horini mana



PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.

THE WINTER LAKES.

the day,

Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunset dving,

Wan and waste and white stretch the grey lakes

Never a bud of spring, never a laugh of summer; Never a dream of love, never a song of birds; But only the silence and white, the shores that grow

chiller and dumber, Whenever the ice winds sob, and the griefs of win-

ter are heard.'

Crags that are black and wet out of the grey lake looming. Under the sunset flush and the pallid glimmer of

dawn: Shadowy ghost-like shores, where midnight surf

booming. Thunders of wintery woe over the spaces wan.

Lands that loom like spectres, whited regions of winter:

Wastes of desolate woods, deserts of water and shore:

A world of winter and death-within these regions who enter.

Lost to summer and life, go to return no more.

Moons that glimmer above, waters that lie white under,

Miles and miles of lake far out under the night : Foaming crests of waves, surfs that shoreward thunder,

Shadowy shapes that fell, haunting the spaces white.

Lonely hidden bays, moonlit, ice-rewinded winding, Fringed by forests and crags, haunted by shadowy shores;

Hushed from the outward strife, where the mighty surf is grinding

Death and hate on the rocks, as sandward and land ward it roars.

-Rev. W. W. Campbell, in The Century.

A PAIR OF PANTALOONS.

younger than many a man of half my years. Was I ever married?

have ever since been haunted with a vague | ness. half-married feeling.

account of the strange circumstances with way. Fearful cf another invasion, I and depressed, I go to my closet and tend- | "and if any more young ladies of pleasing apparel. But, oh my friend, regard them with respect! for their influence on my des-tiny has been incalculable. "Well," he said, "she's a mighty pretty the outer wall of our office, as if planning self as to her character and the respecta-It was in the autumn of 1859 that the how to take it by storm. sign of "Gunner & Waxle, lawyers," was a modest building in Beekman street, New York. Gunner and I had been boys together in a rural town. He was my senior | ready to leave for the day. by several years, and when I secured my diploma in law he was already a practitioner in the courts of the metropolis. On my suit us. Her handwriting is excellent, and arrival in New York I went at once to see her references unexceptionable." my old friend. He was seated at his desk and dejected. that it's pretty hard sledding. But I have superb set of teeth." made some headway and the prospects are a partnership and go to work together." "Give me your hand," said I, "draw up the articles of agreement, and I will sign them at once. Having settled all preliminaries, a comfortable sum of money was deposited to the credit of the firm, several necessary articles of furniture for the office were procured, and we were auspiciously started on our joint career. It was soon decided that we could not conduct our business with dignity and dispatch without a skilled copyist-a lady copyist, Gunner suggested in our conference on the subject, for she would be less expensive, and "by the love of our mothers," he added, "let's get a good-looking one. I don't want to have my young heart chilled by association with any sour-visaged old maid."

Out in a world of death far to the north-west lying, Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and close to the face of my partner, she "What does this mean?" asked Gunne warned him not too make too free with her, and in injured tones demanded that she be allowed to leave the office immediately.

There was a moment of silence, broken only by the tittering of the girls, for Gunner was by this time thoroughly cowed, that I and he dared not utter a syllable. Slowly, hair. and with her eves fixed upon the unhappy young limb of the law, she moved toward the door. I shall never forget the expression of disappointment that gathered upon her face as she stood on the threshold in the morning light, looking anxiously about son. I related the circumstances as co-for resistance to her exit. She waited but herently as possible. By the time I had

served that every desk was occupied by in a hearty laugh. I congratulated myself young ladies who were writing out the par- that the thing was over with, and Miss ticulars respecting experience, age, profi- Frankincense soon forgot her grief over ciency, etc. My partner had borrowed all another task. the available chairs on our floor and carried them in for the accommodation of the applicants. But he had found it impossible to stem the tide until even standing room was attending her introduction to our office, one at a premium. With that facility which most women exhibit when they come in contact with each other, especially women of like pursuits, they had already become well acquainted, and all seemed to be talking at once. "What are we to do?" asked my friend

earnestly and in a confidential tone. "Leave it to me," I replied ; and within five minutes I had cleared the desks by requesting those engaged to stop after writing their names and addresses. Gunner displayed the soul of wit by taking a large writing pad to those who were standing, and reviewing them in line.

I noticed that the plainer-looking applicants were disposed of with scant ceremony. but to the credit of his gallantry it must be said that even the ugliest were treated with politeness. This discrimination became very aggravating when, having passed from business to the vicissitudes of the weather This is my fiftieth birthday; but I teel with one gushing young maiden, their conversation began to border on the romantic. I felt vexed, and I must have looked it, for Not quite. I am still a bachelor, but I as soon as he caught my eye he immediately once came so near being a husband that I recovered his senses and proceeded to busi-

It took fully three hours of arduous and The simple history of my unpledged methodical work before the last applicant affection is quickly told, and I believe, on passed out into the hall and down the stairwhich its development was fraught, that it | rushed to the door, closed it, and turned is well worth telling. When I feel lonely the key. "At last we are alone," I said, erly remove from their peg this old pair of appearance get in here they will have to pantaloons. They are shapeless and rusty break down the door." It was a wise now, from long disuse. No, they did not move, for within five minutes we heard the belong either to my father or grandfather; rustle of skirts and the tread of maiden feet you must admit that I'm a pretty good but you are quite right in assuming that they were never cut for my legs. There is nothing remarkable about them save their both trembled lest it might open. The size and antique pattern; indeed, to the knob was turned spitefully; then we heard trying to evade him, and I made a full concasual observer they look as harmless and a rap; but as all was still inside they went fession of my attachment for the young by the open cabinet when I heard footsteps uninteresting as any other piece of cast off away. From our windows we could see lady.

a suitable opportunity to faint-a lover of client. I realized to the fullest extent the panics who discovered great possibilties in awkwardness of the situation, and stared "What does this mean "" asked Gunner.

looking in astonishment at the weeping girl whose emotion, oddly enough, increased in violence at this juncture.

I tried to look calm and innocent, but my confusion was increased by the consciousness that I was turning red to the roots of my

"I-I-was n-not aware that Miss Frankincense's feeling were so easily hurt, or I would not have criticised her work.

The words tell upon my ears as if they proceeded from the mouth of another person. I related the circumstances as coa moment, and then departed sorrowfully. finished, the young lady had quite recovered Proceeding to the work in hand, I ob- herself and was able to join the rest of us

As the weeks rolled around I felt my regard for the young lady increase in tenderness and depth. After the circumstance would have supposed that if either of us was to fall in love with her, Gunner would have been the man. But it is the unexpected that always happens. She applied herself to the drudgery of office work with such diligence and good nature that even on business grounds we would have been sorry to part with her. But I am bound to confess that during this period of my life my mind was seldom actuated by business motives.

It was near the end of the first three months of her service with the firm of Gunner & Waxle that one evening she and I were detained unusually late at the office. As she was getting ready to leave I ventured to do what I had resolved on a dozen times before, and said : "Miss Frankincense, may I have the pleasure of accompanying you home?"

"You may," she answered, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes that I thought was very becoming, "on two conditions, Mis-ter Waxle.

"Name them," I said, with some trepidation

"First, that you stop calling me Miss Frankincense; second, that you stay to tea.

"It is a bargain !" I exclaimed, offering her my arm. It was just my luck to meet Gunner before we had proceeded half a block toward the car. He smiled in a knowing way as he lifted his hat to us.

I was not surprised on meeting him next No, Montgomery's pantaloons were too morning to be greeted with this declaration: "Waxle, you're a sly coon, but I have suspected you for some time. Now about my limbs. Their girth, too, was so

THANKS, AWFULLY! There's A B in Your Bonnet, Madam!

Come and C us and G your horses right round in front of our door. H them up, come in, get your weather I open by a look at

OUR 64c. 4-Button French Kid Glove and our 36c. Full Fashioned Black Cashmere Stockings,

both lines sold on a commission profit for the Manufacturers. Don't be a J and neglect this good turn ${f U}$ O yourself. We ${f R}$ in earnest when we assure U that the goods are all we represent, and will suit U to a T. Bring along a V and we will W up half a dozen bargains. Y do we do this? Simply because our prices on GLOVES and STOCKINGS are all knocked apisdn 'umop

SENT POSTAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS.

likely to read there many hours? were of the name of Frankincense. On receiv-questions that suggested themselves to my ing an affirmative answer, he asked Gunner NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY. to tell all he knew about her.

I was not long in suspense on this point, for presently she threw down the paper, and arose with the remark : "I fixin'?" She took my pantaloons off a hook on the wall and leisurely examined

them, from the well worn waistband to the fringe at the heels. I knew what her conclusion would be, for they had seen many seasons of service and neglect. It did not take her long to ascertain the facts, for presently she started for the door. The officious idiot ! She was taking them away. I raised up in bed determined to stop her. But before I could think what to say she

had disappeared down the staircase. I tried to think what to do. Looking at my watch I discovered that it was after 8 o'clock. There was yet time, if I hurried, to get home in a cab, dress myself and be on hand for the wedding. But what was I to do for pantaloons? Should I go to the

staircase, crane my neck over the banisters and shout down a demand for the return of my property? No, it was not a pleasant thing to do, and it would occasion delay. There was no time to be lost.

"Ah !" I thought, as I stood trembling on the cold carpet; "I will put on a pair of Montgomery's." Hastily closing the door, I ran to the wardrobe and took down the best pair I could find. How big they looked! But anything would do; yes, anything would do. I thrust my feet into them and was dismayed to find that they did not come through at the other end. long-a foot too long, it seemed to meand so large that they hung down in folds great that when I had pinned them at the

Gunner stood by the bedside, shifting nervously from one foot to the other, as he related these circumstances. "I was astonwonder if Mr. Montgomery's pants needs ished," he said, "to find out how little I really knew about her."

He paused for a moment and I looked up, at him without saying a word, while a confused succession of thoughts darted through my mind with the rapidity of lightning.

"Well," continued Gunner, "he took out his card and scribbled a few lines on the back, handed it to me and walked out. Since then I have been devoting all my time not occupied with my attention to you, to an important investigation.

"What is the result of it?" I asked. Leaning forward, while a sickly smile stole over his features, he said :

"Our copyist is a professional shoplifter !"-New York Ledger.

40	LeB. ROBERTSON,
A SP	General Agent for
-	Albany Perforated
₿ 	Paper Company.
400	M. FROST & CO.,
40	Show Cases.
	the brack during a street in
455	CAESAR BROS.,
45	Enameled Letters.
	and the set of
AG	154 Prince William Street,
	HT HT HT HT HT HT

HORSE BLANKETS,

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 18.40 a. m .- Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle,

Commencing January 7, 1889.

FAIRALL & SMITH.

3

Grand Falls and Edmundston. PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

13.35 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-

18.30 p. m.-Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houl ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

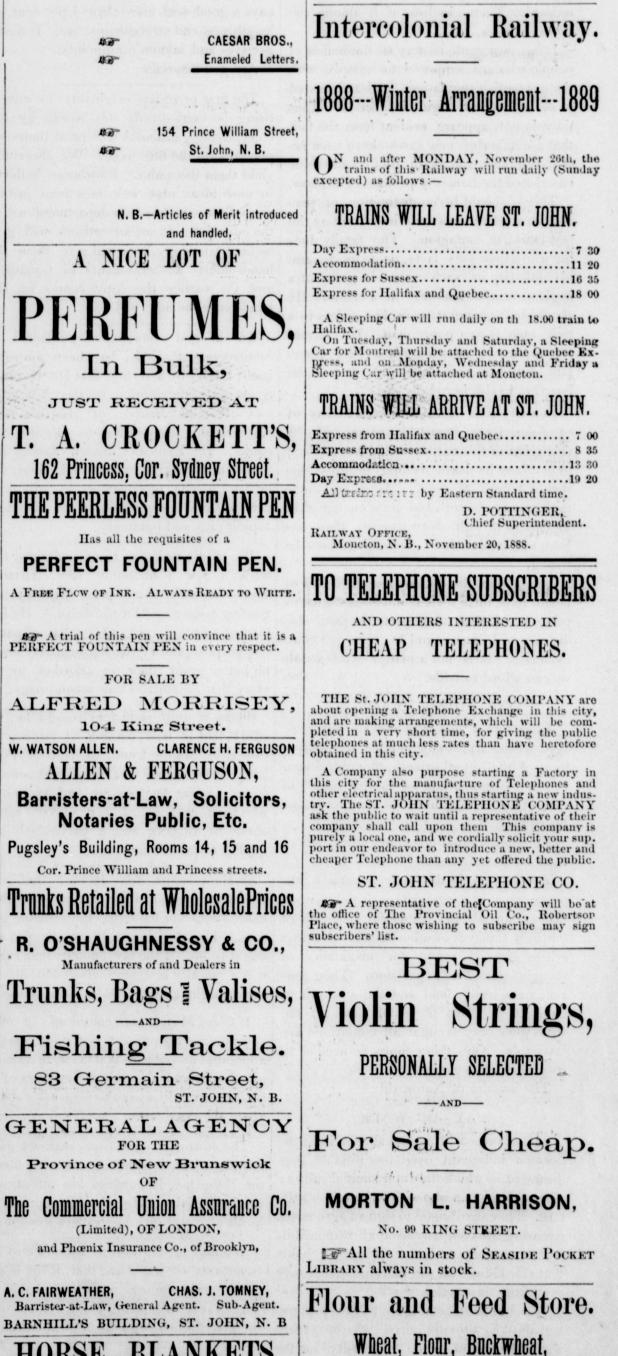
Bangor at **16,45** a.m., Parlor Car attached; **17.30** p m., Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at **11.15** a.m.; **12.00** noon. Woodstock at †10.20 a.m.; †8.40 p.m. Houlton at †10.15 a.m.; †8.40 p.m. St. Stephen at †9.55 a.m.; †9.45 p.m. St. Andrews at †9.20 a. m. Fredericton at †7.00 a. m.; †12.50 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45; †10.00 a. m.; †4.00

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE.

18.25 a m.-Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from

13.20 p. m.-Connecting with 3.35 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday. ¶Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.



Accordingly the following advertisement was one day drawn up for immediate publication in a morning paper:

Wanted—A young lady stenographer and copyist. She must be of pleasing appearance and write a plain hand. Apply personally at Room 3, No. 104 Beek-man street.

It was understood that we were both to be at the office promptly at 9 o'clock the next morning to dispose of the applicants. It was half-past nine before I got there. distance along the pavement and up the an eager assemblage waiting for admit-tance. It was with great difficulty that I them.' made my way to the door. When I opened it poor Gunner rushed toward me through a buzzing throng of various ages, sizes and disordered and large drops of perspiration bedewed his brow.

"In the name of Providence," he said solemnly and with a tinge of bitterness in his

The door was tried repeatedly, and for you shouldn't go ahead if you feel like it.' exposed to public view on the outer wall of all we knew by clients, within the next hour; but we dared not open it until we looking into myself I was convinced that had considered the applications and were I felt like it. As to her character, I was

up one of the petitions, "who, I think, will

"Yes," replied Gunner, "but did you in a big bleak room, looking very lonely see that Miss Frankincense with the blue eves and beautiful golden hair? Her hand-

"Waxle, old fellow," he exclaimed, as writing is not extraordinary, but it will he cordially grasped my hand, "you're improve," he added, handing me the appli-just the man I want to see. It's all up hill cation bearing the lady's signature, with a work for a young fellow here in New York. smile. "Her eyes were perfectly beauti- dream of youth!-in bestowing myself The highways of law have been so overrun | ful, and I must say that I never saw such a | upon another. At last-save the mark !--

bright. You have money, I have some ex- eyes were all well enough, but that they perience and a small practice; let us form were the last things to govern the selection of a copyist.

glass eye, her handwriting and the number who had recently come to the city. We of words she could take in a minute would had dinner together, and after making a be the last things to consider," he replied emphatically.

"But it isn't business," said I.

"Business has nothing to do with it," he said, "we're only hiring a copyist."

"Well, do as you please," I replied, "since you have had all the trouble in this matter."

He hesitated some time between Miss Frankincense and a charming brunette, hour, he insisted that I stay with him over who wore a bottle-green dress, but finally night, for my humble lodgings were several decided in favor of the former.

Gunner's request, assumed her new duties | sleep till 7, and then have plenty of time on the following day. I was greatly amused | to get home and dress before the wedding." when she entered the office at 10 o'clock in It all looked very easy, and I assented. a high state of decoration. She was as voluble and airy as the leading lady in a society drama. Within ten minutes she had expressed her opinion of the current theatrical attractions, and asked me whether I enjoyed Dickens' novels better than Charles Reade's. I said, "Yes," but my mind was in such a condition of bewilder- in repair." ment that I was undecided for some time as to precisely what I had assented to. I

Frankincense, but I am in a hurry for two rights with a liveliness that was in time staircase. The hallway was crowded with copies of this contract and, if you please, with the music. Before I had had time to you may commance your term of service on open my eyes I heard the door of my room

She took the contract, examined it dubiously for a moment, and said she thought she could do it. The job was not finished nationalities. His face was flushed, his hair | that day. She worked at it conscientiously, tearing up and rewriting page after tion started out upon my body as I lay per-page, which did not seem neat enough to tectly motionless with both eyes closed, felon's cell, crushed, bleeding, and thor-

pass the inspection of her critical eye. At trying to think whether it was best to oughly passive. Overcome with excite-length she laid it before me completed, and feign sleep or to make my presence known. ment and agony, I sank down upon the voice, "lock the door. They are coming. Haven't you noticed that the hall is in pos-session of a mob ?" he asked under his ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the was the set of the ments with the set of the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell that she was the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head, I could tell the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head tell the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head tell the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head tell the ments with evident interest as I hurriedly turning my head tel

bility of her family, and I do not see why I did go ahead, because after carefully indeed thoroughly satisfied, although I had "Here is a young lady," I said, holding not even taken the trouble of looking up her references. Regarding the family, which consisted of a mother, who was extremely amiable, some highly accomplished sisters and a brother or two, there was no room for doubt.

The region of my heart was pretty well stirred up with the harrow of young emotion during the next six months, but at the end of that time I had succeeded-sweet I was engaged, and the day was appointed I reminded him that hair and teeth and that was to make our happiness complete.

eyes were all well enough, but that they were the last things to govern the selection of a copyist. "On the contrary, I hold that if a girl were toothless, bald and decorated with a short call at the house of my betrothed, we walked about the city until a late hour recalling old times, as is the habit of friends when they meet after a long separation. Montgomery, for that was the name of my friend, was a monster in size; indeed, he was large in every sense, and notably so in respect to his heart. It being long past midnight before we had taken note of the ecided in favor of the former. miles distant on Long Island. "I shall get up at 6 o'clock," he said; "you can

> He occupied a small room with a window looking out on Fourteenth street, on the second floor of a large brown stone dwelling, which, I believe, is standing today. "The place is not as comfortable as it might be," he explained ; "but the rent is low and the servant girl keeps my clothes

I was awakened in the morning by some one in an adjoining room, who was hum-Imagine my amazement on finding a line of took advantage of the first pause to say in ming the familiar air of the "Irish Washer-Eve's fair daughters extending for some an apologetic tone, "Excuse me, Miss woman," while putting the apartments to swing upon its hinges, and some person, evidently a woman, walked lessurely in. The bed-clothing was so heaped up that

she did not observe the trembling form that was buried beneath it. A cold perspirabreath and with a tragic gesture. Scarcely ran through the copies, which were orna-had he uttered the words when a chorus of mented with many a maiden flourish. standing by the window. In another mo-her was sitting beside me. "Old fellow,"

slipped on my coat and vest I was standing ascending the stairs. Hurriedly they approached my door.

Quick as thought-fatal impulse! I stepped into the wardrobe and closed the door. Ah, yes! I know it was the act of a fool. Indeed, as soon as I had closed the door I almost cursed myself for doing it. But I dared not open it then, for the girl had entered the room. She had evidently heard me, for she stopped and listened a moment. She came to the wardrobe. I felt for something by which I could keep it shut, but there was nothing I could get a hold upon. The door swung open, and as she saw me she staggered backward with a prolonged shriek, then rushed out of the room, slamming the door

and locking it. My fate was sealed ! I felt it, and stood a moment without uttering a word or moving a muscle. Recovering myself, I ran to the door and shouted, "Madame !" at the top of my voice. Then I listened and all was still. ' In a few minutes," I thought, "an officer will come and arrest me."

Desperate as was my plight, I leaned against the wall and gave vent to my feelings in loud and hysterical laughter. When I stopped from sheer exhaustion, my ears rang with the demonaic echoes of my voice. I could hear women walking about and talking excitedly in the hall. They were piling furniture against the door. "It's a maniac," they said.

"Ladies," said I, "I am a friend of Mr. Montgemery. I slept with him here in this room last night. Please let me out at once, for I have an important engagement." But my pleading was in vain, and the work of barricading the door continued. "I cannot stop to parley with them. I must try to escape while there is time," I thought, running to the window.

A large tin leader extending from the roof to the basement was within easy reach. Standing on the sill I grasped it with all my strength and shinned my way down, hand over hand, until within a few feet of the pavement, when my grip weakened and I dropped in a heap upon the stones. Too excited to be conscious of pain, I hobbled off as fast as my legs would carry me. It was then that this old pair of pantaloons turned the scale of fate. Their surplus folds fluttering in the breeze, as if suspended on a clothes line, seemed to beckon every one in my direction. A curious

crowd dogged my footsteps persistently. But for that, I think, I could have made my escape unobserved. I made up my mind that it would be best to walk leis urely and look as innocent and rational as possible. I was doing so when a policeman rudely embraced me from behind, and before I knew it my wrists were handcuffed together. I tried to explain matters, and being clubbed for my pains I walked resignedly to the station house and entered a

