

Literature.

Three Times at the Altar.

"Don't try it on, my dear young lady, it is bad luck. If you want to wear it as a bride you must never put it on before the day," exclaimed Dorcas Fennand, holding up her hands in eager deprecation, as her young mistress prepared to fit on the beautiful bridal-costume that was prepared for the important ceremony of the following day.

But Bertha Gascoigne laughed gaily and despised the warning.

"Silly Dorcas! As if there can be any truth in such an old woman's tales!" she replied smilingly continuing her preparations. "Do you mean that anything can possibly come between me and Egbert between now and to-morrow?"

The good woman shook her head gravely.

"I tell you, Miss Bertha, that if you put that dress on, you'll either not wear it at all or else you'll wear it in sorrow. It is a bad omen, I'll tell you, and you will rue not taking it!"

But the beautiful and joyous bride-elect only laughed at the fear-stricken face of her attendant.

"It would be far more serious if it didn't fit me, Dorcas," she said gaily. "I want to look my best to-morrow, and cannot be turned back by any foolish fears from my purpose. Only imagine if I were to find that it would not meet, or that I should tread on it because it is so long! No, no! I am resolved to try whether all is right."

And she continued her toilet as she spoke, by rapidly opening the dress and arranging it as it was intended.

How lovely she looked as the bright colour came on her cheek as she surveyed herself in the long cheval glass, and her heart told her with what admiring rapture Egbert Burgoyne would gaze at her on the morrow!

It was a love-match though there was fortune in the case. Bertha was a large heiress; and though Egbert was no fortune-hunter, it could not be concealed that he was nearly portionless. A small patrimony of perhaps a thousand or two was all that he possessed, and it had been arranged that the bride should settle on him twenty thousand pounds, thus reversing the usual proceedings in such cases.

Still, Egbert was a rising barrister and so far as talent and industry could avail to secure his success; and with the advantages that might reasonably be expected from the absence of all pecuniary cares and struggles, it was reasonable to expect that he would attain high eminence in his profession, and make up in rank and talent for the absence of wealth.

Thus the match did not appear altogether such an unequal one; and as Bertha would be twenty-one on the day of her wedding, there was little use in opposing her wishes, even though there was a candidate for her hand whose title would have given and received lustre and from her beauty and grace, but who had failed in obtaining the heart he would have given half his rent-roll to win.

Such were the couple that were to be united for life on the following day, and whose future was, according to the predictions of the sage Dorcas, so seriously endangered by the rashness of the fair bride.

The hours of that memorable eve passed swiftly away.

There are always such various matters to be arranged on a last day of any period of life, and the heiress was no exception to the rule.

She had much, very much to think of to remember, to anticipate and to resolve on the close of her maiden state and assumption of the duties of a wife; for Bertha Gascoigne was no light, thoughtless creature, and she seriously and solemnly prayed to fulfil the vows that she was so soon to take on herself in the sight of Heaven and man.

And she lay down to rest that night with a heart as void of evil thoughts, or sad fears and imaginings, as ever a fair maiden could entertain in the last hour of her free, and unfettered life; yet few had more grief and anxiety awaiting them on the memorable morrow.

Egbert Burgoyne would only arrive in time to meet them at the church door; his duties kept him necessarily in London till the eleventh hour, when he hoped to bid them a long farewell during his wedding tour.

But the remainder of the party were assembled at the Fir Grove, her own ancestral seat, and were to proceed with the heiress-bride to the sacred edifice where her irrevocable vows were to be paid.

Very sweet, and maiden-like, and lovely did she look as she was handed into the carriage by the old friend who was to give her away; and the group of outsiders and of friends who received her on her arrival could not forbear an involuntary cheer of admiration.

Smiling and blushing she advanced through the little throng to the altar where she expected to find her bridegroom awaiting her; but he was not in the place that befitted an impatient and loving bridegroom. There was a vacancy at the altar steps, which, however, was supplied ere long by a figure that she by no means expected or even wished to

ken a decided distrust, albeit without, as it appeared, any rational or decided reason; for Gasper Burgoyne had always exhibited the most warm and respectful attachment to his future relative; and if there had been cause for complaint, it was rather of excess of attention and deference to both the betrothed than any lack of any kind attentions and devotions to their wishes and comfort.

Yet by some strange instinct, or, as some would have said, feminine caprice Bertha had shrunk back from the soft and oily Gasper, as if there had been some poisoned drop in the honey he poured forth so abundantly.

Certainly there was something in his present aspect, and the very fact of his sudden advent, that sent a chill to her very heart.

"I am afraid I am a very unwelcome substitute for my poor cousin," he said gently drawing her away from the spot where she was standing; "but I thought it better to come in person to tell you what had made it impossible for my cousin to appear in his proper person. Will you come with me, and I will explain what has happened?"

The trembling bride was well-nigh as white as the dress she wore, and it was with some difficulty that she managed to steady her limbs sufficiently to accompany the new-comer to the vestry of the church, where, by a quick, significant sign, he warned the rest of the party not to follow them.

Scarcely had the door closed however, then he began, in a low, soft tone, to explain the mystery.

"Dear Bertha," he said, "my own sweet cousin, as I must still consider you, do not hate me for being the bearer of bad news, but I could not shrink from doing what may be at least some consolation to you. Can you nerve yourself to hear and bear bad tidings?"

Bertha's lips moved, but they could scarcely articulate the word "Yes," and her eyes imploringly bad him to go on.

"Is—be—dead?" she uttered at last, when the suspense grew well-nigh intolerable.

"There has been an accident," he said. "Egbert was bathing, and I fear that now there is but faint hope that he can have been saved. It is terrible; but, Bertha, believe me, I am—I ever shall be—devoted to you. I will never cease so long as I live—never—to try and supply his place. Oh, my poor angel-cousin, if you could but guess the extent of my sympathy, my affection for you!" he went on softly taking her hand in his.

But there was no reply. Her limbs were actually motionless, her eyes fixed and glassy as she listened; and the next minute he drew to his arms the insensible form of the bride-elect.

He held her there for a brief space; he clasped her tighter to his breast and his lips pressed hers in eager warmth.

But the touch was cold enough to alarm him for her safety, and he hastily opened the door and called for assistance—a summons that was rapidly responded to by the cousin's uneasy expectants.

But all efforts failed to restore the girl to any consciousness at the church and was rapidly driven home to the Fir Grove while a doctor was being fetched, who arrived very shortly after their arrival, and ere long succeeded in reviving the mourning-bride to a sense of her misery.

Her first demand was for Gaspar. She longed to know the details, to drink the cup to the very dregs, and to weep over the lost one with at least some intelligible idea of his fate. But the tale was only a brief and unsatisfactory one.

Egbert had been bathing at—where he had been staying to complete an important case in which he was concerned, when, as it was supposed, he was seized with a cramp or some under current and disappeared ere help could be rendered.

"And you—were you there, and yet did not help?" she said reproachfully.

"Oh I would rather have died with him had I been there, than tell the tale."

Gasper shrank before her unintentionally bitter reproach.

"I can pardon anything in your present state, dear Bertha," he said; "yet it is a sad addition to my grief for you to reproach me. Had it been within the bounds of possibility, I would have given my life for his, if only for your sake; but it would have added to your desolation for us both to have left you, and no one to console or tell the tale."

"Forgive me I am to wretched to be just!" she said, freely extending her hand.

"If he did clasp it almost too warmly to his lips, she did but attribute it to his affectionate sympathy and grief.

But ere the news became known, there were few comments of a less charitable nature on the results of the misadventure.

"He is his kinsman's next heir. Miss Gascoigne settled twenty thousand on the poor fellow, which I suppose will go to the next of kin," said one. "It seems a great shame; but there are some people born with a silver spoon in their mouths."

"He had better go in and win," said another smiling significantly. "He has the best chance I should say—the same name and nearest relative; and not a bad-looking fellow into the bargain."

But all these surmises were soon ended by the dispersion of the little party assembled for so different a purpose, and the mourning bride was left in silence to her grief and suffering. And time passed on, and still no tidings came of the mis-

ing one, and it was only too certain that he had been too completely dragged below the current for the body to be recovered. There was not even the poor consolation of paying the last rites to his beloved memory. It was indeed sorrow enough to crush the very flintiest and hardest heart, and so Bertha Gascoigne well knew and felt.

Gasper visited her from time to time with gentle and unobtrusive devotion. He seemed to divine her every feeling and wish, and only to live to gratify her wayward fancies and soothe her pain; but though she told herself that she was ungrateful, she shrank at times from his attentions and his very presence, that always seemed to recall and sharpen the pang of bereavement. The very fact of his having been present at his cousin's death—the vague likeness that there was between them, and it might be even the identity of name—were enough to account for this. It might be; but still the repugnance deepened and increased as the days and weeks of mourning should have lessened its strength.

(To be continued.)

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

All lodges, and others interested in temperance work, are earnestly solicited to contribute for this column. Correspondence to be sent to Secretary, Cambridge Union Lodge; McDonalds Corner.

"Let all who love our Order and desire its progress—who love our Order and desire its maintenance—who would extend a knowledge of our beautiful organization, and perpetuate its principles, which aim to promote fraternity, to unite men and women in acts of benevolence and incite them to a generous emulation for the good of all mankind, that our Charity may be co-extensive with the universe, winning by gentle influence and example the erring and unfortunate victims of the tyrant alcohol to a place in our inner sanctuary, where sweet Peace sits enthroned, and Purity has an abiding place, and Love is the guiding star, unite in a determination to sustain and support this Temperance column.

(W. E. B.)

WHAT TEMPERANCE DOES.

From an old number of Harper's Magazine we take the following, every word of which is true:

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the dotting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases filial love, blots out filial affection, blights parental hope, and brings mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, it makes sickness not health, death not life, makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them beggars. It feeds rheumatism, imports pestilence, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills the jails, supplies the almshouses, and demands the asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It crowds the penitentiaries and furnishes the victims for the scaffolds. It is the life blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highway man, and the report of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, resurrects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It vitiates obligation, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the patricidal axe. It burns up men and consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jurybox, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, polutes our institutions, and endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputations, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

There, it does all that and more. It MURDERS THE SOUL. It is the sum of all villainies, the curse of all curses; the devil's best friend.

Templars Magazine.

VOTE AS YOU PRAY.

This is what we want the praying portion of our citizens to do. If you cannot consistently vote as you pray, abandon one or the other at once. Don't ask God to tear down a certain thing, and then turn round and vote to build up, strengthen and perpetuate it. Don't pray that the great evil of intemperance may be annihilated then turn round and vote with the whiskey ring. Don't pray "that the wickedness of the wicked may come to an end," then vote for a whiskey drinker. Don't pray for that "glorious day to dawn when righteousness shall cover the whole earth," then vote for whiskey candidates. Don't pray that your children may be preserved from the snares of the

devil, then refuse to sign a remonstrance to prevent an applicant from obtaining license to make drunkards of those children.

We have great faith in prayer; but the man who prays must be consistent, if his prayers ascend higher than his head. He must live for that which he prays for. He must work to bring about the results for which he prays. He must vote for the results as well as labor in in all Christian hope and faith.

If we vote as we pray the rum traffic will soon find its level, will soon be laid under the ban of the law and prohibited as a beverage. But if we pray with the true followers of the world's Great Redeemer, then turn round and vote with and for the drunkard maker, the whiskey traffic is in no danger and Satan not only winks but laughs at our inconsistency, knowing well where it will end.—Exchange.

Humorous.

A distinguished prima donna recently called for her letters at a Post Office in New York.

"Have you any evidence of identity," said the clerk. "No, unfortunately I have left my cards at home, but it is all right, I am Marianne Brandt the prima donna." "I'm afraid you must have some other evidence," returned the clerk, "any lady could say that. 'Yes but any lady could not prove it. Just listen.'" The applicant lifted up her voice and sang a cadenza with such a brilliant effect that every door in the office opened and half a hundred heads popped out. The clerk waited until she had finished. Then he simply said, "Thank you very much, here are your letters."—Exchange.

The country vicar who had a thorn in his side in the shape of a crusty old farmer who delighted in annoying him in every possible way, was offered another living and accepted it. Taking leave of the parish he was surprised by the man's evident regret and sorrow at his departure. "Why I thought you would be glad to get rid of me," exclaimed the parson. The farmer shook his head solemnly. "Nay, nay," he said in a broken voice. "You see sir, I've lived here for nigh on to 40 years and my experience of your parsons is that there is never a bad 'un goes but a wuss'un comes. Exchange.

"Do you know why they are called cipher despatches?"

"Of course I can't be sure, but I have an idea that the cipher represents the amount of news that the public usually gets out of them."

"Beg pardon," said a polite stranger thinking he grazed an old man's ankle.

"I beg pardon, sir," said the polite stranger, who was unconscious of any hurt.

Polite Stranger. "I'm afraid I kicked you."

Old Gentleman. "Eh?"

Polite Stranger. (Shouting) "I kicked you."

Old Gentleman, (surprised) "What for?"

Polite Stranger. "It was quite an accident."

Old Gentleman. (Not catching it.) "Eh?"

Polite Stranger (screaming in his ear.) "Accident."

Old man (terrified) "Where, where, you don't say so anyone kicked?"

Polite stranger rushes off.

There are 45 States in the union. The state of war which the country is at present doesn't count.

"Didn't your absconding cashier leave you any message?"

"Yes. He left a line in the cash box transferring to me his paid up membership in a don't worry club."

—Hannigan (reading)—Shure, that felly Random, hoiver he is, musht have a charmed loife. De Spanyards have been shootin' at him fer a mont' and ain't hit him yet! O'ill bet he's Oirish!

At a fashionable wedding a short time ago the guests threw the little paper confetti, such as they used in carnival time in Paris, consisting of little disks of a bright colored paper the size of a pea which was extremely pretty as it fell in tinted showers over bride and groom, horses and carriage. The sidewalks were strewn with the pretty stuff and it clung to the laces and finery of the guests. This is the Paris and London custom at weddings for rice is considered dangerous since an English bride lost the sight of her eye through a grain of rice thrown on her wedding day.

A Boston man says he is going to send in his application for a pension because he has had to listen to so many prophecies about the war.

The Queen of Sweden belongs to the Salvation Army, and sometimes wears its characteristic garb in public.

The language of Greece to-day, allowing for the changes which would naturally be brought about during the centuries, is substantially the same as the language used by Demosthenes and Pericles.

LONDON, July 25.—The Earl of Minto has been appointed Governor General of Canada in succession to the of Aberdeen.

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