

Literature.

JENNIE DALTRY.

Rolfe Carbridge had been out all the morning with his dogs and gun, and with his weary limbs stretched on the broad seat of the study window, was enjoying a rest and a cigarette, when his two sisters broke in upon him.

"She's come, Rolfe. Isn't it delightful? She's come!"

"Who's she?" he demanded, sleepily.

"The new cook?"

"If that isn't just like a man," cried Myra, scornfully. "Their thoughts always fly to their creature comforts."

"Whom should it be but Jennie Daltrey?" added Sophie. "Don't look so perplexed. I am sure we have spoken of her, in your hearing, often enough to make you well acquainted with her name."

"Ah! if I could but burden my memory with all and everything I hear you dilate upon—but never mind explaining; I remember, now, how you struck up a sentimental friendship with some girl you met at Bognor."

"Speak more respectfully of Miss Daltrey," interposed the quick-tempered Myra. "She is a lady, intelligent, accomplished—"

"Et cetera, et cetera; don't trouble to say more; I know, I know," said Rolfe, with a shrug. "All her perfections dawned upon you in three short weeks. What a marvellous creature she must be!"

"She is; but it's no use talking to you!" cried Sophie. "Come and be introduced to her. She is in the morning-room, making acquaintance with mamma."

Rolfe groaned.

"If you had been affectionate sisters you would have given me due warning, so that I might have made my escape before her arrival."

"But we want you to know her. We have talked of you so much—" Sophie began.

"Of course you have," her brother interrupted. "Do you think I am blind to the progress of this intimacy, or the anticipated results? Miss Daltrey, clever and far-sighted, strikes up a friendship with two credulous simpletons; learns from their chatter that they have a marriageable brother, with a decent income and a pretty little estate; she angles for an invitation, gets it; and here she is, ready to marry me, if nothing better falls in her way."

"Rolfe! how shocking! how absurd! Jennie Daltrey is a clergyman's daughter."

"Father a poor curate, with large family."

"Not large," corrected Myra. "There are only seven of them. But how did you know?"

"I am as shrewd a hand at guessing as your fair friend is at scheming," was the laughing rejoinder; "and I should advise you to give her a strong hint that I am a sworn bachelor; for her manoeuvres to secure a husband will be entirely wasted on me."

"Don't listen to him any longer, Sophia," cried angry Myra. "He is determined to be rude and disagreeable just because," her eyes filled with tears—"just because we wanted him to be the reverse, and give Jennie a cordial welcome. I wish, now, we had not asked her to come to The Hayes."

"But, you foolish child!" and Rolfe sprang to his feet, "I do not intend to be inhospitable. Your friend shall have no cause to complain of my want of courtesy. Lead on, fair maids, and I follow."

They found the guest alone; for Mrs. Carbridge had been called away, leaving Miss Daltrey with a book of photographs on her knee. From this book the young lady raised her eyes, on Rolfe's entrance, to bestow on him a swift glance, so critical and comprehensive as to remind him that he was wearing a shabby old shooting jacket, and certainly not looking his best.

Jennie Daltrey betrayed none of the blushing, fluttering embarrassment, with which his sisters' acquaintances were wont to go through an introduction to a gentleman, endowed both by nature and fortune with so many good gifts. She uttered the customary polite nothings about the weather, but appeared to forget him altogether, as his mother re-entered the room.

With a charming air of deference, she sprang up to instal Mrs. Carbridge in her own seat, sinking down in graceful attitude on an ottoman, at her hostess's feet; and, with a laughing gesture, inviting Myra and Sophie to join her there.

"Come and tell me all about these lovely views, that you must have collected while you were in Switzerland, last year. This is Lake Thun, I know; but is this Interlachen?"

"Are you fond of Switzerland, Miss Daltrey?" asked Rolfe, when he could make his voice heard above the eager comments and explanations of his sisters.

"I enjoy Swiss scenery, on paper," she answered; "but I have never been out of England. When papa can afford it, which will not be till my brothers have left school and college, he and I propose a walking tour on the Continent."

"She is not ashamed to confess that her parents are poor!" thought Rolfe, impressed by the quiet dignity of her manner, as she said this.

"After all, our own country is exceedingly picturesque," he observed. "We must take you to all the different points of view in this locality."

Most young ladies would have been gushingly grateful for this promise, but Miss Daltrey's thanks were frigid in the extreme.

"You are very good, but it's too late in the year, isn't it, to see your woods and fields to perfection? I believe I shall prefer rambling about this nice, old-fashioned garden. Have you any roses still in bloom, Myra?"

"A few; come and see them if you are not too tired," and away went the three girls, leaving Rolfe without one of those wistful, inviting backward glances, which he was accustomed to have bestowed on him.

"Is Miss Daltrey engaged?" he inquired of Myra, later in the day.

"How can she be, if she is here to angle for the honor of your hand?" retorted Myra, saucily. "But, no; she is not; for Sophie had the impertinence to ask if the Ernest, of whom she talks so affectionately, is her lover; and she answered, with her usual frankness, that he is her brother."

"She is rather a—a—stiff, isn't she?"

"In manner, do you mean? Oh, no; not to us; and mamma thinks her charming. I am afraid she is disappointed in you."

"Haven't I been civil enough?"

"Oh, it's not that; but it seems that you had given her the impression that you were a nice boy—a mere lad, you know—like her own brothers, with whom she could be thoroughly jolly, and feel quite at home."

"Then the impression I have made is not a favorable one. Dear me, how very much I regret it!" cried Rolfe, mockingly. But in spite of this sneering speech, he made two or three efforts to dispel the reserve that marked Miss Daltrey's demeanor.

With his mother and sisters she was so frank, so merry, that he no longer wondered at their admiration of his guest; but whenever he addressed her, an invisible barrier rose up, beyond which he could not penetrate.

Not that she was haughty or rude. On the contrary, she was courteous itself; as gentle and gracious, but also as distant as if she were a princess stooping to confer with one of the meanest of her vassals.

Not once could he detect the faintest attempt to attract him. Not once did she display the slightest interest in him. She accepted his attentions at the dinner-table, as she would if they had been offered by an octogenarian; smiling, certainly, at his witty speeches, but in such an absent fashion, that Myra playfully accused her of having let her thoughts wander back to her friends at home.

Do you play chess?" queried Rolfe, when he joined the ladies in the drawing-room. Over the chess-board it might be possible to become more intimate with his sisters' friend.

"I play, but not sufficiently well to compete with you, Mr. Carbridge," she said.

"I shall be happy to teach you anything you do not know."

"Thanks," was the indifferent response. "but I am too poor a player to care to trouble you."

"Perhaps you prefer music?" for her soft, dark eyes had wandered towards the piano. "You sing? Ah, I thought so! Duets?"

"If Myra has any for soprano and contralto, I can take seconds; but as my brothers are not musical, I am not accustomed to sing with male voices."

"My son shall teach you, dear," said Mrs. Carbridge. "He is an excellent musician."

"I would rather, much rather, sit by you, and play the listener," pleaded Jennie, so caressingly, that Rolfe's mother was flattered, and Rolfe was once again left out in the cold.

"Never mind," he said to himself; "this young lady is evidently an exception to the species in general, and must be thawed before one can discover her true character. Our plans for to-morrow include a drive to the Old Priory. She will have to accept my aid in climbing the ruined keep; and I shall have a better chance of breaking the ice than our first evening together has afforded me."

By dint of great exertions, he contrived to get some business despatched before the time appointed; but, when he hurried into the hall, no one was there save his mother, superintending the changing of some plants in a flower-stand.

"The girls? Oh, they decided to walk, as it was such a lovely morning. Miss Daltrey said she should prefer it."

"How long is it since they started?" Mrs. Carbridge repeated. "Well, it must be an hour or more. Yes, I think it struck half-past ten just before they bade me good-bye. But you'll have the horses put in the wagonette, and fetch them, my dear! It is too far for them to walk home."

"At least I shall be there soon enough to escort her over the ruins," meditated the disconcerted Rolfe, as he drove off in hot haste. "Neither Sophie nor Myra would have courage to ascend the keep without me."

And then he saw himself supporting the slender figure, or soothing the feminine terrors that might assail the young stranger at the most difficult parts of the climb, or felt the little white hand, that had laid so passive in his, cling to

him more and more closely.

His sisters came running to meet him; but Jennie was absorbed in a sketch she was making of a ruined chapel. He asked permission to inspect the sketch, which Myra declared, in a whisper, to be beautiful; but already the book was closed and slipped into its owner's pocket.

"Excuse me, Mr. Carbridge, my father's are the only criticisms to which my efforts are ever subjected."

Then I must submit to be disappointed. Requite me for the heroism with which I wrestle with my curiosity, by letting me show you the view from the top of the castle keep."

"A lovely view, indeed," she replied; "but I have already seen it. We have two or three old abbeys and castles within walking distance of my home, and visiting them with my brothers has made me an expert climber."

"You are very independent, Miss Daltrey," he could not resist saying, reproachfully; "and you either disdain help or take an unkind pleasure in showing me that you will not accept mine."

Pray do not attach so much importance to a very trivial action," she said, coldly. "Why should it displease you, Mr. Carbridge, to see, that while visiting your sisters, I have no intention of trespassing on your time or your good nature?"

"But if I am willing, nay, eager, to devote myself to your service?"

Her lip curled.

"You are very polite, sir. I think your sisters are ready to go home."

But just then a scream from Myra made both of them hurry to the bank of a fish-pond, in which Sophie was struggling.

She had over-reached herself whilst endeavoring to secure a water-lily, and was rapidly sinking, when her brother plunged in and brought her to land.

As there was no house near to which the drenched girl could be conveyed, it was decided to take her to her own dwelling as quickly as possible, and Mrs. Carbridge was alarmed by the sight of her sleek horses dashing up the drive at a mad rate, and a couple of dripping figures alighting from the carriage.

After a warm bath and a change of clothes, Rolfe felt no inconvenience from his plunge into the pond, but the fright had given Sophie, always delicate, a shock from which she did not so speedily recover.

Before night she was feverish and light-headed; in the course of another day the doctor was looking grave, and confessing that the young life was in danger.

Fortunately his skill averted that danger, but not till after a tedious struggle. For many succeeding nights those to whom she was dear watched beside her, scarcely daring to hope she would survive till morning.

Jennie Daltrey shared those watches, putting in practice all she had learned in her ministrations to the sick of her father's parish. How gentle, yet how firm, she was; how patient, and yet how cheerful and energetic. While Myra often grew excited and hysterical, Jennie could always be relied on.

Jennie forgot to be cold to Rolfe while his sister was in danger; but, when Sophia began to recover, the old barrier was raised, and Miss Daltrey declared that she must go home.

Then, too, she checked the torrent of loving words rising to Rolfe's lips with the question:

"Have you forgotten the day I came here? Because I have not. Leaning against an open window, after your mother left me, I overheard a conversation carried on in an adjoining room. Do you recollect the motive you imputed to me? Do you think I could ever consent to be yours with these cruel words burnt into my brain?"

"Then you are pitiless, merciless. I wronged you, and you refuse to forgive," exclaimed the agitated Rolfe.

"I forgive; but my womanly dignity, my self-respect, forbids me to forget," she answered, as much agitated as he was. "I shall leave here to-morrow."

"And I," said Rolfe, shall leave England to-day. Stay and comfort my mother, and bid her farewell for me. Bless you, though you are cruel. Farewell!"

Was he in earnest? Alas! he was actually quitting the house there and then. Alas! too, for the stern maiden's sense of what was due to herself. Before Rolfe had crossed the hall, a pair of white arms were thrown around him, a sweet voice was sobbing entreaties to him to stay.

C. L.

The Dreyfus Muddle.

PARIS, July 10.—It is rumored that, as a result of the revelation of the inhuman cruelty practiced upon Dreyfus while on Devil's Island, M. Lebon, the minister who was responsible for the orders sent M. Deniel while in charge of the penal settlement where Dreyfus was confined, will be proceeded against, the government not confining its action to yesterday's dismissal of Deniel. M. Bertillon, the handwriting expert who testified before the Court of Cassation that Dreyfus was the author of the Bordereau, still remains at the head of the Anthropometric department of the prefecture of police, but has been deprived of his official duties.

Baron Baulny, another of the aristocratic promoters of the demonstration against President Loubet at Autueil, has been pardoned.

It is understood that M. Loubet also desired to pardon Baron Christiani, who made the assault upon, but the cabinet decided that this was quite out of the question.

Correspondence.

Spicy News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents

Mouth of Jemseg.

The weather during the past week has been very changeable, raining the greater part of the time. The haying season is at hand and many will commence this week. Many report the crop better in some places, others report it not as good as last year, but the hay crop in general throughout this county will be equally as good as last year.

There has been a large shipment of strawberries to market from this place, somewhere between five and six thousand boxes have been shipped.

New potatoes are now on the list which at present are bringing a good price.

It was the writer's good fortune to be numbered among those who met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Dykeman on Wednesday night last for the purpose of celebrating the thirty-sixth year of their marriage. About 10 P. M. ice cream and cakes of various kinds were passed around and each and every one seemed to do ample justice to the share awarded. Those who were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Dykeman from afar were Mr. and Mrs. David Dykeman and daughter, of Maugerville, Mrs. Wm. Thompson and daughter of Lynn, Mass., Mrs. Spearin and children of St. John, Miss Roots of St. John. Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Brown and children are again in the village to spend their summer vacation.

Mrs. Wilford Slipp of Boston Mass., is here visiting her many friends.

Mrs. Gollmer and her brother, Mr. Pearson, left by Str. May Queen, for St. John, Mr. Pearson left for Chicago last Thursday, greatly improved in health, having gained 15 lbs. in weight during his stay of two months, which credit he claims is due to the use of La Tour Mineral water.

Mr. F. Wright and children of St. John arrived on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gollmer arrived by Str. on Saturday.

Miss Sadie Wright of Brookside cottage, caught three dozen trout, which was quite a surprise to the people, as we never heard of any trout being caught there before. They were all very large.

Those registered at Lakeside cottage are Mrs. Wm. Dixon, New York, Mr. James Paul, Bridge Inspector, Mr. J. Kimball Scammell, Asst. Engineer, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Jones, of the Narrows, Queens County.

Mrs. D. N. Smith arrived home on Saturday last after spending a few weeks with her friends in Sussex, Kings Co.

The Philippines.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 13.—Advices received by the transport Newport from Manila, [dated June 11, are as follows: The volunteers there completely debilitated in consequence of their hard campaigning through three months of tropical weather. Since the middle of May no volunteer regiment has a sick list of less than twenty per cent. Most of them at present have twenty-five per cent ill, and few of the regiments have less than one third of their number off duty. The Nebraska regiment has suffered the worst. It came in from San Fernando a few days ago with less than two hundred men. The South Dakota followed yesterday with 275 men on duty. The Montana and Kansas regiments at San Fernando have not more than 250 available men each. The morning after the Washington troops took Morong a week ago only 363 men responded to roll call. The Washington men have been engaged since March 12 in preventing the insurgents armies of the north and south from forming a junction on Laguna Bay and they engaged at the same time with the enemy in opposite directions. Twenty-four of the Nebraska officers are on the sick list and the Montana, Washington and the South Dakota regiments show 20 or more officers in the hospitals or sick in their quarters. These regiments have borne the brunt of the fighting. Their losses in killed and wounded ranged from 136 in the Montana regiment to 360 in the Nebraska regiment. The loss in the Kansas regiment is second to that of the Nebraska, while the Washington and South Dakota regiments follow closely with losses of about two hundred. The Oregon regiment suffered severely. Of the regulars, the third artillery is the heaviest losers, its killed and wounded numbering 532.

Cook's Penetrating Plasters.

Fatal Fire.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Twenty-six persons, some of whom will die, were injured in a fire in a tenement house on Monroe street with 125 occupants at 3 o'clock this morning. The fire started on the fourth floor and when the firemen reached the floors above they found the occupants lying about unconscious and burned. Harris Basch, his wife and five children, aged three to seventeen, were taken out burned and asphyxiated.

Rosie Silver, six years old, one of the victims of the fire, died this afternoon.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR "THE Life and Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the life-long friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 500 pages, 8x10 inches; nearly 100 pages half-tone illustrations. Only \$1.50. Enormous demand. Big Commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3rd Floor Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

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