

AN ELECTRICAL
ELOPEMENT.

LUKE SHARP.

So partly out of pique and partly because her parents disapproved of the match she promised to elope with him. It wasn't to be any trivial elopement, a getting married before the registrar in London and going to Paris for a few weeks, but run to Liverpool, a marriage there by special license and a trip by fastest steamer to New York. Arriving there they would cross America and gradually work their way around the world and back to London in a year or two. George Webley was rich and could easily afford this kind of a wedding tour. In old times the parents of Tillie Markham would have been more anxious that their daughter should marry George Webley rather than the poorer, but of course more moral young men, Tom Bantry. But times had changed, and it was the daughters that now looked for money with their lovers. The girl admitted to herself that she liked Tom Bantry best, but he certainly had treated her very badly. They had had an appointment for a picnic on the river, but without a word Tom had gone away and worse still, he had sent no explanation or excuse for his desertion. So Tillie thought she would teach him a life-long lesson, and knowing well that her parents would oppose the match, and especially its hurried conclusion, she told George Webley if he would arrange for the special license at Liverpool she would meet him at Euston station on the 27th and together they would journey to the seaport town, be married and sail for America on the 28th in the powerful steamship Erratic. Tillie concluded it was better to be married at Liverpool than in London, as there would be less chance of the escaped being found out until such time as they chose to disclose it. Tillie agreed that they would write letters to all concerned while on the voyage from Liverpool to Queenstown and mail them there when there would be nothing but the broad Atlantic between them and New York.

Tillie met the postman on the steps as she was going out of the house that morning, and he handed her a bundle of letters. She had no time to read them then, nor in the cab, for there was barely time to reach the station, where she found Mr. Webley impatiently awaiting her. He had strongly advised her to bring nothing with her. Whatever you require could be bought at Liverpool, he said.

"I was very much afraid we would miss the train," he said as he hurried her out of the cab. "I have reserved a compartment."

"There's another train, isn't there?" she asked.

"Oh, certainly, but a railroad station isn't the pleasantest place in the world to wait, and since I left my hotel I seem to have met every friend I have in London and all wanted to know where I am going."

"And of course you told them," said Tillie.

The young man laughed as he held open the door of the railway carriage for her to enter. He quickly followed her, and a moment after the 10.10 a. m. train slid out of the great station, and began its northern journey. Tillie sat in her corner by the window and carelessly turned over the letters in her hand. Most of them were from girl friends, but on the envelope of one of them she recognized the fine, bold hand-writing of Tom Bantry. She stole a furtive glance at Webley as he tore open the envelope, but he was absorbed in his morning paper now that his mind was at rest and they were fairly off.

"Dear Miss Markham," the letter began, "I was unexpectedly called away from London more than a week ago by the sudden illness of my uncle, Sir John Trellan. Before parting from Trellan Hall I wrote a letter to you explaining why I could not be at the picnic up the river. Through my own stupidity and hurry to get away, I find I left your letter on my table in my room in the Temple. I had expected a letter from you while at Trellan Hall and when it did not come I was greatly disappointed. I found on my return this morning, as I said, my own letter which was not posted, so of course you did not receive it. Will you forgive me, therefore, for breaking an engagement with you and your friends without explanation? And may I call this evening, as I have something of importance (to myself, at least) to say to you? I will remain all day in my chamber at the Temple awaiting your answer with some anxiety."

He signed himself "Yours very truly, Tom Bantry," and then added in a postscript, as if an afterthought, "I should have told you that my uncle died two days ago, which makes a great deal of difference in my plan of life, as perhaps you are aware."

Tillie Markham was a curious young woman and always considered that a bird in the hand was worth two or three in the bush. She looked at George Webley and he smiled across at her.

"Where do we stop first?" she asked.

"Willenden Junction, I believe, and we ought to be there now."

"How long do we stop?"

"Only a few minutes."

"Do you think you could get me half a dozen telegraph blanks while we are stopping there?"

"Oh, I don't need to go out for them," said Webley, "I always carry plenty of them with me and sixpenny stamps, also." As he said this he reached down a bag from the rack over his head, opened it, and handed Tillie a number of already stamped telegraph forms. When the train slowed up at Willenden she said:

"Do get out, George, and find me a time book, for I want to know how

many times this train stops before we reach Liverpool."

Webley had no sooner disappeared than the young lady called the guard to her.

"Where is the next stop, guard?" she asked.

"At Bletchley, miss."

"How long before we reach there?"

"We are timed for Bletchley at 11.14."

She had already written her telegram, all but the instructions where to reach her. It ran:

"Tom Bantry. Coke-upon-Littleton Chambers, Temple. What do you wish to see me for this evening? Answer Bletchley station, on board the Liverpool express. Tilly."

"Can you send this off for me at once?" she asked the guard, slipping it with a sovereign into his hand.

"Certainly, miss," and he moved away when Tilly said:

"I may have an answer to this when we reach Bletchley station. Will you see that I get it quickly?"

"Certainly, certainly, miss."

Just as the train was leaving George Webley sprang into the compartment with the train book in his hand. Tilly opened it and found the number of stops the train made between London and Liverpool. When she reached the station, she said:

"Oh, George, I wish you would get me a cup of tea."

"I don't think there is a refreshment room here," he said dubiously, "but I'll go and see."

"Do, please."

The next moment the guard came up. "Here's your telegram, miss," he said.

She rapidly tore open the envelope and read: "The matter on which I wish to speak to you is impossible to explain in a telegram. When do you return?"

She took another of the telegraph forms and rapidly wrote:

"If you have anything to tell me, now is the time to tell it. I do not know when I shall return to London."

Then turning to the guard, she asked:

"Where do we stop next?"

"At Rugby, miss, 11.59."

She quickly wrote where to telegraph her, as she saw George approaching. She added hurriedly to the guard as she thrust her message into his hand:

"Bring me the answer when we get to Rugby."

George swung himself into the compartment, saying: "Just as I thought not a blessed thing to eat there, but we wait ten minutes at the next stop and I may be able to get you anything you wish. I say," he added, "you're not telegraphing to your friends about this, are you?"

"Oh, not about this," she replied quietly. "I am only sending some necessary telegrams, that is all."

"You know if you are in a hurry," he said, "we can send all the telegrams you want from Queenstown just as well as from here or Liverpool."

"Oh, I know that," answered Tilly, demurely. "I hope I know enough to send messages only where they ought to go, so don't be afraid."

George laughed, for he was a good-natured fellow, and the train sped on towards Liverpool. When it showed up at Rugby station Tilly leaned affectionately over towards the young man and said:

"Now, George, you go over to the refreshment room and eat all you have an appetite for. I don't think I care for anything until we reach Liverpool."

"May I not bring you a cup of tea?" asked George, anxiously.

"Oh, certainly, certainly, if you bring it two minutes before the train is off."

Another man might have thought this request a rather singular one, but George had no brains to spare, else he would not have been on this silly eloping expedition, so he thought nothing of it, but jumped out as soon as the train came to a standstill.

The guard soon came to the compartment with a telegram in his hand. Tilly tore it open and read:

"Utterly impossible to telegraph what I wish to say to you. Tell me where you are staying at Liverpool and I will leave by first train and meet you there."

Tilly, with a snuff of impatience, seized another of the stamped forms and rapidly wrote:

"I may sail to-morrow with some friends for America. There is no chance of your seeing me if you do come; therefore, whatever you have to say to me say it now. It is your last chance. Telegraph me at—"

She looked inquiringly at the guard, who promptly answered: "Next stop Creve. We reach there at 1.35."

She gave the guard a handful of money to pay for the extra wording of this dispatch. That good man was rapidly becoming rich. He sighed as he remembered that the next stop was the last before reaching Liverpool. He wished he was on a train for Scotland with such a passenger on board.

"Here is your tea, my dear," said George, as he came gingerly along with it in his hand. The girl drank it with many expressions of gratitude towards her lover.

"Well, the next stop is Creve, and after that Liverpool," he said as he handed back the empty cup to a newspaper boy to take back to the refreshment room.

"So the guard told me," replied Tilly sweetly.

At Creve the guard came to her with the final telegram. Its wording was terse and to the point. It ran:

"I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Lend me another of those blanks," she said to George.

I haven't another, but you can get one at the telegraph office."

The train was moving off, so she said:

"Never mind, I can send the telegram from Liverpool."

They reached the terminus in an hour. Turning to the guard, Tilly said:

"Would you mind taking my things to the telegraph office for me?" And to George she added: "You wait here until I send for you."

When they reached the telegraph office Tilly turned and said quickly to the guard: "When is the next train back to London?"

"On this line there is not one until 4.50, but you can get one on the Midland at 3."

Tilly took a last telegraph blank and wrote:

"Certainly. Why couldn't you have said so at first and saved me all this telegraphing? I return to London immediately. Call and see me to-morrow."

This being sent off she turned to the man who had been her friend all the way through.

"Now, she said, 'take me to the Midland train.' As the guard hesitated, she added: 'I am going to give you 10 pounds.'

The guard personally conducted her to an empty compartment of the London train. She scribbled a note to Webley on the back of a telegraph form. The note read:

"Dear George—I have concluded not to go to America this trip. Our proposed elopement was a very foolish affair, and I hope you never thought I was in earnest about it. Take my advice and go to America. I am told that the girls over there are much prettier than yours truly, Tillie Markham."

"There," said Tilly, giving the note to the guard with the parting tip, "take that to the young man who is guarding his luggage. Don't tell him where I have gone, nor give him any information. He will offer you much money, of course he has plenty. Take the money and tell him I have gone to the country. Tell him anything you like, only not where I have really gone." All of which went to show that Tilly had no conscience.

The guard touched his cap and departed. After the London train had steamed away from its station the guard handed George the note. He did not get the money he expected.

A look of relief passed over the young fellow's face, and he swore a little. Then he whistled, and said to himself more than to the expectant guard:

"Sensible girl. I was getting a little tired of it myself."

TREE WITH A TEMPER.

It Grows in Arizona Along With Another that Gives a Bright Light like an Electric Lamp.

"There are more queer things to the acre in Arizona than in any other part of this wide land," said Col. Bruce Dion of Honck's Tank, Apache country, "and according to my idea, and I know pretty near what queer things are, the queerest thing is the tree that has a temper worse than a blonde comrade prima donna's, and gets its dander up with just as small provocation. They tell me out there that this tree belongs to the coniferous species. It grows to be something like 25 feet high and then stops. Its leaves are long, slender and pointed, like porcupine quills. When this tree is in good humor these leaves lie close to the branches, and it spreads a pleasant aromatic odor all around.

"But when it is angry every leaf on the tree rises up on end, and the aspect of that particular piece of timber is about as fierce and threatening as anything you would care to look at. The pleasant resinous odor the tree sent forth in its peaceful mood gives way to an odor that will put wings on your feet to place as much distance as you can between the offensive tree and yourself.

"This tree is especially touchy on the subject of dogs, and the coming of a canine anywhere near it will instantly make it furious. Yet a wolf, a grizzly bear, or a mountain lion never ruffles the temper of this tree if those animals do not presume on too great familiarity with it.

"They may lie around it as long as they care to, but if one of them so far forgets itself as to rub or scratch the trunk of the tree, the hot-tempered thing will fly into one of its tantrums instantly, and the way Mr. Bear, Wolf, or Lion will make himself scarce in those parts is a whole circus to see.

"Nothing will work this tree up to concert pitch, though, so quick and effectively as throwing stones at it. Then it will actually rip and tear, and no living thing would think of going within gunshot of it.

"Some folk out at Honck's Tank call this tree the porcupine tree, and some say its right name is skunk tree. I call it the holy terror tree. But no matter what you call it, it is a queer job of nature, and Arizona claims it as her own.

"While this tree is the only real, genuine Grot. Waite sort of a vegetable kingdom crank we've got in Arizona, we point with some more pride to another tree that only Arizona soil has the talent to produce. This one is the electric light tree. This tree is not as abundant as the holy terror tree, and is a dwarf, seldom having the courage to get more than 12 feet high.

"Its foliage is very dense, and at night it gleams like an electric light. The light that shines from this tree is so strong that one may sit 25 feet away and read fine print. The queerest point of this tree is that its light begins to grow dim with the coming of the new moon and steadily loses brilliancy until the moon is full. Then the tree is as dark as a mine.

"When the moon begins to wane the tree's luminosity is gradually renewed, and by the time the moon has disappeared the tree is shining again as brightly as ever.

"Sometimes the light on this queer tree becomes faint even in the dark of the moon. Then we have to do a queer thing to restore it. We drench it with a bucketful or two of water, and instantly the effulgent glow will return in all its brilliancy."

In Norway the perpetual snow line is at 2400 feet; in the Himalayas, 16,700; in the Andes, 18,600.

SERMON ON PULLMAN.

By the Rev. W. H. Cawardine.

Rev. W. H. Cawardine of the Pullman Methodist Church took for his text recently one Sunday evening Luke x, 7, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." The following extract of the sermon is from the Chicago Herald:

After referring to the strike among the workmen as the one question of the hour, Mr. Cawardine said it was his duty as a minister of the gospel to look the situation squarely in the face without equivocation, his conscience not permitting him to keep silent. He wished Rev. Mr. Oggle, who preached the Sunday before, a pleasant journey to "the land where strikes are unknown and the poor always submit to the lords of the soil," and begged him "to think of us occasionally while we eat the half loaf that is better than no bread." Continuing, Mr. Cawardine said:

"My conscience is clear. My conscience has assured me of its hearty sympathy. I dare not take any other position. I cannot keep still and smother my convictions. You need not fear that the company will retaliate upon us as a church for anything I may say. I dare not in the face of public opinion. And, let me add, if the fears of some of you should ever be realized, better a thousand times that our church be disgraced by the company than that we truckle to them, forego the God-given and American right to free speech, smother our convictions, muzzle our mouths, fawn beneath the smiles of any rich man or corporation. Better die for the truth than be surfeited by a lie.

Suffer a word regarding Mr. Pullman himself. I have nothing to say of him that savors of fulsome eulogy or nauseating praise. I will not speak of him as a philanthropist, for I have never seen nor heard of any evidence of this. I will not speak of his services to his age, because I know of none. I will not refer to his services in his country as history is silent thereon."

After referring to Mr. Pullman's admitted ability as a business man, raising himself from a poor boy in a country town to his present position as head of a great manufacturing industry, Mr. Cawardine said:

"In this age of rapidly increasing fortunes, when men become rich in a day by speculation, rearing a fabric of success upon the ruin of others, I am willing to accord him all honor, but when Mr. Pullman as a public man stands before the world and demands of us that we regard him as a benefactor to his race, as a true philanthropist, as one who respects his fellow men, who regards his employees with the love of a father for his children, and would have us classify him with such men as George Peabody, Peter Cooper and George W. Child, I confess, as a minister of the gospel, delivering my message in the shadow of these deserted shops, I fail utterly to see the point. The facts are not in accordance with the assertions made.

"If he is all this, then let me ask him a question or two:

"I am not a financier, but believe I know right from wrong. Why does not Mr. Pullman stand before his directors and demand of them, upon the basis of morality and right, that, instead of declaring a quarterly dividend of 2 per cent. in these terribly depressed times, they be content with 1 1/2 per cent. and place the \$114,000 representing the other one-half per cent. to the credit of the pay roll?"

"Again, why does not Mr. Pullman, when he demands a cut of 33 1/3 per cent. and more in the wages of his employees, which on a careful investigation he would have found would reduce them to severe hardship and many to the verge of starvation—why, I say, did he not also reduce the high rents and water taxes levied upon these same employees?"

"Again, when he reduces the wages of his employees, why does he not reduce his own salary and those of all his higher officials, the local management and town officials, heads of departments, foremen and straw bosses? And when he cuts the price of labor in his great freight car shops from \$14 a car, with one inspector, to \$7 a car and three inspectors, why does he not get along with two fewer inspectors and spread their wages over his already reduced pay roll?"

"Why does Mr. Pullman, in the midst of a hard and vigorous winter, when the hours of work were few and the wages at their lowest ebb; when whole families were in want; when the churches burdened with their heavy rents, were seeking to relieve the poor, and that noble organization, the Woman's union—which were not allowed to call the 'Relief' union for fear of hurting Mr. Pullman's pride—was doing all it could to help the destitute—why was it that our cry for help was unheeded, and no large amount was given by Mr. Pullman or by the company?"

"Why did he permit one of the officials to publish a statement that there was no destitution in Pullman, and that there could not be as long as \$720,000 was deposited in the bank to the credit of the laboring men—a statement which I have reason to believe was in effect false and misleading?"

"Why does he not assist the Young Men's Christian Association just a little? Why does he not give us an emergency hospital, of which we stand so much in need? And last, not least, why, let me ask, does he not, as a man of flesh and blood like ourselves, bring himself into a little closer contact with the public life of our town, cheer his employees with his fatherly presence and allow the calloused hand of labor occasionally to grasp the gentle hand of the man who professes to be so intensely interested in our welfare?"

"Never until George M. Pullman can give a satisfactory answer to these questions will I account him a benefactor to his race, a lover of his kind, a philanthropist or one who has done anything for posterity which will cause mankind, when his dust slumbers beneath the sod, to rise up and call him blessed."

"Thou eternal God, what poison has crept into human nature and the spirit of true democratic simplicity that can cause this man, who himself was once a poor mechanic at the bench, but who is now a pampered millionaire, intrenched behind his gold, to deny these just requests of those whose hands have made him rich, to heed not the tears of wives and children who have been simply existing upon the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table?"

"I am told that the average wages paid by the company are \$1.87 a day. I doubt it much. And it is also claimed that the men are not receiving 'starvation wages.' Many such statements are true, but they are the exceptions and not the rule. I know a man who had, after paying \$14.50 rent for four rooms and 71 cents for water rent, but 76 cents a day left to feed and clothe his wife and children. When we remember that this is an average case, that it is on the basis of full time, then, in the name of all that is just and right, God help that man if his dependents be many or if sickness invade his home. Shame upon the rich corporation that dares to insult the American workman with such a wage as that. No, no; it is wrong—eternally wrong!"

"Man's lot is to labor, and the chimneys of great factories rise like the steeples of churches and call us to the battle of life. But all these temples of labor will be turned into slaughter houses of anarchy and the music of hammer and anvil become discordant with the raging elements of infuriated conflicts if, in the days to come, justice is not meted out to the laborer and capital ceases to be tyrannical."

Mr. Cawardine went exhaustively into the causes of the strike and held the officials of the company to be culpably negligent in permitting only a partial investigation of grievances to be made and in allowing members of the committee from the workmen to be discharged.

"I am with you to the end," he said in closing, "and hope you will get your just demands; and shall always in the future count it as the proudest moment of my life that I could say a word of comfort at this crisis and take my stand beside you in this great and apparently unequal contest."

Where the Money is Found.

Englishmen are the milch cows of the world. They are the great lenders from whom all other nations borrow. For generations they have been rich and saving, until at last their annual accumulations have become greater than the annual openings for legitimate investment. So severe has the pressure become that latterly the money lender has been forcing his money into every kind of undertaking in all parts of the world, creating, by his own eagerness to lend, the corresponding desire to borrow.

It is the weight of uninvested money which stimulates borrowing, not the cupidity of the impecunious. Borrowing has not produced lending, but lending borrowing. Interest has continued to fall because there are more lenders than borrowers. If Englishmen think, then, that any communities have dipped too deep into the English purse, they can easily apply the corrective by a little self-control. They should abstain from further lending. This may seem a heroic remedy, but it is the only remedy.

Water Needles.

So penetrating is water at high pressure that only special qualities of cast iron will be tight against it. In the early days of the hydraulic jack it was no uncommon thing to see water issuing like fine needles through the metal and the water needles would penetrate the unwary figure just as readily as a steel one.

In 1855 extremely cold weather prevailed in the United States. Mercury froze and forest trees were killed by the last frost.

Connections made with Fast Express from Halifax for Points West, and Quebec Express for East and North. Time Table shows what hour trains are expected to arrive and depart from the several stations, but it is not guaranteed nor does the Company hold itself responsible for any delay resulting from failure to make connections advertised.

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onuments and
Grave-Stones.
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MONCTON, N. B.
Work Delivered Free.

ANGUS O'HANLEY,
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Horse Shoeing A Specialty.

MASTERS & SNOW,
Representing the best English, Canadian and American Insurance Companies.
Fire, Life Accident and Plate Glass.
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Salisbury and Harvey
Railway Company.

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

Leave Salisbury.....10.00
Arrive Albert.....12.20
Leave Albert.....15.45
Arrive Salisbury.....18.40

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