

Hunting a Legacy.

The 17th of June, 188—, was an important day for Henriette Bardonnel, milliner at Rouen.

She was seated at about 10 in the morning in front of her window, which faced on the Rue des Charrettes, busy shaping and trimming a superb bonnet, when Mme. Dufrenoy, her employer, opened the door suddenly, and flourishing a paper burst into the room.

"Henriette! Henriette! Haven't you read it? Don't you know?" shouted she, out of breath. "Look, see!"

And she thrust the paper—Le Petit Rouennais—under her eyes, pointing out a notice on the fourth page as follows:

Mme. Henriette Emilienne Bardonnel, daughter of Pierre Auguste Bardonnel, late piano tuner, Rue du Grand Pont, at Rouen, is requested to send her address to Mr. Thiebault, lawyer, 53 Place du Vieux-Marché, Havre properly.

"You must write the lawyer at once, my dear—at once!"

"Yes, I am going to, of course, Mme. Dufrenoy, right off," said Henriette.

The following evening, in reply to her letter, Mlle. Bardonnel received word from M. Thiebault asking her to come at once to his office.

To pay current expenses a check for 50 francs was enclosed. Decidedly things were looking well, and Mme. Dufrenoy remarked upon it.

"You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, my dear. I have always said so. And M. Leonce—he too, is very happy, is he not? Is he going with you to Havre?"

M. Leonce, or Leonce Lecarpentier, was the son of a linen draper on the Quai aux Meules, a promising young bachelor of 28, blond and hearty, but as gentle and as timid as a lamb.

Employed in his father's shop, for papa Lecarpentier did not believe any more than was necessary in throwing his money into the gutter. Leonce could only indulge rarely his passion for the pretty little milliner. A bracelet or a gown on her birthday or at New Year's, a few picnics on Sundays during the summer and a few parties occasionally, and that was all.

Restraint, however, by paternal and business exigencies, Leonce had to let Henriette take the journey alone from Rouen to Havre.

The lawyer's office was in the second story of an old, dilapidated structure at the end of a courtyard.

M. Thiebault, a thin little man, with bent figure, sharp eyes under his large copper-rimmed spectacles, and a black velvet cap on his head, motioned to the young girl to take a seat on his left opposite the window.

"Mlle. Bardonnel, I suppose,"

"Yes, sir."

"You have taken care to bring your certificate of birth, as I suggested?"

"Here it is, sir."

The lawyer unfolded the paper and carefully read the statement.

"Pierre Auguste Bardonnel—so far so good. Correct? Your father left France about 1866, did he not, miss?"

"Yes, sir. I was then 5 years old. We were going to meet him in New York. My mother has often told me the story. He wrote us three or four times, as nearly as I can remember. But we never received any further news from him—never. My mother has been dead six years, and I have no living relative except a cousin at Elbeuf."

"Your father, miss, died on Jan. 22, 1879, in South America, leaving a fortune valued at 120,000 piasters, or 600,000 francs, of which you are the sole heir. To enter into the possession of the whole of this fortune it will be necessary for you to go there in person in order that you may see my colleague, M. Guastella, who is the executor."

"Go way down there? But monsieur, I—"

"We shall advance the necessary amount. Have no fear on that score."

"And when must I start?"

"Let us see—the Eurydice—the Meuse—Friday, Saturday. Ah, here it is—the Iberie, for Buenos Ayres. You will sail next Monday. That's rather soon. You have just time to get back to Rouen and make your preparations. I shall expect you then, mademoiselle, on Monday next without fail."

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Within an hour after Henriette's arrival and before she had finished her dinner all her neighbors at the table, as well as the proprietor and three servants, who spoke French, were already informed of the motive and the object of her journey.

One of her neighbors, the one on the right, was an elegant and seductive Spanish gentleman of 30 years, who answered to the name of Manol Alvarez and lived at Montevideo, where he was in the cattle business.

Like a gallant lidaigo, he offered to aid Henriette in her search, if she needed him—in short, he was at the service of mademoiselle.

The following morning early, Henriette, with an interpreter, went to Bolivar street to the address of the advocate Guastella.

No Guastella was at the number mentioned, not even an abogado in the building. Nor was he in any of the neighboring buildings.

At No. 125 was a business agent named Carlos Figueras. They sought him, but el Sonor Figueras knew no advocate Guastella. He was sure, even, that there was nobody of that name in the whole city.

"There is a commission merchant Guastella, 39 San Martino street. You might go and see him."

Quickly they departed for this Guastella. He assured them he knew nothing of what they asked him; had never been written to by M. Thiebault at Havre, of whose existence he was ignorant.

In what anxiety, in what a horrible dilemma, poor Henriette found herself. For two days, escorted by her interpreter, she scoured the whole town, visited all the abogados, lawyers, notaries, courtiers, business agents. But no Anibal Guastella, no Bardonnel property—nothing.

M. Manol Alvarez undertook to introduce her to the French consul.

"I regret exceedingly, mademoiselle," replied this functionary to Henriette, "to dispel such an agreeable illusion, but if there had been here an unclaimed French property I should have been the first to know it, and there is none. You have been made the victim of a hoax."

Henriette, when she returned to the hotel, followed the consul's advice by exploring her memory to find some one who had a personal interest in expropriating her and in getting rid of her.

And she found some one without great difficulty. It was Leonce's father, the old scamp of a papa Lecarpentier. Not a doubt of it.

On her account Leonce had left slip several good matches, a Mlle. Coutois of Lisieux among others. Now they were scheming to make him marry Mlle. Hennequin, daughter of a merchant of the Rue St. Sever.

"For how many sons did he buy the complicity of that Havre lawyer. But wait, just wait, old wretch! There are judges in France. They give damages there. He laughs at us, who laughs at us!"

And boiling with indignation and rage Henriette went back to the consulate, and though without funds asked to be sent back home.

They promised a favorable reply to her request, but she must wait a fortnight. No boat would leave for France before the end of that time.

One evening as she was walking on the arm of M. Manol Alvarez and telling him of her mortifications that wealthy and seductive Spanish gentleman murmured tenderly:

"Enriqueta, nignon, suppose, instead of returning to Europe, you should stay here with me."

Five years later, one morning in May, Mme. Manol Alvarez, nee Bardonnel, stepped from a train at the Rouen station and directed her way toward the Rue des Charrettes.

She did not wish to go through France when she was travelling with her husband without seeing again her native city.

Mme. Dufrenoy kept Henriette to dinner and brought out for her the very best.

"Oh, deary, I always told you that you were born lucky. Don't you remember it?"

"And the Lecarpentiers and my little Leonce? What has become of them?"

"What has become of them? Oh, my dear Henriette, the good God has given them their punishment. The lion business ran out. It is two years ago since the firm of Lecarpentier & Son failed and gave up business."

"Four months after you went away Leonce married Mme. Felicite Hennequin, whose father kept a large shop."

"I know, and don't the marriage turn out well?"

"You can't really say that it did. M. and Mme. Leonce left Rouen when the failure came. They are probably living wretchedly somewhere, in Paris perhaps. As for papa Lecarpentier, his troubles have affected him so that he is in his second childhood. He is begging. When you go, you have only to turn up the street till you get in front of the theater, and there you'll see him."

Arrived at the end of the street, Henriette saw seated on a little stool an old babbar who handled feebly a wheezy old accordion.

"Don't you remember me, papa Lecarpentier?"

The poor wretch interrupted the tearful strains of his instrument and fixed on the young woman a stony, fixed stare.

"You played me a villainous trick, in your day, with your story of the property in America. But that's all over now. Come, old scamp, here's something for you."

And she let fall into the beggar's cup all the gold she had in her purse.

A Nearly Extinct Southern Bird.

Not many years ago the South Carolina parakeet could be found by the thousands throughout the Southern States, but with the bison and the passenger pigeon they have been nearly exterminated by the ruthless hand of the pot-hunter. W. A. Conklin, in New York, had a small flock of these birds. In speaking of them he said they were caught in the Everglades, where a few flocks may yet be found in the densest part of those swamps. Probably some four or five flocks remain, so that they are rarely seen. The birds are large for parakeets, being of an emerald green body, with a yellow neck, while the upper part of the head is a bright scarlet. One peculiarity of these birds is that they cluster together like a swarm of bees. It was this habit that made them such easy victims of the sportsman—save the term! This peculiarity can be well noticed in Conklin's cages, where the birds all cluster together at the back of the cage, showing a beautiful mass of green and gold and scarlet.

The birth of the tenth grand-son of the Queen-Empress makes the number of her living descendants fifty-six. There have been born during Her Majesty's prosperous reign four sons, five daughters, seventeen grandsons, twenty-three grand-daughters, ten great-grandsons and six great-grand-daughters, grand total, sixty-five. Nine have died. No English monarch has been blessed with such a royal family.

NYE REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Man with a Felon Suggests the Story of One Told by the Rev. Reed and How it was Cured. Other Questions Answered.

ARLEN, N. C., July, 1894.—Recent correspondence has accumulated so fast that I find quite an excretoire full of letters that should be at once answered regarding household affairs etc., so I hasten to reply to a very few this week, putting over till next week a number that I cannot now reach.

The following is a letter which is introduced here more to show the style, flow of language and word painting than anything else. It is an absolute and unpunished copy of a letter written by a tenant in Hoopers Creek township, N. C., to his landlord regarding farm work, etc. It is direct, cheerful and massive in its style—

My Airy, May 12.

"DEAR SIR—I have yours of the 10th. I just received it just at this minute. Dear Sir you air mistaking about Will White Washing for he has ben noe white Washing dose hear there) this spring Now lissen and I wil tel you pre Sizely how Will Dun the apel trees he first tuk a fork I meane a eating fork and he Gougged around thame at the ground then he tuk a old Bucket & he put ashes and water in hit & got him a old Rag he washed, thame with that Now I hope you understand this You ask what rice did he hope (helped) me lode monur (manure) & other things was needed rice is soe good (meaning Rice Brady) to hope us when we need him I just give him a few days along whend I can Make a hedway we have comest (commenced) to feed the crimon clover a little Some Dun very well & some dun noe good a tall Yours and so forte

"ELIAS BRADY."

HE HAS A FELON.

A colored man named What-though-the-spikey-breeze Williams, residing formerly at Haddam, writes:—

"DEAR MASTER—What would I do for a felling on my finger which drives me to distraction. I write this by the hand of my little Doter. Sachut Williams for the good lord's sake oh give me a relief or I shall lose my reason. Little Sachut have staid out of school to write this letter and if you could spare her a quarter sir to pay for her time, it would be no more than right. I wrote to a mon at Cherokee about my felling and said I lived at Haddam & he said that my spelling would indicate that I haddam and he said no said no moar at present than that, & nothing to help the grising on my finger which lurs right much."

Rev. Myron W. Reed says that he once knew a man who had a felon on his thumb and who went about moaning over it day after day and growing pale and hollow eyed with loss of sleep.

A near neighborsaid, "Henry, what's the matter of our thumb?"

"Blame take it," said he, "I've got a felon onto it, and I ain't slept airy night for two weeks and going on three."

"Well, why don't you doctor it?"

"Doctor it?" he said, "I've just done nuthin else all the time."

"Well, but you don't do the right thing. What did you do for it?"

"Oh, I done everything."

"You didn't do what you ort to do of done, I bet on that."

"What's that?"

"Why, you take a piece of salt pork off the flank of a hog that's been killed in the glow of a wet moon and put it scalding hot on the finger over night, and twice you want to get up and heat the pork again, so the felon'll have no chance to get its breath. Understand? And in the morning she'll be plumb dead, and you can just stuck the core of the thing out like the kernel of a goober."

MORE REMEDIES.

Henry did that, but the felon didn't shuck. He did, though. He jumped out of bed like a disembodied spirit, wearing only a knit band around his abdomen to keep his liver warm, and with a wailing cry and odor of fried pork he fled away into the night, and not knowing which way to go ran into the opera house foyer as the play closed at 11 o'clock and the people had started for home. Friends brought him back, and the next day a neighbor dropped in to see how he was coming in.

"You probably don't know how to handle a felon," he said. "You can't fool with a felon. She has got to be dealt with prompt and severe on the start."

"What should I do?"

"Well, in the very start you should poultice it with the ashes of a wedding willer and pour on enough hot vinegar to make a strong lye, which will eat out the felon, and in the morning you can slip it out like you would the pit out of a prune."

He tried that, and the lye ate pretty hardly all night, got up in time to get an early breakfast and eat more later on, but it seemed to relish the thumb more than it did the felon. So he gave it up and concluded to welcome death at an early date.

A painter and glazier friend dropped in by and by and said he heard that Hank had a felon, so he came in to kind of see what was being done for it. He was afraid they'd fool along with it till they got prond flesh into it, and then blood pizen would set in.

"What would you do with it?" wailed Henry; sticking out a mass of red flesh that looked like the swab of a 90-pound gun. "I want to be able to tell the people of the New Jerusalem that I've tried everything."

"Well, you've got to cut that thumb open down to the bone, and there you'll find a sort of white skin over the bone about like the lining of an egg, and underneath that is a little white speck about the size of a mosquitoes' kidney, and you cut that out. Then you take a plumber's solderin iron and burn the place all clean and sandpaper it

and put some shellac over the place and do it up in wax, and it will get well, and that's the only way to cure a felon."

HENRY'S TENDER HEART.

Henry started to try this, but he broke down and wept when he saw the blood, and the felon throbbed and hurt so that he got up and put on some trousers that he saw lying on the floor and went down town. He passed by the shop where the village smithy stood shoeing a very large Norman horse and occasionally pushing the huge brute over into the forge or slating him around like a giant playing tag with the infant class.

"Ah!" he said. "What's up with your thumb?"

"Got a felon," said the poor man. "What should I do for it?"

"Oh, well, how long have you had it?"

"Three weeks nearly."

"And have you tried several things?"

"Yes, everything."

"I thought so. But there is one more thing yet, and you have not tried it. Lay your thumb on my anvil and let me smash it with my largest old North American Gee Bunker sledge hammer. Then you can go to work curing the thumb, for you can cure a smashed thumb, but you surely cannot cure a felon."

And that is pretty near the truth.

ANSWERS TO THE CURIOUS.

Lorna Dooze, Bangor, Me.—Yes, you can make a good and cheap portiere from a horse blanket suspended by martingale rings for your parlor if you choose, but you will find great difficulty in deodorizing the blankets. Your idea in gliding on bronzing a coal hod and tying a blue ribbon on the bail to use as a receptacle for soiled collars and cuffs is one that I expressed several years ago; also the plan of using a bag of bran inclosed in blue musquito netting for sofa cushion. The idea of making a dodo about the room of cold waffles, varnished and alternated with hard boiled Easter eggs, was first suggested by an artist of New York.

If you paid for £8 in London for an antique warming pan to hang in your hall you paid too much. I got one for seven and six.

Your husband is perfectly right in using your tidies at the barn to wash off his working horses with. They are soft and elastic and do not injure the team.

In sawing out a part of the kerosene barrel to make an easy chair for your husband you must be careful to avoid leaving the sharp wrought nails where they will catch his pantaloons, or you may possible do more to please and entertain your guests than you had intended to do.

Liallah Rookh, Meridian, ask if epergnes are good form now.

No; they're not. They are as rankly gay as an old sheet iron swallowtail coat in the porte cochere or a pair of Revolutionary barn door trousers in the hall inclosing a Henry VIII hornet's nest.

No; do not put your crockery and muscade cups around the shelves and whatnots for strangers to knock down, or mud daubers to build their nests in, or bottles to die in, but put your dishes where they belong, if you have a china closet, and, if not, go and see what the pawnbroker will give you for them. Homes that are lined with fragile china have a good deal to do with overcrowding the paresis department of the asylums.

Odd Barometers.

Two of the oldest and oddest forms of popular barometers are the leech in a bottle and frog on a ladder. Mr. Richard Inwards has seen an old Spanish drawing of nine positions of the leech, with verses describing its attitude and behavior before different kinds of weather. Dr. Merryweather, of Whitley, contrived an apparatus by which one of twelve leeches confined in bottles rang a bell when a "tempest" was expected. When leeches were kept in every chemist's shop, and often in private houses, their behavior was the subject of constant observation; and it was generally noticed that in still weather, dry or wet, they remained at the bottom, but rose, often as much as twenty-four hours in advance, before a change; and, in case of a thunderstorm, rose very quickly to the surface, descending when it was past.

The frog barometer, used in Germany and Switzerland, is a very simple apparatus, consisting of a jar of water, a frog and a little wooden step-ladder. If the frog comes out and sits on the steps, rain is expected. The weather-glass dearest to the old-fashioned cottage in the last generation was the "old man and old woman," who came out of their roughest cottage in foul or fair weather respectively. This was almost the earliest of semi-scientific tops, and depended on the contracting of a piece of caoutchouc fastened to a ley before a shower is probably true, and is the rational origin of the banging of trays and iron pots with a door key when bees are going to swarm. The insects are supposed to take this for thunder, and so settle close at hand instead of swarming at a distance. Squirting water on them with a garden syringe often makes them settle at once. But no such ingenious process of rationalizing can be found for the belief that if the insect inside cuckoo-spit lies head upward, the summer will be dry, though the increased worrying of horses by flies before rain, and the rise of the gossamer before fine weather, are abundantly confirmed by observation.

Queer Talk For a Minister.

But what a state the land is in. While I have been resting I have been looking over the Coxeyism and the doings of the Democratic Congress and wondering where it was all going to end. The rich are getting richer and the poor are hating them harder every day. The spirit of turmoil is everywhere—the same spirit that caused the French revolution. When all the hungry ones get together and get to know their power, what a power that will be! It has not yet been demonstrated whether a republic is an enduring fact or only a theory. Down in Pennsylvania, where I have been, there are three men to every place. There are more steel rails than can be used in six years and more horseshoes than there are horses to wear them.

I tell you there are too many people in the world. There is only one remedy—war or pestilence. Sweep 2,000,000 off the face of the earth. That is China. That is the only remedy. We are wrong in our civilized ideas of mercy and kindness. We nurse incurables in hospitals and keep the criminal in penitentiaries. The Lacedaemonians used to exterminate them. It is a good idea, too. The world is really no better than it was at the time of the flood.—Rev. Dr. Paxton, New York.

Her Favourite Bird.

Bobberly (to Rural Damsel, at her father's farm)—How delightful it is here! How the birds twitter and flit and pour forth their praises in sweet song! Don't you love the birds, Miss Newgrass?

Rural Damsel—La, yes! Specially pigeons.

Bobberly—Ah! Because they coo so softly under the eaves, and wing their way so gracefully through the caressing air?

Rural Damsel—Gosh, no! 'Cause the bile down down so prime for pot-pie!

"Never mind me," said Mrs. Jones before she was married, and that is exactly what her husband did after the honeymoon was over.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

TIME TABLE NO. 29.

In effect Monday, July 9th, 1894. Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) by Eastern Standard Time.

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Leave Albert.....15.40
Arrive Salisbury.....18.40

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