

Literature.

Through one Night.

BY MARY E. BAMPFORD.

(Continued from last issue.)

"They left me," she moaned pitifully in her own tongue. "They all left old Juana!"

Isadora's heart stirred within her. She bent down.

"Juana," she said, "I am here. It is I, Isadora. Be comforted. I will not leave you."

Juana did not answer coherently, but the groping old hands reached one of Isadora's and held it tightly. Then Juana babbled on about something else, her words interrupted by coughing. After awhile Juana fell asleep. Isadora softly built up the fire. Then the girl crept into the other room and knelt down by the window, and looked out at the blackness and listened—listened—listened. She had promised to stay. She could not break her word; but the terror was on Isadora yet. If only some one were here to speak to! But to be alone, and listen for the awful crash which she believed would come!

"But I cannot leave her! I cannot!" Isadora said to herself. "She is old—old!"

The girl looked out at the storm, and listened, and prayed and listened.

Up at the reservoirs this night, although Isadora did not know it, the hole in the higher dam was rapidly increasing in size. Men ran through the thick rain and darkness, shouting to one another. There were lanterns flashing, there were sounds of lumbering carts bringing loads of earth and broken rock. Men who had already been working for hours were packing down the earth to make it solid. Those who ran with lanterns along the masonry coping of the fences surrounding the dam could see how near the great bulwark, although thirty-two feet high, had come to yielding under the pressure of the twenty five million gallons behind it.

The earth had sunk several feet away from the fence, and the posts supporting the coping had been wrenched out of place by the pressure. Most dreadful of all, the cement work and earth of part of the upper dam had begun to slide.

"Fight that slide!" shouted a man, running. "Hurry! Hurry! If there's a landslide into the lower reservoir, God help the homes down yonder!"

There were loud shouts to horses. "The lower dam's leaking!" yelled a man through the night. "Hurry with the syphons!"

Men ran to the lower reservoir. Leaks had started in the retaining wall there. Workmen brought mixtures of straw, manure and clay, and stamped it into the crevices.

There was a gleam of lanterns all along the wall. Thousands of syphons an hour were pouring from the upper into the lower reservoir. From the sides of the lower came the voices of men shouting about syphons.

Ever since dark, men had been making syphons and setting them to work, as a last resort to unburden the lower reservoir.

Four-inch pipes had been hauled to the lower dam. Screwing the sections of pipe at right angles, workmen filled these impromptu syphons with water, and having no pumping apparatus to start the syphons, they plugged them at both ends. One end of such syphon would then be put under the surface of the reservoir, and the other end lower down in the waste passage. Both plugs of a syphon would then be taken out at the same moment, and the water would begin to rush out.

The sluice of the lower reservoir was open, of course, and the forty stop-cocks throughout the large cemetery were open, and the fountains were all on full play in the rain; but despite this and despite syphons, the water in the lower reservoir rose steadily.

"Twenty-eight feet!" said one man, whose face was pale in the lantern light, and who was splashed from head to foot with mud and water.

"Twenty-eight feet, and rising?" the word went round. What would it be before morning?

There rose an almost despairing cry from a man at one end of the retaining wall. "Jim! Hurry! Quick! It's giving way here!"

But back at old Juana's, Isadora knew nothing of how the men fought the water. She only waited, white-faced, by the window, as the dark, fear-lengthened hours went on. Every little while she crept away to keep the fire going, or went to Juana if she moaned.

Once when the roar of the creek and the appalling waiting seemed more than the girl could bear, Isadora crept to Juana's bedside. The old woman opened her eyes and looked fixedly a long time with fever-bewildered eyes at Isadora, sitting in the light of the dim lamp.

"Do you want anything, Juana?" asked Isadora at last, unable to understand the meaning of the prolonged, feverish gaze.

Juana slowly put out her wrinkled hand till it reached Isadora's hair. The old hand passed over the girl's tresses with a motion that in any other person would have been thought a caress.

"Rosa!" murmured old Juana, with the soft sound of the s. "Rosa mia! Rosi-

ta!"

Then Isadora understood.

"She thinks I am her little girl that died so long ago," thought Isadora. "Her Rosa—poor Juana's only daughter. I had forgotten her sorrows. Pobrecita!"

The tears of pity came into the young girl's eyes. Juana's weak old hand passed over Isadora's hair twice, thrice. Then the tired hand dropped, but the wan old face was turned towards Isadora still.

"Rosa mia," whispered the old lips again, and Isadora, knowing for whom she was mistaken, bent forward and with tears on her cheeks softly answered:

"Madre mia," even as little Rosita might have done so long ago.

A faint smile came over old Juana's face. Her eyes closed, and she lay quietly breathing.

So the long slow night went on. Many times Isadora started, thinking from the uproar of the creek that the final moment had come. She gave Juana her medicine at times and kept up the fire.

At last the gray dawn came upon the girl's vigil.

A horse galloped through the district, and the doctor, mud bespattered, sprang up the steps of old Juana's house. He found old Juana still asleep.

"Child have you stayed here all night alone?" the doctor asked Isadora.

"Yes, señor," answered Isadora. "Is the great wall of water coming, señor?"

The girl's face was very pale, and her heavy eyes told what she had suffered.

"The men have fought the water all night," said the doctor. "It has been terrible! But they are watching every point, and they think the worst danger is over. Some of the people will come back to their homes today, probably!"

He looked at old Juana.

"She is a little better," he said. "You have kept the room warm all night?"

"Yes, señor," answered Isadora.

"The men who fought the water all night have not been braver than you," he said. "If Juana lives, it will be because she was not taken out into the storm, and she had your care. If you'll stay here a little while longer, I'll go get some body to relieve you, so you can go and rest. Somebody will dare come, now that the danger is less."

The doctor hurried away, and Isadora waited, glad of heart. Perhaps she had done what Rosa, the little girl of long ago would have done for old Juana.

(The End.)

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hampstead, N. B.

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease

WHY NOT GO?

"I don't understand, Mary, why you told Mrs. Jones you had changed your mind about going to Niagara Falls next Saturday. This is the first I have heard of it and you were the one to suggest going, though I intended to the minute I saw the bills up. Why not go?"

"I'll tell you; I never intended to settle the question without you, and my own mind wasn't clear about it, though I was thinking pretty hard, when Mrs. Jones called and I saw I ought to give her an immediate answer, for she needs to make preparation and will not go without we do."

"Another set to be disappointed. I hope your reasons are good ones."

"Well, I'm not a Christian you know, Frank, perhaps it's more is the pity, but I do believe in a God and the Bible, and if that is true we have no right to use the Sabbath as a common day. You know the commandment well enough, 'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.'"

"That law is for Christians."

"How about 'Thou shalt not kill' and 'Thou shalt not steal.' Aren't they for everybody?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then this must be too."

"But murder and theft are against the law of the land."

"So is this excursion, and if the railroads break the law it will not excuse us for breaking it too. And the Bible says: 'In keeping His commandments there is great reward.'"

"Oh, I suppose so—in heaven, but a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"These aren't in the bush, they are in the other hand."

"Hold on, there's three birds in the first hand; one for you, one for me and one for Harry. Now show me six in the other hand, remember, not in the bush."

"All right, that's two apiece. We will begin with Harry. Do you forget that when we went on that excursion last summer, Harry came back cross and sick from the crowd and heat, irregular hours and unhealthy food, and you said it was no place for a growing child?"

He is stronger now but I don't want him upset, and (reason number two,) he will be sure to lose his Monday's school if no more and that will put him back in his class and annoy his teacher besides.

"Then we don't want our boy to just come up, we want to bring him up right, and one of the first things is to be law abiding. Again if we begin by allowing this, we shall probably keep on and go to a great many other doubtful things.

"If we can't teach him it is wrong to break the Sabbath, he will never be likely to get any good from the day, and I tell you, Frank, I believe fifty-two Sabbaths every year if used right will do more to make him an intelligent, honest and respected man than anything else we can ever do for the boy. Then I have let him go with Johnnie Reed to Sabbath School a few times and he ought to be regular, and the benefit he would get from the trip wouldn't equal the harm as I believe."

"Hold on, I can't keep count of Harry's birds, try mine."

"Very well; to begin with, what you want your boy to be, that you must be, for example goes a great ways further than precept, especially if father sets the example and mother or the teacher gives the precept, so you must be law-abiding and use the day profitably."

"Then you know we were both ashamed last time to come home with the rest, so many were drunk and swearing, and one of the hands told me it was always so and he shouldn't think any one who had tried it once would bring their families even if they did want to carouse themselves."

"That was a steamboat excursion. What with the heat, the crowd and the drinking, they were anything but desirable, I think this will be different."

"I don't know, there's generally heat and always crowds and drinking, and really, Frank, I am sometimes afraid for your habits if you go with them. And there's Mr. Jones. They will go if we do and he cannot say 'no' if he is 'treated' as he will be sure to be, and is already becoming unsteady. We must think of our influence and example, you know."

Then last year you suffered for days from severe headache because you had lost so much sleep. I didn't because I slept most of the next day, which you couldn't do."

"You are right, Mary—never mind the birds for yourself, Harry and I will be your birds. I am always so busy I didn't stop to think what would be the end of it all, and that is what I am thinking about now."

"There is a great change already since I was a boy, both in the habits of the people and their morals; less church going and religious reading, more riding and bicycling, more stores open and business done, and now with all the Sunday excursions and base ball, and the Sunday newspaper thrown in to poison all the rest of the hours, we are in a fair way to lose our Sabbaths."

"I don't deny I have bought the Sunday newspapers and other things too, on Sabbath, but as I said I didn't think where it would end. What if we should lose our Sabbath! It would be the greatest loss that could come to our country, and I am sure of one thing. If Sunday is not kept as a Sabbath it will soon become a mere workday like the rest. But there are a good many Christians who for these excursions. How do you account for it?"

"I suppose they don't think any more than we did, but it can't be right; I wish they wouldn't go and it would keep a great many others away. And they don't think of that either. If I were a minister I would set them thinking about it pretty often."

"There is another thing we should think of. Every time the trains whiz past on Sabbath I own to a feeling of resentment against the great railroad corporations that compel nearly a half a million men to work on Sundays when they want to rest and be with their families as much as I do. But it never occurred to me that I was guilty, too, but of course I am, for the partaker is as bad as the thief. I haven't a right to make any man work on Sabbath so I can have a good time."

"That is so and we will not do it again."

"But Mary, I do want a little recreation with my family."

"All right, you have your Saturday afternoon and Harry has no school all day. You hire a horse and buggy and I will prepare a nice lunch and we will drive to some pretty spot and camp for the rest of the day, and ask the Joneses to join us if you like. I shall see that all have a good time."

And what shall we do with our Sabbaths if we are going to be so strict about keeping them, and I know we ought both as good patriots and parents."

"I think we had better go to church and take Harry with us—regularly I mean, not once in a while as we do now. Then let us take a good religious paper or magazine. Oh, I know if we study over it we can make Sabbath a perfectly beautiful day for us all."

"Agreed, that suits me."

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shall honor him, not doing thy own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord: and I will make thee to ride upon the high places of the earth and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy Father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."—Isiah 58: 13.

A stubborn attack of hiccoughs will almost invariably yield if a drop of oil of cassia (cinnamon) on a piece of sugar is given to the sufferer every ten or fifteen minutes. This has been proved effective when all other remedies have failed.

Back From the Klunkike.

Mr. Douglas Daley, son of Major Daley of Digby, returned from Dawson by way of St. Michael's, Seattle and Boston this morning, arriving on the Prince George and proceeding to Digby on the Bluenose. He left Dawson July 1st.

Mr. Daley is in excellent health, his appearance giving the lie to the frequent libels on the climate of the Klondike. Though not overburdened with gold dust, he has returned no poorer than he left, which is more than many thousands of the fortune hunters can boast.

The paying claims, he says, are confined to the four well-known creeks, Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, and Dominion, and he thinks it will require only another year to exhaust the cream of them. The country is overcrowded and offers no inducements to the poor man, though it will continue to yield good returns to capital. Last winter it was estimated that there were 35,000 people in and about Dawson, and there was not work for more than 10,000 of them. Wages in consequence, dropped from \$1 per hour to \$4 a day and at last men actually offered themselves to Mr. Daley and his partner for their board.

The American side, Mr. Daley says, possesses no gold, the reports of rich strikes in Alaska being spread by the steamship companies. The climate, he states, is not severe. Winter sets in in September with a fall of fine, frosty snow with star-like flakes, to the depth of two or two and a half feet. After the snow-fall a long, uninterrupted spell of dry, clear and calm weather succeeds. The cold is intense but not a breath of wind stirs and little inconvenience is suffered. Mr. Daley says he has often chopped wood in his shirt sleeves, with the thermometer 30 degrees below zero, his hands feet and ears, however, being closely muffled. A better winter, he says, he never put in, and had it not been for family reasons he would not have left the country this year.

Thousands of disappointed miners are now coming out of the country, three steamboat loads leaving at the same time he did. Mr. Daley is now congratulating himself on a narrow escape from death. In fact, an escape by a few hours for the boat on which he came from St. Michaels took fire in her bunkers almost immediately after tying up in Seattle. She had no fire protection, and had the fire broken out at sea another terrible disaster would have been laid to the account of the mad rush to the desolate land which guards its treasure so jealously.

COOK'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

Saved By Fact.

A down town woman in Philadelphia, who was known among her friends as a decidedly stylish person, but who is quite indifferent to her toilet when at home, had an experience a short time ago which gave her quite a shock at the time. She had given a dinner party one day at which a very distinguished Englishman was entertained. The foreigner was quite captivated by the charming hospitality of his hostess, and when on his way to the station to leave the city next day he stopped at the house to pay his respects. All the servants were out, and the mistress of the house was by no means dressed to receive company. She was expecting the arrival of a new gown at the time, and thinking that the ring was that of a messenger boy bringing it she went herself, in very slipshod attire, to the door.

To her horror, when she opened the door, she saw the face of the distinguished Englishman. To her joy, however, he asked if her mistress was in. The clue was all that was needed. Quick as a flash she replied, "No, sir; she's out riding." Without recognition the visitor left his card and went away with a decided opinion of the untidy appearance of Philadelphia servants.

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