

# The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 25.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1887.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

## RUBBER GOODS: MILL SUPPLIES:

BOOTS AND SHOES, CLOTHING of all kinds;  
CARRIAGE APRONS, KNEE RUGS, CAMP SHEETS,  
BED AND CRIB SHEETING, TUBING, SYRINGES, WRINGER ROLLS,  
CARRIAGE CLOTHS, APRONS, BIES, HATS, HAT COVERS,  
And all conceivable kinds of RUBBER GOODS; also OIL CLOTHING.

Send for Catalogues.

RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING,  
DISTON'S SAWS, EMERY WHEELS,  
RUBBER, LINEN AND COTTON HOSE,  
MACHINE OILS of all kinds; FILES,  
STEAM PACKINGS, AND MILL SUPPLIES of all kinds.

Liberal Discount to Dealers.

**JESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO.,**  
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, . . . . . SAINT JOHN, N. B.

## Western Assurance Company.

Fire Risks Taken at Lowest Current Rates.

E. L. PHILIPS, Sub-Agent.

R. W. W. FRINK, General Agent, 78 Prince William Street.

### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLUMN OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

Surely business enterprise could go no further than as exemplified in the following advertisement taken from a New York paper: "A lady, who is a favorite with a large speculation in the mining stock market, wishes to form a pool with ladies and gentlemen who have two hundred dollars or more cash, and are willing to invest the same at par in a stock which will have one of the grandest booms ever known in New York. Address, appointing interview, etc."

The Paris correspondent of London Truth writes thus of the much maligned Jersey. Of the low kind I have this week been shown a specimen. It is in salmon silk. The upper edge is trimmed with a ruche of travelled silk set on an elastic band, which is fastened on at short distances. Nothing can be softer or more fluffy. One would think that with the first sephyr the whole thing would fly off like thistle-down, which in texture it resembles. There are no sleeves, but the ruche forms a shoulder band, and a pair of downy tassels fall from the middle of this part. The meagre chested should not wear the low jersey; but the plump, should adopt and cling to it obstinately. What, you see, is so objectionable to modest persons in a hall-room, is not the stripping of busts, but the forcing up of roundness toward the neck. That fronties line which Miss Rose Cleveland spoke of in her letter about low-cut waists, and which, unfortunately, she did not define, is displaced in the sense of upheaval. This is done not by the corset; if it be at all well made, but by the corsege. A jersey, low or high, forces nothing and lends itself to every undulation. For this reason the stout and unstaltnlike should wear it both in and out of the ballroom. The jersey does not require, either, much room in a trunk, and the trimming destined for the upper edge may be put on and taken off at will and kept in a little cardboard box. This lessens impediments when one is going on visits to great country houses. The low jersey is charming with a short and full skirt of the texture worn by members of the corps de ballet, and it does as well with a long skirt made to mould the figure and to fall into a train.

It is said that years ago Mrs. Scott Siddons's dressmaker advised her to leave off her corsets. "What, lose me stage figure?" she cried. "Impossible!" The dressmaker urged that she was losing her figure anyhow, and that the only means of saving it was to take radical measures at once. "Well, here go me stays," said the actress, and the milliner proceeded to fit her a twenty-five inch waist. At the end of the season she came back again. "Make me a twenty-seven inch waist," she demanded, but in the meantime her figure below and above the waist had resumed their normal proportions, her skin had grown two shades fairer and clearer, and she looked younger. Since then she has never worn a stay, and she says that whereas before she abandoned them it was all she could do to drag through the last act, after she had dispensed with them she was so fresh and vigorous that she could have done a six act and not mind it. She still continues to wear very gorgeous gowns.

Prof. Barron is a man who attempted a practical joke on the girls of "our best society." He failed. He sent out circulars telling that, at a place in Fifth avenue, he had opened an esthetic gymnasion, where the belles of the town might get exercise by means of a machine of his own invention. He adopted the high flown methods of announcement, used several influential names, and at one time seemed likely to get many pupils. But a fatal mistake was his. When investigators called they saw an apparatus, with handles and weights so arranged that a girl could work up her muscles rapidly, no doubt.

"You will observe," he would say, "that the exercise is precisely that of a woman at a wash-tub, and I assure you that a half an hour a day at this delightful work will give you a health and bloom second to no washerwoman in the land." Did that commend it to modish favor? Not at all. It condemned it instantly. Fifth avenue's belles would prefer even the blush of rouge to that of a washerwoman's labor. (New York Sun.)

Two American beauties—Miss Adele Grant and Miss Eleanor Winslow—add much to the keen zest of fashionable life (says a correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat). For languor, rather than zest or interest in anything, has hitherto pervaded Newport. It was not good form to take any interest in anything. To be blasé was the mode. Miss Winslow was a Boston girl, the family living on Boylston street, near the public library—a part of the city now given up to the trade. She went abroad with her mother some ten or twelve years ago, when she was a young girl in her early teens. The father was a moderately successful tradesman, making a little fortune of two hundred or three hundred thousand dollars, but finally became insane, and died in the McLean Lunatic Asylum here. The mother, I am told, was very ambitious for social honors. She was herself beautiful, and her portrait was painted by Mr. B. C. Porter, the fashionable portrait-painter. She was not, however, I believe, exactly what may be termed "in society" here, but better fortune—or what appeals to a woman of such social ideals as better fortune—awaited her in London, and the daughter became recognized as a reigning beauty. Many people who knew both Miss Winslow and Miss Grant are inclined to be a little disparaging regarding the former, seeming to have the impression that she has sacrificed dignity and delicacy in "running after" society, rather than to have had society pursue her. Miss Grant is quite the reverse, a woman truly womanly, noble, delicate, exquisite. If she was a reigning belle, it was because society enthroned her, not because she made any efforts to be enthroned. A slight, delicate, dark-eyed girl, rather in the world than of it—a woman holding her own pure ideals of life above all this gleam and glitter—this is Adele Grant. Her conge, given to the Earl of Cairns when she discovered his unworthy character, is its own interpretation of her dignity and strength.

Dame Fashion (says the New York World) has decreed that the ladies' hats for fall and winter wear be lower—not in price, but in altitude. Some of the latest importations, not yet placed on public view, will go quite to the other extreme from those in vogue last winter and will fit quite snugly to the head. This will be good news to theatre and opera goers of the male persuasion, who, much as they admire the ladies, and all their artistic finery, do love to get a sight at what goes on the stage when they pay to witness a play. It will likewise be a welcome relief to the ladies themselves. For the essence of politeness is consideration for the rights and feelings of others; and it must have been a real trouble to know that conformity to fashion in the matter of hats deprived those behind them of the pleasure to which they were entitled, by shutting off the view of the stage. Tall hats are still seen in the theatres, but they are presumably of the "left over" variety. And while the motives of economy that dictate their retention may be commendable, a conformity to fashion in lowering head-gear will soon mark all the women who desire to be thought familiar with the mode, and possessed of money enough to follow it. Fashion is a fickle jade and given to extremes, but this time her mandate is in the line of good sense.

tention may be commendable, a conformity to fashion in lowering head-gear will soon mark all the women who desire to be thought familiar with the mode, and possessed of money enough to follow it. Fashion is a fickle jade and given to extremes, but this time her mandate is in the line of good sense.

### Fashion Notes.

Himalaya cloth is one of the new fabrics used this season. It is soft and fleecy. It is generally used for trimmings to modest, low cut frocks and is put on in bands a quarter of a yard wide.

Old gold, or better, antique gold is seen in the newest passementeries and is exceedingly stylish on young ladies' gimpes of colored silks, the passementerie being used as collar and cuff pieces.

Bernhardt has again set the fashion in matters of picturesque costumes and her Theodora gowns so graceful and loosely flowing have become the mode for afternoon tea gowns of an artistic character.

Old lace collars in the round shape worn twenty years ago are to be revived this season and Worth already has in autumn wear which are in his new models for afternoon gowns.

Bear skin, which is always so becoming in its softness, is particularly adapted for coats, the black and brown being the favorite, while the silvery grizzly is reserved for those who like something elegant but showy.

A favorite Paris fashion is to trim seal garments with black astrakhan, and some of the most elegant are finished in this fur down the front and about the collars and sleeves of dolmans and Russian circulars.

Heavy braiding is much used on the most stylish wraps seen this season, the wide heavy bands being preferred to any other, but where the finer braid is used it is set on the edge instead of being put on flat.

The tailor made jacket is now accompanied by a shoulder cape of fur in order to be at all comfortable, and these invaluable garments are to be found in the greatest possible variety this season, trimmed and untrimmed.

Short waisted gowns are both picturesque and attractive for some slender graceful figures while for any others it is awkward and ungainly in the extreme. It should only be worn by youthful persons either in morning or tea gowns.

A pretty fashion in morning gowns is to have the waist line shirred with perhaps four or five rows bringing it well up under the arms, the tops of the sleeves have a full puff with several rows of shirring below.

Tartans in Irish poplin are very attractive for kilts and draperies to be worn with cloth basques of one color in the same manner as the lighter plaids for autumn wear which have been so popular of late. Gold buttons are used in fastening these basques.

The prettiest possible silken fabrics and the richest are the figured moires on which are brocaded figures in colors. These make the most beautiful evening dresses which are shown this season. The corsege and train are of the figured material while the petticoat is of lace or some diaphanous fabric such as spangled net or crêpe de chine in gold threads or old silver, or both.

### About Garters.

(Annie Jonness Miller in Dress.)

Four years ago we very reluctantly gave up a pair of spiral wire garters, worn below the knee, which held our stockings perfectly smooth, and did not interfere with perfect circulation, this spiral arrangement having no relation to nerve and muscle-paralyzing elastic garter. But we were told anything worn around the leg was in the nature of a ligature; and must be abandoned; so away went our comfortable and satisfactory spiral garters, while we plunged into a mild form of rioting in different styles and patterns of attachments recommended as "improved and hygienic."

We were seeking truth in detail, and discomforts only added to our zeal to find just the right thing at last. One after another of these harnesses did we wear, until satisfied that none of them fulfilled the requirements of a perfect stocking support. The stockings were held firmly? Yes; but every one of these attachments brought pressure to bear somewhere where it ought not to be, causing the wearer not only bodily discomfort, but positive injury.

Our advice to women is to have a good, substantial silver garter of the spiral pattern made, since the silver will wear for years and can always be kept bright and shining; and as the garter gives readily with each movement of the leg is cool and light, and brings no steady pressure upon any sensitive part, it is a great improvement over anything else we are familiar with, and our knowledge of supports is thorough and comprehensive.

### An Old Comet Reappears at Naples.

(From the London Daily News.)

The reappearance of Olber's comet at Naples is observed with the greatest interest. It is visible in the eastern sky just before sunrise. The elopcity of this comet, which is now returning towards the sun after a course of seventy-two years, was fixed by the celebrated astronomer Bessel (the calculations of F. K. Giese in Berlin showed an uncertainty of from one to six years), who discovered the curve in which the comet was to be looked for.

When the well known comet discoverer Brooks, in North America, announced a new comet on the 24th of August last, observations were immediately made at Strasburg, Vienna, Geneva, and Konigsberg, which soon proved the identity of the so-called new comet with that of Olber's.

As far as can be seen the comet will reach its perihelion on the 14th October, and be late by only 0.8 years instead of the above named uncertainty of from one to six years. At present the comet is near the constellation Lion, which agrees with Guise's calculations, and is about as bright as a star of the seventh magnitude, but its lustre will gradually increase.

### Art Notes.

Mr. John C. Miles the well known artist, has a number of well executed sketches on exhibition in Messrs. Barnes & Co.'s window.

Miss Jessie W. Barbour, daughter of Mr. Robert Barbour, painter of this city, has also two finely executed paintings in Messrs. Barnes & Co.'s window. One is entitled The Old Willows and the other is a scene on the Caboose Stream, Maine. Miss Barbour who was formerly a pupil with Mr. John C. Miles is now studying with Mr. Wesley Webber, a well known Boston artist. Miss Barbour's pictures now on exhibition display great talent and Mr. Webber pronounces her one of his most apt pupils.

Mr. Douglas MacArthur the King street bookseller, has received Harper's Magazine for November. It is the best issue of that excellent periodical so far this year.

### A TRIP UP THE RIVER.

ROUNDER TAKES A TRIP UP RIVER.

He Tells the Truth to Several People and Gets Into Trouble—The Easiest Way to Get Along.

I have heard men and women dilate for hours on the beauties of the Hudson River and talk until all was blue about the magnificence of the Rhine. Of this majestic river of Europe I know nothing save its history and some of its thousands of legends, but I have travelled up and down the Hudson a score of times or more. It is a grand river it is true, perhaps the most interesting though neither the longest nor the broadest in the United States. But admitting this I feel justified in asserting that its scenery is no grander than our own St. John and does not possess half its diversity. There are lots of people who will laugh at this assertion. They would also laugh if the statement was made that Canadians (save their valuable selves) possessed as much brains as our neighbours the Yankee's. Those people always see better at a distance than near at hand. Canada to their minds is a good place to leave, but they never go, notwithstanding that they "never would be missed."

I was enjoying a sail up our majestic St. John one day last summer when chance threw an individual of this class into my way. The steamer was just shoving out from Indian town wharf when the gentleman I have referred to edged his way up to where I was standing on the bow of the steamer remarking as he got alongside me "I see that big mill is closed down" at the same time pointing to a mill that had been shut down for a few days to permit some necessary repairs to be made. "Yes" I replied, but others are all running.

This was too much for my pessimistic friend. He then commenced telling me what the lumber business was forty years ago. I asked him how many mills run at the mouth of the St. John, and how many men they employed. He did not know but he was sure there were twice as many as now. He was wrong but that made no difference inasmuch as he was quite certain the place was going to the devil anyway, and that very soon. He was a well dressed man and looked as if he enjoyed three meals a day, and they did him quite as much good as does if hose other genial proprietor of the Royal. Twenty years ago he wasn't worth a cent. Yet, in the time that intervened he had made enough out of the trade to live comfortably on for the remainder of his life. He had moved from a flat in a poor neighbourhood into a large self-contained dwelling, and everything about him gave evidence of prosperity. Yet he believed that the place he had come to with a capital stock of only brains and muscle, and in a few years had earned a competence, was going to pot; and if it were he would not raise a hand to prevent it. My interesting friend lost two hours endeavouring to convince me that New Brunswick could not grow and must go to the wall, and finally, when I utterly refused to be convinced he got angry, and my intense relief went away to another part of the boat. As he went away I wondered what manner of man he was. All he owned was invested in St. John, and if he lost his investments here he would be beggared. Yet he went about spreading dissatisfaction, and doing no end of injury to the city by the doleful story he was always repeating. I told my thoughts to an old fellow who had taken a seat beside me, and he said without a change of countenance: "His liver I tell you, it's his liver. I wonder if he ever tried the vegetable cure."

"Great heavens," I muttered, under my breath, "have I met another crank?" It proved only too true. Those of the old citizens of St. John who have been tackled by Jo Bogbean will appreciate my position. It wasn't Jo though for he long ago hid himself to the spirit land, leaving behind him only his tin can and a receipt for his bittern—the bittern that cured all things and which hundreds bought and drank just to see old Jo smile that sickly smile as he enumerated the many virtues of his own genuine bogbean.

The old man after he delivered himself of the remarks quoted above eyed me all over and then, as if sure of his victim he launched out on his theme by informing me that the doctors were all wrong in their treatment of the various diseases to which flesh is heir. Nature, he said, had provided for every ailment of man, some vegetable remedy. Carrots would cure one thing and catnip another. The only real difficulty was to discover the proper remedy for the disease. For years medical men who had thrown over some of the teachings of their profession had been endeavouring to solve the vegetable cure problem and they were succeeding gradually. There was still much to be learned, but after a few more years experimenting the "cure" would be perfected, and mankind would have remedies for all diseases. My friend

talked with apparent earnestness and so rapidly that what at first I determined not to listen to gradually interested me and if it had not been for an unfortunate query I put to him I might have learned more of his somewhat peculiar theory. The question I asked that caused the old man to stop was if people did not die occasionally while the experimenting was going on. I did not think my valuable friend would take the question so hard, but he became so excited that I was glad to retreat to the engine room to cool off. "Just like all the rest of the bigots he said as I left him. Never willing to admit that but a man who writes M. D. after his name knows how to cure diseases, and besides one would think that an M. D. never had a patient die on his hands while he is experimenting with his tinctures or salves.

As I sat in the engine room watching the engineer oiling the machinery I thought I hadn't done too bad for one morning. Two men who would have been friends had been transformed into enemies. I left the engine room with the intention of making no more enemies that day, but to be as cheerful as circumstances would permit.

In the saloon I found a number of ladies, with whom I was acquainted, and bethought me that it would be a good scheme to remain in their society, lest I met some one more daring and muscular than those I had already talked to, and was thrown overboard. One lady I had talked with for a while, told me how much she detested evening dresses; indeed she was positively indecent. I agreed with her, and told her I thought no woman should so far forget herself, as to go into a hall room exposing half her bust to a hundred men. Another lady thought the evening dresses were the most becoming to a woman. I agreed with her too, and got along first rate.

As I left the boat later in the day, it occurred to me that the fellow who goes along smoothly, and agrees with everybody may never be a great man, but he won't receive many hard knocks.

ROUNDER.

### LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR.

Alderman Polydore de Keyser, the First Catholic Elected Since 1555.

Alderman Polydore de Keyser, who on the 9th of November next will be definitely sworn into office as Lord Mayor of the city of London by the Lord Chief Justice of England, is a Belgian by birth and was naturalized as a subject of Queen Victoria about twenty-two years ago. He will be the first Roman Catholic who has been elected to the dignity of Chief Magistrate of the metropolis, and when it is borne in mind that even during Queen Victoria's reign there have been "no Popery" riots in England, and that up to the year 1828 Catholics were debarred from most of the civil and military offices of the state, it must be admitted that the nation has become less insular and more broadminded in its views. It is, however, only fair to add that the Catholicity of the Lord Mayor is tempered by the rather remarkable fact of his being a Freemason. It is very rare indeed that a Roman Catholic belongs to the craft. Moreover, at the time of his election a fortnight ago he set the minds of all unhappy zealots at rest by declaring: "In my official capacity I recognize no one Church—the Established Church of this country—and as such shall attend the three great state religious ceremonies which all Lord Mayors of the city of London have hitherto attended. It is significant likewise that he enjoys the support of the City Press, the staunchest Protestant newspaper in the Kingdom.

As one of the principal duties of the Lord Mayor consists in entertaining and in maintaining the traditional hospitality of the Mansion House, Alderman de Keyser's experience as landlord and manager of the well-known Royal Hotel, Blackfriars, is likely to be of considerable use to him. In politics he is a Liberal Unionist, but it is reported that he intends to adhere to the example of some of the most popular of his predecessors in refraining from taking any part in the politics of the day. An excellent speaker, an accomplished musician, a member of some half a dozen learned societies and of about fifteen city guilds, Mr. de Keyser may truly be called a many-sided man. It requires, however, somebody of that sort to fulfil the multifarious duties and dignities of a Lord Mayor of the city of London. These include the office of a general militia, an admiral of the port of London, a chief judge of the city, a conservator of the River Thames, and many others too numerous to mention.

In conclusion it may be stated that he has filled various minor municipal positions of trust during the past fifteen years and that he has served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. The salary of the Lord Mayor amounts to \$50,000 and includes a princely residence at the Mansion House. He is expected, however, to spend at least as much more out of his own pocket in entertainments during his term.



## SHARP'S

Parasitically known for upwards of forty years it has become a household name. No family should be without it. It is simple and very effective. In cases of Croup and Whooping Cough it is marvellous what has been accomplished by it.

## BALSAM

It is the mother's friend. How suddenly the mother watches over the child when suffering from these dreadful diseases, and would not give anything if only the dear little one could be relieved. Be advised of

## HOARHOUND

and keep constantly on hand in a convenient place a bottle of this Balsam. If you cannot get it of your dealer, send direct to us, in stamps or currency, 30 cents.

## ANISE SEED.

With your address, and we will forward, carriage prepaid, one bottle of this wonderful remedy, so that you may try it and be convinced.

Sharp's Balsam Manufacturing Co.  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

## D. CONNELL,

Livery Stable,

SYDNEY STREET.

First-Class Turnouts.

CITY OF LONDON

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

Capital, - - \$10,000,000.

H. CHUBB & CO.,

General Agents.

Losses adjusted and paid without reference to England.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. ANDREWS

HAS REMOVED TO

No. 15 Coburg Street,

NEXT DOOR ABOVE DR. HAMILTON'S.

John F. Ashe,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, ETC.

OFFICE:

94 Prince William Street.

PIANOFORTE.

THE undersigned is prepared to receive a few pupils for instruction on the piano, at moderate terms.

For particulars apply to

MISS M. HANCOCK,

83 QUEEN STREET.

JOHN BODEN,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &C.

Office: No. 5 PALMER'S CHAMBERS,

Princess St., St. John, N. B.

Immediately over the office occupied by the late firm of Carleton & Boden.

J. HUTCHISON, M. D.

GRADUATE OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS

and Surgeons, N. Y. City; of King's College

London, and the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, Scot.

Office and Residence—Paradise Row, Portland

N. B. Adjoining the Mission Chapel.

JAMES T. SHARKEY, L.L.B.,

Barrister and Attorney,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To have your CLOTHES CLEANED AND DYED

at the St. John Dye Works.

C. E. BRACKETT & CO.

94 PRINCESS STREET.

## STATUE OF LIBERTY.

THE GODDESS' VISITORS NOT SO NUMEROUS AS THEY WERE.

Bartholdi's Work Falling More and More into a Conventional Harbor Landmark—Visitors from the Country—A Commanding Outlook—Statuettes.

Few big undertakings are a whole year's wonder, and it is only natural that the Statue of Liberty should be falling more and more into a conventional harbor landmark. Such, in fact, it is; and though the boats still run down from the Barge office daily with a fair sprinkling of sight-seers, one can feel that Bartholdi's work has lost its freshness for all but a few strangers and enthusiasts. The salt these hot days is a pleasant one, and the air at the island is cool and salty. That the statue is there is something, but not all that it used to be.

Things on the island look much as they did the day after the unveiling. The same rough wooden stairs lead up from the pier to the outer ramparts, over which the same useless six gun battery frowns. Across the narrow interpace are the old star shaped granite walls of Fort Wood, with their curious winding sallyports. They will be hidden some day by the big embankment which is to slope from the sea wall up to the statue's base. There are no signs of such a terrace work now, and the walls stand out as bald and well as ever against the lighter, polished granite of the pedestal. Even the wooden platform is still standing under the south face of the pedestal, from which the unlucky orators faced the mist and rain on the day of the unveiling and struggled against the whistles of the fleet tugs. The same narrow wooden staircase runs up to the doorway of the pedestal. There is no elevator inside. The stone steps are hard to climb, and one can get no further than the goddess' heel without a permit from the American committee. The American committee, it turns out, still in charge of the statue, though the government nominally owns it. A good deal of bracing has been done inside the statue, for which the committee is responsible, has not even been begun. No money is on hand, and there is little chance of raising any.

One misses the crowds, of course, that used to struggle down to the island on the overloaded steamboats last fall, and the bustle of the workmen hammering away high up for a day or two in New York. What they don't know about the harbor from the guide books is scarcely worth knowing, and the talk they hazard from the deck of the steamer as it leaves the barge office is often most refreshing. "I guess that be Staten Island," said a hazy-eyed looking old gentleman, "and I don't seem to find that Brooklyn bridge, no-how."

The old man gazed carefully again around the horizon. His idea of a bridge was a sort of a pontoon with a draw. He fell on the real bridge last from the pier at Bellows Island—a fine, gauzy network, showing against the black roofs and spires and the sky beyond. He didn't say a word, but stood at it blankly for five minutes, and then for five minutes more at the goddess; and the people of Westbury will hardly be able to tell next winter which of the two is the greatest of the modern seven wonders.

A COMMANDING OUTLOOK. No visit to the island is complete without a look through the parade ground, from the middle of which the statue rises, and a climb to the galleries of the statue, and a look at the commanding outlook on the harbor and its pretty setting of hills, spires, towers and black, dense patches of cities. The pedestal is open all the way up, though the copper figure itself is barred against the unfavored. It is a long journey to the top, however, and the prospect is scarcely tempting on a hot day. The men are generally matter of fact enough to be satisfied with the view below. The young women, especially those from the country "doing" the sights of New York, are more ambitious.

The country people are the best customers, too, of the girl who sells statuettes, medals and memorial volumes on the steamer. Most of the statuettes have been on the market a good while. There are some new ones, however, representing Liberty astride of the North Pole of a colored globe, with the continents and oceans all neatly laid out in red and blue and yellow. The Bartholdi medals have a head stamped on the face, which might be taken equally well for Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, George Washington or Louis Napoleon. It passes well enough, however, with those who have never seen the French sculptor.—New York Tribune.

Old Time Sun Portraits. It is interesting to remember that the year 1890 was distinguished by the first experiment in New York through which Daguerre's novel process of making pictures became known to the public. As they required an exposure of twenty minutes—too long for taking portraits—he stated that living objects could not be taken; they could not keep still long enough. Professor Morse, of telegraph fame, was one of the first to see that a new field of art industry would be opened, and made some interesting experiments.—Magazine of American History.

Tain't fa'r to medjer de dep' ob a snow by de drifts in de fence corner.—J. A. Macon.

## A JUNE SONG.

The summer grass is growing, the sweet June winds are blowing  
The dusky reaper yonder sings and binds his sunburned sheaves;  
How sweet to lie half waking, dreamless, fretless, care forsaking,  
And watch with poet lovingness the blowing of the leaves.

Oh, the blowing of the leaves!  
Oh, the laughing, dancing green,  
And the great slow bird, half seen,  
That shows in azure glimpses through the blowing of the leaves!

How sweet to lie unthinking, draughts of balmy perfume drinking  
From popoan and myrtle, where the wind its magic weaves;  
Sweet, by meadow sunlight litten, to read the tune unwritten  
Borne hither to the spirit by the blowing of the leaves!

Oh, the blowing of the leaves!  
Oh, the laughing, dancing green,  
And the great slow bird, half seen,  
That shows in azure glimpses through the blowing of the leaves!

A poet's rest, divinely lulled by airy songs that fly  
Steal from rose sweet garden corners, or from fields of sweetest hay;  
A dreamer's peace, unshaken by aught that might awaken  
The bitterness of heart that lies outside the blowing of the leaves!

Oh, the blowing of the leaves!  
Oh, the cloud of happy green,  
And the golden bearded sheaf,  
That sits and settles forward through the blowing of the leaves!

—M. E. M. Davis.

## FONDLY CHERISHED SUPERSTITIONS.

Omens Which Portend Riches and Prosperity—A Lucky Blunder.

Coming down to native superstitions, their number is simply endless. Among the most fondly cherished of these are those which portend riches and prosperity. Children with much down on their hands or arms are bound to be rich. A white speck on the finger nail presages a valuable find, as does the itching of the palm of the right hand. Most ladies are terribly annoyed at the appearance of an incipient mustache on the upper lip, but it is a sign of riches. If the sign always proved true it would certainly furnish a very acceptable compensation to many of the victims of this masculine adornment.

Good luck is presaged by a whole array of omens. To pick up a four leaf clover, find a silver shoe or a pin are certain harbingers of good fortune. Just how to pick up a pin when you find it is a matter of dispute. The Yankee, Thad Stevens, who represented a Pennsylvania Dutch constituency in congress, always maintained that the pin must be picked up by the point. The majority of authorities are against the Vermont-Pennsylvania statesman, however, declaring the pin must be picked up by the head. To put your sock or stocking on wrong side out is a lucky under. To slip up stairs not only promises good luck to the owner of the bristled shin or nose, but presages a wedding in the house within a year. A maiden who gets beaten invariably at cards will win a good husband, a far more important winning to her. To assume a brutal party good luck throw the shoe from the left foot at them, but be careful not to hit either of the newly married couple. If the shoe should hit either of them, disaster will be the result from speedily unless they propitiate the fates by carrying a piece of coal in their pockets. If you put on something new on Whitman's day good luck will attend you all the year.

Those who want to be assured of success in all their undertakings are directed to take the first spider they come across and throw it over the left shoulder. If afraid the spider will bite, a black cat will answer as a substitute. Take the snail by the horns, as Paddy did the bull, and if you throw it over your left shoulder you will have better luck than Paddy did. To keep your luck you must not turn your feet back on Sunday or kill the cricket that sings or your hearth. If your keys or pocket knife or any of your steel belongings get rusty, it is a sign that some one is laying up money for you.—Philadelphia Times.

## A Hot Spell in Australia.

Englishmen have as yet but the vaguest and most indistinct conception of the magnitude and extent of the possessions occupied by their kindred in the noble island continent of the southern Pacific. The mainland of Australia measures 1,700 miles from north to south, and 2,400 miles east to west. Its total area is somewhat larger than that of the United States, and rather less than the whole of Europe. All its mountain ranges are near the coast, a geographical configuration which is fatal to the existence of long and deep rivers. The interior, treeless and waterless, acts in summer like a great oven, and the winds from the equator are heated as they pass over the vast arid surface. Under the influence of these hot winds, a man, beast, bird, and vegetation suffer alike. But the rabbit rears in them, for they are akin to the torrid lands of north Africa, from which he originally came, crossing over from Mogador and Tunis to the southern shores of Spain, and thence finding his way into Europe and Asia. The leaves of the English trees, such as the elm and plane, which have been transported to Australia, drop in profusion before the fiery breath of the "brickfielders," but happily the days upon which the thermometer registers more than 100 degrees in the shade at Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide are of rare occurrence. The hot spell rarely lasts more than three days, and is often limited to one, as the sun set not unfrequently brings with it a cool gale from the south pole.—London Telegraph.

## A Restaurant Keeper's Ruse.

The Berlin restaurant keeper who recently invented a new way of getting a piece of hard manual labor done without paying for it was a keen observer of human nature as well as a "well known Gastwirt." In his garden lay the stump of a tall acacia, which he intended using for firewood. This could only be done by chopping the tough wood—a task which could not be done without incurring some expense to the parsimonious owner. His garden was very frequented. Why not cut the wood up here by the stump? The board tried his muscular power on the stump, and before many days were over the enormous task was done.—Pall Mall Budget.

## A Novelty in Belts.

A New York girl has given a jeweler an order for a silver belt in links. Instead of Roman medallions on the linked plates, however, she wants the features of some of her young male friends cut in the relief, and has furnished the photographs.

## CHEAP RESTAURANTS.

THE ART OF PRODUCING SEVERAL DISHES FROM THE SAME SOURCE.

A Countless Variety on the Bill of Fare. Soups from the Stock Barrel—Fish, Fowl and Poultry, Made Dishes and Cakes.

If you will look over a bill of fare in any cheap eating house you will see four or five kinds of soups, three or four kinds of fish, a half dozen sorts of roast meats, game and poultry, made dishes and cakes. No doubt you have noticed that and wondered how under the sun a kitchen with a range big enough to cook and keep warm all these dishes can possibly find space in less than half an acre. Yet if you should order every dish on the list you could get it, or something that would answer for it, and the kitchen where all these gastronomic wonders are turned out is not as big as the kitchen in the average private house, either. Most wonderful of all, for all the countless variety of dishes on the bill of fare there are not more than a dozen dishes in the kitchen.

You see, it is all in the carving and the dishing. Here is a big boiler of clear soup. It is made—never mind how. You draw a big bowl out of it and from a big pitcher by its side you pour in a little thickening, give it a stir and there's your consommé. Into the next bowl you fork a lot of boiled macaroni, and there's your macaroni soup. The next order is for vegetable soup. You pitch in a lot of boiled vegetables, and there you are. By having a few other ingredients handy you can get mulligatawny, ox tail, chicken, tomato or rice soup out of that same big boiler filled from the stock barrel. How's that for modern economy?

## FISH, FOWL AND FOWL.

Well, the next thing on the bill of fare is fish. There are two kinds, baked and boiled. The first slice you cut off is boiled cod, the next is haddock, the next is halibut, the next is blue fish. In the next pan is a baked fish. It has all the various capabilities possessed by its broiled brother. When the two fish swim in the sea they wear good, plain cod. With the aid of a little sauce they can be almost anything in a restaurant.

Here is a piece of roast mutton and there a piece of roast beef. It is no trick at all to transform them, when the carving knife is deftly wielded, into roast lamb, roast rib or roast joint. With a little delicate treatment it can become roast venison, roast bear or any other roasts that that wonderful bill of fare. One cut off that fowl there is roast chicken, the next is roast turkey. Slicing the neck meat carefully makes it pleasant. Adding fish oil after the operation and throwing on plenty of jelly makes it duck. The veal becomes rabbit, stewed chicken, lamb pie, or good honest veal, just as you please.

When the soup is thickened a good deal of rice or rice powder is thrown in, you have a very good curry. When it is thickened a little and stewed kidneys are added you have the ever popular kidney steak. The addition of pieces of fish cut out of the bottom of the boiler with a sort of oyster tongs will make almost any kind of stew of it.

## COFFEE AND WINE.

The French coffee at twenty-five cents a pot with which you help down your roast is drawn from the very same urn as the ordinary every day coffee that your poorer neighbor at the lunch counter drinks at five cents per cup. And last of all, the fine imported Madeira with which you wash it all down, comes from the same rain water and salicylic acid fount as the sound, unloaded Medoc.

There are two articles of diet which the American stomach has not yet been able to counterfeit. One is a baked potato and the other a boiled egg. However, it is not all entirely that the will, in the kitchen, discover some way of turning these out of the same dish from which he dips his cranberry sauce or bacon.

All this without going into any mention of the actual adulterations, such as sugar made of glucose, jellies made of apple parings and raisins, and almond in the bread, and in the vinegar crust, brown sugar and water for maple sugar. The true artist recks not of these. They are the inventions of sordid minded impostors. He himself is a wizard who makes, by the sheer force of his art, a great many desirable things out of one or two.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## Disease Germs in Milk.

The medical authorities are pretty much agreed both here and in Europe that disease germs may be transmitted in milk, and, to quote them (Blyth), there are on record "a number of well authenticated outbreaks of typhoid fever, of diphtheria and of scarlet fever in which no reasonable doubt exists as to the milk having played the part of an infected garment and conveyed the disease. The exact way in which the poison gained access to the milk in these various cases has not always been clear, but we may presume that adulteration with specifically tainted water, the handling of dairy utensils by persons whose hands have been soiled with the discharges of the sick, the dropping of epithelial scales into the milk cans in the course of transmission, are all possibilities and are likely to have the effect of tainting the milk." Experiments in England have demonstrated that tuberculosis, or pulmonary consumption, affects about one per cent. of the cows, and that the tuberculous matter can be traced in the milk of the animals so affected. The percentage is much higher in France. Considering the vast extent of the milk supply, it is impossible to doubt that some proportion of milk that is diseased is tainted is drunk.—New York World.

## A Politician's Life in Serbia.

They have a way of their own of celebrating a minister's downfall in Serbia. M. Garashanin, having been dismissed from the king's councils, had his house surrounded at 3 o'clock in the morning by some 200 workmen, who roused the ex-minister by their noise and broke his windows with stones. Beyond the shattered glass nothing particular came of it except that one of the rioters was wounded by the revolver which M. Garashanin fired into the crowd.—London Globe.

## A. G. BOWES &amp; Co.,

21 Canterbury Street.

SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN FOR THE DUCHESS RANGE.



Call and examine it  
At 21 Canterbury Street, corner Church.

## HOWE'S FURNITURE WAREHOUSES.

City Market Building, Germain Street.

We have in Stock and are constantly Manufacturing

Walnut Bedroom Suits, Wardrobes,  
Ash Bedro Suits, Hat Trees,  
Painted Bedroom Suits, Centre Tables,  
Bookcases, Whatnots, etc.,  
Sideboards, Office Desks and Tables.

In Stock and made to order, Medium and Low priced Bedroom Suits, in great variety.

## J. &amp; J. D. HOWE.

## PIANOS &amp; ORGANS,

The Best and Cheapest,

SOLD ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT.

Small Musical Instruments, Strings of Kinds.

PICTURE FRAMING

Of all Kinds.

Egravings, Chromos, Mirrors, &c.

WM. MURPHY & Co.,

4 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

## CUTLERY

AND

## Plated Ware

OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

## W. H. THORNE &amp; CO.,

Market Square.

## JOHN WHITE,

93 TO 97 CHARLOTTE STREET.

A VERY FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Willow Chairs, Splint Chairs, Easy Chairs,

Davenport Desks, Children's Chairs, Etc.

## SPECIAL NOTICE!

GRAND OFFER.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE WILL

BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE

UNITED STATES OR CANADA FOR

THE NEXT THREE MONTHS FOR

25 CENTS IN ADVANCE.

This Offer remains open for one Month

until September 15th.



## RAILROADS.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.  
(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: In effect October 24th, 1897. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a.m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston, with Pullman Buffet Car for Bangor.

3.45 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

3.30 p.m.—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, (except Saturday and Sunday nights), for Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle and Grand Falls, with Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

## ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Mornings)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

10.00 a.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.10 p.m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

## LEAVE CARLETON.

6.25 a.m.—For Fairville, and for Bangor and all points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock and points north.

5.30 p.m.—For Fairville, and for Fredericton and intermediate points.

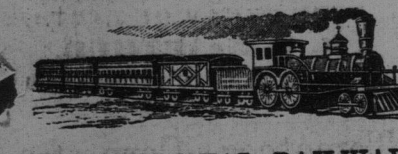
## ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

10.10 a.m.—From Fairville and Fredericton.

4.20 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. F. W. CHASE, Supt. Northern Division. Gen. Manager.

J. E. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. St. John, N. B., October 17, 1897.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1877 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1897.

On and after MONDAY, June 13th, 1897, the train will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

## Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS, 11.00 a.m.

ACCOMMODATION, 11.30 a.m.

EXPRESS FOR BANGOR & QUEBEC, 12.15 p.m.

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 12.15 train to Bangor.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the 12.15 train, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached to the Montreal train.

## Trains will Arrive at St. John.

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC, 5.30 a.m.

EXPRESS FROM BANGOR, 5.45 a.m.

ACCOMMODATION, 6.15 a.m.

DAY EXPRESS, 6.45 a.m.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

## D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1897.



Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN &amp; ST. JOHN.

## EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, Feb. 5, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 2.00 p.m., and Carleton at 2.30 p.m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving at St. George at 3.15 p.m., St. Stephen at 3.45 p.m., and Carleton at 4.15 p.m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 2.30 p.m., for St. George at 3.15 p.m., and Carleton at 4.15 p.m.

LEAVE Carleton at 2.00 p.m., for St. Stephen at 3.45 p.m., and St. John at 4.15 p.m.

Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs., not large in bulk, will be received by JAMES MONROE, 40 Water Street, up to 5 p.m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 5 p.m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at Moncton, Water Street, where a Ticket Agent will be in attendance.

P. W. HOLT, Superintendent.

P. W. HOLT, Superintendent.

## STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co'y.

—FOR—

BOSTON!

—VIA—

EASTPORT AND PORTLAND.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 8th, and until further notice, steamers of this line will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a.m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston; and every Saturday evening at 7.30 for Boston direct.

Returning, will leave Boston at 8.30 a.m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Portland at 5 p.m., same days, for Eastport and St. John. Also leave Boston for St. John via Annapolis every Thursday at 8 a.m.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

## Union Line.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st, the splendid Steamer David Weston will leave for Fredericton, Houlton, Woodstock, and intermediate points, as follows, local time, via on Wednesday and Friday mornings at nine o'clock, and on Monday and Saturday afternoons at five o'clock.

RETURNING, will leave Fredericton on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at seven o'clock, and on Wednesday and Friday mornings at five o'clock. Freight reduced to very low rates.

Excursion Tickets issued to Fredericton and all intermediate stops on Saturday afternoons, good to return free on following Monday, but no return ticket less than 50 cents.

N. B.—Connection made with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Arctostick, Edmundston, etc., and with Northern and Western Railway for Deakton, Chatham, etc.

R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager, Office at Wharf, Indian Point.

St. John City Agency, at H. Gault & Co's, P. Wm. St.

## DAWN:

A NOVEL

BY RIDER HAGGARD,

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

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER I.

A fortnight or so afterward, when the public excitement occasioned by the Carefoot tragedy had been partially eclipsed by a particularly thrilling child-murder and suicide, a change for the better took place in Angela's condition. One night, after an unusually violent fit of raving, she suddenly went to sleep about twelve o'clock, and slept all that night and all the next day. About half-past nine on the following evening, the watchers in her room—namely, Pigott, Mr. Fraser, and Dr. Williamson, who was trying to make out what this deep sleep meant—were suddenly astonished at seeing her sit up in her bed in a listening attitude, as though she could hear something that interested her intensely—for the webbing that tied her down had been temporarily removed—and then cry, in a tone of the most living anguish, and yet with a world of passionate remonstrance in her voice—

"Arthur, Arthur!"

Then she sank down again for a few minutes.

"Hush, Angela," said Mr. Fraser, "he has been gone a long time; you have been very ill."

She did not say anything, but turned her face to the pillow and wept, apparently as much from exhaustion as from any other cause, and then dropped off to sleep again.

"Her reason is saved," said Dr. Williamson, "as soon as they were outside the door."

"Thanks be to Providence and you, doctor."

"Thanks to Providence alone. It is a case in which I could do little or nothing. It is a most merciful deliverance. All that you have to do now is to keep her perfectly quiet, and, above all, do not let her father come near her at present. I will call in and tell him. Lady Bellamy? Oh, about the same. She is a strange woman; she never complains, and rarely speaks—though twice I have heard her break out shockingly. There will never be any alteration in her case till the last alteration. Good-by; I will look round to-morrow."

Time passed on, and gradually health and strength came back to Angela, till at last she was as powerful in mind, and if that were possible—except that she was short of her lovely hair, more beautiful in body than she had been before her troubles overwhelmed her.

She still stopped at the vicarage with Pigott; but had there as yet been any talk of her returning to the Abbey House. Indeed, she had not seen her father since the day of her marriage. But, now that she had recovered, she felt that something must be done about it. Wondering what it should be, she one afternoon walked to the churchyard, where she had not been since her illness, and, once there, made her way naturally to her mother's grave. She was moving very quietly, and had almost reached the tree under which Hilda Carefoot lay, when she became aware that there was already somebody kneeling by the grave, with his head rested against the marble cross.

It was her father. Her shadow falling upon him, he turned and saw her, and they stood looking at each other. She was shocked at the dreadful alteration in his face. It was now that of an old man, nearly worn out with suffering. He put his hand before his eyes and said:

"Angela, how can I face you, least of all here?"

For a moment the memory of her bitter wrongs swelled in her heart, for she now to a great extent understood what her father's part in the plot had been, and she regarded him in silence.

"Father," she said, presently, "I have been in the hands of God, and not in yours, and though you have helped to ruin my life, and have very nearly driven me into a madhouse, I can still say, let the past be the past. But why do look so wretched? You should look happy; you have got the land—my price, you know," and she laughed a little bitterly.

"Why do I look wretched? Because I am given over to a case that you cannot understand, and I am not alone. Where are those who plotted against you? George dead, Bellamy gone, Lady Bellamy paralyzed hand and foot, and myself—although I did not plot, I only let them be—accused. But, if you can forget the past, why do you not come back to my house? Of course I can not force you; you are free and rich, and can suit yourself."

"I will come for a time if you wish—if I can bring Pigott with me."

"You may bring twenty Pigotts, for all I care—so long as you will pay for their board," he added, with a touch of his old misanthropy. "But what do you mean for a time?"

"I do not think I shall stop here long. I think that I am going into a sisterhood."

"Oh! well, you are your own mistress, and must do as you choose."

"Then I will come to-morrow," and they parted.

## CHAPTER II.

And so on the following day Angela and Pigott returned to the Abbey House, but they both felt that it was a sad home coming.

When Angela had been back about a month in the old place, she accidentally got a curious insight into her father's mental sufferings.

It so happened that one night, finding it impossible to sleep, and being much oppressed by sorrowful thoughts, she thought that she would read the hours away. But the particular book she wanted to find was down stairs, and it was two o'clock in the morning, and chilly in the passages. However, anything is better than sleeplessness, and the tyranny of sad thoughts and empty longings, so she went down stairs, and she took a candle, and set off, thinking as she went how she had in this same guise fled before her husband.

She got her book and was returning, when she saw that there was still a light in her father's study, and that the door was ajar. She was just moving to the candle to get a light, when her eye fell on what she at first believed to be a heap of clothes huddled together on the floor in the corner of the room. Further examination showed her that it was a man—she could distinctly see the backs of his hands. Just then the bundle straightened itself a little and dropped his hands, revealing to her wondering gaze her own father's face. He saw her, but did not seem surprised at her presence. Covering up his eyes again with one hand, he shrank further back into his corner, and with the other pointed to a large leather arm-chair in which Pigott had told her grandfather had died.

"Look there," he whispered, hoarsely. "Where, father? I see nothing."

"There, girl, in the chair—look how it glares at me!"

Angela stood aghast. She was alarmed, in defiance of her own reason, and began to catch the contagion of superstition.

"This is dreadful," she said: "for heaven's sake tell me what is the matter."

Pigott's ghastly gaze again fixed itself on the chair, and his teeth began to chatter.

"Great God," he said, "it is coming."

And, uttering a smothered cry, he fell on his face in a faint. The necessity for action brought Angela to herself. Seizing the water-bottle, she dashed some water into her father's face. He came to himself almost immediately.

"Where am I?" he said. "Ah! I remember; I have not been quite well. You must not think anything of that. What are you doing down here at this time of night? Pass me that bottle, and he took nearly half a tumbler of raw brandy."

"There, I am quite right again now; I had a bad attack of indigestion, that is all. Good night."

Angela went without a word. She understood now what her father had meant when he said that he was "accursed," but she could not help wondering whether the brandy had anything to do with his "indigestion."

On the following day the doctor came to see her. "I have a message for you," he said when he was seated.

"Who from?"

"Lady Bellamy. You know that she is paralyzed?"

"Yes."

"Well, she wants you to go and see her. Shall you go?"

"Angela thought a little, and answered, 'Yes, I think so.'"

"You must be prepared to hear some bitter language if she speaks at all."

"She can never say anything more dreadful to me than she has said already, Dr. Williamson."

"Perhaps not. Go if you like."

Accordingly, that very afternoon, Angela, accompanied by Pigott, stayed off for Routham House, where Lady Bellamy still lived, or rather existed. It was her first outing since the inquest on George Carefoot had caused her and her history to become publicly notorious, and, as she walked along, she was surprised to find that she was the object of popular sympathy. Even the children coming out of the village school set up a cheer as she passed.

"Good gracious, Pigott, what is it all about?" she asked, at last.

"Well, you see, miss, they talk of you in the papers as the 'Abbey House heroine'—and heroines are rare in these parts."

Overwhelmed with so much attention, Angela was thankful when at last they reached Routham House. The servant announced her name to a black-robed figure lying on a sofa, and closed the door.

"Come here, Angela Carefoot," said a well-known voice, "and see how Fate has repaid the woman who tried to ruin you."

She advanced and looked at the deadly face, still as darkly beautiful as ever, on which was fixed that strange look of wild expectancy that it had worn when its owner took the poison.

"Yes, look at me; think what I was, and then what I am, and learn how the Spirit of evil pays those who serve him."

Angela uttered an exclamation of pity. "Pity—do not pity me; I will not be pitted by you. You prophesied that it

(Continued on Page 8.)

## ON A KENTUCKY FARM.

Associations of Ante-Bellum Boyhood.

"Mammy," the Cook, "Uncle Tom."

The typical boy on a Kentucky farm was a slender, active, and good-looking fellow, with the negroes of the household and the fields. His old black "mammy" became almost his second mother, and he was slowly crowded out of his conscience and his heart by the growing image of the true one. She had perhaps nursed him at her bosom when he was not long enough to stretch across it, sung over his cradle at noon and at midnight, taken him out upon the velvet grass beneath the shade of the elm trees to watch his first manly resolution of standing alone in the world and walking the vast distance of some inches. Often in boyish years when flying from the house with a loud appeal from the incomprehensible code of Anglo-Saxon punishment for small misdemeanors he had run to those black arms and cried himself to sleep in the lap of African sympathy. As he grew older, alas! his first love grew faithless, and while "mammy" was good enough in her way and sphere, it was not so in the affections settled humbly at the feet of another great functionary of the household—the cook in the kitchen. To him he turned for the service of the kitchen, and the varied industries that went into the preparation of an old time Kentucky supper, made him marvelously glib of tongue, and gave him a certain grace and genuine coffee grains for eyes, there was to him no other artist in the world who possessed the secret of so convincing the useful with the beautiful.

The little half naked imp, too, playing in the dirt like glossy blackbirds in the bath of dust, were his sweetest—because, perhaps, forbidden—companions. With them he went clandestinely to the fatal ditches, and he was not long to learn the art of swimming on a walnut rail. With them he raced up and down the lane on bleeding hooves, and he was not long to learn the exhausted couriers into stables of the same green bushes and halting them high with a cotton string. It was one of these halting children of original Guinea that had crept up to him as he lay asleep in the summer grass and told him where he best hid all his nests was to be found in a far fence corner—that of the high tempered, sordid guinea hen. To them he showed his first Bismarckian pleasure in his first home made whistle. He is his petty tyrant today; to-morrow he will be their repentant master, dividing with them his marbles and proposing a game of golf scotch. Upon his dialect, his disposition, his whole character, he had the ineffable impress of theirs, so that they pass into the final reckoning up of his life here and in the world to come.

But Uncle Tom—the negro overseer of the place—the greatest of all the negroes—greater even than the cook, when one is not hung at their heads, and he died Uncle Tom's neck, or ridden behind him afield on a barebacked horse to the jingling music of the tin snare was to him the most precious thing in his life. He was a squirrel to tame, the teeth of which were so to be planted in his right forefinger. Many a time he slips out of the house to take his dinner or supper in the cabin with Uncle Tom; and during long winter evenings he is to sit beside him, and to watch the glowing of the hearth, and to see the red and yellow lights over the half circle of black faces and on the mystic of the hearth, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

## How Volapuk Sounds.

Much as I have heard and read about Volapuk, the new language, I never heard it talked until last week, when, among the guests at the hospitable table of a well known medical man of literary tastes, there were two guests who had actually sat at the feet of the inventor of Volapuk, as he spoke, and started the tongue under his personal direction. To oblige the rest of us, these two visitors—one was a Russian and the other a German—engaged in a conversation in Volapuk for our edification. I would rather not write down in black and white my impressions of it, but I heard one of the like double Dutch spoken by a Choctaw Indian suffering from a chronic cough, while another suggested it was more like a Welshman trying to cough in modern Greek; but it must not be supposed that I indeed thought of exaggeration and state-ments. Seriously, however, I do not think that Volapuk sounded like the universal language of the future, though I was taken from roots common to our own and the German language.—London Figaro.

## Example of Chinese Cruelty.

A sample of Chinese justice is afforded by the case of a half witted youth who, in an attack of epilepsy, fatally injured his father. The Chinese law decrees that a son who murders his father, whether he be sane or insane, shall suffer the lingering death—that is, his body is sliced with knives and the torture prolonged for hours. A parallel atrocity was furnished by the sentence to the same torture of a father-in-law while he was attempting to assault her.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Chinese Movement Cure.

It is not generally known that we owe the movement cure or massage to a Chinese monk translated in 1779 by the Jesuits. A Swede, named Ling, introduced the movement cure, which has now grown a prominent feature of anatomical science has come to its aid. In China it remains very much as it was, having a semi religious sanction in the old form of religion called Taoism, and entering into the curriculum prescribed for students at the great Chinese medical college.—Philadelphia Call.

## Snuffing Out a Gas Well.

A big gas well at Fairmount, Ind., caught fire, and all efforts to extinguish the seventy-five foot flame were in vain until three boys succeeded. They placed a section of stove pipe over the well, and then suddenly bent it over, converting the flow of gas and cutting off the flame, which was speedily smothered.—Boston Budget.

## The Confederate Constitution.

Mrs. Gen. T. R. R. Cobb, of Atlanta, Ga., has the original draft of the Confederate constitution as it came from the committee who drafted it. It is said that the Confederate Secretary of New York City, who was the constitution as finally adopted by the Confederate congress.—New York Sun.

## The Fear of the Dead in China.

The great overruling superstitions in China are, however, the fear of the dead and the belief in Feng Shui. The latter word means literally "wind and water," and seems to typify both the good and the evil influences of physical phenomena. It is the existence of these two superstitions which really forms the barrier to progress in China, because they interfere with the reception of foreign ideas and the development of industrial projects in mining, railway making, etc. Feng Shui is defined, says the Roman Catholic bishop of Ningpo, as "the path of the Great Dragon, who rushes through the air just above the houses, spouting blessings in showers from his nostrils. He flies straight forward, unless by evil chance he should strike against some high building, in which case he turns aside at an angle, and so the houses beyond lose their share of his blessing. Hence the zealous care of the Chinese house builders lest any one should build a house higher than his neighbor, and the singular uniformity of domestic architecture."

The fear of the dead leads to the most slavish form of ancestor worship, and the three first weeks of April are specially devoted to the services of the shades. At that time every one visits the graves of his relations with offerings, carried on trays and baskets. The cost of these annual services and offerings to the dead is stated by Mrs. Gordon-Cumming to be not less than £22,000,000, all to propitiate the spirits of those whose graves cover the country, and who are believed to be powerful for evil if neglected. The Chinese even honor by the bestowal of new titles if there is special reason for distinguishing them.—All the Year Round.

## The Misery of the Idler.

There is dignity in labor. It does not narrow down the mental powers and the individual dignity, as is too often asserted; but if pursued with a proper appreciation of its incalculable assistance to human happiness, and made subservient to the great plan of human life, is ennobling and itself exalted.

An idle man no more respects himself than do others respect him. He feels that he is a fit and exposed object for others' jeers and light remarks. He lacks an internal feeling of dignity, that is the noblest of all the impulses by which he is controlled and his life made a bright example. He sees others at work around him, and feels a sense of isolation come over him that is perpetually gnawing at the huge pile of happiness he had laid up for them in the good time when he should have nothing to do. In his expected happiness he is of all men most miserable. Something is wanting to give a zest to his pleasures he is continually trying to enter upon. There hangs an undefined and undefinable gloom about his horizon. His blood flows sluggishly. He looks forward to nothing, because his all is right about him in the stagnant present. His pleasures pall on his taste. He is cloyed with the very sweetness he has so wistfully coveted. He envies the jolly, red faced draymen, dragging their loads of boxes, barrels, and barrels. The very sweep looks happy to his eye, because he seems to go into his work with signs of animal pleasure. Oh! the misery of literally having nothing to do! nothing to do!—Boston Budget.

## Millions of Exploded Shells.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.

On the way back from Appomattox we came from Richmond to Fredericksburg, and the route passed a place where an immense amount of ammunition had been destroyed at some time, making their bottoming and the impress of shoes. Like the child who listens to "Uncle Remus," he too hears tales and stories, and creeps back to the house with a wondering look in his eyes and a vague hush of spirit.—James Lane Allen in The Century.



















## DAWN:

(Continued from page three.)

would come; now it is here."

"At any rate, you are still comfortable in your own house," said Angela, not knowing what to say.

"Oh! yes, I have money enough, if that is what you mean. My husband threatened to leave me destitute, but fear of public opinion caused him to change his mind. I sent for you here for a purpose. Where is your lover?"

Angela turned pale and trembled.

"What, do you not know, or are you tired of him?"

"Tired of him! I shall never be tired of him; but he has gone."

"Shall I tell you where to find him?"

"You would not if you could; you would deceive me again."

"No, oddly enough, I shall not. I have no longer any object in doing so. I respect you—indeed, I have done, so all along."

"Then why did you work me such a bitter wrong?"

"Because I was forced to."

"Where is Arthur?"

"In Madeira. Do you remember once telling me that you had only to lift your hand—to draw him back to you, so that no other woman in the world could keep him from you if you chose to bid him come?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Then, if you wish to get him back, you had better exercise your power, for he has gone to another woman."

"Who is she? What is she like?"

"She is a young widow—a Mrs. Carr. She is desperately in love with him—very beautiful and very rich."

"Beautiful! How do you mean? Tell me exactly what she is like."

"She has brown eyes, brown hair, a lovely complexion, and a perfect figure."

"Then I fear that I shall have no chance against her—none!"

"You are a fool, if you were alone in the same room with her, nobody would see her for looking at you."

"But there is worse than that; very possibly he has married her. How can I find out?"

"By writing to him, of course—to the care of Mrs. Carr, Madeira. That is sure to find him."

"Thank you. How can I thank you enough?"

"It seems to me that you owe me few thanks."

There was a pause, and then Angela rose to go.

"Are you going? Yes, go. I am not fit company for such a you."

Angela gazed at the splendid wreck beneath her, and an infinite pity swelled in her gentle heart. Stopping, she kissed her on the forehead. A wild astonishment filled Lady Bellamy's great, dark eyes.

"Child, what are you doing? You do not know what I am, or you would not kiss me!"

"Yes, Lady Bellamy," she said, quietly, "I do, that is, I know what you have been; but I want to forget that. Perhaps you will one day be able to forget it too. I do not wish to preach, but perhaps, after all, this terrible misfortune may lead you to something better. Thank God, there is forgiveness for us all."

Her words touched some forgotten chord in the stricken woman's heart, and two big tears rolled down the frozen cheeks. They were the first Anne Bellamy had wept for many a day.

"Your voice," she said, "has a music that awakes the echoes from a time when I was good and pure like you, but that time has gone for ever."

"Surely, Lady Bellamy, the heart that can remember it, can also strive to reach another like it. If you have descended the cliff whence those echoes spring, into a valley however deep, there is still another cliff before you that you may climb."

"It is easy to descend, but we need wings to climb. Look at me, Angela, my body is not more crippled and shorn of power than my dark spirit is of wings. How can I climb?"

Angela bent low beside her and whispered a few words in her ear, then rose with a shy blush upon her face. Lady Bellamy shut her eyes. Presently she opened them again.

"Do not speak any more of this to me now," she said. "I must have time. The instinct of years can not be brushed away in a day. If you knew all the sins I have committed, perhaps you would think too that for such as I am there is no forgiveness and no hope."

"While there is life there is hope, and as I once heard Mr. Fraser say, the real key to forgiveness is the desire to be forgiven."

Again Lady Bellamy shut her eyes and thought, and when she drew up their heavy lids, Angela saw that there was something of a peaceful look about them.

## CHAPTER XL

Angela went home very thoughtful. The next three days she spent in writing. First, she wrote a clear and methodical account of all the events that had happened since Arthur's first departure, more than a year ago, and attached to it copies of the various documents that had passed between herself and George, including one of the undertaking that her husband had signed before the marriage. This account was in the form of a statement, which she signed, and, taking it to

Mr. Fraser, read it to him, and got him to sign it too. It took her two whole days to write, and when it was done, she labeled it, "To be read first." On the third day she wrote a letter, to go with the statement.

Just as Angela was engaged in finishing her long letter to Arthur—surely one of the strangest ever written by a girl to the man she loved—Mr. Fraser was reading an epistle which had reached him by that afternoon's post. We will look over his shoulder and see what was in it.

It was a letter dated from the vicarage of one of the poorest parishes in the great dock district in the east of London. It began:

"DEAR SIR: I shall be only too thankful to entertain your proposal for an exchange of livings, more especially as, at first sight, it would seem that all the advantage is on my side. The fact is, that the incessant strain of work here has at last broken down my health to such a degree, that the doctors tell me plainly I must choose between the comparative rest of a country parish, or the certainty of passing to a complete quiet before my time. Also, now that my children are growing up, I am very anxious to remove them from the sights and sounds and tainted moral atmosphere of this poverty-stricken and degraded quarter."

"But, however that may be, I should not be doing my duty to you, if I did not warn you that this no parish for a man of your age to undertake, unless for strong reasons (for I see by the clergy list that you are a year or so older than myself). The work is positively ceaseless, and often of a most shocking thankless character, and there are almost no respectable inhabitants for anybody lives in the parish, except those who are too poor to live elsewhere. The stipend, too, is, as you are aware, not large. However, if, in face of these disadvantages, you still entertain the idea of an exchange, perhaps we had better."

The letter then entered into details. "I think that will suit me very well," said Mr. Fraser, aloud to himself, as he put it down. "It will not greatly matter if my health does break down; and I ought to have gone long ago. 'Positively ceaseless,' he says the work is. Well, ceaseless work is the only thing that can stifle thought. And yet it will be hard, coming up by the roots after all these years. Ah! me! this is a queer world, and a sad one for some of us! I will write to the bishop at once."

From which it will be gathered that things had not been going well with Mr. Fraser.

Meanwhile, Angela put her statement and the accompanying letter into a large envelope. Then she took the queer emerald ring off her finger, and, as there was nobody looking, she kissed it, and wrapped it up in a piece of cotton-wool, and stowed it away in the letter, and sealed it up. Next she addressed it, in her clear, miniature handwriting, to:

"ARTHUR P. HEIGHAM, ESQ.,  
"CARE OF MRS. CARR,  
"MADEIRA,"

as Lady Bellamy had told her, and, calling to Pigott to come with her, started off to the post-office to register and post her precious packet, for the Madeira mail left Southampton on the morrow.

She had just time to reach the office, after the three shillings' worth of stamps that the letter took, and register it, when the postman came, up she said it stamped and bundled into his bag with the others, just as though it were nothing, instead of her whole life depending on it, and away it went on its journey, as much beyond recall as yesterday's sins.

"And so you have been a-writing to him, miss," said Pigott, as soon as they were out of the office.

"Yes, Pigott," she told her what Lady Bellamy had said. She listened attentively, with a shrewd twinkle in her eyes.

"I'm thinking, dearie, that it's a pity you didn't post yourself, that's the best letter, it can't make no mistakes nor fall into the hands of them it isn't meant for."

"What can you mean?"

"I'm thinking, miss, that change of air is a wonderful good thing after sickness, especially sea-air," answered Pigott, gravely.

"I don't in the least understand you. Really, Pigott, you drive me wild with your parables."

"Lord, dear, for all you're so clever you never could see half an inch into a brick wall, and that with my meaning as clear as a haystack in a thunderstorm."

This last definition quite finished Angela. Why, she wondered, should a haystack be clearer in a thunderstorm than at any other time? She looked at her companion helplessly, and was silent.

"Bless me, what I have been telling, as plain as plain can be, is, why don't you go to this Madeira—what's the name?—I never can think of them foreign names. I'm like Jakes with the flowers; he says the smaller and 'fotter' they are, the longer the name they sticks on to them, just to puzzle a body who—"

"Madera," suggested Angela, with the calmness of despair.

"Yes, that's it, Madera. Well, why don't you go to Madera along with your letter to look after Arthur? Like enough he is in a bit of a mess there; so far as I know anything about their ways, young men always are, in a general sort of way, for overlooking a-caterwauling after some one or other, for all the world like a tom on the tiles, more especial if they are in love with somebody else. But, dear me, a sensible woman don't bother her head about that, she just goes and hooks them out of it, and then she knows where they are, and keeps them there."

"Oh, Pigott, never mind those reflections, though I'm sure I don't know how you can think of such things. The idea

of comparing poor dear Arthur with a tom cat! But tell me, how can I go to Madeira? Supposing that he is married?"

"Well, then you would learn all about it for yourself, and no gammoning, and there'd be an end to it one way or the other."

"But would it be quite modest, to run after him like that?"

"Modest, indeed; and why shouldn't a young lady travel for her health? I have heard say that this Madeira is a wonderful place for the stomach."

"The lungs, Pigott, the lungs."

"Well, then, the lungs; but it don't matter, they ain't far off each other."

"But, Pigott, who could I go with? I could not go alone."

"Go with?—why me, of course."

"I'll think about it," she said, presently.

"I wonder what Mr. Fraser would say about it?"

That evening, after tea, Angela went down to Mr. Fraser's. He was directing an envelope to the Lord Bishop, of his diocese when she entered; but he hurriedly put it away in the blotting paper.

"Well, Angela, did you get your letter off?"

"Yes, Mr. Fraser, it was just in time to catch the mail to-morrow. But do you know, that is what I want to speak to you about. Pigott thinks that, under all the circumstances,"—here Angela hesitated a little—"she and I had better go to Madeira and find out how things stand, and I almost think that she is right."

"Certainly," answered Mr. Fraser, rising and looking out of the window.

"You have a great deal at stake. When shall you go?"

"By the next steamer, I suppose. They go every week, I think. I will tell my father that I am going to-morrow."

"All you will want money, I suppose?"

"No, I believe that I have plenty of money of my own now."

"Oh, yes, under your marriage settlement, no doubt. Well, my dear, I am sure I hope that your journey will not be in vain. Did I tell you, I have also written to Mr. Heigham by this mail, and told him all I knew about the matter?"

"That is very kind and thoughtful of you; it is just like you," answered Angela, gently.

"Not at all, not at all; but you have told me how you got on with Lady Bellamy—that is, except what she told you about Mr. Heigham."

"Oh! it was a strange interview."

"And so you are going to Madeira next week?" he said after a while. "Then, this will be the last time that we shall meet—before you go, I mean—for I am off to London to-morrow, for a while, on some business. When next we meet, if we do meet again, Angela, you will be a married woman. Do not start, dear; there is nothing shocking about that. But perhaps we shall not meet any more."

"Oh, Mr. Fraser! why do you say such dreadful things?"

"There is nothing dreadful about it, Angela. I am getting on in life, and am not so strong as I was; and you are both young and strong, and must, in the ordinary course of things, outlive me for many years. But, whatever happens, my dear, I know that you will always head on in your memory for your old master, and, as for me, I can honestly say, that to have known and taught you has been the greatest privilege of a rather lonely life."

Here Angela began to cry.

"Don't cry, my dear. There is, thank God, another meeting-place than this, and if I reach the shore of that great future before you, I shall—but, there, my dear, it is time for you to be going home. You must stop here to listen to this melancholy talk. Go home, Angela, and think about your lover. I am busy tonight. Give me a kiss, dear, and go."

Presently she was gone, and he heard the front door close behind her. He went to the window, and watched the tall form gradually growing fainter in the gloaming, till it vanished altogether.

Then he came back, and, sitting down at his writing-table, rested his grizzled head upon his hand and thought. Presently he raised it, and there was a sad smile flickering round the wrinkles of the nervous mouth.

"And now for 'hard labor at the London docks,'" he said aloud.

(To be Continued.)

## WHAT FUNNY MEN WRITE.

Some Clippings from the Writings of Alleged Humors.

A TITULUS FLIGHT.

Tapoy—Coming down to the club to-night, Chuzzlewit?

Chuzzlewit—Can't my boy. Wife's sick."

T—Indeed! Anything serious?

C—Not exactly. It is a throat trouble, but it is neither painful nor dangerous. She is suffering terribly, nevertheless."

T—Why, how's that?

C—The doctor has forbidden her to talk."

A BRUTE OF A HUSBAND.

Wife—Why did you bring Brown to the house with you to-day when you knew that I wasn't dressed?

Husband—Dressed! Why were you all right. I thought you looked frigate."

W—Why, I had only a morning wrap on!"

H—That may be, my dear, but you were much more decently dressed than you were at the opera last night where hundreds of people could see you."

AT THE CAMP MEETING.

Long haired stranger (to little boy): "Can you direct me to the Camp meeting grounds, son?"

Little boy: "Yessir. Jest come 'long wid me. I'm goin' there myself. Me fadder sent fer me."

Long haired stranger: "Ah, I am very glad to know that your father is interested in such important matters."

Little boy: "Yessir. He's runnin' a beer counter, an' is so busy he's got to have help."

WHY THEY DIDN'T MEET.

Employer (to commercial traveler): "Good morning, Mr. Smith; home again, eh?"

Commercial traveler: "Yes, struck town last night on the seven o'clock run Boscon."

Employer: "Why, I came over from Boston on that train. Strange, I didn't see you."

Commercial traveler: "Did you take a parlor car?"

Employer: "No, certainly not."

Commercial traveler: "Well, that's the reason you didn't see me."—Each.

HE LOVED A WIDOW.

Smith: "I say, Dumley, you have had some experience in love affairs, and I want your advice. There is a pretty little widow in Harlem whom I devotedly love. In paying my addresses how often ought I to call upon her?"

Dumley: "She is a widow, you say?"

Smith: "Yes."

Dumley: "Seven nights in the week, my boy, with a Wednesday and Saturday matinee."

SAVING THE GAS BILL.

"I love your daughter, sir, and ask your consent to win her, I can."

"I am sorry, but—" began the old man, when he was hastily interrupted.

"And I would like to arrange to press my suit, sir, the other afternoon, on evenings, until gas becomes a little cheaper."

Then the old man made him God speed.

SHE SUFFERED FOR THE CASH.

Young lady (at church festival): Really, Mr. Featherly, I must ask you to excuse me; I have eaten so very heartily, and there is a limit to one's endurance, you know, even in so good a cause as this."

Mr. Featherly: "Quite true, Miss Smith, but still I think you might oblige—"

Young lady: "Oh, well, since you seem so persistent about it, Mr. Featherly, I believe I will take just one more lobster."

Harper's Bazar.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Minister (dining with the family): "You never go fishing on Sundays, do you, Bobby?"

Bobby: "Oh, no, sir."

Minister: "That's right, Bobby. Now can you tell me why you don't go fishing on Sunday?"

Bobby: "Yes, sir. Pa says he doesn't want to be bothered with me."—New York Sun.

PAID IN GOLD COIN.

In Dec. 1886 L. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., offered eight premiums payable in gold coin, which they say created a great interest among people who kept hens, so much so, in fact, that Johnson & Co., authorized to say they shall offer Nov. 1st 1887, another list of premiums for the best results from the use of Sheridan's Powder to Make Hens Lay.

Of course all who compete cannot get one of the premiums, but some of the last year's reports which Johnson & Co. send us show that the parties ought to have been well satisfied if they had not received any other benefit than the increase of eggs they got while making the trial. For example the first premium was Twenty-five Dollars, taken by C. A. French, Washington, N. H., who fed thirty hens the Sheridan's Powder for eight weeks. The first week he got only ten eggs; the third week the hens laid 201 eggs, and the eighth week 208 eggs. During the eighth week he got 1388 eggs which, at the price of eggs in Boston market in mid-winter, would have yielded \$46.00, or \$1.55 for each hen in eight weeks time. Considering the small expense of keeping a hen no animal on a farm will pay like that. The \$12.00 premium went to Mrs. Evelyn C. Mosser, Centre Lovell, Me. She commenced to feed Sheridan's Powder Jan. 4th 1887. For the first trial week her hens did not lay at all, but during the last week she got 56 eggs from only eight hens, and in the eighth week they laid 372 eggs. The Fourth Premium which was ten dollars went to another woman, Mrs. E. B. Carlin, Conklin Centre, N. Y., who in the eight weeks received from forty hens 1707 eggs.

This clearly demonstrates that the use of Sheridan's Powder to Make Hens Lay will increase the profit several hundred per cent.

Johnson & Co. will send two 25 cent packs of Sheridan's Powder postpaid to any address for 50 cents in postage stamps; or a large 25 pound can of Powder for \$1.20. To each person ordering a large can as above they will send free one copy of the "Farmer's Poultry Guide" (price, 35 cents).

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

## JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Group, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hemorrhages, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera, Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Blisters. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an illustrated Pamphlet.

All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, \$1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS

FRANCIS & VAUGHAN,

19 KING STREET.

Are now Showing a Splendid Assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes,

In all the Leading American Lines.

ALSO THE BEST SELECTED STOCK OF Boys', Youths', Misses' and Children's Boots

To be found in the City.

FRANCIS & VAUGHAN,

19 KING STREET.

W. H. Take Photographs in CLOUDY WEATHER

AS WELL AS ON THE BRIGHTEST DAY. INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.

and we invite all to call at our Studio and inspect our work.

W. BRUCKHOF & CO., Cor. King and Charlotte Streets, (Entrance 75 Charlotte Street.)

SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy, DOMVILLE BUILDING.

NEW CLASSES FOR BEGINNERS COMMENCE TUESDAY, 11th. Afternoon at 3.30. Ladies and gentlemen at 8 same evening. Terms as usual in advance. Lessons continue Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Good time to commence private lessons day or evening. (Wait a specialty.) A. L. SPENCER, TRAINER.

MOXIE NERVE FOOD, —ALSO—

GINGER ALE —AND—

Bottled Soda, No. 15 NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. A. WALLIS & SON.

A. E. POTE, Manager.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY TO BUY YOUR TEAS AND COFFEES

—IS AT THE—

Great London & China Tea Co's, No. 33 King Square.

TEAS of the finest flavors COFFEES Always Pure and Fresh.

Sugar Retailed at Net Cost. Handsome and Useful Presents given to all Purchasers of TEAS AND COFFEES.