

THE OLD ORGANIST.

In through the window steals the silent splendor Of fading twilight; like a blessing there It lingers with a touch so soft and tender Upon an old man's flowing silver hair.

His fingers o'er the yellow keys are straying, As though he played it all within a dream. His tear-dim eyes see not with mortal vision, The music bears his spirit far away

Still slower move the old and feeble fingers With soft caresses along the marning keys; Still fainter on the air the music lingers Almost as silent as a summer breeze.

Along the keyboard fly the fingers, playing The song exultant of a soul's release; For with the music, up to Heaven straying, The old man's spirit passes into peace.

Into an echo sank the song of sadness, With all its sorrow changed to love and bliss, Till on the wings of sweet, harmonious gladness It reached a land more beautiful than this.

LOVED IN VAIN.

"Oh! mother, look here; a French sailor. How pale he is!" And with the point of her sunshade the young girl gave a sign to the coachman to stop, who already had made an attempt to avoid the throng of people.

"Diane! How childish you are!" grumbled the dutchess. But nevertheless the old lady, likewise curious, turned around to look at the variegated group of Javanese, Chinese, Birmans, Siamese and Battacks in the midst of whom appeared a tall sailor, dark and lean, his hair dripping on his livid forehead.

"Limit to the third-class passengers." He started at the sign as if held by an unknown force. His brain was weak like his muscles and unable to think. He was incapable of any effort. However, he comprehended very well, that his hope to meet his benefactress again, or to hear her, had been mad, but this wish returned again and again.

"I am not drunk," he cried; "I am ill!" Suddenly he drew back contorted, and in order to salute he touched his bare head. At the side of the grave, uninterested consul he had just now noticed, drawing aside the blind, a fair, rosy young girl, whose eyes examined him with compassion.

"Come here, my man!" The young girl called him with a hesitating smile in her handsome face. With slow steps he came to her, his eyes suddenly lowered.

"Where are you from?" "From Ajaccio," he murmured. "Bastiani Pierre, shipwrecked with the *Aurore* from the harbor of Marseilles."

But already the consul, having recognized him, explained his presence in Singapore by saying that the crew of the brig had been sent back to their country; only this man, ill, consumptive, exhausted by his sufferings, had been obliged to remain in the hospital. Recovered now; at least, well enough to be able to depart, he awaited the coming of a man-of-war; but if he continued to frequent barrooms they would not allow him further liberty.

"I have not been drinking! I have not been drinking," he repeated like a child. "It is the sun. I came out today for the first time with only a little cap on. The sun made me feel sick, miss."

"Tell me, sir," she asked the consul, "when could this unfortunate man return to France?" "Really, I do not know. In a month I think, with the *Vink-Long*."

"What a long time still! Wouldn't it be possible to send him with our packet-boat tomorrow?" The consul put on an important air and said evasively: "The regulations . . . it was not necessary . . . too expensive."

"But, you see how ill he is! Come, now, if I plead for him? We will pay, if it is necessary, will we not, mamma?" The dutchess, occupied, at the other side of the carriage, said abstractedly: "Certainly!" and turning round added: "Well, are we going now?"

With a submissive smile the consul bowed, then turned to the sailor: "Come to the Consulate this evening, my fellow. You will take the packet-boat." And the carriage rolled away, leaving the policeman giving the military salute (the right hand to the turban) and Bastiani, the shipwrecked sailor of *Aurore*, from the harbor of Marseilles, in ecstasies, on the red road, under the scorching sun, between the palms.

II.

The *Djemnah*, her coal on board, awaited only the pilot to veer her cables and quit the New Harbor, when Bastiani appeared, walking heavily, his baggage on his back. He was less pale, less exhausted than the day before, and wore a large, clean, blue collar on his jersey. His look sought some one among the passengers, but, disappointed, he shrugged his shoulders, advanced, and went on board.

In the crowded passageway he lingered with dragging steps, his ticket in his hand; and people turned round to look at him, so very ill he seemed. Finally a steward received him and conducted him to the doctor, who cast one glance at him, and, furious, stamped his foot: "It was madness! . . . The consul be hanged!"

We should really not accept this ill person. But the face of the sailor contracted with such violent despair that the doctor softened down enough to question him. "There are ladies, . . . a young miss . . . passengers, who have given me a ticket," the sailor said.

Astonished at this information, the officer ordered him to wait. "My fellow," he said, coming back, "you are lucky, that the Duchess and her daughter have taken an interest in you, if it is common sense to take such an invalid from the hospital and embark him. But you are a passenger; thanks to those ladies you will be provided for with the third-class passengers."

Bastiani stammered his thanks. He had lifted up his eyes to the door, as if he hoped to see his benefactress appear behind the doctor. Then she was the daughter of a duchess! This grandeur revealed to him did not cause him any astonishment. Rather a shame and vague regret on account of his glances of the day before. He shrugged his shoulders again, his face now indifferent, then went away quite dejected. The tranquility of his joy, his calmness at the moment of departure for his own country, astonished him.

After having installed him, he remounted the bridge. The ship was trembling; passengers waived their adieu to the people thronging on the shore; others threw *sous* to the little divers. The sailor discovered in the multitude at the back, the white and blue veil of the young girl, and, in spite of himself, without knowing it, he advanced a few steps in her direction.

"Halt turn, my man!" grumbled a steward. Bastiani stood still, paralyzed. The white bonnet and blue veil disappeared, lost amid the crowd, far, very far from him. And in a dazed manner he recollected that he could not overstep the middle of the bridge. At this moment he felt faint, like on the day before under the sun, and he remained prostrated, trying to spell the tablet fixed at the smoking-room.

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"I should come perhaps to inquire for me?" he murmured, in great anguish; and he awaited her some time between two fits of coughing.

In the evenings he remembered his sufferings and the months, long months of his campaigns since the setting out of the *Aurore* from Marseilles till the burning in the straits of Malacca. A little more and they would have let him be burned to death in his hammock, for he was then already ill; but resigned, asking nothing more than the boon to die at home, there, near the Porto Vecchio.

III.

The days passed by slowly; an intolerable heat reigned and was made unbearable by the bad smells, that came, in spite of repeated washings, from the stables, the cages and menagerie. Sometimes Bastiani longed for the tempter to disperse all those heavy miasmas and refresh his fevered brow. Then, as he had not again seen the young girl during all this time, her sending him now a book, another time some grapes, only made him bitterly regret his lost strength.

If only he had been robust and in good health! He could have worked, though a stranger on board, with the others, gone there and seen her perhaps! But it was better thus, now, he knew well, how ugly and repugnant he must look.

"Povero! Ah! Santa Madre, to see her only once!" He tried to get up, to walk, but a nameless despair overcame him, at feeling himself weaker every time. He gasped with the effort red lights dance before his eyes, and the cruel cough racked his breast.

"Then she will not come? Never? I shall never see her again?" At certain hours he drew out his rosary and kissed it fervently. "Madonna! Santa Madonna, grant that she comes! Any why should she not come? Others come every day, after breakfast, and after lunch, to distribute biscuits to the animals. Why should she not come once?"

Remaining there, living all the day in such fever and heat, he would have felt refreshed, if of his own country, if she had come. Why did she not come? He began to inquire after her of a waiter, one of his own country men.

"She is very well," said the man. "She is either occupied with music or drawing." After this he asked, if she wore always her white bonnet and her blue veil. The waiter did not know exactly. Bastiani wanted to have her described to him. In that carriage he had not seen her distinctly, and he was mortified, to find her image confused in his mind like the remembrance of an apparition.

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MANCHESTER.

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like the remembrance of a virgin in a holy picture. Then he was anxious to know, what she did in Singapore and he was quite astonished, when he heard that she was coming back from having made a voyage around the world with her mother. "How could she like that? She rich! Do people sail, without being forced to it?"

The voice of the young girl was soft and angel-like. He remembered that voice more than the face, and repeating to himself the words she had said, he tried to imitate her accent. Oh! to hear her again! But no, all was at an end; he would not hear any more this musical voice!

He wrung his hands, dreamed of getting up, pushing back the steward, and going there to see her again, and then die. Once he had a great joy: he recalled the name Diane. Her mother had called her Diane; he thought of it now. The pretty name! He saw it written everywhere around him, in unknown characters, mysterious and pretty, and the waves, softly beating the sides of the *Djemnah*, murmured to him "Diane! Diane!"

Weeks passed by. He grew more and more feeble; the doctor came to his cabin every morning, but always found that the invalid, already up and dressed, had gone to the bridge with the help of a waiter, and was lying on his bamboo-couch. "If she should come today!"

So he remained for hours taking his meals on his lap, watching sometimes without seeing Arab stokers kneeling down to their prayers, counted the hours, according to the chances he had of seeing Diane arrive, the evening twilight crushing him and sending back his hopes to the eternal tomorrow.

At this time, the waiter, his countryman, came often to talk with him in his language, to tell him what she had done during the day. She had been sitting at the side of the commandant at table, she had laughed.

"Oh, to have heard it! But who could say? Perhaps she would yet come. Passengers mounted sometimes on the bridge to be refreshed by the breeze or to hear the songs of the crew."

But the young girl was, perhaps, afraid of the sailors. The monotonous sadness of their songs made Bastiani feel still more unhappy. If he could be on the firm earth again, where there were no tablets, no limits, he would have followed her from afar, he would have filled his eyes with her image for long days. His heart was breaking.

One morning he saw the duchess behind the doctor, and in a mute supplication, he retained her, tried to tell her his burning wish in unintelligible stammerings. The doctor and the duchess looked at each other, murmured some common-place comforting words, and, his visitors departed, he waited, feeling strong again with a resurrection of hope.

Surely the mother would speak to her daughter, would bring her to see him. He was strong enough to descend without help, to put on his Sunday suit, then he awaited her, his heart in his mouth, the book she had sent him, opened before him, the book he did not know how to read!

A chambermaid appeared; she carried a plate with fruits. "Miss Diane sends it." And she went away. He cried out only once, and fell down, crushed, like one dead.

It was at an end; she would not come, never, never, as she did not come now, knowing him so ill! In his breast, in his head something was broken. A long time he wept, wetting with his tears the mango-stones, the litchis, the bananas, the oranges. The monkeys attracted by the odor, put their paws through the barriers and pulled his sleeve.

That evening in his cabin he was shaking under a fit of fever. Through the passage sounds of music reached him. She was singing. He saw her in his imagination, beautiful, dressed superbly, flowers in her hair, surrounded by love, and despairingly he threw himself down on his bed in an agony of sobs. The next day he would not rise, broken down, conscious of having raved during the whole night. The doctor came.

"Sir," he asked him with a crazed look, "when they throw a dead person into the sea, all the passengers come, is it not so, all?" The physician tried to evade the question with comforting, soft, reassuring words, but he was obliged to answer "yes," to quiet him.

And during two days, in his ravings, as in his quiet moments, he did not cease to repeat: "She will come! she will come!" He died with this cry on his lips.

cabin and put before the opening. The crew ranged themselves at each side, a waiter brought four candelabras from the saloon. By the open door a fresh breeze entered with the murmurings of the waves.

The passengers arrived, also the duchess and her daughter. They were crowded in the tight perpendicular passage-way, so that only the first ones could see the coffin, half hidden by three nuns kneeling, the commandant erect, a missionary and a Franciscan in Chinese costume. A boy held the basin with holy water. The monk opened the breviary, every body knelt down, with exception of the captain, who turned to a sailor:

"The engine at forty turns." The sailor departed to execute orders and the *Djemnah* almost instantly seemed to stop moving. The water was splashing in small murmuring waves.

"De profundis, clamavi ad te, Domine!" The nuns gave the responses with quiet passionate voices. The flames of the candles vacillated, gray shadows trembled on the wall.

"In nomine Patris, Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen." The priest sprinkled the coffin with holy water; his gesture each time made his false Chinese queue pop up and down on his white surplice. Soon under the wetted cloth now became transparent, the wood of the coffin appeared made from planks of chests, covered with commercial inscriptions in large letters: "Protect from the wet." "Fragile."

Everybody rose. "Softly, my fellows!" said the boatswain. "Attention! . . . Hold fast! Down!" The coffin was near to the water. It glided, glided down, the captain took his silver whistle, did the honors, and the coffin disappeared. A splash of the water was heard, then the little waves close over the spot where it had disappeared, and the sea laughed in the sunshine without a wrinkle on its shining surface.

"Engine in motion!" ordered the commandant. The passengers went away. The duchess said to her daughter: "On a government ship he would not have had a coffin." "I am very glad," replied Diane, "that I saw nothing. I might have dreamt of it. . . . It is so sad!" — From the French.

GIRLS, CAN YOU POSE?

Young Women who Can are in Demand in Drawing Rooms.

The posing young woman is very much to the fore, and, as fashionable drawing rooms are furnished with a view to aiding her in her artistic desires, she is happy. You see a tall, slender girl in some sort of soft frock draped in Greek fashion, with fillets of gold about her hair, standing in one corner of the room under a tall palm tree. You think what a good background she has and how lovely the entire effect is, and you are a man you believe it is an accident. If you are a woman you give her an admiring glance and say to your chum: "She has her pose."

You see a tailor made girl, who is calling, with her hands clasped behind her, standing up in a very erect way against the side of a mantel shelf, and it all seems to harmonize—the natural wood, the straight lines of her figure, the somewhat decided way in which she is speaking, the polish on her patent leather shoes and her smoothly braided hair. She has succeeded; she is posed there.

There is another girl who has come in a lingering, dawdling sort of a way, enveloped in a long, soft, full cloak, and with a picture hat laden with plumes, crowning a mass of fluffy, disorderly hair, and after she has said her good afternoon to the hostess she half sits, half reclines against a pile of cushions; one of her adorers brings a footstool to her and her small foot, in its Louis Quinze shoe, shows to best advantage, and she draws as she talks. She's got her pose. It's the semi-lazy, semi-serpentine effect of a woman who looks awkward in a tailor suit, whose angles are too many for her to pose against a palm tree, but who is filled in and rounded by her full draperies and her soft, many colored backgrounds. They do study it out, and there is no reason why one should dislike it. If a woman looks the better for being well posed, society is the gainer rather than the loser by it.— *Indianapolis Sentinel*.

Cuticura Soap advertisement with image of a woman's face and text describing its benefits for skin conditions like eczema and dandruff.

MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream advertisement with text describing its softening and beautifying properties for the skin.

SODA WATER advertisement with text describing the Soda Water Season of 1890 and listing various flavored sodas available.

A. & J. HAY advertisement with text describing their jewelry and watch services, including diamonds, fine jewelry, and American watches.

A. G. STAPLES advertisement for painting and interior decoration services, located at 175 Charlotte Street.

THE WOOLEN GOSPEL advertisement for woolen goods, featuring various tweeds, blankets, and boots, with special discounts on Saturdays.

KERR'S Confectionery advertisement for fine chocolates, creams, and caramels, located at 70 King Street and 28 Dock Street.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU advertisement for portrait, building, and advertisement engraving services, located at St. John, N.B.

DR. SCOTT'S Electric Hair Curler advertisement with image of the curler and text describing its benefits for hair styling.

CHAMPION SAFES advertisement with image of a safe and text describing its fire and burglar proof features.

J. M. LEMONT advertisement for piano and organ tuning services, located in Fredericton, N.B.

DAVID CONNELL advertisement for livery and boarding stables, located in Sydney St.

GERARD G. RUEL advertisement for wire, steel, and iron-cut nails, located in St. John, N.B.