harris harris

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

botton

SOON WILL COME THE SNOW.

White are the daisies, white as milk ; The stately corn is hung with silk; The roses are in blow. Love me, beloved, while you may, And beg the flying hours to stay, For love shall end and all delight-The day is long, the day is bright, But soon will come the snow !

Up from the meadow sedges tall Floats musical the lark's clear call; Scarlet the lilies grow. Love me, I pray you, while you may, And beg the flying hours to stay, • For love shall end and dear delight-The day is long, the day is bright, But soon will come the snow!

An islet in a shoreless sea, This moment is for you and me And bliss that lovers know. Love me, beloved. Soon we die. Joys, like the swallows, quickly fly, And love shall end and all delight-The day is long, the day is bright, But soon will come the snow !

-Chicago News. JIM DUFFY'S WIFE

The growth of Dead Man's Gulch had been sure and steady. It never had a boom, but instead a constant stream of boom, but instead a constant stream of through of the provention of the proventing of the provention of the provention of the proventio The growth of Dead Man's Gulch had been sure and steady. It never had a boom, but instead a constant stream of incoming miners who stayed. Through the gulch a turbid, muddy creek, the Big Deal, rushed down to Stinking Water river. Along the creek, like ants, crowds of miners gathered, panning for gold. They had some boxes or cradles, but most-ly pans, for there wasn't much room for improvements or time to spare to make cap' them. Each man thought the gold wouldn't ter. last, and hurried to clutch all he could; " but somehow the gold still glinted in the black sand, and Jim Duffy found a nugget of the creek. When considerably in liquor Jim had given the money to his housekeeper, Miss Dumont. Jim was noted for his generosity, and was well liked. The claim next to his belonged to Tom O'Connor; he and Duffy were chums, and fre-quently got inebriated together, vowing the power and language of an official repeternal friendship, which, alas! came to an resenting the law when occasion waruntimely end.

"He was as purty a corp as iver I see," said Miss Dumont.

made thirsty miners flock up to Pat Slack's out. Mr. O'Connor looked at them, then saloon; they forgot how handy the water of the creek was, though it might have been "When I knocked," he said, "some'un too muddy for health. The golden Colo- opened the door, slid out a merriage 'stifirado sunset streamed in through the win-dows and doors, lighting up Miss Dumont's of Elizabeth, that Mis' Duffy hed a right auburn hair; it had been called red by her | ter the prop'ty, and that was all." enemies of the female persuasion, but envy is a strong microscope to personal defects. Miss Dumont said she belonged to a wealthy French tamily, and had a pathetic history of former greatness, which | ride down and drive the old oxen up the she detailed at great length after three gulch. glasses; but she spoke with a strong Irish accent, which the camp generously overlooked.

"I'd like ter scratch yer eyes out," said Miss Dumont, much flushed. the drunken yells were loudest. After sup-per Tom flung himself upon a bunk in the

"Hullo! what's that?" he said suddenly. Descending the rough mountain trail at the head of the gulch was a white covered emigrant wagon drawn by a yoke of red cabin. oxen, old, home-cared for bovines, fat and "Sh big, seeming woefully out of place in this wild region. The door of the saloon was crowded now with curious watchers. The of common humanity I'd show to a dorg, man who was driving the oxen halted them before Duffy's cabin. Then a tall, thin woman got out of the cart. Her head was buried in the unfathomable depths of a sunwoman got out of the cart. Her head was buried in the unfathomable depths of a sun-bonnet. She read the notice on the cabin door, and to the point—"Jim Duffy's cab-in. Leave it alone or git shot"—burst the door open with a few well-directed blows from a hammer and went in. She soon rearound to the back door beyond the range and M of the many watchers, who could not see front. further developments. "She's come herself," said Tom lugu-

briously.

"Guess not; that sunbunnit and skimpy caliker gives her likeness ter the life," said Tom. "Duffy said she was as ugly as they worth \$300 after he had been working six | make 'em and he married her when he was | the crowd. months; but then his claim was rather the best of the lot—sort of by itself at the head ashun 'bout wimmen''—with a sly glance at

glaring Miss Dumont and a quick dodge. "The citizens of this gulch deputes you ter go down to Duffy's claim and find out who that woman is and what rights she's got thar," said Mr. Strong, who had run for sheriff once, and though worsted felt ranted.

"I'm blanked ef I don't," said Tom, carelessly, and strolled down the gulch. They It was a sunny April afternoon; a pleas-ant breath of spring filled the gulch and it open a crack and some papers handed

Miss Dumont, much flushed. "You couldn't reach," laughed Tom. He stood in the sunlight, as handsome a picture of manhood as one would wish to see. Six feet two in his stockings, broad-shouldered and straight, with blue Irish eyes, black hair and mustache. A young giant, yet as tender-hearted as a woman. "Hullo! what's that?" he said suddenly. Descending the rough mountain trail at the head of the culch was a white covered ering torches, was moving up to Duffy's

somer at

"She's a woman, whatever she is," cried Tom, "and they're mad with licker. Duffy couldn't think me a sneak to him fur a act

after the mob. He was a splendid athlete. so he won in the race, and gained the steps of Duffy's cabin the first of all. There he faced the riotous, drunken crowd, few of whom had any idea of what they were going turned, manœuvered the oxen and wagon to do. He heard shrill voices of women. and Miss Dumont forced herself to the

"What's all this fur?" said Tom, coolly ; he was rather pale, and panted a little. He left one hand in his pocket resting on a

the man as druv them oxen inter the gulch, a wicked woman, because Jim Duffy, a is she's got him onter his back by drugs, and is tor-torterin' of him ter death."

seemed to have retained her ancient spite. "Git outer the way peaceable," said Si Strong, thickly, steadying himself against the wall of the hut; "ef ye hain't no inter-est in the morals o' this camp the rest on us has; tain't fair, pard."

"Yer only one man 'gainst the public,



"A BIG OFFER."

might hit the old one or him in the bed glance, "you was too good-looking for the there. Gimme the gun genteel-like. They shan't harm ye, but ef ye wounded the wust cuss 'mongst 'em I couldn't answer fur yer life or the old one's neither."

He stepped towards her, holding out his hand for the weapon. She gave it to him silently. When he turned back to the door to allow her room to get ready to leave she followed him.

"It's no use," she said in a trembling voice; "it's all against me. You're not men, you're cowardly brutes, you're drunkards and gamblers. Those women there are so low I would not touch them nor take bread from their sinful hands if I were starving. You would drag my bonnet off, you would make me out a hideous hag, thief, a cheat and a liar, told you so. You would torture a defenceless woman that "Tar and feathers !" shouted someone in never harmed you, never asked aught of you. A woman that never reeled drunken

camp yit !" yelled the cross-eyed man. "I'm boss of this step, though," said Tom, "and the back door's nailed up; I colorado sky, her hair as yellow as the Colorado sky, her soft, pale cheek "What's one man 'ginst a hundred? gold they sought, and her soft, pale cheek Drive him away," said Miss Dumont, who

> "Crowd there and look at me," she cried hut, the empty cupboard. Look at this

STAND UP!

You people who work HARD FOR YOUR MONEY, and tell us if you can, where lives the man or woman who is not anxious to get the most in QUALITY and VALUE for every dollar they spend? Such people do not exist in this community. Therefore, we don't BEG your patronage BUT DESERVE it, by offering you one of the most remarkable things in money value ever shown over a Dry Goods counter, namely-OUR

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FAIRALL & SMITH.

camp." "Yet you said I had tusks, one eye and was seventy years old," she said wickedly.

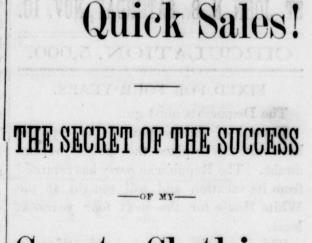
Tom went to the door suddenly. "I'm a wuss liar'n Jim Duffy. I'll stay outside to be called ef wanted. I know I aint agreeable to yer. The cap'en said he was willin' ter bet-as he went away-that I'd peeked under yer bunnit and knowed how harnsum ye was, but I heddent, and I made that yarn up 'bout ye jest to be enter tainin', that's all; I'll swar it."

"Please come back," she said penitently; 'I was only in fun."

They watched by the dying man's bed-side for two long hours. The childish old father had fallen asleep, his cat at his feet. Through the broken window a chill air crept, the presage of coming winter. The wind moaned among the pines like the echo of the mighty ocean that had left this only reminiscence in the land once its bed. drunk, but Duffy never hed no discrimman-ashun 'bout wimmen''—with a sly glance at glaring Miss Dumont and a quick dodge. "The citizens of this gulch deputes you ter go down to Duffy's claim and find out who that woman is and what rights she's looked up suddenly, lifted one thin hand to clasp a woman's, she who had been most to him on earth. "Dear Dolly !" he said, a bright, fleeting gleam of sense in his dim eyes. That was all. She did not cry; she looked at the still face, folded the worn hands on his breast.

"It is the best, there is nothing for us but poverty and suffering, but oh, I shall miss him so. He tried so to help me in his poor dumb way."

"Let me help you, Missus Duffy," said



Small Profits!

3

Great Clothing

SALE

NOW GOING ON.

Look at the Prices:

\$2.00 and upwards.

Coats,

"He was a harn'som corp," said Tom, mournfully; and think of him gettin' cold and dyin'-strong and healthy man, too. If you two hed fit I'd think you pisened

"Oh, indade !" snorted Miss Dumont. "No offense; I knowed you was fren'ly. I seen him give yer the three hun'red. Duffy," Tom went on, passing his empty glass, "was like this yer gulch. There was qual'ties hid in him like the gold in the crik, pannin' rich ter the finder. Like this gulch, them qual'ties mighter bin hid fur all time if sum'un hadn't found him out.

"An' thet sum'un ?" suggested a crosseyed man.

"Was me, his chum," said Tom, tilting back against the wall. "Nights we'd git talkin', lyin' out on the ground, lookin' up inter them solemn stars fur above the high, black mount'ins along the gulch. 'Tom,' he'd say, 'I wan't allus a tough like this. I was a happy, innercent b'y, havin' as good a father and mother as enny one ever hed, and I was contented ter help 'em on their nice farm in Iowy, workin' like a ploughhorse jest fur my board, but as satis-tied as a-a chipmunk."

This simile was approved by all. "'Then,' Duffy 'ud say, gittin' louder and settin' up mad-like, 'I went an merried a she-devil.

A sigh of experience echoed through the saloon.

"Merriage is more deceivin' nor faro, wuss'n poker with Jem Duffy a-dealin," said Si Strong, a thin-faced man with a black."

the face on the airth; I ain't a good man,' Duffy 'ud say-"

"That he warn't," added Strong.

wimmen (Tom looked uncomfortably at

in a long or deep upper lip. Large self esteem gives one dignity, self-control and me not ter let that wife of his git his claim if ennythin' 'ud happen ter him; he didn't struck it rich. He had left the creek in "Tell 'em what yer come fur," they ALLEN & FERGUSON. "The sentiments of the camp is humbly polegetical," said Si Strong at the window; all see how free he was with his money, against her gettin' it. I never thort he'd die, though, but I done the squar' thing. I nailed his cabin up; I kept watch of his claim, and I sent word to the town in Iowy be sed he is the town in Iowy her sed her to the town in Iowy her town in Iown her town in Iown her town in Iown her town in Io perfect independence. Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Firmness.-The presence of this faculty, Notaries Public, Etc. when very large, is indicated by a lon broad chin. Firmness is synonymous with willfulness, perseverance and stability. Perception of Character.—This is in-I halled his cabin up; I kept watch of his claim, and I sent word to the town in Iowy he sed he hailed from to the effect he'd parsed in his checks and clim' the range and I'd give four hundred dollars, fur the Cor. Prince William and Princess streets. dicated by a long, high nose at the lower S. R. FOSTER & SON. end or tip. Power of Observation.—The situation of MANUFACTURERS OF place the torn curtain; then he shook up the pillows of the sick man. "He's fur and I'd give four hundred dollars, fur the prop'ty he'd left behind him, but hain't," said Tom, walking to the door, "got no Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads this faculty is in the face just above the top of the nose, filling out the forehead to a gone," he said softly. Duffy's wife went up Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian "Tear that sunbunnet off her !" shrieked | to the bed." level with the parts on each side of the answer yit, and don't hardly know what ter do, he havin' left no will." "That claim by rights b'longs ter me," snapped Miss Dumont; "you had no right ter nail thet cabin up neither. I b'lave yer tryin' ter git it fur yerself. Who iver hurd of honesty in the I wich ?" Nails, etc. "It's for the best, God help us, father and me," she said brokenly. "You hit me hard ter-night," he muttered, nose. Office, Warehouse and Manufactory : Conscientiousness .- This is shown in the GEORGES STREET, t. John, N. B. face by a square jaw, a bony chin, prominsmoothing the dying man's hand, "I deent cheek bones, and a general squareness HORSE BLANKETS served it." of the features of the entire face .- Pitts-"You saved my life, all our lives," she said quickly; "I was always safe in the gulch burg Dispatch. of honesty in the Irish?" "You'd oughter known 'em if enny one," He treated the gang royally; there his white lips could not form words. She stooped, whispered to him, then cocked the For Fall and Winter, Two of a Kind Wanted. when you were there." said Tom, smiling, "bein' Irish yerself and down. All quit work in the afternoon save revolver in her hand. Surcingles, Halters, Etc., "But I was agin ye." "Being Duffy's chum and friendly to him, Elsie-Bob, I wish you would tell me how a handkerchief flirtation is worked. not havin' a reputation for squar' dealin'-" that silent woman. Tom could not but "No shootin', missus," said Tom, gent-His answer was a swiftly flung beer mug. notice that she looked nervously towards ly; "I ain't afeered of ye-wimmen ain't it was natural. I was rude." Bob-Easy and simple enough, sister-with two fools and two handkerchiefs. ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP, He dodged it gracefully. the saloon and fingered her revolver when much of shots, as a gineral rule, and ye "You had to be," with an admiring 204 Union Street.

He was commiserated by some, jeered at by others, while Miss Dumont loudly asserted that it served him right. Later on they saw a ranchman from the plains

"Somehow seems as if I could see the home-sickness of them critters from here, said Tom, pitifully; "them honest farmraised steers a comin' to this wild region an' Bill Bush a proddin' of 'em on as they was wild Texans, and them wonderin' what in h- it all means."

The next day the female in calico took possession of Duffy's claim, his pan and belongings. She wore long rubber boots, a short skirt and the sunbonnet-a hideous figure. The miners looked and laughed.

"I don't blame Duffy fer runnin' off from that," said the cap'en; "I call it a dime museum freak."

She was rather slow with the pan, sitting down to rest frequently and straightening up her back wearily. In the afternoon, Tom's chivalrous soul moved him to courtesy. He went over.

"Mebbe I could show yer a few tricks of that pan as ud make it easier," he said kindly.

The sunbonnet shook a decided no.

"Why don't that man what come with ver yesterd'y wurk here? This ain't no job fur wimmen."

"Git out," said a singularly coarse voice, and Tom retreated.

Week after week went on, and the calico figure and sunbonnet was at its post, getting more skilful every day. No one ever saw her face, the inside of her home, or knew the mystery of the cabin, except that the big man, the same who drove the oxen, was frequently seen going in and out of the door, or high up on the mountains on moonlit nights or early dawn.

"She's a nigger," the cap'en announced triumphantly, one day; "her hands is coal

in' how she was gittin along. I peeked under the bunnit; why, she's 70 years old by the wrinkles, brown as a Injun; one "That he warn't," added Strong. "But she's the cause; I tuk ter licker, tusks stickin' outer her mouth two inches or more."

Miss Dumont), and gamblin.'" "Derned cheat," said a hoarse voice, Some weeks after this vivid description, P. O. Box 303. itself by wide nostrils, short neck and eyes ST. JOHN, N. B. which was readily accepted, wild yells and shrieks were heard in Duffy's lonely cabin, so that the most indifferent listener was She waved him to the door. "No matfully poor, yet neat and clean, with an air of purity he had never seen in any other set directly in front. ter how a woman looks," she said, in her which was silenced immediately by general Stock always complete in the latest de-Language.—This faculty is exhibited in many parts of the face, particularly by a indignant young voice, "no matter how wrinkled and old she is, a gentleman gives her respect because she is a woman—the sex of his mother; only the savages are "Whatever he was, he's dead," said the filled with uncomfortable presentiments. cabin. The open cupboard door showed only a little meal in the corner of a paper disapproval. igns suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount eration when he's some feet under ground." "Wal," said Tom, "Duffy 'ud plead with me not ter let that wife of his git his claim if ennythin' 'ud happen ter him he to it it." large month and large, full eyes, opened for cash. Self Esteem .- This faculty shows itself W. WATSON ALLEN. CLARENCE H. FERUGSON brutes to women."

said the cap'en.

"Move off." cried the crowd; "we're goin' ter set Duffy's wife outsider the gulch; that's all we want."

The men surged nearer. Tom's quiet right hand came out of his pocket suddenly, twenty, Jim Duffy pushed him from a haya dangerous light blazed in his handsome eyes, a murderous revolver faced the crowd. "There's seven of us here," said Tom his father's name and ruined him. He told calmly; "the first on that step is a dead man.

A confusion, angry murmur followed. "I hain't no frien' ter the woman; I'm saintly memory-drunken and maudlin all willin to a compromise," said Tom. "I'm of them-by driving his helpless widow out in favor of her leavin' camp. You all know to starve. Jim Duffy's mother died of a I was Duffy's chum, but I hain't goin' to broken heart. I was a school teacher when have it git round all you men turned on I married him, only fifteen. I didn't know one helpless woman or hag, whatever she how base a man could be. For the nine is. I'll bust that door in, runnin' risks of years since he left me, a wife of a year, I've gittin' shot, for she's allus armed, ef you supported his parents, his idiot brother. tellers will swar ter stay outside. I'll giv' her time to git reddy and we'll escort her to the edge of the gulch, decent-like. B'ys, I hed an old mother once, an' no one can't say but what I done the squar' by her, and she'd turn in her grave ef she knowed I'd hurt a poor, friendless critter, a woman like she, a little innercent girl-child, no dred dollars to him I could make a living. matter what she is now."

with solemn promises they would all stay outside.

The rotten door yielded at one push from his massive shoulder. The miners crowded the doorway, and some broke the window glass, tearing the green paper curtains away. A sea of unfriendly faces, your camp—the helpless old man, the dying men at every crevice, every chance for a idiot. me. It's a fit page for your history look.

The hut only had one room. Its walls and glorify the memory of a gambler, a and ceilings were logs; a blackened fireplace held a few battered old cooking utensils, and boxes were the only seats. On a brave, glowing eyes, "that I was afraid of cot bed was a man's figure, the big man you, that I had any other feeling for you who drove the oxen. He was white and thin, looking like a living skeleton. He glanced at the crowd with unmeaning dark eyes; but for this they would have thought that he was dead. In a queer old arm chair -how many such had those men seen in the old farm kitchens of their boyhood !--"They ain't," said Tom, shortly; "them's was an old man, his long white hair ming-rubber gloves, but she's wuss'n a nigger; I ling with his white beard. His sunken eyes "You bet; a losin' game whar a sensible man knows he's playin' ter lose," said a fat, bearded man known as the cap'en, hav-ing gained his title from war the wurld,' Duffy 'ud say, mournful-like, 'away from them lovin' old people and that there comtel, was Duffy's wife, still in the skimpy calico, a long dress this time, for the rubber boots were drying by the fire; the inevitable sunbonnet covered her head.

Tom stopped in the center of the room and looked about him. It was all so piti-

helpless old man, bedridden for years Look at the other, the idiot. Yes, he shrieks at night. Why? From terrible pain, from hourly agony, that would make you men sick to wickness. He's Jim

Duffy's brother. When they were lads, not loft, ruined him for life, because his father liked this brother best. Jim Duffy forged you my ugliness drove him West. I say the law drove him here, among other vile men like he was, who wanted to honor his

When he (with a scornful look at Tom, who bowed his head in shame) wrote me Jim was dead we'd lost the farm, Jim's mother was dead, and so we set out for here. We

After some demur, his offer was accepted I didn't know (piteously) how hard the work was—it's all a failure. I kept my sunbonnet on, for the lawyer at Elizabeth told me it wasn't safe to come here, as young as I was, with no protector. The lawyer was right. He said the men were rough and lawless. I say they are cowards -the scum of the East. Drive us out of -a noble one! Then go back and carouse

> forger, and would-be murderer; but don't say," she finished, looking at them all with but disgust and contempt."

> Had she been less beautiful, less cruelly wronged, her life then would not have been safe.

She went back to the old man. Very quiet and cool she was, but her small hand on the old man's head trembled slightly.

"Madam," said the cap'en, stepping into the room, his hat in his hand, "we arsk

mornin'." The cap'en wiped his forehead after this fine point. He looked very meek, as well as a fat man in shabby clothes and blue flannel could.

Tom, awkwardly; "I've struck it rich; I owe it to you.' "Not from Jim Duffy's triend," she said

quickly, "nor don't call me his name, I can't bear it." "You'd oughter think of the man," he

uggested. For answer she flung herself by the dead man's bed and burst into passionate weep-

"Don't git mad with me," he pleaded, much distressed. "I meant it well; don't hate me," coming nearer ; "don't cry, poor little thing; don't cry, Dolly." He stoop-ed down and raised her gently, then by sudden impulse caught her to his breast. "Dolly, Dolly !" he cried fiercely, "I love you more than I can tell; you're more to me than the mine. I've been took with yer spunk allus; it seems now I'd been sent to protect ye. I love you, Dolly; you shall be my wife, never no more Jim Duffy's. carn't love ye like this 'thout you keerin' a leetle fur me; it's 'ginst all natur'."

She lifted her tear-wet face to the handsome one so near.

"I've loved you from the first, Tom, and I can't, can't, help giving in, but to saddle you with us all-father-"

"You beautiful Dolly," he laughed, hold-ing her tighter, "ef we ever git poor you can pan in the short caliker and the sunbunnit, and you've got ter begin right off ter give me larnin' to be good enough for you." The next morning Tom went down to the saloon. He had hired the only vehicle in the camp and was clothed for travelling. "Got the resolution of 'pology drawn up ?"

he asked cheerfully. "Jest finished it," said Si Strong, with a sigh of relief, He and the cap'en had apparently been wallowing in ink. Tom read the paper carefully.

"It's pretty neat," he said thoughtfully, 'jest change that please, there. Then I'll take it to her. She'd ruther not see enny of ye arter last night. Bill Davis is goin' ter cart him down ter Elizabeth, whilst I drive her and the old man in Sandy Maloney's rig.'

"What'll we change ?" asked the cap'en anxiously. He thought the document a work of art and genius.

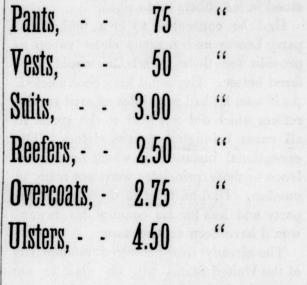
"Jest this, 'The 'pologies of Dead Man's Gulch is offered unanimuss by all concerned to Jim-' There that's it. Scratch out and write this in place of it, 'is offered to Misses Tom O'Connor,' not Duffy's wife."

Character as Indicated by the Features.

Memory of Events .- This is shown by a wide, full forehead in the center.

Reasoning Power.—A high, long and well-defined ncse and a broad face exhibits this faculty.

Moral Courage .- This faculty manifests



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