name whenever it is threatened. It's no danger, nor will it ever be so far as my wife is concerned. And now I want to hear no more on this subject, nor shall I again permit her name to be alluded to in this manner."

"All right. Some people prefer to be kept in the dark as to what's happening around them. I'm too blunt and honest for this world," the captain remarked, turning away.

The evil words the baronet had heard woke pain, distrust, and fear in his mind which he could not banish. He walked rapidly, as if to escape his thoughts, and was flushed and warm as he entered Mrs. Harrow's cool and shaded drawing room. The hostess was seated before a dainty little tea table, his wife beside her, whilst Maynes and the rector talked business in the recess of a window, the children building houses of cards on the floor. The latter jumped up on catching sight of him.

"We haven't seen you for such a long time, Sir Danvers; not since Sunday," May said.

"I saw you then," remarked Freddy, adding with characteristic bluntness, "and I saw you go asleep in the big pew. Ma-

says it's because the day was so hot, but I think it's because pa's sermon was so long."

"I hope you have had lunch, dear," Ethel said, as he approached, turning her eyes to his face, and noting that he looked haggard and tired.

"Yes, thanks, I had something with Manvers on my way home."

"You look quite warm, are you fatigued?" she asked, in the same gentle voice that exorcised for a while the demons of doubt and suspicion that had torn his heart.

"Yes, I walked down rather quickly, and the sun is frightfully hot."

"Then have some tea or some iced coffee," said Mrs. Harrow, bending over the little spindle-legged table, with its glitter of antique silver and painted china, its crystal bowl of ice, and jar of delicious cream.

"No, have some claret and soda, or seltzer with a dash of something to color it," urged the rector, breaking off his conversation about the new mine with Lord Hector, whose professional opinion he was glad to receive gratis.

Sir Danvers preferred tea well cooled with cream, and drank cup after cup with a relish almost equal to that shown by the great Dr. Johnson at the table of pretty Hetty Thrale.

"I like to see a man fond of tea," remarked Mrs. Harrow, with a look at her husband, who preferred stronger beverages.

"But you will admit he hasn't so much spirit in him as if he drank brandy," said Lord Hector.

"Oh, I say, that's capital," laughed the rector, who was in excellent humor, now he was assured the Fretwell mine was about to turn out a genuine success.

"I've been asking Mrs. Harrow's advice and suggestions about my dinner party," Ethel said, turning to her husband. "You know it's my first, and I feel quite nervous."

"My dear, you'll soon get over that. The chief difficulty in your case lies in the selection of the guests," replied the rector's wife.

"I'm not quite sure that I shall ask Lady Hampden."

"Don't," advised Mrs. Harrow. "She is old, ugly, and disagreeable."

"She's fifty if she's a day," added the rector. "I'm sure Hampden, if he could, would change her like a bank note for two twenty-fives."

"Charles," cried his wife, reprovingly, "you needn't be my dear; he married her for her money, what can you expect?"

Sir Danvers looked at his wife, but she did not wince, as he had expected, at mention of this matrimonial matter. "You know it's my first, and I feel quite nervous."

"Lady Deedson and one of her girls will come, I hope."

"Have you seen her yet, Lord Hector," asked Harrow, "a terrible old woman, with a face like a sheet of parchment on which time had scribbled his dates. She'll strive to make you marry one of her daughters; see if she don't."

"I fear I shall disappoint her kind intentions."

"Oh, your heart is gone already, I suppose?"

"Quite," answered the young man, looking straight at Ethel. The baronet saw that glance, which there was no mistaking, and a swift, keen pain darted through him.

"I hope you will invite Mrs. Bristow; she's always lively," remarked the rector.

"Too lively," replied his wife. "Charles, you know I dislike the woman."

"But that is no reason Lady Fothergille should, my dear."

"You delight in contradicting me."

"I might if I were allowed, but I'm not."

"I have not asked her; she is in town, I believe," said Ethel, striving to cast oil upon the troubled waters.

"Do 'oo love Lady Foth—gille," cried out Harold, the rector's youngest hope, addressing Lord Hector, between whose knees he stood.

"That is a leading question, my little man. Do you?"

"Yes, wo, all loved her since long 'go, ever so long 'go, when she taught us our lessons and wasn't cross."

The baronet again looked at his wife, and saw her face covered with blushes.

"Harold, you naughty boy, you mustn't chatter," his mother called over her shoulder.

Harold frowned for a moment, and then in an audible whisper asked his new friend, "Are 'oo a naughty boy?"

"I fear I've been considered so," he answered.

"Well, 'oo must be dood, or Lady Foth—gille will not love 'oo."

"Then I shall strive to be good," Lord Hector promised, a ring of earnestness underlying the lightness of his tone.

Harold contemplated him for some seconds in silence, and then stretching out his hands, laid hold of the locket attached to his chain, and strove to wrench it open.

"Is there a picture inside?" he asked.

"There is," replied his friend.

"Let me see," said the boy, eagerly.

"Not today, Harold, not now," he answered.

"Harold, come here," cried Lady Fothergille, nervously. Her husband looking at her, saw her face had turned crimson. She was evidently afraid, he concluded, that the child might open the locket and recognise her portrait.

Presently she rose, and said good-bye to Mrs. Harrow and the children, who clung to her skirts and asked when she would come to see them again; whereon, much to their delight, she invited them to drink tea with her on the following afternoon. Lord Hector and she walked down the garden side by side, the rector and Sir Danvers following at some distance.

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They had already left the rectory garden and entered the park before he overtook them. As he approached, he overheard his wife say, "Let me tell him all; it will be best and safest."

"Not safest," replied Lord Hector. "No, promise me again that you keep our secret."

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Sir Danvers coughed. They had not heard his tread upon the sward, and seemed confused as he joined them, and neck erect he had carelessly on his arm, but for the first time in his life he let it rest there without pressing it to his side. A light wind had sprung up in the west, and stirred the boughs of the great elms, from the topmost branches of which came a chorus of rooks. The fountain, long, slow, and regular, rattled its way towards the centre of the park, where greater shelter was afforded by a thick growth of oaks, lime, and beech-trees.

"We are going to have a change in the weather," remarked Lord Hector, breaking the silence which Sir Danvers' presence had caused.

"Yes," said Ethel. "I knew this heat was too great to last; see, there is a cloud just gathering over the abbey."

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CHAPTER XIV.—A DINNER PARTY.

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Never had Lady Fothergille been so depressed. It seemed as if some sudden and unexpected change had overtaken her life. Sir Danvers, who had seemed so generous and kind; he no longer sought her society, the kindness he once lavished on her were missing, his eyes no longer looked with faith and trust into hers. "Could it be, she wondered, his fancy had worn itself out, and he regretted having married her."

The baronet, too, was less miserable. Judging from what his eyes had seen and his ears had heard, together with the insinuations made by his cousin, and the hints dropped by Mrs. Crayworth, he believed Ethel's love was lost to him. Perhaps he had been over-hasty in his wooing; over-zealous in believing a young and beautiful girl could love a man almost double her age. He had no doubt her affection was given to the friend of her childhood, her first love.

The evening fixed for the dinner party having arrived, the dining-room, once the rector's study, was now a room with its ruffled oak ceiling and finely-molded paneled walls, its gothic window, projecting open chimney-piece, violet velvet potteries, and crimson pile covering its floor, it looked a stately banquet hall.

The long narrow table was itself a blaze of color. A bank of yellow roses and pink carnations ran from end to end; clusters of wax lights subdued by crimson shades sparkled on antique silver and Salvati glass; whilst here and there bronzed baccanti upheld dishes of chased gold laden with peaches, pine apples, purple grapes, and fragrant flowers.

The sky had been clear since morning, the sun had shone at midday, and the scent of pine trees mingling with the odor of flowers in the Italian garden, was borne on the warm air through the open windows of the drawing room, where Lady Fothergille waited to receive her guests.

This evening her clear complexion was almost pallid, her dark grey eyes looked violet under the sweeping curve of her brows, and on the long staturesque throat, and surrounding the rippling wealth of her chestnut hair, blazed a necklace and tiara of Brazilian diamonds in antique setting.

It was the first time she had worn those hereditary gems belonging to the ladies of the house of Fothergille, which, but on the morning of this day, Sir Danvers had taken from her safe and given her.

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THE HIGHLANDER GONE.

HIS NATIVE HEATH KNOWS HIS FOOT NO MORE. A Once Populous Country Now Waste and Desolate... LONDON, April 8.—Ever since Goldsmith wrote about his native Ireland:

To hastening life a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay, Green Erin's unhappy condition has been the topic of pretty constant comment, but there's a wee spot of land and water, principally water, farther north in Queen Victoria's dominions whose woes are as genuine and less familiar to the reader.

I have just returned from a week's tour of the highlands of Scotland and am



WASH DAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

tempted to say that the highlands themselves are there, but where in the name of history are the Highlanders? They are gone, starved out, driven out, exterminated like the American Indians, and in their place are only desolate moors, sheep farms and deer forests.

Near Dunstaffnage castle, the seat of the ancient kingdom of the Scots and a famous show place for tourists, I went into a little shieling upon one of those errands which curiosity prompts the traveller to invent. I told the old woman in a cap, its sole occupant, that I was from America.

"And had you met the McGillivrays there?" she said, eagerly. I informed her that I had heard of McGillivrays, but that America was tolerably large and they might not be the same family.

"And the McDonaids, too," she said, "they had all gone to America."

I should say they had! The McDonaids are really as common in America as the Smiths, but here in the green islands of their birthplace, where once the lord of the isles could lead ten thousand men to battle, there are no more to be found except a few scattered specimens who sell ginger ale to tourists or go as deckhands on the steamboats which ply upon the lochs.

The high-road from Ballachulish through Glencoe to Tyndrum is a revelation of the desolate condition of the highlands. Tourists never see more than the first few miles of it. Ballachulish itself is infested with summer people, and there is a slate mine a little further up the valley, but beyond the wretched hovels where the miners live there are only half a dozen tents until the Orchy bridge is reached, twenty miles away; and from the four or five houses at Orchy bridge, half of them tenantless and falling to ruin, to the outskirts of Tyndrum scarcely another. Of these half dozen tents two are those of tiny hotels and two more of the hunting lodges of Lord Breadalbane. It was a Campbell of Breadalbane who helped to arrange the massacre of the McDonaids, whose cottages stood, where only their blackened walls now remain, in the valley of Glencoe. His descendants hunt deer over the ruined farms. Hotels and hunting lodges aside, there are two or three



A HIGHLAND INN.

shepherd's huts at the head of Glencoe and one near the high road in the moor of Rannock. That is all.

The McGregors used to live in this same moor of Rannock, after the clan had been dispersed and most of its remnants driven north by the "Great Argyle." Now it's a part of the Breadalbane deer forest; a forest without a tree, but it is observed. For many miles along this once inhabited tract, no trees are to be seen, yet it is evident that the land was once heavily wooded, for the dried and whitened roots of evergreens peep out of the peat everywhere. A small plantation of evergreens still gives a deeper gloom to the sombre landscape at the lower end of Loch Tullach, surrounding the Blackmount shooting lodge, but even here there is no tilage.

In Walter Scott's country it is just as bad. Everybody knows that Rob Roy was

SCENES FROM THE PAST.

THREE HANDSOME BOOBS AND THOSE WHO WERE IN THEM.

Descriptions of the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth Centuries and the Costumes Worn—The Refreshment Room and its Busy Waitresses.

Owing to a lack of space, PROGRESS was unable to publish a full description of the twelfth, thirteenth, and seventeenth century booths and the costumes worn. These booths, however, were among the most interesting in the exhibition and are given below—

Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. Miss Winslow, as Duke Isaac's daughter, the captive princess of Cyprus, wore a most charming dress of rose colored silk with flowing veil of hanging sleeves, bodice trimmed with gold lace, and a long and narrow skirt of most lovely princess she was.

Miss Elizabeth Dever, as Eleanor of Castile, wore another beautiful costume, a robe of gold colored velvet, bordered with ermine, high collar lined with ermine, girdle of gold fastened with jeweled ties, veil of maize tulle, jeweled crown, gold comb and tassel fastening mantle and hanging sleeves.

Miss Ethel Parks, as Rebecca, the wife of Jacob, wore a costume which ranked next to Berengaria's for richness. It consisted of a white silk, lined over a robe of yellow satin, embroidered with pearls, veils, and sash of yellow satin, yellow cap with triple border of silver beads, flowing hair and long sleeves.

Miss Maclaren made a delightful Maid Marion Lincoln green cashmere bordered with buff leather belt, buff leather belt, foresters' cap darker in green velvet with ermine collar and left side, little buff shoes, quiver of arrows slung over the shoulder, and hunter's horn hanging at the side.

Miss Vroom, as a Saracen maid, wore a charming costume of white silk, lined with gold, with gold veil of silk tissue, and sash of silk; little Saracen shoes with turned up toes, and little silk flowing hair.

Miss Ada Ring made the most lovable Princess of Wales in a dress of black velvet, lined with gold, gold pointed shoes of scarlet velvet, flowing hair, and a long and narrow skirt of most lovely princess she was.

Miss Violet Simons, as a little page, wore a tunic velvet bordered with yellow hanging sleeves, pointed shoes, and white silk hose.

The costumes of the gentlemen fully equalled those of the ladies in magnificence, if indeed they did not excel them.

Mr. Cleveland, as Thomas a Becket, wore a splendid dress of crimson and white silk, the shawl of crimson brocade falling over an alb of white silk, lined with gold, and a long and narrow skirt of gold galleon, stole of crimson and gold embroidery, heavy gold chains crossing the breast and supporting a large gold cross, hanging sleeves, and bishop sleeves of white lawn, mitre of gold studded with jewels.

Philip Augustus, of France—Mr. Edwards—wore a beautiful costume of golden scale armor, with tunic of black silk, lined with gold, and a long and narrow skirt of gold galleon, stole of crimson and gold embroidery, heavy gold chains crossing the breast and supporting a large gold cross, hanging sleeves, and bishop sleeves of white lawn, mitre of gold studded with jewels.

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Mr. W. Starr, as Robin Hood, wore trunk hose of Lincoln green cloth, with buff facings, jerkin of Lincoln green faced with crimson, and hunter's horn slung from the side, buff leather pointed shoes, and a long and narrow skirt of gold galleon, stole of crimson and gold embroidery, heavy gold chains crossing the breast and supporting a large gold cross, hanging sleeves, and bishop sleeves of white lawn, mitre of gold studded with jewels.

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SCENES FROM THE PAST.

THREE HANDSOME BOOBS AND THOSE WHO WERE IN THEM.

Descriptions of the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth Centuries and the Costumes Worn—The Refreshment Room and its Busy Waitresses.

Owing to a lack of space, PROGRESS was unable to publish a full description of the twelfth, thirteenth, and seventeenth century booths and the costumes worn. These booths, however, were among the most interesting in the exhibition and are given below—

Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. Miss Winslow, as Duke Isaac's daughter, the captive princess of Cyprus, wore a most charming dress of rose colored silk with flowing veil of hanging sleeves, bodice trimmed with gold lace, and a long and narrow skirt of most lovely princess she was.

Miss Elizabeth Dever, as Eleanor of Castile, wore another beautiful costume, a robe of gold colored velvet, bordered with ermine, high collar lined with ermine, girdle of gold fastened with jeweled ties, veil of maize tulle, jeweled crown, gold comb and tassel fastening mantle and hanging sleeves.

Miss Ethel Parks, as Rebecca, the wife of Jacob, wore a costume which ranked next to Berengaria's for richness. It consisted of a white silk, lined over a robe of yellow satin, embroidered with pearls, veils, and sash of yellow satin, yellow cap with triple border of silver beads, flowing hair and long sleeves.

Miss Maclaren made a delightful Maid Marion Lincoln green cashmere bordered with buff leather belt, buff leather belt, foresters' cap darker in green velvet with ermine collar and left side, little buff shoes, quiver of arrows slung over the shoulder, and hunter's horn hanging at the side.

Miss Vroom, as a Saracen maid, wore a charming costume of white silk, lined with gold, with gold veil of silk tissue, and sash of silk; little Saracen shoes with turned up toes, and little silk flowing hair.

Miss Ada Ring made the most lovable Princess of Wales in a dress of black velvet, lined with gold, gold pointed shoes of scarlet velvet, flowing hair, and a long and narrow skirt of most lovely princess she was.

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Woman is Loveliest in Womanly Attire.

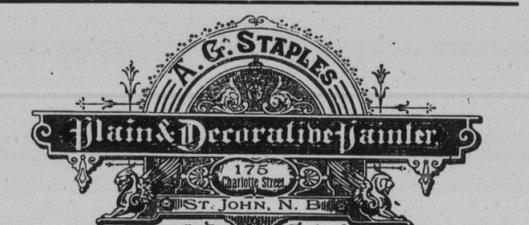
The registered HEALTH BRAND undervests are beauty, luxury, and comfort combined. For SPRING and SUMMER wear. They are made as light as silk. Not genuine unless stamped plainly "Health."

For sale by every First-class Dry Goods Store in the Dominion.

A PRETTY GIRL

Always likes a pretty bonnet; in fact a pretty bonnet makes any girl look pretty. Anyhow the Hats we have just opened—the latest New York Styles—are the handsomest we have ever had, and you're sure to look fine in one of them.

MME. KANE, OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, UNION STREET.



"Do not put off till tomorrow what can be done today."

YOUR ROOMS WANT PAINTING TODAY.

Don't wait, but have it done now.

We want you to know that our work is the very best, and we guarantee to give satisfaction.

A. G. STAPLES, - - CHARLOTTE STREET.

MURAL AND CEILING DECORATORS, General House Painters and Paperhangers, OVER THIRTY YEARS PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE IN FRESCO PAINTING.

We keep pace with the times both in designs and coloring. Old Frescos retouched and brightened. Estimates given.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET!

How the Boys and Girls do like our Confectionary. The mention of KERR'S make their mouth water. Our Chocolates are the best, and so are our Creams. So try them, buy them.

H. P. KERR, - - KING and DOCK STREETS.

DO YOUR ADVERTISING

with a method; attend to it as you would to your banking, if you want it to pay. Be careful as to the medium, then get the right style; be persistent and you are sure to succeed. Do this

IN A BUSINESS LIKE WAY,

and success is sure. Have you used Cuts to illustrate your Advertisement? Perhaps it's just what is needed in your business. Our Engraving Bureau originates designs for newspaper ads., and very attractive ones, too. It is a certainty that

YOUR SUCCESS IS SURE

if you spend an ordinary amount of time on your ads., if you haven't the time let us do it for you. We make suggestions, and carry them out.

"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.

Writers in the magazines are inquiring why more girls do not marry. We do not know how it may be in other states, but in Massachusetts we are led to believe it is because the men do not ask them to.—Somerville Journal.

CLAREMONT

WHERE THREE FROGS A...

And Women Congratulate...

New York, April 25.—

moment that one has a chance as any to st...

ings the first parasol is gayety of toilet...

All the skirts sweep many of them are...

The coats open over waistcoats, and the...

flower gardens.

shades glance over fr...

pink, and there are...

dragon-fly and tur...

pink and sulphur...

put and delicate...

Some of the women...

many. Some have w...

up about their feet...

almost to their thro...

gority, perhaps, wea...

nothing more than...

agrettes, but a lar...

with the brims tur...

back and trimmed w...

dahlia or sweet pea...

colors.

That young w...

emerald green is on...

seen among the list...

fashionable ball of...

called one of the pr...

city. Her face is t...

note her black skirt...

they, that go by th...

a narrow puffing of...

border above it of c...

an open flower pat...

with gold tinsel.

Her Louis XV cov...

and has square flap...

with embroidery in...

opens on a waistco...

border above it of g...

stalk of flowers in...

her de-lis. Her ha...

Leighon straw tur...

ward in a flap most...

coronet of emerald...

about the hair and...

border above it of g...

the vinaigrette and...

the jeweled knife an...

other trinkets that...

at her wrist and hi...

Chinese band when...

belle of belles of t...

and her odd little p...

crepe embroidered...

and edged with pea...

It has a corset of p...

and the soft pale ros...

over the puffs of la...

"A DRESS THAT SHOW...

pink ribbon stands a...

gauze half hides thi...

That is Mrs. Van...

whom people outside...

come to know bette...

who wears a networ...

cut jet or puffings...

with a grey ostrich...

grey velvet strings...

there are out, and h...

and flutings and puff...

There's a dress you...

looked at, just comi...

It is of lace-buff st...

side. The plaits, if...

eyes, are held in p...

Across the front of...

founce of lace caught...

great rosette of blue...

Noveliest
Manly Attire.
HEALTH BRAND
luxury, and com-
for SPRING and
They are made as
unlike stamped
First-class Dry
Dominion.

TY GIRL
pretty bonnet; in fact
makes any girl look
the Hats we have
latest New York
and so we have
re sure to look fine

KANE,
K, UNION STREET.

Painter
done today."

ING TODAY.
very best, and we
on.
TE STREET.

ORATORS,
rangers,
N FRESCO PAINTING.
retouched and brightened.

THORNE,
Street.

ng your purchases
to suit all, of
ED WARE.
CE WILLIAM STREET.

SWEET!
onfectionary. The
outh water. Our
r Creams. So try

CK STREETS.
TISING
our banking, if you
n, then get the right
succeed. Do this

THE WAY,
to illustrate your
s needed in your
designs for news-
is a certainty that

SURE
n your ads, if you
make suggestions.
BUREAU.

CLAREMONT IN SPRING.

WHERE TREES ARE RUDDING AND
FROCKS ARE IN BLOOM

And Women Congregate to Drink Tea and
Look at the Hudson and Display Elaborate
Gowns—Some Trouseaux Toilets—The
Onward March of Summer Fashions.

NEW YORK, April 20.—It is at Clare-
mont that one has in April as good a
chance as any to study New York's fash-
ionable women. At the Claremont tea drink-
ings the first parasols come out and there
is gayety of toilet to rival the dandelions.
All the skirts sweep over the hillside and
many of them are fanned to the knees.
The coats open over marvellous bravery of
waistcoats, and the hats blossom like
flower gardens. Peacock and sapphire



HOUSE DRESS OF PINK PONGEE.

shades glance out from among salmon and
pink, and there are quick passing flashes of
dragon-fly and turquoise and peach-blossom
pink and sulphur and deep crimson and
pale nut and delicate lavender.

Some of the women wear paniers, but not
many. Some have waves of lace surging
up about their throats and receding again
almost to their feet in long ripples. A ma-
jority, perhaps, wear little bonnets that are
nothing more than cunningly planted
aigrettes, but a large minority wear hats
with the brims turned up grotesquely at
back and trimmed with morning glories or
dahlia or sweet peas in a daring variety of
colors.

That young woman in chamois and
emerald green is one whose name you have
seen among the list of dancers at every
fashionable ball of the season. She is
called one of the prettiest blondes of the
city. Her face is turned from you, but
note her bell skirt—curious skirts, aren't
they, that go by that name—finished with
a narrow puffing of green velvet with a
border above it of chamois kid cut out in
an open flower pattern and embroidered
with gold tinsel.

Her Louis XV coat is of chamois color
and has square flapped waist tails edged
with embroidery in gold and green; it
opens on a waistcoat that is almost covered
with a network of gold threads, and the
stalk of flowers in her hand is of yellow
flour-de-lis. Her hat—can you see?—is of
Laghorn straw turned up behind and for-
ward in flap which she lifts her arm, has a
coronet of emerald beads under the brim
about the hair and is trimmed with yellow
flour-de-lis and gold embroidered chiffon.
The long strings that tie beneath her chin
are of narrow green ribbon.

One might pick out a dozen hats that
would be interesting. That young matron
who is being chaffed, apparently, about the
size and the weight of the bonbon box and
the vinaigrette and the glove buttoner and
the jeweled knife and the dozen and one
other trinkets that hang from the bracelet
at her wrist and jingle like a miniature
Chinese hand when she lifts her arm, has a
bell of belles of the young marriage set,
and her odd little plate bonnet of ecru
crepe embroidered in tinsel and silk threads
and edged with pearls is worth noticing.
It has a coronet of pearls under its brim,
and the soft pale roses that finish it droop
over the puffs of hair behind. A bow of



"A DRESS THAT SHOULD BE LOOKED AT."

pink ribbon stands above it, but a scrap of
gauze half hides this as under a veil.
That is Mrs. Van Busseler Cruger,
whose people outside of New York have
come to know better as Julien Gordon,
who wears the bonnet of three bandeaux of
cut jet or puffings of silver grey chiffon,
with a grey ostrich aigrette and narrow
grey velvet strings. What a lot of women
there are out, and how they take to it, frills
and fittings and puffings and cascades.

There's a dress yonder that should be
looked at, just coming from the carriage.
It is of lake-blue stuff that shimmers like
silk and it seems to be box-plated on each
side. The plaits, if you may trust your
eyes, are held in place by silver olives.
Across the front of the skirt is a deep
flood of lace caught in the middle with a
great rosette of blue ribbon and then loop-

ed up to the waist so as to drape the front
panel. The jacket has plaited basques
and short lace draperies beneath, making
flat paniers; the front is cut away to show
a lace bodice and three or more silver
olives for originality of garniture. The
little capote of lace and blue tips is jeweled
with olives, and one can but wonder if the
young woman may not have spent ten
valuable years learning to like the article
of diet, in celebration of her final recon-
ciliation with which she goes about sporting
it as her emblem.

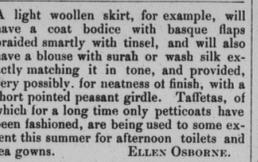
She would have pretty toilets to look at
before whose gaze would be spread the
spring trousseaux. For Miss Elizabeth
Thompson, who is to marry Harry Le
Grand Cannon, many costumes are being
prepared. One of the simplest and at the
same time one of the most charming of
those far enough advanced for description
is a house dress of dull pink pongee, suit-
ing her blonde beauty admirably. The
princess overdress is gathered into a ruffle
at the throat under a flat collar of the same
shade. The tablier front is draped as
modestly as if it were a little girl's apron,
and from under it peeps a petticoat of
broche.

A second toilet, also for the house, is of
pale heliotrope silk made a sweeping train
which is fastened with pearl clasps upon
either shoulder. The front is laid in Greek
folds edged with a fluffy silk fringe. The
sleeves are gathered full into the armholes
and fall in long points to the hem of the
robe.

At the spring dances one sees pink until
it appears that the world is couleur de rose.
Blondes wear pink and brunettes wear it,
and as for that overwhelming majority who
are neither blonde nor brunette but simple
brown haired, rosy Americans, they wear
pink and look their best in it as a rule. A
dancing dress which is not for city wear is
of ivory white bengaline with a faint pink
flush as of sunrise struggling over its lus-
trous surface and lighting with a peculiar
radiance the dandelions in pale yellow and
their jagged leaves with which it is strewn.

A dinner dress of peach-blossom regence silk
has a front of heavy pink brocade with a
design of peach blossoms in silver. The
low cut bodice is finished with folds of
chiffon, and these are festooned with ropes
of pearls.

The combination of blue and pink is
seen every day. An afternoon dress of
pale pink cloth is cut with a Louis XIV.
coat, opening on a dress front of pale blue
silk, covered with a trellis work of fine cut
silver braids. Paniers are seen often on
India silks and on satens and zephyrs
than on heavier and more dignified ma-
terials. Many summer dresses are being
made on the sensible plan of having two
bodies for different summer temperatures.



A light woollen skirt, for example, will have a coat bodice with basque flaps braided smartly with tinsel, and will also have a blouse with surah or wash silk exactly matching it in tone, and provided, very possibly, for neatness of finish, with a short pointed peasant girle. Tailfats, of which for a long time only petticoats have been fashioned, are being used to some extent this summer for afternoon toilets and tea gowns.

Some Rothschild Maxims.
The following is a copy of the alphabetical
list of maxims framed and hung in Roths-
child's bank. Baron Rothschild used to re-
commend these rules to young men who
wished to "get on" and achieve success in
life.

- A. Attend carefully to details of your business.
- B. Be prompt in all things.
- C. Consider well, then decide positively.
- D. Be sure to do right, fear to do wrong.
- E. Endeavor to be patient.
- F. Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.
- G. Do not let the society of the vicious.
- H. Old integrity sacred.
- I. Acquire no another's reputation in business.
- J. Do not handle only with the virtuous.
- K. Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
- L. Be not for any consideration.
- M. Make few acquaintances.
- N. Never try to outdo what you are not.
- O. Observe good manners.
- P. Pay your debts promptly.
- Q. Question not the veracity of a friend.
- R. Respect the counsel of your parents.
- S. Sacrifice money rather than principle.
- T. Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
- U. Use your leisure time for improvement.
- V. Entire not upon the threshold of wrong.
- W. Watch carefully over your passions.
- X. Yield not to every one a kindly salutation.
- Y. Yield not to discouragement.
- Z. Zealously labor for the right.

The Giant of the German Army.
Until quite lately Captain Pluskow of
the first regiment of Guards had been con-
sidered the biggest man in the German
army. He measured over 80 inches in
height. But a short time since a young
Rhinelander joined the first regiment of
Foot Guards as a "one year volunteer,"
who attains the colossal height of over
seven feet four and a half inches. Since
1850 the first regiment of Guards has not
had so tall a man. At that time they had
a man who was so tall that everything,
even his bedstead, had to be made spec-
ially for him. His accommodations are pre-
served still among the curios of the regi-
ment.—London Tid Bits.

Look Like New.
I suppose you will invest in lace curtains
this spring, that is if you can afford it.
But did you ever think how nice the old
ones could be made to look if they were
only cleaned properly. Why they would
look like new if you sent them to Ungar's
and had the job done right. You just
attend to this little matter. If you let
Ungar do them, you won't need new
ones.—A.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union
street.

GAY CARRIE CARELESS

TELLS A STORY ABOUT THE SO-
CIETY LEADER.

How Women Get Their Rights—Girls Who
Get Their Pictures Taken as News—What
the Most High-Priced Singer in New York
Wears—How to Be Photographed.

Ward McAllister tells funny stories of
his youthful days when he was living with
his aunts, the Misses Mayfair, and was ar-
dently hoping, trusting and praying that
time in her flight would wing to him the
fortune which laid stored in the purses of
the old ladies. They were exceedingly
penurious. That was a point in his favor.
They would not be apt to squander their
pelf. They did not altogether approve of
young Ward's lavishness, and did not hesi-



A NEW POSE.

tate to tell him so. That was a point
against him. Could they bring themselves
to a frame of mind which would permit
them to lawfully will their cherished horde
to a young man who would spend it
away upon riotous living? History tells
us that they could not and did not. Ward
McAllister tells now with glee how he
managed in those days and what frugality
he saw practised. For \$5 a week he se-
cured a room and breakfast at the Morton
house. His lunches he foraged for and
found them uncertain. Each night he
dined out. Thus managed the leader
of the 400 during his said days when
salad was less plentiful than it might have
been.

During a period of social depression,
which meant an evening when he was not
invited out, he dined with the Misses May-
fair, and secured as good a meal as the
friendly butler could scrape from the fru-
gal table.

"Now, James, you must make one bot-
tle of champagne go around at dinner to-
night," the elder Miss Mayfair would say
to her butler when preparing for a state
dinner.

"But, Miss Mary, how can I?" the but-
ler would reply.

"It is very easy, James, very easy in-
deed. Hold the bottle high, pour slowly
and pass on quickly."

And so the Mayfair feasts were con-
ducted. For \$250 a month the old ladies
would hire a carriage to stand in front of
the door and give an air of gentility and
elegance to the house. By way of utilizing
the carriage and saving car fare, they
would drive down to Washington market
on a morning and bring back one quart
of potatoes and a pound of beefsteak. Was
it any wonder that young Ward found it
impossible to endure this state of affairs
until the coming of a fortune? He failed
to endure and the fortune failed to arrive,
but in the language of the street, he got
there just the same, and has secured the
leadership of the Four Hundred.

Miss Frelinghuysen, daughter of the late
secretary, is in New York, greatly inter-
ested in all doings, educational and reli-
gious. She has the kindergarten fever and
visits the little tots often to listen to their
object lessons and to encourage them with
her sweet smile. She is a tall, slender girl,
dressed in half mourning. This spring she
has put on purple. She is a brunette of
the Spanish type, with beautiful eyes, clear



THE SOLOIST OF THE EVENING.

relatives and friends, yet she has forsaken
them all for the common weal of humanity.
Many have been offended by her because
of her neglect of them and social duties
and because they no longer find a place in
her life, and even her nearest and dearest
relatives—her husband and her children—
have permitted the veil of silence to fall
between them and this noble woman who
believes that she has a mission to fulfill and
who has the courage of her convictions to
enable her to carry it out.

"I had trouble with my lawyer," she
said to me sadly, "but it was not my fault."
She added naively, "he was a bad man—a
very bad man."
Singers are wearing as little as possible
when they appear as soloists. The popu-
lar Clementine De Vere, soprano in Dr.
Faxon's church, and concert singer, sang
at Theodore Thomas' concert Sunday
night in a gown cut extremely décolleté
both front and back. The back was
pointed more than half way to the waist
and the front was low enough to reveal a
lovely vision of the wearer's exquisite neck
and bosom. Miss De Vere has red gold
hair and lovely eyes. Off the stage she is
pretty and vivacious. Upon the stage she
is unassuming and dignified. It will be
remembered that she is the highest paid
church singer in the world getting \$500
each Sunday that she sings.
Getting one's self photographed in divers
shapes, attitudes and costumes is one of the
follies which is now raging among the
young women in town. They must obtain
likenesses of themselves in every attitude
which the charm of their gracefulness per-
mits them to assume. Backs and arms,
heads and necks, busts and shoulders have
been so vividly reproduced and so fully
shown in the show windows that the passer-
by has been led to wonder if one of the
nineteenth century accomplishments con-
sists in being able to identify various parts
of the anatomy other than the face.
In recognition of the fact that it is the
costly to be impersonated and demure in
a manner, a few of the sleek of the little
cheats of girls have gone way to the other
extreme of photographic possibilities and
are having themselves "taken" in nun's
attire. Over the forehead is banded a
strip of white muslin, smooth, fair and pure
to look upon. Over this goes the black
cloth head-gear of the nun. And the nun's
veiling is properly and orthodoxly draped
about the head and neck. Then the
girl is ready to be photographed as a picture
of womanly purity, love and trustfulness.
These pictures are not always a success,
pretty as the description may seem, be-
cause, more often than not, the young
woman is unable to assume the devout ex-

Shoes Mailed TO ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION. We have met

with great success in this mailing line. If the size and width of the foot is sent, we have no trouble in fitting. In ordering, please mention the style of toe and heel wanted. If goods are not satisfactory, they can be returned to us by mail.

WATERBURY & RISING,
KING AND UNION STREETS.

short pointed parasol—one of the new kind
with a Royal Worcester handle—and that
she always takes this with her in a crowd
or upon a crowded thoroughfare. Armed
with such a weapon she feels that she need
not plead with men for woman's rights, for
she can secure for herself all that she wants.

The most popular woman in New York is
Mrs. Ernestine Schaffner. Yet she is not
popular in a way undreamed of by those
outside of her world. Her world does not
stand high in social status. It is not a
gay world and it is not a bad world. On
the contrary, her world is a very good one,
and it is to establish this fact in the minds
of people, and in the courts of justice that
Mrs. Schaffner is devoting her life.

Other own free will, unpaid by any one,
she saves her time and her fortune, her
temper and her health to the vindication
of those whom she believes to be falsely
imprisoned and unjustly accused of wrong-
doings. Six years ago she helped a little
lad who was arrested for stealing money
by food. When she got him free she
helped him to travel to his friends and
there gave him sufficient substantial aid to
enable him to start upon a life of honesty
and industry. Long since she has aban-
doned the practice of helping real crimi-
nals—people who actually commit crime—
and devotes herself to freeing those who
are hounded in by circumstantial evidence.



HOLDING HER OWN.

She is a medium sized woman with a
kind face, pretty interesting ways, a sym-
pathetic voice and a dear sweet way of hold-
ing one's hand and asking all about it.
She has an office in the Pulitzer building
and there she goes regularly to listen to
tales of woe and to confer with the lawyers
who are busy getting her "children" out of
prison. She is a rich woman with many

pression of face which the picture calls for.
She should be all, absolutely, entirely and
sacredly consecrated to all pure things and
her face should seem to say that she has re-
nounced the theater, the gowns and the
dance. The look is hard to get. It re-
quires an actress to counter it. Maud
Branscombe, the most photographed woman
in the world, has it to perfection. But our
dear little chappy girl hasn't. A sweet lit-
tle miss sat at a Broadway photographer's
last week for a non picture, but the dear
little thing could not look devout and con-
secrated. She tried it, but ended by look-
ing "pleasant" and so quered the whole
affair.
CARRIE CARELESS.

APRIL FANCIES.

Gold Galore and High Art Tea Gowns.
The spring is upon us. Women are no
longer "in verdure clad," for the fashion of
"the wearing of the green" is decidedly
"passed." Two seasons ago one could scarcely
distinguish a woman a la mode from the
greenery in the park, excepting for her
pramulatory propensities.

At the present time the various and
lovely tints of heliotrope seem to predo-



MINUTE, WITH ALSO A DECIDED REACTION IN FAVOR OF BLUE.

minate, with also a decided reaction in favor
of blue, which has been somewhat "out"
until lately. The brunette woman with a
propensity toward being ultra fashionable,
no matter at what cost to becomingness, is
determined to wear the violet and chardon
lunes which cast a still yellower tinge over
her shallow complexion, causing her to
appear homely. Now is the triumph of her
blonde rival, who in mauve looks too
sweet for anything and reminds one of
nothing as much as a blanched almond
smothered in a conserve of violets.

Still more pronounced and trying is the
combination of green and heliotrope so
often seen in costumes and headgear. But
how lovely the fair-haired beauty appears
with a hat of rus-green chiffon, trimmed
with sprays of purple lilacs, which bends
lovingly above the fluff of her amber hair,
her gown is of poetic lilac dashed with
green, which causes one to dream of sum-
mer sunsets, amethystine clouds and beryl-
tinted billows.

It must be conceded, even by the mil-
liner eager to sell her wares, that the head-
gear of the present is not as a rule flatter-
ing to the average female; as if the shapes
in themselves were not eccentric enough.
Parisian modistes crumple bits of gauze
in such an eccentric manner that they
might as well be mistaken for decorative
pieces of bric-a-brac as for any articles in-
tended for personal adornment.

George the Third is the sponsor for one
of the latest styles, which viewed from the
front has somewhat the appearance of the
old time English walking hat with rolled
brim, only the back is also turned up. A
striking example of this style is of black
chip with a profusion of violets upon the
crown. Some of the pliable braids are
bent in the most extraordinary fashion, the
brim being turned up in hollow scallop-
shaped indentations, while the crown is en-
circled with a garland, or with softly
twisted ribbon.

Airiness and lightness combined with ex-
treme elegance and costliness is a distinc-
tive feature of the hats and bonnets. They
are generally of openwork straw, stiffened
with crocheted threads or passementerie in
leaf patterns; others are of jewelled
net or some transparent material. The
frames are usually of gold or silver wire or

of gilded buckram, which gleams through
the cobweb texture of the bonnet, with ex-
tremely good effect. Strings are not as
generally worn as they were last season,
although a noticeable innovation is a pair
of double strings in two shades or of con-
trasting colors, which are tied in a long
loose knot, under the chin. Terry velvet
which has a distinct cord, is the newest
thing for strings and the soft yet heavy
gros grain and satin duchesse ribbons.

The garniture is almost invariably
massed at the back, the front being sparsely
ornamented with a knot or two of velvet,
an aigrette or a jewelled ornament. The
gilded and jewelled bonnets are somewhat
theatric in effect, withal handsome and be-
coming, lighting up sombre toilets of silk
or net with fine effect.

The reign of the tea gown is inaugu-
rated, among the most effective being the aw-
ful house robes worn by Mrs. Edmund
Russell and extensively copied by exclu-
sive women of the well set. The garters
have been invaded and old dust-covered
trunks ransacked for heirlooms in the shape
of India shawls, the humber Paisleys and
the filmy chantilly points with which our
mothers and grandmothers were wont to
drape their shoulders on high days and
holidays. The latter lend themselves ad-
mirably for the tabliers which are coming
in again and combined with demi-lounging
sneak exceedingly rich toilettes for evening
wear. One of Mrs. Russell's house robes
is made of a cream tinted Paisley shawl
with palm leaf border in delicate "blue-
grays"; it is especially becoming and is
made in simple fashion, the border form-
ing the front, a length is caught upon each
shoulder to give the modern high sleeve
effect, the fulness falling away like an
Arabian burnous and flowing in graceful
folds down to the hem of the garment.

India shawls make superb house-gowns
for occasions of high ceremony such as an
elaborate luncheon or a swell tea. The
rich coloring and lovely texture of these
oriental fabrics fit in artistically with the
old time furniture and subdued coloring of
the draperies in vogue in houses fitted up
with taste. With these classic gowns Mrs.
Russell has set the fashion of wearing old
miniature brooches, rare cameos, price-
less, intaglios, coral and the semi-precious
gems such as the amethyst, the moonstone,
the topaz, etc. She believes in the sub-
ordination of jewels to dress and teaches
the relation of them to the entire costume,
rather than as detached ornaments.

Many women have no idea of the fit-
ness of things, the place, the occasion and
whether to be worn by the day or night,
should receive due consideration from the
woman who wishes to choose her costume
with discrimination. By the garish light
of day, the gold so lavishly used upon
everything has a stagey appearance, that is
unless it is employed sparingly; due
care should be observed in the selection of
the garniture, and as to whether it is to
be used on velvet, silk or wool. Many of
our old time ideas in regard to the suit-
ability of things have been upset by the in-
troduction of gold and jewels upon wraps,
gowns and bonnets destined for street
wear, which ornamentation is certainly op-
posed to all the canons of good taste.
Even upon tailor-made gowns, gold braid
and embroidery intrude themselves, to say
nothing of the assertive manner in which
they are used for the decoration upon the
light weight woollens and silken fabrics.

The age has a tendency toward undue
extravagance; most people endeavor to
keep up the semblance of wealth even at
the expense of elegance, comfort and use-
fulness. The gold trimmings made of
cheap material soon become tarnished with
exposure to the air; and after losing their
color they no longer contribute to-
ward the beauty of a toilet. Japanese
cord is warranted to withstand the at-
tacks of time and it is certain that the
oriental gold threads have higher claims to
durability than even the French m-f-n,
whose lasting qualities are so widely ad-
vertised. It is certainly a waste of time
and money to purchase the rubbish sold so
cheaply in the shops, and if a woman
leans toward barbaric ornament, they
should buy only the highest priced quality;
better have a little of something good than
a quantity of something meretricious that
shows upon its face the baseness of its imi-
tation.

The gown in the cut is of figured Parma
violet wool made as princess and worn
over a petticoat of paler faille, the draped
bodice and sleeves being of the latter.

A Short Talker.

Frederick William III. King of Prussia,
and great-grandfather of the present
Emperor, was extremely averse to long
speeches, and talks whenever it was
possible, in infinitives only. While taking
the waters of Teplitz he heard of a Hun-
garian magnate who never made long
speeches. "Must be decent fellow. Like
to know him," muttered the King, and
when a day or two afterward the Hungarian
met him on his walk the King stepped up
to him, and the laconic following conver-
sation took place: "Bath?" "Take waters."
"Soldier?" "Magnate." "Indeed?"
"Policeman?" "King." "Congratulate."
And they each went on their way well
satisfied.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Assistant Editor—I have just thought of
a great scheme. Great Editor—What is
it? Assistant Editor—Railway accidents
are becoming so frequent, I think it would
be a good idea to have a reporter on each
train that travels, so that we could have
some one representing us at each accident.
—Harper's Bazaar.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Canada has about 25,000 telephones in use.

San Francisco gets her coal supply from Australia.

The salary of the infant King of Spain is £150,000 a year.

Life boats were invented by Adam Samuel Graves, who died in 1787.

The chances of life in England are 40 per cent greater than in India.

Nearly 25,000,000 copies of periodicals are sold every week in Britain.

Gold is 19 times, silver 10 times, and iron 7 times heavier than water.

There are upwards of twelve miles of shelving for books in the British museum.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth milk was sold three pints, ale measure, for one half-penny.

Eighteen thousand doctors are required to guard the health of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom.

The highest inhabited spot on the earth is Galera, a Peruvian village, 15,635 feet above the level of the sea.

In the year 1336 it was enacted by Edward III. that no one should wear furs who could not afford to spend £100 per annum.

The moss-rope was introduced into England from Holland in the sixteenth century, and is supposed to be a shoot of the famous Provence rope.

Cardinal Wolsey was the first clergyman in England who wore silk and gold not only on his robes, but also on saddles and the trappings of his horses.

The method of extracting fire by means of flint and steel is of Roman origin. In medieval times an iron stylus was used instead of steel. The Anglo-Saxon called the flint *fyre-stan* (firestone).

At Mont Del, in Brittany, the remains of about 100 elephants have been discovered, gathered on a small surface of about 1900 square meters. All the bones are broken, and it is thought that the animals must have been eaten by prehistoric men.

The first water mill ever built was erected on the river Tiber, at Rome, A. D. 50. Windmills were in original use in the twelfth century. Tidemills were operated in Venice about 1708. Sawmills are said to have been in use at Augsburg, Germany, about 1332.

In England and Wales, during 1889, the whole smallpox mortality was only 28 in a population of twenty-nine millions; among the nine and a half millions inhabiting the principal towns, only seven smallpox deaths occurred; and among the four millions of London only one death.

Greek, Roumanian, Swiss, German, Belgian, French and Italian workmen have decided to celebrate May 1 as a holiday. In Belgium the congress of miners and metal workers declared for a general strike on May 1. The number of workmen affected by this declaration is 200,000.

The "Breeches Bible" was so called from a misprint in the seventh verse of the third chapter of Genesis—"Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig-tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches." This bible was printed in 1561.

The fact that many of the houses of Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco are built of redwood is given as a reason for the few destructive fires that occur in those cities. The wood is almost unflammable, and, though a fire will smoulder in it, it never blazes. The great objection to the use of this wood in the eastern states is that it will not stand the alterations of heat and cold.

In connection with the equipment for fire protection it is recommended that a gallon pail filled with fine sand be always placed within convenient reach of each workman. This practice might well be followed wherever there is a possibility of fire starting in oils or oil soaked materials. There is nothing which will smother fire in its incipency more quickly and effectually than sand—and there are no aftereffects in the way of water damage, either.

The latest calculation of the African possessions of the European great powers is as follows: France, 7,400,000 square kilometers, with 24,000,000 inhabitants; England, including Egypt, 5,000,000 square kilometers, with 32,000,000 inhabitants; Germany, 2,300,000 square kilometers, with 7,800,000 inhabitants; Portugal, 2,200,000 square kilometers, with 10,000,000 inhabitants; Italy, 1,250,000 square kilometers, with 5,100,000 inhabitants.

At least one person in three between the ages of ten and forty years is subject to partial deafness. The great majority of cases of deafness are hereditary and due to the close consanguinity of the parents. Deafness is more prevalent among men than among women because the former are more exposed to the vicissitudes of climate. It is thought that telephones tend to bring on deafness when one ear is used to the exclusion of the other.

Hot water is now automatically supplied in Paris by penny-in-the-slot machines. Nine quarts are delivered for this sum, and the water is found useful by the poor and by cabmen for their footpans, or boubillotes. A coil of copper pipe inside the machine communicates with the street main and is heated by gas burners; the penny allows the tap to be opened on pushing in a "button." A glass of hot wine is also sold by similar machines in Paris.

Russian peasants will be prohibited by law shortly from selling or mortgaging their lands.

Five Turkish students, whose expenses will be defrayed by the sultan, have arrived at the university of Berlin.

The bulk of the soldiers in the Russian army are taught a trade and allowed, when off duty, to earn money by it.

Tuft-hunter, says "Halliwall" is a cant term in English universities for a hanger-on to noblemen or persons of quality; so called from the tuft in the cap of the latter.

Milliner is a corruption of "Milaner," from Milan, which city at one time gave the fashion to Europe in all matters of taste in dress, as Paris in more recent days.

The classical ancients used wooden lattices at their windows, doors, and boundaries of fields. In the Middle Ages they were applied instead of windows to shops and dairies; when painted red, to ale-houses.

"Gerrymandering" is arranging the political divisions of a county so that in an election one party may obtain an advantage over its opponents, even though the latter may possess a majority of votes in the county.

According to Herr Japing, the hourly rate of water falling over Niagara Falls is 100,000,000 tons, representing 16,000,000 horse-power; and the total daily production of coal in the world would just about suffice to pump the water back again.

The nickname "Pon-pon," by which Prince Jerome Napoleon was known, was given him in the Crimean War, and was derived from the expression "pon-pon," which is the French equivalent to the "ping" or "whip" of a bullet.

"The older the goose the harder to pluck." Old men are unwilling to part with their money. The reference is to the custom of plucking live geese for the sake of their quills. Steel pens have put an end to this barbarous custom.

The supply of hair sent from China to Europe amounted to 80,000 lbs. during the year 1890. It was exported from Canton, and, if Consul Alabaster may be credited, it came from the heads of "beggars, criminals and dead persons."

Europe's population on Jan. 1 was 380,200,000. The population of each of the other continents was estimated to be as follows: Asia, 850,000,000; Africa, 127,000,000; Australia, 4,730,000; North America, 89,250,000; South America, 36,420,000; polar regions, 800,000. The total would then be 1,787,600,000.

A great difficulty is called a Gordian knot. Gordius, a peasant, being chosen king of Phrygia, dedicated his wagon to Jupiter, and fastened the yoke to a beam with a rope of bark so ingeniously that no one could untie it. Alexander the Great was told that whoever undid the knot would reign over the East. "Well, then," said the conqueror, "it is thus I perform the task and so saying he cut the knot in twain with his sword."

"Glacial period" is a geological term applied to a period when the greater part of Europe, including the British islands, was covered with ice in the form of glaciers, similar to those now existing in Switzerland. This occurred prior to the appearance of man on the earth, and succeeded the European deluge. The result of glacial action may be seen in the smoothed, scratched and eroded surface of many of the slopes and valleys of mountains, also in the foreign masses of rock and stones which are to be found in many districts, and which was transported thither on glaciers. The glacial period also extended to America and other parts.

One of the most singular facts about the growth of London is its regularity. It may be roughly taken that every month about 1000 houses are added to London. In August of 1889, 765,577 houses had to be supplied by the water companies with water; in September that number had increased to 766,797. In August of last year, 764,464 houses had to be supplied or 11,113 below the number in the same month of 1890. In September of 1890, the companies had to supply 10,976 houses more than in September of 1889. This extension is not confined to any one portion of the capital, but a preference is still being shown for the north and north-west suburbs.

The files of the United States corporation bureau make the following exhibit of new corporations incorporated in the United States during the month of March: Mercantile and manufacturing companies, 667; \$116,785,230; gold and silver and other mining and smelting companies, 105; \$95,032,000; coal and iron companies, 37; \$8,807,550; banks and investment companies, 12; \$6,376,000; municipal light, heat, power and transportation companies, 106; \$36,033,500; building and loan associations, 85; \$213,156,000; miscellaneous, 393; \$75,403,785; total number of corporations, 1,563; total capitalization, \$541,029,753.

On view at the carpet exhibition at the Commercial museum in Vienna is a large silk carpet, the property of the imperial court, of considerable historical and artistic interest. The carpet, a marvel of its kind, was presented to the Emperor Charles VI. by Czar Peter the Great, and is a magnificent specimen of old oriental carpet-weaving. It is unequalled for the richness and purity of its colors, and the hues and tints of its silken fleece change kaleidoscopically according to the position in which it is exposed to the light. This remarkable piece of tapestry represents in brilliant colors a picture of the chase at the Persian court, while the border is adorned with strange representations of feathered genii and flying dragons.

A remarkable large polar bear, with bright pink fur, has been captured in Siberia and will be sent as a present to the czar.

As the result of the first census, in 1801, it was found that the population of England and Wales was 8,892,536, which in 1881 had risen to nearly twenty-six millions.

The dust collected by a small patch of snow between Nov. 27 and Dec. 27 last indicates that 1,000 tons of soot settle monthly on the 110 square miles of London.

The *North China News* says the Chinese write most insulting remarks about foreigners on the backs of notes circulated by foreign bankers which come into their possession.

Grasse is celebrated for its manufacture of scents, using up per annum in the manufacture 1200 tons of orange blossoms, 800 tons of roses, 200 tons of jasmine, 100 tons of violets, and 50 tons of tuberose.

The Australians have been having a very cold summer. Last year at this time a hot wave swept over the country, and for weeks the temperature was between 90 and 100 degrees in the shade. This year there have been only three or four hot days.

A curious scarf-pin worn by a Nashville man is a petrified human eye, set in a gold frame. The present owner of this singular ornament found it in Peru while he was on an exploring tour in the land of the Incas with a party of scientists.

The term of copyright in various countries is as follows:—The United States, twenty-eight years; the right of extension for fourteen more—in all, forty-two years; Mexico, Guatemala, and Venezuela, in perpetuity; Colombia, author's life and eighty years after; Spain, author's life and eighty years after; Belgium, author's life and fifty years after; Ecuador, author's life and fifty years after; Norway, author's life and fifty years after; Peru, author's life and fifty years after; Russia, author's life and fifty years after; Tunis, author's life and fifty years after; Italy, author's life and forty years after—the full term to be eighty years in any event; France, author's life and thirty years after; Germany, author's life and thirty years after; Austria, author's life and thirty years after; Switzerland, author's life and thirty years after; Hayti, author's life, widow's life, children's lives, and twenty years after the close of the latest period; Brazil, author's life and ten years after; Romania, author's life and ten years after; Roumania, author's life and ten years after; Great Britain, author's life and seven years after his decease—to be forty-two years in any event; Bolivia, full term author's life; Denmark and Holland, fifty years; Japan, author's life and five years after; South Africa, author's life—fifty years in any event.

The Greatest Smokers. The Hollanders are, perhaps, of all the Northern peoples, those who smoke the most. The humidity of their climate makes it almost a necessity, and the very money cost of tobacco renders it accessible to all. To show how deeply rooted is the habit, it is enough to say that the boatmen of the treksucht, the aquatic diligence of Holland, measure distances by smoke. From here, they say, to such and such a place, it is not ten miles; and so on. When you enter a house, after the first salutations, your host offers you a cigar; when you take leave, he hands you another, and often insists upon filling your cigar case. In the streets you see persons lighting a fresh cigar with the burning stump of the last one without pausing in their work, and with the busy air of people who do not wish to lose a moment of time or a mouthful of smoke. Many go to sleep with pipe in mouth, re-light it if they wake in the night, and again in the morning before they step out of bed. It really seems as if smoking is for the Dutchman a necessary vital function. Many people think that so much smoke dulls the intelligence. Nevertheless, if there be a people, as Esquiroz justly observes, whose intellect is of the clearest and highest precision, it is the Dutch people. Again, in Holland the cigar is not an excuse for idleness, nor do they smoke in order to dream with their eyes open; every one goes about his business puffing out white clouds of smoke with the regularity of a factory chimney, and the cigar, instead of being a mere distraction, is a stimulant and an aid to labor. "Smoke," said a Hollander to me, "is our second breath." Another defined the cigar as the sixth finger of the hand.—"Holland and its People," by E. de Amicis.

A Tale of a Skull. A remarkable anecdote is told of the performance of the *Penitence* in the town of North Walsham, Norfolk, in 1788.

In the last act, where Calista lays her hand on the skull, a Mrs. Barry who played the part was seized with an involuntary fit of shuddering, and fell on the stage.

During the night her illness continued, but the following day she sent for the stage keeper and inquired whence he procured the skull.

He replied, "from the sexton, who informed him that it was the skull of one Norris, who twelve years before was buried in the churchyard."

The same Norris was her first husband. She never recovered the shock, and died in six weeks.

The Laborer's Song. I can be happy, if any one can—I wrong no woman and rob no man! I have no riches—my only wealth is muscle producing, robust health. I never was in a condition to board, and yet I've a seat for a friend at my board, and a kindly welcome for all who come. To my humble and poor, but cozy home.

I am no man's debtor—I pay my way, and while my little ones round me play, I look at my wife so loving and true, and prouder than any prince I feel. I give my food and love to my friends, and give God thanks for all He sends, and I won't not change my simple state. For any dominion, however great.

I have my trials and care, 'tis true, but has not the monarch his troubles, too? 'Tis seldom that care deserts his brow, and I sing ten songs to his one, I know. My coat is worn, but how I love to wear it; I have clothes to wear and enough to eat; I've a conscience clear and a mind at ease, and I wonder is the king that can boast of these? —Ez.

In advanced age the declining powers are wonderfully refreshed by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It really does "make the weak strong."

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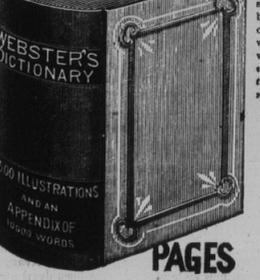
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MEN AND WOMEN

Cardinal Manning is Gladstone, who is named Gail Hamilton has some most writers in keeping to herself.

Henry George is caricatured for the bicycle best thing yet invented the single tax, of course.

Prince Henry, brother of the czar, is thirty years old as a violinist at the chestra.

Herr Windthorst, a day, was generally second man in European politics was the most popular man in Germany, recently deceased.

Constantine Canstantin grand duchess, has her leave Russia with her to she resisted a persecutor sent to England in 1887 he would fancy a daughter Wales and make a match.

Emperor William is playing

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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Cardinal Manning is godfather to W. H. Gladstone, who is named Henry after him. Gail Hamilton has succeeded better than most writers in keeping the facts of her life to herself.

Henry George is carried away with enthusiasm for the bicycle. He thinks it the best thing yet invented for man—next to the single tax, of course.

Prince Henry, brother of the Emperor of Germany, recently displayed surprising talent as a violinist at a concert in Kiel. The prince played the first violin in the orchestra.

Herr Windthorst, who died the other day, was generally accounted the homeliest man in European politics. And yet he was the most popular man among German women.

Constantine Canstantinovich, a Russian grand duchess, has been compelled to leave Russia with her two children because she resisted persecutions instituted to force her to join the Greek church.

The Grand Duke Michael, who has, by marrying the woman he wanted, offended the czar, is thirty years of age. He was sent to England in 1887 with a hope that he would fancy a daughter of the Prince of Wales and make a match.

Emperor William is said to be fond of playing Caliph Haroun al Raschid by going about disguised at night to certain liquor shops and music halls where his soldiers and sailors are to be found, in order to pick up criticisms of his army and navy.

When Queen Victoria is travelling by rail in her special train she exercises no dead-end rights. She pays at the rate of \$1.02 a mile, whatever the distance, in addition to first class fares for all the party, servants included. Her saloon carriage cost \$30,000.

Lord Aberdeen is one of the most popular noblemen in Great Britain. He is a democrat both by sympathy as well as principle, and has been known to ride down to his club in a milk wagon when a cab was not handy. He is much sought after in Edinburgh society.

The claim of an Illinois woman to be the widow of "Artemus Ward" excites much interest in his native town. The American executor of Charles F. Browne is Horace Maxfield who lives there, and who knows more about Artemus than any one else. Browne's alleged marriage was never heard of or suspected, and nobody credits it.

Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, widow of General Custer, is a hard-working literary woman. She has lately gone to Atlantic city, in order to rest and gain strength for writing a series of talks about *Life on the Plains*, which she will deliver before women's clubs and school boys and girls, who are generally her devoted admirers and fast friends.

Mary Gay Humphries, whose versatile pen has brought her prominently before the public, is a brave, bright woman whom it does one's heart good to meet. She is tall and slender, with an unusually expressive face, wears her curly brown hair cropped close, and talks in a fluent, animated way, on almost any topic under discussion.

The czarina is almost entirely deaf. When a courier, carrying messages from her majesty, Augusta Victoria, appeared before the czarina, a lady in waiting secretly wrote down his message on a piece of pasteboard, which was handed to her majesty under cover of a fan, and after she had read it, she answered in quite an unconcerned manner.

Arabi Pasha and his associate exiles in Ceylon have prayed the British government to be restored to Egypt on the ground that the Singalese climate is prejudicial to their health, says a foreign note. The khedive, who was consulted by England, said that their presence in Egypt would be too dangerous for him to consent. Next the medical board appointed by the foreign office reported that the exiles were perfectly well off where they were.

Miss Zoe Gayton is fond of walking. That is the reason why she declared that she could walk from ocean to ocean herself when she heard some friends marveling at the feat of a New York hotel keeper and a professor of penmanship, who had just completed a horseback ride across the continent. She was in San Francisco at the time. Being a woman of her word she started to accomplish her task. Aug. 27, 1890, accompanied by two male companions and two poodle dogs. Miss Gayton took the ferry boat from San Francisco to Oakland, but has walked the remainder of the distance; at least, she says she has.

Mr. Gladstone's mode of preparation is often little more than mental. He usually speaks from notes, it is true; but as a rule these are of a very fragmentary description. It is said that the notes for his last speech on the channel tunnel consisted of only three words. Lord Beaconsfield made notes for his set speeches, and many of his happiest phrases, though apparently impromptu, were elaborated beforehand. John Bright, as is well known, used to make notes on slips of paper, giving the line of argument and the facts as they came to mind and leaving the words to come at call. As he was speaking. At the same time he often wrote out short passages, and almost invariably the concluding words. To the ordinary mind Lord Randolph Churchill's method of preparing a speech seems rather laborious. After thinking over his subject for some days beforehand, he devotes a couple of mornings to making notes, which are merely for reference while speaking. His lordship, like most effective speakers, leaves the words to come extempore. Some of the Irish members, however, have on occasions taken extraordinary pains in getting up their speeches. Days used to be spent by one of them in making notes for the discussion on the estimates. Then, thoroughly primed, he could, as the historian of the Farnell movement says, denounce the extravagant wages of a charwoman in the foreign office, or complain indignantly of the bad quality of the mortar used in the last repairs to a royal palace. Mr. Sexton, too, is most indelible in getting up details.

Enameline for smokers use cannot be approached by any other article.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

An English publisher announces a new work entitled, "He Always Pleases His Wife." It is fiction.—Boston Post.

Two Milwaukee dentists have dissolved after a partnership of twenty-three years. They could not pull together any longer.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Look here," growled the advertiser to country editor; "I ordered my advertisement placed next to reading matter, and you've put it among your editorials!"—Harper's Bazar.

First widow—How is it you draw a pension from the government? Your husband wasn't in the war. Second widow—No, but my father's substitute contracted nostalgia at Bull Run.—Life.

"Jaker, your fadder can't live much longer." "Cheer up, old man; you will live twenty years yet." "Nein, Jaky. The Lord won't take me at a hundred when he can get me at eighty."—Life.

Voice (from the confessional)—Is that you, Moriarty? Moriarty (one of a champion name)—It is, your reverence. Voice—What club have you signed to play with this season?—Life.

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be washed upon the beach every morning."

Jack—"Why is dough like a man?" Susie—"Because it's hard to get off your hands." Jack—"Oh, no! It's a thing the women knead."

An old lady who imagined the sea must be dirty because so many people bathed in it, was consoled on being informed that it was washed upon the beach every morning.

Wife (tenderly)—"Do you remember, Charles, how embarrassed you were when you proposed to me?" Mr. Hardup—"No, my dear, I've been so embarrassed since we were married that I have forgotten all about it."

A fond mother in South America, having heard that the cholera was coming along the coast, sent her boys to a friend in the country to escape it. After a few days she received a note from her friend, saying—"For any sake come and take your boys away, and send along the cholera instead."

"I'm sorry to hear, Mrs. Brown," said the minister, "that you were present last night at a Plymouth Brethren's tea meeting. I have often told you that their doctrines are highly erroneous." Mrs. Brown—"Well, sir, their doctrines may be, but their cake with sultana raisins is excellent."

Jones—"There are only two periods in a man's life when he is greatly interested in his personal appearance." Smith—"When do they occur?" Jones—"One is at twenty, when he watches the hair coming out on his upper lip, and the other at 40, when he watches the hair coming out of the top of his head."

A West Indian, who had a remarkable red nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy, who was in waiting, observed a mosquito hovering round his face. Quashey eyed it very attentively; at last it lit upon his master's nose, and instantly flew off again. "Yah, yah!" he exclaimed, with great glee; "me berry glad to see you burn your fat!"

An inspector of a school, who was examining a class of boys in history, said, "The losing of a battle had the effect of damping the spirits of the Scots." "Now," said he, "can you tell me what damping the spirits of the Scots means?" "Well?" said he, to a little boy who was cracking vigorously, "Pittin' water in among their whiskey;" the little fellow answered triumphantly. (General collapse.)

"Did you read this, dear?" said Mrs. Grigsby to Orlando the other night. "It's a strange case. A harmless lunatic imagines that he's a grain of corn, and he will not go into the yard lest a chicken eat him. Isn't it an odd delusion?" "Oh, the world is full of such delusions, dear," replied Grigsby. "I know a harmless lunatic who seems to imagine that she's a piece of cheese, and she will fly from a room when a mouse enters it for fear the little creature will devour her."

Several ladies were sitting together on the balcony of a Southport hotel, the other night, when the moon, although full, was somewhat hidden by clouds. A natty little fellow came towards the group, and said, sofly, "Pussy, darling," whereupon all the young ladies jumped up and came towards him eagerly. He selected one, and walked away with her. The other brides sat down, and told their respective Romeo afterwards that it was "too ridiculous for anything," and that they "never were so embarrassed in the whole course of their lives."

An old Irishwoman, who kept a fruit stall, had some water melons given to her, which she exposed for sale. A smart Yankee, wishing to "take a rise" out of the old lady, took up one of the melons, and said—"These are small apples you grow over here. In America we have them twice the size." The woman slowly removed the pipe she was smoking from between her lips, and coolly surveyed her inquirer from head to foot for a second or two. Then in a tone of pity she exclaimed—"Be jabers, sorr, ye must be a stranger in Ireland, and know very little about the fruit of our country, whin you can't tell apples from gooseberries!"

When Mr. Jenkins went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep, and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So, as soon as he had entered the door and deposited his candle upon the dressing table, he commenced his speech: "I locked the front door. I put the chain up. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I shut the kitten out. I put the lastenings over the bathroom window. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I posted your letter as soon as I got to town. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I want a new-laid egg for breakfast. I think that is all; and I will now put out the light." Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas-tap and sighted a line for the bed, when he was horrified by the query from Mrs. Jenkins, "Why didn't you take off your hat?"

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CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)

A sensation of giddiness assailed Aube for the moment, but recovering herself by an effort she clung to the old Superior.

"Mamma! My mother! Sister Elise; she is dead?"

"No, no, my child," cried the old lady, excitedly. "No, no; don't think that. There is her letter. She is alive and well. But do you not see my child? It is what I have been dreaming so long."

"She has sent for me—to come?" cried Aube, joyously.

"Yes," said the old lady, gazing at her sadly; and there was a suggestion of pain and reproach in the tone. "Yes, and you are glad to see her once again—after all these years."

The tears were coursing down Aube's cheeks, and the eagerness had gone out of her voice as her arms stole round the old lady's neck, and her warm soft lips were pressed passionately to her brow, her eyes, her cheeks.

"No, no, you have been my mother so long," she cried. "Don't think me ungrateful and glad to leave you—you all here. Sister Elise, I have been so happy. It will break my heart."

She burst into a passion of sobbing now, and clung wildly to the old lady, growing more hysterical till the Superior half drew, half carried her to the couch, where she sat down. Aube sinking on her knees beside her, to cling to her still, and hide her convulsed face in the old lady's breast.

Then silence once more reigned in the dim, peaceful room, and Luce stood near the door, the tears stealing silently down her cheeks as she watched the group where Aube's bosom still heaved and fell, and a sob escaped from time to time as, scarcely less agitated, Sister Elise held the weeping girl lightly to her, and her pale old cheek upon the rich dark clustering hair.

"Hush, hush, my darling!" she seemed to coo over Aube. "It will be a bitter parting for us all; but we must not murmur. It is quite right, and I am glad now you have sent a sweet feeling of joy through my heart, for I know how dearly you love us all. There will be many tears shed today, Aube; but my joy will be their's as well. For it is right and good and holy. There have been times when in spite of the ample funds your dearest mother has sent so regularly all these long years, she has dared to think that she had done you very much, to leave you so long among strangers, but now I know. She tells me in her letter, in which all a mother's passionate love stands out, how she has borne and wept and mourned to be separated so long, but that it was your father's wish, almost his dying command, that you should be sent to his native land to be educated and taught, as you could not be in that half savage place. She says, too, something that from her generous payments I could never have imagined, that she is comparatively poor, and she has that means to make you the lady of whom her dear husband would have been proud."

"Ah!" exclaimed Aube, raising her face at this revelation, and looking wonderingly in the old lady's face.

"It was this necessity which kept her from coming to see you again and again. If she had done so, she says, she could not have kept you here."

"My mother!" sighed Aube, with her eyes dilating; and the Superior went on in the same low sweet voice:

"She says now, Aube, that she can bear a separation no longer. That her heart yearns for you—that she cannot rest until she clasps her breast all that is left to her of that dear husband who was to her as a god—I give you her own words, my child; and I ought to utter words of reproach on the vanity—the wickedness of a woman giving herself up so wholly to such a love, but—but, my darling, I cannot say that now. For it touches me to the heart, Aube, and I can only see the sweet loving widowed mother there, all those thousands of miles away—stretching out her trembling hands, my darling, her long eyes strained yearningly to me, as she says, I have done my duty—I have worked, and watched, and waited—I have done all that that would have had me do, and now that my long penance is fulfilled, give me back my child."

The solemn silence was broken now by Luce's sobs, as she sank into a chair, and laid her head upon its arm.

"Yes, my dearest one," continued the superior, "we poor women here, devoted as we are, have never known a mother's love; but as I read that letter, Aube, I seemed to realise it all. Between its lines your poor, patient woman tried to express, and suffer as I may at having to part with you, I know it is your duty to go to her—to go, as she says, at once, for life is short, and I can send you to her, glad in my heart, with the blessings of all here, and say we now send you back the infant you confided to us, a woman now, and as sweet and true and pure as ever knelt before her God."

"Sister Elise! Mother!" sobbed Aube.

"My child!"

There was another long pause, and then smiling on her pupil the superior rose, and placed in Aube's hands.

"Take it and read it dear," she said calmly now—"it is the letter of a mother, of whom you may say 'Thank heaven, I am her child!' It is a terrible experience, for it is a long voyage, and to a land of which till now I have heard naught but evil. Now I know that there is one there whom I should be glad to call sister, and now there will be one whom I am glad to call my spiritual daughter. Hayti cannot be all bad, Aube, so now wipe away these tears for the pang that is past, and it is a day of joy—the day on which the first steps are taken to reinjoin two such hearts as yours."

"But mother—am I to go soon?"

"In a day or two at most. The consul brought me the letter. He had received one as well, and his orders were to find some good family returning to the island in whose charge you could make the voyage. This might have been months, Aube, but heaven smiles upon the project, and counsel tells me of a widow lady who

has been in Paris a year with her daughter about your age. She too lost her husband it seems in the war when your father died. This Madame Saintone will be glad to be your chaperone, my child, her daughter your companion, but—"

"But what, mother?" whispered Aube, who seemed half stunned.

"The mail steamer leaves Havre within a day or two, I hear, and our parting will be very soon."

Aube gazed at her wildly.

"No, no, my darling, no more tears," whispered the Superior kissing her. "Go to your room now, and rest and pray. Then read your letter as I would have you read it. Go my child. Your true, loving mother, who must have passed through a martyrdom for your sake, waits to press you to her heart—Luce, my child."

Luce started from the chair, to run forward with her face swollen and convulsed with weeping to lead her companion to the room they shared.

As the door closed Aube flung her arms about her friend and sobbed out:

"Luce! Luce! is all true?"

Luce was silent, only gazed at her wildly as Aube raised the folded letter to her lips and kissed it passionately.

"Yes, mother," she said, gazing before her with a wild far-off look, "yes, mother, I come."

"Aube?" rang out in a wild cry.

"Luce, darling, what are you thinking?" cried Aube, startled by the agony in her friend's eyes.

"I was thinking you must not, shall not go."

Aube shrank from her with the letter pressed to her lips once more, and she stood blanched, hard and strange looking, as if she had been turned to stone.

"Aube, darling, what will poor Paul say?"

CHAPTER V.—"WHAT WILL IT COST?"

"Here, I beg your pardon, man, but you make me angry. Have you no ambition?"

"Of course I have: to become your brother-in-law. What day will the steamer arrive?"

"How should I know? I'm in no hurry: I have been right enough without the old lady."

"Dull enough without Antoinette."

"Rubbish. What a sentimental lover you are," cried the first speaker, as he lazily tilted back the cane chair in which he balanced himself so as to reach a cigar from a little table, placing one in his lips and throwing another to his rival.

They were two well enough looking young men—dark, sallow, and well-dressed, after the fashion of the Creole of the south. They were seated in the broad verandah of a good house, slightly elevated and overlooking the town of Port au Prince, and over it, away to sea, with its waters of deep and dazzling blue.

"Now then, light up. I want to talk to you. Have some 'rack'?"

"No; had enough. Talk away."

"Well, look here then," said Saintone, lowering his voice, after a glance around to see that they were not likely to be overheard. "I've quite made up my mind to join the Vaudoux."

"And I've made up my mind not to," replied Deffraid, tilting back his chair.

"I'm going to be very good now, and marry your sister."

"Thank!"

"Ah, you may talk and sneer, but what would she say?"

"That you are as I say a fool. Who's going to tell her what we do. Suppose I should go and tell my mother as soon as she gets back?"

"But what do you want to join them for—to go to their feasts and dances? Pah! I fancy I can smell the niggers here."

"To go to their feasts man? Where are your brains?" cried Saintone bending toward his friend. "Can't you see, boy, that I mean to take a big place in the government."

"Yes; you are always talking about it."

"Well, to get there, I must have votes."

"Of course."

"Black votes are as good as colored, man."

"You'll get yourself mixed up with some political rising, and be shot as your father was."

"Well, that's my business. Now look here; if I belong to the Vaudoux sect, and came out pretty liberally to the Papaloi—"

"Papaloi?" interrupted Deffraid. "How did they get that word?"

"Papa roi, stupid. Father King," said Saintone, impatiently.

"Ah! I see; their way of sounding the r—roi—loi."

"These priests will influence the people on my behalf, and I am safe to be elected."

"Well, yes, I suppose so; but—"

"Hang your buts! Don't hesitate so. Look here, Deff, you want to marry Antoinette."

"Of course."

"Well, then, I expect my brother to support me in everything, so you'll have to join once for all with me."

"What the Vaudoux?"

"Yes, and I mean to be initiated at once."

"And you want me to be initiated, too?"

"Of course."

"Oh, very well—that is if you will back me up with your sister and mother."

"Trust me for that; you shall have her."

"I'm ready, then; but I don't like it. Hang it all, one hears all kinds of horrors about them."

"Old women's tales. There, I'm going through the town. You can walk with me part of the way."

"Going over to the priest to see—"

"Mind your own business. I'm going to take the first steps towards our initiation, so be ready to go any night I warn you."

"But—"

"No hanging back, now; you have promised."

"Yes, and so have you," said the young man, getting up lawfully, "but I say, will there be anything to pay? Isn't it something like the foreigners' freemasonry?"

"Nothing to pay, but some bottles of rum, and I'll see to them. Now come along."

They strolled off together down the shaded walk, looking the part of the black and quadroon, and heavy-jawed, independent, half-blooded negroes, who generally favored them with a broad grin; but no sooner had they reached the far side of the lot to wipe his streaming brow, than Saintone said in a laughing, contemptuous way:

"There! Go home and cool yourself. Be a good boy, and the steamer will soon be here and you can go courting to your heart's content."

"I don't like this Vaudoux business," grumbled Deffraid to himself, as he went one way.

"I can make the fool useful," said Saintone, with a sneering laugh, and he went in the other direction, away towards where the slovenly plantations and the country began to be hidden here and there peeped out the cottages of the blacks, with their overgrown gardens full of melons running wild, yams, and broad flat-leaved bananas, looking like gigantic harp-tongue ferns.

Etienne Saintone was so devoted to the object he had in view that he paid no heed which way his luxuriant growth of hair curled in the narrow track or lane running in and out among squalid cottages, in front of which nearly nude black children basked in the broad sunshine.

The black turned and looked after him curiously, and taking up an old and battered straw hat, he eyed his peculiarly knotted young man's steps as he went on for quite a quarter of a mile, the cottages growing less frequent and superior in aspect, more hidden, too, among the trees.

All at once Saintone looked sharply round, as if to see whether he was observed; but he was not, and he went on his way, looking himself down beneath a rough fence, and in his hasty glance Saintone saw anything that was that common object of the country, a black basking in the sun.

His glance round satisfied him, and he turned off sharply to the left; and as he disappeared among the trees, he was met by a young man, who, by this means crossing the track and reaching the shelter of the over-hanging foliage, among which he, too, plunged and disappeared.

At the end of about hundred yards Saintone stepped over the rough fence of a solitary cottage, at whose door a mulatto girl sat, twisting together some thin shavings of cane, to form a plait. She had seen the white jacket of the young man approaching, and had uttered a slight laugh, as her eyes closed till only a glimpse of dark pupils could be seen, as she watched the track in a sidelong way, and began to hum over a wild, weirdly sweet, well-known melody, as if to herself, one well-known every day, and as if to a crowd of invisible brought by some of their race from their native Africa.

"Ah, Genie, dear," cried Saintone, as he caught sight of the woman in the dark shadowy interior.

"Mass' Saintone?" she replied, with an air of being not a little surprised.

"What's that?" he said, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "How pretty you look to-day. Didn't you see me coming?"

"No, sah. I was busy here. What do you want?"

"What do I want? Why I've come to see you."

"Oh," said the girl, coldly. "Mass' Saintone could have come last week—two weeks—three weeks ago—but he never came. Thought you never come again."

"Oh, nonsense! I've been so busy," said Saintone, always very busy; but he came every day, and he threw his arm round her and tried to draw her to him.

As he did so there was a faint sound as of a hissing breath at the back of the place and Saintone looked sharply round.

"What's that?" he said.

"Snake or little lizard," said the woman, coldly, freeing herself from his arm.

"Oh, come, don't do that," said Saintone, laughing, as he tried again to catch her in his arms; but she eluded him, and her eyes opened wide, and she looked to the new lady," she said, spitefully.

"What new lady?" he cried. "Why, you silly, jealous girl, I never loved anyone but you."

"Lies!" said the woman, vindictively.

"It's true," he cried, angrily. "Come, Genie, don't be so foolish."

"It is not foolish. That is all over. Go to her."

"Who you silly thing; I tell you I have been too busy to come."

"Yes, too busy to send a boy to say mass' can't come. All lies."

"I know. I am not a fool," she said scornfully.

"Sit down silly girl," he said. "There, I will not try to touch you; I'll smoke a cigar. Look here, he continued, as he lit the little roll of tobacco, "I'll now prove to you how true I am. Do you know why I came today?"

"Because you said Genie is a fool, and will believe all I say."

"No," he said, in a low voice, as he leaned towards her. "I came up because I want you to help me, dear. I want to be more as if I want you."

The woman shook her head, and half closed her eyes; but he had moved her, and she watched him intently, as she stood shaking her head.

"You understand me," he whispered. "The Vaudoux, I want to join—to be one of you. There, do you believe I love you now?"

"No," she said, panting. "Don't know what you mean."

"You do," he whispered. "You need not try and hold me off. I know you are one of them."

"One of the Vaudoux—no?"

"Yes. You can take me to one of your priests, and let me join at the first meeting."

"The Vaudoux?" she said, opening her eyes widely now. "Ah, yes, I know what you mean. Oh, no; you could not join them. They say it is all very dreadful and secret. No one knows who they are or what they do."

"Yes," he said, laughing, "you do for one, and you could take me to join them."

"Oh, no," she cried, with an eager movement of her hands, as if she disclaimed all such knowledge. "It is only the blacks who know of that."

"You are trading with me," he said. "You are offending because I have been away so long. Now I have come and want to be nearer to you than ever, you refuse."

"What can I do?"

"Take me to one of their meetings to-night."

"I?" cried the woman, shaking her head. "You play with me now. How could I know?"

"You mean you will not," he said, fuming.

"Eugenie will not do what she cannot," replied the woman, coldly.

"All very well," he said in a cavalier way. "I daresay I can find someone else who will take me to a meeting; or I don't know, it does not matter. I daresay I shall give it up. Well, I must be off here."

"Going?" said the woman, coldly.

"I'm going now. A bit disappointed, of course, but it doesn't matter. Good-bye."

He turned and strode out of the doorway, smoking carelessly, leaped over the low fence, and went slowly back along the track.

"She knows," he thought, "and will call me back directly. Bit put out. Well, I have neglected her, but—"

He laughed to himself and went on, longing to look back, but no voice recalled him.

Had he turned his head he would have seen nothing, for Genie had drawn back further into the back of the room, and watched him from there.

"Why does he want that," she said, thoughtfully, and she shook her head as she watched till Saintone was out of sight, nothing being farther from her thoughts than the intention of calling him back.

Meanwhile Saintone walked slowly on, with an angry feeling growing in his breast.

"She is one of them. She is as good as owned to it one day. Then she has a reason for refusing and being so cold. Well, perhaps I can manage without her after all; but what does she mean?"

He went thoughtfully back to the town, musing the discovery suddenly that he was hot and thirsty, and on the strength of this he turned off and went straight to his friend's house in search of the refreshment he needed.

Deffraid was lying asleep in the shaded room when Saintone entered, and started up, being rudely shaken.

"Rum and some water," said Saintone, throwing himself into a chair, and as soon as he had partaken of a hearty drink from the glass brought in by a grinning negress he lit a fresh green cigar.

"Well," said Deffraid, drowsily; "found out all you wanted?"

"No."

"Wouldn't she take you?"

"Turned sulky because I hadn't been to see her. Pretended she knew nothing. I'm sure she goes to her meetings, and I'll find out somehow if it's only to meet her."

"And as soon as I begin to make inquiries she'll grow suspicious."

"I know. Try fat Mahme out yonder at the store."

"What does she know?"

"More than you think. She's mixed up with them. Finds them in rum for their feasts. I believe that quiet as she is, she is one of them—sort of priestess. At any rate she's a regular confidante of all the blacks about here. They go to her and meet at her place, and hatch half their schemes there. I believe nearly all the bits of devilry started under her roof."

"No harm in trying to get the law," said Saintone thoughtfully. "She must know at all events where they meet. Yes, I think you are right; but she wouldn't speak. Too much mixed up with them."

"Open her mouth with the golden key."

"Right, I will. Come along."

"I'll say Deffraid," he said, chattering together like so many children, became silent, their faces grew stolid and sleepy, and all appeared to be utterly ignorant of the approach of the two Creoles.

Saintone knew their ways too well to notice this more than to feel convinced that Deffraid was right, and that this assumed ignorance was the childish cloak for something they wished to hide. He walked right on toward the open door, with which a showy-looking negress of two or three-and-thirty came to meet them, and pointed to seats in the broad verandah, by a long, rough table, carelessly, "too hot out here. We'll come inside."

He walked into a long, low room, half general shop, half cabaret, where a broad counter stretched across one end in clumsy imitation of the French fashion. Behind it, seated on a raised cushioned chair was a stout good-looking, middle-aged man, dressed enough for a quadroneer. She was showily dressed, and wore, half hidden in the thick folds of her neck, a great necklace; several rings were embedded in her fat fingers, and rather tastily twisted turban fashion about her slightly grey locks was a gorgeous red and yellow silk kerchief.

As the two young men entered, she felt herself bound to rise from her seat to wel-

come guests of a better class than those to which she was accustomed, smiling and bowing as they raised their straw hats; but she sat down again directly, an example followed by the visitors at a table close to the end of the buffet, a glance round showing them that the place was quite empty save that a big, broad shouldered negro sat in one corner with his arms upon the table and his head down, apparently asleep. In fact his hue harmonized so well with the gloom of the place with its two small windows shaded by blinds, that Deffraid did not realize his presence.

"Hot day for walking, madam," said Saintone. "Give us two cool drinks."

"Yes; too hot for gentlemen to walk," was the reply, as the two plump hands busied themselves with a bottle, glasses, and a great pitcher of cold water. "Here! where's that girl?"

"No, no, don't call her," said Saintone, rising. "I'll take them. Madame is quite well."

As he spoke he leaned towards her, pointed quickly at the negro in the corner, and nodded toward the door.

The hostess grasped his meaning quickly enough, as she replied with politeness that she was never better than she was now, when a real gentleman condescended to honor her with a visit to rest and refresh himself. Then she looked sharply toward the corner and said a few words sharply in one of the West African dialects.

The result was that the negro grew suddenly wide awake, there was a gleam of white teeth, the flash of a pair of opal eyes, and then a big slouching broad-shouldered figure was seen framed in the doorway, and they were alone.

"Monsieur Saintone has had something stolen, and he wants Mahme to try and get it back?" said the woman.

"Hah! delicious!" said Saintone, setting down his glass half empty, Deffraid uttering a sigh of satisfaction over his, as he sat holding it in his hand.

"The water is just cold and fresh from the spring," said the woman, offering cigars. Then, as they were taken, and she struck a light to offer it in turn, she continued, "Monsieur may speak now. There is no one to hear. Is it money or a watch?"

"Neither, Mahme," said Saintone, lowering his voice. "Look here; my friend and I want to attend one of the Vaudoux meetings—a feast or whatever it is."

"Vaudoux? Ah, yes," said the woman, in the most unmoved way. "Vaudoux! Yes, I have heard of them. In the middle of the island, are they not?"

"You know best about that."

"I?" said the woman, raising her be-ringed hands; and her ways and manners were strikingly French. "I sit here always, and only leave my chair to go to my rest."

"But the people come to see you."

"Yes, as you have," she said, smiling and showing her regular teeth.

"And you will take us to one?"

"Well," she said, with a little laugh, but always speaking in a whisper. "What do I know of such things?"

"Come," said Saintone, laying his hand upon her plump fingers; "we are fencing. You know as well as I want to know."

"Oh, no, no, no," she said, quickly; "Nothing, nothing."

"That will do," said Saintone, mockingly. "I don't want you to do it for nothing. I want to attend one of the meetings first, and then I mean to join them."

"You. You mean it?" she whispered eagerly.

"Yes, and my friend here too. Ah, you see you do know."

"Why? Why does Monsieur Deffraid, too, want to know of such things?" she said eagerly, and with a very intense look from one to the other.

"For the same reason that hundreds of others do," replied Saintone quietly. "Come, what shall I pay you to see us through it all?"

"No, no. It is impossible. There are no such things."

"Yes, there are. Come, no nonsense."

"And if there are they must be dangerous. Fine gentlemen cannot join with these people. It is some spying trick. Who sent you here?"

"It is no spying trick, madam. I tell you I mean to join them for the change and excitement of the thing. Come, now, what will it cost?"

"Perhaps your life—and his," said the woman in a low whisper, that was startling in its intensity.

Deffraid started, and looked aghast, but Saintone laughed.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I am not afraid. Come, don't let us waste time. Tell me what it would cost to see the whole business of one of their meetings. You see you know all about it."

"Perhaps," said the hostess; and her looks and ways were so intense that Saintone forgot her half ludicrous form and dress, as he felt that this was no common woman with whom he had to deal. "But no, it is impossible. You laugh, but the risks are terrible. I tell you that if they thought strangers were among them, those strangers would never come away alive."

"Give it up," whispered Deffraid. "She is right. I've heard that before."

"The very reason why I shall go," said Saintone, coolly, "only they had better not begin. But there will be nothing of that. I tell you I mean to join them—to be one of them."

"What for?" said the woman, with her eyes lighting up, and gazing into his searchingly.

"Because I feel that the black party are being oppressed and trampled down, both by the whites and the colored people; because I consider we ought here to be all equal under one good government."

"And because Monsieur Etienne Saintone wants to be that government, and to be a great leader, as his father did before him," said the woman, in a sharp quick whisper.

(To be continued.)

The Best Result.

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. So that from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best result. Why don't you try it?—Advt.

Why not have long selected Come in your Chair; Taste longer, cheaper. Duval, 249 Union street.

HISTORY

We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in PROGRESS. The questions will be given every week, and the publisher of PROGRESS will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches PROGRESS office. The rules and conditions that govern the Bible Question Competition will also regulate this. Answers will be received until the Saturday following publication, and the successful competitor will be announced the next Saturday. Answers should be addressed to "History Competition," care PROGRESS, St. John, N. B. All letters addressed otherwise will not be considered.

The announcement, last week, that the History competition prize had been awarded to a Hampton competitor, seems to have caused general surprise among the young folks in St. John. Quite a number of them called upon PROGRESS during the week, and all asked the same question, How can answers from Hampton arrive at the office before eight o'clock on Saturday morning?

They could readily see, however, that unless answers from outside places could arrive at the office on Saturday morning, boys and girls living outside of St. John would not have a chance to win the prize and the competition would be confined to those in the city. PROGRESS wants to give the boys and girls in all parts of the provinces a chance to compete. When a large number of answers arrive at one time, by mail or otherwise, the first correct one opened receives the prize. It must also be remembered that PROGRESS is mailed from the office on Friday afternoon, and is for sale in the bookstores and on the streets of nearly every town and city in the maritime provinces at the same hour, Saturday morning that it is sold in St. John, and in some places the paper can be procured on Friday night.

The prize this week goes to Miss Lulu McAvity, 192 King street east. Correct answers were also received from: Dave Fidgeon, Indiantown; Mary D. Reid, 106 Princess street; Marie, Fredericton; "Ecoliere," city; Douglas Guest, Yarmouth, N. S.; "Jack," Elliott road; Birdie Forbes, North end; Theresia Ferguson, 135 Orange street; Minnie Elkin, North end; Jesse James, St. Stephen; "Kathleen," Fairville; Edwin Stockford, Fredericton; R. D. Peters, 1 Charles street; Louis McDonald, 65 Erin street; Lillian Taylor, Sussex.

Questions and Answers, No. 8.

1. In what year did the city of Toronto receive its name and who was its first mayor?
Ans. 1824. Alexander McKenzie.
2. Name the most prominent leaders in the movement for responsible government in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia?
Ans. Samuel Allan Wilnot, Joseph Howe.
3. What particular grievance had the people of New Brunswick against their government when Sir Archibald Campbell was governor?
Ans. The management of the crown land department.
4. What was the name of the Indian town that stood on the site of Montreal in Cartier's time?
Ans. Hochelaga.

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION No. 10.

1. Who was the nobleman whom the people of England, after his death, remembered as "Sir Simon the righteous," and in whose reign did he live?
2. Under what epithet was Henry III. spoken of by the people of England and why for that reason?
3. What was the name of the third son of Henry II. and how did he meet his death?
4. What calamity occurred in London the year before the great fire?

Tobacco In France.

Frenchmen are about to erect a monument to Jean Nicot, who introduced tobacco in France. Nicot, while ambassador to Portugal in 1560, sent a package of tobacco seed to the queen, Catherine de Medici, in Paris.

The weed thrived so well on French soil that sixty years later Cardinal Richelieu found it worth while to begin collecting the first French tobacco tax. In 1697 the tax was 40 sous on 100 pounds. Shortly after the annual product of the tax was some \$800,000. In 1718 the right to the product of the tax was let out to the collector for \$3,200,000. Between 1719 and 1739 the tax was not collected.

It was introduced at the latter time, and in 1791 was again abolished. Napoleon I in 1810 began collecting the tax by means of a government monopoly. The first empire got some 8,000,000 dols. annually from the tax, and in 1830 the product was 9,000,000 dols. In the following half century the tax grew to 48,000,000 dols. Altogether the tax has brought the French government 1,800,000,000 dols.

It is no wonder that the enthusiastic French smokers have suggested that the government could well afford to commemorate in pure gold the fame of Nicot.

She—I haven't seen you for five years, Mr. Barker. How's that little romance of yours with Miss Henderson? Barker—Miss Henderson is no more. She—What? Dead? Barker—No; married. She—Ha! ha! You are still friends though? Barker—No. She married me.—Life.

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