PROGRESS SATTERDAY, SEPTEMBER S.

Strange tapestry by nature spun On viewless looms, aloof from sun, And spread through lonely nooks and grots Where shadows reign, and leafy rest-Oh, moss, of all your dwelling spots, In which one are you loveliest?

Is it when near grim roots that coil Their snaky black through humid soil? Or when you wrap in woodland glooms, The great prone pine trunks rotted red? Or when you dim, on sombre tombs, The "requiescats" of the dead?

Or is it when your lot is cast In some quaint garden of the past On some gray, crumbled, basin's brim, With conches mildewed tritons blow While yonder, through the poplars prim Looms up the turreted chateau?

Nay, loveliest are you when time weaves Your emerald films on low, dark leaves, Above where pink porch roses peer, And woodbines break in fragrant foam, And children laugh-and you can hear The beatings of the heart of home. -Edgar Fawcett.

A SHOCKING EXPERIENCE

John Warner sat by his telegraphic table, a trifle pale perhaps, but seemingly cool and in no way disturbed by the extraordinary situation. The stranger, who wore a wide-brimmed hat and was dressed in the rough costume of a frontiersman, leaned over the counter, his right elbow resting on it, which enabled him to hold the heavy six-shooter without a tremble. The six-shooter "covered" Warner. The following was the conversation that ensued: "What time does the night express

"She's due in about half an hour, but

she is over an hour la'e." "An hour late, eh?"

"Yes, besides she doesn't stop here. You'll have to go to Bloomville if you want to take the express."

"But if you telegraphed to Bloomville for her to stop here she'd stop, wouldn't "No, she wouldn't."

"Hasn't she ever stopped here?"
"Once or twice.!"

"What made her?"

"Orders from the train despatcher."
"Where does he live?"

"Center City."
"Well, then, the messages from Center City to Bloomville must pass through this office, mustn't they?"

"Of course." "All right. Then you could send a message from here that the Bloomville folks wouldn't know but what it come from Center City, couldn't you?"
"I could, but I wouldn't."

"Oh, wouldn't you? Not if I asked you? Well, young man, I'll be plain with you. If you don't send just what I tell you to, I'll send a couple of bullets through you. We've torn up the track just round the bend, so the train 'll stop auyhow, and there will be an eternal smash. Now we don't want to bother anybody. We just want a certain package that's in the express car. We know it's on this train. We expect to have to kill the expressmen, for there will likely be an extra man to guard that package. It's valuable, it is. If you don't stop that train you will perhaps kill fifty people and get shot yourself. If you do, the folks in the sleeping-car will never know anything's out of the way, and we will have the cash without any bother. Savey ?"

"I understand. Let me think a mo-"Well, hurry up. There's no time to

"Is the track torn up now or are you go-ing to do it if I don't stop the train?" "The track's torn up now."

"All right. I'll stop the express."
"Now, look here, young fellow. I want you to understand this. If you try any fooling you won't catch us and you'll get shot yourself. Nobody can come here, for my friends are round this shanty and won't let anybody near here."

Or in the daytime, either, for that mat-

"All right. I want you to clearly un-derstand just the fix you're in. We all have fast horses, and even if you brought a regiment on that train they couldn't catch us, and you would have a few bullets in you before I got on my horse."
"I understand." "All right again. Then go ahead."

The operator put his hand on the key, but sat there thinking, and did not press it. "Now, see here; you hurry up there. I don't want any monkey business.'

"Will you oblige me by keeping your cussed mouth shut? I'll start when I get cussed mouth shut? I'll start when I get ready, and don't you forget it. I'm run- familiar with the details, a North Carolinian ning this machine, and don't you torget | that has known Shelton for years. that. If you don't like it, shoot and be

"That's the way to talk," cried the desperado with admiration. "That's business. Darned if ever I heard a man talk like that with a gun pulled on him. You go right ahead, and if you do this thing square we'll whack on the swag. It's rather tiresome standing here, so I'll just take this chair inside. I won't interfere."

yourself at home."

"Klic-a-lick, klic-a-lick, klic-do farmers. a-lick," went the instrument rapidly.

moment before. "It seems to be all the stood in the door and watched. Suddenly "It is. I am calling the office at Bloom-

ville."

"Klic-a-lick, klic-a-lick-chuck." "There, I've got 'em. Now, don't interrupt me. I'll tell you what is said when I'm through."

The outlaw leaned forward with a puzzled expression, and doubtless wished he knew as much about telegraphing as he did about shooting.

"Is Stevens there?" asked the instrument at Bloomville. "Tell him Warner

There was a pause, and then the instrument at the lonely way station answered. Warner rapidly rattled out the following | Three weeks later she came back to town

villain, who has a pistol pointed at me while I work. I expect it is the Zama county gang that is round the place. They are going to rob the express. I'm sup-posed to be telegraphing orders for it to stop here. Now, can't you make up a special there, and get the sheriff and a strong posse to come down and gather in

the gang?"
"I'll do it. There's a freight engine here now, and I'll put the boys in some box cars."

"No, don't do that. Make up a train of passengers. Put a Pullman on behnd if you have it, and make it look as like an express train as you can. Then send her down on the time of the express, and hold No. 9 there till they get back."
"Good idea. Now what are you going

to do? They'll shoot you." "Can you make a connection with the town arc light and get them to put their full current on? I'll connect it in some way with the fellow here and he'll never know what struck him."

"We haven't time for that. We would have to go down to the dynamo office and get them to turn off all the city lights and then make connections. It would take too long and it would burn out every switchboard on the circuit. But I can give you all the cell currents we have here and that will paralyze any rough from Zama and perhaps kill him. Anyhow, you could get his gun before he recovered. When you're ready just call the office. Ground your current and I'll send it along on the big

"Seems to take a lot of telegraphing to stop a train," said the desperado uneasily. "It does. You see the train is behind time, and they don't want to stop her. I told them there was a special that would pass her here. They want to know all the particulars. Now I'll have to move about a bit. I must cut off the wire to Center City. If I don't, they may telegraph to the dispatcher's office about that special and then it would be all up with us."

"That's right; go ahead."

"Well, don't let that revolver go off."

"No, it's God's own mark, and God only can take it away. Everywhere I go now

The telegrapher went to a drawer and took out a piece of wire, and to one end attached a pair of scissors. The other end he connected with the big wire from I suppose, until I die. It is Cain's mark." Bioomville. He fussed around the switchboard, and then took a pail of water and said: "Look out for your feet. I must damp down the floor, so that there will be no dust to interfere with the instruments."

"said the man; "I'd hate to try it inside, though." Having wet the floor, the operator sat down to his table again. "Klic-a-lick"

went the instrument. Next instant there was a blinding flash of greenish light in the room. The man started to his feet. "Thunder," he cried, "what's that?"

"You struck it the first time. Thunder "I'm afraid it will interfere with us. But I can fix it. Hand me that screw-driver,

The screwdriver was handed, but all the time the pistol covsred him. The visitor was not a man to be taken off his guard. Warner worked with the screwdriver a mo-

scissors. Hurry up." The outlaw reached for the scissors and the next instant with a yell he sprang toward the ceiling and fell in a heap on the

ment and then said sharply: "Gimme them

"Throw up your hands, you villain," cried Warner, pointing his own pistol at

The whole gang were induced to return to Bloomville with the sheriff shortly after. -Detroit Free Press.

IT IS CAIN'S MARK.

He Avers that His Brother's Ghost Pulled His Hair Out, Hair by Hair.

A few days ago Terry Shelton was brought from North Carolina to Georgia upon a warrant sworn out in Fannin county. As he boarded the car, having "Nobody comes here, anyhow, at night. | come several miles through the country, the idlers at the country station stared hard at the strange man and wondered who he was. The passengers looked once, and looked again, and wondered who he was. At every station as new passengers came in, they would stop, and stare and wonder.
"Who is that man?"

"What's the matter with him?" "Did you ever see the like?"

It was that way everywhere. The babies even seemed to understand that something was wrong and they stared too.

Not once during the ride did the strange man leave his seat-never once lifted his The operator turned so sharply round on him that the other instinctively raised his revolver a little.

"Will you oblige me by keeping your 'Will you oblige me by keeping your jean trousers, and there he sat.

Terry and Tom Shelton, said he yesterhanged to you, and then do your own tele- day, were brothers. Their father was an educated man and a wealthy one, but he died in the war and the boys have been brought up by their mother.

She was a horrible woman—a tigress. The property of the old man was squandered and lost, and the boys grew up vicious and uneducated. Tom was the elder. They both married, and lived on adjoining farms in Cherokee county. Their mother

"All right," said the operator, "make lived first with one and then with the other. The boys were hard workers and shrewd Then he turned to the table and began legraphing.

The boys were hard workers and shirt of their dissolute in a trade, so in spite of their dissolute habits they might be considered as well-to-do farmers.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship.

And he was a lubber brave:

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship.

And he was a lubber brave:

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship.

And he was a lubber brave:

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship.

And he was a lubber brave:

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship.

And he was a lubber brave:

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship.

And my life I'd orter save."

One day in '79 Tom went over to Terry's "What's that?" said the desperado, for- house, and while he was there they began getting his vow of non-interference of a quarrelling. The mother of the two boys both sprang to their feet, Tom with a knife

and Terry with a pistol, and an instant later Terry had fired. The ball went through Tom's forehead, killing him in-Terry told this to the jailer.

"I had an empty barrel in that cylinder, and thought that would be the next one to be struck. I intended to snap that at Tom to stop him, and then if he came further to kill him. I didn't intend to shoot. It was a mistake, and I am not guilty of murder."
On the trial, however, the old woman swore in Terry's favor, put all the blame on the dead son, and as she was the only wit-

ness Terry was acquitted. message:

"This shanty is in the possession of a Terry had provoked the quarrel, and that the murder was coldblooded.

It was too late for that. Terry Shelton went to Alabama, then came to Georgia, and went back to North Carolina to escape punishments for crimes committed here.

I saw him when he first came back to North Carolina. When he left his head was covered with a magnificent growth of curly brown hair. He was very proud of it, and even in jail used to keep it well combed. He had a thick, heavy beard and long moustache.

When he came back there was not a hair on his body. His hair, beard and mousstache were gone. There was no sign of eyelash or eyebrow, and his body was free from hair as the palm of your hand.

The effect was startling. It would frighten you to look at him. The skin was natural and healthy in color and condition, but absolutely bare.

I could hardly recognize him even after he had spoken to me.

"Where is your hair?" I asked him.
"I am marked," he said quietly.

"How do you mean?"
"By the Almighty, just as Cain was

"Was it all taken out at once?" "No, it was pulled out, one hair at a time. It took eighteen months to get it

"One hair at a time," I repeated after "Yes, my brother's ghost did it. When-

say there was no blood disease, no skin

"It never goes off till I tell it to, and people point me out. Those that know then it's sure death. As long as you act square it won't go off." -Atlanta Constitution.

Revenge Is Sweet.

"I know, mother," replied the boy, "but that turkey pecked me once and I want to get square with him." He got his turkey. - San Francisco

Indifference.

Bolingbroke has just fervently proposed. Miss Steele-Do you play a good game f billiards?

Bolingbroke—Fairish. Why?
Miss Steele—Run up and play me off
with Dick Starr, will you? I kind of half
accepted him last night.—Time.

A Kentucky Idea.

Teacher-Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it? "Yes, ma'am."

"Now, what was Milton's great misfor-"He was a poet."-Kentucky State Jour-

Cause and Effect. He-I wonder what makes the flies so

She-I suppose it must be that new fly paper you bought .- Burlington Free Press.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

THE SAD PLIGHT OF THE SHIP GYASCUTUS. This was the tale that was told to me By a battered and shattered son of the sea-To me and my messmate, Silas Green, When I was a guileless young marine.

Iwas the good ship Gyascutus, All in the China seas,
With the wind a-lee and the capstan free
To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Porgie on the deck,
To his mate in the mizzen hatch,
While the boatswain bold, in the forward hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head tonight?
How heads our gallant craft?"
"Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N.,
And the binnacle lies abaft!"

"Oh, what does the quadrant indicate, And how does the sextant stand?"
"Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing point, And the quadrant's lost a hand!"

"Oh, and if the quadrant's lost a hand, And the sextant falls so low, It's our bodies and bones to Davy Jones This night are bound to go." "Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake!

And reef the spanker boom; Bend a studding sail on the martingale To give her weather room."

"Oh, boatswain, down in the for ard hold, What water do you find?"
"Four foot and a half by the royal guff And rather more behind!"

"O, sailors, collar your marline spikes
And each belaying pin;
Come stir your stumps and spike the pumps,
Or more will be coming in!"

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps, They spliced the mizzen brace; Aloft and alow they worked, but oh! The water gained apace.

They bored a hole above the keel
To let the water out;
But, strange to say, to their dismay,
The water it did spout.

Then up spoke the Captain of Marines, Who dearly loved his prog:
"It's awful to die, and worse to be dry,
And I move we pipes to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the noble second mate What filled them all with awe; The second mate, as bad men hate, And cruel skippers jaw. He took the anchor on his back
And leaped into the main;
Through foam and spray he clove his way,
And sunk and rose again!

Through foam and spray, a league away,
The anchor stout he bore;
Till safe, at last, he made it fast
And warped the ship ashore!

Taint much of a job to talk about, But a ticklish thing to see, and su'thin to do, if I say it, too, For that second mute was me!

Such was the tale that was told to me By that modest and truthful son of the sea, And I envy the life of a second mate, Though captains curse him and sailors hate, For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen, As would go and lie to a poor marine.

WOMAN'S WHIMS.

Word comes from Paris that decided colors are beginning to be worn again quite extensively, the gray and black that court mourning brought in, being laid

Nowadays fashion is very exigeant as to styles in boots and shoes, also stockings. They must be chosen with regard to the costume, with which they should agree in color or general effect, though for out-door wear plain buttoned kid boots are worn.

The latest high summer novelty is paper underwear, whose material comes from China, and is said to resemble fine unlaundered linen—to be light, rough, elastic, soft—and so delightfully cool that the gossamerist silk or linen is comfortless be-

The marriage ceremony of Mr. Whistler, the celebrated artist, and Mrs. Godwin, which occurred in London a tortnight ago or so, was witnessed by only six people. Mr. Whistler is said to have appeared very nervous, and the bride, who was married in a travelling gown, seemed very happy and looked very pretty.

Small bonnets, round toques and large round hats trimmed ready for use are sent out by Paris and London milliners for autumn wear. Felt and velvet are the materials of which the new bonnets and hats are made, with elaborate trimmings of ribbons, ostrich feathers, fancy feathers, birds,

ever I sat down he sat behind me and began pulling them out. When I went to bed I could feel him plucking them out one at a time. It lasted that way for eighteen months, and it nearly killed me. No way to stop it. I was absolutely powerless."

"Did you do anything for it?"

"All that could be done. The doctors say there was no blood disease no skin series of balls of the winter season, will be given up next winter, says the New York Mail and Express. No satisfactory reason has been advanced as yet for this unfortunate decision of the lady managers. It has been stated, however, that an element has come into the cotilion subscription list that the lady managers do not approve of, and for this reason they have deemed it best that the cotilions should go the way of the old F. C. D. C.'s.

Every cottage in Bar Harbor has some charming characteristic of its own, says the Bar Harbor Tourist. No two are alike, and there is no tiresome similarity among them. Individuality holds its own by virtue of position, construction and taste of the Revenge Is Sweet.

"My dear boy," said a mother to her son as he handed round his plate for more turkey, "this is the fourth time you've been he," said the man; "I'd hate to try it in
"Revenge Is Sweet.

"My dear boy," said a mother to her son as he handed round his plate for more turkey, "this is the fourth time you've been helped."

"A position, constitution and taste of the owner. One of the most beautiful fireplaces in any cottage in Bar Harboris the stone fireplace in the hall of the Stanwood cottage, now occupied by Col. Elliott F. Shepard and his family. But a still more distinction. and his family. But a still more distinctive feature is the beautiful oval window some eight feet in length in the hall, which as one approaches it gives to the beholder a Claude Lorraine landscape.

The true inwardness of the Duke of Sutherland's disinclination towards another American tour appears to be that His Grace when last on this continent was accompanied by a lady whose claim to the ducal strawberries has never been sanctioned by Mother Church, but who was nevertheless, received in one or two houses, until the turn came for Mr. Cassatt, a vicepresident of the Pennsylvania railroad, to do the civil thing towards His Grace, who is, by-the-by, a large shareholder in Penn-

sylvania stock. Other houses had received the duke's travelling companion on equal terms, and somewhat naturally the vice-president of the Pennsylvania road had no hesitation in telegraphing his wife the news of the impending visit of the duke and —— to dinner. But Mrs. Cassatt is a Buchanan and a relative of the president of that name, and the reply she wired in response read: "Glad to see the duke, but the woman must not come nearer the house than the

The Queen and Her Cats.

The big houses in London have lots of cats about them, which grow fat while folks are in town, and starve when they go out to the country. This has caused much distress to members of the Animals' Institute, particularly as even the queen's cats were subjected to the same difficulty. But this year it was humbly and loyally pointed out to the queen that her Windsor cats would starve while she was away, whereupon her majesty was graciously pleased to order them all put in baskets and taken along to Osborne with the rest of the court, which was done. This has become fashionable. Society papers solemnly inform us that prettily decorated cat-baskets are in great demand, and the happy pussies may be seen by dozens at the railway stations, going to mountain or seashore just like anybody else.—Boston Herald's London Correspon-

Systematic Punctuation.

In a Boston newspaper office, not long ago, the chief proof-reader had been greatly annoyed by an extraordinary use of commas that cropped out in occasional "takes" on his proofs, and finding that they occured regularly under a certain "slug," he went to "Slug Fitteen's" frame to expostulate with him. He found that the man was a new "sub," who said he had come lately from Nova Scotia, and had learned his trade in a first class office in Halifax. "For pity's sake," exclaimed the proof-reader. "what sort of a system of punctuation do they employ in Halifax?" "The rule in our office," replied the compositor, with a patronizing air, "was to put in about three commas to a line."—Boston Transcript.

A Suggestion. "Gracious! How well it is preserved," said one travelling man to another as they gazed at a mummy in a museum. "It looks as if it might wake up and speak if you could only arouse it with some familiar

"So it does. Suppose you try it with that story you just told me."—Merchant Traveller.

A Misunderstanding.

Mrs. Wellfixt (showing Aunt Japonica the new grounds)—That is the Lodge over

Aunt Japonica—How nice it must be to have it so near! The one your uncle belongs to is mor'n four miles from where we live, an' sometimes it takes him all night to get home.—Judge.

Left Alone in the World.

Vagrant-I have no father or mother nor any relations at all to care for me. Philanthropist-Poor man, are they all "No; they got rich."-Texas Siftings.

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