

WHERE ARE THE BONDS?

A STRANGE STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

Connected by a Correspondent With a Nova Scotia Port—A Romance in which Gold and Love Figure—The Fate of the Interested Parties.

Not many months ago while journeying through a beautiful and well settled portion of the maritime provinces, it was my good fortune to fall in with a gentleman bound in the same direction as myself, and we soon became very friendly and hobnobbed together for the remainder of the trip. Many a good laugh we had at the various sights that met our eyes, or the remarks passed by those with whom we came in contact. Time passed pleasantly while sojourning at an ancient hostelry by the waters of a well known eastern seaport town.

We had been walking by the shore viewing with wonder some of the dilapidated wharves and shattered hulks that met our way, and finally wandered idly out on a well built and massive pier where ships and steamers discharged and received the freights with which they were laden. Our conversation turned on the time of the American rebellion and my new made acquaintance related to me some details of that memorable period in his earnest and impressive manner, and from memory I write as nearly as I can the substance of the strange circumstance as related by him. I need not digress by going into details of the rebellion, which is still fresh in the memory of people generally, save to recall the period when the southern ports were blockaded by northern men-of-war, and the many daring and numerous trips made by the blockade runners which were then plying their venturesome traffic, making as one of their principal places of call the well known and beautiful port of H—. The many trips made by these blockade runners resulted in the accumulation of much wealth in one shape and another, and a few of the more adventurous spirits of the city of H— were not behind the time in looking after the dollar that was within their grasp, and raked the golden harvest while it lasted, though many a peculiar circumstance was connected with the same, of which, could the one-half be told, it would cause the worthy citizens of H— to stare with astonishment and wonder.

During the time of the blockade a certain wealthy speculator and business man in one of the prominent cities of the south found that his northern sympathies were not favorably looked upon by his southern associates, and deemed it prudent to close up his business connections as far as possible and convert his property into government bonds and cash, and at the first favorable opportunity run the blockade and place them in some safe quarter. He therefore decided to send them to a reliable and well known firm of merchants in H—, with whom in past years he had formed business connections. Prior to forming this resolve he had formed the acquaintance of a dashing young Englishman who had drifted south and who was considered a brilliant and agreeable companion, so much so that he was cordially received in the best society of the city and stood on intimate terms with the business men as well. Being a good conversationalist, tall, and of commanding presence, he was not long in forming the acquaintance of the young ladies in the social circle in which he moved, prominent among whom was the accomplished and brilliant niece of the merchant before spoken of. As time passed, he became deeply smitten with the fair Louise, and before long it was evident the attachment was mutual. They met frequently, and each meeting only served to draw tighter the bonds which encompassed them, and one bright evening as they wandered in the soft and deepening twilight, and the song birds had ceased their warbling, the old, old story was once more repeated, and the bright and shining stars witnessed the plighting of their troth.

As the matter soon came to the ears of the fair Louise's uncle, he evinced a desire to annul the engagement, and chiefly on the grounds that the young Englishman had evinced a too hearty zeal for the Southern cause. He would not listen to the pleadings of Louise, and thus were the calculations of the lovers rudely disarranged. However they still met from time to time to exchange greetings and discuss the situation as best they could and plan for the future, as lovers only can plan when encompassed by the roseate hues of love's first dream. The fair Louise had by right of inheritance a large amount of property which was controlled by her uncle, who had invested the same on her account to the best advantage, although she was legally entitled to control the same in her own right. She demanded of him the amount due her, which request he declined to comply with, stating to her that he could not do so even if he wished, as he had converted the same into cash and bonds, awaiting an opportunity to convey it to a place of safety. By following up the inquiry she ascertained that the probable point of shipment would be at H—, in Canada, as before stated, and, imparting her information to her lover, they were not long in planning how matters should shape in the future.

After the necessary correspondence took place between the merchant and his friends

in H—, a blockade runner was dispatched, and in her were placed the consignment of bonds and gold, which, after the usual venturesome run, ultimately reached the point of destination, and were placed in safety in the vault of the firm in H—. As they were left subject to call, and time passed away without any demand being made, the parcel had almost been lost sight of and much speculation was indulged in as to the contents of the same and the owner of it. They thought he must have either died or on account of his Northern sympathies been consigned to a Southern prison, but it was not the case, as he had remained behind to close up some final business matters that occupied more time than he anticipated. Knowing that the bulk of his wealth had reached H— in safety, he was comparatively easy and only troubled in one sense—having ascertained that the young Englishman and his niece, Louise, had disappeared from the city, his utmost exertions failing to ascertain their location.

In the course of a year or more after the shipment of the parcel of bonds, etc., to H—, the citizens of the place heard, one fine morning, that another blockade runner had arrived, and the result was, as usual, much excitement among many of the merchants and others. Among the passengers who landed were a tall, majestic-looking gentleman, accompanied by a very handsome and well dressed lady, who attracted considerable attention by their distinguished appearance. They took apartments at the leading hotel, and were not long in making the acquaintance of a circle of friends in the city, and as they seemed to have abundant means and entertained liberally, it was not long before the handsome Englishman and his wife were made much of by society in and around H—. The gentleman particularly formed an intimate friendship with a member of a prominent firm, and thereafter they seemed to be inseparable, and might be seen in close communion with one another constantly.

Shortly after their arrival, one fine afternoon, about 4 o'clock, the senior member of the firm to whom the parcel of valuables had been consigned, was accosted by a gentlemanly-looking personage, who, after exchanging preliminary greetings, made inquiry for the parcel in question, stating he was the rightful owner, and so accurately and minutely describing the same that, without hesitation, it was handed over to him, after which he took his departure. It is almost unnecessary to say that he shortly after joined the handsome Englishman and his bosom friend, where, in due course of time, the parcel was handed over to them. On examination, it was found to contain some \$400,000 or \$500,000 in U. S. government bonds, having some years to run before maturity, bearing the usual interest coupons, and over \$100,000 in gold. The gold was taken possession of by the Englishman and the bonds consigned to the safe keeping of the bosom friend until such time as they were called for and satisfactory reasons for the same produced. This the bosom friend consented to and placed himself under the most solemn and binding obligations of secrecy.

Before long the Englishman and his fair companion took passage for a foreign shore, doubtless intending to enjoy their strangely acquired wealth and in time return to H—, when, in all probability, a full disclosure of the mysterious movements would have been made. Unfortunately for all concerned, the ship in which they sailed probably foundered at sea, as ship, crew, passengers or wealth were never heard of from that time to the present. Sufficient had, however, escaped from the couple to enable the bosom friend to believe that the couple were none other than the fair Louise and her husband who had in some manner traced the package of valuables to H— and determined to have her own, ran the risks of the blockade, and by a well planned scheme contrived to get possession of the same, trusting to time and circumstance to make matters right with the uncle after the war was ended.

The confidential bosom friend kept the package faithfully, and when the time for their maturity arrived, and no demand had been made by the Englishman, the charge of the valuables preyed upon his mind so effectively that he became ill, and finally died a raving maniac in one of the hospitals of H—, carrying with him to the silent recesses of the grave the knowledge as to the hiding place of this valuable package, and thus the matter around which so much mystery and romance lies is firmly believed by many to be within the confines of the city of H—. The story concerning it coming to the ears of the rightful owner, who, in due course of time, had made application for the parcel, and found it had gone, every endeavor was made to recover it, or find some clue to its final hiding place, but without avail. Magnificent rewards were offered and detectives innumerable shadowed H— and other cities in Canada in vain.

Whether it will ever be found is a question for speculation, and many are the theories advanced in connection with the mysterious affair. As we walked homeward from the pier, and after tea sat in the deepening twilight enjoying the fragrant weed, and soothed by the ceaseless lapping of the waves against the wharves and shore, I could not help saying to myself, truly Truth is stranger than Fiction.

Moore's Almond and Cucumber Cream Removes Sunburn, Leaving the Skin cool, smooth and soft. See advt.

THEY DO NOT KNOW HIM.

ROUGH ON THE CHIEF OF THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

He Loves His Garden and His Office—Unacquainted with the People—His Treatment of Callers—The First of a Series of Sketches.

First on the list of Moncton's railway magnates, a description of whom I promised you some time ago, comes, the great Ramesses himself, the chief superintendent, Mr. Pottinger. To describe Mr. Pottinger, as a curled darling of society, would be to say the very least—going somewhat beyond the mark. In the first place, what hair still remains in the possession of the gifted "chief," is not naturally inclined to curl, and in the second place, it would require a much stronger effort of the imagination than the average mind is capable of, to picture Mr. Pottinger as any body's darling, even in the very broad and collective sense, of the term "society."

He does not as a rule, give people an opportunity to love him, however much they might yearn, under more favorable circumstances to twine the tendrils of their affections around his stalwart form. Neither can I truthfully say, with the ever lamented Artemus Ward, "he is as genial a fellow as we ever met," for the autocrat of the I. C. R. is not celebrated for geniality. He very seldom moves in society, or sheds the light of his countenance upon any but a favored few. The walls of the general offices, and his own vegetable garden bounding the chosen orbit, in which he revolves, filling those narrow precincts with the effluence of his glory, to which circumstance is probably attributable, the fact, that Mr. Pottinger's garden is celebrated, throughout the town, for always being at least three weeks in advance of any other in the place.

There was a rumor circulated last year, to the effect that the chief had really been seen below the railway crossing, which separates the West end of Main St. from the more plebeian quarter, but the story was very generally discredited, and having been carefully sifted, and traced to one man, that man has been viewed with suspicion ever since, and his veracity boycotted, as it were, because it is well known, that the appearance of Mr. Pottinger, on a street, in the middle portion of the town, would be sufficiently wonderful to draw a much larger crowd, than a Salvation Army parade, that is, of course, in case of his being recognised, for he is known by night, to very few outside of the railway employees.

Not long since a cruel fate compelled a lady friend of mine to seek an interview with Ramesses. She was a woman of undoubted courage, one whom I had known to face a midnight burglar without flinching; but I knew her stout heart quailed now, and she confided to me, in a moment of weakness, that she longed to mitigate her sufferings by taking ether, and regretted the bitter necessity of keeping her senses during the ordeal. Early the day after the interview I called to ask "What cheer?" My friend looked better than I expected to find her. "How did I get on?" Well, better on the whole than I expected. When I was shown in to his library and realized that I was really face to face with him, and worst of all, alone, I nearly fainted, but I grasped my courage with both hands and said my say! Affronted me? Well, of course I expected that. I had come prepared. Being told you are something that begins with an I and ends with an r, is a necessary concomitant of an interview with the genial chief, and to do him justice, he is no respecter of persons: he would just as soon call a woman a falsifier as a man, unless she happened to occupy a sufficiently exalted position for him to be afraid of her. But he only told me that he 'was accustomed to plausible stories; he heard them every day.' And when I observed that he picked his teeth during the entire interview—it was just after dinner, you know—I felt such a comfortable sense of superiority that I came off with flying colors." This little anecdote is merely inserted to show that Mr. Pottinger is not openly susceptible to the influence of female charms.

In person, the subject of this little memoir, is tall and well built, with a very fair complexion, fair beard, broad forehead, the effect of which is counterbalanced by singularly thin lips, which, when closed, leave not a trace of their existence behind, and clear, cold grey eyes, with a light in them which irresistibly reminds one of a glacier among the Alps, lighted up with cold radiance of the aurora borealis. Such is the superintendent of the Intercolonial railway, a man whose frown can make hundreds tremble, who, in his own especial province of work, is absolute; who "says to one man, go, and he goeth," whether there is any reason for his doing so or not, and to another—who has more influence, though by every rule of the I. C. R. framed and unframed he should go—"stay," and that man stayeth. Like that celebrated lady, who won for herself a questionable celebrity in the fifteenth century, and who has gone down to posterity by her maiden name of Borgia, Mr. Pottinger is an awkward person to offend. Should you do so, walk very circumspectly thereafter; for should you make the least slip, just as surely as the large-eyed bird of night pounces upon the unsuspecting mouse, so surely will the lynx-eyed "chief" pounce upon you, or upon the defenceless GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Cool and refreshing drinks at the "National," 22 Charlotte street.

IT RUN IN THE FAMILY.

The Mulcaheys All Have a Bad Taste in Their Mouths and Do Not Breakfast.

Oh my, but my parents thinks what they're grate jokers. Pa thinks he's funnier than the clown in the circus 'cause he played a joke on his young son, but I guess he felt kinder drooped when my turn come. You know ma found out what I'd drinkin' all the milk at night after they got in bed, so she told pa I guess, 'cause when I took a big swaller in the pitch dark last nite, I jist felt like a soap factory I was so slippery inside, 'cause it was greece. I guess pa put all the greece he could git inter the milk pitcher, so's to ketch me, and I had to spit it out again all over the floor. Any-way whenever I got done I put a hole lot of pepper in the coffee pot and waited 'velopements.

Pa's smilin' like everything when he come down to breakfast, and I guess I saw him winkin' at ma, and they both wanted to know whats the matter when I said I guessed I wouldn't take any coffee. Pa thort he's orful smart when he said praps I'd a bad taste in my mouth and him an' ma laughed so's they couldn't eat. Pa said he's orful thirsty and he took a extra big swaller jist to tempt me, 'cause I didn't want no coffee, and anyway he didn't swaller it long, fer he spit it all out again and ma did also. Then they looked orful cut and wondered what's the matter. I thort pa's goin' to fire a plate at me 'cause I said praps they had a bad taste in their mouths, 'cause it might run in the famerly.

Both my parents was orful mad and they runned a bran new table cloth. If I'd a spit out like they did they'd a said it wasn't pillite, and what they'd haveter git me a bib. But I guess they wont be so funny again tryin' to spoil my appyite, 'cause they didn't eat nothin' that mornin' themselves, and I thort its best fur me to be outside afore they got through takin' the bad taste outer their mouths, so I hadter go over to Bill Johnson's to git my breakfast.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

A MODEST MAID.

Young Lochinvar came down from the west,
By affection deep incited,
To claim the maiden most modest
To whom his troth was plighted.

"Oh, Mary mine! My matchless maid!
You know I love you madly,
And I have built a home," he said,
"Which needs your presence sadly."

"'Tis but a modest little nest,
The rooms are two in number,
One room to cook in, one for rest,
All built of undressed lumber."

"Why, John?" cried she. Her burning face
She hid upon his breast.
"How can one build a modest place
With lumber all undressed?"

—Terra Haute Express.

A LOCAL SCRAP FROM

THE CURRENT HISTORY OF THE GREAT MUTUAL.

A St. John Gentleman Writes to the Mutual Life's General Agent Concerning the Remarkable Result of His Life Insurance Policy.

The following letter, from the pen of a gentleman well known in business circles in St. John for over a quarter of a century, needs no comment or explanation:

Mr. J. HERBERT WRIGHT,
Agent Mutual Life Insurance Company
of New York, St. John, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—
Replying to your enquiry regarding my Policy, No. 58,274, taken in the company you represent, Jan. 30, 1867, at age 44, I beg to say it was an ordinary life policy, for \$2,000, calling for an annual premium for life of \$73.26.

I paid the first twelve (12) premiums in full; during the next four (4) years I received the current profits, amounting to \$142.50—over 48.6 per cent. of the current premiums; and during the last seven (7) years I have paid nothing whatever, the whole of each premium having been paid from profits. I have still \$230 profits to my credit on the books of the company, and my policy has been continuously in force for an amount averaging \$323.88 in excess of the original amount.

You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter.

Yours, very truly,

ARTHUR DANIEL.

St. John, N. B., July 2, 1899.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

At the commencement of the American civil war,
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COY.,
OF NEW YORK,

held less than Six and a Quarter Millions of Assets.

At the close of the war it held less than Twelve and a Quarter Millions of Assets.

Yet it has since that time paid in Dividends to Policy Holders alone

OVER SEVENTY-EIGHT AND THREE-QUARTER MILLIONS,

while the total payments to policy holders since the war amount to

Over TWO HUNDRED and SIXTY MILLIONS,

and the invested Assets have increased to

ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY-SIX MILLIONS

N. B.—Competitors who try to explain away the contrast between the large dividends of The Great Mutual and the small dividends of their own companies, by asserting that "The Mutual made its money out of the war," will have to invent something new. J. HERBERT WRIGHT,
General Agent for N. B.

Office—108 Prince William street,
E. J. SHELTON, Special Agent,
J. B. McALPINE, Agents.

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