

THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME.

What though the radiant thoroughfare
Teems with a noisy throng?
What though men bandy everywhere
The ribald jest and song?

A VERY PRETTY QUARREL

Addie was at the piano, singing a new song that Frank had brought, while he turned her music, and threw in a hint now and then as to expression.

The professor, busy as usual, copied music at a side table, making a vry face every time Addie struck a wrong note, which she did pretty often; how can a girl manage new music and love with equal facility?

But just then I was not thinking of anything so ephemeral as beauty. What could induce Will to sit out there so long with Miriam? He did not usually take my snubs in such serious fashion, though Addie was continually saying that the day would come when he'd pay me back in my own coin.

It is true that the night before, when we all went for a stroll, I refused Will's arm—moved by a spirit of mischief—claiming Charlie's instead. But surely neither he nor Miriam was foolish enough to be jealous of Charlie and me?

Comfort, indeed! I gave a glance at the window, to see what the owner of one particular face and form of godly grace was doing. How pretty Miriam looked in the moonlight, with her dancing eyes and flashing teeth!

"Miss Kate," suddenly asked the professor, during a pause in the music, "what's the matter? Are you indisposed?"

"Dear me!" I said, crossly, "I should think from your expression that I was a Gorgon's head, professor!"

And as for Will playing tit for tat, what can a poor man do when a girl throws herself deliberately in his way? Charlie, indeed! Much she'd care for him if she could secure my handsome Will!

But I only thought all this; not a word did I say. I just gave Addie a scornful look, tossed my head, and went out of the room.

Was it possible that they laughed as I shut the door? No, it could not be; Will wouldn't dare to join in a laugh against me—his new-found independence never could carry him as far as that!

Poor Will! how good and kind and patient he was, and how I plagued him at times—always, one might almost say. Should I go back and be good? But no—

So I put on my prettiest hat and jacket, pinned a bunch of flowers at my waist and opened the front door with a jaunty air, knowing that Will would see me from his perch and wonder where I was going.

Charlie roared with laughter at that. He is always laughing—thinks life's a joke that's just begun, like three little maids. "Come, now, Katie, you can't induce me to believe that, you know. There's only one man in the world who can make love to my little girl with her own consent."

Charlie looked astonished when I made such wonderful eyes, and a comical expression crept into his face. I guess he knew I was acting at Will; these stupid men do have occasional gleams of intelligence.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" he said at last. "Only to come down Broadway a little while—just to give Addie time to learn her new song."

"Is she learning one? Glad of that; Addie has such a lovely voice. Well, I'll go with you—only I must report myself to Miriam first; I'll be down in a minute."

At the outset, Charlie's walk and nine did not seem the rosiest thing in the world; he marched forward like a grenadier, while I trotted along in sober silence, feeling very much like a naughty little girl under punishment.

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abruptly paused. "You were vexed yourself at Will Miriam—you know you were. Your face was awful to look upon when we left the house."

Charlie smothered another laugh. What did he find so funny in the situation? I never knew jealousy to have such a laughing gas sort of effect upon anyone.

"As for Will and Miriam, even the best of us do wrong sometimes," he said after a while; "or we might have been too hasty. And are we doing right ourselves, Kate? You'd better apologize to Will this time."

"Never!" was the emphatic answer. "What! n—?" Charlie stopped just in time to save his life. "You'd better Katie!"

But Charlie, who suddenly seemed to remember his grievance when we reached the front door, would not come in, and my mental barometer indicated stormy weather when he marched off with a lofty air, leaving his "compliments" to Miss Bertram—

There was no one in the parlor, when I softly opened the door, but Professor Rogers still hard at work, and oblivious of everything save the new melody that was singing itself in his brain.

"Why, Miss Kate," he asked, evidently surprised by my appearance on the scene, "how is it that you are not at the theatre with the others?"

"I did not even know that they were going." "Is it so? Yet I placed a box at Mr. Reynolds' disposal this morning, thinking that you would surely make one of the party."

And then some one lifted me from the floor and some one kissed me a dozen times, and I looked up and there was my Will, with love and laughter in his true eyes.

"Of course, I've served you right, mistress!" Another kiss here. "But I didn't go to the theatre, you give me variety enough, my love, to keep me contentedly at home."

"That wicked professor!" I cried, struggling from Will's arms; for really, one doesn't care to be kissed more than a hundred times a minute, even if one deserves punishment.

"That was one of my playful inventions, Miss Kate," broke in the malignant man's voice just here; and then the folding doors were thrown open, revealing Addie and Frank, Charlie and Miriam, with dear Professor Rogers in front, all laughing and pointing at me. Yes, they were all in the plot, and Charlie had only pretended to be vexed.

"I say, Kate, you don't happen to have those cigars about you, anywhere, do you?" he said with a saucy look.

I shook my head at him, but it was of no use; out came the whole story, and I had to admit that the wager was fairly and squarely lost, even though a little trickery was used to secure my defeat.

Well, I forgave them. Addie said her perverse sister needed the lesson and you will agree with her, I'm afraid. But it cured me, and Will shall never again have reason to complain of my exactions.

"I was very cross, dear," whispered the penitent, who, since she had taken to the wearing of sackcloth and sprinkling of ashes, was bound to complete her penance, "and very rude. But you know that I love to hear your voice always. Won't you prove that you quite forgive me by singing something?"

"You're a little goose," said Addie with that lovely sparkle in her blue eyes that always comes there when she is moved, "but a little darling, too. Of course I forgive you! What shall I sing, Frank?"

The blonde young man appealed to looked at her fondly—but that he was always doing—glanced at me with something like disapprobation, and then deliberately said, with the air of one evolving an entirely new proposition:

"Sing Never to Meet Again?" So Addie sang her song the twentieth time that day. But I listened to it, well content, my hand in Will's, knowing that now the words could never, never apply to him and me.—Selected.

After Dangers of the "Grip."

Boston papers facetiously remark that "La Grippe is seldom fatal unless you use all the remedies recommended for it." They are correct. The writer fully believes that the end of the poor "grip" victim, if he tried all the patent medicines that have adorned (?) the pages of our leading newspapers as "sure cures for La Grippe," would be like Mark Twain, who for his famous cold tried every remedy advised by friends, until his stomach became so weak he began to vomit and continued until, as he avers "he was like to throw up his immortal soul."

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"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing December 30, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 9.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock, Presque Isle.

Montreal, 7.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Y. and N. E. at 11.15, 10.20, 10.45 a. m.; 12.25 p. m. Woodstock at 10.15, 10.35 a. m.; 18.00 p. m. Houlton at 10.25 a. m.; 18.00 p. m. St. Stephen at 18.05 a. m. Fredericton at 7.00, 10.00 a. m.; 12.25 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 5.45, 10.00 a. m.; 1.30, 12.30, 10.50 p. m.

Trains marked \* run daily except Sunday. †Daily except Saturday. \*Daily except Monday. †Daily except Saturday.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John.

ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m. LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p. m., St. John at 12.45 p. m. FREIGHT \* to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m. BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance. W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway. 1889—Winter Arrangement—1890

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton.... 7.30 Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 11.10 Fast Express for Halifax..... 14.30 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 15.20 Express for Sussex..... 16.35 A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.10 o'clock and St. John at 7.20 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal. The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

Trains will arrive at ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8.20 Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.10 Fast Express from Halifax..... 14.50 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 19.25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Margrave..... 23.30 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.

Buctouche and Moncton Railway. TICKETS

On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows: Leave Buctouche, 8.30 | Leave Moncton, 15.30 Arr. Moncton..... 10.30 | Arr. Buctouche, 17.30 C. F. HAININGTON, Manager. Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889.

MONTREAL and All Points West BY SHORTEST ROUTES.

Baggage Checked to Destination. Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale. FRED. E. HANINGTON, TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot. HOTELS. ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

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