IN THE GOLD ROOM.

Her ivory hands on the ivory keys strayed in a fitful fantasy, Like the silver gleam when the poplar trees Rustle their pale leaves listlessly, Or the drifting foam of a restless sea When the waves show their teeth in the flying breeze

Her gold hair fell on the wall of gold Like the delicate gossamer spangles spun On the burnished disk of the marigold, Or the sunflower turning to meet the sun When the gloom of the jealous night is done, And the spear of the lilly is aureoled.

And her sweet red lips on these lips of mine Burned like the ruby fire set In the swinging lamps of a crimson shrine,

Or the bleeding wounds of the pomegranate, Or the heart of the lotus drenched and wet With the spilt-out blood of the rose-red wine.

THE IRON BOX.

Along the tempest-torn coast of Maine there is a wild and rugged headland well known to all seafaring men who have occasion to voyage that way. It thrusts itself well out into the ocean, and beyond where its dark cliffs dip into the water there is still a row of teeth-like rocks which only show themselves at low tide, although their presence is ever revealed by the seething sea which wages with them

a perpetual warfare. There is a passage in through the rocks known only to a few, by which, when the water is not too rough, a boat can pass Dress Reform and Hygienic Principles. and gain the little bit of smooth water which lies beneath the southern slope of the headland; but woe it is to the toiler of the sea who attempts it in a storm, even though he be well acquainted with the

Many are the stories told by the hardy dwellers along the coast, of boats which had gone to their destruction on these cruel rocks, and of the white faces of their occupants who had been thrown upon the narrow belt of sand at the foot of the cliffs, their life gone out from them amid the angry swirling of the waters; and up on the headland, where there was a patch fisherman, "and his master will have him of earth, there was a cluster of humble, all in good time. I would not have thought moss-grown graves where the victims had that there could have been such wickedness been laid away to sleep their long sleep undisturbed by the roar of the ocean and the fierce storms that ever and anon raged | the villain wanted it." above them.

It was on one of those wild, tempestuous nights which always come late in autumn, that a faint light gleamed out into the musky night from the window of old Amos Harlow's cottage, where it nestled close up under a high rock, back some little distance from where the headland there. He would have me fetch it from broke sheer down into the ever restless the trap, where he had hidden it in the

would never guide her through the breakers | said he had saved it all for Nell. How he again. He was about to take another trip, does like that child! He wanted her with but it would be on an unknown sea, and other hands than his would ply the oars.

hours. They had thought he would go out on the Unknown Ocean the night before, but he had clung to life as he would have that is in him. He takes it from both done to a broken oar amid the breakers. sides." One of the watchers was a man old and grizzled, although still stout and strong, and clad in the rough garments of a fisherman. The other was a woman nearly bent double with age and infirmities. When she moved around the room it was with the aid of a long staff, and her steps were weak and unsteady. At the head of the bed was a battered table which, from its dilapidated appearance might have been cast ashore from some ill-fated ship. Resting on it amid a number of bottles and dishes, an oil lamp was burning, throwing around a dim and uncertain light. Upon the rock hearth a fire was sputtering, having all it could do to maintain its life from the odds and ends it fed upon, and the assault of the wind which came roaring down the wide chimney as though it meant to extinguish the last embers by scattering them around

Grotesque shadows flitted about the walls of the apartment whenever the watchers fire, while from without the roar of the wind and ocean filled their ears with their unceasing tumult.

For a few minutes both had been seated by the fire without a word passing between

Now and then, when there was a lull in the storm, they could hear the deep breathing of the sick man, whose hours were so nearly numbered.

At length the man arose once more and went to the bedside. He found its occupant more restless than when he had last ment. The light on the table went out,

"How is he, Dick?" croned the old

The man took up the lamp and held it above the white, pinched face of the dy-

"He won't last much longer, Hitty. He will furl his sail and be at anchor soon." The old dame arose and hobbled to the

bedside, and gazed long and steadily at the sufferer lying there.
"He does seem to be sinking, Dick. His

sands are well nigh run; but he won't die | ments. jest yet. How long will it be before the tide ebbs?" More than an hour yet." "He won't die till then, Dick. Seafar-

ing men never die until the tide is running out. When the ebb comes you may to the tavern that it was thought that old look for him to go at any minute. It seems easier for them to give up their hold out, and so I breasted the storm up here on life when they can float out on the and Satan's own time I've had of it. I on life when they can float out on the

"Yes, and he will go with the next one unless I miss my guess. And he would

"But the boy, Earle, might have come." The face of the old woman darkened. "He come, the ungrateful brat!" she ejaculated. 'I do believe Amos Harlow would rise up in the bed to smite him,

and cold. He would not dare to face the "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me great relief in bronchitis. Within a month I have sent some of this preparation to a friend suffering from bronchitis and asthma. It has done him so much good that he writes for more."-Charles F. Dumterville, Ply- or with disease corrupted. An incomparable mouth, England .- Advt.



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old man, living or dead, after his trying

not only to rob but murder him." "He is the Devil's own," said the old in his heart. But old Amos must have a pretty sum laid by for Nell, and I suppose

Dick set down the lamp and they resumed their seats.

"Yes, a pretty sum, I have no doubt," she answered, with set eyes staring at the flickering flames. "I don't know how much there is, but it is all in yellow gold, and in that iron box of his on the table bottom of the cupboard. Then he would But although his boat was safe, old Amos lay and look at it, and more than once he him all the time, I am sure; but then he would send her off to school, so that she The old fisherman was dying. In the room from which the light shone out he lay upon his bed, past all mortal help.

might be a great lady when she grew up. He always thought a great deal of her mother, too. She was his youngest sister, This his watchers had known for many and not a bit like Earle's mother, who was always going to the bad. The youngster come rightly enough by the deviltry

> "They are both dead now, aint they, Hitty?

"Yes, and I wish their offspring was along with them. But all in good time he will be hanged or drowned. He's sure of one or the other, to my mind."

They were silent now for a little time, and all the motion they made was to turn their faces now and then towards the bed. At length Dick pulled from his pocket his great open-faced watch and holding it out so that the firelight flashed upon it, noted the position of the hands.

"The tide has turned," he said. "It is running out. Something may happen now," and he gave a significant look up into his companion's face.

A sound came from the direction of the bed. It startled them although it was what they had been expecting.
"That is the death rattle! He's going,"

Both rose at the same moment, but bestirred from their position about the bed or | fore the bedside was reached another sound startled them and arrested their footsteps. It was a loud knocking outside the door, as though some one was demanding admit-

> "It must be the doctor," said Hitty, re-covering her composure. "But I don't see how he made his way up over the cliffs in such a gale as this. Open the door, Dick."

Dick took a step in its direction, but be-fore he could lay his hand upon the latch, it was thrown open and a man and a fierce gust of wind entered at the same moand the fire on the hearth came near following its example. For a moment, almost total darkness reigned in the room. Then the door was slammed to with a loud the new-comer at the same time. Then the fire on the hearth flashed up brighter the fire of sentences that week. If prethan it had done, as if to make amends for its partial extinguishment, and then the half-dazed old couple saw a stout, the half-dazed old couple saw a stout, rough-looking young man standing before them with rain dripping from his garbe carried out to the letter. Everyone

"Who else should it be?" demanded the new-comer with a scowl on his not very prepossessing face. "I jest heard down Amos Harlow would not live the night knew that he would want to see his nephew before he went under even if he never had much love for him. How is the old chap?

have died here alone, Hitty, had it not been for you and me, his old neighbors."

"Yes. Poor little Nell could not have got here had she known it, it has come so soon. It will almost break her heart when the way you have used him. How is the chap. Still hanging on to life, I suppose?"

"Get out of the house, Earl Maxwell, if you can't speak like a human being," cried old Hitty in a shrill key. "I wonder how you dared to come here at all, after the way you have used him. Your uncle she comes to hear that her old uncle has gone on his last voyage." the way you have used him. Your uncle is dying now, and I hope it is spared him

to know that you are here." "Who has a better right, I wonder? Not that little whelp of a Nell? If I had found her here, I should have been more than half tempted to have thrown her over the cliffs." should he come, although he be lying stiff

"It is a pity you had not been at the Shakespeare will please excuse us if we modify him thus: Thrice is he clad who hath his system strengthened with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and he but naked, though arrayed in furs, whose blood is poor

bottom of the sea long ago!" cried Dick in a rage. "But I suppose you have been saved for the halter which will be yours, all in due time. But how dared you show yourself here? If I were you I should have been afraid that the Almighty would have struck me down at the door before I could have set a foot inside.'

Hitty had given a glance towards the bed and a cry of affright at that moment fell from her lips. The others turned, and were struck dumb by the sight they beheld before them.

The man who for days had hardly moved a limb without help, was sitting up in bed with his wide-open, glassy eyes fixed upon the intruder. His lips were moving as though he was trying to speak, and min-gled with the look of death was one of utter loathing of the man before him. It was as though one from the dead was trying to pronounce a curse upon him.

"Don't, mate! Don't, Amos!" cried Dick, springing to the support of the dying man. "He shall go away. I will send him off, mate?"

But he was too late. Before he could reach out his arms for his support, old Amos fell back without a word. Hitty, who had hastily relighted a lamp, held it above the bed. It needed but one glance to tell them that all was over. Amos Har-low lay dead with that terrible look still upon his face.

"Well, he's gone," said the intruder, in an unconcerned manner. "But he need not have given me that look he did. It is plain that I was not a welcome caller, but got here just in the nick of time."

"It would have been better it you had not come at all," cried Hitty, "but you can do him no harm now," thank God?" He made no answer but stepped up to the bed as though he would get a closer look at the dead man. But this was not his object. Quick as a flash he caught the iron box from off the table, darted to the door, and the next moment he was gone out into the blackness of the night. The act was performed so swiftly that Dick and Hitty had no chance to prevent it had they by main strength attempted it. They would have stood but a little show with a strong man like him, and his errand so desperate.

"Follow him, Dick. Don't let him rob little Nell!" cried Hitty, as her companion went to the door. But he only closed it after the fleeing villain and came back.

"It is no use, Hitty. You can't see a rod before your face outside. But we will a doctor, you go to a medical have him yet. You and me see him take the box, and I will follow him to the end of the earth but what I will have it back and punish him. Just now we've got sad work to do here, Hitty."

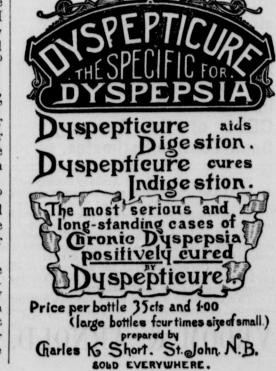
"You are right, Dick. I had almost for-

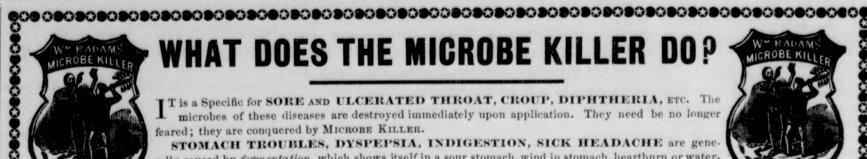
gotten the dead," she said. They at once set about the sad task, and in due time all was done for the dead man that was possible then. This completed, they resumed their seats on the hearth with a fresh supply of wood heaped upon the fire, and watched and waited for the morning to come. It did at length, and with the light the storm cleared away. As soon as he could see, Dick lelt Hitty alone with the dead and went down to the village to tell his neighbors that old Amos had gone out with the ebb of the tide at midnight on his long, last trip. He inquired for Earl Maxwell, but no one had seen him since the evening before. To those whom he could trust, he told the story of the night and search was quietly made about the village for him. But he was not to be found and they said that one of two things must have happened. He had either fallen over the cliffs in the darkness and been dashed to death, or he had fled away with his ill-gotten treasure to hide himself from pursuit and the faces of those who knew not only of this crime but of an attempted one before, when he had nearly robbed and slain his uncle. It was in this way only that he could enjoy the fruit of his their and most thought this accounted for his

But search was made, and before noon that day the truth was known. They found his body lying on the sands at the toot of a cliff, with the iron box clutched tightly in his dead hands. In the darkness he had missed his way and fallen into the water, but the waves would not retain him. They cast him from their embrace with his ill-gotten treasure, - whose hold upon he would not loose even in death, -as though | Pupils can commence at any time-week, he was too vile a thing for them to give an ocean burial. And so, thanks to them, little Nell had her own at last; and they seem ever telling to old Amos, in his grave on the headland the story of the part they took in affairs the night he died.—Ex.

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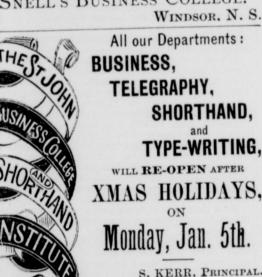
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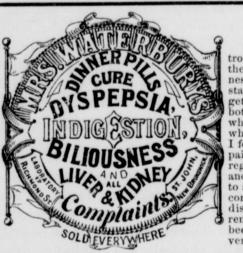
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Equity Sale. IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY

Between John C. Patterson, Plaintiff; MARIA CROFT DUNCAN, CHARLES H. C.
DUNCAN, ROBERT W. H. DUNCAN,
HARRIET J. DUNCAN, SUSAN S. N.
DUNCAN, and WALTER W. T. DUNCAN,

Defendants.

"HERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubo's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the 28th day of MARCH next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order, made in the above cause, on the 27th day of December last past, and with the approbation of the undersigned a Referee in Equity, pursuant to the fourth signed, a Referee in Equity, pursuant to the fourth chapter of the Act of the General Assembly of this province, passed in the fifty-third year of the reign of Her Present Majesty Queen Victoria, the mort-gaged lands and premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill and in the said Decretal Order, as:

Bill and in the said Decretal Order, as:

"Beginning at a point on the northern side line of
"Hanover street, sixty-eight feet nine inches distant
"from the point of intersection of the northern side
"of Hanover street with the eastern side of Brussels
"street; thence running easterly along the said
"northern side line of Hanover street, thirty-one "(31) feet, more or less; thence parallel with Brus"sels street, seventy-five (75) feet, more or less;
"thence westerly, parallel with Hanover street,
"thirty-one (31) feet, more or less, and thence
"parallel with Brussels street, seventy-five (75) feet,
"the role of beginning the said "piece of land hereby granted or expressed so to be, being a portion of the lots numbered one hundred and sixty-four (164) and one hundred and sixty-"five (165) on the map or plan of the said City of "Saint John, on file in the office of the Common "Clerk of the said city;" with the erections and improvements thereon, and the rights, members privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders are reports issues and profits thereot; and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof; and also all the estate, right, title, interest, dower and right of dower, possession, property claim, and demand at law and in equity of the said defendants, or any of them, of, in, to, or out of the herein-before described premises, and every part and proved thereof

For terms of sale and other particulars, apply to Dated this Twentieth day of January, A. D. 1891. E. H. MACALPINE, E. T. C. KNOWLES,
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