From Stenographic Notes, Taken in a Lucid

Interval, by Casey Tap. I am a poor, broken-down, forgotten Gold Pen. The sands of my life have about run out, and naught is left for me but a low and narrow bed in the dust heap of oblivion. Once I was as young and cheerful as you, dear friend who may read these memoirs, and life held before my youthful gaze many a hopeful prospect and roseate picture, but now-now all is over. Knowing full well that the days of my usefulness are past, I am content to sit me down and, with the events of my career stretching in panoramic procession before my failing vision, to calmly await my doom.

I was born in the bowels of the earth, ages upon ages ago, beyond the memory of weak, mortal man. I first saw the light of day in the presence of three weary, starving men-men who had left their homes, their wives, their children and their friends to follow the worship of their idol, Mammon. In the form of dust I lived five years, passing from hand to hand-now in the possession of some flashily-dressed and blear-eyed bar-tender, tomorrow augmenting the slender board of an itinerant expounder of the gospel of our blessed Redeemer-and so on.

Then I found myself in a large city.

Lotty edifices reared their noble fronts towards the heavens, mile upon mile the marts of commerce spread their dazzling displays, and the hum, and rush and roar of metropolitan life pervaded all, e'en as does the brooding silence o'erspread the lifeless tracts and arid sandy wastes of Africa and Fredericton. 'Twas in the midst of all this bustle that I assumed my present form. I was packed into a box, with many of my fellows, and sent to a town, miles and miles from the big city. It was in this calm, semi-rural retreat that I met my master. Full well do I remember that day. It seems, after all, but yesterday. I was lying in a glass show case when a pretty and neatly-dressed young lady entered the store, and blushing charmingly said, "I intend making a birthday present to a young-er-that-er-that is -a-well, you know-a friend-a gentleman friend, and-and I would like very much to have your assistance in selecting a gift." My owner then showed her many pretty trinkets-gold toothpicks that would loosen the teeth of a handsaw, red-granite cuff buttons from the Eagle Rock quarry, scarf pins, etc., etc. until at last his eye rested upon the tray wherein I reposed. "A gold pen," said he, "would make a

very acceptable present, I should judge. Here's a holder, see? Everything complete. Usual price is five dollars 'n'alf, but seeing that it's you, Miss Wilkins, I will let it go at five-forty-five. Shall I wrap it up for you?"

After some hesitation, the young lady purchased me, and at about 11:59 that evening I was presented to the young man with whom I was destined to spend all my after days. The ensuing three or four days I was kept very busy indeed, and innumerable scraps of paper were crumpled in my master's hand after receiving some such legend as "Miss Wilkins," "Mary Wilkins," "Tubal O. Zero," "M. W-T. O. Z.," "The dew is onto the leadew-lea-lea-the dew is on the dew onto," etc., etc. Then I settled down to the realities of this life. Often I would lie in my master's writing desk for a week at a time, and again, I would be in constant use for three or four days without food or drink. My master was seeking the lunatic asylum via the poetry route. Twice every year, I remember, he would receive huge piles of letters, and would sit down and make me answer them. Most of the replies would read as follows: "Mr. Shiers, Dear Sir,-Your favor of 1st received. As I cannot at present liquidate the small obligation of which you speak, I beg you will kindly extend my credit a few weeks. Yours truly, Tubal O. Zero." (Note by stenographer ---but, never mind). One time he took me in hand and made me work about two whole days writing a screed of some kind for a humorous paper. I narrowly watched his features during the ordeal, and could see in his countenance evidence of the varying emotions which were lacerating his young soul. One moment a broad smile would diffuse itself over his features, and then he would suddenly stop writing and resume a look of hopeless dispair. Twice or thrice he threw me down with what I took to be uncalled for earnestness, and, lighting a Reina De Sewer, walked around the room with his arms thrust deep into his pan-trousers pockets. At the end of forty-eight hours he tossed me recklessly into his writing desk, exclaiming, "Well, that's all over, thank Heaven!" he buttoned the lucubration up in his breast pocket and went out.

from the post-office with a packet. As he opened it and disclosed the contents to view, I noticed a trowning shade of gloom gather upon his brow, "Like beetling clouds o'er summer sea." Accompanying the enclosure was a short printed note: citement at the station. Nearer and "We return your MSS., 'The Mother-in- nearer! The door of the hearse was Law,' not because it lacks literary merit, silently opened, and great tears started but we are receiving from our regular con- from the bereaved father's eyes, and ran in tributors vast quantities of MSS. daily. little rivulets down his furrowed cheek. Hee-Haw."

That happened ten years ago this month, but it comes up before my fading vision as though it were but yesterday, or night before last, at the furthest. Seizing the printed form, my master thrust it into his mouth and chewed it for about four minutes, when with a violent "wugh!" he expelled it towards the cat lying lazily upon the hearth-rug before the blazing kerosene stove. Then, grabbing the pile of manuscript, he viciously tore it into innumerable shreds, and cast it into the waste-basket, heard, I really don't know anything more muttering something about Nye and about it.
Shakspeare being treated just the same

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GOLD PFN. way when they began to write for the papers. Thus my weary life dragged along for five more years, till my master obtained a position as private secretary to a lead- [For Additional Society News See Fifth and ing statesman of our poor, suffering country, and it was in this service that my use-

> fulness ceased. My master had written a letter to a man in Whaybakkh, reiterating for the sevenhundred-and-sixty-fourth time-a promise to obtain for him a position as official floorsweeper-extraordinary of the Whaybakkh custom-house. The man at last grew moody and sank into a gloomy train of thought, and determined to interview the Hon. Mr. Absorbent in person. He arrived one day when my master was alone, his master having adjourned sine die from his arduous duties to a neighboring beer garden to discuss Ireland's woes through a straw. Shoving a letter under my master's H nose, the man from Whaybakkh ex-

"Did you write that letter? Tell me who wrote it?

"I-that is-er-er-certainly-I wrote it—at the request—you know— "No, I don't know nothin' erbout it. Come here till I fold you to my strong, manly bosom!" he shrieked. "O, come-

What happened then I hardly know, I was flung rudely from my master's hand and landed in an open grate near by. Next day the janitor saw me shining in the ashes and rescued me, but alas! my days of usefulness were gone. I had become so twisted and deformed during the melee, that I was destined to figure only as a monument of past greatness. What became of my master, you inquire? Well, I never did-know-for-certain-b-but-I-I have-have heard-

Note by Stenographer-At this point the voice of his nibs, the Gold Pen, became so weak that I could not catch his words, and I turned towards him. His existence, filled with weary, thankless toil, had indeed ended, and the Gold Pen was no more.

THE REMAINS ARRIVED,

And they were Found to be in a most Admirable State of Preservation.

I wonder if Progress can stand another story of the barber I have already mentioned? Because I have just thought of one that is worth repeating-so here goes.

A good many years ago, this versatile gentleman was travelling in the United States, but whether it was for his health or merely in quest of suitable employment for a man of large mind and larger personality, is a point upon which history is silent. A well-known writer has immortalized himself by saying that "travelling, like history, merely proves the extent to which two men can differ from each other —and both from the truth!" So probably our friend was merely taking a sort of modified grand tour, for the purpose of broadening his ideas, and thus extending his capacity for romance in relating his exploits. But "honi soit qui mal 'y pense." He says he was fighting and-incidentally -bleeding for the abolition of slavery and other little abuses, which occasioned the great civil war, which was in reality such a singularly uncivil conflict between our cousins across the border.

Our tonsorial friend cast the weight of his influence and the might of his strong right arm in with the fortunes of the North, which, though the fact has hitherto been unpublished, no doubt accounts in a large degree for the successful issue of the struggle, as far as the Northern army was

However that may be, certain it is that the war came to an end at last, and though war is lucrative enough in its way, we all know that it does not make millionaires of all private soldiers, and I regret to say that our barber had not had the forethought displayed by the immortal Artemus, who enlisted as colonel of a certain regiment, so at the end of the war our hero found himself, in the vulgar but expressive language of the small boy, "busted, and a long way from home!" And under these trying cir-cumstances his heart turned, like that of the prodigal of old, to his ancestral halls in the rocky fastnesses of Butternut Ridge, where the corn and oil failed not and the butternuts made soft music on the white teeth of his father's swine, "as they slipped through their jaws when their edge grew dull," but how to get back he knew not. He could not beg, and to dig he was far too much of a gentleman. But adversity develops the intellect to a marvellous degree, and at last a bright idea struck him and he acted upon it. He dispatched a telegram to his devoted father which ran somewhat after this manner:

To — , Butternut Ridge, N. B.
Your son M. died here today; send money for funeral expenses, and also instructions with regard to forwarding remains.

It was dated from the American town which he was at the time honoring with his presence, and signed with whatever name

occurred to him at the time. The heartbroken parent responded, as a parent should, that his dear son's mortal remains should be sent home at once. He sent ample funds for all contingencies, and many telegrams were exchanged between the kindly stranger and the grief-stricken relative. The body was to arrive on a certain day, and be met at the station by the funeral procession, proceeding at once to the village church, as it was some time since death had taken place. On the appointed day all was in readiness. An event of this kind did not happen every day, and About three weeks later, he came in the village turned out almost to a manay, and a woman, too. It was a fine procession and a long one, and the arrival of the train was awaited with subdued patience. At last a far-distant whistle echoed on the breeze, and all was bustle and excitement at the station. Nearer and citement at the station. Nearer and Dorchester, having been called home by the death Try some local paper. Yours, Ed. of So sad! So sad! to have have him come back this way!" he murmured in a choked voice. The train rushed into the little station, it slowed, it stopped, and a rotund and jovial personage stepped off the platform of the smoking car, and approaching the chief mourner with outstretched hand,

"Well, father, here I am! You're up to time, I see, and I am, too."

Over all that ensued, I will draw a veil, partly out of consideration for my readers' feelings, but chiefly because, never having

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EIGHTH PAGES.

DORCHESTER.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

JAN. 22.—Miss Hanington, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. V. Godfrey, went to St. John

Mr. B. B. Teed returned home from Cape Breton Wednesday evening. "Biff" says that he had a jolly time altogether, and that the girls down there something fine. There were no services in Trinity church Sunday,

St. John with la grippe.

Messrs. R. W. Hanington and C. S. Hickman spent Thursday in Memramcook.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Godfrey went to St. John Saturday to attend the funeral of their nephew, Percy

Mr. and Mrs. Hanington have the heart felt sympathy of all their old friends in their bereavement. Hon. D. L. Hanington returned home from his

election campaign yesterday morning.

Mrs. David Chapman went over to Amherst,
Saturday, to see her daughter-in law, who is quite Miss Godfrey left for Moncton Tuesday morning,

where she expects to spend the winter.
Mr. J. W. Y. Smith returned to Bishop's college, Lennoxville, Saturday morning, where he will graduate next June.

Mr. Gilbert Dobson has so far recovered from a severe attack of la grippe that he will be able to resume his studies in Mount Allison university, Sackville. Mr. Dobson will take the degree of B. A. in

Miss Dibblee is again visiting her sister, Mrs Geo. W. Chandler.

The many friends of Mrs. Arthur Armstrong in this place, regret to hear of the sudden death

Mrs. H. J. McGrath spent Saturday in Sackville.
Mr. A. D. Richard spent the greater part of last
week in Kent county, electionering.
Miss Sadie Foster has a young lady friend visiting her.

Today Mr. J. W. Hickman took advantage of the splendid roads and had his beautifully matched span of bays, Vic and Fairy, out.

Miss Lowerson is coming to Dorchester very soon to make her friend, Miss Sarah Godfrey, a visit.

HOPE.

SUSSEX.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co.1

Jan. 22.—An interesting event will take place at the residence of Mr. W. H. White this evening, when his daughter, Miss Laura, will be married to Mr. Clarence Spooner, editor of the Record.
Rev. Mr. Stewart will perform the ceremony.
Rev. Mr. Little, late of Lancashire, Eng., preached in Trinity church on Sunday evening, and has re-

ceived a unanimous call to become rector of the church. Rev. Mr. Eatough, late curate of Trinity, having resigned his charge, goes to Petiteodiae to assist Rev. Mr. Willis. Miss Bessie Hazen left on Friday to take a course as skilled doctor in hospital, Boston, Mass.
Several of our people are suffering from influenza, among them Miss Dodge, of W. U. Telegraph, and Mr. Samuel Keith, of the I. C. R.
Rev. C. T. Philips, of Woodstock, is visiting trionds in Specer.

Mr. Wm. Morton, well known to many in Kings county, died at his residence, Penobsquis, yesterday Mr. Herbert Fairweather, of Moncton, is in Sus-

Mr. C. H. Fairweather, of this place, has been at Lower Norton in constant attendance upon his father, who is very ill. Miss Lizzie Robertson has been quite ill. Mrs. E. Hallett has returned from her visit to

Hampton.
Dr. Deacon, of Milltown, N. B., is in Sussex Mr. LeB. Tweedie, of Hampton, was in this vil-

TRURO, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Ful-

JAN. 22 .- The death of Mr. J. F. Blanchard, who was so universally and widely respected, is much Rev. Thomas Cumming, pastor of St. Andrew's church, accompanied by his brother, the Rev. Robt. Cumming, sailed on Saturday, from Halifax, in the Sarnia, to be absent several months, on a tour of Palestine and the further East.

Capt. Hill, of the S. S. Halifax, spent Sunday here, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Hanson.

Mrs. Newcomb, from Kings county, is visiting her brother, Principal J. B. Calkin, and Mrs. Calkin, at

Fern Hill.

Mrs. Eldridge Smith is in River Philip, attended the obsequies of her father.

The Rev. Mr. Murray, from Pictou, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrews last Sunday.

Messrs. D. H. Muir, M. D., and Richard Craig, are candidates for the mayorality.

Mr. John R. Coleman has returned from his home in Grafton, Kings Co., where he has been for about

two weeks on sick leave.

Miss Lule Warrenton gave two recitals in the Y.

M. C. A. this week to appreciative audiences.

Mr. O. C. Cummings, left last week for England.

AMHERST, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Amherst at G. G. Bird's

JAN. 22 .- Mrs. A. S. Townsend, of Parrsboro, was in town last week.

Mrs. David Chapman was summoned from Dorchester last Friday to the bedside of Mrs. A. A. Chapman, who was dangerously ill with bronchitis.

Since then she has rallied.

Mrs. John Brown returned to Halifax on Monday. Col. Stewart, of Halifax, is in town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Boggs are in town this week.
Dr. C. A. Black expects to sail from Halifax in
the Parisian, on Saturday, for London, where he
intends to take a medical course this winter. Mrs.

Black and son accompany him.

Miss Addie Purdy expects to leave for Germany this week.
Mr. Alex. Wilson has returned to Pugwash, after Mr. Alex. Wilson has recommended as spending some days in town.

Mrs. W. D. Main had a very pleasant party on Oscar.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore.]

JAN. 21.—Messrs. Bert Holyoke and Frank Griffiths gave a small party in Cole's hall on the 15th. It was altogether informal and a very good time was enjoyed. Dancing and cards were indulged in till

Mrs. Smith is home again after a lengthy visit to New York and Montreal.

Miss DesBrisay is visiting Mrs. Holyoke. Miss Cadman also spent a few days with her.

Mrs. Brayley, of Montreal, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. B. Jones was suddenly called to Digby,

o attend her father, who is not expected to live. Mr. E. B. Jewett died on Monday after a short liness, of congestion of the lungs.

La grippe has descended on Woodstock with one fell swoop, and many are its victims.

RICHIBUCTO.

JAN. 22 .- The Snow Shoe club had a tramp last Saturday evening, after which refreshments were served at the Union hotel. Mr. H. A. Harding, of St. John, was in town on

Mr. Warren McDermott returned to Welford, last week. Mr. E. L. O'Brien, inspector of schools, arrived

of her mother.

Mr. Wilmot Brown, of St. Stephen, reached here on Monday. Rumor says Mr. Brown will assume charge of the K. N. Ry., the former superintendent having been missing for the last month.

Judge Botsford, of Moncton, is in town, the guest of Mr. Allan and Mrs. Hains.

REGINA.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

JAN. 22 .- Mr. Murray spent Sunday in Dorches-Mr. Charles Fawcett went to Halifax on Satur

day.

Mr. Ayer went to St. John on Friday.

Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, of Dorchester, spent a day in town last week.

Warden Forster and wife were in town last week.

Capt. Frith Atkinson is home for the winter.

MITTEN. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

Out at Sea.

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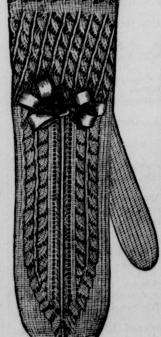
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