

NOVEMBER 10, 1897.

A COMPLICATED CASE.

"George Ferguson, what does this mean?" The voice was that of Mrs. Ferguson—shrill, piercing and ominous.

"What does what mean?" asked George.

"This letter!"

She held it up.

"Laura, have you been—"

"No. I haven't been searching your pockets. You know I haven't. I was moving your coat from this chair and a letter fell out. This is the letter. It is directed to you, and it's in a woman's hand. You haven't told me of any correspondence you are carrying on with—"

"Open it and read it, Laura," interrupted Mr. Ferguson. "If there was any letter in my pocket I didn't know it. Go ahead and read it. Maybe it's a millinery bill."

Scorning to reply to this Mrs. Ferguson opened the letter and ran her eye over it.

"Oh, you didn't know this was in your pocket!" she piped. "You didn't know it! Maybe it's a millinery bill, is it? Listen! 'My dearest George'—so you're somebody else's dearest George, are you!—'My dearest George: When are you coming to see me again? I am very lonely'—she is very lonely, is she? Oh, you two-faced hypocrite!—'If you can't come, George dearest, do write'—he wants you to write if you can't come, does he?—'You can't think, dearest George, how I miss—'"

"What nonsense are you reading, Laura?" demanded George, beginning to be roused.

"Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say I am reading this letter you told me to read, Mr. Ferguson. I am reading this letter I found in your pocket—that dropped out of your pocket. You don't know anything about it, don't you. 'You can't think, dearest George—'"

"Laura, are you fool enough to think that's genuine? 'Don't you know better than to imagine—'"

"I am a fool, am I, Mr. Ferguson? Well, I'll just show you—"

"Let me see the letter."

"Let you see it? What do you want to see it for? Oh, no, Mr. Ferguson! I am going to keep it and show it to my mother!"

"Well, hold it so I can look at it. I promise you solemnly I will not attempt to take it away from you."

"I'll see that you don't. Here it is. Now look at it. Stay right where you are, George Ferguson! Don't you come a step nearer!"

"How can I see it ten feet away? Lay it down and then come and tie my hands behind me, if you're afraid I'll—"

"Oh yes! Lay it down and you'll grab it! I see through you! What's the use of pretending you never saw this before?"

"There doesn't seem to be any use in it—that's a fact. Nevertheless, I assure you, Laura, on my honor as a man—"

"On your honor! H'mph!"

"Yes, on my honor—h'mph!" I have not seen that letter before, I never put it in my pocket, I didn't know it was there, I am not anybody else's dearest George and that letter is a clumsy fake got up by somebody who wants to have a little fun with me—"

"I wish I could believe it! Oh, George! George!"

(Sobs.)

"Boys," said George Ferguson the next day when he went into the office where he was employed down town, "that was a good joke some one of you played on me when you put that letter in my pocket yesterday, but it threatened to break up a happy family, and I ask as a favor that the chap who did it will just write a letter to my wife and tell her that it was a bit of fun and that I am not to blame in the slightest degree."

I don't want to know who it was. All I ask is that the thing shall be straightened out."

It was late in the afternoon. There came a ring at the door bell pertaining to the Ferguson dwelling, and a messenger delivered a letter addressed to Mrs. George Ferguson.

She opened it and read:

"Dear Mrs. Ferguson: In a spirit of mischief I slipped a letter in your husband's coat pocket yesterday which I fear may have fallen into your hands, and in order to atone for any misunderstanding it may possibly have caused, I wish to say that I wrote it myself, and that it is purely imaginary. With great respect, I subscribe myself yours truly."

This was signed "Marcellus Hankinson."

Hardly had she finished reading this when another messenger came and left another letter. It read thus:

"My Dear Mrs. Ferguson: I have a little confession to make. Yesterday, in a thoughtless moment, I wrote a letter purporting to come from some woman and dropped it into your husband's pocket. For fear you may have seen it I take occasion to assume the responsibility for the clumsy joke and to apologize for it. With great respect, yours sincerely."

The signature was "Oliver Peduncle."

Then there came another letter—also by special message. It was as follows:

"My Dear Madam: Pardon me for addressing you, but I wish to plead guilty to

the perpetration of a foolish joke on your husband yesterday. I wrote a love letter (signed 'Dollie,' if I remember rightly) and slipped it into Mr. Ferguson's coat pocket. Fearing it may have met your eye, I write this to exonerate your husband and to take upon myself the entire blame for the silly performance. Respectfully yours."

It was signed: "A. Spoonamore."

The bewildered woman had hardly perused this note and laid it on the parlor table with the others when a fourth came. It was to this effect:

"Permit me, my dear Mrs. Ferguson, to atone for an act of thoughtlessness committed yesterday. Yielding to a hasty impulse I wrote a letter to your husband purporting to come from some feminine admirer. This I placed in one of the pockets of his coat, unknown to him. As it may possibly have fallen into your hands I take the liberty of assuring you that I alone am to blame for the stupid joke and to express my hearty contrition."

The signature to this was "Wesley Higgin-top."

About two hours later Mr. Ferguson came home. He was whistling, with apparent unconsciousness of any domestic trouble, past, present or to come.

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson, in a high-pitched voice, as she met him at the door, "where are those other letters?"—Chicago Tribune.

A GOD-SENT BLESSING.

Mr. F. B. Wood, of Easton, Pa., was a great sufferer from organic heart disease. He never expected to be well again, but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was his good angel, and he lives today to tell it to others, hear him: "I was for fifteen years a great sufferer from heart disease, had smothering spells, palpitation, pain in the left side and swelled ankles. Twenty physicians treated me, but I got no relief. I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose relieved me inside of 30 minutes. Several bottles cured me."

Sold by Garden Bros.

FEWER DEATHS THAN USUAL.

But Large Increase in Births and Divorces in Maine.

AUGUSTA Me., Nov. 1. 1897. From the fourth annual report of Dr. A. G. Young, secretary of the state board of health and registrar of vital statistics, it appears that there has been a large increase in births and divorces in the state; that the death rate is smaller than usual, and that tuberculosis is one of the most fatal diseases.

The report is for 1895. In the first registration, in 1892, an exceptionally high death rate was due to the prevalence of influenza, but since then has steadily diminished. The number of deaths in 1892 was 21,147; in 1895, 10,464.

The marriage rate has varied but little in four years. The number of divorces decreed in 1895 was 681, which in proportion to the number of marriages in the same year, is larger than that of any other New England state. The natural increase of births over deaths in 1892 was 4298. Of the cities, Saco has the largest birth rate, 147.7 per thousand of population, and Belfast the lowest, 21.1.

The marriage rate was highest in Aroostook county and lowest in Shagadahoc; 20 brides were under 15 years of age when married; 38 men and eight women over 80; 925 widowers and 625 widows were married; 186 men and 199 women were married after divorce.

Cumberland county had the highest death rate and Piscataquis the lowest. There are 1397 deaths recorded from tuberculosis. Among the persons whose decease occurred in 1895, four had reached or exceeded the age of 100—Jean Nealley dying in Portland at the age of 102, Jonathan S. Ellis in Farmington, aged 101, Samuel Higging in Gorham at 100 and Rachel Rice in Waterford, aged 100.

Six deaths occurred from homicide and 66 persons took their own lives. There were 12 suicides in September, nine in October and eight in December. From accidents of various kinds 341 persons met their death, 18 of these being from gun or pistol shot.

A Mother's Story—Her Little Girl Cured of Croup.

Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing Cough and Croup. My little girl has been subject to the Croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine, which I cannot speak too highly of.

Mrs. F. W. BOND.

20 Macdonald Street, Barrie, Ont.

The Numbers Were Wrong.

The fault was not in the able conductor of the correspondent's column, but the compositor numbered the answers wrongly, and this is the way he lost the paper a valuable subscriber:

Question—1. Please give me some hints about how to keep cool in hot weather. 2. How can I make an old shirt fit that is too large in the waist?

Answer—1. Run around with a narrow strip of tape gathered at the waist in some dark shade without ripping out or cutting up. 2.—Drink plenty of ice water.

"Yes, sir," said the man in cell 711, "time was when I was admitted to the very best houses." "And what brought you here?" "They caught me coming out."

THE COOL

And chilly airs of autumn are striking us, and you will be wanting a new fall dress soon. We have just received a large consignment of **Ladies' Heavy Dress Goods in Plain and Mixed Wool.** These are the Very Newest things on the market, and the prices are away down. **Fancy Braids, Boloras, and Expusite Trimmings of all kinds, Including Flouncing Silks.**

TO ARRIVE:

Several cases of **Ladies' Jackets in the Newest Shades and Patterns.** These goods are made in Germany and are such as are sure to meet with the approval of every woman who likes beautiful things to wear.

These new goods will positively be sold only to cover cost.

G. W. VANWART, KING ST.

WOODSTOCK.

FOR THE LADIES.

We make to order all kinds of Ladies' Coats, Capes, Ulsters, Mackintoshes and Outside Wraps, in the Latest Styles, and Perfect Fit guaranteed.

We make to order Ladies' Gaiters of all kinds to match costume. Ladies can furnish own cloth if they wish. Give us a call and get prices.

Hanson & Grady

Merchant Tailors,

BOULTON, MAINE.

Up on The Klondike River.

Way up on de Klondike ribber, Hungry, I sigh, Dar's whar ma t'oughts am turnin' eber, Back to de home-made pie.

All aroun' de ice am clingin', Ebery whar I see, Wish I could heah de locus singin', Home in de tallow tree.

One poor little golden nugget— One lump I found; One piece ob de precious metal, Diggin' in de cold, cold ground.

All up an' down de great big ribber, Lonesome I roam, Waitin' to heah de steamboat whistle, Hopin' to git back home.

All aroun' de ice am clingin', Eberywhar I see, Wish I could heah de jaybird singin' Home in de red plum tree.

—Times-Democrat.

She Wanted Chocolate.

She had never been to a dinner party before and so was a bit nervous. When the ices came small cakes were passed with them. Most of the cakes were covered with pink icing, but on the further side of the dish was one coated with chocolate, "I will take this," she exclaimed, and attempted to pick up the cake. To her surprise it seemed glued to the platter. At the same time attention from all quarters was centred on her by the remark of the table waiter, "Beg pardon, miss; but that's mine." The supposed chocolate cake was his thumb!—Boston Home Journal.

Often the Case.

The story is told of a certain popular minister, with the happy faculty of giving and taking a joke, who asked his church one summer to grant him a longer vacation than usual, stating various reasons, and finally ending with the apologetic one seriously mentioned, "Moreover, I really need a prolonged rest." A dignified elder, who hid a vein of humor beneath an austere expression, quickly responded, "That is true, doctor; and, let me tell you, we need the rest as much as you do."—New York Observer.

I Wonder Why

Such crowds of people patronize Porter & Gibson's Tailoring Establishment—?

Because

They want good-fitting clothes.
They want clothes made in the latest style.
They want to select from the largest stock of English and Canadian Goods.
They want the best value for their money.
They want moderate prices.
They want to be sure of receiving gentlemanly attendance.
They want the privilege of knowing what they want themselves—and other reasons.

PORTER & GIBSON, Merchant Tailors,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, QUEEN STREET.

BETTER THAN A BANK

After July 1st, '97, the Government Saving Banks of the Dominion will reduce the rate of Interest on deposits to 3 per c.—You can get an Endowment Policy in the

Confederation Life Association,

which will net you more than 3 per c. besides carrying Life Insurance with it and the non-forfeiture provisions of the Policy admit of paid-up and extended Insurance after two years and a Cash Value or a loan after 5 years.

D. F. MERRITT, Agent.

G. W. PARKER, Gen. Agent

G. A. TAYLOR, Merchants' Bank, Special Agent.

A Nice Man.

The story is told of an old peasant woman in Buckinghamshire, Eng., who, in praising her favorite curate to the rector, exclaimed, "Ah, sir, Mr. Drone is quite an angel in sheep's clothing."—Exchange.

Mother: "Now, never let me catch you at the jam again." Willie: "I—I—tried not to let you catch me this time."

Susie: "Wouldn't you like to be as happy as the larks?" Johnnie: "Naw, Think of the time they have to get up."

"One of your wife's lungs is gone, my dear sir." "That doesn't do me any good, doctor. The one she has left is a star."

Cadger: "Will you give me a few coppers for a bed, sir?" Isaac Moses: "Certainly, mine friend. Vere is der bed?"

The Culmination—"A swell bonnet goes far to make good any deficiencies in the rest of the costume." "That is, all's swell that ends swell."

"Papa, I wish you'd whip me." "Whip you, my son! Why should I whip you?" "Because, when you whip me, mamma gives me pears."

"I hear you were mixed up in a rather shady transaction last week." "I cannot tell a lie. I was. I bought a couple of blinds for the kitchen window."

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She: "And did your friend take the doctor's advice?" He: "Certainly." "And did he pay for it?" "Well, I should rather say he did! He's dead!"

She: "If you were to find that I had lost all my fortune—every penny of it—would you hesitate to carry out our engagement?" He: "I would hesitate at nothing."

She: "What charming teeth Mrs. Highsea has!" He: "You flatter me, madam." She: "Oh, pardon—you are her husband?" He: "Oh, no; only her dentist."

Patkins: "I hear you spent Sunday at Watkins." Patkins: "Yes." "Has he any children?" "He says so, but it's my private opinion it's a menagerie he's got."