

Literature.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY E. NESBIT.

She was leaning on her arms at the gate and looking away from him.

"It's no use," she said. "I couldn't marry anyone unless I was so fond of him that I couldn't bear my life without him. That's the only excuse for marriage."

"Then I'm not to come here any more—I suppose?"

"Oh, dear!" she said, drawing her eyebrows together with a worried frown. "Why did you go and spoil it all? It was all so pleasant! Can't you really be sensible? Let us go on just as we were, and pretend that nothing has happened."

"No," he said, "I shall go away. When one lives in lodgings they may as well be in Putney or Key—as here."

She thought how dull tennis and dance and picnic would be without him, and said, stiffly, "Just as you please, of course."

Then her face lighted as the rattle of hoop and Loop stick and little pattering feet drew her eyes to the other side of the road, where a little girl in a scarlet frock came quickly along the asphalt, her brown hair flying behind her.

"Here's Vynie."

The child saw her sister and her friend, for he was a friend to all children, and struck the hoop so that it bounded on the curb and flew into the middle of the road.

The little scarlet figure followed it.

Then, in a flash, a butcher's cart from a side road, a clatter, a scream, a curse, and the butcher was reining in his horse 30 yards down the road and looking back over his blue shoulder at a heap of scarlet and brown that now had crimson mixed with it, and over which a girl in a blue gown and a man in a gray suit were bending.

"Her leg is broken. They have set it. It will be months before she can walk. But they say she will be all right again then."

The two were standing at the gate again, but now there was no fresh rose in her face, and in his eyes no light of passion.

"My poor dear," he said, and she did not resent his words, "let me do anything I can. Forget all that folly of this morning and let me help my poor little Vynie."

"I will—you shall," she said, looking at him through swollen eyelids red with weeping, "but there is nothing anyone can do. It is horrible. When I told her she would have to lie still for a time, she tried to smile, and then she said: 'Don't cry, Sissy. I will be as good as gold.' And then she said she would sleep all day and lie awake at night to hear the nightingale. She has never heard it yet."

He remembered how he had listened to the nightingale in the corpse behind her house on many a summer night when he had walked lonely in the fields to see her light in the window and her shadow on the blind, and he sighed and said:

"The nightingales are singing bravely in the woods beyond the station. I'm glad she has thought of something that pleases her, poor darling."

Vynie lying still and rigid in her splints, with wide open eyes, watching the day die. Then the lamp was lighted and presently that in its turn gave place to the yellow glow of the night light and the great shadows it cast.

"Are you asleep, Sissy, my own?" said the little voice.

"No, my darling." Rose bent over the bed. "Does it want anything? Will it have some milk—nice, fizzy milk?"

"No—yes, but I want to hear the nightingale, Sissy. Why doesn't he begin? Isn't it late?"

"Yes, my sweetheart, but perhaps the nightingale's got such a pretty home, in the warm country where he lives, that he can't make up his mind to come here."

"Oh, Sissy, he must come! I can't lie still all the time unless he comes! Do please ask God to tell the nightingale how badly I want him. And, Sissy, put out the light. Perhaps he doesn't like to sing till he's sure I'm in bed, and he couldn't know I've got broken, could he?"

"No, my precious, no. Try to go to sleep, and Sissy will wake you if he begins to sing."

But Vynie could not sleep, and by morning the fever was high. She talked, and moaned, and laughed, but always her cry was for the nightingale.

"Master Tom, miss, to inquire."

Rose went down, trembling with want of sleep, haggard with anxiety. She took the great basket of roses her friend had brought, and, holding it, told him how the night had passed.

"The were singing like mad down by the station," he said. "Confound the brutes! I expect your nightingale isn't coming this year."

"Don't," said the girl. "I believe Vynie will have no rest if he doesn't. When she heard the church bells this morning, she told me to send to the clergyman and tell him to explain to God that she couldn't do without the nightingale. Oh, my own little girl! Oh, Tom, she's all I have."

Tom was not such a fool as to say: "You have me." He only said "Yes, I know," and pressed her hand.

"You are good," she said, and went

back to the child.

A little fitful sleep came in the long night hours of that terrible Sunday, but it was broken and feverish, and at every awakening the little voice, growing ever weaker said:

"Isn't it dark yet? Won't God send the nightingale? Oh, Sissy, I do want to hear him."

The old servant, who had been with the two sisters since Vynie's birth, two months after the father's death, had cost the life of the mother, insisted on sending Rose to rest and sat by Vynie's side.

"Nurse," whispered the child, "come close. Will you do what I say?"

"Anything, my precious," said the old woman, holding the hot little hands in her smooth, withered palms.

"Well, kneel down and tell God I shall die if I don't have the nightingale. God will attend to you because you always remember to say your prayers. I forget mine sometimes even when I'm not very sleepy. Oh, nurse, I shall never be sleepy any more. Do tell God all about it."

The old woman knelt by the bedside and with a faith simple and beautiful as the child's own "told God all about it."

The dusk was deepening. The child lay with cheeks scarlet against the white pillows and shining eyes fixed on the slowly darkening squares of the window. She moaned with pain and the misery of sleeplessness.

"Open the window, nurse, my dear," she said, softly, when the night had almost fallen. "I think I heard something."

When the window was opened Vynie held her breath and listened to a silence that after a moment was broken by two or three mellow notes.

"Is it—oh, is it? Nurse—nurse!"—"It's the nightingale right enough, my pet," said the old woman, as Rose crept into the room like a ghost in her white dressing gown.

"On, Sissy, my own! It is—it is! God has not forgotten me. He's going to let me go to sleep, and I shall hear the nightingale even when I'm asleep. Listen! Listen!"

Again the full notes pierced the soft darkness.

Rose gathered her little sister in her arms, and together they listened—Vynie to the song of the nightingale and Rose with a full heart to the breathing, gradually more even and tranquil, of the little child she held against her bosom.

"She's asleep," said the nurse, softly. "I won't move," whispered Rose. "I'll stay here. Oh, thank God, thank God!"

Tom came every day to inquire, and it seemed to Rose that he grew paler and thinner in this anxious time, and every night the notes of the nightingale sounded from the dark wood—through nights radiant with clear moonlight and through the black darkness of night wild with wind and rain. And Vynie grew stronger and ate and drank and played dominos and was on the high road to well being once more.

Then came a night when the nightingale did not sing, Vynie did not miss it; she slept so sound o' nights now. And on that night followed a day when Tom did not come, and then another day and another.

Rose missed him miserably. On the first day she was angry at his absence; on the second, anxious; on the third she sent the old nurse to see whether he was ill.

"You'd best go round," said the old woman when she came back from her mission. "He's more than ill. Pneumonia or something, and he keeps asking for you. Go you. I'll stay with the child. He's got no one with him but his landlady, a feckless body, if ever there was one. Go now, my lamb."

So Rose went.

His face showed ghastly in the frame of his disordered hair and of a three days' beard.

She came to him and took both his hands.

"That woman says I'm dying," he whispered, "but Vynie's all right, isn't she?"

"Yes, yes; but what have you been doing? Oh, Tom, it isn't my fault, is it, Tom? I didn't drive you into folly? That woman says you've been out all night—every night since Vynie's been ill. Say it wasn't my doing."

"It was for Vynie," he said, "I was the nightingale, dear. Don't you remember how I used to call the robins for you in the winter. It was a silly little thing, but it was all I could do for the dear. And it did do her good. You said so."

He turned aside his head exhausted.

Rose's eyes were full of tears.

"You stayed in that wood all night, every night? You imitated the nightingale in all the wind and rain? And now—"

She had crouched by the bed, and laying her head on her hands she sobbed aloud.

"Don't," he said, feebly; "it was nothing. Just a little thing to please the child."

She lifted her face, flushed and distorted by her violent weeping, and laid it gently against his.

He put up a feeble hand and touched her neck.

"You're sorry for me," he whispered. "You needn't be. I can't even be unhappy after this. Your face—your dear face—I don't in the least mind dying."

She sprang up.

"Dear Tom—my own dear Tom! You

are not going to die. I shall send nurse to take care of you. Now promise me at once that you will get well, because Vynie and I cannot possibly live without you my dear, dear, dear!"

Tom did not give the promise, but he did what was better. He got well.

When he first saw Vynie, now walking cheerfully with the crutches that would soon be laid aside, she told him about the nightingale.

"And do you know," she said, "Sissy says he never sang after you got ill. I suppose God was so busy taking care of you that he hadn't time to bother with naughty nightingales that wouldn't do their singing. The nightingale sang very nicely, though, when he was made to. Only I thought after a bit he seemed a trifle husky."

"Perhaps he caught a cold," said Tom. "Some of the nights were very wet."

"Perhaps he did—like you, you know," said Vynie, cheerfully. "Well, he was a naughty nightingale. But if he had a cold, I hope he had some one as nice as nurse and sister to look after him, like they did you."

"I think he had," said Tom.

"Anyhow, I shall always love him, even if he was naughty, because he helped me to get well."

"It would make him very happy if he knew that."

"Do you think he does know?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, whether or no," said Vynie comfortably, "I go out in the wood and tell him all about it if he sings in that wood next year."

But the nightingale never sang in that wood again.—Collier's Weekly.

France and the U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20.—The

Franco-American reciprocity negotiations have again assumed a critical stage, and as only three more days remain within which a treaty can be framed under the

Dingley act, there is considerable anxiety as to the final success of the treaty. The conditions have entirely changed within the last few days, and whereas at one time the French ambassador, M. Cambon, and the special reciprocity delegate, M. Charpentier, were quite desirous of closing the matter, it is understood they no longer show any anxiety in that direction. This is said to arise largely from an agitation which was begun in France against the treaty, on the ground that it threatens to bring American goods in competition with French goods, and to throw out of employment many French workmen. This unexpected opposition in France appears to have induced the government leaders to use much circumspection in closing the treaty.

In case the present sharp differences are adjudged, the expectation is that the treaty will be signed on Saturday.

Strikers Use Dynamite.

NEW YORK, July 11.—There were scarcely any indications of a street railway strike in Manhattan borough this morning. Cars on all lines affected ran apparently on schedule time.

NEW YORK, July 21.—The situation of the Brooklyn strike was such as to give the Rapid Transit Company encouragement. Ninety per cent of the cars are running on most of the lines. An exception is the Hicks street line, which has not been operated since Sunday. Few policemen accompany the cars. Many persons still refuse to patronize the surface lines on account of possible delay. The "L" roads are getting this patronage. The threatened strike of six hundred employees of the Queens County roads, which was to have taken place this morning, did not go into effect. The statement made yesterday by President Rossiter, of the Rapid Transit system, that no strikers would be taken back after last night, seems to have the effect of causing a stampede, for it is stated on good authority that more than two hundred motormen and conductors applied for their old positions during the afternoon.

It was not until late this morning that the immense amount of minor damage done by mobs in New York under cover of night was clearly known at police headquarters. Hardly a street traversed by the big consolidated lines escaped. Last night and early this morning lawless crowds were active in destroying trolley wires and feed wires and placing all kinds of obstructions on the tracks. Police Director Barrett stated this forenoon that troops would doubtless be called out soon to suppress mob violence. "The action of the mobs Thursday have dissipated what doubt there remains as to the advisability of calling out the military," said the director.

Trees Protected from Rabbits.

Four years ago, says a Farm Journal correspondent, I set out 100 plum trees. The rabbits were plenty, and to save my trees I got wire cloth, cut it in pieces 6 by 8 inches and put it around, pinched close to the tree, and have not had any of them gnawed. The expense was 1½ cents per tree.

The Wed.

Among the Anglo-Saxons the bridegroom gave a pledge, or "wed," at the betrothal of the ceremony. This "wed" included a ring, which was placed on the maiden's right hand, where it remained until, at the marriage, it was transferred to the fourth finger of the left.

Dutch Belted Cattle.

ST. ANDREWS, July 17.—Sir William VanHorne has been with his family at "Covenhoven," their summer mansion Minister's Island, since Friday last. On Saturday evening he received by C. P. R. his first consignment of stock cattle for his island farm. These cattle comprise a herd of twelve—ten females and two males—all of the Dutch Belted breed and are said to be the only herd of that breed in Canada and one of the only three herds of the kind in America. They are a splendid specimen of the cow family; they are jet black in color, with a belt of pure white about 15 inches wide completely encircling the centre of the body; the horns are very fine and short, presenting quite the appearance of velvet. The skins of these cows are said to be very valuable and are much used for ornamental rugs and robes. The cattle came off their long journey in splendid condition and appear to be greatly enjoying the luxury of a cool Canadian pasture.

COOK'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

Horse Collars.

The galling horse collar is a painful, everyday reality. It seems the world is so busy inventing and improving that to which the horse is hitched that no heed is given to the lever by which he moves them. Certain it is that many of the collars now in use are improperly constructed and are responsible for numerous sore shoulders.

A well made horse collar is stuffed so full that it is smooth, hard and round—so hard that it yields slightly to pressure, and retains, when used, its rounded form. A collar filled with soft material or only partially filled, soon becomes flat; and it is the soft, flat collars that make sore shoulders. The principles involved are simple.

The shoulder of the horse is analogous to the hand of the man—it is the part by which the power is applied in all ordinary labor. Broadly speaking, all implements intended for manual use are provided with handles; and these handles are smooth, hard and rounded. The hand of the laborer is not injured by the hardness of the handle if it is smooth and and rounding. Neither is the shoulder of the horse bruised by a hard collar provided it fits and is hard and round. The hard collar rolls on the skin at every motion of the animal, somewhat like a ball bearing, thus regularly admitting air to the heated parts. The flat collar admits no air; the skin becomes heated and is pushed to and fro on the underlying flesh in such a way as to cause irritation and produces deep seated galls. Then the animal's master, sublimely unconscious of cause and effect, buys a sweat pad, which soon becomes filthy and detestable and under which the unnecessary wound simply remains in a pitiable condition.

What would be thought of the workman who, finding the handle of his implement flat, rough and galling to his hand, would put on a mitten in warm weather, perhaps to overcome the difficulty? And yet it would be exactly similar to the sweat pad idea.

The use of soft collars should not be charged to the harness men, for many of them are familiar with the principles involved. Like dealers in every branch of merchandise, they carry what they can sell; and the demand is for soft collars and sweat pads.

Evidently the emancipation of the horse is not immediately at hand.

Cook's Penetrating Plasters.

Appendicitis.

Appendicitis is inflammation in the appendix, as its termination shows. Diseases ending in it have inflammation in the place referred to by the first part of the word. Peritonitis is inflammation in the peritoneum the moist bag which covers the abdominal organs as the pleura does the lungs. Enteritis is inflammation of the intestinal wall. Bronchitis is inflammation of the bronchial tubes, and so on. The appendix vermiformis is a long narrow worm-shaped tube. May be from three to six inches in length and have a diameter about that of a goose quill (variable). It is coiled on itself and its small canal joins the caecum, the lowest part of the lower bowel, at the right, inside of the right hip. A seed or mass of seeds or any insoluble body, like peanuts, when scarcely chewed, may possibly enter this appendix, and may be the cause of a small but serious inflammation with a possible termination in abscess and perforation. To avoid its fatality early operation may be best, and avoiding it increases danger. Nervous persons often fancy they have appendicitis when they have pains in this region. It is a very common seat of severe pain, especially in delicate women who have taken cold. Such people should poultice carefully whenever this pain occurs after taking cold.

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