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QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE, GAGETOWN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1899.

ed.

Literature.

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

She was very pretty. There was no denying that. Even her schoolboy brother had been known on occasion to remark that "our Annie was a regular stunner when she was dressed up," but that also she was a regular flirt; not exactly one of those utterly heartless coldblooded syrens who use all the arts of which they are capable to lure men on to their own undoing, and whose irresistible wiles with their fatal results are seldom, thank heaven, met with in real life, but of the much common type. A bright, thoughtless girl, delightfully conscious of the drawing power of her womanhood, and enjoying to the full the admiration of the opposite sex, without pausing to consider whether the captives of her bew and spear may not one day rebel at the discovery that what to them has been a serious matter, is to her the pastime of an idle hour.

It was not Annie's fault that her blue eyes were ready to light up with sympathetic mith at the smallest approach to a joke, that her quick tongue was never at a loss for retort or repartee

She could not help being young and healthy and quick-witted and light-hearted, and all these qualities made her society much sought after, and brought her into an atmosphere of deference and flattery that was calculated to rather turn her golden head.

She had always had what the servants called "followers" since she was a tiny mite in pinafores, and her friendship with Malcolm Morrison dated from that period

vinning smile. "Well, tell Mr. Raymond that you had a very particular engagement on Wednes-

day, but that you will come on Thursday instead," she said, softly.

Again Mac shook his head.

"I couldn't he said, simply. "You see, it is not an honor exactly, but a the door opened and Mac came in, shutmark of confidence to be chosen for such | ting it carefully behind him. an errand. There are several fellows in the office a good bit older than I who would jump at the chance, but the old the last year or so, and as I hope for a good rise in my salary after Christmas-" The color rushed into Annie's cheeks. Unconsciously almost she had set her heart on Mac's presence at the forthcom- lessly. ing concert, when her singing and her personal appearance would ensure her a

small social triumph. She wanted him to see her in all her

glory, to form one of her admiring audience and she knew the flowers he would to all the other performers, and he was content to disappoint her for the sake of

a rise in his salary. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said cutyour nationality!"

The whiteness of Mac's face was a striking contrast to the crimson of hers, and his dark eyes flashed as he sprang to his feet, but his voice was very quiet as he answered:

"If that is your opinion of my nation, I know what you think of me, and I'll relieve you of my presence," and away he went striaght out of the house toward the | back to Fred. railway station, and Annie sat down to Mac laughed when he went on to tell try over her songs but her voice was her how Fred had knocked at his door, husky and broke on the first high note and, receiving no answer, had crept softand she shut the piano with an impatient | ly in with an appropriately solemn face,

His companion's face cleared with a And when the interminable hours of that day were over, and Fred Warren returned to his home, he brought his friend with him.

There was a buzz of voices and exclamations and laughter in the garden, but Annie again seemed fixed to her chair. and she was alone in the drawing room when

He came straight across the room towards her and seized both her hands before she had time, if she wished, to hide boy has been uncommonly civil to me for her tell tale face, and his quier, familiar voice was thrilling with tenderness as he asked softly:

> "Annie, did you think I was dead?" "Yes," we all did," she answered help-

"And were you very sorry? You, I mean, not the rest of them."

"Don't!" she said, petulantly, and wrenched her hands away.

There was no saying what Fred might have told him, and there he was staring select would make her the object of envy straight at her with his brilliant hazel eyes, and asking whether she was sorry. Mac quietly let her go, and in a matterof-fact fashion all his own began to explain matters. A new postman was taktingly. "Of course, if it is a question of ing the round that day, and as he handmoney, I may spare my breath. I forgot ed Fred's letter in he said, "Morrison." The landlady understood him to say

Harrison, and she said: "Oh, he's dead, and his wife, too!" She had had some lodgers of that name who died, and she was tired of taking in letters for them and having to send them back.

On this very slender evidence the letter was marked "Deceased" and sent

day.

day.

Humorous.

My son follows the medical profession Where did he study medicine? Oh, he isn't a doctor; he's an undertaker.

Bill-That fellow looks terribly twist-

Jill-It's no wonder. "Why?"

"Because I hear his wife turns him round her little finger."

Have you given Mr. Staleight any encouragement? asked the impatient moth-

No, mamma, replied the confidant daughter, so far I haven't found it necessary.

Most girls treat a man about the way they do a ribbon-when they take him off their necks they wind him round their fingers.

"We hardly ever see any congress gaiters now," said the elderly boarder.

"That's a fact" said the cheerful idiot, 'though I can remember when they might have been seen on every hand.-Indianapolis Journal.

"Don't you get tired of being invited out to dinner so much, old man?" Tired and hungry! I haven't had a

square meal in a month!" Detroit Journal.

Maud-Between us, dear, I think the count's compliments rather crude. He told me the sight of my beautiful face actually made his mouth water.

"Father ill and can't work! Tut, tut

"Yessir; but it might have been

"Worse! Why he's the bread winner,

"Yessir; but it might have been moth-

Washington was married on Friday.

Queen Victoria was married on Fri-

Declaration of Independence was sign-

Napolean Bonaparte was born on Fri-

Battle of Bunker Hill was fought on

Julius Cæsar was assassinated on Fri-

King Charles was beheaded on Friday.

Battle of New Orleans was fought on

Lincoln was assassinated on Friday.

What a Bachelor Says.

America was discovered on Friday.

Bastille was destroyed on Friday.

Shakespeare was born on Friday.

Mayflower landed on Friday.

Edith .--- The idea! I'm sure your face dosen't look quite that much like a lem-





The Queens County Gazette will be issued from the office of Jas. A. Stewart,



EVERY



In time for Desptach by the earliest mails of the day

and had lasted, with brief periods of estrangement ever since.

Mac, as his friends called him, was her elder brother's chum, but it was quite evident now that the said brother's society was not the only attraction which brought the young man to Hanstead.

Annie was, perhaps, the only one of the family who did not fathom his secret, and she treated him sometimes with cruelty born of sheer girlish perverseness and high spirits, teasing him about his country and his name-he was a Scot of the Scots-and passing on to other question. people under his very nose such trifles as he ventured to offer her.

"You're a hard-hearted little wretch, Annie!" her brother Fred told her plainly at last, "if old Mac were not the most pig-headed fellow in creation he would have given you up long ago."

"Give me up?" echoed Annie, with her she was feted and flattered to her heart's dainty little nose in the air. "I was not aware that I belonged to him in any way."

"Oh! well, that's his misfortune, not his fault," retorted Fred, with a laugh; "he would surely propose tomorrow if fun to you is serious to him."

"Just what I complain of," Annie rejoined lightly. "He is always serious, and a serious person always makes me fee! there was "ane a-wantin."" more than usually frivolous."

But Fred's brotherly scolding took effect. The next time Mac appeared on rible blow. the scene, she looked at him from a fresh point of view. Several times he met her blue eyes regarding him with a new look of wondering interest, but as soon as they encountered his own hazel orbs, they were instantly lowered with a shyness as sweet as it was novel.

Mr. Morrison spent a perfectly happy day, unmarred by one of the usual fluctations, and his bliss reached its climax when, as the time drew near for him to go back to London, Annie presented him with a fragrant buttonhole of violets and handkerchief to dry her damp little fingers after the operations

bang. the concert arrived, but brought with it on the mantle-shelf, and of how Fred had no work or sign from Mr. Morrison. him the preceding day, inclosing a pro- his pocket because he thought it "looked gramme and asking what was wrong, and

she half expected him to seize the opening thus offered and send her some flowers, since bringing them was out of the

from the garden, which added an effective touch of color to her white gown and vied with the scarlet of her pretty lips and the excited flush in her satin-smooth cheeks. Her performance was a grand success and

content, but no one guessed that it was an unwonted feeling of resentful soreness which lent such an expression to her clear, thrilling voice, and that amid the little throng of admirers anxious to find

her music or hold her shawl, or take care you would give him the chance; what is of her fan, or ascertain if she did not feel a draught, she found it hard work to car-

ry herself with her ordinary gay impartiality, because, in Mac's native tongue,

and triumph of the concert came a ter-

Several of the performers met next day at her house to talk it over, and into the midst of the talk and laughing her brother Fred suddenly came with a white scared face, and a post-office envelope in his hand.

His letter to Mac had been returned to him with "Deceased" scrawled across it, and signed by some London postmaster. A sudden hush fell over the company and all eyes turned involuntarily to Annie as she took the letter and stared blankly at it as though she had never bepinned them in for him, borrowing his fore seen "M. Morrison, Esq.," in Fred's scrawling calligraphy.

"What-does it mean, Fred?"

mon! That's a very serious matter for all of expecting to see him in his coffin, and

you, my little man." The days passed on and the night of finding him instead smoking, and his feet worse!" paused on the door-step to take the

Annic knew that Fred had written to flower out of his button hole and put it in isn't he?" so unfeeling." er, and she's the rent an' oil an' tea an'

> And Annie laughed too, but her usually clothes an' sugar an' milk an' meat winfluent tongue seemed unaccountably tied, ner." and she had hardly a word to say till at

the end of his story, Mac's voice took a But when the time came she had to grave almost solemn tone, and he once content herself with some holly berries more possessed himself of both her restless hands.

ed on Friday. "Come, Annie," he said, gently, "Do not let us have any more mistakes. Supday. pose I had been dead, would you have cared a little?" Friday.

Her lips parted, but she uttered no word.

"Did you cry when you heard the news?" he asked next.

"No," she said, quickly. "What did you do?"

There was a short, breathless pause; his grip of her hands tightened painfully, and his head bent lower that his eager Friday. eyes might read her downcast face. Then all at once her tears came with a rush, and what she said, or whether she said And following close on the excitement | anything at all, nothing was heard but her sobs as her head reached its natural rest-

ing-place against his shoulder.

"I think," she owned, prettily, when coherent speech was again possible, "that I must have cared for you all the time; only I did not know it."

"And I had to die before you found it out," he said, tragically.

And now the only drawback to Annie's perfect bliss is that her young brothers persist in calling her sweetheart the "Dear Departed."

Woman's Inhumanity to Her Sex.

A young woman who served out a sentence of ten years in the Maine state prison, found means of education, and beThe Subscription price will be

PER YEAR IN **ADVANCE.** \$1.00

GAZETTE THE



Department

A woman has no use for a man she can't use.

Women seem to think a bachelor has no business to know anything about them.

Lot's wife probably turned round to see if the hired girl had let loose the canary bird.

Social Agonies.

How did you get on with Miss Biggs to whom I presented you? Didn't get on at all. First time I opened my mouth I called her Miss Bagg. Well?

She glared at me and I said, Oh, I beg

is equipped with good press, new type nd a complete stock of material. We keep on hand a large and well assorted stock , all kinds of Stationery. We are in a position to do all kinds Job Printing, such as Letter Heads,

Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Envelopes. Ruginege Carda

gers after the operations.	"I suppose it means he is dead," Fred	coming thoroughly reformed, left the	pardon Miss Boggs.	Dusiness Cards.
"You can return the compliment next		prison in appearance a lady. She was	Yes?	TT:
week," she said, gaily, in answer to his		employed by a dry goods firm in Portland	Then she walked off and left meChi-	Visiting Cards,
murmured thanks. "I shall want some		as saleswoman, and gave perfect satisfac-	cago Record.	
flowers for the concert, and you can bring	a little stifled cry and fell headlong to the	tion to han amplements until une days		Pamphlets,
me some if you like.		wealthy lady of the place entered the	Cornwall owned a parrot, which some-	r compilicus,
"That I will," he answered, heartily,		store and recognized how Calling the	how acquired the disagreeable habit of	
"Fred was asking whether I could run	When she recovered consciousness, Fred was already on his way to London	propriator agida and told him that the	observing at frequent intervals. 'I wish	Lougors,
down. Which day is it?"		girl had been in the state misson He	the old lady would die.' This annoyed	
"Wednesday, the 18th. Don't you	to make enquiries at his friend's lodgings,	realied that he know it but that the had	the bird's owner, who spoke to her cur-	Posters,
want to make a note of it?"	but he left no word of hope or comfort for his unconscious sister.	done her duty faithfully, and that they	rate about it.	
Mac's face fell; and he took no notice	"She always treated the poor old chap	wore well estisfed with her "WTall"	"I think we can rectify the matter,"	Circulars,
of the implied slight to his memory.			replied the good man. 'I also have a	
"What a nuisance!" he said, vexedly.	of course, now it's too late, she is sorry,	store I will noithen trade with more man	parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having	
"I can't possibly come on the 18th."	and it just serves her right."	self nor suffer any of my friends to if I	been brought up in the way he should go.	
"Can't you? Oh, Malcolm!" She had said once behind his back that	He did not return that night, and from	an halp it" So the suppristor with a	I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his	Tickets,
	this circumstance his friends gleaned some	than loss his sustances will a the	influence will reform that depraved bird	
his name was far too pretty to shorten, but she seldom let him hear it from her		giri and discharged her. A merchant		Тасс
perverse lips.	there would be nothing for Fred to do	who would do an act of this kind ought	The curate's parrot was placed in the	Tags,
He shook his head.	but come straight home again. A young-	to be sent to the penitentiary himself.	The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as	Dealer
"It is out of the question," he said,	er brother suggested that he might be	reopie, and especially those who imagine	soon as the two had become accustomed	Books,
briefly.	staying for the funeral, but the others	themselves at the top of society, are ever	to each other the bad bird remarked, 'I	
"But why? What is your engagement?		ready to cast a stone at those who are	wish the old lady would die,' whereupon	
Can't you get out of it?" she persisted in		compensed to work for a living, and there	the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes	
evident disappointment.		are few cases on record where a fallen wo-	and in solemn accents added, 'We be-	
"I'm afraid not. I'm awfully sorry"	paler than before, but, with a murmured	are few cases on record where a fallen wo- man has been aided in her attempts to	seech thee to hear us, good Lord!'	MAIL URDERS PRUMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
he answered ruefully. "It's business in	word that was little more than a moan.	rise, while the annals of the world are	The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit	
a sort of way."	she rose from her seat and went to her	filled with the slander of innocent girls	several Sundays it was necessary to omit	Address all communication (
"Business at that time of night? Now,	own room, where she passed the first	who, in fine cases out of ten, are more	the litany at the church services,	Address all communications to
Malcolm!"	sleepless night of her healthy young girl-	pure and charitable than their slanderers.	You can Save Manay by buying your	
"It's like this," he explained, hastily;		-Exchange.	You can Save Money by buying your	
"the boss has a ward-his neice, I think				
-coming home from Paris for the holi_		the water you wash with helps to cleanse	GROCERIES,	
days, and he asked me, as a special favor,	sickening despair.	the skin thoroughly. Dry powdered	HARDWARE,	LIDE A Stownort
to run over and act as her escort. It's	There was still no letter in the morn-	borax on the soles of the feet and in		Jas. A. Stewart,
the sort of thing I can't refuse, but it		the armpits is drying and destroys organ-	and CROCKERY	
happens most unluckily to be that very	telegraph boy entered the gate and was			
day."	met on the threshold by Annie's sister.		FROM	
"Is she not old enough to travel	Annie herself could not move from her	ad on the farme of many station on 11 11		Publisher,
alons?" inquired Annie, rather sharp-	place, and she uttered no sound when a	on classing days will shooth the dust of	W H Duphom	I UNIISHEF,
ly.	jubiliant shout went up from the assembl-	the sweeping, freshen the colors in the		
"I think she is quite a child;" the	ed family; for this was the telegram: Home this evening; Mac all right.	carpet and materially aid in the cleansing		
young man answered, walking unsuspici-	Be the day never so dark or long,	process, but care must be taken not to	115 MAIN STREET, ST. JOHN.	Gagetown, NB
ously into the trap set for him.	At length it ringeth to evensong.	leave the salt on the carpet too long, as it may make rusty spots.	Orders promptly filled.	Gagelown, N D
		I may make rusty sports.		
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		R		