

Literature.

A GOLDEN TRESS.

(Concluded.)

"Yes, I bought it from Crew, in High Street. Some girl had sold him her hair—the most glorious stuff you can imagine!—and I took a fancy to have a lock of it, which he sold me. So you see it is no love token."

"I believe I was redder in the face than he had been, for I could declare that it is your hair! but he did not notice my flushing; he was gazing on the hair with quite a look of affection."

"Fancy selling it!" he said, dreamily. "What a sacrifice it was! and why did she do it? I hope not to buy mere finery."

"Oh, no!" said I. "More likely to help some friends in need, like a dear, generous girl!"

"Ah! that it was, I feel sure! What angels women are!"

"Some," said I, emphatically. "Some are, and some are the reverse."

"Now, Rose, what do you think of my story? Fancy the skipper giving a guinea for a few hairs of your dear little head! Are you not conceited, you golden-haired lassie? I could have told him that the heart was far more golden than the hair!"

Rose was greatly amused at this anecdote, and blushed all unseen at the sailor's extravagant admiration of her tresses. Her mother and father were equally amused when they read the letter.

CHAPTER. II.

Three years went on their speedy way. Miss Vane, the Admiral's heiress, was still Miss Vane, though her first youth—for she was eight years Rose's senior—was fading; and a fretful temper had left some traces round the delicate mouth and on the snowy brow.

Rose, just twenty, was far prettier than she had been; health, and a joyous sweet temper, gave an inexpressible charm to the girl's countenance better than her beauty.

Capt. Fitz-Hugh's ship was ordered home, and the family at the vicarage were in glad excitement at the idea of seeing their beloved Trevor once more.

No joy could perhaps be greater than that with which they welcomed the bronzed frank young fellow, when at last he stood amongst them. After more general greetings were over he managed to get Rose to himself, and said:

"I have kept my word, Rosebud; I have neither played cards, nor have I a single debt. You see what you bought with your golden tresses—and, by jove! how they have grown again!"

Rose kissed him with eyes full of glad tears.

"Dear," she said, "I would have given my head itself for such a result."

"I believe you would, my darling! You are a regular brick, Rose! Oh, and what do you think? The skipper came down here in the train with me. He is going to stay for a few weeks at the Abbey. You should have seen how Lettice set her cap at him when he dined at the Admiral's, but I don't believe he cares for her."

"We have not seen Lettice for more than a year. Is she still as lovely as ever?" asked Rose.

"Well, no; not quite." She has a fretful, worried look. Of the two I prefer you, little sunshine, as a beauty now."

"Nonsense, Trevor! How can you talk such nonsense? As if I could be compared with Lettice!" exclaimed Rose.

Was it because Miss Vane knew that Captain Fitz-Hugh was their near neighbor for the time being, that she wrote and invited herself to visit her parents at that very time? We believe it was; Trevor declared that he was certain of it, and jested about "her intentions" to Rose, who, however, would never listen to anything ill-natured about her sister.

It was the day after Miss Vane's arrival. The sisters were walking in the vicarage garden under some lime trees which formed an embowered path near a small coppice which belonged to the glebe, when they saw Trevor approaching, accompanied by a tall, stately man, with a rather nautical air about him.

"Here is Captain Fitz-Hugh!" exclaimed Lettice. "You see that he has come over directly he knew that I was here."

She had been confiding to Rose the idea her aunt had, that Captain Fitz-Hugh meant to propose to her.

Harry was rather glad to see her, and advanced with the frank courtesy of his profession to greet her; then, as she turned and said, "Captain Fitz-Hugh—my sister Rose," he started; for there stood a young girl, with cheeks like roses—afame, in fact, from the memory of the lock of hair she knew he kept—and hair glistening in the sunshine as that had which had caught his eye in Crew's hair cutting room.

He recovered himself, however, instantly, bowed, and then, as the path was narrow, Miss Vane and he walked on together, and Rose and Trevor followed, Trevor whispering to his sister:

"He noticed the hair! I am certain he did."

Rose, somewhat confused, at once put on her hat, which had been dangling by its strings from her arm.

Captain Fitz-Hugh stayed to luncheon, and won the hearts of the whole vicarage family by his pleasant chat and brilliant

smiles.

From that day he paid frequent visits to them, which Lettice ascribed wholly to herself, and, in fact, contrived so cleverly to appropriate him, that he had scarcely a chance of speaking to Rose—hindrance which, by the way, greatly intensified his desire to know more of the girl the hue of whose hair had so taken his fancy. He had often listened to her when Lettice was talking to him—watching her when Lettice was by his side, apparently engrossing him; and all he saw of the bright girl he thought charming. Her tenderness to her mother; her patience and loving cheerfulness with the children; the readiness with which she entered into her father's plans and conversation did not escape him.

But Rose was all unconscious of his observation. She believed now that he was really her sister's lover, and she would not for worlds have interfered with Lettice's prospects; she was too loyal. But during those bright summer evenings, listening to Harry's delightful tenor voice when he sang, or to his interesting conversation, she had gradually grown to care greatly for him, to be happy in his mere presence, to find the days long and dreary when he did not come.

At length, however, his visit terminated, and he left the Abbey without having proposed to Lettice, to her great indignation and her parents' surprise. The fact was, that even if Rose had not unconsciously rivalled her, Harry had been brought too near the beauty, and had been able to judge her more truly than by meeting her only at balls or garden-parties. She had no conversation except that of society. He discovered that she had read nothing but novels, that her playing the piano, though brilliant was only mechanical; in short that beautiful Lettice was dull, and made him feel disposed to yawn; while sunny Rose, all life and animation, could not talk to her father, to Trevor, or to clever little Geraldine without showing that she was acquainted with more than English literature. How he had smiled at some bright repartee of her when Lettice had been posing of the people they had known at Portsmouth.

Miss Vane soon cut her visit to the vicarage short, and returned to her adopted parents; and there came a great blank for Rose, which she could not deceive herself into thinking was caused by the absence of Lettice. She missed the voice and smile which had grown dear to her, the genial presence of him who she believed to be her sister's lover; and Rose, full of self-reproach and maidenly shame at having given her love unsought, lost her old gaiety and brightness, to the annoyance and amazement of the children, every one of whom wondered why Rose should miss Lettice so much—Lettice, who had never shown her the slightest affection. The mother alone divined her secret, and felt deeply for the poor girl.

It was a great relief to Mrs. Vane to receive a short time afterwards a cross, sharp letter from Lettice on the subject of Captain Fitz-Hugh.

"He had behaved shamefully!" she wrote. "Never came near them! And the Admiral told her that it was said he meant to go out on the next Arctic expedition! But," Lettice added, "she did not care; the Admiral's former flag-lieutenant had been made a commander of course now, and she knew very well that he had been only kept from proposing by Captain Fitz-Hugh's attentions to her."

Her mother breathed a sigh of relief; Lettice at least would not suffer from disappointed affection; and Rose would be saved the pain of meeting Fitz-Hugh as her sister's husband.

Meantime summer had passed into autumn; the woods were full of ripe nuts, and the vicarage children eagerly organized a nutting party to the coppices and lanes which surrounded Beecham Abbey, the residence of Captain Fitz-Hugh's friends.

Rose entered rather languidly into their plans; but once out in the woods, her spirits rose in the fresh, sweet air of October, and she felt the consolation which nature always bestows on us. By-and-by she was one of the busiest of the merry party, which was composed entirely of children, except a Mr. Belmont, herself, and Geraldine, now eighteen, for Geraldine had already a lover, who had been eager to join the young ones for her sake.

The young voices rang gleefully through the wood as the nut-gatherers dispersed in pairs or groups, and it chanced that Rose was alone when she saw a quantity of magnificent filberts hanging above a hedgerow which stood on a bank, having a ditch beneath it, which had preserved them from the clutches of the juvenile members of the party. Rose determined to have them. She carried a crook stick as all the others did, and a few large stones which she perceived a little way down the ditch offered her steps across the green, slimy water. By their aid she crossed to the bank, crept carefully along it, and reached the desired spot.

Then drawing down the nut-tree's branches with her crook, she gathered the beautiful fruit and put it into the basket which hung, already well filled, at her waist.

When all the filberts were gathered she prepared to descend from her elevation and return to the stepping-stones, but on moving she found that she was a prisoner! In her eagerness her hat had fallen off, and her hair had come down and be-

come entangled in a thorn. The more she strove to disentangle it, the more it became bound amidst the thorns and tiny boughs.

It was an absurd situation, and Rose could not help laughing, though she was vexed, for how would the children be able to get to her? Even young Belmont might find it troublesome to rescue her. She pulled impatiently at her hair; in vain. Then reluctantly she called for help. She had repeated her cry three times before aid came.

Then suddenly, a fleet, firm footstep was heard running to the spot, and Captain Fitz-Hugh stood on the other side of the ditch.

Rose flushed with surprise and pleasure as she saw him.

"Miss Vane!" he cried, "what is it?"

"I am caught and held like Absalom by the hair of my head!" she answered, nervously; "I cannot get free from this spiteful thorn!"

"I will release you," said Harry, and he sprang across the ditch to the bank.

It took him, however, some minutes to disentangle the golden skein from the thorn; and as the sunlight shone on it, he was more than ever struck by the resemblance it bore to his treasured lock, and could not resist caressing it with his hand when at last it lay free between his fingers.

"No wonder," he said, almost involuntarily, "that the thorns strove to keep such exquisite locks when they once touched it."

Trembling and blushing, Rose stammered out her thanks.

"And now," he said, "let me help you down, and lift you across the ditch."

"There are stepping-stones a little way down," said Rose, as she put her hand in his.

He led her carefully along the bank and across the stones, but did not then let go her hand; on the contrary, when she tried to withdraw it he held it fast.

"Miss Vane," he said, hurriedly, "I must speak out now, and you must forgive a plain seaman if he has no fine phrases to clothe his feelings in. I love you dear—tenderly, truly! Rose, will you be my wife?"

She started, trembled, and looked up at him in pretty doubt and surprise.

"Love me!" she gasped; "love me! Oh, it can't be true!"

"Indeed it is—true as Heaven!" he declared. "Why do you doubt it?"

"Because we," stammered Rose—"because I thought—we thought that Lettice—"

She paused.

He ground his heel impatiently into the ground.

"I might have expected it!" he said, with irritation. "I know it seemed so. But it was scarcely my fault—and yet it was. I was a weak idiot! for, Rose, I loved you all the time—you, and you only! Oh, can you not believe me! Will you not try to love me, dear?"

"I need not try," she said, with deep blushes.

"Then you will be my darling little wife!" he repeated, eagerly.

He read her answer in her eyes.

The Vicar and Mrs. Vane, though surprised, were not displeased at finding that Rose was Harry's real attraction. They consented to give him their daughter.

"Though," said the father with emotion, "you will take from us the sunshine of our lives."

* * * * *

It was the eve of the wedding. Harry and Rose were seated on the lawn (for it was still warm weather), talking very seriously and happily of the life opening before them.

"Do you know, Rose," said her lover, "I think fate must have intended you always for me; for I fell in love with the color of your hair before I ever saw either it or you!"

"Not before you had ever seen it, surely?" she said, demurely.

The sly little thing knew all about the lock in his pocket-book.

"But I did. I had resolved to seek by every means in my power, the girl who hoisted such colors, when I met you—and was satisfied! But now it is time for me to throw away the other girl's hair. Look, dear," and he opened his pocket-book and took out the lock; "is it not exactly like your own?"

Rose took it, laughing and blushing, yet there were tears in her voice as she said:

"Harry it is mine. I had it cut off at Portsmouth, and sold it to Mr. Crew. You may well stare, dear! But I don't mind telling you now, for you know how good Trevor is. Well, he had got sadly in debt just then, and poor boy! was miserable about it. He could not ask papa for any more than he had given him, for he knew the poor father could not spare it; he was afraid to tell the Admiral of his difficulties, because he is so severe. So there was no one to help him but me, you see. Now, I had been told that my hair was worth a great deal of money, and I knew how the German girls sell their heads of hair; so I tried their plan and succeeded. Trevor went away free of debt, and in return for my chevelure promised never to get in debt again and has kept his word."

Harry caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"My dear, good little woman," he cried, "no wonder I loved you from the time my eyes rested on that lovely gold. Rose, I will never part with this lock. It

will always remind me that I have married a generous, noble girl."

Lettice was excessively angry when she heard of her sister's engagement, but consoled herself with her new lover, who did propose—attracted, it is to be feared, by les beaux yeux de sa cassette; but she came to the double wedding of Rose and Geraldine, and showed the only ill-tempered face there present.

The marriages have both proved happy ones—Rose's superlatively so. She wears on her finger, as guard for the precious wedding ring, another gift of Harry's, a ring, with a motto running round it made in small brilliants; it runs thus—"Beauty draws us with a single hair."—L. V.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hampstead, N. B.

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease

IMPEACHMENT OF KING ALCOHOL.

I impeach King Alcohol because he destroys health.

I impeach him because he disfigures the body.

I impeach him because he ruins the nervous system.

I impeach him because he dethrones reason, and is the fruitful cause of idiocy and insanity.

I impeach him because he blunts the finer feelings and sensibilities of the soul.

I impeach him because he assails every principle of manhood.

I impeach him because he would depopulate heaven and people hell.

I impeach him because William E. Gladstone, ex-Premier of England, says he costs England year after year more than war, pestilence and famine combined.

I impeach him because he squanders paint. He paints houses too little and noses too much.

I impeach him because he murdered Alexander the Great, Stephen A. Douglas and Richard Yates.

I impeach all brewers, distillers, saloonists and druggists who are the mercenary abettors of his Majesty King Alcohol.

I impeach those who vote for license, support whiskey men, sign drug store petitions, oppose Prohibition, or remain silent on this question. These all are the supporters of King Alcohol. These are the participes criminis.

What is the remedy?

Total abstinence for the individual, Prohibition for the Dominion.

Vote for Prohibition.

HOW NEIL DOW STARTED IN.

Rev. G. C. Lorimer, D. D.

Come with me into that quiet home in Portland and you will find a young man and his wife sitting together talking or reading. There comes to their door out of the night the form of a haggard and distressed woman. She asks to see the family, and of course is admitted. "Oh," she says, "the shame of it. But I must tell you. My husband will lose his position. He is drinking and he has been threatened, and if he is not at his office in the morning he will be turned from his employment and my children and myself will be left without protection. Can you not go and discover where he is and bring him home?" Dow looked into that woman's face. He had never crossed the threshold of a saloon. He pulled his hat down over his ears and out he went. He knew about where the man was, and he went to the saloon, went up to the man at the bar and said: "Is Mr. So-and-so here?" "Oh, yes, he has been here." "Has he been drinking?" "Yes." "Where is he?" "He is gone." There was a door ajar and he pushed it aside, and saw the man lying on a lounge drunk. He turned to the bartender and said, "I want to save that man. If he drinks any more he will lose his situation in the morning." "I am not responsible for that." "Do you mean to say you will give that man any more liquor?" "All he wants and can pay for." "In that condition, when you know it will lose him his position, and leave his wife and children unprotected and helpless?" "Yes, that is his lookout, not mine; and as long as he has a penny to pay for whiskey, I will give it to him." That is the liquor traffic through and through. Remember that, young man, when you come to the polls. "What have I to do with his wife and children? I am not interested in them. As long as he has a nickle to pay I will give him liquor." "You will, will you? Very well. And we will see how long the people of Maine will permit you to sell liquor in this Commonwealth." And out he went, and that was the beginning of the prohibition movement. A woman's tears and helpless children led to the first movement in this great cause. Do you understand it now? That was the beginning. And in two or three years after that there was an empty saloon, and a bar-keeper out of employment. The people of Maine had decided as to what they would do with such people as that.

"I see," said the placid man, "that Tesla has produced a light that is practically heatless."

"What this country wants," said the nervous man, "is a light that will be bugless."

THE QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE,

The Queens County Gazette will be issued from the office of Jas. A. Stewart,

Main Street, Gagetown, N. B.

EVERY

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

In time for Despatch by the earliest mails of the day

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Publisher,

Gagetown, N. B.