

WHEN LILACS BLOOM.

When lilacs bloom the winds grow still, The velvet deepens on the hill; The bee turns giddy as he greets,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN SWAN.

The gentleman from the North said that he would give me a penny a word if I would write out the story as I know it, and as the poor dear told it to me before she died.

Remember the night well. It is nearly fourteen years ago now. Cranford Douglas (and a wilder gentleman Virginia never produced) was in here with a crowd of his friends almost as wild as himself.

Well, in those days the Swan was famous for many miles around as being the best and oldest inn in Henderson county. It had the brownest ale, the choicest rarebits, the finest golden bucks, the largest and juiciest chops, the tenderest hares, and everyone said that our potatoes were masterpieces in oil.

No, I cannot forget that night. Mr. Douglas, Mr. Cram Fennell, Mr. Jarvis McVey, and Colonel Ralph Forrest sat at the largest table in the room out there. They were drunk. They were very wild, and very boastful, I must say, much as I dislike to do; for brave men shouldn't boast, and every one of them was as brave as a lion.

Well, as the night grew older, my gentlemen grew wilder, and finally they got talking about women. Now, that is something I always dislike to hear discussed in a tavern; it is too delicate a subject. Women should never be spoken of there.

Something is sure to be said by some one of an offensive nature, and some one is, nine times in a dozen, ready to flare up and take offense at what is said. It was the way that night. First, they spoke of the great women of the world; of the young girl who left her home, over four hundred years ago, in man's clothes, with her long hair cut off, and the courage of a god in her soul, to save her beloved country from one of England's wicked kings.

Just one year from that night Mr. Cranford and his friends were seated out there, waiting for a message from the pale gentleman. Mr. Cranford said, quietly, that he would wager his horse that no message would come; and Mr. Cram Fennell said that he thought the message would come, as the pale gentleman seemed to be thoroughbred.

It pained me to hear them talk, but what could I do? And besides, I knew Mr. Douglas didn't mean one half he said. I was sure that he wasn't talking, but that the liquor was. Well, they went from one great woman to another, and at last came down to that day—that is, that time—and they spoke of the women then in the public's eye.

Mr. Douglas gave it as his opinion that there wasn't a decent woman on the stage, God bless us! But here Mr. Cram Fennell begged to differ with him, and named one whom even I shut out from the world, as I was, all my life, you might say—had heard of as being one of the sweetest, loveliest, purest, and best of women and actresses. Not that I care much for that sort, and not that I don't. I have no knowledge of actors, because I have never been inside a theatre in my life.

And then a gentleman—the very handsomest gentleman I have ever seen, who had been eating a chop and quietly reading a paper at a little table by himself—got up, came over to Mr. Douglas's party, and, with a very white face, which showed that his heart must have been going up and down at a dreadful rate, he told Mr. Cranford Douglas that he thought that Mr. Cranford Douglas was a blackguard and a vile liar.

So Mr. Cranford says, as cool as pie, without getting up:

"And whom have I the honor of listening to?" And the other says:

"You wouldn't recognize me, because my father happened to be a gentleman." "But how do I know that?" says Mr. Douglas.

"True, how should you?" replies the pale gentleman. "A gentleman always presents an insult offered to himself or friends, be the latter absent—or, present, unable to resent it themselves.

The latter never moved. They both glared at each other. The pale gentleman said:

"That means—" "It certainly does!" savagely, from Mr. Cranford Douglas.

And then Colonel Forrest put his card into the pale gentleman's hand. "That's all right, Forrest," said Mr. Cranford; "just what I would have asked you to do, if I intended that your services should be required. But they won't be. I believe that the choice is mine. Here, woman," to me, "get two of those little balls in the billiard room—a white and a black. If you draw the black ball from this mug," reaching over, and taking one of my silver mugs from the hook where it, with four others, always hangs, for ornament, "you will pass your word of honor to dispose of yourself by shooting, hanging, drowning, poison, or by stabbing, at any time I may elect after the drawing.

A faint smile played under the pale gentleman's silky mustache at that. "And I wish to take no unfair advantage, for I am considered, rightly or wrongly, the best in Virginia. You may be a good shot, but I doubt it. Draw—or, shall I?"

"Very well; you draw." The pale gentleman drew the black ball. "Now, sir," said Mr. Cranford Douglas, "it is midnight. One year from tonight, at one minute after twelve o'clock, you must not be in this world. You must send me word that you are dead. Here is my card. Ah, thanks;" and after exchanging cards, they separated, and the pale gentleman went out, after paying me twice over for the little he had eaten, with the saddest smile and the sweetest I have ever seen. I never saw him any more.

The months flew by after that as I have never in my long life known them to fly before. My sympathies were all with the pale gentleman, I must say; for I am not one of those that like to hear men run down their mothers' sex. But Mr. Cranford Douglas was a very generous man. He spent money as if he didn't know what it was to ever want for a dollar; and, in truth, he didn't, for he was of a very wealthy family—wealthy in spite of all it lost in the war.

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With a reckless laugh, he shouted: "Well, that's hard luck! Just to think, in one year I must die! But what a year I'll live!"

"Nay, sir, you must blow your brains out here in five minutes, or put a bullet through your heart. It's all one to me, so you are out of the world."

"Well, if I do," roared Mr. Cranford, "may I be everlastingly roasted!" "You cur!" said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer. "And to think that Walter Marlowe kept faith with such a thing as you!"

Oh, the words were bitter—bitter—bitter. I understood, after. I don't know how they arranged it, but they met next morning, off there in the clearing, near the lake, and Mr. Cranford wounded the stranger so badly that he had to fly the country. We have never heard of Mr. Cranford since—except once; and then we learned that he was in the silver mines of South America. Yes, now I do remember, that some one said that he went down in a diving-bell, on a wager, to a wreck, off the South American coast, and that some of his drunken companions cut the air tube while he was down, and flung it overboard.

The pale gentleman was her husband. She was the actress Mr. Cranford had said was "the worst of the lot" that night. Her husband was an English gentleman, and a very fine actor. After Mr. Marlowe went away that night, he went to his wife (they were visiting some of his friends over yonder) and told her just what had happened. She took him up North with her next day, and tried to talk and reason with him, but it was of no use. Then they will give up all their engagements, gave out that they had been married so some time, and went to England, his home, where his great relations lived.

"You are pretty well acquainted in these parts, dame, I take it?"

A Bolted Door

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"I ought to be, sir," I says, with pardonable pride, I hope; "seeing I was born here in the Swan, which my father and his kept before me."

"Perhaps you know one Mr. Cranford Douglas, then?" Before I could reply, Mr. Douglas arose and said, rather stiffly, which I could see no earthly reason for:

"I do not think that she knows too Mr. Cranford Douglas, sir. What is your business with me?" "So you are Mr. Cranford Douglas?" Well I have a message for you, which I have brought over 3,000 miles. You should have had it a month ago, sir; but England is far away, and I have just come from there to New York, from New York to you. There is your message, sir!"

"Saying which, he flung a letter right into Mr. Douglas's face." "Fennell, will you oblige me by reading about the contents of that envelope?" said Mr. Cranford, quite calmly; but the devil was in his eyes, all the same. And then Mr. Cram Fennell read:

"The year is gone. In two minutes I shall be dead." "Signed, WALTER MARLOWE." "You," to the stranger, "were evidently his friend?" said Mr. Douglas.

"His dearest," was the measured reply. "And you wish to take up his quarrel?" "A nod from the stranger."

"Very well. My friend, Col. Forrest, will wait upon any friend of yours in the morning."

"Dame!" cried the stranger, "those little balls—the white and black—from the billiard room?" Mr. Douglas shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say: "As you will!"

Well, the conditions were the same as those of a year and a month before, when the pale gentleman drew the black ball. "Stay," said Mr. Cranford Douglas, as he was about to draw; "tell me, have you a friend to avenge you, after you follow your friend? I ask out of mere curiosity."

"I shall need no avenger. You are bound to draw the black ball." His tones were like ice.

Mr. Cranford Douglas did draw the black ball! With a reckless laugh, he shouted: "Well, that's hard luck! Just to think, in one year I must die! But what a year I'll live!"

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That FAIRALL & SMITH smuggle their GLOVES—without paying duty—to enable them to sell them at the price they do. Such implications are decidedly unpleasant and ridiculous, yet not detrimental to the steady stream of customers passing in and out of our store for these gloves.

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TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 10 o'clock, a. m. CALLING AT ALL INTERMEDIATE LANDINGS. RETURNING, is due at INDIANTOWN at 1 p. m., on alternate days.

1889. SEASON. 1889. ST. JOHN, Grand Lake and Salmon River. STEAMER "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANNEN, Master, will, during the present season, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, INDIANTOWN, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MORNING, at EIGHT o'clock, local time.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. John and St. Stephen. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON and after MONDAY, DEC. 31, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

STEAMER "CLIFTON" WILL LEAVE HAMPTON FOR INDIANTOWN EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MORNINGS, at 5:20. Returning, same day, leaves wharf at Indiantown, at 4 p. m.

STEAMER "BELLISLE" WILL LEAVE "HEAD OF BELLISLE," every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNINGS, at 7 o'clock, for Indiantown. Returning, will leave wharf at Indiantown every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 12:30 p. m.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. COMPY. (LIMITED.) THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO," FLEMING, master, will sail from ST. JOHN FOR DIGBY AND ANNAPOLIS, until further notice, on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 7:45 a. m. RETURNING SAME DAY. Commencing WEDNESDAY, 27th instant.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN. Oh, Jennie, dear, and did you hear The news that's going round? One color must, by fashion's law, In our fair land abound. It is not meant to call to arms, Save maidens' arms, I ween, But every living olive branch Is wearing of the green.

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