Literature.

BORROWED NEWS.

"Did you get the paper, Cyry?" Mr. Luther Carter put his head out of the sitting-room door and spoke sharply.

"Yep." Cyrus approached with easy moderation and held it out.

"Well, I guess you stopped to print it on a hand-press. I don't know where in the world you take your slowness from." Mr. Luther Carter recrossed the room to his easy chair, adjusting his spectacles on the way. His motions were all deliberate, and suggested a probable reason for little Cyrus's slowness.

Mrs. Luther Carter glanced up deprecatingly from her mending. "Now Luther," she said, with meek disapprobation in her voice. "Now Luther, you haven't been borrowing Andrew Gamble's newspaper again?"

"That's hitting the nail higher on the head than you ever did before, Jane inanimate, in the small door-yard. Ellen!"

"But you borrowed it yesterday, Luther, and day before, and day before that."

"And day before that-keep her a going, Jane Ellen. I guess you can go as far back as the flood." Mr. Carter's laugh cackled unmelodiously behind the paper.

"But it's dreadfully mortifying to me, Luthur, anyway. It does seem as if we might take a newspaper ourselves, and lend instead of borrow, a spell. Then we'd see how it feels-"

One spectacled eye appeared above the toward the sitting-room. paper's rim, followed shortly by its mate.

She fumbled for a new needle, clicking the scissors and spools together nervously. She had never ventured upon so hold a suggestion before, and already was deeply repentant.

"Jane Ellen, you better darn those stocking, and I guess you can do it easier if you keep your lips shut to."

In at the open windows stole pleasant, flower sweetened wafts of summer air. Incessant, keen insect voices buzzed and clicked and sang. Within, for a while, there was no sound but the gentle crackle of Andrew Gamble's newspaper; then Luther Carter spoke with a gruff attempt at apologetic good humor.

"When I'm in Andrew's luck, and the uncle I never had and wasn't named after dies and leaves me a pretty little mess of woman spoke. The subdued creak of money, I'll take the paper, Jane Ellen. the rockers sang a dirge in the visitor's I guess till then 'twon't hurt Andrew if I ears. She was wondering how Marietta do borrow his."

have thought Andrew'd spent it all long ago, Luther, building barns and things as he did."

Luther Carter suddenly laid down the paper. He gave a startled cry.

You look all struck in a heap!" exclaimed his wife.

"He's dead, Jane Ellen!" "Who's dead?" Her voice rose shrill looked hearty, very.

and anxious.

"Andrew is-Andrew Gamble! He died this morning-'as we go to press,' it says. There's a black mark all round the notice. I guess Marietta was thinking to send it to John's folk's. It clean takes my breath away!"

"Andrew Gamble dead! I can't believe it Luther—it isn't possible! guess we shouldn't have to find it out in the newspaper." "Well, read it for yourself then Jane

Ellen."

They huddled over the paper, reading the lines together with scared, distressed ted the knitting-needles. "Did-didfaces. It was a small sheet, whose local he suffer much?" columns stood out, boldly prominent. It town of S-,

Andrew Gamble dead! Andrew Gamble! Why, he just lived a house or two beyond. How could he die and they not know it at once? But there it was; "As we go to press, the painful news reaches us of the sudden death of our much esteemed and well-known citizen, Andrew Gamble. It is too late to obtain particulars of the sad event for to-day's issue."

Luther Carter went to the door and called, "Cyry! Cyry!" imperatively. Cyrus shuffled slowly in and sat on the edge of a chair, awed by the solemnity in his parents' faces.

"Cyry, did you see An-did you see the folks when you went to borrow the paper?"

hir eyes on Cyrus's undarned sock.

"Nope-guess there wasn't anybody at home. It locked all kind of shut up."

Mrs. Carter groaned again. "Didn't you see anybody, Cyry?" persisted Luther. "Now you think real hard. Who came to the door.'

"Nobody did. I walked in after I'd it waving with slow, steady strokes. kept knocking a while."

"But who gave you the newspaper, Cyry? Now you think."

Cyrus began to look embarassed under

this fire of mysterious questions. "Well, nobody gave me the paper. I took it. It's always lying on the table, waiting to be taken. I guess Mrs. Gamble's got sick of getting it for me; and last time she told me to go into the sitting-room and get it myself. I had to hunt all round. It was under the sofa. Say, pa, why don't we take our own pa-

"Did she look as if she'd been crying,

Cyry?" quavered Mrs. Carter. "I didn't see her, I said-only her pic-

sound, real loud."

Luther and Mrs. Luther gazed gravely at each other, sighing.

'Marietta's such a sensitive womanpoor Marietta!" murmured little Mrs. Luther, tearfully.

She rose suddenly, upsetting the darn ing basket. "I'm going right down there," I can't be any other comfort to Marietta, lamps. Cyry, you run and get my

out of respect for Mareitta's feelings."

Soberly begowned and shawled, Mrs. Carter, a few minutes later, tapped gently at the Gamble back door. She notic- | the house. ed that the blinds were nearly all closed and the shades down. An air of solemnity brooded over all things, animate and through the kitchen:

hens went about as if on tiptoe, with drooping tail feathers. To Mrs. Carter's | Hamilton Donnell, in Youth's Compansensitive ear, even the old ccck's crowing | ion. had a doleful, drawn-wail in it.

She tapped again softly. Nobody responded. Then adjusting the corners of her mouth to appropriate droops, she. stole gently into the kitchen.

There was no one there. The little room had on its prim afternoon dress, and looked unsocial and stiff. The fanitest possible hint of clicking knitting needles drew the visitor unconsciously

start as Mrs. Carter entered.

"Oh," she said, in a low voice, "I'm real glad to see you, Mrs. Carter. No, dou't take that chair-that's Andrew's and I can't bear it. This rocker's easier to your back. Undo your shawl, do."

"I had to come over, Marietta -seemed as if I must. I couldn't bear the thought of your sitting here all alone. I wish I could help you-O Marietta, I wish I

Mrs. Gamble looked up from her knitting quickly. "Yes it is lonesome with Andrew gone," she said quietly. She was a slight, sweet-faced woman, and the loose wisps of hair, turning gray, curled prettily around her face.

For a very little space neither of the could knit stockings, and look so combeen crying. Her eyes were reddened.

Then the visitor spoke in a sharp whisper, drawing the words out solemnly. "Wasn't it dreadful sudden, Marietta?"

"Yes it was sudden. Still, I'd been "My good land, what is it, Luther? expecting as likely as not it might happen. He's never been real hearty."

> "No?" Mrs. Carter assented, with a doubtful upward inflection. Andrew had

> last fall he's been ailing especially; it

seemed to use him up." "I never noticed that he limped." "Well, he did, going up-hill and coming home after a long trip."

Another pause, and another stanza of the creaking dirge.

"When did-it happen, Marietta?

whispered Mrs. Luther Carter then. "Three o'clock this morning, or a few minutes past. We were up all night with

him. I didn't get a wink of sleep." "Poor child!" Mrs. Carter softly pat-

"No, I guess not. That was a mercy. was the only daily paper in the thrifty He didn't seem to sense anything all such by drink. Their eyes are torment- happy family life. night. We did everything we knew to for him-everything, Laudanum didn't seem to do any good." She began to cry suddenly. "I was so fond of him!" she

sobbed, apologetically. "Yes, yes, do cry, Marietta-it'll do slowly down the street? It is the line of you good. You ought to cry. It's a mercy you can."

"I don't know how we're going to get along without him, Mrs. Carter."

"It's a great loss to the neighborhood. We all feel it," Mrs. Carter murmured. | funeral processions in a mile. Then we "Luther and I were all struck in a heap. He read it in the paper. Just think of our finding it out in the newspaper!"

Mrs. Gamble lifted her drooping head the dead drunkards. Some died of dewith an air of solemn pride. "Yes," she said, "they put it in the paper right still plainly marked on their faces. Some Mrs. Carter groaned softly and wiped away. I didn't s'pose they would in today's but they're dreadful smart about to reach their homes. Some stumbled getting things in. When Andrew's Uncle Andrew died, they got that into

the morning paper, too." It was warm in the room, and Mrs. blew their brains out. Some were fear-Carter took up a paper from the table to fully stabbed in drunken brawls. They fan herself. She folded it neatly and set | died in various ways but strong drink

"When are you going to-to-when if they have any, may be fitly inscribed: will you-bury him, Marietta?" she asked at length, gravely.

Mrs. Gamble took up knitting-work. funeral procession; we know not how "Oh, we buried him this morning as soon | many but they are attended by mournas 'twas real light. We thought we ing friends. They are those who have might as well get it done with, and we met their death through the carelessness would'nt feel so bad when 'twas over."

"Why, Mrs. Gamble! Why, I never of broken hearts. Some were foully heard of such a thing in my born days-I | murdered. But here comes another never!" She spread out the newspaper army-the children, innocent ones upon fan in abstracted agitation, and stared at | whom has been visited the iniquities of it absencly. Her face expressed the ut- their father. Two hundred thousand.

most amazement and horror. Suddenly her eye fell on one of the miles. Each one must bear through life sire of this horse is the "Night of Chester" items in the paper. She read it hastily the stigma of being a drunkard's child. once-twice. Then she glanced at the They are reduced to poverty, want and

ture hanging up. That looked real paper's date. It was the morning paper, solemn. I guess somebody was crying, and the notice in it was of the "lamentthough, somewhere. I heard a sniffy able loss our respected townsman, Andrew Gamble, has sustained this morning | And close in the rear comes the van-guard -as we go to press-in the death of his of next year's supply. And if this is valuable and petted chestnut horse," etc.,

Mrs. Luther Carter crumpled the paper | through the long centuries. in her fingers and rose, "Well, Marietta I must be going. I'm real sorry for you give only the outline of the terrible traand Andrew, but 'tisn't as if 'twas one of gedy going on aroung us. They canno she said. "I feel as it I'd ought to. If the family gone, you know. Good-by." She went rapidly home, and finding a drunkard's home.

I can wash up the dinner dishes and trim the borrowed paper thrust it into Luther's hand unceremoniously, pointing to the date. For the first time they She looked down thoughtfully at her noticed that it was old and time-stained, fathers to utter to their dear ones. They flower-sprigged dress. "Yes, I s'pose I'd and exhaled a faint musty odor. They better get on a black dress- I s'pose so, had read its mention of the death of An- have fallen from the drunkards hand updrew Gamble's uncle!

date. Then he got up and went out of how many fond expectations and bright

remarked briefly to Cyrus as he went

Poor Andrew's choice Plymouth Rock | myself, Cyry, so I guess you won't need to go borrowing any more."-Annie

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

THE STREET OF HELL.

By Rev. R. T. Cross. In 1870 there were in the United ing twenty feet to each saloon, they sixty five miles long. Let us imagine you have the nerve and patience, and stand at the lower end, and let us see what that street turns out in one year. What army is this that comes marching down the street in solemn column, five abreast, extending five hundred and sev-

stantly go to the saloon for intoxicating curse of the universe. drinks as a beverage. Marching twenty miles a day it will take them more than twenty-eight days to go by. Now they are gone, and close in their rear comes another army marching five abreast and sixty miles in length. In it there are "That was a good while ago. I should posed, and curl her hair! Still, she had 530,000 confirmed drunkards. They are men and women who have lost control of their appetites, who are in the regular habit of getting drunk and making beasts of themselves. Marching two abreast the army is 150 miles long. There are gray-haired men and fair-haired boys-There are, alas! many women in that army sunk to deeper depths than the men, because of the greater heights from which they fell. It will take them seven "Ever since he sprained his knee-joint days to go by. It is a sad and sickening sight, but do not turn away yet; for here comes another army-one hundred thousand criminals. From jails and prisons and penitentiaries they come. At the

necks, they are on the way to the gallows. Others are going to prison for life. Every crime known to our laws has been committed by these persons while they were under the influence of drink. But hark! Whence comes those vells and ed with awful sights and their ears ring with horrid sounds. They are gone now and we breathe more freely. But what gloom is this that pervades the air and what is that long line of black coming funeral processions. One hundred thouare being carried to their graves. Drunkards do not have many friends to mourn have a procession 3,333 miles long. It will take a good part of the year for them to go by. Look into the coffins and see

their loss and we can put thirty of their only immaculate thing about him. Collirium tremens and the lines of terror are froze to death by the roadside, too drunk from the wharf and were drowned. Some wandered into the woods and died and rotted on the surface of the earth. Some

killed them all and on their tombstones, "He died a drunkard's death." Close behind them comes another long line of and cruelty of drunken men. Some died marching two abreast they extend thirty

beggary. They live in ignorance and vice. It has taken nearly a year for the street to empty itself of its year's work. what liquor does in our land in one year, what must be the result in all the world

These figures cannot tell all. They picture to us the wretched squalor of

They cannot tell us how many unkind and cruel words strong drink has caused otherwise kind and tender husbands and cannot tell us how many heavy blows on those whom it is his duty to love, Luther Carter read and re-read the cherish and protect. They cannot tell us hopes which the fair young bride had of When at supper time hc came back, he | the futute have been blasted and turned to bitterest gall. They cannot number the long, weary hours of night during "I've subscribed for the newspaper | which she has anxiously awaited and yet fearfully dreaded the heavy footfall at the door. Figures cannot tell us how many falling tears the wives of drunkards have shed, or how many prayers of bitter anguish and cries of agony God has heard them utter. They cannot tell us how many mothers have worn out body and soul in providing the necessities of life for children whom a drunken father has left destitute. They cannot tell us how many mothers' hearts have broken with grief as they saw a darling son becoming a drunkard. They cannot tell us how many white hairs have gone down in sor States one hundred and forty thousand row to the grave mourning over drunken Mrs. Andrew Gamble sat there knitting licensed liquor-saloons. If formed into children. They cannot tell us how many Little Mrs. Luther withered under them. in the still, dark room. She gave a little a street with saloous on each side, allow- hard-fought battles the drunkard in his sober moments has fought with the terwould make a street two hundred and rible appetite; how many times he has walked his room in despair, tempted to them brought together into such a street, commit suicide because he could not conand let us suppose that the moderate quer the demon. And finally we cannot drinkers and their families are marching search the records of the other world and into it at the upper end. Go with me if | tell how many souls have been shut out from that holy place where no drunkard enters and banished to the regions of eternal despair by the demon of drink. What man, woman or child would not

vote to have that whole street, with its traffic in the infernal stuff, sunk to the enty miles? It is the army of five mil- lowest depths of perdition and covered lion men and women who daily and con- ten thousand fathoms deep under the

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Don't Marry Him.

Don' marry the young man who leaves his mother to find her way home as best as she can on a dark night, while without head of the army comes a long line of a thought or a word of apology he looks persons whose hands are smeared with after you. One of these days, when the human blood. With ropes around their novelty has worn of, he will leave you to go along as best you can, while he seeks his selfish enjoyment at the club.

Don't marry a man who curls a scornful lip when rellgion and the Bible are spoken of, and who has all the mistakes of Moses and the misdeeds of Soloman a who are those bound with strong chains his tongue's end. A copy of infidel lecand guarded by strong men, that go rag- tures on the parlor table instead of the ing by? They are raving maniacs made family Bible is a very poor guarantee of

Don't marry a man whose friends smile at each other when his name is mentioned and say, "well, we hope he will come out all right, but he is sowing a few wild oats just now." Remember that which is sown before marriage is reaped after marriage. Don't marry a man whose linsand who have died the drunkard's death | en is more spotless than his character, whose shirt collar is more inflexible than his integrity and whose necktie is the lars and cuffs and neckties are all very well, but they do not make a good husband, though they do very well for a tailor's dummy. Integrity of chargeter is more important than all these things.

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