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LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

A REMINISCENCE,

And a Bit of Little Grandmother's Cheerful Philosophy.

Spiritual as is the expression of Little Grandmother's countenance, fathomless as are her large gray eyes, flaxen as are the masses of hair that her white lace cap but half conceals, and musical as are the tones of her voice, she is a veritable grandmother, and well advanced in years. But she is not old. The days of her life have all come and gone like the blessed spring, and summer, and autumn days—those days when the buds begin to open and the bees first exploit among the pussy willows and orchards, those days when the corn waves its green blades in the sun, and those days when the harvest bee sings to the reapers as the yellowing grain bends its heavy heads before them.

More, perhaps, am I reminded by the life of Little Grandmother of a river by whose banks I sojourned some summer months a good many summers ago. The valley through which it flowed seemed to incline in neither one direction nor the other, and the current was so peaceful that it was difficult to determine whither it flowed, but it flowed on, clear as the rain drops, unruffled by any obstruction, and the pebbles that formed its bed seemed to be glad because they were in such good company.

Again, the life of Little Grandmother reminds me of a footpath over which, when a youth, I went to school with my brothers. "A footpath," says John Burroughs, "is of slow growth, and it is a wild, shy thing that is easily scared away. The plough must respect it, and the fence or hedge make way for it. It requires a settled state of things, unchanging habits among the people, and long tenure of the land; the rill of life that finds its way there must have a perennial source, and flow there to-morrow and the next day and the next century." I always feel melancholy when I see a well-worn footpath broken up by the plough, or obstructed by walls or fences. It is like seeing a house grow windowless, and doorless, and roofless, where children have been born and marriages have been consumated and funeral services performed. The path I refer to led through a cornfield, and through a grove of pines, where the ground was thickly scattered with their cones, and by an old saw mill, and through a long stretch of beech and maple woods, where the squirrels and partridges always seemed to be expecting us in the morning and evening. The path was wonderfully pleasant, especially so when we were on our way home. So, Little Grandmother's path of life has always been a pleasant one, for when she reaches the end of it she knows she will have reached home.

Has Little Grandmother known no sorrow? Undoubtedly she has, but sorrow has brought nothing more than a temporary shadow to her brow, a momentary pang to her peaceful and trusting heart.

She has seen the friends of her childhood and youth falter, and fall down by her side, to join her no more in the path that stretched out before her, and with bitter tears, after bidding them a last good-bye, she has resumed her journey, saddened, but not broken in heart. "There is no death;" said Little Grandmother, on such occasions; "love never dies; thought never dies, the soul never dies; our poor houses of clay, even, are immortal."

Little Grandmother once expressed herself in this way before a group of little girls (she was Little Grandmother to all the little girls in the neighborhood) when I happened to be present, and they asked for an explanation.

"Why," answered Little Grandmother, "there is nothing new, nothing old, nothing found, and nothing lost. What was, is, and will be forever. Can you think for a moment, when our intercourse here is ended, that I shall love you less, that my thoughts—purified from all earthly taint—will be less active, that this frail body will be consigned to nothingness? No, little children, as every act of our lives is for eternity, so everything that belongs to us is for eternity."

"When I go out among the graves of those who were dear to me, as your friends are dear to you, continued Little Grandmother, "I see pictures of their faces in the flowers that blossom above them; I hear their voices in the songs of the birds that sing about them, and then comes to my heart a sense of restfulness that elsewhere is seldom experienced. Little children, when you have lived longer you will have better understandings, and a wider comprehension of the truth that whatever is good is surely immortal, and that nothing which we associate with life, except sin and sorrow, terminates in the grave."

Little Grandmother kissed the little girls and dismissed them, wondering perhaps, that one so old should speak so cheerfully, but I have often thought, since then, that her's was a most beautiful faith.

Only a Withered Rose.

I have something for you he softly said,
As out to the garden the way he led,
Take this, he said, I have saved it for you,
As he gave her a rose that was sparkling with dew.

Wear it till withered, then lay it away,
Till next summer you come with us to stay:
And then, though faded, and fallen it be,
Will you bring it again, just to show it to me.

Ah! winter is past and summer will come,
But the lips that spoke are silent and dumb,
For winter, scarce come, till in one short week,
The tyrant death, came her friend to seek.

The rose, though withered, is cherished and kept;
While over its leaves she has calmly wept,
For in sorrow she now may gaze on the tomb;
Of a lovelier rose that in heaven will bloom.

Fannie Hamilton.

One of These Days.

One of these days it will be over,
Sorrow and mirth, and our loss and gain,
Meetings and partings of friend and lover,
Sunshine of pleasure and cloud of pain;
One of these days will our hands be folded,
One of these will our work be done
Finished the platform our thoughts have moulded,
Ended our labors beneath the sun,

One of these days will the heart-ache leave us,
One of these days will the burden drop;
Never again shall the hope deceive us,
Never the hindrance our progress stop,
Freed from the chill of the rain endeavor,
Winged with the power of endless life,
One of these days we'll forget forever
All the defects of the earthly strife.

One of these days we shall know the reason
Haply of much that perplexes now;
One of these days, in the Lord's good season,
Seal of his peace shall adorn the brow.
Blessed when brought out of tribulation:
Lifted to dwell in the Lord's own light,
Happy to share in the great salvation,
Well may we watch through the passing night.

One of these days the darling faces
Vanished here from the household band,
Haunting yet our familiar places,
Wooing us yet to the better land,
Smiling then in the light of heaven,
Once again will be all our own.
One of these days 'twill to us be given
To stand with our darlings before the throne.

Patiently then our cross we'll carry,
Joyously onward daily fare;
What though the word of the King should tarry,
One of these days he will want us there.
One of these days! Some pearl-bright morning?
One of these days! Some golden noon?
Or the evening gray, or the midnight warning?
Even so, Lord, come late or soon.

Come, beloved, and find us serving:
Come, we cry with our longing soul,
Come to save from our faithless swerving,
Come to touch us and make us whole.
"Till he comes!" 'tis our song and story;
One of these days its thrilling chord,
Echoing through the immortal glory,
We shall lift to our risen Lord.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Curious Facts.

Accounts are settled but once a year in the Bermudas. The 30th of June is the usual date.

The Kentucky River is 210 miles long, and there is not an island in it anywhere.

An oak tree recently felled in Pike County, Mo., made 429 fence posts and nine cords of wood.

There are 300,000 people in France who live in apartments that have no windows.

A French periodical says that such birds as the eagle, the swan and the raven live more than a hundred years. The parrot, the heron, the goose and the pelican have been known to live for sixty years.

An ingenious sleeping-bag which is in use by some mountain climbers consists of a mackintosh sack, one longitudinal half of which can be inflated, so that the camper can have the luxury of sleeping on an air mattress.

A medical opinion is, that if consumption were eradicated from cattle, it would soon disappear from the human race. Five per cent. of English cattle have tuberculosis, and twenty per cent. of some Jersey herds of the United States are said to be affected.

The following is the seating capacity of the eight largest churches of Europe; St. Peter, Rome, 54,000 persons; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul, Rome, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Florence Cathedral, 20,000: Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark, Venice, 7,000.

Mount Vesuvius serves as a gigantic barometer and thermometer for Naples. The direction in which the smoke from the crater blows indicates unerringly a coming change of weather twenty-four hours in advance. Also the approach of the hot and depressing sirocco.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Lord Augustus Loftus, at one time Queen Victoria's ambassador at Vienna, now presides over the bookkeeping department of Lady Loftus' millinery store.

A deposit of salt 300 feet in thickness has been struck under the town of Hutchinson, Kan., at a depth of 425 feet. The salt lacks less than a quarter of one per cent. of absolute purity, and will be a great source of wealth to the town.

A young woman in Maine recently travelled on foot eighty miles from her home and back for the purpose of engaging a minister to marry her to her fiance. After the honeymoon has waned it is more than likely that she will saw wood and do all of the chores about the house, while her lazy husband sits on a barrel in a grocery store, arguing against woman's rights.

Not long ago a Portland boy displayed rare nerve and courage in a time of trial, says the Advertiser. He met with an accident and it became necessary to amputate his leg. He refused his consent to the operation for some time but finally yielded to the assurance of the surgeons that he must lose either his leg or his life. When everything was ready his father took him by the hand and besought him to be brave. He looked calmly into his father's face and with a twinkle in his eye said, "Oh, I'll be brave; but I can't help wondering whether I'll go out of this room on wings or crutches."

Norfolk, Va., claims the distinction of being the world's great peanut market. It disposes every year of 2,000,000 bushels of peanuts, most of which are grown in Virginia.

The average annual death rate of the world is thirty-one for every 1,000 persons. The average death rate for the leading cities is 22½ in every 1,000 persons. Old cities, like Paris, Vienna and Berlin, approach the world's average is their death rate.

The only representatives of the royal Stuarts now alive are the Princess Mary Modena—lineally descended from a daughter of Charles the First, and married to Prince Louis of Wittelsbach, heir presumptive to the throne of Bavaria—and her eleven children.

The Bethlehem Iron Company of Bethlehem, Pa., recently made the largest single casting ever attempted in America, being the base for the large steel compressor to be used in the gun steel works. One hundred and twenty-four tons of molten metal were poured into the mould. The cast will require several weeks to cool. It is believed to have been perfectly successful.

One night last January A. F. McNeal, of Rawson, O., dreamed that he would die on Saturday, April 26. The dream came true, for at the appointed time, he expired after an illness of very brief duration.

John T. Smith, the veteran marine reporter of Boston, passed away on the 6th inst. He was born in Boston in 1815, and for many years was connected with the Boston Post. He was very popular with local ship-owners, to whom he was well known, and to his efforts was due the establishments of the telegraphic signal system now in operation between Boston and Hull and Highland Light.

Even in sunny Egypt an editor's lot is not always a happy one. In a French newspaper published at Cairo last month, there is a two column editorial beginning, "The scoundrel who brutally assaulted me as I was going home last night, etc., etc."

Lord Rosebery, of England, is to import from Vermont a pair of Black Hawk trotters.

Mr. Labouchere, of London Truth, has discovered the exact weight of Ignatius Donnelly's cryptogram volume. The book may be referred to as six pounds of Bacon.

Rider Haggard has sent $5 to a woman who wrote to him regarding two grammatical errors she had discovered in his novel "She." There are various popular novelists of the present day who would ruin themselves if they paid $2.50 for each sin against grammar they commit.

The most picturesque potentate in Europe is the baby King of Spain, who has just cut his first teeth. He is a very large child for his age and has the face of an old man. He is to be left entirely to the care of women until he is seven years of age, when a tutor and masters will take charge of him until he is sixteen. At that age he will supersede the Queen Regent at the head of the Spanish Government. Poor boy! He will have more glory than fun in this world.

The London newspapers have employed the boycott, an institution against which they are generally arrayed, in asserting what they claim to be their rights. To the annual dinner of the Royal Academy only one London journal was invited. Thus it was that although the Prince of Wales and other important personages indulged in oratorical fights their speeches were reported in only one newspaper, the journal that received a welcome to the feast. The other newspapers refused to print the official reports sent to them. It is satisfactory to see the London press growing more independent as time goes on.

The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies has passed a bill for the immediate abolition of slavery.

A pigeon message service is to be established in connection with the Signal Office at Key West. The purpose of the service is to bring the adjacent islands, into communication with Key West.

The Secretary of War of Mexico has notified Mexican officers along the border that hereafter the penalty of death will be imposed for crossing over into the United States with troops and interfering with the affairs of citizens of a friendly nation.

A remarkable story emenates from the wilds of Ohio. It is told that a Jersey cow residing in that presidential state is in the habit of devouring cats. At the first blush this seems incredible, but when one reflects how long cats have partaken of cow in the liquid form, the bovine idiosyncrasy doesn't appear quite so strange. The cow is simply getting even with the feline race.

They are still breaking out snowbanks up in the White Mountain region. This is only the general summer hotel landlord's preliminary announcement.

The recent fire at the Aberdeen Journal office was most disastrous, as the files for more than a hundred years were destroyed, and they contained a complete chronicle of all the events that have occurred in Scotland during that period. The first volume contained a long "personal narrative" of the rebellion of 1745-6.

The latest conundrum to confound the sages is whether America was named after Americans Vespucius or Americus Vespucus after America. Those who hold to the latter theory can point to Chinese Gordon and Stanley Africans as a vindication of their position. The discussion only emphasizes the wisdom of the saying that it's a wise child that knows its own father.

With the Mormons adjuring polygamy and the Brazilian parliament on the point of abolishing slavery, the twin relics of barbarism are about to become extinct in the western hemisphere.

The startling announcement is made by a Philadelphia paper that forty-five people are ground to death every year in that city under car wheels. A comprehensive plan for treating the subject is called for.

The New York World calls the newspapers of the country "the President makers." This assumption is likely to be disputed by the great army of cheap politicians throughout the land, who flatter themselves that they direct public opinion between their squirts of tobacco juce. Nevertheless, we guess the World is correct.

The smallest circular saw in practical use is a tiny disc about the size of a British shilling, which is employed for cutting the slits in gold pens. These saws are about as thick as ordinary paper, and revolve some 4,000 times per minute. The high velocity keeps them rigid, notwithstanding the thinness.

A New York business man has a novel method of refreshing his memory. When he has something important to attend to the next day, he writes himself a postal card, reminding him of the matter, and, finding the card among the mail the next morning, attends to it the first thing.

A tiger weighing 280 pounds can carry off a horse weighing 1,050 pounds.

Just across the street from a large dry goods store on Fourth avenue, New York, near Tenth street, is a milk shop, eight by ten feet in size, or thereabouts, and as plain and clean as deal boards and soap and water can make it. Fashionable looking equipages frequently halt at the curb in front of it, and daintly dressed dames and children in French boots and furbelows are to be seen almost any time during shopping hours going in for a penny glass of milk. The barefoot street child stands side by side with them at the counter and is served impartially for a cent with the same delicious draught which the possession of millions makes none the less welcome. Nothing is sold there but milk, and if the customers want to they can go into a neat little box behind the counter and sip their lacteal refreshment at a little brown table of boards that shines with cleaniness—which is the only appetizer good milk needs.

Continuous Rails.

[From Iron.]

An important invention in railway practice is the method invented by a Baltimore electrican for welding steel rails by electricity, which will enable track layers to lay a continuous track. The ends of the rails, after they are placed in the track, are welded together through the application of a transformed electric current, and are afterward tempered so as to make the joint as hard as the rest of the rail. The welding apparatus is carried on the pilot of an engine or on a construction car. The inventor proposes to thus make continuous rails a quarter of a mile in length, having expansion joints only at intervals of that distance, the rails being fastened at the centre so as to expand in both directions. Making the joint only takes half a minute. This plan, if successful, says the Railroad Gazette, would settle the great Fisher rail joint question, but the accumulated expansion and contraction in such long lengths of solid rail would be formidable.

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.

The pretty fashion of side combs of tortoise shell is coming in again. They make very pretty effects among the puffs of the new coiffure built high upon the head.

* * *

Thumb rings have started out on a round of conquest. I saw one, a broad gold band, on a shapely little hand, the other night, where it looked as well as any ring possibly could, but I did not like it. It had much the same appearance as if the right hand glove had been worn on the left, and gave me a queer, hind-side-before sensation, which the wearer assured me would soon pass away, and "I'd like the antique idea immensely." A few years ago, when rings for the little finger came in vogue, a similar objection was raised by old-fashioned people, and doubtless I shall be considered old-fashioned by the present generation for rupudiating the novelty. But it requires a beautiful hand and a very slender little thumb to wear the ring of Germanicus, and how many very excellent and admirable charmers can lay that flattering unction to their souls? About one woman in fifty has a thumb that makes you want to bite it; but, on the whole, perhaps this is as well. It will be curious to see how the ingenious jeweller goes to work to overcome prejudice and physical disability in the introduction of thumb rings to the society girl. She will adopt anything if it only catches her fancy, and this the designing dealer knows better than most people.

* * *

Mr. Walter Besant has started a very lively discussion in England. It is on that exceedingly troublesome and distressing phase of the woman question—what to do for unmarried women who were not brought up to work, who have no aptitude for any particular work, and who yet must support themselves. We know how serious this problem may be in our older communities, but in England, owing to various causes, chief among which is the continuous agricultural depression, it has now become of really alarming importance. There has long been in that country what Mr. Besant calls an "army of necessitous gentlewomen," of women "who have known better days," and who have sunk into what amounts to genteel pauperism; but since the agricultural depression of late years, the army has greatly increased. As he points out, it is not merely the landlords and farmers who are suffering from this cause. All the trade of the small towns droops with agriculture; professional men lose their practice: clergymen get less from their glebes, and dissenting ministers from their congregations. There has also been, during the last thirty years, a vast increase of the "cultivated classes," because of the diffusion of education among both the poor and the rich. "The thickness of the cultured stratum grows greater every day," The consequence is that the number of educated and cultivated women who are trying to earn a living has both actually and proportionately been enormously augmented. Besides those impoverished by the agricultural depression, "the daughters, who, in the last generation, would have joined the working-girls," have now acquired tastes and habits which unfit them for such employment. So far as the making of a living is concerned, their education has, therefore, been a disadvantage to them. They also belong to the very circles of society in which the marriage rate declined, and their chances of matrimony, therefore, are less than they were before. Yet, when they enter the labor market, they have nothing except "general intelligence" to offer in the competition, and of that, the supply, even among men alone, much exceeds the demand. There is another very serious consideration. If women are to get the work, they must do so by underbidding men, and thus their entrance into employments on a great scale tends to make the labor question still more troublesome. Mr. Besant takes the extreme ground that "no woman should be forced to work at all, except at such things as please her," and to him it seems "a shame that a lady should have to stand in the labor-market for hire like a milkmaid at a statute fair." Accordingly he urges that the plan which prevails in France, of providing an endowment for every daughter of a family, should be followed in England, so that whether married or single, she should have something to depend on, no matter how small. In France, as is well known, no girl born of respectable parents is unprovided with a dot, however poor her family may be. As soon as she is born they begin to accumulate a dowry for her, well knowing that, without a dot she can never be married. In Germany this custom is not so prevalent, but there are societies, on something resembling the tontine plan, for the express purpose of providing for unmarried women. The subject is likely to provoke discussion in our own country, for what to do for daughters is one of the most serious questions that disturb all parents of small or moderate income.

* * *

Social circles of Brooklyn were shocked, recently, by the fact that there appeared, in photographs packed in cigarettes, a picture of Mrs. Ephraim J. Whitlock, the wife of the cashier of the board of education. The photographs showed the lady dressed in tights, as she appeared in a comic opera at Boston a few years ago. A gentleman walked into the temporary office of the board of education, a few days ago, and showed the picture to Mr. Whitlock. It was said that he was very indignant, and that after a consultation with his wife, he thought he would either take legal proceedings against the cigarette manufacturers or would ask them to stop issuing the pictures, but that he had not yet done anything toward stopping distribution of the pictures. Mrs. Whitlock is a very attractive woman, a petite brunette. She has a good soprano voice, and was a few years ago a church choir-singer. She had been a professional opera-singer before her marriage, and since she has become a wife and mother, she frequently sings at the entertainments given by the Brooklyn Amateur Opera Company, under her own name. It is the habit of Mrs. Whitlock to have her photograph taken if she is pleased with the costumes she wears when on the stage. When singing in Boston, a few years ago, she was thus photographed. The picture represents her as a fairy, attired in the typical fairy costume of the stage. It is this picture that the cigarette-maker has copied, and is packing in his wares.

* * *

A beautiful lady in Paris, belonging to the diplomatic circle, lately met with a most peculiar accident at a ball, to the intense delight of her "bosom friends" of the fair sex. The lady in question wore a low-bodied dress of artistic design, which attracted general admiration, but what most riveted the attention of the ball guests were her shoulders of dazzling white. Suddenly her brooch, a splendid cameo, became unfastened, dropped to the ground and broke to pieces. In her alarm, the fair owner quickly stooped to pick up the fragments. But this rapid movement caused someihing still more valuable to fall to the ground, viz., a portion of the charming white shoulders of the lady, a piece of a mass resembling porcelain, delicately touched up in blue and pink. The gentlemen gazed in blank astonishment at the damaged beauty, while the ladies giggled in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and the husband ran for a shawl to conceal the misfortune. Tableau!

* * *

The fancy-step dancing of Miss Mollie Runyon, at the "Fashing Thursday" entertainment at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York recently, has created somewhat of a sensation among society people. The truth is that society people are slightly shocked, altough there does not seem to be any good and sensible reason for their being so. Miss Runyon, who is a daughter of ex-Chancellor Runyon, of New Jersey, executed a pas seul in front of a mirror on the stage, and later on tripped lightly through the intricacies of a pas a deux with a pretty companion. Later on, a number of young ladies participated in a general dance, wherein the steps were not of the conventional ball-room kind. The spectacle of young women of social position coming out on the stage in the fashion described, and giving performances which resembled, however remotely, the performances of a professional ballet, was, of course, an entirely unusal spectacle, and the people who saw it have not yet quite finished with the discussion suggested.

Died Twice in One Day.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

About 8 o'clock yesterday morning a negro woman named Sarah Acey, living on McDaniel street, near the corner of Peters, died.

That is to say, the industrious old washerwoman fell down on the floor of her room and, to all practical intents and purposes, she died.

The camphor supply of the neighborhood was exhausted by the sorrowing friends and neighbors, the vinegar supply followed suit, and, as the rigid form still showed no signs of life, the funeral was duly inaugurated.

The Coroner was notified and a coffin ordered. The old woman was placed upon her bed, and the neighbors gathered around.

The mourners were just fairly under way when the corpse turned slowly upon one side, moaned once or twice, and capped the climax by bolting suddenly into a sitting posture.

The room was as suddenly emptied, and it stayed empty until the doctor came.

Cautiously the neighbors surrounded the house, and finally, encouraged by the doctor's presence, ventured in one by one.

The coffin order was countermanded, and the old lady started in life once more. The neighbors left, and so did the doctor.

About half past 11 a scream was heard from the old woman's house, and a little girl ran to the door and screamed excitedly for help.

"Help! Help! Run in there quick! Miss Acey is dead again!"

Just as before the old woman was lying upon the floor and seemingly dead.

The doctor was called in again, and soon afterward the Coroner arrived. The doctor pronounced the woman dead and the cause apoplexy. No jury was impanelled by the Coroner. At this juncture the puzzled undertaker arrived, a rumor having reached his ears to the effect that the old woman had again concluded to live a while longer.

But she was dead.

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The Treasure of Franchard.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[CONTINUED.]

Many and many were the talks they had together; and health and moderation proved the subject of the doctor's divagations. To these he lovingly returned.

"I lead you," he would say, "by the green pastures. My system, my beliefs, my medicines, are resumed in one phrase—to avoid excess. Blessed nature, healthy, temperate nature, abhors and exterminates excess. Human law, in this matter, imitates at a great distance her provisions; and we must strive to supplement the efforts of the law. Yes, boy, we must be a law to ourselves and for our neighbors—lex armata—armed, emphatic, tyrannous law. If you see a crapulous human ruin snuffling, dash him from his box! The judge, though in a way an admission of disease, is less offensive to me than either the doctor or the priest. Above all the doctor—the doctor and the purulent trash and garbage of his pharmacopœia! Pure air—from the neighborhood of a pinetum for the sake of the turpentine—unadulterated wine, and the reflections of an unsophisticated spirit in the presence of the works of nature—these, my boy, are the best medical appliances and the best religious comforts. Devote yourself to these. Hark! there are the bells of Bourron (the wind is in the north, it will be fair). How clear and airy is the sound! The nerves are harmonized and quieted; the mind attuned to silence; and observe how easily and regularly beats the heart! Your unenlightened doctor would see nothing in these sensations; and yet you yourself perceive they are a part of health. Did you remember your cinchona this morning? Good. Cinchona also is a work of nature; it is, after all, only the bark of a tree which we might gather for ourselves if we lived in the locality. What a world is this! Though a professed atheist, I delight to bear my testimony to the world. Look at the gratuitous remedies and pleasures that surround our path! The river runs by the garden end, our bath, our fish pond, our natural system of drainage. There is a well in the court which sends up sparkling water from the earth's very heart, clean, cool and with a little wine most wholesome. The district is notorious for its salubrity; rheumatism is the only prevalent complaint, and I myself have never had a touch of it. I tell you—and my opinion is based upon the coldest, clearest processes of reason—if I, if you, desired to leave this home of pleasures it would be the duty, it would be the privilege, of our best friend to prevent us with a pistol bullet."

One beautiful June day they sat upon the hill outside the village. The river, as blue as heaven, shone here and there among the foliage. The indefatigable birds turned and flickered about Gretz church tower. A healthy wind blew from over the forest, and the sound of innumerable thousands of tree tops and innumerable millions on millions of green leaves was abroad in the air, and filled the ear with something between whispered speech and singing. It seemed as if every blade of grass must hide a cigale; and the fields rang merrily with their music, jingling far and near, as with the sleigh bells of the fairy queen. From their station on the slope the eye embraced a large space of poplared plain upon the one hand, the waving hill tops of the forest on the other, and Gretz itself in the middle, a handful of roofs. Under the bestriding arch of the blue heavens, the place seemed dwindled to a toy. It seemed incredible that people dwelled, and could find room to turn or air to breathe, in such a corner of the world. The thought came home to the boy, perhaps for the first time, and he gave it words.

"How small it looks!" he sighed.

"Ay," replied the doctor, "small enough now. Yet it was once a walled city; thriving, full of furred burgesses and men in armor, humming with affairs—with tall spires, for aught I know, and portly towers along the battlements. A thousand chimneys ceased smoking at the curfew bell. There were gibbets at the gate as thick as scarecrows. In time of war, the assault swarmed against it with ladders, the arrows fell like leaves, the defenders sallied hotly over the drawbridge, each side uttered its cry as they plied their weapons. Do you know that the walls extended as far as the Commanderie? Tradition so reports. Alas, what a long way off is all this confusion—nothing left of it but my quiet words spoken in your ear—and the town itself shrunk to the hamlet underneath us! By and by came the English wars—you shall hear more of the English, a stupid people, who sometimes blundered into good—and Gretz was taken, sacked and burned. It is the history of many towns; but Gretz never arose again; it was never rebuilt; its ruins were a quarry to serve the growth of rivals; and the stones of Gretz are now erect along the streets of Nemours. It gratifies me that our old house was the first to rise after the calamity; when the town had come to an end, it inaugurated the hamlet."

"I, too, am glad of that," said Jean-Marie.

"It should be the temple of the humbler virtues," responded the doctor, with a savory gusto. "Perhaps one of the reasons why I love my little hamlet as I do, is that we have a similar history, she and I. Have I told you that I was once rich?"

"I do not think so," answered Jean-Marie. "I do not think I should have forgotten. I am sorry you should have lost your fortune."

"Sorry?" cried the doctor. "Why, I find I have scarce begun your education after all. Listen to me! Would you rather live in the old Gretz or in the new, free from the alarms of war, with the green country at the door, without noise, passports, the exactions of the soldiery, or the jangle of the curfew bell to send us off to bed by sundown?"

"I suppose I should prefer the new," replied the boy.

"Precisely," returned the doctor. "So do I. And, in the same way, I prefer my present moderate fortune to my former wealth. Golden mediocrity! cried the adorable ancients; and I subscribe to their enthusiasm. Have I not good wine, good food, good air, the fields and the forest for my walk, a house, an admirable wife, a boy whom I protest I cherish like a son? Now, if I were still rich, I should indubitably make my residence in Paris—you know Paris—Paris and paradise are not convertible terms. This pleasant noise of the wind streaming among leaves changed into the grinding babel of the street, the stupid glare of plaster substituted for this quiet pattern of greens and grays, the nerves shattered, the digestion falsified—picture the fall! Already you perceive the consequences; the mind is stimulated, the heart steps to a different measure, and the man is himself no longer. I have passionately studied myself—the true business of philosophy. I know my character as the musician knows the ventages of his flute. Should I return to Paris I should ruin myself gambling; nay, I go further—I should break the heart of my Anastasie with infidelities."

This was too much for Jean-Marie. That a place should so transform the most excellent of men transcended his belief. Paris, he protested, was even an agreeable place of residence. "Nor when I lived in that city did I feel much difference," he pleaded.

"What!" cried the doctor. "Did you not steal when you were there?"

But the boy could never be brought to see that he had done anything wrong when he stole. Nor, indeed, did the doctor think he had; but that gentleman was never very scrupulous when in want of a retort.

"And now," he concluded, "do you begin to understand? My only friends were those who ruined me. Gretz has been my academy, my sanatorium, my heaven of innocent pleasures. If millions are offered me I wave them back: Retro, Sathanas! Evil one begone! Fix your mind on my example; despise riches, avoid the debasing influence of cities. Hygiene—hygiene and mediocrity of fortune—these be your watchwords during life!"

The doctor's system of hygiene strikingly coincided with his tastes; and his picture of a perfect life was a faithful description of the one he was leading at the time. But it is easy to convince a boy, whom you supply with all the facts for the discussion. And besides there was one thing admirable in the philosophy, and that was the enthusiasm of the philosopher. There was never any one more vigorously determined to be pleased; and if he was not a great logician, and so had no right to convince the intellect, he was certainly something of a poet, and had a fascination to seduce the heart. What he could not achieve in his customary humor of a radiant admiration of himself and his circumstances, he sometimes effected in his fits of gloom.

"Boy," he would say, "avoid me today. If I were superstitious, I should even beg for an interest in your prayers. I am in the black fit; the evil spirit of King Saul, the hag of the merchant Abudah, the personal devil of the mediæval monk, is with me—is in me," tapping on his breast. "The vices of my nature are now uppermost; innocent pleasures woo me in vain; I long for Paris, for my wallowing in the mire. See," he continued, producing a handful of silver, "I denude myself, I am not to be trusted with the price of a fare. Take it, keep it for me, squander it on deleterious candy, throw it in the deepest river—I will homologate your action. Save me from that part of myself which I disown. If you see me falter, do not hesitate; if necessary, wreck the train! I speak, of course, by a parable. Any extremity were better than for me to reach Paris alive."

Doubtless the doctor enjoyed these little scenes, as a variation in his part; they represented the Byronic element in the somewhat artificial poetry of his existence; but to the boy, though he was dimly aware of their theatricality, they represented more. The doctor made perhaps too little, the boy possibly too much, of the reality and gravity of these temptations.

One day a great light shone for Jean-Marie. "Could not riches be used well?" he asked.

"In theory, yes," replied the doctor. "But it is found in experience that no one does so. All the world imagine they will be exceptional when they grow wealthy; but possession is debasing, new desires spring up; and the silly taste for ostentation eats out the heart of pleasure."

"Then you might be better if you had less," said the boy.

"Certainly not," replied the doctor; but his voice quavered as he spoke.

"Why?" demanded pitiless innocence.

Dr. Desprez saw all the colors of the rainbow in a moment; the stable universe appeared to be about capsizing with him. "Because," said he—affecting deliberation after an obvious pause—"because I have formed my life for my present income. It is not good for men of my years to be violently dissevered from their habits."

That was a sharp brush. The doctor breathed hard, and fell into taciturnity for the afternoon. As for the boy, he was delighted with the resolution of his doubts; even wondered that he had not foreseen the obvious and conclusive answer. His faith in the doctor was a stout piece of goods. Desprez was inclined to be a sheet in the wind's eye after dinner, especially after Rhine wine, his favorite weakness. He would then remark on the warmth of his feeling for Anastasie, and with inflamed cheeks and a loose, flustered smile, debate upon all sorts of topics, and be feebly and indiscreetly witty. But the adopted stable boy would not permit himself to entertain a doubt that savored of ingratitude. It is quite true that a man may be a second father to you, and yet take too much to drink; but the best natures are ever slow to accept such truths.

The doctor thoroughly possessed his heart, but perhaps he exaggerated his influence over his mind. Certainly Jean-Marie adopted some of his master's opinions, but I have yet to learn that he ever surrendered one of his own. Convictions existed in him by divine right; they were virgin, unwrought, the brute metal of decision. He could add others indeed, but he could not put away; neither did he care if they were perfectly agreed among themselves; and his spiritual pleasures had nothing to do with turning them over or justifying them in words. Words were with him a mere accomplishment, like dancing. When he was by himself, his pleasures were almost vegetable. He would slip into the woods toward Acheres and sit in the mouth of a cave among gray birches. His soul stared straight out of his eyes; he did not move or think, sunlight, thin shadows moving in the wind, the edge of firs against the sky, occupied and bound his faculties. He was pure unity, a spirit wholly abstracted. A single mood filled him, to which all the objects of sense contributed, as the colors of the spectrum merge and disappear in white light.

So while the doctor made himself drunk with words, the adopted stable boy bemused himself with silence.

CHAPTER V.

TREASURE TROVE.

The doctor's carriage was a two wheeled gig with a hood, a kind of vehicle in much favor among country doctors. On how many roads has not one seen it, a great way off between the poplars—in how many village streets, tied to a gate post! This sort of chariot is affected, particularly at the trot, by a kind of pitching movement to and fro across the axle, which well entitles it to the style of a Noddy. The hood describes a considerable arc against the landscape, with a solemnly absurd effect on the contemplative pedestrian. To ride in such a carriage cannot be numbered among the things that appertain to glory; but I have no doubt it may be useful in liver complaint. Thence, perhaps, its wide popularity among physicians.

One morning early, Jean-Marie led forth the doctor's noddy, opened the gate and mounted to the driving seat. The doctor followed, arrayed from top to toe in spotless linen, armed with an immense flesh colored umbrella, and girt with a botanical case on a baldric; and the equipage drove off smartly in a breeze of its own provocation. They were bound for Franchard, to collect plants, with an eye to the "Comparative Pharmacopœia."

A little rattling on the open roads, and they came to the borders of the forest and struck into an unfrequented track; the noddy yawed softly over the sand, with an accompaniment of snapping twigs. There was a great, green, softly murmuring cloud of congregated foliage overhead. In the arcades of the forest the air retained the freshness of the night. The athletic bearing of the trees, each carrying its leafy mountain, pleased the mind like so many statues and the lines of the trunk led the eye admiringly upward to where the extreme leaves sparkled in a patch of azure. Squirrels leaped in mid air. It was a proper spot for a devotee of the goddess Hygeia.

"Have you been to Franchard, Jean-Marie?" inquired the doctor. "I fancy not."

"Never," replied the boy.

"It is a ruin in a gorge," continued Desprez, adopting his expository voice; "the ruin of a hermitage and chapel. History tells us much of Franchard; how the recluse was often slain by robbers; how he lived on a most insufficient diet; how he was expected to pass his days in prayer. A letter is preserved, addressed to one of these solitaires by the superior of his order, full of admirable hygienic advice; bidding him go from his book to praying, and so back again, for variety's sake, and when he was weary of both to stroll about his garden and observe the honey bees. It is to this day my own system. You must often have remarked me leaving the "Pharmacopœia"—often even in the middle of a phrase—to come forth in the sun and air. I admire the writer of that letter from my heart; he was a man of thought on the most important subjects. But, indeed, had I lived in the Middle Ages (I am heartily glad that I did not) I should have been an eremite myself—if I had not been a professed buffoon, that is. These were the only philosophical lives yet open: laughter or prayer; sneers, we might say, and tears. Until the sun of the Positive arose, the wise man had to make his choice between these two."

"I have been a buffoon, of course," observed Jean-Marie.

"I cannot imagine you to have excelled in your profession," said the doctor, admiring the boy's gravity. "Do you ever laugh?"

"Oh, yes," replied the other. "I laugh often. I am very fond of jokes."

"Singular being!" said Desprez. "But I divagate (I perceive a thousand ways that I grow old), Franchard was at length destroyed in the English wars, the same that leveled Gretz. But—here is the point—the hermits (for there were already more than one) had foreseen the danger and carefully concealed the sacrificial vessels. These vessels were of monstrous value, Jean-Marie—monstrous value—priceless, we may say; exquisitely worked, of exquisite material. And, now, mark me, they have never been found. In the reign of Louis Quatorze some fellows were digging hard by the ruins. Suddenly—tock!—the spade hit upon an obstacle. Imagine the men looking one to another; imagine how their hearts bounded, how their color came and went. It was a coffer, and, in Franchard, the place of buried treasure! They tore it open like famished beasts. Alas! it was not the treasure; only some priestly robes, which, at the touch of the eating air, fell upon themselves and instantly wasted into dust. The perspiration of these good fellows turned cold upon them, Jean-Marie. I will pledge my reputation, if there was anything like a cutting wind, one or other had a pneumonia for his trouble.

"I should like to have seen them turning into dust," said Jean-Marie. "Otherwise I should not have cared so greatly."

"You have no imagination," cried the doctor. "Picture to yourself the scene. Dwell on the idea—a great treasure lying in the earth for centuries; the material for a giddy, copious, opulent existence not employed; dresses and exquisite pictures unseen; the swiftest galloping horses not stirring a hoof, arrested by a spell; women with the beautiful faculty of smiles, not smiling; cards, dice, opera singing, orchestras, castles, beautiful parks and gardens, big ships with a tower of sail cloth, all lying unborn in a coffin—and the stupid trees growing overhead in the sunlight, year after year. The thought drives one frantic."

"It is only money," replied Jean-Marie. "It would do harm."

"Oh, come!" cried Desprez, "that is philosophy; it is all very fine, but not to the point just now. And, besides, it is not 'only money,' as you call it; there are works of art in the question; the vessels were carved. You speak like a child. You weary me exceedingly, quoting my words out of all logical connection, like a paroquet."

"And at any rate, we have nothing to do with it," returned the boy submissively.

They struck the Route Ronde at that moment; and the sudden change to the rattling causeway combined, with the doctor's irritation, to keep him silent. The noddy jigged along; the trees went by, looking on silently, as if they had something on their minds. The Quadrilateral was passed; then came Franchard. They put up the horse at the little solitary inn and went forth strolling. The gorge was dyed deeply with heather; the rocks and birches standing luminous in the sun. A great humming of bees about the flowers disposed Jean-Marie to sleep, and he sat down against a clump of heather, while the doctor went briskly to and fro, with quick turns, culling his simples.

The boy's head had fallen a little forward, his eyes were closed, his fingers had fallen lax about his knees, when a sudden cry called him to his feet. It was a strange sound, thin and brief; it fell dead, and silence returned as though it had never been interrupted. He had not recognized the doctor's voice; but, as there was no one else in all the valley, it was plainly the doctor who had given utterance to the sound. He looked right and left, and there was Desprez, standing in a niche between two bowlders, and looking round on his adopted son with a countenance as white as paper.

"A viper!" cried Jean-Marie, running toward him. "A viper! You are bitten!"

The doctor came down heavily out of the cleft, and advanced in silence to meet the boy, whom he took roughly by the shoulder.

"I have found it," he said, with a gasp.

"A plant?" asked Jean-Marie.

Desprez had a fit of unnatural gayety, which the rocks took up and mimicked. "A plant!" he repeated scornfully. "Well—yes—a plant. And here," he added, suddenly, showing his right hand, which he had hitherto concealed behind his back—"here is one of the bulbs."

Jean-Marie saw a dirty platter, coated with earth.

"That?" said he. "It is a plate!"

"It is a coach and horses," cried the doctor. "Boy," he continued, growing warmer, "I plucked away a great pad of moss from between these bowlders, and disclosed a crevice; and when I looked in, what do you suppose I saw? I saw a house in Paris with a court and garden, I saw my wife shining with diamonds, I saw myself a deputy, I saw you—well, I—I saw your future," he concluded, rather feebly. "I have just discovered America," he added.

"But what is it?" asked the boy.

"The Treasure of Franchard," cried the doctor; and throwing his brown straw hat upon the ground, he whooped like an Indian and sprung upon Jean-Marie, whom he suffocated with embraces and bedewed with tears. Then he flung himself down among the heather and once more laughed until the valley rang.

But the boy had now an interest of his own—a boy's interest. No sooner was he released from the doctor's accolade than he ran to the bowlders, sprung into the niche, and, thrusting his hand into the crevice, drew

"The Treasure of Franchard," cried the doctor.

forth, one after another, incrusted with the earth of ages, the flagons, candlesticks and patens of the hermitage of Franchard. A casket came last, tightly shut and very heavy.

"Oh, what fun!" he cried.

But when he looked back at the doctor, who had followed close behind and was silently observing, the words died from his lips. Desprez was once more the color of ashes; his lip worked and trembled; a sort of bestial greed possessed him.

"This is childish," he said. "We lose precious time. Back to the inn, harness the trap and bring it to yon bank. Run for your life, and remember—not one whisper. I stay here to watch."

Jean-Marie did as he was bid, though not without surprise. The noddy was brought round to the spot indicated, and the two gradually transported the treasure from its place of concealment to the boot below the driving seat. Once it was all stowed the doctor recovered his gayety.

"I pay my grateful duties to the genius of this dell," he said. "Oh, for a live coal, a heifer and a jar of country wine! I am in the vein for sacrifice, for a superb libation. Well, and why not? We are at Franchard. English pale ale is to be had—not classical indeed, but excellent. Boy, we shall drink ale."

"But I thought it was so unwholesome," said Jean-Marie, "and very dear, besides."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" exclaimed the doctor, gayly. "To the inn!"

And he stepped into the noddy, tossing his head with an elastic, youthful air. The horse was turned, and in a few seconds they drew up beside the palings of the inn garden.

"Here," said Desprez—"here, near the stable, so that we may keep an eye upon things."

They tied the horse, and entered the garden, the doctor singing, now in fantastic high notes, now producing deep reverberations from his chest. He took a seat, rapped loudly on the table, assailed the waiter with witticisms; and when the bottle of Bass was at length produced, far more charged with gas than the most delirious champagne, he filled out a long glassful of froth and pushed it over to Jean-Marie. "Drink," he said; "drink deep."

"I would rather not," faltered the boy, true to his training.

"What!" thundered Desprez.

"I am afraid of it," said Jean-Marie; "my stomach"——

"Take it or leave it," interrupted Desprez fiercely; "but understand it once for all—there is nothing so contemptible as a precisian."

Here was a new lesson! The boy sat bemused, looking at the glass but not tasting it, while the doctor emptied and refilled his own, at first with clouded brow, but gradually yielding to the sun, the heady, prickling beverage and his own predisposition to be happy.

"Once in a way," he said, at last, by way of a concession to the boy's more rigorous attitude, "once in a way, and at so critical a moment, this ale is a nectar for the gods. The habit, indeed, is debasing; wine, the juice of the grape, is the true drink of the Frenchman, as I have often had occasion to point out, and I do not know that I can blame you for refusing this outlandish stimulant. You can have some wine and cakes. Is the bottle empty? Well, we will not be proud; we will have pity on your glass."

The beer being done, the doctor chafed bitterly while Jean-Marie finished his cakes. "I burn to be gone," he said, looking at his watch. "Good God, how slow you eat!" And yet to eat slowly was his own particular prescription, the main secret of longevity!

His martyrdom, however, reached and end at last; the pair resumed their places in the buggy, and Desprez, leaning luxuriously back, announced his intention of proceeding to Fontainebleau.

"To Fontainebleau!" repeated Jean-Marie.

"My words are always measured," said the doctor. "On!"

The doctor was driven through the glades of paradise; the air, the light, the shining leaves, the very movements of the vehicle, seemed to fall in tune with his golden meditations; with his head thrown back, he dreamed a series of funny visions, ale and pleasure dancing in his veins. At last he spoke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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POOR DOCUMENT

A Spring Shower.

BY MISS PERRAULT.

Down the drops come, tinkle, tinkle,
With a sudden dash and sprinkle,
Though as blue as periwinkle
Was the sky.

"Some mysterious hokus pokus,
Knocked about us and awoke us,"
Cries a little yellow crocus,
With a sigh.

There's a roaring! there's a clatter!
There's a smoky clash and spatter
Of the dust, as comes the patter
Of the drops.

Such a drencher, such a pelter,
Is it! yet when, helter-skelter,
Everything has found a shelter,
Then—it stops.

SHIRLEY CARSTONE.

By ELIZA ARCHARD.

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[CONTINUED.]

She had in her nature that inexplicable, wonderful human sympathy which unlocked all hearts, young and old, which drew them and held them bound to her forever. It was magical, because it was genuine. Young and old instinctively went to her as to a confessional, and told her their sorrows and their sins.

It may have been because the undercurrent of her thought still ran on the poem she was to have written so long ago; it may have been because of the suffering and needs she saw and learned of during those bitter years of Experience, but Shirley became above all a messenger of good to women. Her heart went out above all to the toilers of her own sex.

Women far and near, the aspiring and ambitious, the sick, the weary, the starving and the heart sore, those who had broken their wings against the solid walls that shut in a woman's life, these came to her, and they poured out all their hearts to her, and besought her to tell them what they might do.

As she grew older, and her vision gradually took in all the round horizon of experience, many things were clear to her that had been dark before. It became clear to her that, limited only by the moral laws, freedom of will is the greatest good for humanity, man and woman alike,

She taught them to reverence nothing merely because it is old.

She taught them to look into the heart of things, and ask: Are courage, will, intellectual power, the strength to achieve, qualities that belong only to men?

She pointed out to them that the personal feelings and emotions of man or woman count for very little in the destiny of the race. Greater than man's nature or woman's nature is human nature, underlying all, holding all in its grasp. She showed them how absurd anatomical and physiological superstitions concerning woman's mind and body have been taught by medical men through hoary centuries. They stand only because no woman contradicts them.

Out of the strength drawn from the bitter cup she herself had drained, though they knew it not, she was able to tell them that the individual happiness or unhappiness is a pitifully small thing. That the road to wise content was to lose sight of their own emotions and sorrows in the culture of the mind, in broad human interests. Then suffering will no longer be the lot of woman.

She bade them, flinging away as far as may be their personal hopes, fears and disappointments, to keep step with the grand music of the onward cycles of time.

She told them to see to it that they did not lie like clods to be trodden under foot, or shoved out of the way, but that themselves be up and working for the progress of womankind towards the light—womankind, the laggard half of the human race. For, greater than passion and gratified petty ambition, yes, greater than love even, greater than all, is this march of humanity into the light.

Further, as they would find peace for their souls, she bade them never lose sight of resolve, never cease to will and to aspire. Every steadfast effort that a woman makes, every striving of the individual to become freer and stronger, even through disappointment, sickness and weariness, brings a moment nearer the good time which is surely coming for the sex. The woman's day is at hand. It will be a brighter, happier day than the ages have yet disclosed. She told them to be sure of that. She told them of her own unalterable faith that thus the centuries to come would develop a strong and splendid race of women, fit mates for the kings among men.

So she talked with them till their hearts burned within them. Her voice had a note like a trumpet ring. From that day on there was for them no more despair, no more looking backward. Like her they set their faces forward and pressed on. Women came to her with tears in their eyes, they sent messages from half round the world, thanking her and blessing her for all she had been to them.

Shirley the Poet became Shirley the Inspirer, the Comforter.

In giving happiness to others she lost herself and ceased to think of her own sorrows and disappointments. So she found at last, in a measure, happiness for herself.

She had somewhat of reward, the sweetest, highest reward that can fall to mortal lot. And yet—all that she had done and wrought for others could not be accomplished without some straining at the silver cord.

"To him that overcometh all things shall be given," was said of old. Shirley had overcome; yet little had been granted her. It was her nature to give out always more than she received. So at last she began to be exhausted. That was the pity of it. A sense of weariness oppressed her, a distaste for even the daily tasks she liked best. She said to herself once more that she must have change. Her life seemed narrowing out.

Alas, alas! It was the helmet of iron pressing upon the golden hair. The iron pressed at last upon the golden heart, too.

* * * * * *

One day, while she thus sighed for change, Shirley got a letter. It said:

"My wife is dead. May I come?

"DUMORAY."

Once more, past youth as she was, her heart gave a wild bound. She covered her face with her hands, as had been her wont in her childhood when powerfully excited. Then she laughed at herself in scorn, then she was vexed at her folly. After all, was it still only the same uncontrolled, passionate spirit of old? Was this all she had learned in these years of hard discipline?

She shook her head impatiently, saying to herself:

"Shirley Carstone, you are an idiot."

Be sure the gray twilight is full of sweet thoughts for her that night. The forlorn wings would be free to fly at last. Was the light coming even to her? Were peace, joy, love to be hers too, even after all these years?

It seemed too good to be true. But there was his letter. It was true. Yet even in that moment the supreme dream of her life flitted across her happified vision. The poem, the poem! She would indeed write it now. The toiling for others, the weary occupation at tasks she disliked—that was over at last, at last! Nothing would come between her and her hope.

Once [illegible], she thought of the pride [illegible] in his pupil's [illegible] across

"High as he is, distinguished as he is, he shall be proud of me!"

It was like the sunset sun bursting gloriously through a mountain of cloud.

* * * * * *

Meantime, a thousand miles away, a man impatiently awaited the creeping of the slow footed days. He could scarcely keep himself within bounds till the pokey United States mail brought him a letter. He went off to himself to read it when it came. He opened it with unsteady hands. It only said:

"Come. SHIRLEY."

Come! Only that one word.

How he would gather her to his heart and hold her there forever! Her weak woman's arms had upborne so much, and so long. Now his strong man's hands would hold hers, and strengthen them and steady them the rest of the way. He would care for her as no husband ever cared for wife before, because she had suffered so much. One of his first thoughts, too, was for the poem. Above all, she should write her poem at last. He would uphold her and encourage her while she wrote. No more weariness or self sacrifice for her, no more sorrow or loneliness for either. Light had broken for them both.

He hastened to be gone. At the moment of starting an unexpected business matter held him back till next day. He swallowed his impatience, and waited. Another letter from Shirley in the morning. He opened it and was stunned to read:

"There is great news for you. I have found your sons."

The rest of the letter left no doubt of the truth. Every point of information was supplied, even to mention of the turquoise ring. It was one he had given to Myra in the days of their brief, foolish courtship. The unfortunate woman had a passion for jewels, which clung to her even in her crazed condition. Beyond doubt, then, she had removed the children and her jewel box from the house before she fired it. The burglar, prowling there in the midnight, had taken both. It was the ring which sealed the foolish engagement that at last made it possible to trace the boys.

No, not a link was missing from this strange story. Shirley did not say where his boys were, however. She merely told him she knew where they were. Boys? Why, they must be men long since.

As he settled himself in the train he was half dazed with surprise and joy. He, the lonely and kindredless among men—wife, children, home, all that men hold dearest, were to be his at last. In a strange, happy dream he turned his face once more toward Linwood. But most of all he hugged to his heart the letter that contained only the one golden word:

"Come!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT LAST!

"Robert," said Shirley, "how would it be if I knew your father?"

"And if you did, Shirley? If he was a man whom I could not be proud of, I would thank you to leave his name unrevealed. Since my ancestry is not what I thought it, let it go. I shall never seek to trace it out. It mightn't be pleasant, you know."

"How would it be if your father was an American?"

"I shouldn't mind that now. But if he wasn't a gentleman? No, no, don't tell me, Shirley."

"But how would it be if he was a gentleman, a man of power, and name, and genius, one whom his countrymen hold high in honor."

"That would make a difference, Shirley, I confess it. I shouldn't mind it if my parents had been poor. I despise the vulgar wealth which in your country sets itself up in the place of ladyhood and gentlemanhood. If my father was merely one of these vulgar rich, then don't mention his name. But if he is what you say! Tell me, Shirley, who is my father?"

"He is a man you have seen."

"You don't tell me!"

"You asked me once if I knew him. I said I had met him. I did not tell you he was one of my earliest friends."

"Now that is interesting."

"Robert, you are happy indeed. It is a pity we couldn't have the choosing of our own fathers. I always said it. If we could, we'd all be happier and better looking. But if you had the choosing of both your father and your foster father, you couldn't possibly have done better for yourself than fate did for you. Both are men for any boy alive to be proud of. Robert, your father is Philip Dumoray."

At this the young man, who prided himself on controlling his emotions, walked once across the room and back. Then he stopped and remarked merely:

"You don't tell me!"

"I have written him," continued Shirley. "He will be here to-morrow."

The young man meditated. Then he said, kindly and condescendingly:

"On the whole, I think I'll acknowledge him."

* * * * * *

Miss Simpkins was very ill. A messenger came to say that it was the one desire of her heart to see Shirley. Faithful as always, forgetful of herself, remembering others, Shirley went. It was a gray, chilly afternoon. She who had been a ministering angel to so many, shivered from head to foot as she crossed the threshold of home again, passing out of the cold and darkness into the warmth and light.

When Shirley came home, Miss Simpkins was dead. Her last look had been turned to Shirley's face; she passed into the eternal silence holding Shirley's hand. It seemed to comfort her. But Shirley was unduly shaken. The years of tensely strained life had worn on the fine strong organization more than appeared.

She was cold all through, and could not get warm. The glazing eyes of the dying woman seemed to follow her, and fix themselves upon hers, turn which way she would. It was a foolish, nervous impression, but she could not shake it off. Presently, her teeth chattered, and she shook all over. She was in a chill. She sighed and said:

"I am cold and tired. I am all gone to pieces."

Next morning she had a fever. But it occurred to nobody that Shirley was seriously ill, and needed looking after. It had always been Shirley who looked after the rest.

In the afternoon, Philip Dumoray came.

Master and pupil were together at last, with none to come between!

When he came, Shirley lay languidly across by the fire, upon one of the low couches where her mother had spent years of ornamental invalidism.

It happened that none were by to question the strangeness of his sudden arrival. He lifted Shirley in his arms without a word, and held her in a mighty embrace. Only death could take her from him now!

But of that hour of meeting, no record more than this will ever be made.

After a time she slipped softly from his grasp and lay back again upon her mother's low couch. Her hand was clasped in his, a smile of gladness hovered about her eyes and mouth.

The door opened, and Robert Dumoray came and stood beside them. Shirley turned from one to the other with the sweet, bright look in her face. She had never looked so beautiful, both of them thought.

"You have seen Robert," she said to the master. "He is the dearest to me of all the brothers, and he is your son."

She undid her fingers from the master's clasp, and took Robert's hand and laid it softly where hers had been. So they stood with clasped hands, father and son. Shirley laid her own hot, quivering hand upon their two, her eyes turned upward to t[illegible] fac[illegible] still with the look of ineffable love and joy. Her face was the face of an angel.

Then her eyes closed, her fingers slipped away and fell across her breast, her breath came in quick gasps. Both men, father and son, sprang toward her. An unearthly fear compressed the master's heart.

"Good God!" said he, "she is ill."

She opened her eyes and smiled faintly back at him. Then she rallied and came to herself again. She lay there, with her cheek against his hand, and the look of a great, sweet content in her face. Indeed, it was the face of one who had not an earthly wish left to be gratified.

"Yes," said Robert, "Shirley is not well. "She is a saint and a martyr, if there ever was one on earth. But she shan't work any more. I shall work for her from this on. When she gets better I'm going to take her away, across the water to England with Brownie and me. Shirley is ours, now."

"No," said his father, "Shirley is mine."

But in the morning all these thoughts were swallowed up in one supreme fear. She who had never been ill in her life lay faint and low and well nigh breathless.

A change had indeed come to Shirley.

Love, tender care, rest, hope, the brightest hopes, all had come at last. Had they come too late?

Word went abroad that Shirley was dying. Shirley, the well beloved. Once more, even as when Col. Carstone was stricken, a throng pressed about the doors of the stone house. Men and women and little children, the poor and the lowly and the weak, came to the stone house and went away weeping and saying:

"We are losing our best friend!"

Within its walls Brownie, the wayward, the self-indulgent and light of thought, flung herself down and wept most bitterly of all.

Into the blameless, marvelous life had passed the music of the poem which Shirley had never written.

One by one the friends who were the nearest crept with awe stricken faces to the room with the western windows, out of which Shirley had gazed so often and so wearily, and longed to fly away and follow the sun in his flight. Shirley knew them all. The clear, great brain never lost itself. But most of all her eyes turned wearily toward the sky where the western sun was going down. Clouds of gold and purple, of crimson and opal lay all along the way, like unto the opening of the gates of the celestial city.

She turned her eyes back upon her dear ones. Her glance wandered a moment, then fixed itself on a little locked ebony box, of quaint, antique workmanship. It had been her father's.

"Bring that," she said to Harry.

She gave it into the hands of Philip Dumoray. She spoke faintly and with difficulty.

"There are some papers," she said to the master.

The old doctor was beside her, dumb with a grief that not all his long years of professional training could control. The Presbyterian minister was there. He was very aged now, and trembling and shadow like. He was her faithful friend. For twenty years they two had been brave comrades in good works. Was he to be left alone now?

His wavering fingers stroked the long, shining hair as it lay loose across the pillow; they rested in benediction upon her dying head. Unconsciously he murmured the blessing of brave old John Bunyan:

THE MINISTER'S BLESSING.

"'The king whom you love and serve make you as your father, and bring you where he is in peace.' Amen!"

Shirley seemed to be thinking of something else. She spoke presently, but only those nearest her heard what she was saying. She was looking at Philip Dumoray. He listened intently:

"I have begun my poem. Won't you read what I have written, and tell me what you think of it to-morrow—when I am not so tired, Mr. Morrison?"

"She thinks you are Mr. Morrison," said Harry in a choking voice. "She had a teacher of that name once, long ago, and she was very much attached to him. Let her think so, Mr. Dumoray. It pleases her."

But he, the man who stood there with breaking heart, watching with an awful fear lest his last, fairest earthly hope drift away from him out upon the ocean of eternity—he knew better.

Her eyes turned once more to the sinking sun. Her lips moved again, but those about her heard no sound. The master bent lower, if haply he might catch a word. She seemed to be repeating something. He listened with tense ear. He heard her murmur a fragment of verse. He knew afterward that it was from her unfinished poem, the last two lines she had written.

Her last earthly thought seemed to be for the poem which was not written.

That faint, fluttering breath, was it indeed the last?

The master fell upon his knees and buried his face in the pillows beside her face. One mighty sob broke from him as if his heart was bursting. He lifted his head and said brokenly:

"Would God I had died for thee!"

Whatever might have been, was it never to be? Whatever she had borne so long in silence, of disappointed hope, of heartache, of pain and weariness, of sacrifice, yea, of martyrdom, was it over now?

CHAPTER XXV.

ADDENDUM.

After all Shirley did not die. Thank God for that!

The beautiful spirit touched the border, yea, even looked through the portal into the beyond. But the love and outstretched, clinging arms of hundreds of praying souls brought it back to earth again.

Shirley came back as one from the dead. In June, when the bluegrass on the lawn was brightest and the roses reveled in their richest bloom, she was married to Philip Dumoray. A long journey followed. They sailed to isles of far southern seas, to lands of palm trees and paradise birds, lands where it is always morning.

Shirley has not yet quite recovered. The break down of her strength was too complete. And the poem is not yet written. She speaks of it sometimes, and then the master says:

"Shirley, dear, your life is a poem. You or any other could have written none greater than that."

The master will pass into history as one of the great men of his day. He stands among men a knight without fear and without reproach. Wise through suffering, tolerant to all weakness but his own, strong as a lion, yet gentle and chivalrous and kindly to all mankind, tender and helpful to the weak. to women and to is there like him?

In Robert Dumoray's house you will see a picture. It shows you a splendidly beautiful face, full of inspiration and power, with a look of unfathomable melancholy lingering in the eyes. They draw you with a strange, resistless magnetism, these dark gray eyes; they follow you and look into yours, whichever way you turn, like those of a portrait by the old Venetian. They haunt you forever. You would say it is an ideal head if you did not know.

It is the portrait of Shirley, the one Alice painted. Above the picture hangs a wreath of silver laurel leaves. It is the crown the Linwood villagers placed on the poet girl's head when she was 16.

There are signs of late though that the lost inspiration is returning. There are faint yet clear hints that into the new life which was given her from the grave itself will come dreams and visions sweeter, grander than any the old time knew. When these are fully revealed the poem will be written.

Then too, where she so nearly failed through her heroic unselfishness, others will win.

Even now it is not as though Shirley had never lived. Her thoughts are working in many brains, her strong, ringing words are shaping many a destiny. Yet again there will be brave women who succeed. The new revelation will be. The kingly woman of Shirley's fancy, strong and shining and free, the bringer of good tidings, the herald of the perfect day to the race, will yet be realized on earth. Doubt it not.

THE END.

Fashion Notes.

White blond-lace made over white moire antique and a little braid on the corsage is the choice for white summer dinner gowns.

Dinner dresses are made short for summer. Those of white India silk have insertions of Valenciennes or guipure set in the skirt and in the corsage between fine-run tucks, also forming deep cuffs, to which full sleeves are sewed.

White camel's-hair or crepeline dresses have very slight trimmings on the corsage of gilt or steel galloon, or of both together, or else they have the new embroidery which is done in straw braid. At one of the big dry-goods shops are pretty cream-colored flannels that have deep widths for the lower skirt braided in gray braid. There is plain for the draperies and the back of the bodice, but from the braided widths are cut the jacket fronts and the collar and cuffs.

Artistic crepelines of finely crinkled wool and crepons with wool and linen or silk finely wrought in silk dots come in pink, Suede, almond and pale blue shades and in the darker green, brown and gray tints for street dresses. These crepelines are made up charmingly with China silk. As, for example, a pretty gown has a skirt of white China silk which has little gray-blue flower figure upon it. This is laid in very fine, loose plaits to the knee, the short draperies being of gray-blue crepeline. The bodice of crepeline has loose jacket front, the loose Fedora vest of the silk, while the plain, close sleeves fare at the wrist and display a full under-sleeve of silk gathered into a cuff.

All the canvas stuffs are again imported, some been given new effects by having Paisley borders like those on the broche shawls of that name. These come also on fine camel's-hair for choice wool dresses. Sometimes the border is only an inch wide, but in other cases it is deep enough to cover all the lower skirt of the gown and to make the small mantle or shoulder-cape worn with it. There are also Paisley cambrics of large broche figures for combining with plain copper or gray, or reseda wools for long cloaks for driving or evening wraps.

The newest decollete corsages from Paris are apt to make one stare at first, being nothing more than mere corselets with a pair of straps. But in reality they are not as bad as they look, for with them comes a mass of tulle or silk gauze which renders them perfectly modest and proper. This gauze is draped over the shoulders like a Marie Antonnette fichu, and then the litte apology for a bodice is put on, the drapery taking the place of the upper part of the corsage and the deep waistband and straps hold it in place. Sometimes this tulle is spangled with gold, steel or copper, and a fancy is to have it of different hue from the dress; as, for example, an apple-green gown has the tulle of pale rose; a blue one has gauze of gold color, and a black gown is finished with tulle the shade of a poppy.

Bonnets are now made of a light trellis of silk-covered wire, and have no lining, being covered entirely with small roses, mignonette, forget-me-nots, buttercups or daisies. Hats are enormous, usually of Leghorn, without facing in the flexible brim, which is bent into any shape that best suits the face of the wearer. These are often trimmed with a cluster of short, thickly curled yellow and white ostrich tips, and wound about with two or three yards of pale-yellow tulle, which is crossed at the back and tied under the chin in a huge bow. They are charmingly becoming to dark, vivid-colored brunettes. Others are adorned with masses of white chrysanthemums, set amidst quantities of foliage, or else cream colored, half-blown roses, with many loose and very natural-looking leaves.

A Lucky Escape.

Mrs. Cyrus Kilborne, of Beamsville, Ont., had what was thought to be a cancer on her nose, and was about to submit to a cancer doctors's operation when she tried Burdock Blood Bitters, which effected a radical cure. This medicine cures all blood diseases.

"I see," remarked the Duke of Toronto, looking over a New Jersey paper, "that Overdraft, the banker, is dead. He was your friend, was he not?" added the duke, kindly, seeing the tears gather in the American's eyes.

"Yee," said the exile, "he was. All that I have in this world I owe to that man. I was his cashier."

"Let's go and liquidate," said the duke, breaking the long silence.

A Cure For Deafness.

There have been many remarkable cures of deafness made by the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the great household remedy for all pain, Inflammation and Soreness. Yellow Oil cures Rheumatism, Sore Throat and Croup, and is useful internally and externally for all pains and injuries.

If a man and a half throws a bootjack and a half at a cat and a half under his window and a half every night and a half, how many will he kill in a week and a half?

The Cold Dip.

During the recent cold weather here I had three fingers frozen. We had some Hagyard's Yellow Oil in the house and I tried it with good results. Wm. Macklain, Montreal, P. Q.

1887. SECOND YEAR. 1888.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

The leading Family Paper of the Maritime Provinces.

The Second Volume of the **THE SATURDAY GAZETTE** will be commenced on Saturday, May 5. It has been the aim of the publisher of **THE GAZETTE** to steadily improve the paper and enlarge its field of usefulness. That our efforts have been attended with a sair measure of success is abundantly proved by the constantly increasing circulation of **The Gazette** which is now widely read, not only in Saint John City, but in every part of the Province.

SOME OF THE FEATURES

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME:

HISTORY.

From time to time we will publish short articles on early History of the Province, with particular reference to the early History of Saint John and vicinity.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

Every issue will contain at least two special articles dealing with some subject of timely interest. The contributors to this department will be selected with a view of obtaining those possessing the best qualifications for the work.

FOR WOMEN.

We will devote a considerable space each week to the discussion of topics of special interest to the gentler sex.

SERIAL STORIES.

Each number will contain an instalment of a Serial Story by an author of reputation.

COMPLETE STORIES.

Arrangements have been effected by which an interesting complete story is assured for each issue.

SPORTING.

We will furnish our readers with a weekly budget of the latest news of the different field sports.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Every week from this date we will furnish our readers with a complete condensed report of the news of the week from all points.

IN GENERAL.

Besrdes the features above outlined the publishers of **The Gazette** are making arrangements for the introduction of several new departments, announcements of which will appear as soon as the arrangements are completed. We intend to widen the field of **The Gazette** so that it will be the best and most complete family newspaper published, or can be published, in and for this community.

Our maxim is to advance. So far every improvement made in **The Gazette** has been handsomely endorsed by the public of Saint John and the Province at large. The improvements in contemplation will necessitate a largely incr[illegible] outlay, and we expect large add[illegible] to our [illegible] patronage.

MC2397

POOR DOCUMENT

ATTENTION!

READ

This Announcement!

A NEW SERIAL.

The Bank of California,

A story of the deepest interest will be commenced

NEXT WEEK,

and will run through a dozen issues. It deals with life in California during the early days, relating the adventures of a Maine man, who left for California in the early days of the Gold Fever.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE,

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

JOHN A. BOWES: EDITOR AND MANAGER.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1888.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE is the only Saturday paper in the Maritime provinces, devoted exclusively to family and general matters.

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, $1.00 per annum; 50 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interestd, will always be welcome. Correspondents will oblige by making their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and are also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only. The writer's name and address must accompany every communication. Rejected MSS will be returned to the writers.

☞ We want agents in every town in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Liberal comissions will be paid to the right people. Terms can be had on application. Write your name and address plainly on a postal card and send for a specimen copy.

☞ Advertisers will find THE GAZETTE an excellent medium for reaching their customers in all parts of the three provinces. The rates will be found lower than those of any other paper having its circulation among all classes. Rates given and and locations assigned on application.

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Address all communications to
THE SATURDAY GAZETTE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertisers desiring changes, to ensure insertion of their favors in THE GAZETTE of the current week will be obliged to have their copy at the office of publication by Thursday noon.

Our new Serial The Bank of California arrived too late for use in the present issue, but will be commenced next week. We furnish this week instead a most interesting complete story by M. Theed, entitled Deckermann's Bargain.

Robert Louis Stevenson was paid $10,000 by the Boston Globe for a serial story last week. The Treasure of Franchard which is now running in the GAZETTE is by this author.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE has just arrived in England an eminent Chinese scholar who is a direct descendant of Confucius, in the seventy-second generation.

THERE were fourteen hundred and sixty books published in the United States last year. Each morning's light saw this country enriched with four new volumes. England published but six hundred books last year.

MISS MINNA IRVING, the poetess of Tarrytown, New York, claims the proud distinction of possessing the smallest foot in America. She wears a slipper exactly one size less than a number one, and keeps samples on exhibition at the different newspaper offices in New York.

A WIRE ROPE, half a mile long, six and one-fourth inches in circumference, and weighing seven and one-half tons, has been manufactured at Gateshead, England. There are six strands, of nineteen wires each in it, the breaking strain of the whole being one hundred and seventy-five tons, and that of each wire in the rope one hundred and twenty tons to the square inch. This immense rope is to be used in a colliery in North Wales.

THE trade in birds for women's hats was so enormous last year that a single London dealer admitted that he sold two millions of small birds of every kind and color. At one auction, in one week, there were sold six thousand birds of paradise, five thousand Impeyan pheasants, four hundred thousand humming-birds, and other birds from North and South America, and three hundred and sixty thousand feathered skins from India.

THE newest British iron-clad, the Nile, which has just been launched, is three hundred and forty-five feet long, is of eleven thousand nine hundred and forty tons, has engines of twelve thousand horse-power, is expected to steam nineteen miles an hour, has steel armor from fourteen to twenty inches thick, carries twenty-six guns, four of them sixty-seven ton fellows, capable of throwing shot weighing one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds each, carries also eight torpedo tubes, and cost five million dollars.

SHOULD Dom Pedro's illness prove fatal, the Empire of Brazil will be governed by a woman, and a very remarkable woman too. The Princess Isabel has been acting as regent in her father's absence abroad, but she has not scrupled to take the initiative in very grave matters of State, without referring such matters to the Emperor. Last month she dismissed the Cabinet which her father had left her, because she was dissatisfied with the slow progress of the work of slave emancipation. Should she come to the throne she will certainly not be an Empress who reigns without governing. Her husband, the Comte d'Eu, is a neutral quantity in politics, but the Princess only needs an opportunity to make her influence felt throughout the South American continent. She is forty-one years of age, and it has been said of her that she combines the religious enthusiasm of her namesake of Castile with the energy of her ancestress Maria Theresa of Austria. She certainly knows her own mind with all possible distinctness, and has a way of having her will obeyed which is well understood and rather admired by her subjects.

A JUDGE'S OPINION.

Judge Duffy, of New York, publishes in the Epoch a brief account of his experiences with the criminals and the poor of that city. He says that laziness is the chief cause of crime. The young man who is inherently bad will steal rather than work. Young criminals are born bad. It cannot be expected that the sons or daughters of a theif or a burglar will be naturally good. His experience with law breakers justifies the truth of the saying: "Once a thief, always a thief." Among the large number of great criminals that he has met, Judge Duffy says he has never known of a genuine case of reform. The swindlers and confidence operators had rather get a half dollar by practicing their beguiling methods than earn five dollars honestly in the same length of time. Crime is no more prevalent in cities than in country villages in proportion to population. Judge Duffy concludes by saying, I believe, that promiscuous alms-giving is wrong. The public would be showing charity and humanity by giving nothing to street beggars, because if a tramp can make a dollar or two a day by begging he will not work. I would like to see a stringent law passed making it obligatory upon every able-bodied man, rich or poor, to perform some kind of work. Every man in the community should be compelled to produce something. In my opinion, the saddest sight to be seen in a large city is the number of idlers, clubmen, sighing for some new pleasure; men who never did a stroke of real work and who never had a dozen original thoughts in their lives. It would be a good thing if such men, even if they are the sons of rich parents, were compelled to work. It might be well if our Mayor, in his walks through the streets, should do as old Peter the Great did, to wit, beat the corner idlers with his stout cane and compel them to find something better to do than loafing.

GIRLS WHO USE SLANG.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher thinks young ladies should not use slang and has written a lengthy article on the subject to one of the New York papers. She is also opposed to the free and easy manner of acting assumed by young ladies on the street and in stores. On this subject she writes:—When girls or young ladies (?) are seen with their hands thrust deep into their pocket or surtout, as is now the term, and the derby tipped on one side, talking and laughing loudly, walking with masculine strides, they have no cause of complaint if the rude, ragged little gamins in the street take infinite satisfaction in running after such nondescripts and calling, "I say, mister!" They cannot but think that the attire and manner of such girls mark them as lawful victims for their insults and ribaldry.

Closing her discussion of this subject Mrs. Beecher says:—When boys and girls, young men and maidens, are allowed to fall into the absurdities of low, foolish, meaningless talk, it seems to dwarf them intellectually; they can find nothing of interest or importance to say, and therefore make up for sense by filling every sentence with needless exclamations, exaggerations or misused adjectives. It requires much patience to be compelled to listen to half a dozen young people and hear the strange, inappropriate use of language. They will assure each other that it is "awful" warm, or the concert was "awful" nice; the sermon "horrid" dull; a young lady is "awful pretty," but her dress "horrid ugly;" the teacher "horrid strict;" such a young gentleman who called had an "awful swell" team of fast horses.

BOODLERS IN CANADA.

It is often said that the United States is the most loosely governed country in the world. In proof of this it is pointed out that charges of corruption are more frequently brought against public officials in the United States than elsewhere. Latterly, we in Canada, have been treated to quite a dose of scandals in official life, and now comes the report that all has not been as it should be with the departed Manitoba government. It is time that these reports of official peculations were stopped or thoroughly investigated. The United States has a good deal of trouble with official thieves, but they are generally sent to prison. Canada has yet to make a start in the criminal prosecution of boodlers. The sooner a start is made the better.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Several of the nations of the old world are engaged in a lively competition for the trade of the Argentine Republic, which is one of the best markets in the world for a variety of manufactured goods, among which those of Canada stands pre-eminent. It now has regular steam communication with England, Germany, France and Italy and the United States have established a lucrative trade with it by means of sailing vessels. The trade of Canada with the Argentine Republic, practically amounts to nothing, though the surplus of its agricultural preductions and the productions of its factories might be marketed there, most likely, at more remunerative prices than are obtained in the markets now open. It is most unfortunate that the projects of the St. John Forwarding and Trade Promoting Association have not been more carefully considered by the manufacturers and merchants of the Maritime Provinces and the Province of Quebec. It is hoped that it is not too late for our large producers to awake to the importance of the movement, to send out a vessel freighted with our productions, and if the result proves satisfactory, to secure the establishment of a line of steamers between St. John and Buenos Ayres. The Montreal Star says:—

If it pays the merchants of New York to send the products of the United States to Buenos Ayres, it will pay the merchants of Montreal and other cities of the Dominion to send to it the products, manufctured and natural, of Canada. The citizens of this South American Republic are alive to the advantages of trade with foreign countries and, to encourage commerce, have subsidized several lines of ocean steamships. Could not an effort be made to have some of these steamships make this city a port of call during the summer season? Our manufacturers are complaining of the want of a market. Here is an opening for them. Agricultural implements, boots and shoes, fencing wire, edge tools, furniture, wooden ware, cotton goods, nails, hardware and many other things that Canadians produce and manufacture are needed by the farmers and cattlemen of the Republic. Why cannot Canadians supply them with these commodities as cheaply and of as good a quality as their neighbors of the United States? The attempt should be made.

Home Made Humor.

A corner lot—Loafers.

The postal card is an English idea, it orginating on the other side about 15 years ago. It is now very extensively used on this side, and in fact, on both sides—one side of course being used for the address only. The postal card teaches us to write briefly and clearly.

Some base ball terms explained:—

A base hit—Hitting the batsman with the ball intentionally.

Struck out—The ball knocked over the fence.

An error—Speaking of a player as a phenomenon when he is simply a Jim Dandy.

A good pick up—$5,000 for seven months of play.

Many stories come from New York relating to ingenious attempts at smuggling. Diamonds are in boots, rubies in hats and bonnets, silks in bustles and all are cleverly detected by adroit officials who never mistake or search innocent parties—never in the stories. Outside of the stories though they sometimes do. A St. John man just returned from Europe tells of a cabin passenger who (while landing at N. Y.) excited the suspicions of the alert custom officers by wearing—although the weather was dry and pleasant—boots that came over his pants nearly to his hips. The officers evidently thought that the boots concealed something and they did (as a search revealed) but it was no affair of the customs department. The passengers pants were some eight inches short—that was all.

WM. SWEET.

Anent Rev. Theodore S. Cuyler's complaint that the wrappers are rarely torn off from religious newspapers, the Chicago Tribune makes the point that the editors of religious journals must hustle like any one else if they want the good families to read their papers. This may not be pious, but it is true.

There are two stories about the young authoress, Miss. Amelie Rives of Virginia. One is that her father has come home objecting to her late novel, and establishing a censorship for the future of his own. The other that Miss Rives is so amazed and mortified by the unexpected construction put upon this work that she declares she will not write again at all. It is to be hoped that the latter is not true. Miss Rives has too much talent to remain idle. If she can put the amount of advertising she has had to good use, it will somewhat mitigate the mortifying features that have attended it.

Sunday Sports

PLAYING base ball on Sunday has become so common in some of the western cities that the ethics of this sort of Sabbath recreation has come to be discussed in the pulpits. So far as heard from, the only city clergyman who has taken up the cudgels in behalf of the Sabbath breakers is Rev. Mr. Copeland of Omaha, who, in a sermon, preached that the three hours passed in looking at a game of base ball on Sunday afternoon are better spent, for purposes of rest, than in any other way now open to the young men of Omaha. Which isn't saying much for the moral influences that are thrown about the dwellers in this western metropollis.

It will be some weeks before the wharves at Partridge Island will be in condition to render the landing of picnic parties at that place either safe of pleasant. By Dominion day it is likely the wharves will have been placed in complete repair.

Mrs. Azubah F. Ryder, the Orrington Me. centennarian, receives many letters from different parts of the United States, written by young and old people. Some of them are very interesting. Many inquiries are made as to the means she has taken to prolong her life to the great age of 104 years. Mr. Joseph E. Perkins, editor and compiler of the Encyclopedia of Human Longevity, Syracuse, N. Y. writes that he has 20,000 sketches of persons, aged 100 and more years. He has a sketch of the life of Mrs. Maria Appleby, who died in Morristown, N. Y., Dec. 13th, 1882, aged 105. She was one of the sixteen young girls, including Mrs Ryder, who scattered flowers in the open grave, at the memorial service of George Washington. Mrs. Eunice Downs, late of New York, a sister of Mrs. Ryder's was also one. Mr. Perkins is very anxious to learn of more of the sixteen.

A petrified snake ten feet long, with horns, has been dug up at Guanada, Col. It will be sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

WILLIAM PUGSLEY, D. C. L.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.
OFFICES:
Cor. Prince Wm. & Church Sts.

THOMAS KANE,
No. 5 Mill Street,
Plumbing and Gas Fitting
AND
Hot Water Heating.
All work done in first-class style. Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to at lowest charges.

OFFICE OF
D. R. JACK,
Insurance Agent,
REMOVED,
—TO—
No. 70 Prince William Street.

Manchester House.
ESTABLISHED 1877:
Having made extensive improvements in my establishment and imported a fresh Stock of New and Fashionable
DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY
—AND—
FANCY ARTICLES
personally selected, and purchased on favorable terms, I am prepared to offer them to my customers and the public at prices to suit every one. Inspection invited.
JOHN K. STOREY,
21 KING STREET.

H. C. MARTIN & Co.
PORTRAIT ARTISTS.
Studio, 52 King Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
PORTRAITS IN
INDIA INK,
WATER COLORS,
CRAYON, OIL, &c.,
Copied from any style of small picture.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

1888 SPRING STYLES 1888
ROBT. C. BOURKE & Co.,
HATTERS,
Having received the larger portion of our Spring Stock of New Styles
Hats, Caps, &c.,
We are now prepared to offer at Lowest Prices as Large and Fashionable Assortment of Head Wear as was ever offered in the Maritime Provinces.
R. C. BOURKE & Co.,
61 Charlotte Street.

"Caligraph."
WHY "IT STANDS AT THE HEAD."
We guarantee the SUPERIORITY of the "Caligraph," and that it will wear out any other make of writing machine, side by side, on any kind of work; and take pleasure in referring inquirers to 100,000 operators and customers in substantiation of all claims made by us for our instruments.
Ribbons, Carbon Paper and Typewriter Supplies all in Stock.
ARTHUR P. TIPPET & Co.,
Agents for Maritime Provinces.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE.
DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

Hill's Blotter Bath and Rapid Copying Press.
Letter Copying made EASY, EXPEDITIOUS, and ECONOMICAL by the BLOTTER BATH.
Several duplicate copies of bills or letters can be obtained by this process.
From one to twelve letters can be copied at one pressing.
FOR SALE BY
J. & A. McMILLAN,
Booksellers, Stationers, Printers, Blank Book Manufacturers, &c.
98 & 100 Prince William Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

E. C. MARCH.
LADIES' AND MILITARY WORK A SPECIALTY.
A. F. DeFOREST.
DeFOREST & MARCH,
MERCHANT TAILORS.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
FOSTER'S CORNER, 42 KING STREET.

NEW GOODS.
500
Mens', Youths' and Boys'
SUITS
For Spring and Summer wear. These goods are all New and Fashionable and are marked down low for CASH.
Mens' Light and Dark Worsted Spring Overcoats.
Mens' all wool working pants, very low.
LARGE STOCK OF MENS'
Tweed Rubber Waterproof Coats.
A FIRST-CLASS STOCK OF
Gents' Furnishing Goods
IN WHITE SHIRTS, REGATTA SHIRTS, TOP SHIRTS, MERINO SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, BRACES, SOCKS, COLLARS, TIES, SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, TRUNKS, VALISES, HAND BAGS, SHAWL STRAPS, &c.
New and Stylish Cloths for
Custom Clothing
—IN—
Fancy Tweed Suitings, Corkscrews and Diagonal Suitings, Serges and Yacht Cloth Suitings and Fancy Striped Trouserings.
Cheap for Cash.
City Market Clothing Hall,
51 Charlotte Street.
T. YOUNGCLAUS,
Proprietor.

ESTABLISHED 1865.
GEO. ROBERTSON & Co.
WHOLESALE GROCERS
—AND—
West India Merchants
Office, 50 King Street,
Warehouse, 17 Water Street.
Uptown Store,
50 KING STREET.
Business Respectfully Solicited by
Geo. Robertson & Co.,
Office 50 King Street.

Notice of Sale

To Norval Smith and Margaret Anne, his wife, and all others whom it may concern:

We hereby give you notice that in default of payment of certain mortgage moneys owing to me the undersigned Margaret Anne Parnther by virtue of the Indenture of Mortgage executed by you, bearing date the sixth day of April, A. D. 1886, we shall on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-third day of May, next, at Chubb's Corner, in Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, at twelve o'clock noon, proceed to a sale of the mortgage lands described in said Indenture as follows:

"All that certain lot, or parcel of land situate, "lying and being in the Parish of Waldford afore-"said conveyed to the said Norval Smith by one "John Coil and Mary, his wife, by Deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of August, A. D. 1872, bounded and described as follows, that is to say bounded northerly by the Beckwith Road to Richibucto (so called) southerly by the Harley Road so called; westerly by a Brook running from said Harley Road to said Beckwith Road being a triangular piece of land, the whole as present occupied by said Norval Smith, and supposed to contain about forty acres," in execution of the power of sale vested in me the said Margaret Anne Parnther; by virtue of said Indenture.

Dated the fourth day of April, A, D. 1888,

D. B. PARNTHER.
M. A. PARNTHER.

A. H. DeMILL,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

For Family
MIXED CANDIES, POP CORN, ORANGES, LEMONS,
—ALSO—
OYSTERS SHELLED
By the Quart or Gallon and sent home from
18 King Square.
J. D. TURNER.

ESTABLISHED 1834.
The Subscriber has opened a large stock of
French, English, Scotch, Irish and Canadian Tweeds.
These goods are of the very best quality and newest patterns, and will be made up to order at very low prices.
JOHN H. BUTT,
Merchant Tailor.
68 Germain Street.

D. WHELLY,
9½ Canterbury St.
Plumber & Gas Fitter,
Steam and Hot Water Heating.
JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

H. S. Cruikshank,
FLORIST,
Old Burying Ground and Foot of Golding St,
Has for Sale, cut
ROSES, CARNATIONS, HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CHINESE PRIMROSES, CAMELLIAS. &c.
BULBS, in blossom and about to blossom;
HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUSES, SNOWDROPS, &c.
EASTER AND CALLA LILIES.
GERANIUMS, many new varieties and all the flower and foliage plants usually found in a first class greenhouse.

FOR SALE.
FOR SALE, a place of five acres, with house, barn and other outbuildings, on the West Shore of Kennebecasis Bay, near Chapel Grove, and about eleven miles from the city. Enquire of
MRS. EDWARDS,
On the premises.

MC2397

POOR DOCUMENT

IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

What the Lounger Hears Other People Talking About and His Views on Things in General.

Of course I went to hear the band play on the square last Wednesday evening. There are no reserved seats on the square and I went with the crowd. It is a most commendable act for the City Cornet Band to furnish the citizens with music, and since the band has had the kindness and forethought to provide free entertainment for them it is fitting that the citizens, young and old, should behave themselves with decorum while listening to the music.

* * *

I regret to say that the behaviour of some of the young people on the square was anything but creditable. There was no necessity for some of the crowding and pushing of each other in some of the principal walks, and for one, I hope the police arrangements, next time the band plays, will be such as to prevent, at least, the play of certain young people who proved a source of annoyance to all respectable persons who attended the band concert on Wednesday night.

* * *

The past few days—indeed the past week has been a season of rain. St. John has not enjoyed such a season for some years. The rain has been general throughout the entire province. The result has caused a rapid and unusual rise of the river which if the rain does not let up may prove as damaging to the agricultural interests of the flooded districts as the freshet of last year. The GAZETTE has already pointed out that this rapid rising of the water of the river after a heavy rain is to be looked for more and more every year. This has been the experience of persons residing along the banks of the great rivers of the West and what has been their experience must be ours. A few summers ago there was a week of heavy rain which caused a freshet in the river almost as damacing as the freshets of some springs. It behooves the people living along the river to see that the water frontage of their farms is properly protected with brush and stones so as to prevent the soil being torn away. The citizens of St. John have a selfish motive in desiring these properties protected as much of the land carried away when the river overflows its banks is brought down stream and helps fill up our harbor.

* * *

I learn that the merchants of St. John are gradually extending their business into the province of Quebec. St. John merchants have suffered a considerable loss of trade through competition from the West, but a well-informed and large dealer informs me that the worst is now over. He says that the Western men have discovered that much of the trade they got this way was unprofitable inasmuch as the sales were made on very small margin, while the losses were entirely out of proportion to the business done. In other words they took much of the doubtful trade and lost accordingly. If this gentleman's opinion is correct, as I hope it is, St. John bids fair to get a large trade—the bulk of the trade east and south of Quebec.

* * *

The old burial ground is being put in good repair by Street Inspector Martin. All the walks are to be repaired and have gutters laid along the grass plots so as to prevent the latter wearing away. Asphalt will be laid on the walk running through the grounds from King Square towards Union street.

* * *

It is high time that the Council took it into their heads to have this sacred spot made to look as it should. They owe the founders of the city greater respect than has been paid them in the past. It is four years now since the fence around the grounds was condemned and nearly four years since a portion of it fell down which has not yet been replaced. The south-east corner of the logging supporting the soil has been in a scandalous condition for five years and no effort whatever made to put it in proper condition. It may be asking too much to ask the council to replace the entire fence in a single year, but something should be done without further delay. The work could easily be finished in three years doing one side of the enclosure in each year. Until the enclosure is properly fenced there is but little use endeavoring to plant the grounds with flowers.

* * *

There are some men and women in this city who think dogs have more than human rights. They would allow them to run at will about the streets without leave or license. In my opinion the license fee for dogs is altogether too low. Most any one who becomes attached to a cur will pay $1 per year for the privilege of feeding the animal though he may be in doubt every time he looks at the beast whether the same is a sky terrier or a mastiff. There are scores of dogs in St. John having no pretentions to breeding or anything else; still they are permitted to live by their masters and an indulgent public. Full bred dogs are valuable, intelligent and pleasant to look upon. Why, not, then, encourage the breeding of thoroughbred dogs by destroying the curs? The destruction of the curs would tend towards a higher license and fewer dogs. The license for dogs should not be less than $3 per year.

There is some prospect of having the architectural monstrosity that has disfigured King Square removed. I would like to know who was responsible for this unshapely structure. The ladies who raised the funds to build it disown it, the city engineer under whose direction it was placed there fails to recognize the original from the drawing. The conundrum always has been who designed it? Heaven only knows who, but the sooner it is removed or remodelled the better. At the present time it is neither a thing of beauty or utility. I would suggest that while the alterations are in progress a stone drinking trough for horses be placed on the street in front of the fountain. Such a convenience is very much needed in that part of the city.

* * *

There has been no such mysterious disappearance from St. John for years as that of Mr. Samuel Bonnell. Mr. Bonnell was a man well known in the community. He had been an old resident of the city and enjoyed an acquaintance extending from Reed's Point to Indiantown. Yet he disappeared in daylight in the very centre of the city and the authorities have been unable to find the slightest trace of him. St. John is not a large city and at the hour of the day when Mr. Bonnell disappeared the streets through which he must have passed to get out of sight were crowded with pedestrians, yet no one could be found who could or would give the slightest clue to his whereabouts. It seems improbable that this statement is true and I must say that I am one of those who doubt it. I believe there are in this city or vicinity some persons who could tell something of the whereabouts of Samuel Bonnell.

* * *

The fate of the child who went fishing on Sunday last should be a warning to parents to look better after the whereabouts of their children on Saturday as well as Sunday. There should also be some means of preventing young children loitering about the wharves, more particularly to prevent their sitting on the string piece fishing. Children and fools, the adage goes should not handle edge tools, neither should they go bobbing for tom cods and smelt from the wharves of St. John harbor at either high or low water.

* * *

The sad fate of the man McKeown recalls the time when he was a well-to-do baker in Portland. His downfall commenced from the time he sold out his business and spent the proceeds on a racket. His son assisted in the expenditure and then braced up sufficiently to leave town and has not since returned. The father has led a dissipated life for some years ending with his death on the street. His couch was in a barn somewhere about the city. His meals he obtained through the charity of some of those who remembered him in his better days and from the pittance he earned putting in coal.

THE LOUNGER.

The Divorce Mill.

In the Supreme Court of Maine the following decrees of divorce were promulgated on Saturday last.

Selinda McCallar vs. J. A. McCallar; intoxication. Nellie M. O'Neill vs. D. O'Neill; desertion. Emma A. Patterson vs. C. Patterson; cruelty. Jahiel S. Flanders vs. Eliza Flanders; desertion. Annie M. Mosher vs. Dighton Mosher; desertion. Ora E. Livermore vs. Lizzie M. Livermore; adultery. Mary J. Sabattis vs. Newell Sabattis; desertion. Eva F. Smart vs. William Smart; desertion. Pauline O. Fogg vs. Charles W. Fogg; desertion. S. F. Colbath vs. Eva Colbath; desertion. Frank W. Townsend vs. Ella J. Townsend; desertion. Julia A. McComic vs. C. H. McComic; desertion. Ida C. Twist vs. John Twist; desertion. Olive J. Veasie vs. Joseph Veasie; desertion. W. J. Harron vs. Amy Harron; cruelty. A. J. Gilman vs. Almira Gilman; desertion. Henry Stardley vs. Sylvia Stardley; adultery. P. White v. Adeline White; cruelty. Mary A. Melville vs. C. F. Melville; adultery. Annie C. Ames vs. J. H. Ames; intoxication.

In these cases it will be observed that twelve of the plaintiffs were women and eight were men. For habits of intoxication to which their husbands were addicted, two women secured their liberty, seven for desertion, two for cruelty, and one for adultery. Four men were priveliged to embark on the sea of matrimony a second time because of the desertion of their better halves (or worse, it may be,) two for adultery, and two for cruelty and abuse.

The children of divorced parents are undoubtedly disgraced, but it is a question if they are any more disgraced than those of parents who live separately without a divorce, or live in a constant turmoil under the same roof. So far as morality is concerned, it is undoubtedly promoted by the legal seperation of couples who cannot live together in harmony.

A Good Countenance.

Boils, pimples, Blotches and Skin Humors disfigure the countenance. Purify the blood by using Burdock Blood Bitters to remove the impure matter which loads it, and the result will be a clear skin, good complexion and perfect health.

The Minie rifle was invented at Vincennes, France, about 1833, by M. Minie, who from a common soldier raised himself to the rank of chef d'escadron.

GIRLS WHO LIKE WINE.

A Serious Charge Brought Against San Francisco Society Belles.

[San Francisco Post, City Letter.]

How wine-bibbing has grown of late years among our girls only an old rounder like myself, or the head of the house who foots the bills, can understand. It is something perfectly shocking, and the weddings, receptions and blow-outs in general are few that do not wind up with almost an orgie among the late ones. Why, at one of these affairs the other night I saw a young woman, who is now in her first season out, stand up at the table and drink her pint of Perrier Jouet out of a goblet. "Ain't she a thoroughbred?" exclaimed young Ducats, who stood by her. And the silly girl was ready to dash off another bumper of the same size. On all sides were young women drinking their wine, and not a few of them showing in their flushed faces and flashing eyes the effects of their tippling.

This, be it remembered, was in one of the most fashionable houses in this city, and whatever was thought, not one word of remonstrance was uttered while the scene ran on. I am told that at another gathering of a recent date the wine was so plentiful and the license so general that some of the young women in their exaltation endeavored to climb up the tent-pole of the marquee in which the supper had been spread. I am told, further, that on another occasion, when the women went upstairs to put on their wraps preparatory to going home, some of them were unable to find their way out unassisted. Remember all of these scenes took place not at gatherings of sirens on the Coast, but at social assemblages in the houses of "our best society." How much of drunkenness there may be in private among young women I do not attempt to say, but if these public exhibitions narrated are an evidence of a certain predilection, it may be conjectured that the curse is widespread. Have I spoken too plainly of this awful subject? Have I said more than can be vouched by those who have kept their eyes about them? I think not.

Hawthorne.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who died on the 19th of May, 1864, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1804; graduated at Bowdoin College, and held office in the Boston custom house with Bancroft: He wrote the Scarlet Letter in 1850, The House of the Seven Gables in 1857; spent four years as U. S. Consul at Liverpool; published the Marble Faun in 1860, and was laid to rest near Emerson and Thoreau in the cemetery at Concord.

THE Duke of Marlborough has been unbosoming himself to a New York interviewer, who reports the distinguished visitor as having talked rather sensibly on the subject of the growing distrust of Englishmen as to the management of railroad properties in this country. According to the duke, to attract hither a steady flow of English capital it will be necessary to establish certified auditors, such as they have in England, who will certify to the correctness of the published earnings of the railroads and indorse the accuracy of their reports. As it is now, the railroad publishes their earnings pretty much how and when they please, and an English investor, if he goes it at all, must go it blind. At the best, his investment is simply a testimony to his belief in the honesty of the officials in control of the property in whose securities he invests. It must be allowed that the duke's point on this subject is well taken. —Boston Herald.

Advertisers in THE GAZETTE are unanimous in the expression of their satisfaction at the results derived from the use of its columns. It is natural that they should do so, for it is probable that the issues of no other paper published in Canada pass through so many hands or are so carefully read as are the issues of THE GAZETTE. This paper is published for the entertainment and instruction of the family, and that it succeeds in making itself welcome in the households of all of its patrons, is to us a matter of no little satisfaction and pride. THE GAZETTE will never descend to the dissemination of pot-house scandals, nor allow itself to be made the mouthpeice of any party, clique or creed.

In this issue the cards of the QUEEN HOTEL and BARKER HOUSE, at Fredericton, are first published. It is unnecessary to say a word in praise of these hotels to their patrons. Both have undergone extensive repairs this spring, and their genial proprietors, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Coleman, are prepared to meet their guests, old and new, in such a manner that their visit to the capital city will be most agreeable and most pleasantly remembered. D. R. JACK, Insurance Agent announces his removal from Princess St. to more accessible and commodious quarters, at 70 Prince William St., where clients will always find him or his representative, during business hours. The advertisements of the GAZETTE'S older advertisers are the advertisements of reliable houses, and as they are frequently changed, should never be passed over as, in printers plrase, "dead matter."

Four Years of Suffering.

Mrs. Torrance McNish, of Smith's Falls, Ont., after four years' intense suffering with Scrofula, from which her head became bald, was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, after the best medical aid had failed.

There was said to have been, 285 B. C. a lighthouse at Pharos, near Alexandria, Egypt, 550 feet high, and said to have been visible forty-two miles.

MARITIME HAPPENINGS.

An Interesting Collection of Odd Items From all Sources.

Editor Hawke writes: "I am in jail." That's just where he wanted to be.—Ch. Examiner.

A writer in the St. John, N. B., Sun describes a visit to Baddeck and the lakes in glowing terms. He tells of the handsome custom house and post office here, describes it as built of pressed brick with free stone copings. This is a new name for the conglomerate it is built of.—Baddeck Reporter.

A small boy was discovered playing ball one day, and on being asked what he was doing, replied: "I'm playing ball with Dod. I frow the ball up and Dod frows it back."

Miles Grant, of Musquodobit, claims that during the past 30 years he has killed over 300 bears.

Anthony Musgrave, a native of Nova Scotia, has been appointed colonial secretary of British New Guinea.

Dr. Edward Judson, the youngest son of Dr. Andoniram Judson, will spend his summer vacation in Nova Scotia.

One of the smallest banking institutions on earth is the Farmers Bank of Rustico, P. E. I. The official statement shows a capital stock on 3rd April last of $8,211; notes in circulation, $11,452; due on dividends, $154; total liabilities, $19,818. The balance of assets over liabilities is $291.07. The bank declared a dividend in February last at 6 per cent. per annum.

Thirty-one cars of 16,820 bushels of potatoes have been shipped since January 1st over the Buctouche and Moncton railway and 17 cars of 8,799 bushels over the Kent Northern from Richibucto.

Some stir was caused last week by the report that three of our townsmen had made a big find of old French coins, near the Inch Aarran Hotel, Dalhousie. So far the report is generally believed, and some anyway are apparently happy in the find.

Of all the liquor laws passed by any State, Iowa has the only one which the lawyers can't find a flaw in. The bill was drafted by a farmer, and they would not permit a lawyer to even discuss it. A great many sensible people think that if we had more farmers, merchants, and working men in our houses of legislation, instead of so many lawyers, we would be better off every way.

The price of real estate appears to be booming at Amherst. Rev. Geo. F. Miles sold 120 square feet of land to the Methodist congregation last week for $150, or at the rate of more than $50,000 per acre. Mr. J. Edward Bent sold a lot with seven feet frontage on Havelock St. and a depth of 120 feet, to Dr. Hewson for $100.

Publications.

The Canada Railway news Co. have recently published their HALIFAX ALBUM, containing some 60 fine phototype views of the principal public buildings and places of interest in the citadel city. The same publishers have also issued A GUIDE TO THE CITY OF SAINT JOHN AND THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, by Mr. Mulhall, which contains much information, not readily available elsewhere. The book is not a mere advertising pamphlet, but is a work of permanent value. It has been very handsomely printed by the Messrs. McMillan, and is sold by all booksellers and news agents.

Literary Notes.

Mrs. Frank Leslie keeps a stereotype plate of refusals of offers of marriage.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton makes perfect "copy" for the printers.

Bancroft, the historian, never goes out to dinner parties.

James Russell Lowell says the love of poetry is too affected.

Miss Mary L. Booth has a wonderful collection of old china curios.

Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie dictates all her literary work to two stenographers.

The late Imperial Amnesty in Germany, according to the London Athenæum, set free a number of Editors of political newspapers who had been incarcerated for "press offenses."

During her last voyage, Lady Brassy, as usual, busied herself with literary work, and at the time of her death had accomplished enough for a volume. This work, which is descriptive of the last voyage of this notable woman, has been collected, and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will issue it in book form early in the Autumn.

Mr. C. G. Leland has put in the publisher's hands a great portion of a collection of American colloquial expressions, newspaper peculiarities, current jokes on popular topics, fragments of songs used proverbially, etc., on a scale somewhat larger and of a character somewhat different from any other in any language.

Few poets can summon up their muse at will as readily as Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the proportion of good verse is unusually great in "Before the Curfew," his latest book of poems, almost all of which were written for special occasions. They are all productions of the last decade, and a greater number are familiar to the reading public; but their publication in this collected form is most welcome, as but few of them are contained in other collections. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The books loaned at the Boston Public Library in 1886-1887, in the several departments were as follows: it will be seen that something more than 7 in every 10 were either works of fiction or juviniles.

	1886.	1887.
Fiction and juviniles	70.81	70.04
History and biograhby	5.22	6.84
Travels and voyages	6.84	9.47
Science, arts, fine and useful, theology, law, medicine, professions	4.75	4.37
Periodicals	7.31	8.15
Forign languages	.65	.63
Miscellaneous	4.42	5.00
Total	100.00	100.00

Says the Bangor Commercial of the 17th inst.—The remains of Noah Morehouse, Keswick, N. B., arrived here Sunday afternoon, he having been drowned at Chase Brook Falls, some eighty miles above here, while at work on Hale & Haney's drive. The young men of the village purchased a casket and robe, had the body properly cared for and sent the remains to Keswick in the garb of humanity, hoping to rebuke the heathenism of boss and crew.

HATS. HATS.

MANKS & CO.,

Are now showing the following makes of Hats in all the latest Styles:

SILL DRESS HATS,
STIFF FELT HATS,
FLEXIBLE FELT HATS.

Flange Brim Hats, Soft Felt Hats, Crush Hats,

In Light, Medium and Dark Colors.

Also childrens' Straw Hats in

Gipsy, Sailor and other Fashionable Shapes.

MANKS & Co., 57 King Street.

SKINNER'S
Carpet Warerooms

Elegant Wilton Carpets, with 5-8 Borders to Match;
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POOR DOCUMENT

Only the Other Day.

[From Lotus Leaves.]

Yon sweet Madonna, all in white,
With Christ upon her lap in play,
And cherubs on the sky in flight,
Was made by Luca, soft and bright,
Only the other day.

Only the other day! Well wears
This vessel, shaped in Tuscan clay;
It held in Chiusi woman's tears
Ere Christian faith eased human fears,
Only the other day.

The Sun, the World, that mighty plan
We call the Milky Way,
Was dark and still; no Earth—no Man!
God smiled upon it, and it span.
Only the other day.

Who knows, amid Life's wear and tear,
How soon the gold may turn to gray,
This homely chair, the fireside where
You sit and smile, may seem next year
Things of the other day!

Hope sweetly makes me reconciled,
If—you and I long passed away—
Some reading this should say, my child,
"His verses flew as tho' She smiled
Only the other day."

Van Deckermann's Bargain.

By M. THEED.

It was through the children I first became acquainted with Mr. Van Deckermann. They were pretty little tots then, the two of them, and had such friendly ways with them that it would not have surprised any one, I imagine, that they should attract where their elders seemed rather to repel; but my wife and I were nevertheless conscious of a certain feeling of triumph when we first saw them in animated conversation with the funny old gentleman, about whom people knew so little and speculated so much.

We were living at that time in a small house in one of those old fashioned suburbs, whence the city is easiest of access, even the omnibus fare to and fro being a matter of consideration to us, and we knew as little of our neighbors as most people even in London.

We were very happy, all the same, being fully occupied—I on the city treadmill which I am working still, with this difference, that I am better paid for it—Mary looking after the house and children, and keeping both after such a fashion that in our poorest days it was a pride and a pleasure to come home to them.

"You are the luckiest man I know," Mr. Van Deckermann said to me once—"or have known," he said, correcting himself. "To say whom I know would not be to say much," which, indeed, judging from our observation, was true enough.

Nobody seemed to know him to speak to, but everybody in the neighborhood must have known him by sight, for he was to be seen daily, summer and winter, taking the same monotonous walk, and dressed in the same odd fashion, in a brown coat cut in the style of at least fifty years before, with brass buttons, and a wide brimmed hat, beneath which he wore the most transparent imposture, in the shape of a wig with which I have ever come in contact. It was in great measure the contrast between this, which was of a somewhat lively brown, and the iron gray of his bushy eyebrows which conduced to the oddity of his appearance. His eyes were the only striking feature in his face, being dark, prominent and piercing, and the skin was a network of wrinkles on parchment, but no one who had seen his countenance light up as I saw it that Sunday evening, at the innocent prattle of the children, would have received other than a pleasant impression of the little old man.

We had come upon the trio rather suddenly, Mary and I, and had the reluctance to speak upon either side been ever so strong, it must in common courtesy have been overcome. We exchanged greetings accordingly, and from that day forth the acquaintance thus inaugurated ripened steadily into an intimacy, in the course of which I arrived at these primary facts concerning Mr. Van Deckermann. He was, as his name indicated, of Dutch extraction, he had no occupation, and he lived, and had lived for years, in a house which would have contained three of mine, in the most expensive situation thereabouts. What he wanted, or ever had wanted, being a bachelor, with a residence of such dimensions it would not have been easy to determine—the less so that he saw no company, and that the establishment was restricted to two old servants—like himself English by birth and breeding, but of foreign origin—with a sort of "slavey," upon whom doubtless devolved the giant's share of such work as there was to do, under them.

"You are the luckiest man I know."

We came little by little, as I have already intimated, to see a good deal of him; more in the summer, however, than in the winter, when I was glad enough to stay at home in the evenings, when I got there, and he felt naturally, at his age, equally indisposed to turn out. But in the long, light days he was fond of dropping in on us after dinner, and if we should sometimes have preferred being to ourselves we were careful never to show it. We were flattered by the fancy he seemed to have taken to us, and sorry for his loneliness, and I do not pretend but that we appreciated the fact that he might, if he would, be a good friend to us.

It was in the course of the second summer of our acquaintance that one Sunday evening after church we came up with him leaning over the palings of an old fashioned house, at some distance from our own. It stood back in its own grounds a good distance from the road, and such glimpses of the building itself as were to be obtained through the screen interposed by the trees and shrubs, in front of it, gave one the idea of a sufficiently gloomy exterior. We had remarked upon its dismal and unoccupied appearance more than once, and wondered, seeing how long it remained apparently untenanted, at the absence of any indication that it was to be either sold or let, but we were not prepared for Mr. Van Deckermann's first words.

"You have brought me back to the present,' he replied. "I had gone back further than you could go, either of you. That was my father's house; the house in which I was born and bred. It has remained as he left it, with such patching up as has been positively necessary, ever since he died."

"But not empty, as it is now? Somebody has lived in it since then, surely?" my wife said timidly.

"The old couple who take care of it, nobody else," he replied, as we walked away from it. "Everybody has a craze of some sort, they say, Mrs. Thurnell, and that is mine. You have heard of certain rooms in a house being kept sacred to the memory of certain people? Why should not I go a little further and keep the whole house so, when I am about it?"

The sharp tone and the laugh that accompanied it grated on the ears of us both, and my wife's hand pressed my arm a little nervously as she answered:

"Certainly, you have a right to do what you like with your own. If you did not care to live in it yourself"—

He turned round upon her before she had time to finish the sentence, striking the ground with his stick as though he would have driven it into it to emphasize his words, and repeating them after her in a shrill falsetto voice, which bore evidence to his excitement.

"Live in it myself—I—after all that had happened in it! I would rather have begged my bread on the roads—rather—Good heavens! what would I not rather? But there, I beg your pardon," he added, cooling down. "I can't expect you to understand, how should you? If you had spent there the most miserable boyhood, barring one thing, that ever man had to look back to, you would hate it as I do."

"And yet you don't get rid of it altogether?" I interposed at this juncture. "Why not pull it down and sell the land for building upon? You would make a good thing of it."

"Why not? Because I am a fool, I suppose," he returned curtly. "Because, if there are many memories for which I hate it, there are a few for which I love it. What was it I saw in your little maids, do you suppose, but a likeness to another little maid, dead and buried long ago—the only bit of sunshine that ever strayed within those four walls, the only creature that loved me, or that I had to love. She was my cousin, and she was an orphan. How she came to be left to my father's care I never clearly understood, but she came to us before I could remember, and she was more to him than ever I was. There was too good a reason that he should not care much for me. He had not been fortunate in his marriage, and it had soured him, but he must have been hard and cruel to begin with, or he could never have done by his own flesh and blood as he did by me. I was not good at my books, what cleverness I had lay in another direction, and, unhappily for me, I went to a day school, so that my father's eye was never off me, and he took it upon himself to see that I did the task that was set me. There was no kind of punishment he did not resort to. I was flogged, starved, imprisoned by turns. It was as though he thought he was wreaking his vengeance upon my mother through me. The only way in which Alice got into trouble was by espousing my quarrels—the only way, heaven help her sweet soul!—from first to last!"

He paused for a moment, his voice husky with emotion, and Mary laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Another time, Mr. Van Deckermann, tell us another time," she said in her soft voice.

"I should like you to know," he replied, unsteadily, "and I should never bring myself to speak of it again. By the time I was 16 I had come to the end of my patience. My father was fast becoming as miserly as he was cruel, and I could see plainly if I were to wait for him to give me a start in life I might wait for ever. I knew that our name was well known at the Cape, and I trusted to its being a passport there of which, in conjunction with the business faculty I was conscious of in myself, I might make use to my advantage. I resolved to work my way out, and as soon as I had made enough to keep a wife, to come back for my cousin. It was at the gate at which you found me standing just now I said good-by to her.

"I had been away nine years before I saw my way to making a home for her. For the greater part of the time it had been such hard work that but for the few pounds she managed somehow—I often feared by going in rags or something approaching to it herself—to send me now and then I must have starved outright. But at the end of the nine years I was able to write to her and say I would come for her. She wrote me in reply that my father was very feeble, that she had owed him a home all her life, and that we should wait until I could come home for good. It was a great blow to a man who had already served for her so long, and was thirsting for the sight of her, but it was as if I had no will of my own where she was concerned. I stayed on where I was and set my shoulder to the wheel harder than ever for another three years. The Cape owed me nothing; then at last I turned my back on her. I had gone out a beggar, I came home with a handsome independence. And what was it, think you, I came home to? I had toiled and slaved and denied myself all these years for what? Merciful heavens! for what?"

He stopped suddenly in the road, and wrung his hands, with an expression upon his face which haunts me to this day when I am troubled and out of spirits. The same thought occurred at the same moment to my wife and myself. For some reason—possibly with little, if any, blame attaching to herself—his old love had been false to him. So completely, as we found when we came to compare notes afterward, had this idea taken possession of both our minds, that his next words took us quite by surprise.

"You don't ask me how I found her?" he said in a harsh voice. "You don't ask me whether she was waiting to meet me where I had left her—where you found me just now. You don't picture her as I had pictured her to myself hundreds and hundreds of times, with the sea rolling between us; with her arms round my neck, and her lips pressed to mine, and the welcome I had been waiting for so long looking out of every feature of her sweet face. But you can fancy what it was to me to look for her like that, and think of her like that, and then to find her, as I found her—dead and buried!"

His voice sank to a whisper in the utterance of those last words, and except for a murmur of surprise and sympathy, which seemed all to which we found ourselves equal, we went our way for the next few minutes in silence. Whether he would have told us more had we questioned him, I cannot pretend to say, but I have often since regretted what was possibly a lost opportunity. He may never have meant us to be any wiser, but, on the other hand, if he did mean that, and was checked by a reticence, which sprang rather from too much feeling than too little, how much might have been spared both him and us! The inclination, supposing it ever to have existed, had ceased to animate him before he spoke again.

"You can understand now," he said with a resumption of his ordinary manner, [illegible] was so rapid as to be remarkable, "why the very walls of that old house [illegible] at once sacred and abhorrent, dear and hateful [illegible] me. I can neith[illegible] other people live in it nor to let it go to rack and ruin, and I would not live in it myself if there were not another roof in the wide world for me to shelter under. But there, it is all over and done with, and we will find something pleasanter to talk about."

It was about midsummer, to the best of my recollection, this little conversation took place, and not long afterward our house, of which we had only the half yearly tenancy, was sold over our heads—a circumstance which would have concerned us very little, had not the new owner required it for his own occupation. Conceive my astonishment when, under these circumstances, Mr. Van Deckermann offered me the long uninhabited Cedars! I say advisedly offered me, for the proposition was only submitted to my wife after it had been talked over at considerable length between us.

The fact was, Mr. Van Deckermann frankly admitted, the house during its years of disuse had acquired a bad name, and though he believed me to have no more belief in the supernatural than he had himself, he had no wish to withhold from me the knowledge of what would, it must be confessed, from the vulgar point of view, constitute a drawback to the very substantial kindness he talked of conferring upon me.

"You are welcome to the house," he said, "rent free, and I will have it done up for you from top to bottom. It shall not cost you a penny piece so long as I live, and when I am dead and gone you will be your own landlord, but I am not going to saddle you with it under any false pretenses. The people who take care of it say it is haunted. It is to their interest to keep others out of it, and they have contrived to live there themselves a good many years in spite of it; but you may take what they say for whatever you think it is worth. I am not afraid of you, but women are weak upon these points, and there is your wife to consider."

I was obliged to confess that my wife was not in this respect superior to the rest of her sex. She might face a burglar—she would certainly not wittingly run the risk of collision with a ghost.

"I suspected as much," he said equably, "and that is why I thought it better to introduce the subject in her absence. I should be sorry for her to stand in her own light and in yours, if it can be helped, and the chances are she would. Now my own belief with regard to the Cedars is that there has been some sort of knavery carried on there for years, and my object is to get at the bottom of it and to do you a good turn at the same time. We can't offer Mrs. Thurnell the house with the ghost attached to it, with any reasonable hope of her acceptance of it—so much we may take for granted. The question is, is it worth your while to try and clear the coast of it before anything is said to her about it?"

The proposition was an odd one, to say the least of it, but the game seemed worth the candle, and I felt, moreover, how poor a figure I should cut in the old man's eyes were I to decline it. What it was he wished me to do precisely, he was either undecided himself or did not choose to tell me, but I consoled myself with the reflection that imposture of the sort he suspected were, as a rule, of the clumsiest, and, to make a long story short, I accepted the Cedars on his own conditions. My wife, who was told nothing to disquiet her, and who naturally, therefore, was overcome by the generosity which was being shown us, accompanied Mr. Van Deckermann over the house and was charmed with it, with the style in which he proposed doing it up, even with the old furniture stowed away in the attics, and which was to supplement our own, and it was finally arranged we were to take possession at Lady day.

It was not, however, until close upon Christmas week, which we were going to spend, as usual, with my wife's father down in Sussex, anything more was said of the private understanding between my new landlord and myself; I had been trying to overcome Mary's scruples about remaining behind with the children, after I was compelled to return to the office, and as there was annually the same little discussion between us, my unselfish little woman generally getting the better of it, I was not surprised to find that our shrewd old friend had reckoned upon this, and was prepared with a suggestion in his own interest. Mrs. Thurnell might, he said, make herself quite happy about me and do him a favor at the same time by allowing me to become his guest for the few evenings I should otherwise have to spend by myself. The longer change could not but be beneficial to her and to the children, and why should she not have it? Besides, it was necessary for the carrying out of what he called our innocent conspiracy against her that some such arrangement should be made. To Mary it seemed only a further proof of his kindness and consideration, and the invitation, the curious circumstances of which were known only to him and to me, was accepted accordingly. It was not, however, until I had dined for the first time, tete-a-tete, with Mr. Van Deckermann, I was made aware of what was expected of me, and shall I confess that the knowledge did detract somewhat from my enjoyment of the best glass of Madeira I had ever been privileged to taste?

The proposition my host had to make to me was simply this: In all respects but one I was to be, as my wife had been led to suppose, his guest in his own house; that is to say, I was to breakfast with him before I went cityward in the morning, and to return to Woodlands to dine and spend the evening, but my sleeping quarters were to be at the Cedars! I should thus be in a position to satisfy myself as to the fitness of the house for the accommodation of my family, and the absurdity of the reports which had been circulated respecting it. We both knew the folly and credulity in which such stories originated, but we knew too the rascality which not unfrequently took advantage of such weakness to answer its own purpose, and it would be well to ascertain that there had been no such agency at work in the present instance, or if there had, to discover it.

"I do not say that I have reason to distrust either old Minchin or his wife," added Mr. Van Deckermann, "but my loss has been their gain all these years, and human nature is weak. The old woman was shaking in her shoes the day I took your wife over the house, and she would not have been behindhand in putting a spoke in the wheel, had the opportunity been given her, on the bare suspicion of the real facts of the case. If there has been any roguery at work, it is for you, in your own interest as well as in mine, to get to the bottom of it. You are not to be scared by the fear of the supernatural—that bugbear of the ignorant and the superstitious—for you do not believe in it, and I will see that you have the means of turning the tables upon any clumsy impostor who may try his hand at frightening you."

The words were cheery and confident enough, but there was a certain eagerness in the utterance of them, and the old man's keen eyes had a curious shiftiness of expression I had never remarked in them before, as he thus addressed me. I could not help thinking he was trying to convince himself, as well as me, of the force of what he was saying. That the whole thing appeared to him [illegible] complaisance than he wished to ma[illegible] certain as that I myself wa[illegible] coolly going to the in[illegible] daredevil spirit. I did not believe in ghosts or ghost-lore, that I maintain; but if I had ever had much of the spirit of adventure in me the monotony of a business life had knocked it out of me, and I had come to regard a good night's rest as one of the best things in life. Still the stake was well worth the playing for, and I did my best to look pleasant over it.

One thing I did ask my host. What was the story attached to the house, and what form did the apparition take?

He tapped his snuffbox and shook his head.

"No, no," he said, "I am not going to put things into your head. How can I answer for the state of your digestion, or your probable immunity from nightmare, as it is? You know too much—that is too say, you would know too much, supposing you were a man of weak nerves or vivid imagination, already. If I could have kept you in utter ignorance the test would have been a surer one, but that I could not, and I have to require of you, on your honor, that you neither seek nor accept at the hands of any one the information I withhold from you. You will not seek—of that I am satisfied—what I wish you distinctly to promise me is that you will refuse to lend an ear to any one who may try to enlighten you—the woman Minchin, for example."

I gave him my word that I would respect his wishes, and an hour or so later found me in possession of the room which had been assigned me at the Cedars. Mr. Van Deckermann had not himself faced the cutting cold of the moonlit December night, but the old couple were on the lookout for my appearance, and things had been made more comfortable than I expected. Some of the old furniture, of which my host had spoken when he first entered upon the subject of the house, had been brought down from the garrets, and disposed in what would appear to have been its original quarters, while a bright fire burned frostily in the old fashioned grate. I observed, with a certain remorseful appreciation of a thoughtfulness for my comfort for which I should not have given her credit, that Mrs. Minchin had not limited her provision for my accommodation to absolute necessaries. Of the two windows, the one nearest to the bed was closely and carefully curtained—for the other, as she took occasion to explain, there was no curtain forthcoming, and an armchair and footstool, with the faded coverings of which the moth had long made acquaintance, had been drawn up to the fire. The old woman seemed indeed to have remembered everything, even to the night light in a saucer on the mantle piece, to ignite which was her last care before leaving me for the night. For the rest, she was as taciturn as her employer could have wished. She received my thanks in silence, and, having ascertained at what hour she was to call me, left me to myself with all possible celerity.

When she had turned her back I proceeded to take a minute survey of the room. That it was, or had been at some time, the scene of whatever mystery was connected with the house, I could not reasonably doubt, seeing the object with which I had been sent there. The first thing for me to do then was to discover in what way—if any—it was likely to lend itself to the perpetration of a fraud.

Briefly, I could find nothing in it to reward my inquiries. It was a large room, almost square, with nothing remarkable about it. There were, as I have said, two windows, and there was one of the closets my wife's heart had delighted in. I opened the door of this and looked in. It was empty, as it had been, in common with the rest, on the occasion of my previous visit. The bedstead, which had been brought down from the attics, was of mahogany, minus poles or hangings. Nowhere was there any ambush for anything; one could see the room and all it contained at a glance. I went to the curtained window and examined it carefully; it fitted well and was fastened; so was the other, the blind of which I drew up, and saw the garden lying below me, every shrub that it contained clearly defined in the moonlight. I left the blind up—undressed with my usual expedition, and went to bed and to sleep.

It was between 3 and 4 in the morning when I awoke, for I took note of the time afterward, but what it was that caused me to awake I cannot say. All I know is that the room was as light as day, and that I was not alone in it.

Creeping stealthily across the room, and feeling his way with his hands as one might who was blind, was the figure of Andrew van Deckermann. He had his profile toward me,

He had his profile toward me.

and his head was even more shrunk within his shoulders than usual, so that I could not rightly distinguish his features; but his gait and dress were as familiar as they were remarkable. About the cut of that brown coat, as about the peculiar inclination of the head and body, there could be no mistake. But how and with what object had he come thither? I had left him in his own house—true, there was nothing to prevent him from following me, but what could be his motive? Was it possible I was the dupe after all of a madman, and that the traits I had regarded as mere eccentricities ought, in reality, to have given me the clew to the truth? Was it to be accounted for in this way, or was it that the sarcastic humor, of which I had seen a good deal in my intercourse with him, had prompted him to subject my boasted scepticism to an ordeal which, malicious though it might be, was, perhaps, not undeserved? But this last hypothesis would not hold water for a moment. Granted that the old Dutchman had the will to conceive a practical joke of this sort, he would assuredly, were he in his right mind, have chosen a more convenient season for carrying it out in his own proper person. There was but one elucidation of conduct so extraordinary—my first conjecture was the right one—Mr. Van Deckermann was not accountable for his actions.

It is not an agreeable sensation, that of being tete-a-tete with a madman, even though he be old and feeble, and you apprehend no violence from him. In the moonlight, too, things have a strange, uncanny look with them. I tried to flatter myself that I was keeping silence and pretending not to be awake, partly in order to see what my visitor was about to do, partly to defeat his insane malice; but I was conscious, in spite of myself, of a fascination against which I was

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powerless. To lie and watch from between my closed eyelids was all I could do.

Still with hands outstretched, still with the same tottering gait, past the foot of the bed, and toward the fireplace there, turning round in the mid- m of the moonlight, face and o alike stood revealed. The same and not the same, a mask rather than a face the lips parted, the eyes open and staring xedly before them, with a terrible, unmistakable stare of vacuity—the face of one more dead than alive. Terrible as the sight was, it brought with it a sudden and unlooked for relief. The first look at those apparently sightless orbs and that expressionless countenance assured me that the old man was as genuinely unconscious of his surroundings as I was endeavoring to appear to be of mine. Once before, I had seen a man walking in his sleep, and I had not forgotton that ghastly phenomenon.

He was still groping about with his hands, and it did not occur to me at the moment as altogether opposed to the theory I had so readily adopted that what was in his normal state only noarsightedness should be exaggerated in his present condition into almost if not total—blindness. Suddenly, while I was still watching him, for my eyes had not quitted him for a moment, one wandering hand found a resting place on the arm of the big chair I had noticed upon entering the room as having been put for my accommodation. The effect upon the frame of the old man was as though there were connected with the wood a galvanic battery. Every nerve in his body seemed to be put in motion, but though his teeth chattered and his eyes moved in their sockets, no sound escaped him—it was as though one had electrified a corpse.

So strong as this, and yet not strong enough to awaken him! A chill that I could not account for, and that seemed to be numbing all my faculties, was creeping over me. The face that I was staring at, with eyes which refused to leave it for the shortest moment of time, seemed more and more the distorted image of that I was familiar with; I felt as though break this unnatural silence I must, but no words came to my assistance.

Had I, too, been struck dumb and helpless? If only he would speak, rave, do anything!

I was scarcely conscious of the longing that was upon me, before it was gratified; the trembling figure erected itself, as if determinedly getting the better of the shock it had received, and once more, but this time as of fixed purpose, the thin grasping fingers were stretched out in the direction of the chair. As they closed upon it, the whole face changed, an expression of eagerness and avidity took the place of the vacant stare I had hitherto confronted, what looked like a flash of triumph seemed to quicken into life, beneath their bushy brows, the eyes whose power of vision I had thought suspended, and with a strange, unearthly sound, half cry, half chuckle, which made my blood creep, the old man flung himself on his knees before the chair.

In this attitude, and with his back to me, what was it he was doing, or attempting to do.

I raised myself a little in the bed and saw to my increased mystification that he had taken hold of the chair—a ponderous old contrivance, swathed in a loose cover of faded damask—and was apparently endeavoring to tilt it up. The chances were he would upset it, and not escape without more or less injury to himself in doing so. Yet how to withdraw him from it without awakening him, and that roughly—a measure always, so I had been instructed, to be carefully avoided in cases of somnambulism.

"Mr. Van Deckermann," I said, finding my voice at last with an effort, "can I come and help you?"

There was a short, sharp sound as of something falling, but there was no answer—and where was Mr. Van Deckermann?

The old chair was still standing—and standing on terra firma in the track of the moonbeams—of the homely elderly figure in the brown suit, which had been kneeling before it a moment before, there was not a trace. I sprang out of bed, fired with a sudden overmastering indignation at finding himself, as it were, baffled and cheated, and flung open the doors of the closet, of the emptiness of which I had assured myself before retiring for the night. It was as I had left it. The only other way in which, even supposing my senses for the moment to have deserted me, my visitor could have eluded me was quitting the room outright.

I went to the door—it was locked, as I had taken the precaution of locking it a few hours previously, on the inside.

I stood for a moment in an utter hopeless bewilderment, and then I burst into a laugh, which sounded even to myself forced and unnatural.

"Psha!" I exclaimed, "I must have been dreaming."

The words had scarcely passed my lips when something, the like of which I had never heard before—something between a laugh and a wail—an indescribable mingling of pain and mockery—sounded close at my elbow. Turning sharp round to see whence it came, I lost my balance and fell face forward on the bed, dragging the sheet, at which I clutched to save myself, to the ground. As I did so, something fell on the floor with a thud. It was my watch, which failing its accustomed receptacle, I had stowed away under my pillow, but of this I did not satisfy myself until the morning, when, upon finding and picking it up I discovered that it had stopped at a quarter to 4 o'clock. Of the rest of that night I have no remembrance, save a confused one of scrambling into bed with, I think, the most fervent prayer to be delivered from evil I had ever uttered on my lips.

"And you expect me to believe that you were in your sober senses when you saw, or imagined you saw, this—what shall I call it? —double of myself?" said Mr. Van Deckermann when I had related as briefly as I could my experience of the night before.

"I have told you already, sir, that I was wide awake. Put it to yourself whether I should be likely to be such a fool as to let anything which I could possibly account for to myself as a bad dream or a mere optical delusion stand in the way of my acceptance of so substantial a benefit as that you offer me! I could no more subject my wife"—

"Pish!" he broke in, scornfully; "don't talk about your wife. Be honest and say frankly that you are not prepared to face it yourself."

"I had said as much already, Mr. Van Deckermann. Nothing would induce me, after what I went through last night, to become your tenant."

"And yet you don't believe in the supernatural?"

"I did not," I replied. "I should have said 'no' to anybody who might have put the question to me yesterday in all good faith. To-day I should decline to answer it; I don't know what to believe."

The old man puckered up his brows and regarded me thoughtfully.

"Well, it is your own look out," he said. "I suppose I was mistaken in my man. It would have been better for both of us if your nerves had been stronger. I told you last night I had been too candid with you. I should have hit upon some other expedient, but I was over scrupulous. It is my own fault and I must pay the penalty of it in my disappointment. I am sorry for your wife; you must explain matters to her in your own way. Between you and me there need be no more said about it. You will find your room here ready for the night, and the longer you can stay the better."

He shook me warmly by the hand as he spoke.

"Believe me," I began, "I shall never forget"—

"Not a word about it," he said, "as you value my friendship. The time may come when I shall myself reopen the subject, though I think not—I think not. Until then let it, I beg of you, drop."

I am afraid I took to my work that day a very divided attention. I did not regret my candor, though there were moments—when I was discussing my mutton chop, for example, in my own special snug corner, not unaccompanied by a good tankard of stout—in which I felt more courageous, if not more skeptical. Granted the existence of a ghostly visitant, might one not in time become accustomed to it? What positive harm could anything of the kind do one? But across even these faint efforts at reasoning came the vision of the wife and children scared into sickness or something worse, and I felt that, in any case, I had acted for the best.

I found my host even more cheerful and loquacious than was his wont that evening. He ordered the old Dutchman, who combined with other duties those of butler, to bring up some champagne and tossed it off, while he hospitably pressed it upon us, with a freedom which surprised me. It was this, I imagined, which led him to talk, in a bragging and boastful tone not habitual to him, of the wealth which had rewarded the labor of his earlier years, and of sundry past achievements of industry and application of which he had never before made mention. The more he drank the faster he talked, and I was not surprised when his self laudation took another and more offensive form, and he began to enlarge upon his own strength of mind and purpose as opposed to the weakness and mental deficiency of those with whom he came in contact. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to pick a quarrel with him, but I was sincerely grateful to him for one thing, and for another I was satisfied he had taken more than was good for him. I was not sorry, however, when as 10 o'clock struck—the solitary game of cribbage, for which the long monologue to which he had treated me had left time, coming to an end simultaneously—he suggested that I should retire early and make a long night of it.

"You look as if you had not slept for a week," he added complimentarily, "and my pipe is good enough company for me—better than most. You'll find everything ready for you upstairs."

I heard and obeyed, and that night I slept like a top, so soundly, indeed, that when the old servant came to call me in the morning I was only awakened to the fact of his presence by an agitated appeal to me to arouse myself. The scared expression of the man's face, and the concern and trepidation to which it bore evidence, effectually recalled my scattered senses, and I sprang up in bed eagerly demanding what was amiss.

"The master," he gasped out; "what has come to the master? He is not in his room—he has not slept in it. He is nowhere in the house—nowhere about the place. What can have come to him?"

His wife was close at his heels, echoing the inquiry with a look in her face not less anxious and perturbed than his own, but in which there mingled a strange suspiciousness, which even in the shock of the announcement which had just been made to me I could not but mark and resent. "How in heaven's name should I know?" I demanded angrily. "How long is it since you missed him, and where have you looked for him? He was having a pipe in the dining room when I came up last night. You must have seen him later than that. He went round with you last thing, I suppose, as he did the night before—as I understand him he always did?"

"Not always. If he gets any sleep in the daytime worth speaking of, he won't go up at his usual time. He'll go round by himself then later on, but I do my duty by the house and by him just the same. I did it last night. I saw to the doors and shutters as usual, and I put up the chain and bolted and barred the hall door—I could not have slept in my bed else—and this morning I found the chain down and the bolts drawn. Lisa here would have had me go straight to the police to set them to find him, but I thought there might have been something in his talk last night might put us on the track. I've been with him these forty years and I've never seen him as I saw him last night. He is not used to strangers, and he is too old to change his ways. He was wandering about yesterday, and talking to himself—Lisa heard him, and if any harm has come to him its the worry and excitement will have done it," the old man wound up viciously.

"Before I went to the police, I would send to your master's other house," I said quietly. There had come back upon my mind as I listened to him very vividly the half veiled taunts and jeers to which I had been subjected the night before, and, with the recollection of them, there flashed upon it the possibility that, wrathful and disappointed at my failure, he had resolved to face the mystery, whatever it might be, himself. I was not prepared, however, for the effect of the suggestion upon the old couple. They stood, as it were, transfixed, exchanging a look full of terror and apprehension.

"The other house!" they murmured. "Gone to the other house!"

The woman was the first to recover herself. "I don't believe you, master! You're trying to frighten us. Don't listen to him, Jan. He knows better than that Mynheer Andrew has gone there, and so do we."

"It is there I shall go to look for him, at any rate," I replied. "As to you, you can please yourselves, so long as you leave me to turn out and get into my clothes."

I made no long business of my toilet, being, as may be supposed, anything but easy or happy in my mind. Rather to my surprise, after the tone she had adopted to me upstairs, I found Lisa waiting below to insist upon my swallowing some hot coffee before I left the house, and to tell me that Jan had preceded me to the Cedars.

"I was hasty just now," she said, "and I ask your pardon, but I would sooner have found the master dead in his bed than that he should be where you say he is. Better dead in his right mind—a thousand times better—than alive with us here, out of it; and out of it he will ha' been before ever he went to the old house. You don't know—there's nobody knows but us three—there are those that have seen, but they don't understand. I tell you I would sooner I never saw him again—though God knows how it would be with us without him—than that he should be found so."

It was with this comforting assurance that I set forth. There was no time for thought; what was required of me was action, and I did not let the grass grow under my feet. I met the old Dutchman just outside the gate at the Cedars. Nothing had been seen or heard of Mr. Van Deckermann there. He had been satisfied it would be so, but as for me——

"I am not satisfied yet," I said. "I shall not be satisfied until I have been over the house. You can come back with me or not, as you like."

He did come back with me, though that he thought me headstrong, if not more, and that his opinion was shared by the Minchins, was evident enough. What strange intuition possessed me I do not know, but what had been at first no more than an idea had grown into a conviction. I felt sure I should find my host in the room I had myself occupied the previous night. In vain did they try to persuade me that even had Mr. Van Deckermann been insane enough to let himself into the house at midnight in midwinter, his entry could not have been made without arousing them. I was bent upon taking my own way, and they had no alternative but to follow me.

At the door of the room I paused and listened. I could hear nothing, and I was about to open it—when, as I laid my hand upon it, I was arrested by the sound of a low, prolonged laugh proceeding from within. It was succeeded by a sharp cry behind me, and an exclamation in his native tongue, full of piteousness and horror, from Jan. If he could, the poor old fellow would have held me back, but I had not persisted so far to shrink from what lay before me at last, and I turned the handle without more ado and went in.

The arrangement of the furniture had been undisturbed since my brief occupation of the room—with one exception; the old arm chair lay literally upon its back, its dingy damask covering hanging about it in rags and tatters, while at a little distance from it, seated on the ground, smoothing out some crumpled pieces of paper, and chattering and chuckling to himself as he did so, in a manner that made my blood creep as I listened to him, was the object of my search. He looked up as we went in, but he did not cease from his occupation, and for some seconds the silence was unbroken, save by himself. My companions stood huddled together at the door, too much appalled to speak, and I was myself in little better case. By way of attracting his attention I drew the curtain from across the further window and let the light full in upon him. He blinked and shifted his seat somewhat, as if to escape it, but he took no further notice. "Mr. Van Deckermann," I said. "Don't you know it is past breakfast time and you are keeping me waiting?"

But the words conveyed no meaning to him, no more meaning to him than his own wordless, incoherent jabbering did to us.

"It is no good, master," Jan said in a broken voice. "He'll have nothing more to say to any one in this world. He has come at the truth after all these years, and he has got his death blow with it. Where did he find them, think you?"

He had dropped on his knees by the side of his master, and he now held up for my inspection what I now perceived to be a bank note. Van Deckermann still engaged in his monotonous occupation of smoothing out and fondling its fellows, took no notice of the action. The note was yellow with age, and involuntarily, as the strange experiences of the night I had myself spent in the room recurred to my mind, I turned my attention upon the chair which had met with such ungentle usage.

He had dropped on his knees by the side of his master.

It was even more mutilated than it appeared at first sight; the double webbing, of which the seat was composed, having been partly hacked with a pen knife, partly torn apart, nor had the rifling of this strange repository been so complete as to leave any doubt as to the purpose to which it had been turned.

As I turned away from it, sickened at a discovery which showed me only too plainly, the connection between my own narrative to the unhappy being before me and the fate which had overtaken him, the woman Minchin broke into tears and lamentations.

"If I had only left it where it was! If I had let things take their chance! If I had only seen the end of it!"

It was not without considerable difficulty we got my poor friend home, and the verdict pronounced upon him by the medical men, whom we lost no time in calling in, was not more favorable than I anticipated. His reason had sustained what they had little doubt would prove to be a fatal shock, and the sudden violent derangement of the nervous system threatened his life. The genuine pity and distress of the old servants spoke well for them and for their master, and while he lay, as he did lie, for many days, between life and death, there sprang up between them and myself a certain mutual respect and confidence.

It was from Lisa I heard as much as there was to tell in the way of explanation of what I had myself seen, and of the catastrophe which had befallen Van Deckermann.

According to her, he had been confronted, as I had been the previous night, by the apparition of his father, and had arrived thus at last in his own proper person at the secret, the elucidation of which had been for years the object nearest to his heart.

It appeared that in telling us—my wife and myself—the story of his early life, he had stopped short at what was at once the saddest and the most striking part of it. It was not so much in the bare fact of his cousin's death, but in the terrible circumstances accompanying it, there had lain the overpowering anguish of which we had been permitted a glimpse. Old Van Deckermann, growing more and more miserly and suspicious of all around him as the years went on, had at last, after emptying the house of every servant it contained by a succession of similar charges, accused his niece of the theft of a large sum of money, and had positively gone the length, in what would appear to have been an access of insanity, of giving her into custody. The evidence was insufficient, but the disappearance of the money was proved beyond a doubt, and the fact that she had only the day before her arrest posted a letter to Andrew Van Deckermann at the Cape seemed to give a certain coloring to the theory advanced by his father that the robbery had been committed on his behalf. Had the truth as to the young man's position been known, it must have been seen at once how untenable was the argument, but his cousin in her strangely isolated life had made no confidences, and the poor thing had not the strength of mind to wait for that redress of wrong which time must inevitably have brought her. Whether open or closed to her, within her uncle's doors it was impossible that she should enter again, and she found a refuge from her unmerited shame and sorrow where so many had found it before her, and have found it since—in the river!

The old man never recovered the shock of her death, though he persisted to the end in his belief in her guilt, and he died miserably only two days before his son's return. For a long time past he had become strange in his ways, and had turned night into day, wandering about the house at all hours, so that it was scarcely surprising that, left to itself as it was after his death, the place should have come by the uncanny reputation of which its master had spoken.

Of one thing I was left in no doubt, although I never had it from his own lips, and that was the superstitious horror with which its owner himself regarded the house; but that horror was dominated, as the event proved, by a still stronger influence. That his father's uneasy spirit haunted the scene of his cruelty and injustice he was fully persuaded, and he had confided to Lisa more than once his further conviction that by some means yet—natural or supernatural—the charge brought against the poor creature who had fallen a victim to it would be cleared up. He had employed me as his tool, and, hopeless of my following up the clew I had found, had worked himself up to the required pitch and gone, heaven only knows in what state of mind, to surely as strange an encounter as ever man contemplated.

What he saw can only be matter of surmise; he lived for a year or more, all his faculties restored to him, but minus any memory, and quite tractable and gentle.

My own belief is that the missing notes, the hiding place of which I have no moral doubt was discovered to him that night, must have been secreted there by the elder Van Deckermann himself, under the influence of somnambulism, though that he was a somnambulist I have no evidence to show. All I know is that the face I saw was the face of one.

At Mr. Van Deckermann's death it was found that by a will, made some months before his fatal visit to it, he had bequeathed the Cedars, with other more desirable property, to me. To the best of my belief, its supernatural history had come to an end with the catastrophe of which this is the record, but the terms on which it was left to me were happily unconditional, and a terrace of small houses, given up to the most prosaic associations, occupies the site of it.

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7.00 p. m.—From St. Stephen, and from St. Andrews, Fredericton, Holton and Woodstock.
LEAVE CARLETON.
8.00 a.m—For Fairville, and for Bangor and all points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.
4.30 p.m—For Fairville, and for Fredericton, and intermediate points.
ARRIVE AT CARLETON.
8.40 a.m—From Fairville.
5.05 p.m—From Fairville and points west.
H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.
J. P. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
St. John, N. B., October 17, 1887.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1887 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1888
ON and after MONDAY, Nov. 28th 1887 the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 30
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 35
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18 00 train to Halifax.
On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMMODATION	13 30
DAY EXPRESS	19 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., November 22nd, 1887.

Grand Southern Railway.
ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Feb. 20, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows;—
LEAVE ST. JOHN at 10.45 a. m., and Carleton at 11.10 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 2.11 p. m.; St. Stephen at 4.12 p. m.
LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.30 a. m.; St. George at 10.35 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 1.35 p. m.; St. John at 1.50 p. m.
Both trains will stop at Musquash for refreshments.
Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAMES MOULSON, 40 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.
Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water Street, where a truckman will be in attendance.
E. LAWRANCE STURDEE, Receiver.
F. W. HOLT, Superintendent.

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
—FOR—
BOSTON,
Via Eastport and Portland.
COMMENCING MONDAY, April 30th, and until further notice, Steamers of this Line will leave St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.
Returning, will leave Boston at 9 a. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and Portland at 5 p. m. same days, for Eastport and St. John.
H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

NOVA SCOTIA
STEAMSHIP CO., Limited,
—TO—
DIGBY, ANNAPOLIS,
Yarmouth, Kentville, Halifax, and all intermediate stations.
ON and after NOVEMBER 14th, and until further notice, the Steamer SECRET will leave Saint John for Digby and Annapolis every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at 7.45 local time. Returning will leave Annapolis and Digby same days, after arrival of trains from Halifax and Yarmouth.
H. W. CHISHOLM,
Reed's Point Wharf.

SMITH'S MANUAL
—OF—
Engineers' Calculations
FOR SALE AT
McMillan's, Harrison's, Barnes' McArthur's Watson's Bookstores.
PRICE, - - $3.00.

MC2397

POOR DOCUMENT

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

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

"Are you one of the new letter carriers?" inquired the housewife.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I just want you to give me the right letter hereafter. The last one was for the next door neighbor. It was interesting, but she made an awful time because I read it."—Hartford Post.

"Did that man strike you with malice aforethought?" asked the prosecuting officer of a colored witness.

"Did he which?"

"Did he strike you with malice aforethought?"

"No, sah; he didn't, sah. He done hit me wuf a cleavah."—Merchant Traveller.

"Hang the luck!" exclaimed the foreman, as he was busily at work making up the paper. "I've pied the whole galley of this leading editorial on the Chinese question, and in five minutes it will be time to go to press. What in blazes am I going to do?"

"Oh, that's all right," said the editor, easily. "Pick it up as well as you can and run it in as a new dialect story by a rising young Southern author. It's sure to make a tremendous hit."—Somerville Journal.

"What was the trouble between you and the defendent?" asked the police court judge of an Irish witness with two badly discouraged optics.

"What wor the thruble?"

"Yes, give me an account of it."

"Well, ye see that man, Dinnis Dolan, cem up to me an' he says to me, says he, 'Micky, what koind av oiyes do yez loike best, black or blue?'"

"Oi says to him, 'Oi don't t'ink there's very much preference. Oi loike wan just about as will as th' other.'"

"'Very well, thin,' says he, 'Oi'll mix them for yez,' an' this is what he did."—Merchant Traveller.

Senator Berry, of Arkansas, tells his friends of a trial for assault in his State, in the course of which a club, a rail, an axe-handle, a knife, and a shot gun were exhibited as "the instruments with which the deed was done." But it was also shown that the assaulted man had defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel, a hand-saw, and a dog. The jury, Mr. Berry says, came to the conclusion that they would have given a dollar apiece to have seen seen the fight.—Kansas City Journal.

At the furriers' banquet in New York the other night, one of the speakers called attention to the fact that, if we ever have woman suffrage, the men who sell sealskin sacks will have control of the votes. Alas, too true?

Surgeon (to patient who has been playing Missouri poker)—I can find only one ear, sir.

Patient—Yaas, the other one wasn't worth savin'. Don't sew it on the wrong side, Doc.

O woman, lovely woman, you are simply superhuman,
In your wiles and machinations to ensnare the guileless mister,
But with sense and circumspection he will never make objection
'Till you make him tired by saying that you'll always be his sister.

"It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways," murmured Jaggs, as he made fast his southeast suspender with a horseshoe-nail.

"What's wrong now?" put in Baggs.

"The women have sewing circles for the heathen, haven't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's the matter with the heathen organizing circles for the Christian? A fellow might be able to dress himself then without the aid of a hammer and a section of clothes-line.—[Philadelphia Call.

A bald-headed man is a victim of hair-breadth escapes. [—Arcola Record.

A man with no hair on the top of his head has no fear of Indians and always boldly marches to the front-tier—when he goes to the theatre.—[Yonkers Statesman.

With thousands of positive specifics to insure the growth of hair, it is a matter of surprise where all the front-seaters at the burlesques come from.—[Lowell Idea.

A barber at Poughkeepie says that eight of ten men are bald now-a-days, and he attributes it to food adulteration. That barber is probably a single man.—[Philadelphia Call.

An English Art Journal has offered a prize to any one who will discover the cause of baldness, and, strange as it appears, no one has yet suggested the falling out of hair as the cause.—[Yonkers Statesman.

Adam was proudly conscious that he never made a mistake in his boyhood.—[Texas Siftings.

According to the Bible story Adam was the first fellow to get up and dust.—[Duluth Paragrapher.

To think that Adam never enjoyed the luxury of a thrashing for running away away from school!—[Dansville Breeze.

Adam may not have been a model man, but he never put a poker chip in the church collection basket.—[Hotel Mail.

Adam was somewhat surprised when he first saw the notice at the from gate of Eden "Keep off the Grass.—[Duluth Paragrapher.

Adam was not as good as he might have been, but he never reeled off lies by the yard about the pranks of his school days.—[Philadelphia Call.

Father (to would-be-son-in-law)—"Young man, will you be able to take care of my daughter in the style to which she has always been accustomed?" Young man (earnestly)—"I'll guarantee it, sir, or return the girl."

Johnny—Pa, what is a female crank?

Father—Go ask your mother, my son. (Father is busy explaining the next moment that he meant no reflections.)

A Letter From Campbellton.

The long winter has gone and spring has come in all its glory; the snow has melted away and the river is clear of ice, and Campbellton has put on an appearance of life and bustle. Several new houses are underway and several more will be built before the summer is over. This place is growing rapidly, some new streets are to be opened up and we are trying to get the place incorporated; a large majority are for it, and the minority are trying to prevent it. If this place were thoroughly drained and water brought in from some of the beautiful lakes or brooks in the vicinity, it would be one of the healthiest places in the province; as it is at present it cannot be called so. The wells, for the most part are considered very unwholesome; hence it is that typhoid fever and diphtheria prevail. We have a large number of stores; most of them are doing a thriving business, and two druggists; one has been here over two years the other, Mr. A. McG. McDonald, has only been here a few months; he is a reliable young man, and is doing a very good business for the short time he has been here. We have two tinsmiths, several blacksmiths, and a number of other smiths. At the station is a large and well conducted restuarant where they vie with each other in their attendance on strangers. We have five churches and a Salvation Army barracks. At the lower end of the town, situate on the top of a hill, is the Roman Catholic church which is well attended by the Irish and French; further up town is the Presbyterian church, by far the most numerous body of any protestant church here. They have built a new church which is a great improvement on the old, which was built some fifty or sixty years ago. On the same street is the Salvation Army barracks and Methodist church; about half-way up town near the bank of the river is the Episcopal church, and near the upper end of the town is the Baptist, a new building with an excellent cheir, which is a credit to Campbellton. They will have good singing in that church let the Price be what it may. Now, some people talk of the long cold winters here, and the large quantity of snow. I admit all that, but it is healthy and bracing; we have no thaws to speak of and we don't feel the cold so much as you do further south on the seaboard, though on the north side of the town, near the river, it is said to be very Sharp, and a little Frost all the year round, but so little as not to be taken any notice of. Up near the station it is usually very Rainnie and a good Wind, Sir. The country round here is well wooded with a large variety, cedar is very plentiful, but oak does not seem to be very productive though an odd leaf may be seen along the line of railway, between here and Saint Flavie. I will not take up more of your valuable space, but before closing let me congratulate you on the success of the SATURDAY GAZETTE as I understand the circulation has increased very much within the last few months,

Yours truly,
RAMBLER.

Sullivan and Mitchell.

P. Jay one of the best sporting authorities in the United States, discusses thus on the Sullivan-Mitchell fight:

If all that has been said about the draw between Sullivan and Mitchell is true, then sufficient evidence is at hand to forever bar from the circle of true sport the men most deeply interested in it. During the past week we have heard more of the story of bribery, of the alleged double dealing of Baldock and of the presumable cowardice of the men Sullivan looked on as friends. It is a tale of outrageous proceedings, and the very men who, by their admissions of complicity in bringing about the result, have overshot their object, and by standing confessed as bribers, have placed themselves in the position of men unworthy of belief. Now I am confident that the object of all this is to bring obloquy on Sullivan, make him appear as a whipped man, a second rater and to lessen his value as a drawing card, should he hereafter determine to give exhibitions. Have they accomplished their object? I think not. On the contrary, I believe that ultimately people will recognize the fact that men capable of acting as they confess having done, would not hesitate to do worse and if needs be sell out the man whom they agreed to assist to the extent of their powers. A man who will not hesitate to bribe another will hardly hesitate accepting a bribe, and I regret that Sullivan should have at any stage of the game placed himself in the power of such men.

Not that I think for one moment that John would have agreed to become a party to their plans. I know him well enough to know that whatever other indiscretions he may have been guilty of he has never yet been dishonest. Oh, no. It will take more than the testimony of the self-confessed bribers of Baldock to make me believe John knew of their scheme, or that their bribing did save him from a defeat. It makes me confident of one thing, however, and that is that notwithstanding all their bluffs they were cowards at heart. They had less faith in their own assertions regarding Sullivan than people who were many miles away from him. They bet money on him expecting an easy win, and when their anticipations were not realized they determined to save their money at all hazards, even that of ruining the reputation of the man who battled for the stakes and to prove the superiority of American brawn. Were they not cowardly to bring about a result that injures Sullivan's reputation in order to save their paltry wagers? Were they true friends of John? I say no. I believe now that Sullivan would have won that fight in France but for the actions of those who confess bribing Mitchell's seconds. I believe that when Baldock accepted the bribe he knew that Mitchell could not win and that Sullivan still had a good chance of doing so, and his cunning nature led him to benefit his principal, while he profited by the cowardly cupidity of Sullivan's supposed friends.

How He Buys an Engagement Ring.

[Jewellers' Weekly.]

"It's funny to see the different ways in which various men select engagement rings," said a jeweller's clerk, "and when a man comes in here for that purpose every clerk in the store can recognize the fact at once. Of course he has only come in to look at some watches or a pair of sleeve buttons, but the very manner in which he avoids the ring case betrays him at once. After a few minutes, when he feels a little more at his ease, he usually takes the clerk into his confidence and asks to be shown some solitares, If it's his first venture and he doesn't feel quite sure of his ground he will even go so far as to ask if solitaires aren't sometimes used as engagement rings. The clerk's answer usually removes the last vestige of doubt, and then the purchaser throws aside all reserve and selects from the assortment before him the ring which strikes the happy medium between the depth of his affections and of his pocket.

"Other men, again, walk in with the news just beaming all over them. 'Engaged' is visible from the tops of their heads to the soles of their feet. The purchaser of this class makes no secret of his errand, and departs on his way rejoicing in a very short time.

"From all indications I should say that the leafy month this year will see any number of weddings. For the last month we have averaged three engagement rings a day."

Horse Talk.

J. H. Kitchen, of Houlton, Maine, has purchased of B. D. Whitcomb the stallion Kollmoor. He was sired by Volunteer, dam Belle Patchen.

The noted stallion St. Julian, by Aristas, 2.27, has been taken to Brattleboro, Vt., and will be used in the stud during the present season.

At auction recently, Wheeling Wilkes, seven years old, by George Wilkes, dam by Edward Everett, brought $10,000, the purchaser being M. R. Bissell of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Speaking of the great race horse Dexter, 2.17¼, who died recently, Samuel Trot, of Boston, says: "I saw him in his last race on the turf in 1867 when he trotted in Chicago. It was a great race for the white-footed king nearly distanced his competitors, Brown George and running mate. Bud Doble drove Dexter and James Dougrey handled the team. A large and fashionable crowd was present. Dexter was harnessed, unharnessed and cooled out on the track and in front of the grand stand. After the last heat he was turning, being led away by his groom when I plucked a spear of hair from his tail and I have it now.

Edison's First Marriage.

The first Mrs. Edison was an operator in the Newark factory where Edison was making the machines to fill his first order for the stock indicator, which brought him into notice and formed the basis of his fortune. She was a tall, fine-looking girl, one of a dozen sitting at a bench winding magnets. One day as Edison was walking down the line, that girl spoke up and bade him good morning without raising her eyes from her work.

"Good morning," said the inventor. "How did you know it was I?"

"Oh, I can always tell when you're near," was the reply.

"See here," said the man of inventions, "I've noticed you a good deal of late. Suppose you and I get married?"

"I'm ready."

"When shall it be?"

"Three weeks from to-night."

"All right!" and the inventor went on his rounds while his intended bride merrily wound away upon her boobin of wire.

On the wedding day the first consignment of stock indicators came back from the purchaser, inoperative. When Mr. Batchelor, who has always been Edison's right-hand man, went down to the shop after supper, he found the inventor there in his dirtiest shop clothes tinkering away at the machines. Didn't he remember that it was his wedding night? No, he'd forgotten all about it. Batchelor dragged the lagging groom to the nearest clothing store, got him into a new suit, then to a barber shop, and finally put him on a car and shipped him off to the house of the bride. Then he went back to the shop to work, supposing that was the last of Edison for that night. In an hour or two, however, Edison rushed in again, threw his new coat down on a greasy lathe, hung his waiscoat upon the gas pipe, kicked his shoes under the bench, seized a file and went at the defective stock indicator as if there were no such thing as marriage and giving in marriage, and there he stayed with his faithful lieutenant till the morning sun looked in on two weary toilers and an electrical stock indicator that worked liked a charm.

When wealth came to them Mrs. Edison No. 1 betrayed a tendency to branch out in the social world, but it had no effect on the inventor's habits. One of the largest entertainments Newark ever saw was given at her house. All the leading men of the Edison works were there, but he was nowhere to be seen. His subordinates grew a little uneasy. A committee of them went over to his laboratory about midnight, and there was the inventor, tipped back in a rickety old chair, in his shirt sleeves, his shoeless feet high up on the work bench, singing away into his phonograph at the top of his voice, happy as a clam at high tide.

The present Mrs. Edison sticks to her husband like a shadow. She is always at his elbow in working hours, with book and pencil, taking down his ideas and experiments. She is, in fact, a helpmate in every way worthy of his abilities.

She Speaks From Experience.

Miss Edith Fox, of Amherstburg, Ont., had a severe case of Quinsy. She writes: "I tried the doctor's medicine, but got no relief. I was told to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. [illegible] taking two doses I got relief, and when I had [illegible] parts of the bottle, I was [illegible]

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BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

Thos. Dean.

Beef, Pork, Lard,
Lamb, Hams, Poultry,
Mutton, Bacon, Game.

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39 BRUSSELS ST.
Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Tobaccos, Spices, Fruits, &c.
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Hard and Soft Coal
Delivered to all parts of the City.

OLD RYE.
Landing To-Day
Walker's
5 yr. Old in Cases.
1 CAR LOAD
Spirits & Rye.
THOS. L. BOURKE,
11 & 13 Water Street.

WANTED.
A lady will be pleased to receive orders for
PLAIN SEWING
to be done at her own home or at the houses of her customers. Address,
C. L. GAZETTE OFFICE.

THE
New Brunswick Railway Co.
ANNOUNCE A
Pullman Parlor Car Service
between ST. JOHN and BOSTON.

A Pullman Parlor Car is now attached to the FAST EXPRESS leaving St. John 6.10 a. m., running through, arriving in Boston 9.30 p. m. same day. Returning, attached to the train leaving Boston 7 p. m. running through, arriving in St. John 2.20 p. m. next day.

☞ Seats may be secured at Company's Ticket Office, corner Union and Mill Streets, or at the station.

J. E. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.
St. John, N. B., April 19th, 1888.

TO LET
In House No. 20 Queen St.
1 Shop, 1 Tenement of 14 rooms with water, bath rooms and all conveniences; suitable for a boarding house; or will be let to two families, divided to suit. Apply at the house to
Mrs. McCORMICK.

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96 Prince William St., Foundry, 21 Water St.
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We are now showing full lines of
Bank Books, Envelopes, Writing Paper, Etc.
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LATEST BOOKS.
NEW YORK AND BOSTON DAILY PAPERS AND MAGAZINES always in Stock.
All goods at lowest prices. Inspection invited.
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To Order SHOW CASES for Spring.
LeB. ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.,
IS AGENT FOR
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CELEBRATED NICKEL CASES
Write or Call for Catalogue and Prices.

500 DOZEN!
OUR KID GLOVE.
"TANT MIEUX."

THIS GLOVE, is placed upon our counters DIRECT from the manufacturing tables of a GRENOBLE FRENCH KID GLOVE HOUSE, for which we have been appointed the SOLE RETAIL and JOBBING AGENTS, and owing to its EXTREME LOW PRICE, together with the REMARKABLE SOFTNESS and ELASTICITY of its character, it has gained an unparalleled hold both in EUROPE and AMERICA, and is now offered THROUGH US to the public of ST. JOHN, at almost ONE-THIRD THE PRICE of a "JOSEPHINE" GLOVE, whilst in reputation it is rated with, and (in point of actual wearing value) is allowed to be EQUAL to any "TREFOUSSE" or other high class glove made.

We are prepared to Mail them to any part of CANADA for six cents extra, and for orders exceeding four pairs we will send them CARRIAGE PAID. By this means ladies in out districts may have the gloves delivered at their homes without any additional cost. As no glove stretched or tried on can be exchanged the correct size should be given.

Try a pair upon our guarantee that they WILL WEAR WELL and NOT BREAK AWAY in the seams.

PRICE 64 CENTS.

FAIRALL & SMITH, - King Street, St. John, N. B.

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The Subscribers Beg Leave to Inform the Public that they have opened
A STEAM LAUNDRY
—AT—
Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street.
Fully equipped with the latest machinery and experienced help to turn out first-class work. We would respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the public.
GODSOE BROS., - - - - Proprietors.

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IRON, STEEL AND GENERAL METAL MERCHANT
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Manufacturer,
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE, Robertson's New Building,
Cor. Mill and Union Streets.
WILLIAM GREIG. Manager.

Jennings the Bookseller
Has Removed two doors below (the old stand 167 Union St.)—New Number 171.

HAVING spared no pains, time or money in making the New Stand the prettiest (though not the largest) Book Store in the City.

I take this opportunity of returning my sincere thanks to my many friends and customers for their past favors, and would solicit a continuance of the same in the

NEW STORE.
D. J. JENNINGS, - - 171 Union Street.

Livery and Boarding Stables,
Sydney Street, St. John, N. B.
DAVID CONNELL.
Horses Boarded on Reasonable Terms.
Horses and Carriages on Hire. Fine Fit-outs at Short Notice.