

A HAUNTED PREACHER.

HE WAS A VICTIM OF AN AWFUL NIGHTMARE.

He could not Sleep Without Waking Cringing "Fire" - Where his Habits Caught him, and the Results - How he Escaped his Enemy for a Time.

The gentleman, I know, was subject to a peculiar form of nightmare, which had never varied since his childhood. He always imagined that the house was on fire, and invariably awoke shrieking "Fire," at the top of his voice. Of course it was the most inconvenient form of this common malady that he could possibly have selected, for, if I remember aright, he was a clergyman, and whenever he was exchanging pulpits with a brother divine, or taking his annual holiday, he worked himself up to such a state of nervous excitement, for fear he should have a visit from his old enemy, that he scarcely ever failed, to bring about the result he so dreaded, and the inmates of whatever house or hotel he chanced to be sojourning at would be aroused in the dead of night by awful cries of "Fire."

One summer, after a year of unusually hard work, his devoted congregation decided that a trip to England would be the best possible tonic for their overworked rector; and so to England the rector went, with three months' leave of absence and a well-filled purse. All went well until the middle of the voyage, when one night my friend was aroused by an unusual commotion in the steamer; chains were clanking, ropes were scraping over the deck, men were rushing to and fro, stateroom doors were banging as excited passengers rushed on deck to learn what was the matter, and above all the tumult was heard the captain's voice, entreating every one to be calm, and assuring them that there was no danger. Hastily donning a few garments, the clergymen hurried on deck, thinking there must have been a collision, and wondering why he had not been awakened by the shock. Reaching the deck, his worst fears were realized; the pumps were being rigged, and sailors in tarpaulin suits were descending into the hold to find out the extent of the damage. "Have we struck a rock, or been run down?" he asked, excitedly. "It's worse than that, sir," answered the man he addressed. "We're afire! but somehow or other we can't make out where it started from, nor even smell the smoke; it must be down in the hold." "Well, but who discovered it first?" cried the excited parson. "Some one must have seen it, or how did you know there was a fire?" "Well, sir, we were all roused by some one yellin' 'Fire!' like mad. Every one that heard took it up, and we all turned out and rigged the pumps first thing, and now there ain't even the smell of fire to be found."

With a sickening certainty, the awful truth dawned upon the unhappy clergyman. "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" The terror of his youth had overtaken him at last on mid-ocean, and he had aroused the entire ship's company by his shouts of "Fire!" without awaking himself.

He dared not confess, and leaving captain and crew to continue their search indefinitely, he crept sadly back to his stateroom, and, the story goes, never slept a night without a thick handkerchief tied over his mouth during the remainder of the voyage.

And One of Them Was Doubtful. In a town not far from one of the large business centres dwelt two elders of the Presbyterian church, both Scotch, and both very rigid about all matters of doctrine, thoroughly convinced of their own righteousness, and of everybody else's lack of it. Their Christian names were respectively David and Jonathan, and Jonathan was the elder of the two. A new minister arrived in town to take charge of the Presbyterian flock, and, eager to be the first in well doing, Jonathan called on him to bid him welcome, and also to give him a few points about the congregation. The minister inquired about the general religious condition of the town. "Bad, minister, vera bad!" responded Jonathan solemnly. "Indeed there's nae gude christians in the town but Davie and myself and I hae grace doots about Davie."

She is Still True to French. "Where are you going this summer, Maud?" "We have taken rooms at Westfield," was the immediate reply. "All our friends are going there, and we expect to have a very pleasant outing. If I am glad for one reason more than another that it is to be Westfield, it is on account of its nearness to the city. I don't intend to miss one of my lessons at the Berlitz school. I used to have a perfect hatred of French. I could not learn it, much less understand it, but now—well, you will have to ask Prof. Lagres how I am progressing. A good many of the girls are taking German also, but my alleged brain finds enough in French at present."

Fine transplanted Celery Plants ready for delivery June 25th. \$1.00 per Hundred. Mail orders a specialty. Order early. Address, J. Vosey, Box 74, St. Stephen, N. B.

THE JUDGMENT OF OSIRIS.

By Hunter Duvar. FYTE THE FIRST.

Whether upon the earth I cannot tell, Or in a higher or a lower sphere, A horror of great darkness there befell, But where, no mortal man can guess aright, Nor place be found by any ghostly seer, It may be in the eons long agoe Light might have been, but daylight now was none.

Or it may well have been within some world Where darkness never yet has ceased to reign, Nor the wing brooding o'er the deep been furled To lose the laughing sunlight all amain; Or in some star to chaos given again; Or orb where disembodied spirits dwell, — And that there be such many sagas tell.

Youth bloometh quick, but dies ere buds expand, Age liveth slow yet comes to dust again, While all the time death's not unkindly hand Is never tired of gathering in the grain, And when the loosened spirit 'scapes life's pain Before some high Court it is plea appealed, Its cause is judged of and its fate is sealed.

Therefore beneath this horror of the dark Were shrouded mysteries, close-folded aye, Within an orb of which the outer arc Bounded by space and suns whereof no ray Could penetrate the mirk wherein they lay The Court of Souls, the dread Judiciary Or great Osiris, Lord of Heaven! He!

O'er that dread judgment place there hung a pall, Opaque, tenebrous, sullen, dire and dense, Egyptian darkness seeming like a wail Of velvet black through which no eyeball's lens Could look and live, but blackness more intense Than depths of subterranean caverns bear, So untransparent was the motionless air.

A point of light oped in the solid dark, A vivid pencil of bright blood-red hue, Which slow and silent from the central spark In vast concentric rings expanding grew And through the orb a sanguine self-light threw More awful than e'er sung by poet's lyre, A circular background of red, rayless fire.

In centre of this red and glowing sphere A thin and shifting smoky mist appeared Which, denser growing, cast a murky snare Upon the red, and flicked about and neared The central point, till in some manner weird The mist had taken substance and had grown Into the semblance of an ebony throne.

This giant throne was massive-framed and railed With seeming limbs of gnarled withered trunks But which were writhing serpens, sable scaled, That never ceased to intertwist and squeeze One on the other. As caryatides Seven living sphinxes did the throne upbear And with their long eyes looked out from their lair.

Soon other mists came shimmering on the red In soft, thin vapors like the wave of wings Of wandering sprites that round the centre sped, And drawing near the centre of the rings Drew dense, till the unreal flickerings Formed into corporal figures, towering tall, And stood embodied, forty-two in all.

The Assessors these. One for each mortal sin. An awesome company with heads of bears, Bulls, lions, rams, and apes with glaucous grin, Cats, crocodiles and vulture-beaks. In pairs They all were ranged beside the throne on stairs, O'er each head swayed a feather, and edged bands Were upright held in all their mummied hands.

Higher than these the Genii of the dead, Headed as man, as jackal, hawk and ape, The four dread Masters who do out the shade And lead the sprite forth free from out the shade And mortal coil that lies with mouth agape; These four were there to witness what might be The fate of the sad souls they had sent free.

And with them dog-faced Anubis, the guide Who from the genii's liberating hands Leads forth the souls and sails upon the tide Until it safely reach the shadowy strands, Freed from the effete body's swathing bands, Where timid for its doings, or elate, It waits to cross the lintel of the gate.

Right of the throne stood Horus, also known As Har the Child, fair-haired and double-crowned, With falcon visage, by sunlight more browned, His sunny hair, by sunlight more browned, He 'twas that in his vengeance was renowned On Typhon, and sought out the scattered limbs Of his slain sire—as say Osiris hymns.

First on the left the moon-god Thoth there stood With his face, and held the golden scale Wherein to weigh the evil and the good, And pen of record to record the tale That measures out the benefits and bale, A crescent moon lit up his curling hair With rays like to an aureole of the air.

The others ranged alike on either hand— Sin the preventer, Nubt of the south, grim Bes Abhorrent pigmy hated in the land, Ra of the sunlight whom the people bless, Pripian Khem, Khons with the single tress, Kheph with the scarabeus, mummy bound, And Atum lord of On the lotus-crowned.

Apophis the watersnake who brings The accusation 'gainst the soul set free, The nine Temara gods, masters of things, Great Ptah, besides the Abstract They who be Of Years, Age, Life and of Eternity, All these and more were ranged in line of state And with an air expectant seemed to wait.

Thus all these lurid forms personified The qualities that judge the accused soul, Each one to watch the faults the living hide Of all the two and forty sins of dole, Each sin fall written on a penal scroll— O awful lesson this, that under sun No soul can 'scape the deeds in body done.

Until, inscrutably, an august Shape, That had not entered, grew upon the eye As grows the outline of a giant ape From out the sea mists, so was seen angh Amid these frownsome courtiers standing by, A Presence vast, majestic, magian, lone, The Great Osiris seated on his throne.

A countenance so still, so passionless, Ne'er words could paint in deepest, fancy's dream Nor that brow's majesty could faint express, Nor tell the great long almond eyeballs' gleam Piercing, yet pitiful; the men supreme, The beardless chin and grave mouth's full, firm line Conjoined to make a contour all divine.

As type of strength two horns—in shape new moons' Tain arcs are they, "illuminate and love," Ripen to crescents of mid-months' white moons, Around the mighty form flowed ample down (Throat-latched by Upper Egypt's feathered crown) An opalescent mantle to the feet— A regal vestiture, vague, wizard, meet.

No man could number nor say who had been, Their dry forms through their cerements showing green And phosphorescent, as in waves of water These dead spectators came from out their graves.

Profoundly silent all. No motion broke Nor whisper from that ghastly multitude, 'Twas seen such as a shudder might evoke From out of hades in his wildest mood, Till sudden, startling as a bell-stroke toll, A voice came like a storm-sough from the north And spoke the words: "Let the Accused stand forth!"

FYTE THE SECOND. Slow came before the throne and the stern line Of the demons and assessors grim, A female form most delicately fair Of perfect symmetry and grace of limb, Who stood before the Judge, and looked at him With a proud regal port that seemed to be A challenge made to an equality.

Robless was she as when laid on her bier, The perfect semblance now that she had borne, For Anubis the angel brought her here To show the body she on earth had worn In the fair Nile-land of the fruit and corn, Wherein her name had been a synonym For all that other women did bedim.

Her color was of pallid, perfect gold, Or as if paley-bronze were lightly washed With faintly ruddy ore, and where the mould Of her fine figure carved and brightly flushed Soft violet shadows hid as all abashed, Her midnight-dark of tresses flowed adown To her small feet and clothed her like a gown.

Her countenance had all the beauty rare That marked the noble of Egyptian race, The broad, low brow, the cheek beyond compare, Taut, but where no wrinkle you could trace, Straight nose, and in the contour of her face Her large, black, slanting eyes with lustre glow'd, And the old blood of Memnon-monarchs show'd.

A small, red mouth, with arched lips firm and full That lightly touched in form of archer's bow, Wearing a smile so sweet and beautiful No man could look on her but feel a glow, Had he in life but seen her even so, And there she waited, the one beauteous thing Of all the shapes of that appalling ring.

THE WATER-SNAKE APOPHIS, THE ACCUSER, SPEAKS: "Thou, Cleopatra, born of Pharaoh's line, Wearer of Egypt's double diadem, The monarch's office is to be a sign Unto the subjects, and to culture them, In pregnant myths that grow from Sob his stem, To watch and ward and lead them, and to bow To the immortal Gods—what answerest thou?"

CLEOPATRA. "Lord of the dead and quick! of heaven, O King! The world hath been so very fair to me, My heart was full of joy that made it sing, And my wraps senses thrilled so blissfully At pleasant sounds to hear and sights to see, The air was blue, sun glorified the skies, The moon was sister and the stars were eyes."

"The fountains in oases, where they sang, Spoke mystically pleasant words to me, The bird-songs 'mong the tamarisks as they rang Through shield of reeds and murmur of the tree, The creeping of the Nile through lilted lea, The blue of waters where my galleys lay In the stretched arms of the Canopian bay."

"Were all a part of me—than diadem I loved them—and (although I could not know) Did think beneficence had given us them, Nor deem that joy could work us any wee. It may be true, I know not. Be it so, I did not make myself. Did I create These feelings that they should affect my fate?"

ACCUSER. "Fair Queen of men, power biddeth not in sloth, But is a charge of ever watchful care, And when it loiters as the sluggard doth, The governed land ofttimes becometh bare And faint subjects neither do nor dare, But in their discontent like serpents hiss In envious plotting. What sayest thou to this?"

CLEOPATRA. "What wars were waged? what drat of fighting men? What sands with gore were moistened in my reign? Bouts swum, steeds ramped, slaves builded, and the pen Pappyr wrote. Corn yellowed on the plain, None said the monarch's case was people's bane, Men lived and toiled at craft or trade and died, Nor 'gaunt me up to heaven their ghosts have cried."

ACCUSER. "Accused! the gods claim worship!"

CLEOPATRA. "Through my land The gods had worship. At the feasts of state I oft was present, may and with my land Did get the white bull Apis, nor abate The wine libations where the godheads sat, Nor fail to place fresh flowers upon the lids Of the kings' tombs are in the pyramids."

"If that I shuddered at the sight of gore Of fawns and cooing doves and did recoil From blood of living innocent things, the more Did I bring to the alters corn and oil, Fruits, flowers, and products of the soil, Gum and frankincense and the woods of trees My sea-ships brought from many lands and seas."

"The temples' walls I fineted with hieroglyph And sculptured sacred figures on the pines; Made alters misty with the pungent whiff Of spikenard; fed the priests and his cranes, And placed new sphinxes on the avenue lanes At temple gates, and lengthened out the line Of mystic obelisks and forms divine."

"As woman I revealed the Women Gods, Athor the lady of the dance and glee, Mistress of turquoises,—as say her odes, Isis the mother veiled in mystery, Full-bosomed Mant, for generatrix is she, These I adored by loving all things fair, For adoration is in praise, not prayer."

ACCUSER. "Wanton! one of Two Egypt's crowned queens, In thy luxurious and voluptuous life Leman of sea-barbarians hast thou been, Thus bringing luxury on the land, and strife."

CLEOPATRA. "How could a Queen Egypt stoop to wife? If that my hot blood surged as doth the sea The blame lay with the gods and not with me."

The crowd of the spectator dead stayed still Nor did they, at demand and countermend, Lay on the soul at bar ought charge of ill Nor yet did tell good deeds done in the land; Nor advocate did take the cause in hand, But the accused stood, no one by her side, Calm, proud, impudic, laugh and monarch-eyed

Then Thoth the writer took his tablet up Where he had writ the record clear and fair, And Anubis the weigher placed the cup Of good deeds done, in one scale to compare, And in the other laid the brazen square 'Gainst which good mitigating acts are weighed, While anxious all looked as the balance played.

Till fell the brazen square with motion none, Showing the ill was more than good was done, Then Apophis the snake stood forth and cried In eerie tone, "This woman's cause is tried."

FYTE THE THIRD. May mortal tongue describe the august sounds When a god speaks and the empyrean fills, Loudly, in crashing thunder's dreadful rounds Reverberating 'mong the canyon'd hills, Or, lowly, in the prattle of the rills, Or in the sad sea's murmur when it grieves, Or in the stealthy whisper of the leaves?

The Judge Osiris spoke the direful doom: "Daughter of balanced deeds, nor fill nor great, Gay thing of whim, as frail as blossom bloom, Too good art thou for hell, for heaven too late, Too slight for purging fires, too delicate, Due transmigration let thy soul enclasp And for one cycle 'be a lamian asp."

With piercing shriek the sentenced soul fell down In writhing on the ebony paven floor, Her self-long hair that clothed her like a gown Strivell'd to nothingness,—own form no more But likeness of a spotted snake she bore, Her white and carmine tints grew flecked with bars And eyes shone out on her and phosphor stars.

Yet with a grace of motion, as she moved The line of beauty to her progress gave Though prone, and in saltant spasms as behooved Her new form, and a scintillation gave As you have seen an undulating wave Crested with light though body all a-green, So undulated Egypt's hapless queen.

Meantime the attic pageant's bloodied glare Deened as metal taken from the fire, And in the places where the figures were Swam but faint films; soon eventures expire And the tenebrous ring contracting higher Shrank to one vivid spot; then out the spark And once more fell the horror of the dark.

Long centuries have trailed since these records And Egypt's fate has veered for good and ill, The Roman, Moslem, French and British hordes Have made her weakness subject to their will, But the sad sentenced Cleopatra still Doth undulate athwart the lilted meads Or by the Nile's banks hisses 'mong the reeds. HERNEWOOD, P. E. I. THE END. *3000 years.

JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY. JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B. Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash.

NEW STORE, EAST END CITY, Waterloo, Near Union Street. T. PATTON & CO. ARE NOW SHOWING— HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, in every variety. DRESS GOODS, in all the leading shades. Blk. Goods, Wool Henriettas, Cashmeres, Merinos, Serges, Grenadines, Fancies, Etc.

THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN CARPETS must be Cleaned. Get it done well while you are about it. Not a speck of dust is left in a carpet cleaned by A. L. LAW, of Gilbert's Lane. The new process used. Carpets look as good as new afterward. No color removed. Leave your orders early.

A. L. LAW, Gilbert's Lane Dye Works. W. ALEX. PORTER, WILL REMOVE ABOUT SATURDAY, June 8, to his New Store, Corner of Union and Waterloo Streets.

BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best market affords always on hand P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 Germain Street, Opposite Market Building.

Make Somebody Happy BY GETTING A GOOD PHOTO TAKEN AT STOERGER'S. You can't miss the place—corner of KING and CHARLOTTE STREETS, opposite NELSON'S. We are now offering our Beautifully Finished CABINET PHOTOS at \$3.00 per dozen, (for a short time only.) Entrance to Studio—75 CHARLOTTE STREET.

DR. SCOTT'S Electric Hair Curler. LADIES who wish to quickly Bang, Crimp or Curl their Hair, by a new method, should have one of these new inventions. For sale by A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO., Charlotte Street.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

We have just received a cable repeat of BLACK SECTION GIMPS, 108 pieces in all. Range in price from 16c. to \$2 per yard, from 1 inch to 10 inches in width, both in Silk and Woaded. JETTED GIMPS. Our stock of Dull and Bright Jetted Section Gimps and Passanteries includes all the latest designs. JETTED WAIST SETS, BRAIDED WAIST SETS. TINSEL GIMPS. The assortment of Tinsel Gimps and Galons is very extensive also. WAIST SETS, SKIRT and WAIST SETS. JETTED FRINGES, SILK BULLION FRINGES, BALL FRINGE.

BLACK LACE FLOUNCINGS, 10 in., 18 in., 36 in., 40 in., 42 in., 65 in. CHANTILLY LACE, 2 to 7 in. wide. BLACK JETTED LACES. BLACK LACE ALLOVERS, BLACK JETTED ALLOVERS, CREAM ANTIQUE FLOUNCINGS.

EMBROIDERED COSTUMES, In Pink, Blue, Navy Cream, Grey and White; also, Colored Flouncings and Allovers, to sell by the yard. BLACK WOOL VEILING (Bordered), 22 and 45 in. This desirable Veiling is used very much instead of Crape. Net Veilings, Dress Laces, Dress Shields, Waist Steels, Dressmakers' Linings.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, 27, 29 KING STREET.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

— THE CELEBRATED — WHITE MOUNTAIN — AND — ARCTIC PATTERNS, in all sizes. Prices from \$2 up. — ALSO — REFRIGERATORS, in a variety of sizes and best makes, from \$10 up.



Our stock of reasonable Goods is unsurpassed, including,

OIL STOVES, FLOWER STANDS, GARDEN VASES, CREAMERS, WIRE WINDOW SCREENS, Etc., Etc.

WE CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK OF Household Hardware, Kitchen Furnishing Goods and Tinware in the Lower Provinces. AND OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street. W. G. SCOVIL. E. E. FRASER.

Clothing.

Mention this paper, "PROGRESS," when you come, and see what YOU will get. It will pay you well. This is for two weeks only, commencing FRIDAY, June 7th, and every day until and including SATURDAY, June 22nd.

REMEMBER Oak Hall Clothing House, CORNER KING AND GERMAIN STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B. Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Clothing; Gents' Furnishings, Mackintosh and Rubber Coats, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, etc. Look for the Red Light. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.



READY TO HELP YOU! HAVE YOU MOVED, and do any of your living rooms look dull? If they do, forget not to ask Mr. A. G. STAPLES, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET, to PAINT and DECORATE them for you. All orders get the promptest attention at his hands. You will want your House looking well outside as well as inside this summer. Visitors will be here by the thousands. Get A. G. STAPLES to paint them, and have them looking bright and attractive. But, people who move, do not forget the address, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET.

"THE BEACHES"! RICHIBUCTO, KENT CO., N. B.

THIS is one of the finest SUMMER RESORTS in CANADA (only six hours Railway ride from St. John). Will be opened to receive guests on June 10th. Unsurpassed as a health resort. EXTRA GOOD SEA-BATHING. Delightful climate! Splendid scenery! Efficient management! Accommodation for 150 guests! Free from Fog! Piazzas and Balconies 14 feet wide, 312 long. Good River and deep Sea-fishing; three Lawn Tennis courts, Croquet, Base-ball and Cricket grounds; Bagatelle, Billiard and Pool Tables; Music and Ball Rooms; Sail and Row Boats, and Swings, with all other attractions usually found at First-class Summer Resorts. THE MENU of the house is unexcelled (for prices charged). For circulars, photographs, diagrams, rates, etc., apply to E. E. PHAIR, P. O. Box 225, Richibucto, Kent Co., N. B.

TEAS.

We have in Stock at all times the Finest Flavored Teas, selected especially for Family use. WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BLENDED TEAS. The demand for DeYeber's Mixed Teas, in 1 lb packages, 35c., increases daily. A lady in Montreal writes: "I have tasted your 35c. Mixed Tea, while visiting my son, Mr. —, and am very much pleased with the flavor. Please send me 1 caddy of the above mixture exactly. I must have it good; am satisfied with the Tea sent to my son." STANDARDS (KAISON, SOUCHONG, OOLONG, PEKOE, PADRAE, Send for Samples.) (JAPAN, SARUYEN, FARKING, ASSAM.) Chase & Sanborn's Coffees. W. F. ALLAN, (Successor to R. S. DEYBER,) 73 Germain Street.