

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I--No. 2.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1887.

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OUR QUEEN IN THE ALPS.

MRS. SHERWOOD'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS BEATRICE.

How the Royal Party Enjoyed the Famous Watering-Place--The Queen's Fondness for Picturesque Scenery and Romantic Excursions.

The Queen's present visit to Aix-les-Bains recalls to me the fact that I was in the next hotel to the royal party for twenty-two days in 1885, and that I could not but see how picturesque royalty is in a "shady place"--that is, poetically speaking, for Aix is anything but shady, and was, in April, 1885, especially hot and sunny. The Queen had come to Aix, it was said, because the Princess Beatrice retained a grateful memory of the royal girl had been afflicted with the rheumatism like the rest of us, and, like the rest of us, had been helped at Aix-les-Bains, she was doubtless glad of this spring burst which unfolded the leaves in an hour, which covered the wild apple tree with a delicate pink-and-white veil, which set the nightingales a-singing and brought out on the meadows a coverlid of cowslips and primroses, yellow king cups like Dame's shower, and the pretty little purple grape hyacinth.

The Queen drives out every day, preceded by a funny little groom, who wildly waved to us to keep out of the way. Her carriages were all sent from London, and were marked with the royal arms. Generally the Princess sat beside her and Lady Ely or Lady Churchill in front of her, else all was like any lady taking an airing. Nothing could have been simpler than the life they led, the Queen and Princess. Plainly dressed, accompanied by two ladies and perhaps the gentlemen of the suite, the Queen went about the park at Marlioz, a mile from Aix, in a pony carriage; or walking and sketching (which she does very well, she relieved the cares of state.

There were, however, some picturesque excursions. One of these was a visit to the abbey of Hautecombe; that fine old gloomy monastery across the beautiful peacock blue of the Lake of Bourget, which is built so as to exclude every ray of sun from its austere cloisters, excepting for one hour of the day. Here dwell the white-robed Cistercians, whose rules are only less severe than those of La Trappe. They guard with their vigils and their prayers the tombs of the Princess of the House of Savoy. A steamboat had been chartered for Her Majesty and suit, and the hoary-headed old Prior came down and embarked on a six-oared pinnace to meet her. The monks were all dressed in their white woollen Capuchins, and wore robes and crosses at their waists. Among them was one monk of English birth, who had not seen his sovereign for thirty years. A good picture might be made of the scene by some St. George Hayter, or Sir Frederic Leighton, as the red flag of England floated over the little steamer, and the grand circle of the Dent du Chat, the green Revard, the distant Jura, and, below the range of the snow-white Dauphinese Alps, all seem but a setting, some near, some remote, to this exquisite mysterious Lake of Bourget, with its shadows and shade. "It was not the hand of man, but the hand of God which played with these masses," said Lamar-tine.

The Queen advanced to meet the Prior who was assisted up the side of the boat, and who did homage reverently. The Queen, with that beautiful courtesy which never deserts her, bent for his blessing. Then she landed, and preceded by the Prior walked up to the gloomy old Hautecombe, where she admired the view which commands the lake, and looked at the tombs of the Princes of the House of Savoy. It might have been Mary Queen of Scots at Holyrood.

Having inspected the collection of sculptures, paintings and frescoes, the royal visitors took lunch; what with the delicious trout of the lake, the famous Chartreuse cordial and the cooking for which Aix is famous, this need not have been a frugal repast. Probably in all her various journeys the Queen never assisted at a prettier picture or looked out on a scene of more perfect natural beauty. On Tuesday, the 14th of April, the Princess Beatrice arrived at the age of twenty-eight, and the loyal English Ely, Lady Churchill and the other ladies followed in other carriages.

The Queen has bought a plot of ground

blonde girl, with a "nez Watteau," or, as Tennyson says, "tip tilted like a flower," she was adorable with her fresh complexion, fine brown eyes and red lips. The person who carried her the flowers said that she was frightened and trembling said, "I thank you." In the evening a fete was arranged in her honor, which was a pretty bit of illumination. All about the Villa Motet, dependencies of the Hotel Europe, where the Queen is now, was lighted by colored lanterns; the choral unions of Chambéry and Aix marched about singing "God Save the Queen;" fireworks burst from every wooded nook and corner, and a splendid arch with the royal arms and order of St. George and the Dragon in colored lights; the illuminated "Dieu et mon Droit" and the name of "Beatrice," shone from an arch. These varied lights falling on the mountains still all covered with snow presented a startling effect. Twenty-eight guns thundered forth their hot-tipped greeting:

And Jura answered Jura her misty shroud Back to the answering Alps, which called to her aloud!

We all watched in vain for Prince Henry of Battenberg. We hoped to see a little bit of a royal courtship, but we were not so blessed. Whether Cupid in crown and sceptre is more interesting than when only in common clothes no one has decided. Now a settled, young married pair keep the thirtieth anniversary of the same 14th of April at Aix-les-Bains.

The Queen paid a visit to Annecy with her suite, under the guidance of Dr. Brachet. This enchanting old town is situated at the foot of Mt. Lemnoz and on the lake bearing its name, a lake as lovely as anything in Italy. This lake flows up through the town and is crossed by narrow bridges. There are stately houses in the Venetian style with balconies of medieval iron work. These are as they have been unchanged for centuries. Here lived Eugene Sue, Rousseau, Lamartine; but greater, better still, here lived St. Francois de Sales. No name was so honored as this apostle of the Alps. He lies buried in the beautiful cathedral, having died in 1622. In such estimation was his memory held by the people that when the city was taken by the French in 1635 one of the articles of capitulation was that the body of Francois de Sales should never be removed.

The Queen made an expedition to the Chamibottes, a high mountain opposite to Hautecombe. One can drop a line from this sheer precipice down into the lake. The last stage up, this height is made by the lanes and the way with the assistance of a donkey or a chaise a porteur, but the Princess bounded over the stones like a chamois. She was so delighted with the view and the primitive hotel on top that she sent to the hotel-keeper her portrait and autograph, which is always shown to visitors.

I saw the royal party depart on a fine, warm day. The valley of Aix dominated by the high peak of the Nivole, to whose summit stands a grand cross of silver, lay sweet and still and garden-like.

There is no such perfection of architecture elsewhere. Snow lingered here and there on the distant mountain tops. Everywhere floated the Cross of St. George and the Lion of England. Soldiers in gaudy uniforms were marching through the streets. Clear were the streets which led to the station, and our carriage drove up by the furthest door. Down from the "Europe" come the lively groom wildly waving, and after him the coroneted carriage which bore the little woman who has held England's welfare in her small hands so wisely and well for fifty years. Sir Henry Ponsonby, her old and tried servant, who lives and breathes for the Queen, soot with his fine, gray head uncovered in the burning sunshine, to receive her as she proceeded alone with her really stately step over a scarlet carpet to the train. On this occasion the platform was strictly guarded, and none but invited guests were there to see Her Majesty depart. Some officious person offered a bouquet, but was quenehed. Lady Ely covered her retreat gracefully. The Queen looked about for her favorite doctor and his wife, bade them farewell and thanked them for the courtesies so gracefully offered her.

Not until the train disappeared did Sir Henry Ponsonby resume his hat.

The nearest opportunity that I had to see Her Majesty was at church. As she came out the congregation arose and stood waiting for her to pass. A short, stout figure, a face with the long upper lip and cold, blue eye of the Georges, straight bandeaus of gray hair, a rather flushed complexion, a most graceful walk and a sort of sweet, venerable, natural dignity and a power about her as of the mother of her people, a natural grace, improved to the highest point by long habits of courtly breeding--I thought she presented a very characteristic and interesting picture. She and the Princess were whirled off in one coroneted carriage to the Villa Motet, while Lady Ely, Lady Churchill and the other ladies followed in other carriages.

The Queen has bought a plot of ground

on some high land above Lake Burget, near a well-known house, owned by Lady Whalley, called "Le Maison de Diable."

One-half of this house is a formidable tower of the middle ages, and the other half a modern English mansion. As we were one day drinking our 5 o'clock tea on the piazza, looking over the vine-clad valley towards the snow mountains, I saw this stern tower cutting the sky, and I asked Lady Whalley for the origin of the name.

"Oh," said she, "if the Devil had only never done anything worse than to build that old tower! It keeps the wind off us in winter, and is such a good place for our boxes! Will you ascend it?" And then I went with her up the winding stairs, through the heavy old stone architecture of the middle ages. In the days of the Robber Barons some old feudal lord had essayed to build this for defense, and his serfs were, no doubt, dull and stupid.

"I will give my soul to the Devil if he finish this tower!" he imprudently exclaimed.

The next day he looked out of the window the tower was finished! He essayed to enter it, but fell head on to the threshold. "Ye build, ye build, but ye enter not in!"

"Mais, ce qui caracterise le Diable," says the chronicler, "c'est qu'il est inaccessible a tous les bons sentiments."

Probably the Queen will be more patient, and will hire another architect. Her villa will go up more slowly, but here she will probably pass some years of her glorious autumn. And the English nobility will crowd to this healthy fortress, this catchall of all nations. It is a curious place, Aix-les-Bains--all that can be offered by a lovely country, picturesque scenery, blue lake, snow mountain, mineral springs, a wealth of interest, botanical, historical, geological; musical entertainments, casino life, excellent hotels, a perfect climate--rather hot in summer--no mosquitoes, no flies, no noxious insects--these are all combined with the amusement of seeing famous people, either in the realms of literature, the drama or the fashionable world. The gambling is the only unhealthy influence. The Casino des Fleurs boasts of one of the most splendid gaming-houses in the world. Baccarat is the game and it runs high. Crippled men and women, who spend the evening at the Grand Etablissement, are brought in to the gambling-table, in chairs and on crutches, by their nurses and pay far into the night. The statistics of Aix show that the game of roulette was invented here, and in that rather unreadable book, "Casanova," we hear mention made of actors, kings and gamblers, the dissolute nobles of the time of Louis XV., &c. Some wit said that "Aix is geographically placed between France and Italy, to counteract the good dishes of the one and the wines of the other." I wish I could induce a number of American capitalists to invest in a high plot of ground there and build a hotel and villas, such as we have at Tuxedo Park, up beyond the Establishment. The worst part of life at Aix now is, that one must live down in the town, where the air is close and enervating, to get away from the gambling and the heat, from the spot where--

"Blaze on high the brilliant gas lamps, round the table press the crowd, Watteau-like eyes and frowning, if a neighbor talks too loud, 'Messieurs, faites vos jeux,' the muttering of the croupier to the crew. Pause, and muffled clink of louis, Messieurs Mesdames--rien n'va plus. Very like this, only more so, is the life they lead at Aix. Germans, Austrians, nobles, nouveaux riches, also offer stakes."

Such is the gay little watering-place where Victoria lingers before the season begins.

Mrs. JOHN SHIRWOOD.

Schools in Europe.

(Pall Mall Gazette.)

In Russia there are 32,000 schools having each an average of 36 scholars. This is one school for 2,300 inhabitants, at a cost of less than a halfpenny a head of the population. In Austria with 37,000,000 of inhabitants, there are 23,000 schools and 3,000,000 scholars. The average number at each school is 104 and the cost per inhabitant 9d. In Italy, for 28,000,000 inhabitants, there are 47,000 schools, one school for every 600 people, at a cost of 8d. per head. The average number of pupils at the schools is 40. In Spain there are 3,000,000 scholars, 29,000 schools, giving an average of 50 in each school and one school for every 60 inhabitants, as in Italy. The school bill comes to 1s. 2d. a head. The number of schools given for England is 58,000, which is one for every 600 inhabitants, with an average attendance of 52 per school, and a cost of 1s. 6d. a head. The Germans have a school for every 700, giving a total of 60,000 schools, with 100 pupils in each, and 1s. 7d. per inhabitant. France has 71,000 schools, being one for every 500, with 66 in each school. France would, therefore seem to have more schools than any other great European country. These schools cost the country 1s 2d, per inhabitant.

ABOUT MRS. LANGTRY.

THE BEAUTY'S HOME LIFE TOLD OF BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

"Patting" an Accompaniment for a Jig Her Love of Fun--A Peep at Some of Her Treasures.

(New York World.)

Mrs. Langtry's six-year-old niece Jeanne, with her hands full of new photographs of her aunt, was the first to greet me when I entered the house in Twenty-third street the other day. Between Mrs. Langtry and her little niece there is a closer bond than usually appears between mother and child. Even in her busiest days the two have their confidential times together. After Jeanne has had her tea and is in the nursery up runs Tantie to show her herself dressed for dinner. And after dinner before she leaves for the theatre, once more goes Tantie for a good night. She romps with her little and dances with her in a way that would win anybody's heart.

Mrs. Langtry came a running down the stairs, and after the usual greetings said: "Now for a jig, Jeanne." The piano was in the music-room, but that did not make the slightest difference. Tantie herself sat upon the arm of the sofa, clapping her hands and singing a jig, and the dance went on just the same until Mrs. Langtry, breathless and laughing sat herself down "properly," as she called it.

I wish I could reproduce one of this clever woman's talks and make every one hear, as the child called it, "herself." Even in the freedom of the nursery, or of her private home life, nothing ever pleases Mrs. Langtry that is not refined and well-bred. Instead of being impetuous and ceremonious, there is a constant fund of womanliness, and what is rarer yet, pure fun. The fun of a speech, or a situation, or yet only of an idea, is never lost to her, but is, ten to one, brought out with a single touch for other to enjoy. She does not tell many stories; indeed, I have rarely heard her tell one. Instead, there is something "I remember" that is more amusing.

One strong point about Mrs. Langtry herself is her home love. Her pretty home in Twenty-third street shows that. Not in the beauty or elegance of the fittings, though that is there, but in the pride she takes in it. Her servants are paragon, and her lunches and dinners are perfection. For one thing, I doubt if Mrs. Langtry has a piece of modern silver in the house. For years she has spent whole days, in England, mousing around among the second-hand and pawn shops for antiques. As a consequence, she has her own family silver, the table is set with antique silver, some of it hundreds of years old. The footman takes infinite pride in it and places and replaces it on cabinet and buffet. Then again there is china. What this young woman does not know about wares, and methods, and values in china decoration and old china is useless information. And embroideries! There it is again. From tapestries to modern panelings, it is all at her fingers' tips to tell the good from the bad, and its real value. These are her fads. She enjoys them, and, as she shrewdly says, it is a very good way of spending money. When she feels extravagant she sallies forth, finds a new shop, or rather one new to her, and looks about for something worth buying. What would have bought a new bonnet, or at most a new gown, in this way is put into something that will be worth from twice to ten times its value ten years from now. Her house is filled with these treasures, and then besides there are lots of them stored away for a time when, instead of a hired house, she may have one of her own. She is always on the lookout for American art productions. Her first question when she enters one of these curiosity or bric-a-brac shops is for something "really American."

When I say that instead of buying gowns Mrs. Langtry buys silver tankards and old china platters, I do not mean to suggest that the wardrobe remains neglected. Far from it. Mrs. Langtry appreciates the first and most important duty of womankind, the care and development and protection of herself. When she does not feel as fresh as she might, when things worry her and she knows she is not in good trim physically, she spins it through Twenty-third street to Fifth avenue, up to Central Park, part way through the Park and home again. Walking, strangely enough, is the one way for her to keep thin. Fencing makes her grow fat now, and so do Turkish baths. "But walking--ah, that!" she says, "is what does a woman's good." It is with her complexion. If she feels that that does not please her, then indeed,

she walks, and walks often. It is the one thing to do. She does not believe in a woman's using anything on her face for beautifying purposes. Indeed, if I ever heard her say a sharp thing about women it was when she declared one day that there was not one woman out of ten nowadays that had a clean face.

She wears the prettiest gowns--of course Paris gowns almost without exception--and from the soft, loose, fur-trimmed morning gowns to her hand-somest dinner dress there is never a tone wrong. One morning I found her in a long, loose gown of Nile-green poplin, trimmed with long white fox fur. It was bought when all English women were buying these poplins from charity to Ireland. Mrs. Langtry sent hers to Paris to be made. Naturally there did not seem to the clever milliner much opportunity for elaboration; but when he sent it home it was found to be lined throughout with white uncut velvet, a really royal garment.

A box of new dresses had just come from Paris the other day, and you may be sure my feminine soul overflowed with delight at having the first peep thereof. One of the house gowns is of the new shade of rose de Provence and is a simple garment, the only change from the pink being a leaf-green band at throat and wrists and a big green rosette at the belt and on the skirt. Another is a walking dress, likewise simplicity itself. The waist opens in the back and the front is covered with black and gold passementerie, coming from neck and shoulders and starting nearer and nearer together at the waist until it is like a bodice. The gown is of heliotrope cloth and very effectively draped with full pleated fronts gathered up on the hips like an apron-front. There was also a Pekin silk of olive and old-rose stripes, and many others.

A matinee that may very possibly be given during the next three or four weeks will be in French, and Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Langtry will play in it together. It will be swell, expensive and a grand time of triumph for both if it takes place. Mrs. Langtry, it will be remembered, made one of her greatest hits in playing in French in Paris. She speaks the language perfectly and the artistic friendship between Mme. Bernhardt and her is very strong. The French artist was the very first to suggest to Mrs. Langtry that she should go on the stage at all, and she has always since taken great interest and pride in her protegee. Of course, it goes without saying that Bernhardt, who is known everywhere as a most unselfish woman, were her friends are concerned, would do everything in her power to make the combination a success. It will be decided within a few days whether it shall be given or not.

FANNIE B. MERRILL.

Fourteen Days Under Snow.

(Cour d'Alene San.)

D. Porter, who arrived in Murray on Wednesday, gave a thrilling account of his experience in the snow. About four weeks ago he left the Mountain House, travelling in a northeasterly direction. On the fourth day out he shot an elk, but just about the time he succeeded in capturing the noble animal it commenced snowing so hard he found it impossible to proceed. A shelter of some kind being absolutely necessary, he succeeded after much hard work in digging a cave in the snow, and luckily having with him a small hand axe, he managed to cut some wood and build a fire. For fourteen days he was compelled to remain the sole occupant of his snow-bound habitation, keeping up what fire he found necessary and subsisting on the elk that good fortune had supplied him with. Although no bread or other usual accompaniments were served with his meals, Mr. Porter says his daily collations of elk were very palatable.

The Empress Eugenie Still Beautiful.

(Courriere del Mattino.)

Yesterday, April 11, the strascio (promenade during which all vehicles are prohibited) in Via Toledo (Naples) was rendered particularly interesting by the appearance of the Empress Eugenie, who passed through the street. The ex-sovereign bears the traces of great and delicate beauty, almost rendering her age a mystery.

Slender, erect, and with a superb figure, she is at once to be recognized as a grande dame. Her bright and vivacious eyes justify the old fascination and the episode of the diamonds in the forest of Compiegne. Her still rosy complexion is admirably preserved, and is perhaps owing to the mild climate which has renewed the ancient beauty in her cheeks; her hair, not yet white, still shows tints of pale gold. The Empress was, as always, in deep mourning, and wore a long crape veil. Although she carried a parasol in her left hand, her right held the well known ebony stick, on which, however, she did not lean.

"Yes, sir," remarked the veteran prouder, "I was in ten engagements--all Southern girls too."--(N. Y. Journal.)

MADGE'S REFLECTIONS.

SHE GROWS CONFIDENTIAL DISCUSSING SOME WILD WESTERN IDEAS.

The Average Young Woman's Fondness for Analyzing the Young Men of Her Acquaintance.

A man I know has just forwarded me a clipping from an ill-bred newspaper published out West, in San Francisco or some other horrid place, and has the impertinence to ask me if the contents are true. The article begins thus: "I am about to give away a secret. I think the way the girls talk of young men behind their backs is shameful. Young men never dispraise girls until they are fitted, and that feeling only lasts about forty-eight hours, because another girl turns up. When a fellow gets dispraised from his employment two or three times he finds it very hard to get anybody to have confidence in him. But he can be kicked out of a whole row of houses, one at a time, and the girls in the next block will reach for him all the same. I know a fellow who has been kicked twenty-five times in different neighborhoods, and he is now in tow with about half a dozen girls."

Of course this is vulgarly put, but I have heard equivalent comments passed on us here, and therefore consider it worth a reply. It is true that we girls discuss men a good deal. Why should we not? Is not Man made the pivot about which our little giddy world is made to revolve? Is not our entire schooling a course of preparation to fit us to meet our future lord and master, Man, and is not debut, which is a tremendous event, taxing mamma's ingenuity and papa's pocket to their limits, merely a presentation at the court of His Demigod Highness? Is not our success or our failure measured to a fraction by the amount of condescending favor we meet in his ineffable eyes? Is he not held up to our early, untutored gaze as the reward of merit, the golden rose, the sceptre and crown—all we can strive for, hope for and pray for? Is he not made our meat and our drink, our politics, our business, almost our religion? Is he not from morning to night thrust into our madcap cars by grandmother, sister, cousin and aunt? Is not our one chance for terrestrial heaven made plain to us as depending on our netting the right man, and our certainty of terrestrial tophet on our saying "yes" to the wrong man? Can you blame us if we criticise this awful dispenser of blessedness or essentialness in our small, feminine way, and try to peer through the mystery which envelops him and get at our homoeopoe? If a man knows that some day he is going to be hanged, can you blame him for taking a passing interest in ropes, trapezes, slip-knots and things? Can we not be permitted to discuss the terrible creature whom we must eventually marry, else settle ourselves down to a long course of blighted loneliness, knitting, tomatoes and tea?

Now, I am not a widely experienced girl, but as girls go, I have been through a season and a half, and I have kept my thinking. Besides, Mamie Van Tassel is the dearest friend I have in the world, and Mamie has two brothers, and the way those boys have carried on is sinful, and yet you wouldn't think butter would melt in their mouths. Mamie told me all about them, and I got pointers on the deceptfulness of man which were useful. Jack Van Tassel had an engagement one morning to drive me out in his dog-cart, and he was so sleepy or something that the groom had to drive us home, and Jack said he had been kept at the office until 11 in the morning, and was so tired he couldn't think. Well, of course, I pitied Jack, but that very afternoon Mamie tore over to tell me that the governor, Jack's father, was in a towering cantion because Jack had come home at 5 o'clock that morning with seven friends and two prizefighters, locked all the doors downstairs, and had a disgraceful "mill," whatever that is—in the parlor, and the policeman came, and Jack was very near to getting in jail or into the newspapers, and the governor had cut off his allowance, and was going to send him out to a ranch in Colorado that night. And yet Jack had told me not a week before that he had serious thoughts of going into the ministry.

There is Clint Jeffries, Violet's brother. Clint was twenty-one last Tuesday, and his mustache can only be seen in a strong light. Well, Clint loves to pose as a bad man. He says he knows cigarettes are burning holes right through his lungs, but he is going to have a short life and a merry one. He talks about duels and says that no man of honor could live without wiping out an insult in blood, and his manner one evening was so deadly ferocious that I felt certain he had an affair on hand, was miserable all night and sent my maid out before breakfast to get all the papers so I could find out whom Clint had killed. He told Evelyn last month that he thought a man ought to smash as many hearts as he could, for women only loved a cruel tyrant, and Evelyn smiles on him a few times and took one walk with him and then demurely told him, about her engagement to Rockwell Greenham, and poor Clint has been broken up ever since. He went down to the club that night and ordered one little glass of whiskey—so Jack told me—and drank it desperately, and they had to take him home in a cab and Clint's mother thought it was paralytic and sent for the doctor, and Clint was ill all next day. Now to compare Clint's ideas of himself with what Vi

tells me is very funny. Vi says he has to be home every night by 10.30, that he has to go to church twice every Sunday to please his rich grandmother, and that once, when Tom Breeze sent him word he was going to pull his nose on sight for something he had said, Clint went up to Newport and stayed there nearly all winter.

How shall we judge Man if not from gossip about him? We do not come into contract with him in his world of bustle and care; we cannot see him as a wrestler in the great fight of life, but only when he is at his best, or what he thinks his best, rigged up to impress us as he pleases.

The writer of that paragraph makes a mistake when he says girls will "reach out" for a man who has been "kicked out" of a whole row of houses. Girls have some little human nature, and what one girl has pitched away another girl isn't going to "reach out" for, unless she is a sort of last-chance girl, and, of course, a last-chance girl has to take what she can get, poor thing! There was Arthur Wolverton, Ethel threw him over because he would turn up his trousers on cloudy days and had watery eyes and never knew what to do with his feet. Of course, these are shallow pretences, but Ethel said she never could love a man with a deep, wild love whose eyes looked like Blue Points on the half-shell, or who would scrape the varnish off the ranges of a chair, or who would wreck a dozen trousers if need be to keep up appearances when she trotted him out on the avenue to show him to the other girls. Shallow pretence or not, Arthur went, and the news sailed round, of course, and I don't believe a girl in our set would look at him now, although, after his grandfather dies, he will come into \$30,000 a year.

Here is another extract from that article in the Western paper. "Girls all have a kind of secret code. You know how it is. You are introduced to a girl. She invites you to call. You call. She invites you to a party. You go. She introduces you to a whole circle. That whole circle discusses you, calmly questions you to three or four; they gradually reduce themselves to one. Then you're lost. She wastes of you and you get kicked out of the circle. Well, all these girls have discussed every case of your young men friends the same way. This is what a cynical girl told me. I don't know of my own knowledge. But talk of trades unions and Knights of Labor! Their organization divides into absolute crudeness when compared with the U. O. M. G. (United Order of Marrisable Girls.)"

There is some little truth under this freemasonry among us. Is it not our only protection? When a man can pass muster under the critical examination of all our eyes we feel safer. We dare not trust our own poor little pair. We have learned by comparing notes that the same man is often making the same love to three of us. What if each kept mum and drank it all in like a credulous little rabbit? Thank you—we are not fools. You men have your commercial agency, or whatever you call it, to protect yourselves in business. Suppose you make an error and lose forty or fifty thousand dollars—you can make it up again. Suppose we make a mistake and get the wrong man?

This Western man says all girls keep a secret register, and he gives the following examples of the contents:— Henry Jones—good looking; twenty-five years old; creases well; good for ice-cream any time; very soft; melts at 90 degrees. William Smith—Very forward; plain, but attractive; very conceited; thinks everybody's in love with him; boils over at about 100 degrees; champagne and kind. Alexander Thompson—Seventeen; good-looking boy; very young; boils at 25 degrees. John Jenkins—Fine looking; clever; hard to deal with; dangerous; boiling point not yet discovered. James Johnson—Very inflammable; simmers at 50 degrees; boils at 60 degrees; explodes at 75 degrees.

This may be the Pacific coast girl's style of man analysis, but it is wide of a New York girl's idea, which I shall give in my next. But we do not analyze men as best we know now. We gather a great deal of quiet but valuable moss despite the constant rolling, and the man who thinks we see him only as he wishes us to see him or think of him only as he thinks of himself, is a man whose experience with us must be a succession of surprises.

Receipts of Paris Theatres.

(London Times.)

A table of receipts at theatres from 1878 to 1886 shows that the Paris Opera and the Francais are not subject to great fluctuations. Thus the receipts at the Opera, which were 3,570,000 francs in 1878, Exhibition year, dropped to 2,784,000 francs in 1879, and have since varied only between 3,465,000 francs and 2,864,000 francs. The taking at the Francais were 2,389,000 francs in 1878, while they have since varied from 2,800,000 francs to 2,500,000 francs in the following year, and have since varied between 2,115,000 francs and 1,651,000 francs. The Exhibition does not considerably swell, and economic depression does not considerably reduce, the attendance at these two places of entertainment. Some of the minor theatres are subject to much greater fluctuations, and the aggregate receipts dropped from 30,000,000 francs in 1878 to 20,000,000 francs in 1879, while they have since varied from 28,000,000 francs to 25,000,000 francs. In 1884, 1885, and 1886 the last sum was not exceeded, but this, though much below the receipts of 1881, 1882, and 1883, was sensibly above those of 1879 and 1880.

The only man we can excuse for wanting the earth is the pottery manufacturer.—[Pittsburgh Chronicle.]

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE AT WINDSOR.

The Brilliant Programme that is to be Carried Out.

The reception of the Queen at Windsor Castle on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee will, it is believed, far eclipse that of King George III., on the 25th Oct., 1800. The arrangements are as follows:—The Queen, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family and guests invited, attended by a brilliant suite, will leave Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, June 22, and, escorted by a detachment of Life Guards, proceed to Fiddington Station, on the Great Western Railway, where they will enter a special train soon after four o'clock, en route for Windsor Castle, arriving at Slough Station about five o'clock. The Queen will alight and will be received by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos (the Lord Lieutenant of the county of Buckinghamshire), Mr. A. Hartopp Nash, the chairman of the Slough Jubilee Committee, and the members of the Slough Local Board, etc., when an address will be presented to Her Majesty by Mr. Nash on behalf of the town and neighborhood. In the station yard a guard of honor of the Foot Guards will be drawn up, and the Royal Horse Guards will be in waiting to escort the procession to Windsor. The Bucks Yeomanry and Volunteers will be stationed along the line of route, and seats will be erected in the station for the accommodation of the subscribers and children of the British Orphan Asylum, schools of the town and neighboring villages, who will sing the National Anthem as the Queen starts for Windsor. The Slough station will be gaily decorated, and triumphal arches will be erected in various parts of the town, which will also be generally decorated. The Windsor road on both sides will be festooned with evergreens suspended from Venetian masts enlivened with bunting, to Eton. Here the Royal carriage will make a short stoppage whilst the Provost, Fellows, and the governing body will present the Queen on behalf of the College and inhabitants of the town. Her Majesty will then proceed through the town of Eton and passing under two triumphal arches, one being near the College, where a guard of honor of the Eton College Volunteers will be drawn up. The High street will be gaily decorated and festooned, and by Windsor Bridge another triumphal arch of boats will be put up by the members of the Eton Excelsior Rowing Club. The Queen then enters the Royal Borough, which will be lined by Foot Guards, Highlanders, and the Berkshire Volunteer Regiment, as far as the Long Walk gates at the end of Park street. The decorations at Windsor will be very elaborate. There will be three triumphal arches, one near the bridge, and two in High street. On arriving at the foot of Castle-hill, where the bronze statue of the Queen is to be erected, another address will be read to Her Majesty by the Executive Committee of the Windsor and district scheme, and a representative of each Parish who has contributed to the scheme will be presented to Her Majesty. The cortege will then proceed to the Castle by way of High street and Park street arriving at the Grand Quadrangle, where another guard of honor will be mounted, shortly after six o'clock. To commemorate the event over ten thousand children from parishes within five miles of Windsor will be entertained to dinner and tea in the Home-park facing the north side of the Castle. Diners will also be provided for aged persons and poor, and by command of Her Majesty all the children will be conducted over the State apartments of the Castle. Permission has been granted to the mayor and committee to erect seats on the whole spare ground under the walls of the Castle from Henry VIII Gate-way as far down as the Hundred Steps for the accommodation of subscribers and friends. Committees have been arranged to carry out the decorations, in the Royal borough, which will be festooned from Venetian masts from one end to the other, so that the route from Slough to Windsor is a distance of three miles.

WOMEN ON THE INCREASE.

In Massachusetts there are 65,000 more women than men. As a natural consequence the chances of men for entering the consular service are as five to four compared with those of the opposite sex. Were there no restraints to polygamy an enterprising single man, whose passion is inspired by an ardent love of beauty, might easily secure at least two partners for life; but the results are too awful to contemplate. On the other hand we may be sure the conditions are not favorable either. So great, indeed, is the preponderance of women, that the only means of escape for a misogynist is a broomstick flight to one of the planets.

No less unfortunate is the plight of one who is deliberating upon the choice of a wife. A true lover is not unlikely to find himself in the position of Buridan's ass. The cynic who declared that when sixty beautiful women are in a room the sentiment of beauty is lost—meaning that a sensitive soul is bewildered and confused when the beautiful is so dazzled and confounded when multitudinous beauties are present that the face of his fiancée is as devoid of charm as the wrinkled visage of an apple-woman—was a virulent woman hater who had never spent a day in Boston in his life. Indeed, the contrary is quite true, and the more numerous and varied the types of beauty that environ the soul, the more deeply entangled it becomes in the magic web of their potency and charm.

But this is not all. In 1887 the number of women in excess of men in the staid old commonwealth of Massachusetts cannot possibly fall short of 500,000 at the latest estimate, unless a foreign army invades the land, and bears them away to scenes of domestic servitude beyond the seas. As this is not probable, posterity must submit to the alternative with as good a grace as possible. We need not vex the mind, however, with vague conjectures as to their probable destiny. It is not likely that many of us will survive to pay their milliner's bills, or be harried by hordes of importunate book agents whose increasing numbers will spread dismay throughout the land. We are safe from their annoyances at all events. But let us indulge the hope that new fields will be open to their industries; and now that the bean has become a symbol of culture, whose meaning is altogether too vague and deep to be expressed in mere words, they might do worse than employ their leisure hours in cultivating the succulent vegetable, for, after all, there is no nobler aim than culture, and matrimony is not the chief end of life.—Harold W. Santvoord.

APROPOS OF THE SEASON.

In the spring the small girl's fancy is apt to be set on fire. On the many things it shouldn't, don't you know? Then with fourteen yards of cloth she sits her forth to skip. On the walk, with all the children in the row. In the spring pedestrians weary, who would not her sport disturb. Meekly amble through the gutter on their way, in balance, if they're skillful, along the narrow curb. Let the fatal rope should reach them in its pal.

Jogging Her Husband's Memory.

(Savannah News.)

A husband was sitting in his store at Marietta when a letter in a familiar hand writing was handed to him. It was from his wife, whom he had left at home that morning with every assurance of affection and devotion. But the very first sentence startled him, and as he read on the most horrible suspicion seized him. "I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know it, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that this trial was coming, but kept it to myself until to-day, when it has reached a crisis and I can keep it no longer. You must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the reward as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you. The flour is all out. Please send some this afternoon. I thought by this method you would not forget it." She was right. He didn't. First Editor—"Can you give me an account for 'Fred and enthusiast,' Jack?" Second Editor—"Certainly, my boy. Write it 'elected with cheerful alacrity.'—[Boston Courier.]

them: I have been there myself, and the officers have talked with me about it. "There is a class of young girls drawn into the meetings," he went on, "who are easily enough influenced by the officers, and are controlled by the officers, and men for their own purposes, and for bad purposes, and those are the girls they are after. I don't know as I can just exactly describe the influence they have over them, but it just controls them, and lots of them have this influence."

"Some good people get into the Salvation Army, but the enthusiasm wears off in two or three weeks, and they get to be as bad as the rest. If the Salvation Army altogether was swept from the earth it would be better; better for everybody."

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**EUNICE.**

She tripped along the stony lane  
To meet me where  
The brooks slipped in and out again  
And lipped a dreamy, drowsy strain  
To meet me there.

The shrub, staid doves up in the walls  
Flew toward the town:  
She heard my timid, feeble calls,  
She heard my lightest of footfalls,  
And she—looked down.

What food, exquisite little sighs  
We'd breathe and look  
Defeated by each other's eyes  
And those infuriated cries,  
Down in the brook.

Or on the cedar-boarded walks  
Together we  
Would watch the proudly-rearing hawk,  
Or sinner love in rapid talks  
Deliciously.

But she is thirty now and fat  
Old Mrs. Brown.  
We met last night, I doffed my hat,  
My stout, worn boots that sit-a-pat,  
While she—looked down.  
DR. WIFE STERRY.

**DAWN:**

A NOVEL

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE," "JESS," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

**CHAPTER III.**

Philip was not very fond of taking walks with his father, since he found that in nine cases out of ten they afforded opportunities for the inculcation of facts of the driest description with reference to estate management, or to the narration by his parent of little histories of which his conduct upon some recent occasion would adorn the moral. On this particular occasion the prospect was particularly unpleasant, for his father would, he was aware, overflow with awful politeness, indeed, after the scene of the morning, it could not be otherwise. Oh, how much rather would he have spent that lovely afternoon with Maria Lee! Dear Maria, he would go and see her again the next day.

When he arrived, some ten minutes after time, in the antler-hung hall of the Abbey House, he found his father standing, watch in hand, exactly under the big clock, as though he was determined to make a note by double entry of every passing second.

"When I asked you to walk with me this afternoon, Philip, if my memory does not deceive me, was careful to say that I had no wish to interfere with any prior engagement. I was aware how little interest, compared with your cousin George, you take in the estate, and I had no wish to impose an uncongenial task. But, as you kindly volunteered to accompany me, I regret that you did not find it convenient to be punctual to the time you fixed. I have now waited for you for seventeen minutes, and let me tell you that at my time of life I cannot afford to lose seventeen minutes. May I ask what has delayed you?"

This long speech had given Philip the opportunity of recovering the breath that he had lost in running home. He replied promptly:

"I have been luncheon with Miss Lee."

"Oh, indeed, then I no longer wonder that you kept me waiting, and I must say that in this particular I commend your taste. Miss Lee is a young lady of good family, good manners, and good means. If her estate went with this property it would complete as pretty a five thousand acres of mixed soil as there is in the county. Those are beautiful old meadows of hers, beautiful. Perhaps," but here the old man checked himself.

On leaving the house they had passed together down a walk called the tunnel walk, on account of the arching boughs of the lime-trees that interlaced themselves overhead. At the end of this avenue, and on the borders of the lake, stood an enormous but still growing oak, known as Caresfoot's Staff. It was the old squire's favorite tree, and the best topped piece of timber for many miles round.

"I wonder," said Philip, by way of making a little pleasant conversation, "why that tree was called Caresfoot's Staff?"

"Your ignorance astonishes me, Philip, but I suppose that there are some people who can live for years in a place and yet imagine nothing of its traditions. Perhaps you know that the monks were driven out of these ruins by Henry VIII. Well, on the spot where that tree now stands there grew a still greater oak, a giant tree, its trunk measured sixteen loads of timber, which had, as tradition says, been planted by the first prior of the abbey when England was still Saxon. The night the monks left a great gale raged over England; it was in October, and its fiercest gust tore the great oak from its root, and flung it into the lake. Look, do you see that rise in the sand, there, by the edge of the deep pool, in the eight foot water, that is where it is supposed to lie. Well, the whole countryside said that it was a sign that the monks had gone for ever from Bratham Abbey, and the country side was right. But when your ancestor, old yeoman Caresfoot, bought this place and came to live here, in a year when there was a

great black frost that set the waters of the lake like one of the new-fangled roads, he asked his neighbors, ay, and his laboring folk, to come and dine with him and drink to the success of his purchase. It was a proud day for him, and when dinner was done and they were all mellow with strong ale, he bade them step down to the borders of the lake, as he would have them be witness to a ceremony. When they reached the spot they saw a curious sight, for there on a strong dray, and dragged by Farmer Caresfoot's six best horses, was an oak of fifty years' growth coming across the ice, earth, roots, and all.

"On that spot where it now stands there had been a great hole, ten feet deep by fourteen square, dug to receive it, and into that hole Caresfoot's Staff was tilted and levered off the dray. And when it had been planted, and the frozen earth well trodden in, your grandfather in the ninth degree brought his guests back to the old banquet-hall, and made a speech which, as it was the first and last he ever made, was long remembered in the country-side. It was, put into modern English, something like this: "Neighbours: Prior's oak has gone into the water, and folks said that it was for a sign that the monks would never come back to Bratham, and that it was the Lord's will that put it there. And, neighbors, as ye know, the broad Bratham lands and the flat marches down by the brook passed by king's grant to a man that knew not clay from loam, or layer from pasture, and from him they passed by the Lord's will to me, as I have asked you here to-day to celebrate. And now, neighbors, I have had a mind, and though it seem to you but a childish thing, yet I have a mind, and have set myself to fulfill it. When I was yet a little lad, and drove the swine out to feed on the hill yonder, when the acorns had fallen, afore Farmer Gyton's father had gracious leave from the footless to put the fence that doth now so sorely vex us, I found one day a great acorn, as big as a dove's egg, and of a rich and wondrous brown, and this acorn I bore home and planted in kind earth in the corner of my dad's garden, thinking that it would grow, and that one day I would hew its growth and use it for a staff. Now that was fifty long years ago, lads, and there where grew Prior's oak, there, neighbors, I have set my Staff to-day. The monks have told us how in Israel every man planted his fig and his vine. For the fig I know not rightly what that is; but as for the vine, I will plant no creeping, clinging vine, but a hearty English oak, that, if they do but give it good room to breathe in, and save their heirloom from the axe, shall cast shade and throw acorns, and burst into leaf in the spring and grow naked in the winter when ten generations of our children, and our children's children, shall have mixed their dust with ours yonder in the graveyard. And now, neighbors, I have talked too long, though I am better at doing than talking; but ye will even forgive me, for I will not talk to you again, though on this the great day of my life I was minded to speak. But I will bid you every man pledge a health to Caresfoot's Staff, and ask a prayer that, so long as it shall push its leaves, so long may the race of my loins be here to sit beneath its shade, and may hereafter when the corn is ripe and the moon is up, and their hearts grow soft toward the past, to talk with kinsman or with sweetheart of the old man who struck it in this kindly soil."

The old squire's face grew tender as he told this legend of the forgotten dead, and Philip's young imagination summoned up the strange old-world scene of the crowd of rustics gathered in the snow and frost round this very tree.

Shortly after their return home he received a note from Miss Lee. It ran thus:

"My DEAR PHILIP: What do you think? Just after you had gone away I got by the mid-day post, which Jones (the butcher) brought from Roxham, several letters, among them one from Grumps, and one from Uncle Tom. Grumps has shown a cause why. 'It said that she was not an improper person; but, for all that, she is so angry with Uncle Tom that she will not come back, but has accepted an offer to go to Canada as companion to a lady, so farewell Grumps."

"Now for Uncle Tom. 'It suggested that I should live with some of my relations till I came of age and pay them four hundred a year, which I think a good deal. I am sure it can't cost four hundred a year to feed me, though I have such an appetite. I had no idea they were all so fond of me before, they all want me to come and live with them, except Aunt Chambers, who, you know, lives in Jersey. Uncle Tom says in his letter that he shall be glad if his daughters can have the advantage of my example, and of studying my polished manners (just fancy my polished manners, and I will tell 'it' so. If I must have my home, I will go to Aunt Chambers at Jersey. Jersey is a beautiful place for flowers, and one learns French there without the trouble of learning it, and I like Aunt Chambers, and she has no children, and nothing but the memory of a dear departed. But I don't like leaving home, and feel very much inclin-

ed to cry. Hang the Court of Chancery, and Uncle Tom and his interference too! there. I suppose you can't find time to come over to-morrow morning to see me off? Good-by, dear Philip."

Your affectionate friend,  
MARRA LEE."

Philip did manage to find time next morning, and came back looking very disconsolate.

**CHAPTER IV.**

Philip went to college in due course, and George departed to learn his business as a lawyer at Roxham, but it will not be necessary for us to enter into the details of their respective careers during this period of their lives.

At college Philip did fairly well, and being a Caresfoot, did not run into debt. He was, as his great bodily strength gave promise of, a first-class athlete, and for two years stroked the Magdalen boat. Nor did he altogether neglect his books, but his reading was of a desultory and out-of-the-way order, and much directed toward the investigation of mystical subjects. Fairly well liked among the men whom he mixed, he could hardly be called popular, his temperament was too uncertain for that. At times he was the gayest of the gay, and then when the fit took him he would be plunged into a state of gloomy depression that might last for days. His companions, to whom his mystical studies were a favorite jest, were wont to assert that on these occasions he was preparing for a visit from his familiar, but the joke was one that he never could be prevailed upon to appreciate. The fact of the matter was that these fits of gloom were constitutional with him, and very possibly had their origin in the state of his mother's mind before his birth, when her whole thoughts were colored by her morbid and fanciful terror of her husband, and her frantic anxiety to conciliate him!

During the three years that he spent at college, Philip saw but little of George, since, when he happened to be down at Bratham, which was not often, for he spent most of his vacations abroad, George avoided coming there as much as possible. Indeed, there was a tacit agreement between the two young men that they would see as little of each other as might be convenient. But, though he did not see much of him himself, Philip was none the less aware that George's influence over his father was if anything on the increase. The old squire's letters were full of him and of the admirable way in which he managed the estate, for it was now practically in his hands. Indeed, to his surprise and some what to his disgust, he found that George began to be spoken of indifferently with himself as the "young squire." Long before his college days had come to an end Philip had determined that he would do his best, as soon as opportunity offered, to reduce his cousin to his proper place, not by the violent means to which he had resorted in other days, but rather by showing himself to be equally capable, equally assiduous, and equally respectful and affectionate.

At last the day came when he was to bid farewell to Oxford for good, and in due course he found himself in a second-class railway carriage—thinking it useless to waste money, he always went second—and bound for Roxham.

Just before the train left the platform at Puddington, Philip was agreeably surprised out of his meditations by the entry into his carriage of an extremely elegant and stately young lady, a foreigner, as he judged from her strong accent when she addressed the porter. With the innate gallantry of twenty-one, he immediately laid himself out to make the acquaintance of one possessed of such proud yet melting blue eyes, such lovely hair, and a figure that would not have disgraced Diana; and, with this view, set himself to render her such little services as one fellow-traveler can offer to another. They were accepted respectfully at first, then gratefully, and before long the reserve broke down entirely, and this very handsome pair dropped into a conversation as animated as the lady's broken English would allow. The lady told him that her name was Hilda von Holtzhausen, that she was of a German family, and had come to England to enter a family as companion, in order to obtain a perfect knowledge of the English language. She had already been to France, and acquired French; when she knew English, then she had been promised a place as school-mistress under government in her own country. Her father and mother were dead, and she had no brothers or sisters, and very few friends.

Where was she going to? She was going to a place called Roxham; here it was written on the ticket. She was going to be companion to a dear young lady, very rich, like all the English, whom she had met when she had traveled with her French family to Jersey, a Miss Lee.

"You don't say so!" said Philip. "Has she come back to Roxham?"

"What, do you, then, know her?"

"Yes—that is, I used to three years ago. I live in the next parish."

"Ah! then perhaps you are the gentleman of whom I have heard her to speak, Mr. Caresfoot, whom she did seem to appear to love; is not that the word?—to be fond, you know."

Philip laughed, blushed, and acknowledged his identity with the gentleman whom Miss Lee "did seem to appear to love."

"Oh! I am glad; then we shall be friends, and see each other often—shall we not?"

He declared unreservedly that she should see him very often.

From Franklin von Holtzhausen Philip gathered in the course of their journey a good many particulars about Miss Lee. It appeared that, having attained her majority, she was coming back to live at her old home at Rewtham, whither she had tried to persuade her aunt Chambers to accompany her, but without success, that lady being too much attached to Jersey to leave it. During the course of a long stay on the island, the two girls had become fast friends, and the friendship had culminated in an offer being made by Maria Lee to Franklin von Holtzhausen to come and live with her as companion, a proposal that exactly suited the latter.

The mention of Miss Lee's name had awakened pleasant recollections in Philip's mind, recollections that, at any other time, might have tended toward the sentimental; but, when under fire from the blue eyes of this stately foreigner, it was impossible for him to fall sentimental about anybody save herself. "The journey is over all too soon," was the secret thought of each as they stepped on to the Roxham platform. Before they had finally said good-by, however, a young lady with a dainty figure, in a shady hat and pink and white dress, came running along the platform.

"Hilda, Hilda, here I am! How do you do, dear? Welcome home," and she was about to seal her welcome with a kiss, when her eye fell upon Philip standing by.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried, with a blush, "don't you know me? Have I changed much? I should have known you anywhere; and I am glad to see you, awfully glad (excuse the slang, but it is such a relief to be able to say 'awful' without being pulled up by Aunt Chambers), but I think, it is three years since we met. Do you remember Grumps? How do I look? Do you think you will like me as much as you used to?"

"I think that you are looking the same dear girl that you always used to look, only you have grown very pretty, and it is not possible that I shall like you more than I used to."

"I think they must teach you to pay compliments at Oxford, Philip," she answered, flushing with pleasure, "but I'm all rubbish! for you to say that I am pretty, because I know I am not!"—and then, confidentially, glancing around to see that there was nobody within hearing (Hilda was engaged with a porter in looking after her things). "Just look at my nose, and you will soon change your mind. It's broader, and flatter, and snubrier than ever. I consider that I have got a bone to pick with Providence about that nose. Ah, here comes Hilda, isn't she lovely! There's beauty for you, if you like. She hasn't got a nose. Come and show us to the carriage. You will come and lunch with us to-morrow, won't you? I am so glad to get back to the old house again; and I mean to have such a garden! 'Life is short, and joys are fleeting,' as Aunt Chambers always says, so I mean to make the best of it while it lasts. I saw your father yesterday. He is a dear old man, though he has such awful eyes. I never felt so happy in my life as I do now. Good-by. One o'clock!" And she was gone, leaving Philip with something to think about.

Philip's reception at home was cordial and reassuring. He found his father considerably aged in appearance, but as handsome and upright as ever, and to all appearance heartily glad to see him.

"I am glad to see you back, my boy," "You come to take your proper place. If you look at me you will see that you won't have long to wait before you take mine. I can't last much longer, Philip, I feel that. Eighty-two is a good age to have reached. I have had my time, and put the property in order, and now I suppose I must make room. I went with the clerk, old Jakes, and marked out my grave yesterday. There's a nice little spot the other side of the stone that they say marks where old yeoman Caresfoot, who planted Caresfoot's Staff, laid his bones, and that's where I wish to be put, in his good company. Don't forget that when the time comes, Philip, there's room for another; if you care to keep it for yourself, but perhaps you will prefer the vault."

"You must not talk of dying yet, father. You will live many years yet."

"No, Philip; perhaps one, perhaps two, not more than two, perhaps a month, perhaps not a day. My life hangs on a thread now." And he pointed to his heart. "It may snap any day, if it gets a strain. By the way, Philip, you see that cupboard? Open it. Now, you see that stoppered bottle with the red label? Good. Well, now, if ever you see me taken with an attack of the heart (I have had one since you were away, you know, and it nearly carried me off), you run for that as hard as you can go, and give me time to drink; half at a time. It is a tremendous restorative of some sort, and old Caley says that, if I do not take it when the next attack comes, there'll be an end of 'Devil Caresfoot'; and he rapped his cane energetically on the oak floor.

"And so, Philip, I want you to go about and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the property, so that you may be able to take things over

when I die without any hitch. I hope that you will be careful and do well by the land. Remember that a big property like this is a sacred trust.

"And now there are two more things that I will take this opportunity to say a word to you about. First, I see that you and your cousin George don't get on well, and it grieves me. You have always had a false idea of George, always, and thought that he was underhand. Nothing could be more mistaken than such a notion. George is a most estimable man, and my dear brother's only son. I wish you would try to remember that, Philip—blood is thicker than water, you know—and you will be the only two Caresfoots left when I am gone. Now, perhaps you may think that, I intend enriching George at your expense, but that is not so. Take this key and open the top drawer of that secretaire, and give me that bundle. This is my will. If you care to look over it, and can understand it—which is more than I can—you will see that everything is left to you, with the exception of that outlying farm at Holston, those three Essex farms that I bought two years ago, and twelve thousand pounds in cash. Of course, as you know, the Abbey House, and the lands immediately round, are entailed—it has always been the custom to entail them for many generations. There, put it back. And now the last thing is, I want you to get married, Philip. I should like to see a grandchild in the house before I die. I want you to marry Maria Lee. I like the girl. She comes of a good old Marchioness stock—our family married into hers in the year 1703. Besides, her property would put yours into a ring-fence. She is a sharp girl too, and quite pretty enough for a wife. I hope you will think it over, Philip."

"Yes, father, but perhaps she will not have me. I am going to lunch there to-morrow."

"I don't think you need be afraid, Philip, but I won't keep you any longer. Shake hands, my boy. You'll perhaps think of your old father kindly when you come to stand in his shoes. I hope you will, Philip. We have had many a quarrel, and sometimes I have been wrong, but I have always wished to do my duty by you, my boy. Don't forget to make the best of your time at lunch to-morrow."

Philip went out of his father's study considerably touched by the kindness and consideration with which he had been treated, and not a little relieved to find his position with reference to his succession to the estate so much better than he had anticipated, and his cousin George's so much worse.

"That red-haired fox has plotted in vain," he thought, with secret exultation. And then he set himself to consider the desirability of falling in with his father's wishes as regards marriage. Of Maria he was, as the reader is aware, very fond; indeed, a few years before he had been in love with her, or something very like it; he knew, too, that she would make him a very good wife, and the match was one that in every way commended itself to his common sense and his interests; yes, he would certainly take his father's advice. But every time he said this to himself, and he said it pretty often that even, there would arise before his mind's eye a vision of the sweet blue eyes of Miss Lee's stately companion. What eyes they were, to be sure; it made Philip's blood run warm and quick merely to think of them; indeed, he could almost find it in his heart to wish that Hilda was Maria and Maria was in Hilda's shoes.

What between thoughts of the young lady he had set himself to marry, and of the young lady he did not mean to marry, but whose eyes he admired, Philip did not sleep so well as usual that night.

(To be continued.)

**The Fergus Falls Man Was Fly.**

(Minneapolis Tribune.)

A Fergus Falls man came to town the other day, and while taking in the sights was lured into a Clark street poker game. He had played a few hands, when it suddenly dawned on him that he was sitting in what is known among sporting men as a skin game, a game in which a sucker may consider himself lucky if he escapes with his life. But the Fergus Falls man was not such a sucker. He said nothing until the man who sat at his right began to deal the cards for a jack-pot. When the Fergus Falls man picked up his hand he saw that he held a king full. He laid it down and said he would pass. The man at his left opened the pot for \$10. The rest of the players, including the Fergus Falls man, remained in the game. The countryman now saw a chance to bite the biters. Calling for two cards he discarded the pair he held to the kings and waited for the man who opened the pot to make his bet. This unexpected move on the part of the Fergus Falls man threw the rest of the players into a panic, and each laid down his hand without letting a cent. The countryman thereupon bet \$5, and this not being called he raked in the pot. By breaking his full hand (which was wholly unexpected) he had spoiled the scheme of the other players, which contemplated an ace-full for the house on the draw. As it was the Fergus Falls man caught two of the aces, and with his kings for leaders scooped in \$40 of the pluggers' money.

Read The Saturday Gazette.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Canterbury street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1887.

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THE KNIGHTS AND THE CHURCH.

This action of the Papal authorities in withdrawing their prohibition from the Knights of Labor and extending to that powerful organization all the benefits which result from the countenance of the church is, in a diplomatic sense, worthy of the palmiest days of the Papacy.

Wisdom did not depart from the Roman Church with the loss of temporal power. At a time when the political necessities of the Imperial rulers of Europe have compelled them to make overtures to the Pope, which must result in a great extension of his influence in the capitals and among the people of that continent, the Papacy reaches out its hands to America—a new world which, as Cardinal Manning shrewdly observes, "seems to be moulding our future"—and takes the first step towards an alliance with what bids fair to be the controlling element in the democratic politics of the Western Hemisphere.

This new attitude of the Papacy is fraught with tremendous possibilities. Like all master-strokes of diplomacy, which have been directed from the city on the Tiber, this is intended not so much to influence the events of to-day, or the people of America, as to reach far into the future and to touch the masses throughout Christendom. When organized labor finds itself brought to a life and death struggle with organized capital, and when the influence of wealth so permeates all the Protestant denominations that their inclination is to rank themselves against the workingman, the Roman Catholic Church extends the right hand of friendship to the Knights of Labor. It is important to remember that while there is no organic connection between the labor organization and the societies and associations known as Communists, Anarchists and the like, there is a kinship between them, and you cannot touch one without exciting the sympathy of the other.

All these organizations have a common origin. To search for it one must dig very deep. The results they all aim at are in principle the same, although the methods which they adopt are widely dissimilar and some of them most reprehensible. But all the way along the scale, from the simple trades union to the fanatical Nihilist club, will be found a certain community of thought and of purpose. The movement of which these varied organizations are different phases have been well styled by Henry George "the new crusade." We are not alleging that there is the remotest sympathy on the part of the workingmen, so called, with the bloody and destructive plans of Nihilism. On the contrary, no one recognizes more than the workingmen do the absolute necessity of accomplishing their great object by peaceful means. To seek to harmonize the interests of capital and labor by a resort to arms and by the shedding of blood would be to stop the wheels of progress. To such revolution a grosser tyranny would certainly succeed.

History tells us that at a time when the tyranny of the Feudal system was at its height and the masses had absolutely no rights which the nobles were bound to respect, when the labor, the persons and the lives of the common people were as much the property of the baron as were his sheep and oxen, when so base had the people become under centuries of this degradation that the family relation was scarcely better observed than in a flock of sheep, and for a man to trace to the people was simply to confess that his ancestry were unknown and untraceable—at such a time Rome gave her high sanction to the crusades. As these progressed the people gradually acquired a status as against the barons. Imperialism succeeded Feudalism, although even then the lever of Republicanism began to work. Contemporary with this change came the growth of Papal authority, and upon the ruins of Feudalism rose Imperial Europe with Rome the crown of the edifice. Is history about to repeat itself? It may well be that these kindly words spoken of the Knights of Labor will find an echo in the hearts of the people of Europe. A blind man may read in the signs of the times that Imperialism is about to perish. Will the people of Europe looking for a new leader look to Rome? From the hour of the crowning glory of the Roman Empire until to-day the Roman Catholic Church has stood firm. Systems of government have risen and fallen; revolutions have followed; yet through it all the Roman Catholic Church has stood.

It would not be surprising if, now when she can point to herself and say—"Other institutions come and go—I alone remain unchanged," and can claim to be first to recognize the justice of the New Crusade," the people should turn to the seven hills of Rome and be glad that the later glories of Rome should be greater than the first. There is another phase of this subject, and that is the effect which Papal sympathy will have upon the individuals who compose these organizations. It is undeniable that, with the spread of modern social ideas, there has been a corresponding disregard of what is ordinarily called religion. They are not worse than they used to be. They are indeed a great deal better. That pessimism which teaches that from generation to generation men are becoming more immoral because they are simply becoming less superstitious and less bound by the vale of their priests. Whether those priests claim apostolic succession or no—this pessimism—we say is confuted by an innumerable company of witnesses. But men having failed to find in the churches that sympathy which they most needed have sought it out of the churches. It was small comfort to men who were engaged all the week in a struggle to live to go to church on Sunday and then, amid a mass of formality which to them conveyed no meaning, to be told how to die. The hungry heart of the people cried out for other nourishment than the churches gave, and the result has been that attendance at church services has greatly diminished and thousands of people, if correctly described, would be classed as of no religion at all. The Roman Catholic Church may find a remedy for this and Protestantism will do well to take heed.

PORTLAND has the Scott Act somewhere in its midst, but just where, is as great a mystery as was the Carleton sensation of last Sunday. Of course it is not susceptible of capture and inspection being one of those things that are known only by their fruits, but up to the time of going to press it was impossible to even lay hands on the fruits. The Dominion Parliament in enacting it said that it was placed on the Statute Book to promote temperance. We presume it would be a breach of privilege to insinuate that parliament could say anything that even savored of what might be called a doubtful truth, but we think that the printer would have been justified if he had added "and to promote litigation and trouble in Portland." It may not, however, be the fault of the act that it is not in full force. In some instances its working there is analogous to the Carleton mystery. The old license act was supposed to have been buried on Saturday last, but, at midnight on that night, some legal men who had been lurking about the cemetery, where defunct statutes are laid away to rest, waited until the Scott Act party went home and then they resurrected the old license act and placed it on the surface, and ordered it to rule. Some affirm that the disinterred statute is the Scott Act while others recognize it as the old license one. No coroner's jury has yet sat upon the skeleton and what verdict will be returned can only be a matter for conjecture. Seriously, however, Portland is in a peculiar position. It is losing a revenue of \$3,000 a year by not issuing licenses and no corresponding advantages are reaped because the Scott Act, if in existence there at all, is in a comatose condition. The council did not harken to the advice tendered them by the GAZETTE on Saturday last, to act fairly and independently in the matter, and as a consequence, they have got themselves into trouble. They should either issue licenses at once or take vigorous means to enforce the act. What is to be gained by keeping the city in suspense? The time for the expression of individual opinion has passed and that for action has come. Their solicitor has advised them that the Scott Act is legal, what more do they require? If they fear to act on the advice tendered them, and are fully convinced to the contrary, then why not issue licenses at once and let matters assume a definite shape. It is the very worst shape of a farce to pretend that the Scott Act is in force with more than 50 bars in full, open working order. Everybody appears to be on the defensive. The Scott Act party fear to proceed lest they be mulcted in damages; they urge the council to begin, but the latter say that the burden should not be thrown upon them; and the liquor dealers are quite satisfied to let matters

rest as they are—they are selling as openly as ever, and they have to pay no licenses. If this state of affairs continue much longer, it will result in a bonanza to the bar-keepers and in a heavy blow at any semi-prohibitory legislation that may in future be attempted.

THEATRICAL TALK.

Twice, on Saturday last, Mr. Sol Smith Russell took extraordinary pains to write himself down an ass. The audiences were small, and in revenge for this apparently, Mr. Russell quered both performances by most persistent gagging, then, during the evening, the ushers called him before the curtain, and he endeavored to be sarcastic—but failed to be anything but insulting—at the expense of the intelligence of the people of St. John.

In this connection, it occurs to me that if any actor is not satisfied with the size of his audience the proper thing for him to do is to return their money. When he fails to do this, his obligation, in honor, is to give as perfect a performance before fifty people as he would before five hundred.

Let me also remark that it does not argue against the intelligence of the people of St. John that they neglected to spend their good money to see an infernally bad play.

Our own Polymorphians will fill the seats and crack the ceiling of the Institute, Monday evening, with their admiring friends and their 40-horse-power jokers.

Clara Louise Kellogg will be heard at the Institute Tuesday and Friday evenings. She is now on the usual farewell tour. Clara Louise reminds me of the man in Sullivan's song, who avers: "I cannot leave thee, though I've said, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!"

SOME ADVICE TO WIVES.

Remember that you are married to a man and not to a god; be prepared for imperfections.

Anticipate the discovery by your husband that you are "only a woman," if you were not he would not care about you.

Once in a while let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

Be reasonable; it is a great deal to ask under some circumstances, but do try; reasonable women are rare—be rare.

Remember that servants are made of the same material as you are; a little coarser grained, perhaps, but the same in essentials.

Try and forget yourself as to your husband, forget that you married him, and remember that he married you; he will then probably do tee reverse.

Let him read the newspaper at the breakfast-table; it is unobsciable, but then, it is only a trifle, after all, and he likes it.

Let him know more than you do once in a while; it keeps up his self-respect, and you are none the worse for admitting that you are not actually infallible.

Read something in the papers besides fashion notes and society columns; have some knowledge of what is going on in foreign countries.

Be a companion to your husband if he is a wise man; and if he is not, try to make him become your companion. Raise his standard, do not let him lower yours.

Respect your husband's relations, especially his mother—she is none the less his mother because she is your mother-in-law; she loved him before you did.—Brooklyn Magazine.

Starving Himself to Death.

Dr. Danford Thomas held an inquest, on Tuesday, at the Crowndale Hall, Camben-town, on the body of Mary Batson, aged sixty-one, the widow of a railway servant, living at No. 13, Penryn-street, Somers-town. The evidence was to the effect that the latter refused food, clenching her teeth if any was presented to her. "I am tired of this life," she would say: "I want my Father to take me." Dr. Thompson stated that he attended her since January, and he had the greatest difficulty in getting her to take nourishment. She seemed to be suffering from mania. Evidently a small vessel gave way on the brain, and she died on the 14th instant from exhaustion from cerebral derangement. The jury returned their verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

"It is the little things that tell," says an old adage. Yes, especially the little brother.—[Now Haven News.]

What character of Dickens does the new method of doing the hair resemble? All-of-a-twist.—[Lowell Citizen.]

The folly of hasty strikes is felt most keenly when the striker finds his place filled permanently.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

A Friendly Chat on a Number of Subjects of Passing Interest.

I have heard a good deal of comment on the street cleaning matter, but so far as my observation goes I think that everything considered Mr. O'Connell has done very well. The weather was extremely unfavorable during the greater part of April and if anyone thinks it an easy thing to go over the streets of St. John and clean up six months of filth just let him try it. I am convinced that Mr. O'Connell intends to carry out his contract, and I think he will do his level best anyway.

The great trouble in St. John is that the people get something like this street cleaning contract on the brain and ignore everything else. I would not be afraid to assert that even now while the street cleaning is apparently being most economically managed the city is paying through the nose for some thing or other. It always will be the way. Governments and corporations are usually swindled more than once a year.

In think a society for the prevention of cruelty to mothers should be inaugurated. It was only the other day that I heard of a disreputable fellow who figures in the police court about once a month treating his mother in the most shameful manner. The fellow never works, but his poor old mother earns sufficient for them to eat and to keep the roof over their heads. The latest outrage that this miscreant has perpetrated was to beat his mother in the most shameful manner a few days ago. Surely there is some way of making such creatures suffer. The jail diet of bread and water is altogether too good for ruffians of this stamp.

A Few Dog Stories.

The Principal of a Newburyport High School died recently, and it was noticed that on the day of his death a coach-dog dashed down the main street, rushed up the steps leading to the schoolhouse and began to howl dismally. He was several times driven away, but each time he would return and resume his piercing wail. At last, late in the afternoon, he disappeared. Nothing was thought of the matter until the news of the principal's death was received, and it was then learned that he expired at the exact moment of the dog's disappearance.

Little Bell Gordon, whose parents live a few miles out of Paduch, Ky., started for the village school-house one morning a week ago, and her pet dog Jip went with her. While she was passing some swamp land near the school a butterfly attracted her attention and she followed it into the treacherous swamp. In a moment she was in the slime up to her knees. She screamed for assistance, but none came. Then the dog, who had been howling dismally dashed on to the school-house, alarmed the teacher and finally induced her to follow him and little Belle was rescued.

Isaac Fowler, of San Juan, Cal., went out hunting and at the end of two weeks, as he did not return, his friends gave him up for lost. At last his dog came into town, walked slowly into the saloon where Fowler was known and then dropped dead of exhaustion and starvation. A searching party went out and found Fowler's decomposed body near the roadside, where he had been struck by a falling limb and instantly killed. There was every evidence that he met with an accident on the day he started out, and that the faithful dog had remained with him until the very last.

The engineer of a freight train on the Northwestern road ran down and killed a handsome Newfoundland dog near Webster city, Ia., several weeks ago, and declares that since then he has frequently seen the ghost of the dog as he passed the spot at night. As the train approaches the place a mournful howl is heard, and suddenly a white apparition resembling a dog dashes out from the roadside and disappears beneath the engine's pilot. The train hands watch for the ghost's appearance at night, and some of them fear that the haunted engine is doomed to meet with an accident.

A Chicago theatrical man, who has a pet dog of which he is very proud, has instructed it to take charge of the birds and cats in the house while its master is uptown during the daytime. One evening recently, when the gentleman was returning home, he saw the dog emerge from the shadow of a neighbor's fence with a hen in its mouth. The dog deposited the fowl in a secluded spot and then went after the house cat, which it seized by the neck and dragged to the feast. Without going through the formality of asking grace, the dog tore the chicken to pieces and helped the cat to some of the choicest scraps. The owner thinks that the animal will soon be able to hustle for the entire family.

So we are to have twenty-four o'clock down this way. Well we will get used to it after a while I suppose, but it seems to me that before we get any more different kinds of time in St. John it would be a good scheme for the city council to adopt standard time. Once this august body decided to adopt eastern standard time and afterwards they determined to think it over, and they have been thinking it over for several years. What a wonderfully deliberate body our council is!

ANOTHER STORY

Will be commenced in next Week's

GAZETTE.

The Latest Sporting and Theatrical News.

Several new Features will be added in next week's GAZETTE.

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A number of Agents names will be added next week.

We want Agents in every town in the Province.

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS.

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and about a Great Number of Subjects.

"No, sir," thundered the old gentlemen, "I have made up my mind that my daughter shall never marry a man who plays poker."

"Excuse me, sir, but I'm sure she could, she might marry some fellow who thinks he plays poker."

"The man thought it over.—[Washington Centre.

"Is Herr Most within?" "Yes, sir, but he's very busy. His enforced confinement has put him way behind with his work."

"Then I can't see him?" "Not now, sir. He has given orders that he must not be disturbed until he has finished the second keg."

"There goes the champion light weight of Harlem."

"That's so? He doesn't look like a fighter."

"He isn't; he's a coal dealer.—[New York Sun.

It is a paradox that of all shoes a felt shoe is the least felt.—[Lowell Courier.

The poet evidently made a mistake. April showers bring forth umbrellas.—[Boston Gazette.

A "premature wrinkle" is one that comes in a woman's face before she is married.—[Utica Observer.

Explorer Stanley's arrival at Banana would seem to argue that he is standing on slippery ground.—[Philadelphia Times

It is never to late to mend; but a man cannot expect to have a button sewed on much after midnight.—[Heweb Standard.

The average society woman is a vulgar fraction, whose numerator is fashion and whose denominator is self.—[Washington Critic.

A little burn makes a big smart sometimes. But even a big burn could not make some people smart.—[Somerville Journal.

It is easy for a great many men to declare "I would rather be right than be President," for they do not stand in much danger of being either.—[Boston Post.

Having had "He" and "She," the public is now anxiously awaiting the appearance of "It." Why doesn't somebody write the life of a dude?—[Danville Breeze.

An exchange has an article on "The Rise and Fall of the Post." One important point is omitted, however, and that is the length of the stairs.—[Burlington Free Press.

"If misfortune overtake you, smile," advises the poet. That's all well enough, but suppose misfortune overtakes you in a strictly prohibition town?—[Kinderhook Rough Notes.

Omaha is growing very rapidly, and intends in a very short time to come out as a rival of Chicago. It already looks upon St. Louis as a very insignificant place.—[New York Tribune.

The modern drummer is not much like the month of March. March is said to come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, while the drummer comes in like a lynx and goes out a lynx.—[Saint Paul Herald.

Some one comes forward with the theory that cigarette smoking tends to softening of the brain. This is not exactly right, but softening of the brain tends to cigarette smoking.—[The Earth.

"HE."

A Tale of Mystery.

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CHAPTERS I TO XCIX, (INCLUSIVE.)

"And that is your answer?"

"This evening, the hot, burning July sun has sunk below the horizon, and Luna, in all her silvery beauty, reigns supreme, throwing her bright beam's o'er the peaceful little village of Thorneburg."

Richard Thorne began life as a poor newsboy in the city of Waverley. Life spread before him no picture of roseate hues; but by means of indefatigable energy and sterling integrity he rose rapidly through the various stages of telegraph operator and civil engineer till now, at present, we find him at the pinnacle of happiness and affluence."

Richard Thorne, the president of the A. B. & C. R. R., loved and respected by all. His loving wife had, some ten years previous to the opening of this romance, fallen a victim to the fell scourge, consumption, and the mourning husband and his child, Emeline, with the old housekeeper, composed his present household. Of a tall and willowy form, and with beautiful locks that fell in a golden shower down her back her sylph-like waist, Emeline Thorne was indeed, a peerless beauty."

Oliver Rundel was train-despatcher at Thorneburg Junction, and often, in the course of his business, was called to the Thorne mansion. He was a handsome youth of twenty-four years of age, with wavy, curling locks of raven hue, easy and graceful in his carriage and deportment, and it is but small wonder that he attracted more than a passing notice from Emeline Thorne. Affairs progressed in this manner till at last young Rundel fell desperately in love with the fair goddess that presided over his employer's domicile."

On the evening of the opening of our story, Oliver had called at Thorne Manor, to consult with his superior upon some intricate matter connected with the railroad, upon leaving the discerned Emeline seated upon the spacious vine-embowered piazza of the mansion, and he resolved to tend and there ascertain from her lips his fate."

"And that is your answer?" "Yes, Oh—Mr. Rundel, you will have to take that for your answer. In the two years during which we have been acquainted, I have noticed your many qualities of mind and person, and I have also noticed that I was not quite indifferent in your eyes. And while I deeply deplore your unhappy passion, I must not forget my station in life. I have a regard for you, but it is the affection of a sister, and if at any time you should need the counsel and assistance that are due a brother from a sister, do not, I crave you, hesitate to call upon me."

The stricken young man remained with his face buried in his hands for some time, when he suddenly raised his head and his eyes glanced into hers with a firm, resolved look."

"You will not," he at length said, "you will not refuse to grant me one favor. My mind is made up. My future life, under the most happy circumstances, is destined to be devoid of joy and sunlight, and I have resolved to leave this place where your bright image will but serve to increase my unhappiness, and where likewise my presence would to a certain extent be a constraint upon yourself. Tomorrow I will leave for the golden shores of the Pacific coast and try to bury my sorrow amid scenes that are new. It is that you will allow me to take your hand in farewell and imprint upon it the kiss of eternal friendship."

After some struggling with her native modesty, Emeline consented, and with a heavy heart, Oliver Rundel left her, feeling, indeed, that the light of his life had been extinguished."

Next day, Rundel completed his arrangements and left Thorneburg, to the extreme regret of Mr. Thorne and all his associates, who had learned to love the obliging and efficient employee."

(CHAPTER C.—CONCLUSION.)

Ten years have elapsed since the closing of the last chapter. In the thriving town of Lewisville lives Mr. Gerald Montrose, the young banker, with his charming wife and three sunny-haired children, Oliver, Emeline, and Gerald. In Mrs. Montrose we recognize the Emeline Thorne of ten years ago. The cares of maternity have added a new beauty to her features and her figure is more stately and majestic than ever."

One beautiful day in July, Mr. and Mrs. Montrose were sitting in the gloaming, when the quiet shadows falling softly come and softly go, with their children playing merrily around them, when a weather-beaten and travel-stained specimen of humanity was seen approaching the house, along the gravelled walk. What could his errand be?"

As he drew near, he glanced at the lady of the house and gave a sudden start. Mrs. Montrose noticed this and thought she detected something familiar in the once handsome features of the tramp."

Taking off his tattered hat, the stranger said, "Madam, living here as you do upon a public highway, you are no doubt greatly annoyed by various mendicants who claim your hospitality, but this, I trust, has not steeled your heart against the supplications of the really unfortunate."

As heaven is my judge, madam, I have not tasted food for eight-and-forty hours, and—"

"Oh, come!" broke in Mr. Montrose, "That story won't do. That's been told too often. You had better leave now!"

The stranger, hat in hand, gazed sadly around at the peaceful and happy surroundings, and then looking at the banker, he said "My dear sir, I do not, can not, blame you for regarding me and my tale with suspicion, but with your leave and her leave I would like to speak a few words in the ear of your lady." Emeline compassionately advanced, and the mendicant began to speak to her. He had but uttered a half-dozen words when Mrs. Montrose fell with a shriek to the ground."

Seeing the work he had wrought, the stranger hastily left, while Emeline was borne to the house in the arms of her husband."

The excited reader will at once conjecture that the mendicant is no other than Oliver Rundel. If so, I am sorry; for it is not so. He was a tramp that Emeline had never seen before in her life. But why, you ask, did she swoon? The answer is plain. In those few hastily-uttered words, the stranger had suggested Mrs. Montrose's finding him some work! A tramp looking for work! Small wonder the lady fainted!"

CAREY TAY.

SPRING CLEANING.

Some Hints that will be of Interest to Housekeepers.

Hard as the spring ordeal of renovation and renewal is, we cannot help being glad to have it come. The carpets send up more and more dust every time they are swept, pleading to be taken up and shaken. The walls and woodwork look soiled and grimy, and the last bit of dust is swept from them. The furniture, though daily carefully dusted, has taken on a saddened tone; it pleads for the pressure of the damp house-cloth and the gentle rubbing with an oiled cloth. The ceilings are veiled with dust and smoke, and mutely petition for a new spring coat of paper or of whitewash, or the brushing up of the coats they already wear. The walls and woodwork look soiled and grimy, and the last bit of dust is swept from them. The furniture, though daily carefully dusted, has taken on a saddened tone; it pleads for the pressure of the damp house-cloth and the gentle rubbing with an oiled cloth. 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A FRIEND'S HAND IN MINE, LADS.

(Boston Daily Advertiser.)
Sometimes 'tis May, lads,
The day soft and bright;
The sky on our way lads,
With brave hearts and light.
But May cannot last, lads,
With great clouds rolled,
The skies are overcast lads,
The world turns cold.
A friend's hand in mine, lads,
A kind hand and true,
In rough ways and dark days,
It helps a man through.
We've small gifts to give, lads,
A poor parcel to show,
But what man can live, lads,
With aught to bestow?
A word of brave cheer, lads,
A warm grasp and strong,
Beats all your gear, lads,
To help hearts along.
A friend's hand in mine, lads,
A kind hand and true,
In rough ways and dark days,
It helps a man through.
Do what you can, lads,
And do it with might;
God isn't man, lads,
To judge by the sight.
Peace pounds outrageous, lads,
When wills are right good,
And, oh! to bear one say, lads,
He's done what he could.
A friend's hand in mine, lads,
A kind hand and true,
In rough ways and dark days,
It helps a friend through.
REFERENCE LAUNDRING.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

An Episode of Wiesbaden.

IN SIX PARTS.

II.

"Why, to look you up, my dear boy, I can't say I think you are any the better for the air of Wiesbaden, though; you have not lost your care-worn appearance."

"Not likely," I grumbled, "considering this sweltering weather, and thermometer at something like a hundred. I am thinking of going to-morrow."

"Not a bit of it," returned Jack Manvers, my best friend and former college chum; "you have to stay with me for a few days, and then I mean to carry you off with me to Vienna. Any nice people there?" and, linking his arm in mine, he led the way to his apartment, where his servant was unpacking.

"Funny thing!" he remarked casually, "as I came along from the station I could have sworn I saw a man I met once in Australia years ago."

"Indeed?" I said, with some interest, thinking of the Daltons.

"Yes; he was tried for forgery and got five years; my friend Dale prosecuted him, and I was in court at the trial. He was an awful scamp."

"What was his name?"

"I forget now. No, it wasn't Dalton. I don't suppose it was the man at all, but his face reminded me of him. He was fair, with light hair, I remember; and this chap was as dark as a pipsy and clean-shaven. But you know my old trick of finding out likenesses."

So the conversation ended, and I thought no more of it; it was hardly likely that a wealthy colonial like Jim Dalton could have any connection with the scoundrel in Australia, yet the coincidence of the likeness (for it was he whom Manvers had seen that morning) struck me at the time as singular. The Daltons left before I was up next morning, so I did not see Ethel again, for they did not appear at table that evening. I was sorely disappointed and perplexed at her conduct towards myself, and would have given all I possessed to be able to forget her, but that was easier said than done.

III.

We found Vienna somewhat empty; most of the fashionables were away, but as neither of us had ever been there before, we found plenty to amuse us in the bright little capital.

Some of the corps diplomatique still at the Embassy were old acquaintances, so we managed to get through a fortnight pretty comfortably, and without finding time hang at all heavy on our hands.

One evening as Jack, myself, and two others were dining, my attention was attracted by a young man who entered the restaurant; he was tall and dark, with a singularly keen resolute face. I was about to call my friend's attention to him, when, catching sight of Manvers, he came hastily forward, and held out his hand.

"Why, Manvers, can it be you? I am indeed glad to see you!"

Jack returned his greeting with much warmth; a chair was put for him, a fresh bottle of wine ordered, and we were soon on friendly terms with the new-comer.

I was much taken with him; he was a brilliant conversationalist, and thoroughly up in all the topics of the day; and in his agreeable company the evening passed rapidly away.

Just before we separated, he said to me suddenly, "You live in Downshire, I think?"

I assented.

"Do you know anything of the new people who have taken the Priory at Leeford?"

"Yes, strangely enough, I met them at Wiesbaden."

He seemed a little surprised, and muttered something to himself that sounded like, "Is it possible?"

"Do you live near the Priory?"

"No, not very near; about seven miles away."

"It is a charming old place is it not?" he asked.

"Extremely, especially the modern part; the other is only a picturesque ruin, and said to be haunted. I have heard there are extensive subterranean vaults beneath the building."

He started.

"Do you think they know of this?"

"Really I can't say," I returned, laughing; "anyhow I suppose they would not be alarmed at the idea."

"Had they a lady with them at Wiesbaden?" he inquired.

I was on my guard instantly, and replied coolly,—"Miss Dalton was at Wiesbaden."

"A tall handsome girl with dark eyes and hair?"

"No, Miss Dalton has golden hair," I said, rather nettled at his inquisitiveness.

He smiled, and, turning away, addressed himself to Manvers.

"That's a curious fellow," I remarked to the latter, as we walked home together later on; "who is he?"

"As you know my dear Cis, his name is Derrick Chalmers, though doubtless he has several aliases. He was brought up to the diplomatic service; was sent to St. Petersburg on a secret mission, somehow got mixed up with the Nihilists, and disappeared; was heard of later on in Australia; that was some four or five years ago, since that we all thought he was dead, but you see, he has turned up again; what he is now, heaven only knows."

"He seems a very good sort; shall we ask him down to shoot, Jack?—he would keep us alive."

Jack acquiesced heartily. I sent my invitation the next morning, and Chalmers readily accepted it. He and Manvers were to return with me to St. Mary's Cray the following week. I little knew when I asked him of the events that were to result from his visit, and to overshadow all my future.

IV.

It was September when we reached England after five months' absence, and glad enough I was to be home again. I had gone away an invalid, I returned fully restored to health, anticipating with a keen relish many a day's tramp over my own turnip-fields after the wily partridge, in which Jack and Derrick Chalmers thoroughly sympathized with me.

My home seemed doubly welcome to me; the servants were glad to have me back again, and we sat down to dinner that night the cheeriest little party possible. After we had gone to our rooms, I remembered I had left an important letter on the mantelshelf in the billiard-room, so went down again for it. Entering, my feet struck against something on the floor; I stooped and picked it up—it was Chalmers' note-case. I new it, as I had been admiring the silver monogram on it before dinner. I found my letter, and was leaving the room, when my collar, aroused by my entrance, jumped against me, upsetting my candle. In my anxiety to save it, I dropped the note-case, and some of the contents fell to the ground. As I hastily replaced them, cursing myself for my carelessness, a vignette portrait of a lady riveted my gaze.

Could I be mistaken?

Was it possible that my eyes deceived me? It was the photograph of Ethel Dalton!

How well I new the turn of that graceful head, the languid droop of the deep, soul-compelling eyes, the curve of the my anxiety nostril, the decided sweep of the mouth and chin! I stared at it in silence, aguish at my discovery, puzzled and surprised, yet with a horrible foreboding. At length I replaced it in the note-case, and walked up stairs to Chalmers' room; entering, I gave it him, merely saying where and how I had found it.

"He favored me with one of his curiously keen scrutinizing glances, but I was quite equal to it, and again wishing him good-night, I retired, but not to sleep, for I was haunted by terrible misgivings which I could not shake off, in which Derrick Chalmers and Ethel Dalton were closely interwoven.

The next morning nothing was thought of but shooting; we were up betimes, and out with our guns before the early freshness of the day had departed.

Before starting, I wrote a short note, informing Miss Dalton of my return, and was agreeably surprised to find, upon reaching home in the evening after a first-rate day's sport, an invitation for myself and friends to dine at the Priory the following night, which we gladly accepted.

I had purposely avoided mentioning Chalmers' name in my letter, as I was anxious to see the meeting between himself and Ethel, for I was quite convinced that some secret understanding must exist between them.

The Priory was a fine old building, the ruined part being in the rear of the house, and approached by a bridge and an ancient gateway thrown across what was originally a moat, but was now filled in and levelled, and formed a most perfect tennis ground. The hall was a large one, containing a billiard-table. It was decorated in the modern antique style, and with old brocades, embroidered screens, palms, and Oriental hangings, certainly looked a charming resort.

Miss Dalton came forward to meet us as we entered the drawing-room, seemingly more lovely than ever. She returned my pressure of the hand warmly, and I then introduced my friends to her.

To my utter surprise, she greeted Chalmers as a complete stranger, and judging by their quiet unembarrassed manner, they evidently had not met before. Her father made us very welcome; there were no other ladies present, but several of our sporting neighbours, and we sat down to a perfectly appointed table, brilliant with rare flowers and antique silver; the repast itself left nothing to be desired, and our hostess surpassed in beauty and grace every other woman I had ever seen. During the evening I managed to draw her out on to the terrace, where a lovely moon flooded the landscape with silvery light; taking her unresisting hand in mine, I said softly,—"Are you glad to see me again?"

She hesitated for an instant; then,—"Yes, as a friend. You must never speak to me again as you did at Wiesbaden, or our acquaintances must cease entirely."

"You are cruel; why will you not believe that if we love one another, nothing can separate us?"

"Say no more," she replied, drawing her hand away; "now let us return, or we may be missed."

"One moment," I replied; "have you ever met Chalmers before to-night?"

She raised her eyes to mine, as if surprised.

"Never?"

"But I think he must know you."

"Indeed! I have never seen him before, to my knowledge."

"Strange!" I murmured, gazing at her intently. Could she be deceiving me?

"What do you mean?" she asked, as if troubled.

"Do you know that he carries a photograph of yourself in his note-case?"

I can scarcely describe the change that came over her beautiful face at these words. She turned ashy-pale, staggered back, and would have fallen, had I not put my arm around her. "What is it?" cried, terrified at her pallor. "Are you ill?" Ethel, my darling, tell me what is there between this man and you that can unnerve you?"

She recovered herself with an effort; then, with a sudden impulse, turned, and flung her arms around my neck. "Tell me again," she whispered, "that you love me. I am very wretched, very miserable. At times I think I shall kill myself—but then I remember you."

Her voice died away, and her head sank on my breast.

Impetuous, hot-headed young fool that I was I forgot that she had given me no reason for her extraordinary agitation, but, intoxicated by her beauty, I clasped her in my arms, and assured her a hundred times of my undying love for her. After a pause, she continued, "Sometimes I fancy what our life might be if we were together far away from here—just you and I, together—alone."

"And why should not that dream be realized?" I asked eagerly.

"I dare not—I dare not," she replied, looking round fearfully.

"Ethel, I know there is a secret in your life, but I love you so much that I am content to wait until you choose to tell me what it is. You say you are unhappy here; then let me be the one to give you happiness. At any time you like, I will take you away, and make you my wife."

I spoke with impassioned eagerness, and, as I ended, her lips met mine. Yet, at that supreme moment, I new I was sealing my own death-warrant, that I was pledging myself to an act of madness against which my inner consciousness, my common-sense, rebelled.

Before she could reply, a figure approached us from the end of the terrace. It was Jim Dalton.

"You will excuse my interrupting you," he remarked curtly, "but Brooke, who wants you for pool, and as my sister is rather delicate, I think it as well she should go in."

His eyes met mine with a glare of unmistakable defiance and hatred, which astonished as well as annoyed me.

However, I said nothing; he drew Ethel's hand through his arm, and led the way to the drawing room. As they entered, I fancied a faint cry of pain escaped her; latter on I knew it to be a grim reality.

We found Chalmers turning over a portfolio of engravings in a corner of the room; some of the men had adjourned for billiards, and, excusing myself from playing, I went over to Derrick, and stood beside him, Miss Dalton having thrown herself in a lounging-chair near us. I thought she looked worried and anxious, and her colour had quite faded. Chalmers was full of admiration at the engravings. I discovered that he was a bit of an artist, and decidedly enthusiastic on the subject. Presently we came to an etching; it was a cottage interior, so finely, so exquisitely finished as to be quite marvellous. Chalmers did not join in my praise of it; he was very silent, and I found that his attention was fixed upon the representation of a florin, most delicately etched in one corner of the paper.

"Who is the artist here, Miss Dalton?" he asked presently, holding it up.

Ethel glanced at it, and started, then, after a slight hesitation, "I did that."

"You?" I exclaimed; "why, you have hidden your light under a bushel. I had no idea that you were capable of such work. It is wonderful!"

"You see, you don't know everything, Cis," laughed Chalmers; "I'll be bound Miss Dalton had some good reason for concealing such a gift, for young ladies are not so reticent generally."

I was somewhat surprised at his words, and, on looking at Ethel, saw her flush crimson. She rose, took the drawing from us, and thrust it away beneath a pile of music; then turning, bowed coldly to Chalmers, and wished him good-night. To me she held out her hand, and for the first time I perceived upon her lovely rounded arm a deep crimson mark, as if the heavy gold bangle she wore had been pressed roughly into it. My heart swelled with pity and indignation, for I knew that her brother's grasp had hurt her, and it was with difficulty that I restrained my rage and disgust sufficiently to allow me to part with her calmly. As to Chalmers, I could willingly have cursed him for being present, for I longed for a few last words with my darling.

It was after this that Chalmers gave up shooting, and took to long rambles with his sketch-book. I placed a pony at his disposal, and for a week he disappeared every day until dinner-time. He seldom showed us any results of his outings, but gave us to understand that he had Miss Dalton's permission to sketch the Priory for a picture in a magazine in which he was interested. I greatly envied him. I was so desperately in love with Ethel that I was inclined to be jealous of any one who approached her.

But I saw a good deal of her at the time, for scarcely an evening passed that we did not meet either at the Priory or at my house; and I regret to say that a considerable part of my spare cash found its way into the pockets of the Daltons, pere et fils.

It was after a hot night at cards that we sat in my billiard-room smoking.

I was lost in thought, for we had dined at the Priory, and later on Ethel and I had stolen out into the garden; and there, after a long argument and much persuasion, she had at last consented to fly with me. I myself could not see the necessity for so much secrecy, but she had overruled my objections.

I was aroused by a remark from Manvers, the reverse of complimentary to our late host.

"I can't get it out of my head," said he, "that Jim Dalton is the man I saw convicted of forgery in Australia."

"You mean Benben Taylor," quietly put in Chalmers from a cloud of tobacco; "there certainly is a resemblance."

"What nonsense?" I exclaimed shortly.

"Certainly there seems to be plenty of money now, but I believe they are nothing but a set of sharpers," said Jack.

He had dropped a considerable sum at cards, and was evidently not in the best of tempers.

"If that is your opinion," I began hastily, quite forgetting that after all he was but endorsing my own ideas about them when at Wiesbaden, "it is a pity you accept their hospitality."

"Now, you boys, don't quarrel," said Chalmers; "they're not worth it. I could tell you some curious things about them, if I chose; however, it will all come out very soon."

"What on earth do you mean?" I exclaimed, my temper getting the better of my discretion. "And now I am on the subject, Chalmers; may I ask you why you carry Miss Dalton's portrait about with you?"

Chalmers seemed somewhat surprised, then a slow smile crept over his keen face.

"So I was not mistaken. You discovered that fact the night you found my note-case in the billiard-room."

"I did," I cried hotly; "it fell out by accident. I insist upon knowing why you have it."

He made no reply, but went on quietly rolling up a cigarette, and his calmness seemed to inflame my temper to boiling pitch.

Presently he said,—"May I ask what right you insist upon knowing this?"

"Because very shortly Miss Dalton will be my wife."

"Good God!" broke from both men simultaneously. The cigarette fell from Chalmers' fingers, while Jack stared at my senses. A silence fell upon us. Then a horrible fear, a nameless, intangible sense of dread seemed to clutch me. I staggered forward, and seizing Derrick's arm, gasped out,—"For God's sake tell me, what is it? You know if there is anything wrong. Tell me the truth, or by the heaven above us I'll make you!"

"I can tell you nothing now; but to-morrow, yes, to-morrow night you shall know all."

I laughed to scorn the idea of waiting till to-morrow. I felt that long before that time I should be a raving lunatic; but in vain I pleaded, I stormed, I threatened. Chalmers was immovable.

Jack got me away at last, and I spent the few hours before daylight in pacing up and down my room, maddened by conflicting doubts and fears, tortured by vain conjectures as terrible as I found the reality.

[To be continued.]

A reporter for Haycreck Prairiefire witnessed a fine burst of speed the other day while returning from the funeral of the wife of our estimable fellow townsman, Judge Jaybird. Sandy Harrigan, the driver of the hearse, attempted to throw a little dust on the Judge, when the afflicted and grief-stricken widower pulled out in the ditch with his fine bay horse, Three Spot, and easily passed the outfit shooting and affying.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

Annual Subscription \$1.50. Single Copies 3 Cents.

THE GAZETTE'S PLATFORM:

Below are enumerated some of the weekly features of the Gazette. It will not be possible to open up all the departments in the first issue but those omitted this week will appear next.

The Saturday Gazette will differ materially from existing publications in the lower provinces, and will endeavour to fill a field long vacant. It will be a paper for the family, and will be conducted with the aim to make it a welcome visitor in every home.

Stories, short and continued, will be provided in each issue and care will be taken, in making selections, to obtain the productions of authors already known to fame, and whose works all will appreciate.

Women and Women's Work, will be dealt with by contributors who understand what women like to know and most want to learn. The household, the fashions, and the progress of womankind in the arts, professions and employments, besides the many different phases the woman question assumes will be discussed from week to week by intelligent writers. Society gossip from various points will be a weekly feature.

The Saturday Gazette will not be a newspaper, in the generally accepted sense, but this will not preclude the discussion of important local and general matters in its columns. Indeed the great aim of The Gazette will be to deal candidly with all questions, in which the people among whom it circulates are concerned. Neither fear of, nor favor for interested ones, will prevent the exposure of any sham, be it either in religious, social or political life. The greatest good to the greatest number, will always be our motto.

In dealing with Political Questions, The Gazette will have nothing to do with political parties. Believing that there are often times when both parties are right, while at others, from a national standpoint, both are wrong; and holding that the length to which party warfare is sometimes carried in Canada, by politicians and journalists, is detrimental to the best interests of the country The Gazette will endeavour to consider all important questions in the light of their effect on the country at large, rather than the ground usually taken, their effect on one or the other political party. Honest government at Ottawa, greater economy and less senseless bickering among Provincial legislators, the simplification and cheapening of Provincial legislation generally, and the union of the Maritime Provinces will be the chief planks of The Gazette's political platform.

Literary, Theatrical and Sporting Matters will be dealt with by competent writers, and the latest news and gossip under these heads will be found in every number. Members of the various Secret Societies will find items of especial interest to them in the columns of The Gazette, from time to time.

In short the Saturday Gazette will be a weekly journal for men and women containing the things they most want to know, written in a breezy, intelligent manner by the best writers on and off the press of the Maritime Provinces and elsewhere. Honest criticism of all things will be the Gazette's king post.

As its name implies the Saturday Gazette will be published every Saturday Morning, and will be on sale at 3 cents a copy, by all news dealers in the Maritime Provinces, as soon after publication as fast railroad express trains and steamboats can get it to the different points.

The subscription prices will be \$1.50 per annum in advance, and may be sent to the undersigned.

JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Manager.

THE ST. JOHN. N. B. MAY 7, 1887.

MISS CROCKER'S TROUSSEAU.

Some Weddings of a Fifty-Minute Bride.

(Work World.)

If a trousseau almost fabulous richness, wedding presents, to compute the value of which required several naughts added to first figure, and a fiancée who is pearly devoted, will make a happy bride, it is not surprising to find in the person of Miss Harriet V. Crocker, the bride of Mr. Charles B. Alexander, in this city, in Grace Church, San Francisco, the bride is of medium height, slender but well formed, light hair peculiarly fine texture and a face pure and winning rather than handsome. Her eyes are large and expressive, blue in color. She is between twenty-six and twenty-seven years of age, her father is, as every one knows, Mr. John Crocker, the \$50,000,000 railroad magnate, broker and merchant. Mr. Crocker, it is said, has brought up his daughter in a very sensible way, and that young lady cannot only manage in her household, but can, necessary, descend to the duties which the chief reigns and give practical illustrations of his mystic art. She is very charitable, too, and both she and her mother largely support several charitable institutions. The kindergarten is the best known of these and runs nearly three hundred pupils.

But the fine eyes which scan this column are sing all this and searching for the trousseau. It was furnished by White, Hill & Co., and in elegance of design and richness of material surpassing anything in New York for years. The wedding dress is of heavy white satin with lustrous train, bordered with flounces of point de Venise lace, under which peep a light feathery fringe of silk. At intervals these flounces are edged with graceful trailing vines of orange blossoms. The front is covered with blossoms of the same lace arranged in broad manner, and each one headed by staid bands of silver and crystal ornamentation. From beneath the floor gleam the same light fringe of silk corresponding with that on the train, the sides are joints of lace, festooned with trailing vines and clusters of orange blossoms. The corsage is cut open, displaying masses of rich lace, and a grid of orange blossoms extends from right shoulder diagonally to the left. A peculiarly pretty and quaint effect is produced by a slight puffing of the dress.

Her travel dress is of fine gray camel's hair soft and neutral shade. The skirt is of wide broad, lengthwise plaits, fully embroidered and caught with a galloon. The bodice is in Louis style, with silver vest and broad cuffs. To match this is a graceful tulle, with Capuchin hood at the band the long scarf ends in front knotted waist.

Another coat well worthy of description is of shades of mauve. The side panels of delicate gauze, embroidered in the bottom of the petticoat is cut in soft, edged with a light tracery silver embroidery. Beneath this soft plaiting of tulle. The front is of silver and crystal embroidery. Sleeves are decidedly novel, consist of embroidered gauze attached to the shoulder in such a manner that they look like an immense butterfly.

Another, a very costume, is of two shades of gray petticoat made of steel-gray bang, with a narrow stripe of pearl satin. It is arranged in broad plaits sloping toward the front and draped up high the hips. The back is brought up flat plain. The jacket is of Louis XVI. style, of plain steel-gray bangaline, with vest of pearl-gray satin caught in waist with a broad sash of black de chine, which fastens on one terminating in fringed ends. Thear and cuffs are a la mosquetiere, white, finely cut steel buttons.

Still another costume has a fringe of heavy silk extending from the waist to bottom of the skirt of faille France. The polonaise waist is arranged in plaits which extend to network away white silk cord. The revers are edged with beautifully cut jet buttons. The back draperies are very effective, forming black and white bonnet covers with this costume; also a pair of heavy white silk covered with flannel-embroidered black lace with an edge of the same. The handle is a mass of carved ebony, inlaid with silver.

Another feature of the trousseau is the bonnet. The one for one of these is seen on a Gressine in Paris. The material is white gauze with small train. Mecllin falls in cascades from the throat feet. The angel sleeves are so voluminous that they touch the floor, and are lined with tiny bows of white moire, only partially conceal the arm. The half-moon drapery is thrown over the head, rendering the illusion complete. The bonnet is mentioned in the papers. There were nearly twenty. The half-moon mourning chapeau is fully preserved throughout, as others were completely changed after the death of the bride's sister-in-law.

The groom is a well-known member of the Union and Yacht clubs, and is junior partner in a law firm of Alexander & Green. The bride's presents are said to eclipse anything ever seen in this country. Her trousseau is valued at \$100,000 and a handsome diamond necklace is to be the home of the young couple after their return from abroad.

FREE TRADE.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefited the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with Green's Anker-Pain-Expeller, and Bosche's German Syrup, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-half more medicine in the 75 cent size.

The Anker-Pain-Expeller for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the German Syrup for Cough and Lung troubles, have, perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

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SOLD ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN. 169 Union Street. 169. We have in Stock a full line of Tinware, Lamps, Burners, Chimneys, Oil Stoves, Trays, etc. etc. Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere. McROBERTS & CRAWFORD. 169 UNION STREET.

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1887. Harper's Bazar. (ILLUSTRATED).

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PUBLICATIONS. THE CENTURY For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching, and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in THE LIFE OF LINCOLN, BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARIES, JOHN G. NICOLAY AND COL. JOSEPH RAY.

THE WAR SERIES.

which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Lomestret, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. General O. O. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gilless, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Handmaid Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady or the Lioness," etc., begins in November. The novel by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Root, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors, will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on Affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons, papers on the Food Question, with reference to the bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Gaiety, Spirituality, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., editor of the Christian Advocate; astronomical papers, articles throwing light on Bible History, etc.

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GRIP!

CANADA'S COMIC JOURNAL. Announcement for the Coming Year. GRIP is now so well known as to require very little of either description or praise. It is THE ONLY CARTOON PAPER IN CANADA of similar kind in the United States. In addition to being strictly a serial when they refer to politics, are always a source of patriotism and morality. The late improvements are universally admired. The Journal is enlarged to sixteen pages, and is printed upon heavy toned and well-calendered paper. This gives both the engravings and the letterpress a beautiful appearance. And, notwithstanding this enlargement and improvement, the price of GRIP is ONLY \$2 A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CTS. (the price is commended when but a four-page sheet.) GRIP! PLATFORM: Humor Without Volgarity; Wit Without Partisanship; Truth Without Temper.

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RAILROADS. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1886-WINTER ARRANGEMENT.—1887. On and after MONDAY, November 22nd, 1886, the train of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: Trains will Leave St. John. Day Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 11:30 a.m.; Express from Halifax & Quebec, 4:35 p.m.; Express for Halifax & Quebec, 6:10 p.m.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec, 7:00 a.m.; Express from St. John, 8:35 a.m.; Accommodation, 1:30 p.m.; Day Express, 7:30 p.m. All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. Railway Offices, Moncton, N. B., November 17th, 1886.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

ARRIVAL AT ST. JOHN. 8:40 A. M.—Express for Bangor and points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Quebec, etc. 1:45 P. M.—For Fredericton and intermediate points. 8:30 P. M.—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor and points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Fredericton, etc. 10:00 A. M.—From Fredericton and intermediate points. 1:10 P. M.—From Bangor and points West, and from Fredericton, St. Andrew, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Quebec, etc. and Edmundston. 10:00 A. M.—From Fredericton and intermediate points. 1:10 P. M.—From Bangor and points West, and from Fredericton, St. Andrew, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and Presburg, etc. LEAVE CARLETON. 8:25 A. M.—For Fairville, and for Bangor and points West, Saint Andrew, Saint Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and Fredericton. 8:30 P. M.—For Fairville, and for Fredericton and intermediate points. ARRIVE AT CARLETON. 10:10 A. M.—From Fairville and Fredericton. 4:30 P. M.—From Fairville. D. D. McLEOD, F. W. GRAM, Supt. Southern Division. Gen. Manager. J. P. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. St. John, N. B., Oct. 29, 1886.

Grand Southern Railway. ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, Feb. 5, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows: LEAVE ST. JOHN at 2:00 p.m., and Carleton at 2:25 p.m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 5:15 p.m., St. Stephen at 4:15 p.m. LEAVE St. Stephen at 7:30 a.m., St. George at 9:00 a.m., arriving in Carleton at 1:10 p.m., St. John at 1:15 p.m. Freight trains will be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 10 a.m. Expresses will be received and delivered at Montreal's Water Street, where a truckman will be in attendance. J. N. GREENE, Passenger. F. W. HOLT, Superintendent.

STEAMERS.

Intercontinental. On and after SATURDAY, Nov. 22nd, 1886, the train of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: Trains will Leave St. John. Day Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 11:30 a.m.; Express from Halifax & Quebec, 4:35 p.m.; Express for Halifax & Quebec, 6:10 p.m.

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PRINCESS GALITZIN NO. 4. She was Won at the Gaming Table by the Much-Married Nobleman.

(Chester Tribune.) Prince Serge Galitzin, they say, is to be married again. This will be his fourth wife, and the other three are all living. What a picturesque race Prince Serge is! Though I don't know that he is any worse than plenty other Russian noble men, including grand dukes. Prince Serge, indeed, comes of an ancient and noble family, not very distantly allied to royalty. He is also, or was, enormously rich. His first wife was a Bohemian peer's daughter. He heard her in a saloon at Moscow, took a fancy to her pretty face and married her. She was pretty certainly, and sang fairly well. But she was of peasant birth, ignorant and of questionable occupation, though there are some honest girls among saloon primo donne. Still, I fancy she was the better of the two. After a time Prince Serge got tired of her and wanted a divorce. He couldn't bring anything against her, however, to entitle him to do so, and she declined to kick over the matrimonial traces to oblige him. So he determined to drive her to get a divorce from him. This he did by bringing a notorious woman into the house and behaving towards her in the grossest manner under the very eyes of his wife. As a result she got a divorce from him, the Russian court decreeing that she should retain the title of Princess Galitzin, together with the princely Galitzin jewels, and the great Galitzin palace at Moscow, and that he should not marry again. The Princess is still living at Moscow with her children in wealth and honor. But in defiance of the decree, Prince Serge went right on and got married again, this time to a French lady. Of course the marriage was not legal, but that didn't matter. He stuck to her a year and then got tired, and forced her also to divorce him. But he had to pay for this divorce, too, the court decreeing her an indemnity of \$700,000, which she got and on which she is now living a merry life here in Paris. A month or so later Prince Serge picked up Miss No. 3 at Monte Carlo. He went to Italy with her in the winter and in the summer took her to some of his Russian estates in the Toula district. But time has staled even her attractions, and they say he is going to make her divorce him so that he can get a fourth wife. No. 4, by the way, he also got at Monte Carlo. He was in the gambling salon there with another Russian Prince of similar proclivities. They noticed a handsome woman at the other side of the table. "I would like to marry her," remarked Serge. "So would I," replied his comrade. "Well," said Serge, "let us decide which of us shall have her. Let us begin with 10,000 rubles and play for half an hour, and the one who at the end of that time has the most money shall marry her." "Agreed," said the other, "but let us call her around here to watch the play." This was done and they set to work. Both lost steadily, but Prince Serge didn't lose as rapidly as his comrade. At the end of the half hour Serge had nearly two-thirds of his money left, while his friend was almost entirely "cleaned out." The lady accepted the conditions of the contest, and will presently, no doubt, figure as the nominal Princess Serge Galitzin No. 4.

SIR JOHN KILLAIN. A Bit of Autobiography.

"A mountain harebell with a heart of fire." Oliver Wendell Holmes gives the Air May a very interesting account which he paid to Tompkinson. He saw the poet to the best of his own trees and walks in his domain. "I am sorry," I do not ask Tompkinson one of his own lines to the poet himself. The poet laureate that he does so his voice and years of his dominion.

was too frightened to answer, but the President evidently thought he was not any imposter, for, turning to his mother, he said emphatically, "Madam, it is your duty to bring this boy up to the profession." (Cheers.) Following this advice he was at once placed with Mr. Sass, in Bloomsbury, but Mr. Sass was unfortunately ill, and he must say he got little or no instruction from him. But he was placed among companions who were older than himself, some very clever draughtsmen among the number, and he improved by looking at their work and obtaining their criticism upon his own work. He could not so strongly insist upon the advantage students might be to learn one another. At Mr. Sass's he worked hard, very hard for so young a boy, and made great progress. From that school he went into the Royal Academy as a probationer, and after passing a qualifying examination he became a student. As the youngest student, he remembered one duty in connection with those early days. He was told off by the other students daily to obtain their luncheons for them (laughter). He had to collect from forty to fifty pence from his companions and go with that hoard to a night-bouring baker's and purchase as many buns (laughter). He had an eye to business even in those days, for he got a commission upon the transaction (laughter). He always got a bun for himself gratis (laughter and cheers), and the good-natured baker gave him his best bun—a bath bun, value 2d. In the very first year of his studentship he entered for a prize, a medal given for the best drawing in the antique, and failed by one vote, so that he could thoroughly sympathize with those students who were not taking prizes that night. The next year he again tried, and to his joy and astonishment he won one of three prizes. Since then he has tried for many medals, and he hopes they would not think it immodest in him to say that he had always won them, because it was a simple fact. (Cheers.)

Literary Digest.

Mr. George H. Egbert, the Palau, India poet and dramatist, has a carpenter's shop in his house (the house so often mentioned in Bayard Taylor's correspondence) and spends his leisure in fashioning poems in oak, ash and other wood.

An Index to the Works of Shakespeare, now in the press of D. Appleton & Co., is looked for with much interest. This book will contain brief histories of Shakespeare's plays, and supply numerous references to notable passages. Obscure phrases and obsolete words are explained as far as possible.

Mrs. Langtry often tells her friends about her first meeting with Joaquin Miller. A reception was being given in her honor at London, and in the midst of the entertainment the poet of the Sierras arrayed in a red flannel shirt and top boots. He walked forward and stroked a pocketful of rose leaves on the floor before the beauty.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt withdraws, as special partner, from the Putnam publishing firm. His place will be taken by Mr. Walter Howe. Mr. Joseph G. Cupples, likewise retires from the firm of Cupples, Upham & Co., leaving Charles L. Danrell and Henry M. Upham to continue the business. The new firm will be known as Danrell and Upham.

If Charlotte Bronte has steadfast worshippers of the Swinburne type, her sister Emily, with the retiring, modest and impassioned does not lack men and women to sing her praises. H. C. Irwin in the London Spectator publishes a fine sonnet to her memory, describing her in one line as

"A mountain harebell with a heart of fire."

Oliver Wendell Holmes gives the Air May a very interesting account which he paid to Tompkinson. He saw the poet to the best of his own trees and walks in his domain. "I am sorry," I do not ask Tompkinson one of his own lines to the poet himself. The poet laureate that he does so his voice and years of his dominion.

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THE IDEAL MAGAZINE For young people is what the people call St. Nicholas. You know about it—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful! If there are any boys or girls in your house, will you not try a number of it for a year, and see if it isn't just the pleasant one used in the household? The London Times has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Here are some leading features of

ST. NICHOLAS For 1886-87.

Stories by Louis M. Alcott and Frank R. Stockton—several by each author. A short Great Story by Mrs. Burdett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of St. Nicholas. War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Bullard, the Confederate hero, and Gen. Sherman, the Federal General, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic conflicts in which the bravest of our boys and girls took part.

The Social Stories include "Guns and Shells," an admirably written story of "Merrill's Boys," by Frances Courtenay Taylor, author of "On Both Sides," also, "Jenny's Boarding House," by Jack Little, a story of life in a great city. "The Boy's Club," by George B. Sargent, with illustrations, will be a most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic conflicts in which the bravest of our boys and girls took part.

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