

THE ALBERT STAR.

Vol. II.

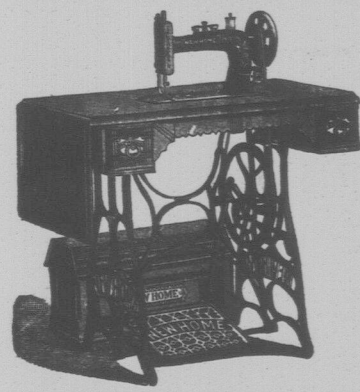
HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7, 1894.

No. 28

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THE ALBERT STAR.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7.

Autumn.

Grey autumn! Tell us why the glorious gold of falling leaves, of fern, and ruddy hues of brambles glistening in the morning dew, should not give us gasp and rapturous unfold. Why should our souls, with nature's instincts rife, Turn with a sigh? In dying, if it be like, Then should they moaning winds, and shadows give The prelude to the death that gives us life. We see the falling for the winter sleep; That cold white sleep that wraps thee in its breath, And, though we starg of all we gain by death, We listen to the falling leaves—and weep.

Rice Planting in Japan.

The people were busy putting out their young rice plants, and the fields were full of men and women watering their "kasa" and straw coats, oiled paper, rush mats or other contrivances to keep off the rain, and working in mud and water half way up to their knees. It is surely the most dirty and most laborious form of agriculture; the work is almost entirely done by manual labor, with a spade and a heavy four-pronged rake, though I occasionally saw a cow or pony with a little thatched roof on its back to shoot off the rain, dragging a sort of barrow through the mud. As soon as the spring crop of barley or rapeseed is gathered and hung up to dry the ground is trenched with the spade and water is turned over it until it has become a soft slush, which is worked level with the rake.

The young rice plants, grown thick together in the nursery patches, are pulled up when the fields are ready for planting, these roots are washed, and they are tied in bundles, which are thrown into the mud and water; then the men and women wade in, make a hole, and set the seedlings in line by just pressing them with their fingers into the mud. They do this wonderfully quickly, and can plant eight or nine in a row without moving from their places, when the field is all planted it looks like a pond with a delicate green haze over it. The dividing-banks are planted with beans and other vegetables, so that not a yard of ground is wasted. This was the 18th of June, the damp, clammy heat of the "dew mo th" just beginning a period very encouraging to all vegetation but full of discounts for the traveler and especially for the landscape painter.

Hadn't Got the Girl Yet. "Gilt any bridal chambers here?" asked a tall, awkward young man, with an antique carpetack in one hand, a frightened look on his face, a black slouch hat on his head, and wearing a hand-me-down suit of faded brown. "Yes sir, we have some very fine bridal chambers here," replied Chief Clerk Cunningham.

"Waal, I want ter look 'em, fer I've got to engage one uv 'em," said the stranger.

"All right, just step this way, please," said Mr. Cunningham, who called an assistant and gave the order: "Show this gentleman the bridal chambers."

The stranger investigated the bridal chambers for half an hour and then returned to the counter down stairs, and said to Mr. Cunningham: "Golly! those rooms air ez loovely ez a pastor, lot in paradise! Now, they air the finest you have, air they?"

"Yesir, they are the finest in the city, and are good enough for a millionaire and his bride."

"Waal, I'm much obliged fer all the trouble you've gone to, I'll be in next week, I'pose, an' take one uv 'em," the stranger said, moving off.

"Oh, you did not wish to engage a bridal chamber to-day," said Mr. Cunningham, in surprise.

The young stranger almost jumped out of his brogans.

"Mister," he exclaimed, "I hain't as the gal yet. I'm just adoin' this to get my nerve up so's I can go back home an' pop 'er question to 'er."

Too Great a Sacrifice. The two had sat in moody, sullen silence for some minutes. Then she spoke.

"Before we were married, Algeon," she said, "you used to declare you could give up heaven itself for me."

"Yes," answered Algeon, bitterly, "but I little thought you would ever ask me to give up smoking."

The Japanese as Electricians.

Not the least of the advantages enjoyed by the Japanese in their war with China is the fact that they are thoroughly informed as to the use of modern electrical apparatus, have employed it freely, and do not depend upon foreigners to handle it for them. One of their first actions was to take hold of the telegraph lines and stations in Southern Corea and to turn them over to their own corps for operation for immediate service. In China the telegraph lines have been cut by the people, on the allegation that they caused drought, and are but now being painfully rebuilt. In Japan, on the contrary, from a humble beginning with about forty miles of line in 1870, the Government has developed a land system of 29,000 miles, and has established several cable links between the islands.

During the Satsuma rebellion of 1876, the service proved of great value. The military field telegraphs of the Japanese army are modeled on European systems. The Japs also make free use of the telephone, which caught their fancy from its earliest days, and they have always shown a marked partiality for the electric light. There are several central stations and isolated plants in the country, and the operation is skillfully carried on by highly trained men, many of whom gathered their experience in America. The Japanese electrical society is hundreds strong, and its principal proceedings are held in those who contend there to be of a high standard. It is worthy of note, too, that the Japanese were quicker than ourselves to apply electricity to the operation of canals, by using motors to raise and lower the boats from one level to another.

Star Beams. The German colony in London numbers 100,000. Sometimes love goes to a fellow's head as well as to his heart.

In the course of a year a single crow destroys 700,000 insects.

There is an average of forty-seven inhabitants to each house in Vienna.

To Angeline—No, the subject of a joint debate need not necessarily come from a butcher shop.

Scalping was practiced by the ancient Scythians and is not original with the American Indian.

Fig—Tall me, is there anything crooked about Gay? Fogg—I don't know, unless it is a corker.

It is found that some of the mummies taken from Egyptian tombs are wrapped in a thousand yards of bandages.

The famous Massachusetts lake, Quinsigamond, means, in Indian etymology, "good fishing place for pickerel."

The condor is the largest of all birds. Some that have been shot in the Andes had wings measuring twenty feet from tip to tip.

Sporting men in Michigan are experimenting by sowing wild rice seeds in marsh land to attract ducks, if the crop grows.

"Did he fall on his knees when he proposed to you?" "No. That happened when he reached the sidewalk. I think papa had something to do with it."

NO THIEF DARE TOUCH IT. Diamond Ring on a Public Staturo in a Madrid Park.

A ring, studded with diamonds and pearls, hung suspended to a silken cord around the neck of a statue in one of the most frequented parks of Madrid. It is safer there than in one of the strongest rooms of the Bank of England, says the London Answer.

Thousands of people pass it every day and admire its beauty, but the greatest thief in Spain hesitates even to touch it. It is believed to deal out death to whom it belongs. The ring was especially made for the late Alfonso XII, who gave it to his cousin Mercedes on the day of their betrothal.

Upon her death it passed into the possession of the king's grandmother, Queen Christina. Three months afterward she died. The king passed on the deadly band of gold to his sister, who died a month later she received it.

The king then placed the jewel in his own casket of precious jewels, and lived less than a year after he had done so.

A Wasted Warning. Long—"There's a dangerous counterfeit twenty-dollar bill out; you want to be careful!" Short—"That's all right. A twenty-dollar bill always comes to me in installments."

THE QUEEN OF COREA.

How She Looks, What She Wears, and Some of Her Fads.

The Queen of Corea is now forty-four years of age, being just one year older than her husband. She is of medium height, and her form is slender and straight. Her manner is pleasing, and she is always described as "every inch a Queen." She is by no means bad looking. Her face is long, and every line of her features beams with intelligence and vivacity. She has a high forehead, a long, slender, aristocratic nose, and her mouth and chin indicate determination and character. Her cheek bones are high, her ears are small, and her complexion is the color of rich Jersey cream.

Her eyebrows are after the approved style of Corean beauty, the hair having been pulled out so that they form an arched thicket of black over her eyes. These are almond in shape, and they fairly snap with life. They are keen, business-like eyes, and they see everything being intellectual rather than soulful. The Queen's hair is jet black. It is parted in the middle, is combed perfectly smooth away from the forehead and brought down over the ears, and rolled in a low coil which rests on the nape of the neck. Here it is fastened with hairpins of gold or silver, each a foot long and as big around as your finger. The Queen has a good mouth, full of well-formed, large, teeth; and when she laughs, which is quite often, she shows the upper ones.

She dresses in a conventional Corean style. Corean ladies wear a short jacket which covers the shoulders and extends about four inches below the armpits, the front just covering the breasts, which are also bound in by the wide bands of the skirts. These skirts reach from the top of the breast to the floor, and the Queen's are so full and so long that she has to hold them by her hands when she walks. They are of different colors, are laid in plaids, and the band at the top is about eight inches wide.

Her hands, which are long, thin and shapely, never sparkle with diamonds; her only rings are heavy gold bands, and she always wears these in pairs, one on each hand. She wears much neither bracelets nor necklaces, and her clothing is more like that of a retiring woman of the west than that of the Queen on the most gorgeous Oriental court of the world. Her feet are clad in Corean shoes of the softest skins, finely embroidered, and more like slippers than shoes.

She carries a diamond-studded American watch, and as is the custom among the Corean women, she is by no means averse to a smoke. She does not, however, affect the long-stemmed Corean pipe with its bowl of silver or brass, but prefers a cigarette, and was told at Seoul that she orders her cigarette from the United States and smokes them quite freely.

Manna Eaters. In some of the Eastern countries, notably Arabia and Persia, a manna answering closely to that mentioned in the Scriptures is still annually produced in considerable quantity. It comes from the tender branches of the tamarisk and is known to the Persians by the name of "tamarisk honey." It consists of tenacious, sticky substance, pleasant to the taste, and highly nutritive.

Some students of the Bible have supposed the manna there mentioned to have been a fungous growth; but while the explanation would be a natural one, the modification which it would require is an unnecessary one. There are numerous interesting things, nevertheless, about the various kinds of fungi, which modern experimentation has decided to be edible and not only that, but highly palatable and nutritive. What country boy of an imaginative nature but has trickled in mimic warfare with imaginary foes, getting the smoke for his artillery and infantry from the numerous "puff balls" which a convenient pasture afforded, while his own lung power furnishes the "crash and roar and cheer" for the inspiring contest? Yet science has demonstrated that these very puff balls were once good to eat—in fact, capable of furnishing the most daily refreshment.

Scissors at \$1,000. The German Emperor has lately received a beautiful present from one of the most successful ironmasters in the fatherland, consisting of a pair of scissors of the finest steel and nickel, beautifully polished and engraved with views of historical buildings and the portrait of the Kaiser.

The scissors, which took five years to make, are valued at \$875. A similar pair is to be seen in the Holstenzollern museum at Berlin, which belonged to the late Empress Augusta, and which were valued at \$1,000.

One of California's Sivan Giants. "Goliah," one of the largest of the famous "Big Trees" of California, measures 23 feet in diameter at the ground, and 294 feet eight feet higher up. "Goliah" is perfectly healthy and solid throughout. It has been estimated that this forest giant, deposed of his branches, would weigh 100,000 tons, and that it would "saw" 2,000,000 feet of clear lumber. The branches and top would make not less than 100 cords of wood. Heller estimates the weight of the leaves alone at two and one-half tons.

UNWELCOME GUEST. The King of Abyssinia and His Visit to Europe.

Europe's courts, both imperial and royal, are at the present moment in a great state of perturbation owing to the impending visit of a self-invited guest, whose company they could well dispense with, but whom they cannot refuse to receive by reason of the political and commercial interests involved. Not that their guest was of low rank or of lowly descent. For, like the Shah of Persia, he bears the title of King of Kings, while he traces his descent in a direct line to the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon.

He bears the name of Menelik, and is the Emperor of Abyssinia. Physically he does not show traces of the comeliness we are wont to associate with our ideas of the appearance of "Agal's" great King and his equally illustrious son. He is almost coal black, short and exceedingly dumpy. He is gentle and amiable to those who have his friendship but he has been guilty of acts of gross cruelty.

The chamberlains and dignitaries of the European courts are already speculating as to what form the customary gifts, which he is expected to make, will take. Inasmuch as he is so much adverse to tobacco that he is in the habit of cutting off the noses of those of his subjects whom he catches indulging in snuff and sipping off the lips of those whom he finds smoking, it is obvious that he will present to the European court officials neither jeweled cigar cases nor embellished snuff boxes, and can hardly picture an African monarch whose notions of civilization are of the most elementary offering diamond and sapphire scarfpins to those who have found grace in his sight.

These European diplomats and envoys who have ventured to take a trip to his court and to his capital have received as the greatest token of honor at his hands a lion skin. Will he, therefore, bring with him a cargo of lion skins for distribution? That is the question which is now agitating the minds of these august creatures—yeckle masters of ceremony, chamberlains, eunuchs and gentlemen in waiting, lion skins being much less easily convertible into cash than jeweled snuff boxes and cigar cases.

Another reason why his visit is looked forward to with mingling is that his personal habits are on a par with those of the Shah of Persia. When the latter stayed last at Buckingham Palace in London it cost some \$100,000 to clean his place after his departure it being found necessary to not only replaster the walls, but even to take up the floors of the room occupied by himself and his suite. His manner toward the Princess of Wales and the other royal ladies in London were quite as offensive and disgusting as those which he rendered himself guilty of at the courts of Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg.

At Berlin old Emperor William was so horrified by his behavior that he entertained illness and left him to be punished by the old Emperor. Her highly-learned and ultra-conservative notions of the proper attire were somewhat rudely shattered when the King of Kings, finding the viands at the State banquet given in his honor not to his taste, deliberately removed them from his mouth and deposited them in her lap, making a ghastly mess on the lovely pink moire-antique robe which she had donned for the occasion.

Monocles Common in Europe. In every capital of Europe the monocle is common enough. It attracts no attention on the street. In a row of men at the theatre a considerable proportion are to be seen with it. Perhaps half the officers in the German army wear monocles. They are to be seen in abundance at any meeting of the French Academy. Even Socialist Deputies in France are not ashamed to go among their constituents wearing them. A session of the English House of Commons glitters with solitary eyeglasses. The single eyeglass is said to have originated among the officers of the British army.

About the beginning of the century an order was issued that army officers should not wear eyeglasses or spectacles. It was supposed that they gave the wearers an unsoldierly appearance. The order caused severe inconvenience to many short-sighted officers and one of them, belonging to a crack regiment, invented the single eyeglass. He claimed that being an eyeglass, its use was no contravention of the order which prohibited spectacles and eyeglasses. It soon became very popular in the army, and was afterwards adopted. On account probably of this origin the single eyeglass is very generally worn in Europe by army officers. It is by some thought to give an aspect of determination and ferocity to the wearer, whereas eyeglasses lend an air of feebleness.

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The Darley Diamonds.

By George R. Sims.

The Darley diamonds were famous. They had been in the Darley family for several generations. When Lord Darley died they passed to her only son Lord Darley, and disappeared from view, as he remained, in spite of the frantic efforts of Belgravia mothers to find him a wife, a confirmed bachelor. Lord Darley was five-and-thirty at the time of her mother's death, and though an ardent sportsman, fond of the turf, and a familiar figure in club life, he was generally credited with being something of a woman-hater.

Soon after his mother's death he announced his intention of going to South Africa on a hunting expedition, and a month later quietly took his departure. His arrival at Fort Elizabeth was duly chronicled, and then nothing more was heard of him, and he had almost dropped out of men's minds when, two years later, a society was suddenly startled by the appearance of a new burlesque actress at a West End theatre, who, in the last act of a variety entertainment, came on hailing with the famous Darley diamonds.

There was absolutely no mistake about them. They were too well known not to be recognized. Lady Baltham, who knew everybody and everything, was the first to discover them, and she turned to her husband and said, "My dear, look, those are the Darley diamonds," and Lord Baltham, who which adorned the young lady long and carefully, and agreed with her. She pointed out to him in particular a pendant which was famous and in the centre of which was the famous severed hand of the Darley crest.

"How on earth did she get them?" exclaimed Lady Baltham; and as soon as the story went around society, and society had been to see for itself, that question was repeated everywhere. The manager of the theatre was approached on the subject. Who was Miss Montessor, and where did she come from?

The manager knew nothing except that she had come from America, where she had been playing for some few months with considerable success, mainly on account of her diamonds, and she had applied to him for an engagement in London, and as there was a big show part in the last act of the piece he had given it to her after seeing the diamonds which she had proposed to wear.

When he was told that these were the famous Darley diamonds, the property of Lord Darley, who had disappeared in South Africa, or who, at any rate, had not for nearly two years communicated with any of his friends, the manager said he would see Miss Montessor and "pump" her, and so, after the performance was over he sent round and asked if she would come into his room for a moment.

It was rather a delicate matter. He couldn't very well say to the young lady: "Where did you get those diamonds? It is not unusual, and it would not be considered good taste to ask young ladies on the stake who gave them their jewelry. So he approached the subject in a roundabout way.

"Your diamonds have made a great sensation, my dear," he said. "Oh, yes, they always do," replied Miss Montessor, with a smile. "That was a fine, tall girl, almost a brunette, with glorious eyes and a set of beautiful white teeth, which was shown every time she spoke.

"Then you've had them some time?" "No, I wore them for the first time in New York on the revival of 'The Black Crook' at the beginning of this year."

"You mean on the stage?" "Yes."

"But you had them before?" Miss Montessor looked up with a roguish look in her eyes, and smiled, and showed her white teeth.

"You want to know who gave them to me, I guess."

The manager protested. They were such magnificent diamonds, and every one was talking about them, that was all. And—several people had told him that there was only one set in England like them, the famous Darley diamonds.

The manager watched Miss Montessor closely as he delivered that homely thrust, but it appeared to have no effect upon the young lady.

"Oh, they're if e somebody else's, are they?" she said. "Who is Darley? Is she on the stage?"

"The remark was made with such apparent innocence that the manager made up his mind that Miss Montessor knew nothing of Lord Darley, and was ignorant of the fact that she was wearing jewels which had been in the Darley family for goodness knows how many years.

He hesitated a moment before he replied. "Darley, my child, is not on the stage at all," he said, presently. "These diamonds resemble those of the Darley family, the present owner of them—the ones that are like yours, is Lord Darley."

"Oh, that's odd. What does a man want with diamonds? He doesn't wear them, does he?" exclaimed Miss Montessor with a little giggle.

"The Darley crest!" she said. "Then I suppose people think my diamonds are the Darley diamonds?" "Well, to speak plainly, my dear, they do," replied the manager; "but, of course, you never met Lord Darley and he didn't give them to you and his diamonds are probably still at his bankers in London—why, of course it's a very odd coincidence, and that's all."

"Thank you very much for telling me this," said Miss Montessor, rising to go. "It is better that I should know it. Good evening." She gave the manager a significant bow and went out of the room.

"It's odd, denoted odd!" said the manager to himself, as he lighted a cigar and sat back meditatively in his chair. "There's not the slightest doubt that they are the Darley diamonds, but how the deuce did she get them?"

Miss Montessor drove home to her house in Fulham, not at all easy in her mind. Her maid, who accompanied her and assisted her to guard the case in which the famous jewels were nightly packed, spoke to her several times, but received no answer. Miss Montessor was absorbed in thought.

Directly she got home she went to her boudoir, and opened her escritoire, took from it a bundle of letters. She took out an envelope in which there was a photograph. She looked at the photograph long and earnestly. It was that of a tall, handsome-looking man, with curly hair and a clean-shaven face—a man of about five-and-thirty.

"He couldn't have been Lord Darley," she said; "and yet it was, how did he come by those diamonds? Perhaps it was Lord Darley, and if it was—well, he wouldn't have given me diamonds which he must have known would be recognized sooner or later. Poor Jack! I wonder what's become of him; if I shall ever hear or see him again? Lord Darley is away in South Africa, they say. I must find someone who knows him, and find out if this is his photograph or not."

Then she went downstairs to the dining room and had her supper, and sat late into the night thinking. She wondered whether or not she ought to wear the diamonds again under the circumstances, but if she didn't the manager would probably object. She had been engaged for her diamonds, not for her talent, and though she was a handsome woman, there were plenty of handsome women about who would have filled her part for very much less than she was taking.

She was worried. The circumstances under which she had received those diamonds were peculiar, and she had lost sight of the donor in a very mysterious way. She had met him first in America, when she was only a chorus girl in a variety company. He had sent her flowers to the stage door, and had soon afterwards been introduced to her at one of those Bohemian gatherings where millionaires and professionals met on equal terms.

He had not disguised his admiration for her, and he had made her a temporary offer of his heart, instead of a permanent offer of his hand. Such arrangements not being outside the code of morality in a certain section of the Bohemian society, Miss Montessor (her real name was Clafferton, and she was the daughter of a New England farmer), had accepted it, and had suddenly burst into beautiful clothes and precious stones and a carriage and an elegant suite of rooms in one of the best parts of New York.

Mr. Dalmain was, it was understood, a rich Englishman, who had made a colossal fortune in Peru. That was current gossip, but nobody seemed to know anything very definite about him. It was after they had lived together for two months that one day Mr. Dalmain—Jack, as Miss Montessor called him—suddenly produced the wonderful diamonds.

"Look here, little woman," he said, "as long as we're together you can wear these, but on one condition."

"What is that?" "That if we ever part you give them back to me. You can give me a little note to say they are only lent to you, I can't give them to you for—well, for family reasons."

Maggie had accepted the beautiful diamonds gladly on these terms, and had worn them on the stage for the first time in the revival of "The Black Crook," and had driven half the ladies of New York mad with envy. As to the girls in the company, they were simply stupefied at Miss Montessor's good fortune, and they agreed among themselves that Jack Dalmain was either a new Monte Cristo or a prince in disguise.

Jack Dalmain was a good fellow, and Maggie Montessor was really very much in love with him, and very fond of reaching home after the performance she found a little note from him saying that he had suddenly been called away on a journey connected with important business, that he hoped to be back in a few days; and if he wasn't he would write to her and let her know when to expect him, she was very much upset. From the day that Jack Dalmain had left her she had never heard of him again, and so at the end of six months, having exhausted all the money he had banked on her behalf and sold some presents, she found herself getting hard up as well as ill from anxiety about the mysterious absence of her lover, she determined to take a trip to Europe and, if possible, get an engagement for a time in London. She couldn't sell the diamonds, because they were not hers to sell, and she would sooner have starved than parted with them after her promise to Jack.

She brought her diamonds with her, and got the engagement in London, and now she had been brought face to face with the fact that the wonderful jewels Jack Dalmain had given her were well known in London as the property of Lord Darley.

Was Jack Dalmain Lord Darley, that was the question that was worrying Maggie Montessor, and if he was, why had he never written and never claimed those family jewels from her?

Maggie Montessor passed a sleepless night and lay late the following morning—late even for a professional lady—and it was past noon when she came downstairs dressed to go out for a walk. She was pale and felt ill at the smell of the fresh air and the sunshine.

Just as she was about to start the servant entered with a card. A gentleman wished to see her on an important business. Maggie glanced at the card and saw that the visitor was a Mr. Oldfield, a solicitor. She told the servant she would see the gentleman, and a moment afterward she went into the drawing room to him.

Mr. Oldfield was an elderly gentleman, with old family solicitor written on every feature and on every article of his attire. He greeted Miss Montessor with old-fashioned courtesy, and then without any preamble proceeded to explain his business.

"You must excuse my calling upon you, Miss Montessor," he said, "but I am Lord Darley's solicitor."

Miss Montessor gave a little start. Was the explanation of the mystery coming at last? "I have called upon you in consequence of my having just heard, through a client of mine, Lord Baltham that you have in your possession a set of diamonds which bear an extraordinary resemblance to the family diamonds of my client."

"Yes," said Miss Montessor. "I have the diamonds, but I was told last night for the first time that they resembled others which were well known."

"Under these circumstances, my dear young lady, you will not mind my asking you for a little explanation."

"Certainly not, but first of all let me ask you one question. If Lord Darley has his diamonds, why need he trouble about mine?"

"Exactly, but we don't know whose Lord Darley is or what he has done with his diamonds."

"You don't know where Lord Darley is?" "No, he went to South Africa two years ago, and in spite of every effort on our part to get information concerning him we can learn nothing about the fact that he arrived at Port Elizabeth safely."

"Then he has never written home?" "Not once."

"And his diamonds—they are not left with anyone?" "I have told you we can find no trace of them. His mother, old Lady Darley, kept them in the house, and you know, at her death Lord Darley naturally took possession of everything. When he went away he left everything in charge of responsible people, and he took certain things to his bank, but the jewels are not there, and there is no trace of them in the house. The jewels and Lord Darley have disappeared together. Now you understand why I am going to ask you to be candid with me, and to tell me where you obtained the diamonds you wear nightly on the stage, and which—pardon me—I am sure are his original Darley diamonds."

Miss Montessor hesitated a moment, then she went upstairs and fetched the photograph of Jack Dalmain.

"Will you tell me," she said, as she handed the photograph to the solicitor, "if this is a photograph of Lord Darley?"

"Certainly not," said the solicitor, "it does not bear the slightest resemblance to him."

"Why did you show me this photograph?" said the solicitor.

"Because that is the person who, in New York a year ago lent me the diamonds to wear."

"Lent you?" "Yes, it was understood that I was to return them to him when he asked me."

"And he did not ask you?" "No, at least that is, he went away without doing so, and I have never heard from him since."

Maggie felt that for her own sake it was better to conceal nothing and to tell Mr. Oldfield the whole story of her connection with Jack Dalmain and his mysterious disappearance.

"It is all very mysterious," he said, "but I don't think you need be afraid. Mr. Dalmain disappears, and in some extraordinary way Mr. Dalmain at the time of his disappearance was practically the possessor of the Darley diamonds. I must confess that I cannot understand the affair at all."

The Darley diamonds, and the affair so worried her that but for her promise to Jack, who might after all return some day and claim them, she would have given them up.

She wore them to the theatre that night and the following night, and they attracted more attention than ever. The story had got about.

Mysterious paragraphs were beginning to appear in the society journals. The moment she came upon the stage every opera glass was leveled at her. Miss Montessor had ten lines to speak, but she was the attraction of the great up-to-date burlesque at the Merriment Theatre.

But she did not wear the diamonds long afterward. One night when she reached home the servant who opened the door informed her that a gentleman had called and left a note for her.

She opened it and read it, and it dropped from her hand. "I will come again at one o'clock. Send your servants to bed—open the door yourself and let me in. I only want to see you for a minute. Jack."

It was Jack Dalmain, come again as mysteriously as he had disappeared.

At 1 o'clock, having obeyed his instructions, Maggie opened the door. Jack Dalmain, who was waiting opposite the house, crossed the road and stopped in.

"Maggi," after a hurried word of greeting, led the way to the dining room, and there he took the jewels and looked at them.

"What does it all mean, Jack? What does it all mean?" "I can't explain now, Maggie," Jack answered, "but I've come for you to return your promise."

"The diamonds?" "Yes."

"Jack, won't you tell me how you got them? Since I have been in London everybody has talked about them. I am told they are the property of Lord Darley."

"I gave them to you and you promised to give them back to me when you came."

"Yes, I did."

Maggie looked at her former lover searchingly. He looked older and there was a worried look on his face. "I am told they are the property of Lord Darley, but something in his face chilled her. She went up to her room, took the jewels from his hiding place, came back again, and handed it to Jack.

"They are all there as I received them from you."

"Thanks, Maggie, I knew that I could trust you to keep your word."

"I have kept it, but remember, I shall have to account for what I have done to you. I am leaving you the Darley diamonds, and that Lord Darley, their owner, has disappeared. What I say when I am asked where the diamonds are."

"Say that you have returned them to the Darley family, and then to you."

"Yes, I will keep your word."

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friends had given him up for dead, a certain Lord Darley had been discovered accidentally by a traveler in South Africa, among a tribe of Zulus, in an out-of-the-way part of the country rarely visited by white men.

His lordship had a strange story to tell. When he came out to South Africa he landed at Port Elizabeth, and there met quite by accident an old acquaintance, a Mr. Dalmain, a wealthy Briton of English origin, who had been a distant connection of Lady Darley. On the last occasion Mr. Dalmain had been in London he had purchased Lady Darley, who, unknown to her family, had for some time past been investing in large sums of money in disastrous speculations, the Darley diamonds. At that time Mr. Dalmain was engaged to be married to a wealthy American lady, and the diamonds he intended to give her as a wedding present. But the marriage was broken off, and Mr. Dalmain plunged into business, and he was strangely effected in his mind. He was travelling in South Africa for his health, and he met Lord Darley, and he agreed to join him in a hunting expedition. After they had been away a month together, one day they were in a wild part of the country far out of the beaten track, Mr. Dalmain and his companion had a slight quarrel. Instantly the former seized upon the diamonds, and he and Lord Darley could offer any resistance he attacked him savagely with the butt of his gun, and he fell dead, and apparently dead alone in the bush.

In this condition his lordship was found and captured by the Zulu tribe, who made him a prisoner and carried him away with them. They evidently attached to him some qualities which he did not possess, for he gradually gathered that they looked upon him as a protection from the attacks of white men and believed that as long as he was with them they would prosper in their attacks upon the tribes with whom they occasionally had warlike engagements. At any rate they took every precaution against his escape, and so he remained for a long time, completely cut off from civilization and unable to communicate with his family, until his accidental discovery by a white traveler led to means being taken to effect his rescue.

Immediately on Lord Darley's return to civilization, his first task, after he had been for some time in England, was to find out what had become of Mr. Dalmain, and inquiries which he instituted resulted in the discovery that the would-be murderer had resumed his old life, and had in New York made the acquaintance of an actress whom he had presented with the Darley diamonds. He had left her before the reason being, it was surmised that he had felt his mania returning, and had purposely gone away and given himself in charge of a doctor who kept a private establishment for the treatment of mental cases. The doctor had been found, and he had stated that Mr. Dalmain had been in the habit of coming to him at intervals, generally once a year, and requesting him to take care of him until the mania had passed away, as he dreaded what he might do if he was left to control his own mind. The doctor was a common, well known to specialists in mental diseases.

The mystery of the diamonds remained for six months with the doctor, and then he announced his intention of traveling to New York, and he was accordingly arrived in London at the very time the actress to whom he had given the diamonds was wearing them on the stage of a London theatre. From Lord Darley's solicitor it was ascertained that he had been visited by Mr. Dalmain and had given the diamonds up to him; his reasons for getting them away from her being probably that he had learned they were exciting attention, and he fancied that if through her they were traced to him his connection with the missing Lord Darley might be traced also, and the murder, which he believed he had committed, would be traced home to him.

A fortnight later Maggie Montessor learnt through the news papers that Mr. Dalmain had been arrested, and leaving that he would be arrested, put an end to his own life.

The mystery of the Darley diamonds was explained at last, and Maggie Montessor, who left her former lover very much, and was desirous of avoiding the notoriety which her own share in the strange incident would bring her, left the stage altogether, and resuming her own name of Clafferton eventually married a young farmer in her native district, and did her best to forget her former career and the days when she was the coveted wearer of the Darley diamonds.

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