

Fredericton Globe

VOL. III.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

No. 24

Professional Cards.

H. D. CURRIE, D. D. S., Surgeon Dentist, 164 Queen St.

BLACK, JORDAN & BLISS, Barristers, Notaries, &c. SOLICITORS BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Money Loaned on Real Estate at lowest current Rates.

JAS. T. SHARKEY, Barrister & Attorney, FREDERICTON, N. B.

C. E. DUFFY, Barrister-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES: West Side of Carleton St., Second Door from Upper St.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE. Best English, American and Canadian Companies.

APPLY AT OFFICE OF JAS. T. SHARKEY.

FREDERICTON, N. B., April 5.

T. AMOS WILSON, BOOKBINDER

—AND— Paper Ruler.

Cor. Queen and Regent Sts.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Dec. 27.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R.Y. NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. In Effect May 23rd, 1892.

DEPARTURES.

7.10 A.M. EXPRESS for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Grand Falls, Woodstock and points North.

10.00 A.M. ACCOMMODATION for Fredericton, St. John and points East.

4.20 P.M. ACCOMMODATION for Fredericton, St. John and points East, also with Night Express for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and Saturdays excepted, with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, the West North West and Pacific Coast.

ARRIVALS.

9.25 a.m. from St. John, etc. 12.55 p.m. from St. John, Bangor, Montreal, etc.

6.40 p.m. from St. John, St. Stephen, Presque Isle, Woodstock, etc.

6.50 A.M. MIXED, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.

4.00 p.m. from Woodstock and points North.

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New Advertisements.

Watch Out

For something interesting in This Space next week. You can learn how to get Something for Nothing. This week we begin to sell all kinds of Carpets at a Reduction to make room for Fall Goods. Good Bargains may be expected.

JUST RECEIVED!

A Lot of Children's Carriages coming in late will be sold cheap to clear them out. 25 more suites parlor frames daily expected. Just think of it! You can buy a Parlor Suite in Walnut Frames for \$27.50. Have you seen our hand made Chamber Suites, complete and all mounted on castors, for only \$19.50? It is a marvel of cheapness. We are getting them by the dozen and they are going out like hot cakes.

J. G. McNally.

150 QUEEN STREET. ESTABLISHED, 1842. 150 QUEEN STREET.

JAMES R. HOWIE, PRACTICAL TAILOR.

Has a Splendid Stock of Impored and Native Cloths.

This Season and Cases are arriving daily. Counters and shelves and Windows are fitted with the latest styles of glass. Also a full line of Carpets, Oilcloths, Linoleum, and Treadings of every style.

A SPECIAL NOVELTY.

In Promotions of French Make, and a splendidly finished silk mixture, soft and fine, and smooth as satin. It comes in beautiful designs, a fine selection of which can be seen on the counters. SPINNING AND SHIRTING OF EXTRA FINES. These are specially good value and style this year, and now is the time to have them made up. MY READY MADE CLOTHING is all it should be, and my easy trimmings are everything daily. Come and see the makes and prices, they will astonish you.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Is a model line with me this Spring. My boys' suits are BEAUTIFUL, and which should be commended to all school-boys. But seriously, every suit is stylish, durable, and cheap. Styles in summer suits are very rapid, and my boys' suits are really beautiful, choice and cheap. MY OLD STAND, 150 QUEEN STREET.

FREDERICTON, N. B., April 5.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY!

IS MARKED T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE.

CHOICE CAR. CO., Cheese, Fresh Candy Herring.

FOR SALE LOW.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

SAVE Your Dollars

We are selling Boots and Shoes Cheaper than ever before offered in this city. You can judge for yourself by seeing our stock and prices.

Our expenses are small and We Sell for Small Profits. TERMS CASH.

Men's Long Boots Wholesale and Retail at

N. HARRIS'S Cor. York & King Sts. Repairing Promptly Done.

MISS WILLIAMS, Milliner.

Feathers, Flowers, Laces Trimmings, etc.

All the Latest Spring BONNETS MADE TO ORDER

228 QUEEN STREET.

A GLENGARRY MIRACLE

MR. JAMES SANDS' WONDERFUL RESTORATION TO HEALTH.

After Three Years of Paralysis, Incapacity, Blindness, and Deafness, He Tells the Tale of His Recovery and Renewed Health in the World-Famous 'The Free Press'.

The town of Alexandria, some 55 miles south of the city of Ottawa, on the Canada Atlantic Railway, has been completely annihilated, recently, at the marvellous experience of a young man, who, after having been bedridden for nearly twelve months, and his case pronounced incurable by Montreal and Alexandria doctors, is now restored to complete health and strength.

James Sands is a young tanner, well-known and extremely popular throughout the country-side, and his illness and wonderful recovery have been indeed still more the chief topics in the town and neighborhood. The story of his marvellous cure having reached Ottawa, a member of the Free Press staff, journeyed to Alexandria and sought out Mr. Sands for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the statements made regarding his recovery. Mr. Sands is a slimly built, but wiry-looking young man of about 32 years of age, and when met by the newspaper man the bloom of health was on his cheek and his whole frame showed signs of unimpaired vigor and vitality.

The newspaper man told Mr. Sands the object of his visit, and the latter expressed his surprise to find all the facts connected with his case.

"I was," said Mr. Sands, "a complete wreck, given up by the doctors, but now I am well and strong again, and putting strength every day. I was born in Lancaster in 1860, and up to three years ago I was always healthy and strong, living in the open air and being well-known throughout the whole county of Glengarry. It was in the winter of 1888-89 that I first felt signs of incipient paralysis. I was then contractor for the road and door factory here, and had been exposed to all kinds of weather. I then experienced violent twinges in my right hand. I was in Cornwall that winter, and the first stroke fell, and I remained there for three days before I knew anybody at all. A medical man was called in, but he could do nothing for me. After that I came home and appeared to get all right for a time, but after a few days the twinges began again, my hand continuing the twinges and cramping that had preceded the stroke. Up to twelve months ago these twinges were the only symptoms I suffered from. The twinges ceased, when I was in Huntington village I sustained a second stroke, and remained unconscious for about seven hours. A doctor attended and I recovered sufficiently to be brought home. After my return home the paralysis steadily gained on me, and I lost the use of my right arm and leg, and my right eye was completely paralyzed and my tongue partly paralyzed. I was prescribed for by an Alexandria physician, whose treatment I carefully followed, but it had no effect. I still got steadily worse, and about a month before Christmas last, I went to the English Hospital at Montreal. Prof. Stewart all the doctors' own around me, and as mine was a curious case, and the professor treated me. All the doctors could give me no satisfaction, and did not appear to understand my case. I questioned the muscles of my arm and leg became invigorated and stronger, and I was able to sit up. I still continued taking the pills, and my strength, until at last I was able to go about, and finally to return to my old place at the sack and door factory. I gave up the pills for a while, and did not feel so well, so I again began their use. I now feel as well as ever, though perhaps not quite so strong as formerly. You can see my right arm, which was withered, is now all right," and Mr. Sands stretched out a muscular limb, which would have done credit to a blacksmith. In reply to the reporter Mr. Sands said he thought his trouble had been brought on through exposure to the weather. "I am completely satisfied," said he, "that it is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I owe my wonderful restoration. Besides the medical treatment, I had tried electricity and patent medicines, both internal and external, but without the slightest avail. After beginning Pink Pills I began to mend, and they have made a new man of me."

The newspaper man then called on Messrs. Ostrom, Dorr, & Co., widely known druggists, and interviewed their representative, Mr. Smith, as to his knowledge of the case. Mr. Smith was fully conversant with the facts, and vouched for the story told by Mr. Sands, and said that his experience has led him to handle a remedy that sold so well, or gave such general satisfaction to those using them, as everywhere glowing reports are heard of the excellent results following their use. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense that is understood. They are the result of years of experience and careful investigation. They are not a purgative medicine, but act directly upon the blood and nerves, supplying those constituents required

to enrich the former and stimulate the latter. For all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, or shattered nerves, they are an unending remedy. Such diseases as these speedily yield to their treatment. Ecomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervous prostration, nervous headache, dyspepsia, chronic, erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, correcting irregularities, and restoring the functions, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from overwork, mental worry or excesses of any nature. In fact, it may be said of them "They come as a boon and a blessing to men, restoring to health, life and vigor again."

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and subsequently, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen and hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

JINGLES OF BUENOS.

A Little Nonsense Gathered for Leisure Reading.

"My rich uncle has got the ship's fall" said a young Gaiety. "He is going up next week. I am his heir" and I think they will be money in the hairpin."

Said Days. First Lobster—Well, what are you going to do now? Second Lobster—Get dressed for dinner. The worm that feeds on steel has been discovered by a Belgian scientist. He is probably a cousin of the late microscope.

Ma. Trotter—Oh Henry, He throw away that cigar. It is something awful. (After a pause.) Do you know that Mrs. Barlow saves money for her husband by buying his cigars?

Trotter (grimly)—I thought as much; this is a cigar that Barlow gave me.

It is said that Ward McAllister spent a great deal of time deliberating whether to call his book "Society as I Found it," or "Society as I Foundled it."

Willie—I can't come out, Dolph. Ma says I must stay in all the afternoon.

Dolph—Why don't you sit in the chair that squeaks and wiggles. She will send you out quick enough then.

Willie (sneezing)—Now we've milked the cow, what'll we do? Pop'll be awful mad.

James (to the occasion)—Well, drive her down to the pond and fill her up with water.

It is sometimes easier for a man to complete a course of pleasure than it is for him to make things square afterwards.

In early days the schoolmaster "boarded around" himself, but he shingled the boys.

"My son," said Rev. Stiggins, don't let me hear you say poverty."

"Because, my boy, poverty is a curse,"

Hubbard—So they evidently think it is. I never takes the devil very long to find a wife.—Oh, what have they done? Hubbard—Made a canon of him!

Grains of Wisdom.

God's side of every question is the side the devil doesn't want us to take.

Keep a watch on the water, but it costs something for the pitcher.

The man who will not be honest with God is not worthy of trust anywhere.

I never takes the devil very long to find a wife that will suit the man who isn't busy.

The devil never has much trouble with people who get for a husband.

Pastoral visitation ought to mean something more than eating chicken and talking politics.

A milk would rather hear himself bray than to be a brass band with two brass drums in it.—Kam's Horn.

For Female Weakness

Mr. T. Steadman, Robellton, writes:—"My daughter had been attended by four physicians for female weakness, without avail. A course of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her." Of all dealers or by mail at 50c a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y.

Fashionable Fancies.

Yellow and violet are rival colors. Gray crape plastron and ruffles upon black gowns indicate half mourning.

Around the coil of back hair is worn a hoop of twisted tortoise shell.

Silk linings of a contrasting color are the rule for evening wrap.

The popularity of the long Glendove wanes not. Those in wood color are especially desirable.

Linon driving-coats are long, double-breasted, have at least three pockets, are fastened by large smoked pearl buttons, and the fullness at the waist lined in the back is confined by a belt.

It is predicted that the autumn street gowns will be short of even length all round. The sweeper is no longer de rigueur.

Young ladies don large straw hats adorned with white feathers, lace and satin ribbon and war off the wind with deep veils of white net.

The smoker who has not yet tried the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco has a new pleasure before him in the use of "the weed." An investment of twenty-five cents will furnish him with the means of giving it a fair test. Let us advise him to make the experiment, he will find the tobacco to be all that its thousands of friends claim for it, and they are far from being in their praise.

AGRICULTURE

Notes and Suggestions of Practical Utility

FOR THE FARM, FIELD, GARDEN AND DAIRY.

Cleanings of Interest for Our Country Readers.

Only the best really pays. All fowls like a quiet nest. Onions are good for poultry.

Always read instructive books. Sheep should never be worried. Don't let your millet get too ripe. Feeding racks should be movable. A variety of stock prevents waste. Vines make nice home decorations. The progressive farmer takes the paper. Look well to saving seed for next year. Hilling up is good only in wet weather. A good pasture saves grain feed for hogs. Profit is in growth rather than in fattening. Women in the dairy for cleanliness. Too many people eat hay instead of grass. There is no gain in close-cropping pastures. The strength of the fence is its weakest place. Hot as well as wet days are hard on sheep. Butter-milk is said to cure scratches on horses. If you would have the best, breed from the best. Shallow, not deep, culture is the order of the day. Grow no solonchaks or limbs where not needed. There is health and happiness in a good garden. Fatten old animals on grass rather than on grain. The cleanest and best oiled machine runs lightest. Every farmer should know something of chemistry. A heavy crop of book-worms makes a good mulch. Cooked foods are generally best for young chicks. Confinement is less taxing in winter than in summer. Boxes are good in the water in which hands are washed. Study the individual characteristics of your animals. Robbing future generations is an unparadisiacal sin. Make your skimmed milk into curd for your poultry. Trees will grow where you can't grow anything else. Save all the little conveniences you can for next year. Without a variety of stock there is more or less waste. Vegetarian animals are longer lived than carnivorous ones. Cultivate as soon as the soil begins to break up. Four feet is long enough for blackberry and raspberry canes. No matter how hard your work pays you, it is worth a raise. Watch each individual animal and rear the food accordingly. All animals are benefited by contact with the clean earth. One day's rest in the bundle saves waste when they are laid. A little ploughed ground is good for the hens to scratch in. Look to the young animals that which will most promote their growth. Feed to the young as well as the nutritive value of the ration. The interest in an article should be proportional to its length. The strong breed, strong feed and poor shelter will ensure failure. Whole wheat cleaned in a sweet mill makes a very complete food. Buckwheat kills weeds, shades the ground and side irrigation. The success of the creamery industry of the patrons is first considered. Business, as well as capital, accumulates in the hands of fewer and fewer. Nature is quite feasible, but she rejects on the observance of her laws. High prices make poor stock unprofitable, as costs as much as good. Use all-docked lines freely about your poultry house and your stable. Animals lay on fat faster in cool weather than when it is either hot or cold. Don't content yourself with being an imitator; the monkey can do that. Put on your farm rather than take off important elements of fertilization. If we have debts for the future to pay, we must leave an equivalent of assets. There is in the poultry business what you get out of it, and no more—for you. Plants do not need irrigation every day. Once a week is often enough for a swim. When you do a thing have some sort of an understanding of what you do it for. In dry seasons and on dry land level caltrops of blue crops give the best results. A liberal education may be obtained by devoting spare moments to useful reading. It is pleasant to have a surplus of choice garden seeds to share with your neighbors. Dry earth is good for the bottom of a hen house, but they need dry dust to wallow in.

It is best to wash or thoroughly wipe fruit before eating it. Disease germs may collect on its surface.

A stack made with a top roof-shaped can be easily covered by boards laying over each other and fastened by wires.

Water fowls do well on water, yet they need more substantial food than water to make them do well on water.

The "back farmer" knows more than is in the books, but "the other fellow" does not know as much as he thinks he does.

THE PIG PEN.

A Pig Pen Costing Over \$3,000.

Probably the most expensive pig pen ever made was recently completed at the "Harmonville" Community, at Economy, Pa. The cost of the pen or nursery, up to date, is \$3,000. It is constructed not only on sanitary principles, but with special regard to "comfort of cash and every porker which finds a place within its walls. It is heated by two large stoves, and the entire pen is covered with a glass roof with proper ventilators. The eating room is separated from the rest of the pen, and everything is kept scrupulously clean by two attendants, whose sole duty it is to take care of the pigs, and look after the heating and ventilating of the building. At present the pen contains 500 or fine young porkers as can be seen anywhere. They seem to thrive in their well kept home, and appear to realize their superiority over newcomers, which they eye with disdain."

Prof. W. W. Cooke finds that pigs do better on slightly soiled milk, containing only lactic acid, than they do on sweet milk. He says the probable reason is found in the fact that when milk sours, the milk sugar is broken up into lactic acid, but this change takes place without any loss of solid matter. One part of milk sugar merely absorbs some water and splits up into two particles of lactic acid. Recent experiments in Germany seem to show conclusively that lactic acid, in common with several other vegetable acids, is digested and has a real feeding value. Therefore lactic acid being in the same quantity as the milk sugar, it is fair to presume that its feeding value would not be much reduced. It is digestive and is able to stand for several days, this lactic acid breaks up into lactic acid and carbonic acid gas, the latter passing off and becoming certainly a dead loss. It could not be said from our experiments that skim-milk could be kept indefinitely and still not lose in feeding value, but it seems probable that there is no loss in feeding value in the first change of souring and lactic acid. As to why the sour skim-milk should have done better than the sweet skim-milk we cannot tell, unless the answer is found in the greater richness with which it was eaten, or unless it is a fact that the acid during the hot weather helps by keeping the digestion of the pigs in a little better condition.

6TH HALF-YEARLY COMPETITION.

The Most Interesting Contest Ever Offered by the Canadian Agriculturist.

One Thousand Dollars in Cash, a pair of Ontario Standard Poultry, Carriage and Harness, and over two thousand other valuable prizes for the Agriculturist's brightest readers! Who will have them! According to the usual custom for some years past the publishers of THE AGRICULTURIST now offer their Sixth Half-Yearly Literary Competition. This grand competition will, undoubtedly, be the most gigantic and successful one ever yet held by the people of the United States and Canada.

One Thousand Dollars in cash will be paid to the person sending in the largest list of English words constructed from letters in the words "The Canadian Agriculturist."

Five Hundred Dollars in cash will be given to the second largest list.

A handsome pair of Standard Poultry, Carriage and Harness, will be given for the third largest list.

Over one thousand additional prizes awarded to our readers. One Grand Piano, \$300 value; \$400 Piano; Dinner Sets; Ladies' Gold Watches; Silver Tea Services; Furniture; Home-bound in cloth; Dickens in 12 volumes, bound in cloth, etc.

As there are more than 1,000 prizes, any one who takes the trouble to prepare an ordinary good list will not fail to receive a valuable prize. This is the biggest thing in the competition line that we have ever placed before the public, and all who do not take part will miss an opportunity of a life time.

Rule—1. A letter cannot be used oftener than it appears in the words "The Canadian Agriculturist." For instance the word "egg" could not be used, as there is but one "g" in the three words. 2. Words having more than one meaning but spelled the same can be used but once. 3. Names of places and persons barred. 4. Errors will not invalidate a list—the wrong words will simply not be counted.

Each list must contain one dollar to pay for the person sending in "The Agriculturist." If two or more list, the largest list which bears the earliest postmark will take the first prize, and the others will receive prizes in order of merit. United States money and stamps taken at par.

The object in offering these magnificent prizes is to introduce our popular magazine to new homes, in every part of the American continent.

Every competitor enclosing 30 cents in Letters extra, will receive free, by mail, post-paid, one to "The Canadian Agriculturist" Elegant Souvenir Spoon of Canada.

Prizes awarded to persons residing in the United States will be shipped from our New York office free of duty. All money letters should be registered.

Our Quarter Competition.—We have given away \$25,000 in prizes during the last two years, and have thousands of letters from prize-winners in every state in the United States of Great Britain and Newfoundland.

Let us receive A. J. C., to the Governor General of Canada, writes: "I shall recommend my friends to enter your competitions."

M. J. Hoadley, Vancouver, B. C., "received \$1,000 in prize and had his receipt for same. A few of the prize winners: Miss J. Fenelon Falls, Ont., \$1,000; H. H. Haines, Symmes, N. Y., \$25; H. Davis, St. Louis, Mo., \$200; Jas. Burns, West Plains, Miss., \$200; Miss Georgia Robertson, Oak St., Brooklyn, N. Y., \$25; T. H. Hills, 239 State St., Bridgeport, Conn., and thousands of others.

A liberal education may be obtained by devoting spare moments to useful reading. It is pleasant to have a surplus of choice garden seeds to share with your neighbors. Dry earth is good for the bottom of a hen house, but they need dry dust to wallow in.

Address all communications to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ontario.

POOR DOCUMENT

LOCAL NEWS.

Jottings on Events that Happen about Town.

The Ebb and Flow of Civic and Suburban Life.

At the Police Court. There were two drunks at the police court yesterday.

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TEA, COFFEE AND SUGAR.

As we make a Specialty on these goods you can rely upon getting the Best Value for Your Money.

We sell a good Tea at 20c. per lb., or 6 lbs. for \$1; a better at 25c. or 5 lbs. for \$1; fine quality at 30c. or 4 lbs. for \$1; best grade, 40c. per lb.

A Good Coffee Fresh Ground at 25 cents per lb. Best Java 35c; Mocha Java 40c; Aloa, Java and Indian Teas. Milk Pans and Butter Crocks at reduced Prices. These prices are for Cash Only.

B. Yerxa & Co.

Second Door Above People's Bank.

EVENTS AROUND US.

happenings of the week throughout the Province.

University opens October 1st. Exhibition, Oct. 5th, 6th, and 7th. The local government met this week.

Mr. J. H. Parsons, Regent street, has just received a fresh lot of oysters. He has fitted up his restaurant in good season, and our fall and winter trade are constantly arriving. Don't put off getting your fall oysters. Our prices are right. Call at Joseph Walker's and see for yourself.

At a meeting of the University Senate this morning, John Davidson, a graduate of Edinburgh, now studying in Germany, was appointed to the professorship of mental and moral philosophy, in the room of Professor Murray, resigned.

The 4th annual excursion of the Star Social Club was held on Thursday evening of this week. It was a most successful one, and the excursionists returned home well satisfied and laden with mementoes.

The three boys, named Rowe, Jarvis and Webb, who were arrested for robbing the cash drawer in Mr. J. J. Waddell's store, were each sentenced to one month in jail.

While Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Randolph were driving down Brunswick street on Monday last, the pole of the carriage dropped, causing a runaway. No serious injuries were done. A large crowd attended the harvest festival and thanksgiving services in the Salvation Army barracks on Sunday and Monday evenings. The hall was very prettily decorated with flowers, fruit, etc.

Mr. T. Wm. Bell of St. John, who with his family has been living in the Kirkham residence during the summer, died Monday night at 11 o'clock, hemiplegic of the lungs. His remains were interred in Forest Hill cemetery.

Frederic men at the Bangor Fair, last week, captured prizes as follows: John H. Reid, first prize on six-year-old stallion Kearsage Chief; first prize on four-year-old stallion Kearsage Jr.; and first prize on two-year-old stallion Invader. Isaac Peabody, three first prizes on Lady Blackman, Kitty B., and Frederick. Zephyr, two years; second on matched pair; second on four-year-old gelding Morris, and first and second on yearling filly Dr. Frank M. Brown, third on three-year-old filly Lela.

Miss Jennie Brown, of Mill Branch, had one day last week an experience that but few live to tell about. All the family except herself being away from home she went out to split up some shingles to make kindling with which to cook her dinner. Not being an expert she missed the shingles and the axe sank into the ground. A terrific report followed, the axe flew in one direction and Miss Jennie in another, while earth, shingles and chips flew in all directions. Miss Brown found herself when she recovered consciousness on the other side of the woodpile, laughing in a hysterical manner. Her arms were bowed full of small perforations as if she had been pricked with a thousand needles; while her lower limbs presented the appearance of a small-pox patient just convalescent. A perforation through dress and corset penetrating into her side from which the blood was flowing freely was found by her friends when they returned. The report was heard some half mile off. It would appear as if the explosive were dynamite, but how did it get into the ground? Miss Jennie is round again almost as brisk as ever.—Richfield Review

On Monday the 19th inst., a Uniformed Rank Knights of Pythias will be organized at Woodstock. The lodge there have issued invitations to the different lodges in the province inviting them to be present. In all probability Fowler division of this city will attend.

A choice lot of fresh confectionery has just been received at the establishment of Mr. W. H. Golden, the leading confectioner in the city. The stock is fresh, the prices are right, and it is the place to buy your goods.

CORBETT VICTORIOUS

Sullivan Put to Sleep in the 21st Round.

The Particulars of the Fight. The Boston Man Fought and Fought by Corbett.

The much talked of fight between J. J. Corbett and John L. Sullivan, took place at the Olympic club, New Orleans, on Wednesday evening and resulted in the defeat of Sullivan. The fight was witnessed by about 5,000 people.

At 9:10 p. m. the men shook hands, the referee called time, and the first round began by Corbett cleverly ducking two blows and dancing around Sullivan. The round ends without a blow being landed.

2nd round—The men close, and Sullivan lands on the nose, while Corbett gets in a vicious right on John's body, a clinch and some sparring. Just as the round ends Corbett lands lightly on Sullivan's stomach.

3rd round—Sullivan misses another right, but lands a light left on the shoulder. Corbett makes a quick rush and plants a hard right on the stomach, putting in his right at the same time. As the round ends Corbett seemed to have the best of the fight.

4th round—Sullivan makes a light left and right. He rushes and Corbett taps him on the nose. Sullivan lands a light left on Corbett's shoulder, but misses a right hand swing.

5th round—Corbett lands on Sullivan's breast. Sullivan misses another right, but lands a light left on the shoulder. Corbett punches the big fellow viciously in the right, landing six vicious blows on his face, nothing but the call of time saving him.

6th round—Sullivan's nose which is cut on the bridge is bleeding, but he has a right hander and is a little more cautious. A clinch and a break away. Corbett lands on John's ear and then gets in on his stomach, and gets away again, his cleverness eliciting most applause. He places another on John's nose just before the call of time.

7th round—Sullivan lands with his left and lands lightly on the shoulder, and Corbett again puts his right on "Red" between the eyes. He then lands on his stomach, which again starts the blood of a very poor boxer.

8th round—Sullivan makes a lunge and misses. Corbett nearly closes John's eyes with a right hander. A clinch and Corbett lands on the wind viciously, followed by one on the jaw and then the right and left on John's head and another on the stomach.

9th round—John lands lightly on Corbett's head and receives in return one on the nose. This is followed by a blow on the nose that again shows the color of Sullivan's cheek.

10th round—Sullivan comes up strong, leads with his left and clinches. Corbett puts his right on the chin, and rushing lands right and left on the nose. He follows with four more jabs on the nose and lands his left on the stomach just before the round closes.

11th round—Corbett misses a left hander but succeeds in hitting Corbett's right eye. In this round he walked around stopping occasionally to plant a jab whenever the opportunity offered.

12th round—Sullivan lands on the shoulder, and again on the neck, and is met with Corbett's left on the nose, which again starts the blood.

13th round—Sullivan lands with his left and gets Corbett's left on the jaw. John misses a straight hand punch and he misses again and gets a left hand jab in the face. This is followed by a blow on the face, and it grows sorer as Corbett lands on his mouth, which is cut. Sparring. Call of time.

14th round—Sullivan is apparently recovering from that awful fifth round and starts at Corbett viciously. He lands on Corbett's neck, but gets a left jab in the mouth, which again starts the blood and Corbett puts the left on Sullivan's wind hand. John misses a right swing, followed by a left hander which lands in him, but it is a fact that he has not landed a good blow on Corbett yet.

The round ends by Corbett punching John's right eye, which again starts the blood and Corbett puts a cut wounding John's right eye.

15th round—John lands and is met by a straight left on the chin. John lands again, but gets Corbett's left and right on the face. Corbett lands his left on the nose, and his right on the wind. Sullivan makes a lunge and misses. Corbett lands another with his left on the chin. Corbett lands twice on the stomach, but misses a terrible right hand swing. He is saving his right end of round.

16th round—John lands a good left on Corbett's ear. Sparring. Sullivan lands one below the belt. Yells of a foul sparring. John lands left on the shoulder and John blowing. Corbett misses a left hand lunge. John is playing for the wind end of round. It ends in Sullivan's favor.

17th round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

18th round—John lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

19th round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

20th round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

21st round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

22nd round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

23rd round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

24th round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

25th round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

26th round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

27th round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

28th round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

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31st round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

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33rd round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

34th round—Sullivan lands a hard left on Corbett's breast. He misses a terrible right hand swing. Corbett lands his left and right on John's cheek bone and then the left on the side. Sparring. Corbett lands his left and right in the face, and then the left on the jaw. He gets two soakers on Sullivan's jaw as the round ends. There is immense cheering.

TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

Belfast Ginger Ale, Ice Cream Soda, Egg Phosphate, Sweet Violet, Root Beer.

C. FRED CHESTNUT, APOTHECARY.

308 Queen Street, - F'ron, N. B.

THE WORLD OVER.

The Spirit of the Press of all Countries.

A Synoptic History of the Times.

Estimated and Arranged for everyday use.

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The Tennessee miners are still restless and another strike is feared. Convicts are re-building the stockade, under military protection.

A little girl named Conolly, at Glencoe, Ont. got hold of a box of morphia pills on Sunday and swallowed so many of them that she died in two hours.

Winnipeg electric street railway was formally opened on Monday. After an official trial trip the general public were invited to a free ride for the rest of the day.

A masked man on the Missouri Pacific Railroad train overpowered the passenger in the express car, opened the safe, secured about \$5,000, left the train and escaped.

L. Keeney Haynes shot and killed Michael Adams and dangerously wounded his own wife in Jersey City, N. J. The men were captains of canal boats. Jealousy was the cause.

Theodore Thomas has ignored the New York musical organizations in preparing music for the World's Fair, and New Yorkers are very indignant. They talk of sending some societies there without invitation.

Mr. Glanville has given seven places in his Cabinet to Nonconformists and two to Roman Catholics. This is a small proportion of the former, considering how large a portion of the Liberal party the Nonconformists are. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Herschell, the keeper of Her Majesty's conscience, is a Congregationalist, and so are Mr. Asquith, the Home Secretary, and Arnold Morley, the Postmaster-General. Mr. Bryce, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will have a large amount of Established Church patronage to dispose of, is a Scotch Presbyterian, and Mr. Fowler, the President of the Local government board, is a Methodist. Several of the most influential, who do not hold Cabinet seats, are also Nonconformists. Mr. Thomas Bart, the miner, who is Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, is a Unitarian, and there are three or four Methodists among the junior officials.

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J. D. FOWLER, Opp. Post Office.

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Needs No Adjusting. Change from chair to couch instantly. Can be suspended from ceiling.

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AT LEMONT & SONS'

POOR DOCUMENT

THE FLOWER GIRLS —OF— Marseilles!

(Continued.)

In due time, all the clerk's predictions were fulfilled. In fact, Marius was sentenced for simple failure to a month's imprisonment. A year later, his contumacious, his bearing easy and insolent, he displayed throughout Marseilles his joyous, rich man's whims. He clinked his gold in the clubs, the restaurants and the theatres—everywhere in fact, where pleasures were to be bought. And, upon his path, he always found toadies or dupes who bowed to the very ground before him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Marius went mechanically to the harbor. He walked straight on, not knowing whether his feet led him. He was as if stupefied. A single idea surged in his empty head, and that idea repeated, like the murmur of a bell, that he must have fifteen thousand francs at once. He cast around him that vague look of helpless people, he seemed to search the street to see if he could not find between the two paving-stones the sum he needed.

At the harbor, a desire for wealth came to him. The merchandise heaped up along the quays, the ships which brought in fortunes, the noise and the air of the crowd which was making money irritated him. Never before had he felt his poverty. For a moment he was envious, rebellious and full of jealous bitterness. He asked himself why he was poor, why others were rich.

And constantly the sound of the bell murmured in his ear. Fifteen thousand francs! Fifteen thousand francs! The very thought of them nearly burst his skull. He could not return with empty hands. His brother was waiting for him. He had only a few hours to save him from infamy. And he could find nothing; his numbness of intelligence did not furnish him with a single practicable idea. He twisted in his powerlessness; he racked his mind vainly; he struggled with rage and anxiety.

Never would he have dared to ask his employer, M. Martelly, for fifteen thousand francs. His salary was too small to guarantee such a loan. Besides, he knew the ship-owner's rigid principle, and feared his reproaches should be admitted to him that he wished to buy a conscience. M. Martelly would indignantly refuse him the money.

Suddenly, an idea came to Marius. He would not discuss it with himself, and started in hot haste for his apartment on the Rue Sainte.

In the same house, upon the same landing as himself, dwelt a young employe, named Charles Blety. Blety was attached to the cashier to the soap-manufacturer of MM. Daste et Degans. The two young men being neighbors, a sort of intimacy had arisen between them. Marius had been won by Charles' gentleness; Blety was an assiduous frequenter of the churches, his conduct was exemplary and he seemed to be of the highest probity.

For two years, however, he had indulged in heavy expenses. He had introduced various sumptuous articles in his little apartment, purchasing carpets, hangings, mirrors and handsome furniture. Since this change, he came in later at night and lived more luxuriously; but he had always remained gentle and honest, tranquil and pious.

One day, Marius had been astonished at his neighbor's expenses; he could not comprehend how an employe on a salary of eighty hundred francs could buy such costly things. But Charles had told him that he intended soon to give up his situation to live like a prosperous citizen. He had even put himself at his disposal offering him his purse without restriction. Marius had refused.

Now he had thought of this offer. He was going to knock at Charles Blety's door and ask him to save his brother-in-law a few thousand francs. He would not, perhaps, embarrass that young man who seemed to throw money out of the windows. Marius counted upon repaying him little by little, persuaded that his neighbor would grant him the necessary time.

He did not find the clerk in his apartment on the Rue Sainte, and, as he was pressed, he determined to go to the soap-manufacturer of MM. Daste et Degans. This soap-manufacturer was situated on the Boulevard de Dances.

When he reached it and asked for Charles Blety, it seemed to him that the people stared at him with a strange air. The workmen told him roughly to inquire of M. Daste, who was in his office. Marius, astonished at this reception, decided to go to the manufacturer. He found him in conference with three gentlemen, who stopped talking as he entered.

"Can you tell me, Monsieur," asked the young man, "if M. Charles Blety is at the manufactory?"

Daste exchanged a rapid glance with one of the persons present, a stout gentleman, grave and severe.

"M. Charles Blety will soon be here," answered he. "Be kind enough to wait for him. Are you one of his friends?"

"Yes," replied Marius frankly. "He lodges in the same house as myself. I have known him nearly three years."

"Silence was maintained for a moment. The young man, thinking that his presence embarrassed the gentleman, added bowing and going towards the door: "I thank you; I will wait outside."

Then the stout gentleman leaned over and said something to the manufacturer. M. Daste stopped Marius with a gesture.

"Remain, if you please," said he. "Your presence may be useful to us. You ought to know Blety's habits; you can, doubtless, give us some information in regard to him."

Marius, surprised and not understanding, made a gesture of hesitation.

"Pardon," resumed M. Daste, with great politeness; "I see that my words amuse you."

He pointed to the stout gentleman and continued:

"Monsieur is the commissaire de police of the quarter, and I have just summoned him to arrest Charles Blety, who, in two years, has stolen from us sixty thousand francs!"

Marius, on hearing Charles accused of robbery, understood everything. He explained to himself the young man's reckless expenses. He thanked Heaven that he had not in the past accepted his offers of service. Never would he have believed that his neighbor could have been guilty of a base action. He well knew that there was in Marseilles, as in all the great centres of industry, unworthy employees, young men who robbed their employers to satisfy their vices and their love of luxury; he had often heard of clerks who received a hundred and fifty francs a month and who yet found the means to lose enormous sums at the clubs, to throw twenty-franc pieces to beggars and to eat at restaurants and cafes. But Charles had seemed so pious, so modest and so honest, and had played the role of hypocrite with so much art that Marius had been deceived by these appearances of probity and that he had his doubts even yet, despite M. Daste's formal accusation.

He sat down, awaiting the denouement of this drama. He could not do otherwise. For half an hour a dull silence reigned in the office. The manufacturer had begun to write. The commissaire de police and the two agents, mute and stiff half asleep, gazed vaguely before them, with a terrible patience. Such a spectacle would have given honesty to Marius had he lacked it. Nothing could have been more sinister than those three impassible men; they looked like the inexorable law awaiting crime.

A sound of footsteps was heard; the door opened gently.

"He is our man," said M. Daste, rising. Charles Blety entered, unsuspecting nothing. He did not even notice the people who were in the office.

"Do you wish to see me, Monsieur?" asked he, in that drawing tone which implies an assumption when speaking to their chiefs who were in the office.

As M. Daste looked him in the face with cutting contempt, he turned and saw the commissaire whom he knew by sight. He grew frightfully pale; he realized that he was lost, and his whole body quivered with shame and fear. He had buried himself headlong into a trap, and he had just seen the trap-door close behind him. He had just seen the trap-door close behind him.

"Yes," he wished to see you," cried M. Daste, violently. "You know why do you not?"

"What do you wish to see me for?"

"I do not know what you mean," stammered Blety. "I have stolen nothing from you. Of what do you accuse me?"

The commissaire had seated himself at the manufacturer's desk to commit the facts of the case to writing. The two agents guarded the door.

"Monsieur," said the commissaire to Daste, "be kind enough to tell me under what circumstances you detected the defalcations which the Sieur Blety has committed, as asserted, committed to your detriment?"

Daste then related the story of the robbery. He said that his cashier had some time been extraordinarily slow in making certain returns. But, as he had unlimited confidence in the young man, he had attributed these delays to the bad faith of the debtors. The first defalcation must have been made at least eight months before. Finally, on the preceding day, one of his customers having failed, Daste himself went to demand the payment of a sum of five thousand francs, and learned that Blety had collected the amount several weeks previously. The manufacturer, frightened, hastily returned to the manufactory and convinced himself by running over the cashier's books, that he was nearly sixty thousand francs short.

The commissaire afterwards proceeded to question Blety. The young man, taken unawares and being unable to deny the facts, invented a ridiculous story.

"One day," said he, "I lost a pocket-book containing forty thousand francs. I dared not admit this large loss to M. Daste. Then I began to take money to take money to gamble at the Bourse, hoping to win and reimburse the firm."

The commissaire asked him for details, perplexed him and forced him to contradict himself. Blety tried another lie.

"You are right," resumed he: "I lost no pocket-book. I prefer to tell everything. The truth is that I myself was robbed. I lodged a young man who was without bread. One night, he vanished, carrying away with him my collection bag; in that bag was a considerable sum of money."

"Do not aggravate your crime by lying," said the commissaire, with that terrifying patience of the police authorities.

"You know that we cannot believe you. You are telling us idle tales."

He turned towards Marius and continued:

"I requested M. Daste to detain you, Monsieur, that you might aid us in our task. The accused is your neighbor, you said. Do you know nothing of his manner of living? Can you not conjure him with us to tell the truth?"

Marius was terribly embarrassed. Blety filled him with pity; he stammered like a drunken man; he supplicated him with a look. The young fellow was not a hardened rogue; he had, without doubt, yielded to temptations, to cowardice, to misadventure. Nevertheless, Marius' conscience made itself heard; it ordered him to tell what he knew. The young man did not reply directly to the commissaire; he preferred to address Blety himself.

"Listen, Charles," said he: "I know not whether you are guilty or innocent. I have always seen you good and modest. I know that you support your mother and that you are beloved by all who are acquainted with you. If you have committed a folly, admit your blindness; you will cause those who have had esteem and friendship for you to suffer less by frankly accusing yourself and showing sincere repentance."

Marius spoke in a gentle and convincing tone. Blety, whom the sharp words of the commissaire had left mute and confusedly irritated, bent beneath the austere insistence of his former friend. He thought of his mother; he thought of that esteem and those friendships which he was about to lose, and a keen emotion took him by the throat. He burst into sobs.

He wept scalding tears in his hands which he held over his face, and for several minutes his terrible groans of despair were heard. It was a complete confession. Everybody remained silent.

"Yes," cried Blety, at last, in the midst of his tears, "I did steal and I am a wretch! I did not know what I was doing. I look at first a few hundred francs; then I wanted a thousand, two thousand, five thousand, ten thousand francs at a time! It seemed to me that somebody was pushing me on from behind. My needs and my appetites increased instantly."

"But what have you done with all this money?" asked the commissaire.

"I do not know. I gave it away, spent it in riotous living and lost it at cards. You cannot imagine the whirl I was in. I was calm in my poverty; I aspired to nothing; I loved to pray in the churches, to lead a holy life like an honest man. And yet I have tasted luxury and vice; I have entertained reckless companions; I have bought fine furniture. I was out of my senses!"

"Can you give me the names of the parties you entertained with the money you stole?"

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As if I knew their names! I made their acquaintance here, there and everywhere—in the streets and at the public balls. They came because my pockets were full of gold, and they left me when my pockets were empty. Then I lost much at bacchante at the clubs. What made me a thief was seeing certain young men belonging to fine families throw money out of the windows and wallow in wealth and idleness. I wished to have like them, been companions, noisy pleasures, nights of gaming and revelry. I needed thirty thousand francs a year and made but eighteen hundred. I was obliged to borrow. The wretch, stifling, choking with grief let himself fall upon a chair. Marius approached M. Daste, who sat in a kind of stupefaction. A few months later he learned that the cashier had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

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Several hours before, at the harbor, he had had evil thoughts of fortune; he had felt a sort of hatred for the rich. He had just seen whither such thoughts and such feelings might lead.

And, suddenly, he remembered why he went to the soap-manufactory. He had not put an hour left him to find the fifteen thousand francs with which to save his brother.

CHAPTER XV.

PHILIPPE BEVEREGAT TO RESOLVE.

Marius mentally acknowledged that he was powerless. He no longer knew where to apply. One does not borrow fifteen thousand francs in an hour, when one is nearly a clerk.

He passed slowly down the Rue d'Aix his brain aching, finding nothing in his benumbed thoughts. He sought in vain against an assassin than against the shelling and overwhelming phantom of poverty. Nobody has, up to the present time, been able to invent a hundred-thousand franc piece.

When the young man reached the Courne Bateau, hopeless and brought to a stand by necessity, he resolved to return empty-handed to Aix. The diligence was about to start; only one place on the imperial was left. Marius took that place joyfully; he preferred to remain in the open air, for anxiety was stifling him and he hoped that the broad country horizon would calm his fever.

It was a sorrowful journey. In the morning he had passed the same trees, the same hills, and the hope which made him smile then threw a mild and delicious brightness over the fields and hills. Now, he again saw the same scenes and imparted to them all the sadness of his soul; the country seemed funereal to him. The heavy vehicle rolled onward; the cultivated lands, the groves of pines and the little hamlets strewn out along the highway; and Marius found in each new landscape a more sinister mourning, a more poignant grief. Night came; it appeared to him that the entire region was covered with an immense sheet of black crepe.

When he arrived at Aix, he went towards the prison with a lingering step. He said to himself that, no matter how late he might be, he would still bring the bad news too soon. He entered the jail at nine o'clock in the evening. Beveregat and Fine were playing cards at a corner of the table to kill time.

The flower-girl arose with a joyous bound and ran to the young man.

"Well!" asked she, with a bright smile, throwing back her head coquettishly.

Marius dare not reply. He sat down, despairingly.

"Why don't you speak?" cried Fine. Have you the money?"

"No," answered the young man simply. He drew a long breath and told them of Blety's failure, Blety's arrest and all the misfortunes that had happened to him at Marseilles. He closed by saying: "Now, I am only a poor devil. I hope you will remain a prisoner."

The flower-girl stood in dolorous surprise. With hands clasped, in that attitude of pity which women of Provence assume, she murmured, in a tone of lamentation:

"Oh! how hard, how hard!"

She looked at her uncle; she seemed to urge him to speak. Beveregat contemplated the two young people with compassion. They saw that a struggle was taking place in him. Finally, coming to a decision, he said to Marius:

"Listen, Monsieur. My vocation has not hardened me; that I am insensible to the grief of despairing people. I have already told you why I sold your brother's freedom. But I would not have you think that I am influenced only by the love of money. If unforeseen circumstances prevent you from putting me at present beyond reach of want, I will none the less open the door for Monsieur Philippe. You can help me later, you can pay me the fifteen thousand francs soon by you, when you are able."

Fine, on hearing these words, clasped her hands and kissed him full in the mouth. Marius became grave.

"I cannot accept your devotion," answered he. "I already reproach myself for having made you false to your duty. I refuse to aggravate my responsibility by throwing you, in addition, into the street without a morsel of bread!"

The flower-girl turned towards the young man almost with sobs.

"Hold your tongue!" cried she. "Monsieur Philippe must be saved. I wish it. Besides, we can open the prison doors without you. Come inside. If Monsieur Philippe consents, his brother will have nothing to say."

Marius followed the young girl and the jailer, who went towards the prisoner's cell. They had taken a dark lantern and glided through the corridors so as not to arouse attention.

They all three entered the cell and closed the door behind them. Philippe was asleep. Beveregat, moved by his niece's tears, had ameliorated as much as possible for the young man the severe regimen of the prison; he had carried to him breakfast and dinner prepared by Fine herself; he had loaned him books and had even given him a supplementary coverlet. The cell had become habitable, and Philippe was not too weary of it; he knew, besides, that preparations had been made for his escape.

He awoke, and put out his hands effectually to his brother and the flower-girl.

"Have you come for me?" asked he with a smile.

"Yes," replied Fine. Dress yourself quickly."

Marius was silent. His heart beat with great thump. He feared lest an ardent desire for freedom might make him forget his promise. He had not yet decided if he wished to be free.

"So all is understood and arranged?" resumed Philippe. "I can escape without any without remorse. Have you paid the money promised? Why don't you answer me, Marius?"

Fine hurriedly interposed.

"I told you the last night," cried she. "What are you uneasy about?"

She had gathered up the young man's garments; she threw them to him, adding that she would wait in the corridor.

Marius stopped her with a gesture.

"Pardon," said he; "I cannot allow my brother to remain in ignorance of our misfortune."

And, despite Fine's impatience, he repeated the particulars of his journey to Marseilles. But he never admitted he had wished to allow his brother full freedom of choice.

"Then," cried Philippe, overwhelmed, you have not given money to the jailer? We are without a sou?"

"Don't trouble yourself about that," said Beveregat, approaching. "You can pay me later."

The prisoner was mute. He thought no more of flight; he thought of poverty and of the sorry figure he would cut penniless upon the promenades of Marseilles. No more elegant garments, no more idling about, no more love affairs! Besides, he had chivalrous feelings and poetic ideas which prevented him from accepting the jailer's devotion. He returned to his choin and said, in a calm voice:

"Well, I will stay where I am?"

Marius' face was radiant. Fine stood as if stupefied.

Recovering herself, the flower-girl argued the necessity of the flight; she spoke of the public exposure, of the infamy of the pillory. She grew animated; she was beautiful in her anger and Philippe gazed at her with admiration.

"My pretty child," replied he, "you, perhaps, might make me yield if I had not become blind and obstinate in this cell. But, truly, I have already committed enough cowardly actions, without burdening my conscience further. Whatever Heaven ordains will take place! But all is not lost. Marius will deliver me; he will find the money, as you will see. You can come for me when you have paid my ransom. Then, we will fly together and I will embrace you."

He spoke almost gaily. Marius took his hand.

"Thank you, brother," said he. "Have confidence."

Fine and Beveregat quitted the cell. Philippe and Marius remained alone for several minutes. They had a grave and animated conversation; they talked of Blanc and her child.

When the three visitors to the cell had returned to the jailer's lodge, the flower-girl lost all hope and asked Marius what he was going to do.

"I shall make another attempt to raise the money," said he. "The trouble is that we are pressed for time and that I do not know any one to whom I can apply for a loan."

"I can aid you a little," said Beveregat. "There is in this town, a short distance from here, a banker, M. Kostand, who might be induced, perhaps, to lend you a good sum, but I forewarn you that this Kostand has the reputation of being a scoundrel."

Marius had no choice of means.

To be continued.

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