

VAN TWILLER'S ALIBI.

The snow had been falling for several minutes in little eddying gusts, and already an appreciable number of flakes were collecting on the cape of Miss Dorothy Dempsey's storm coat, as she turned into Fifty-fourth street at a swinging pace. On her head, framed by a soft halo of brown hair in which the drops of moisture glistened here and there, a dark English walking hat had slipped coquettishly to one side. Her cheeks were brilliant from the cutting wind, and her eyes shone with exhilaration as she battled against the storm.

To insignificant Bertie Carey, advancing from the opposite direction, she appeared like a delightful vision; a delight considerably influenced, of course, by the fact that she belonged to the right "set" of visions, or Bertie, being so little a man, would not have looked a second time. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything short of Miss Dorothy's genealogy on the maternal side would have induced him to give up his daily game of dominoes at the club and wheel about to join her promenade with such urbane oblivion to the coolness of his reception.

And it is not likely that, at any other time, Miss Dempsey would have resented his intrusion quite so hotly; but, unfortunately for him, her memory still retained with vigor a graphic description, detailed to her only the previous evening by her Cousin Jack, during which, excited to unusual emphasis by Carey's last *fancie pas*, he had gone so far as to declare him "a consummate ass, not fit for decent society." Dorothy, having agreed with him in spirit, if not to the letter, felt that she was justified in taking strong measures on this occasion.

To walk down the avenue in his company, at an hour when all her dear "Four Hundred" friends would be abroad and glancing curiously from their brougham windows or over their shoulders, was a reflection upon her taste and discrimination which she was not ready to endure. Accordingly, before the preliminary greetings were fairly over, she was racking her brain for some way of dismissing him. In vain she meditated a dozen clever feminine maneuvers that, under any other circumstances or in any other locality, would have been practicable. It was Carey himself who finally provided her with the means of escape.

"Awfully jolly, this unexpected pleasure of a stroll with you," he murmured, ignoring the gait that was rapidly reducing him to breathlessness.

"Yes, indeed," returned Dorothy, with false sincerity; "only it can't be a very long one, as I intend making a call in this block." This with unblinking effrontery, although well aware that she could walk on to the North river without finding a name on her list.

"A mutual friend?" inquired Carey. "I think not."

"This must be the house then, since it is the last one."

Miss Dempsey gave a hasty, surreptitious glance at the window curtains, and evidently found some reassurance in their design.

"Thanks, yes. I suppose you will be at the Greys' Good afternoon."

"Oh, the Greys?" cried Carey, fired to fresh recollections; "haven't you heard? Then, if I may, I will wait and see if your friend is in; if not, we can continue our chat."

Now Miss Dorothy, being an independent and somewhat prepotent young lady, and having gone to all the trouble and risk of this subterfuge, was anything but pleased at a turn which left her unwittingly outwitted. But having gone so far, it was necessary to play the farce out, and, ascending the steps with a good deal of suppressed indignation, she pressed the bell. The door was promptly opened by a neat-capped maid.

"Is Dr. Robinson in?" she inquired, gliding, improvising the first name that came to her.

"I believe so, ma'am; will you walk in?" For an instant Dorothy wavered in total dismay. This was a contingency for which she found herself completely unprepared. Then, as her glance roved from the waiting Carey below to the girl, who had stepped hospitably back, her resolution was taken; to go in and explain, on meeting the doctor, that he was the wrong man, seemed the simplest and most natural way out of the difficulty, and it would rid her of Carey, which was the main thing.

The room into which she was ushered gave her, as a first impression, a sensation of cheer and comfort and good taste. It was fitted up as a hall office, half library, and a fire on the hearth shed its unstable light on two large chairs, drawn up in a suggestively confidential manner within the seductive radiance. Dorothy had made the mental comment of all this before becoming aware that one of these inviting chairs had an occupant, who had slowly risen and was now facing her with an open curiosity which he did not take the trouble to conceal. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, athletic young man, with a fine blonde head, and did not in the least resemble the family physician of Dorothy's infantile ailments.

"I have been expecting you," he remarked, calmly; "won't you be seated?"

"But I called to see Dr. Robinson," explained Dorothy, fully expecting him to claim the distinction.

"I am very sorry," replied the young man, imperturbably; "I am Dr. Robinson's nephew, Neil Sawtelle; he was very uncertain about your keeping this appointment. In fact, he went out, hoping to meet you elsewhere, but let me to receive you if you came, and gave me entire authority to act in his stead."

In the course of her life it is probable that Miss Dorothy had never experienced such a variety of emotions. That it was a case of mistaken identity appeared plain; but how to account for her presence here, without betraying her name and her reason for ringing the bell, appeared a problem difficult of solution.

"I am sure there is some mistake," she stammered at length; "I am not the person Dr. Robinson expects. I simply wanted to consult him about a slight cold, and will call again."

all its details as to my uncle. Why try to deceive me?" as Dorothy made an attempt for a hearing.

"But I am not the person you think I am," she declared with spirit, "I am Miss Dempsey."

"Indeed! And to what reason does my uncle, an old bachelor, owe the pleasure of this visit today? You must excuse my ignoring the cold."

He made a quick convincing gesture as she started, hesitated—and was lost.

"You see it is useless," he went on; "I must insist on your remaining until you have answered a few questions; but I beg that you won't force me to be more impolite than you can help."

"When will Dr. Robinson return?"

"In an hour or two at the most. If you prefer, waiting for him, that will be even better, and he drew forward one of the easiest chairs."

"But I can't wait here two hours," cried Dorothy, now thoroughly alarmed and continuing to stand uncompromisingly.

"Nor is there the slightest necessity for it. Perhaps, if I state the case, it will enable you to see that you can use the same freedom with me as with the doctor, and also how little we require of you, provided you are honest, and how unpleasant the consequences may be if you evade. There have been great complications in two of the banks with which my cousin is connected, and actual theft has been committed. It has been proved past doubt at what hour the latter occurred, and suspicion has fallen in the highest places. My cousin will be implicated in the arrests unless it can be proved to the satisfaction of those interested that he was elsewhere at the time. By tomorrow, or at the farthest the next day, all New York may know of it. For some strange reason he refuses to account for himself. Now, all we require is that you state under oath when and where you have seen him since Monday last."

"I don't know what you are talking about, and I don't wish to remain here any longer," protested Dorothy, vehemently.

"Nonsense," replied Sawtelle, almost roughly, interposing himself between her and the door; "my uncle gave me a description of you before he left. The idea of your denying that you know Albert Van Twiller is absurd."

At the mention of the name, Dorothy gave a little gasp of horror and amazement.

"Why, of course, I know him," she said, unguardedly; and then, seeing too late that she was only strengthening his mistake, she sank into the nearest chair, with a pitiful wail of distress which did not help matters.

"Oh, this is perfectly dreadful!" she sobbed, forgetting her dignity and mopping her eyes with furtive dabs.

As for the blonde giant on the rug, he looked scarcely less uncomfortable and ill at ease.

"I don't see but that you will have to wait till the doctor comes. If I should let you go it would only mean publicity and an appearance at court and all sorts of complications, which you ought to be as anxious to avoid as we are, Miss McKinney."

"I am not Miss McKinney."

"Well, my uncle will know who you are, anyway."

"No, he won't," thought Miss Dempsey, and relapsed into a damp and protracted silence.

"I wonder if you would believe me," she said at last, impulsively, turning on him a pair of moist, indignant eyes, "if I told you exactly how I did happen to come here."

"I am dreadfully sorry. I presume I have made a mess of it," he replied irrelevantly; "perhaps we had better not try any more explanations till the doctor comes. You see, if I had known you were in the least—red-dening perceptibly—the least like what you are, I never should have attempted a conversation."

As Dorothy found nothing to reply to this, another half hour passed, reducing her to a state of nervousness that went far toward confirming Sawtelle in his suspicions. At last, to the infinite relief of both, a key sounded in the latch, and bowing politely at her averted head, Sawtelle hastened into the hall.

Already the doctor, a hale, hearty man of fifty, was divesting himself of his snowy overcoat, and on catching sight of his nephew he began to speak in a cheery, excited voice.

"Such a day, my boy! The jade escaped me in spite of everything, and sailed on a Cunarder this noon. But that isn't the worst of it. No wonder Albert refused to say anything about her. He knew the whole thing would come on, and her testimony wouldn't be worth shucks, for you see he has married her—married her, my dear boy, do you understand?"

As Sawtelle made no response he glanced up hastily.

"Anything wrong?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Sawtelle, in a dramatic whisper of despair, "except that I have kept the prettiest girl I ever saw in a state of torture for two hours. She wouldn't explain who she was at first, and seemed so agitated that I never had a doubt about its being the McKinney woman. You said she was dark."

"Black, staring eyes and big as an Amazon."

"You didn't say that. This one is small and thorough-bred to the finger-tips."

"Well, well, we must see about it."

And, accompanied by his anxious nephew, the doctor bustled into the room with an apologetic good-will that somewhat disarmed the hauteur Dorothy was trying to assume.

"There has been a great mistake, my dear young lady, and one about which my nephew is deeply annoyed, but you mustn't blame him, because he was only following out my instructions, although mistaken in the person. And now, if you tell me to what I owe the honor of this visit, I shall be very glad if I can retrieve in any way the discomfort you have undergone."

Thus brought to bay, nothing was left for Dorothy but to make full confession.

"I am Miss Dempsey, of No. Fifth avenue," she began, but was unceremoniously interrupted by the doctor.

"Not Julien Dempsey's daughter? I knew he left a widow and a child. Bless me, what a coincidence! We were chums—old chums at Yale, years ago—but go on my child."

And then followed the whole ridiculous, mortifying tale, to which the doctor listened with open interest.

"I am glad you happened to come here," he said, not quite approvingly, when she had finished.

"And I hope you are going to exonerate me partially," entreated Sawtelle, who had been preparing his line of defence during the recital. "You can't fancy how humiliated I am or how tempted I was to believe you. If you hadn't acknowledged your acquaintance with poor Van Twiller, I should have weakened at the end."

"I do know Mr. Van Twiller, but the acquaintance is only a superficial one. I saw him last at Mrs. Lyle's ball, Wednesday evening, and sat with him some time in the conservatory. I was upset because what you told me seemed so terrible."

"But Mrs. Lyle herself mentioned to me that he was not in the house ten minutes," interposed the doctor; "I think she was misled. She fancied him for one of her girls, and now he has thrown himself away—poor Albert!"

"Oh, I know how that happened. He told me all about it. He was going home with a Mr. Green, and, after he had made his adieux, Mr. Green decided to remain, so he sat out a dance with me and finally went off without waiting for him."

"And do you know what time that was?" inquired the doctor, eagerly.

"About a quarter or half after one when my partner for the cotillon came up. We began to dance it about that time."

"Could you swear to it on paper?"

"Why, yes; certainly."

"Then," shouted the doctor, triumphantly, "he is vindicated, whether he explains or not. This will satisfy the directors so that they will drop proceedings where he is concerned. They know already that he is not guilty. It is as plain as daylight to me now. He didn't remember the exact time he left the Lyles', and, thinking he was with this woman he has married, didn't want to attract attention to her."

"And now, if you please, I should like to go home," remarked Miss Dempsey, in a pathetic tone.

"Of course, my dear child, immediately. Neil, call a carriage. I will go with you myself and see your uncle, also get your signature, if you will be so kind. It will straighten the affair out wonderfully. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction!"

As Dorothy swopt from the room, Sawtelle made a brave, if ineffectual attempt to attract her attention; but as she steadily refused to be aware of his presence his conscience permitted him to retain a small, soaked wad, which was easily concealed in the palm of his hand. Subsequent events have led us to believe—so tender were his ministrations and pressures between the volumes of a new set of Ruskin—that in course of time it became less like a rag and more like a respectable handkerchief.

It is now over a year since these events occurred, and we hear that the article in question, together with a number of other worldly goods, is to be delivered to its rightful owner. How it all came about, those who have not begun their love affairs with a little animosity will never be able to conjecture, but we have it direct from the lips of the round and ever rubicund Carey himself:

"The latest engagement, my dear fellow, is Miss Dempsey's to a person named Sawtelle. Why, they say he has never been to a Patriarch's in his life!"—*Mary Golden Lammian in the Epoch.*

Marie Antoinette and Mozart.

Among the many incidents recorded in the various memoirs of Marie Antoinette, one which seems to be eminently characteristic of the simplicity and ingenuousness of her nature, and which has also the additional interest of being connected with her early childhood is especially pathetic. It will be remembered that Mozart, when he was a child, made a visit to the Austrian court, and played before the Empress Maria Theresa. So favorably impressed was the great queen, both with his ability as a musician, and his attractiveness as a child, that she personally invited him to prolong his stay at the court.

Her daughter Caroline, who afterward became the accomplished and beautiful Queen of Naples, possessed most excellent musical talent; and she and the boy musician were mutually delighted in their performances on the piano.

Marie Antoinette, younger than her sister Caroline, was of course present at all these musical recreations, although she took no part in them. But her beauty and vivacity captivated the boy musician.

With the enthusiasm and confidence of childhood, the two soon grew into each other's esteem, and after a few days' acquaintance became firm friends. Marie Antoinette insisted that Mozart should see all the interesting sights of court life, and he in turn was anxious that she should become acquainted with all the details of his travels and musical career.

Thus, many days were passed, when, upon the morning which was to terminate his visit at the Austrian court, Mozart suddenly turned to his little friend and said, "When I am a grown man, Marie Antoinette, I intend to come back here and marry you."

The little representative of one of the oldest houses of royalty in Europe drew herself up with great dignity, and replied, "Are you a king? I cannot marry you. I am a princess, and when I marry, I must marry a king, and when I leave mamma's court, I shall go to the court of a king."

They never met again, but as years passed Mozart continued to grow into popular favor. His melodies, so well known for their sweetness and simplicity, became the delight of the musical world. Marie Antoinette, then queen of France, was greatly interested in his growing success and reputation.

How to Sleep After Night Work.

A Swiss doctor says that many persons who extend their mental work well into the night, who during the evening follow actively the programme of a theatre or concert, or who engage evenings in the proceedings of societies or clubs, are awakened in the morning or in the night with headache. For a long while the doctor was himself a sufferer from headache of this kind, but of late years has wholly protected himself from it by simple means. When he is obliged to continue his brain work into the evening, or to be out late nights in rooms not well ventilated, instead of going directly to bed he takes a brisk walk for half an hour or an hour. While taking his tramp he stops now and then and practices lung gymnastics by breathing in and out deeply a few times. When he then goes to bed he sleeps soundly. Notwithstanding the shortening of the hours of sleep, he awakes with no traces of headache. There exists a clear and well-known physiological reason why this treatment should be effective.—*Ex.*

MONKEY ACTORS.

A Man Must Become a Monkey to Teach a Monkey—Behind the Scenes.

The training of monkeys for stage performances demands peculiar talents and a curious psychological ability on the part of the instructor. Brockmann, probably the most successful monkey trainer that the world has seen, once described thus the necessary method of approaching a monkey pupil:

"To the monkey man is a strange and incomprehensible being. I therefore must adopt as far as possible the monkey's way of regarding persons and things. The monkey must find in me one of his own kind—a monkey like himself, only a much stronger monkey, whom he must obey. Then he has something which he can understand, he accustoms himself to it, and he voluntarily takes more pains to comprehend me than he would take to comprehend a being who made on him about the same impression that a monster from another world would make on us. I adapt, therefore, all to his mode of life. When he disobeys and rebels against me I do not strike, because he does not strike; but I bite because he bites."

The behavior of a troupe of monkeys trained by Brockmann would undoubtedly strengthen the convictions of the Russian Duroff, who gave up teaching a high school to instruct pigs and geese, and who holds that, of all pupils, human pupils are the least docile. A man once behind the scenes of Brockmann's monkey theatre wrote a few weeks ago:

"I have always regretted that Brockmann did not give his performance on a perfectly open stage, so that the audience could see the waiting performers. The conduct of the quadruped actors, while awaiting their parts was much more fascinating than their best acting before the audience. Like a company of gnomes or Lilliputians the little performers sit there dressed and made up, perfectly well behaved, each in the proper human attitude on his tiny chair, each following with undivided attention and eager anxiety the progress of the play so as to be ready at the exact moment for his appearance. No person is near them, no servant or attendant to distract them, and no prompter to whisper at the proper time."

"Franklin Lehmann, look out! You come on immediately," or "Herr Schulze! Where is Herr Schulze? Quick! Quick! You must go on."

"Every one knows his part perfectly. Every one is acquainted with the progress of the plot and with the state of the development at which he is expected to appear."

Without a catchword or motion he hurries down from his little chair and, without a bow for the approval of the audience, turns back to his place, not to leave it before duty calls him again before the footlights. Here all alone and unwatched these little fellows never forget their roles so far as to settle down on all fours, cower in monkey fashion, or indulge in the pranks of their mercurial natures."

A Good Deal to be Thankful For.

Of the late Bishop Ames the following anecdote is told: While presiding over a certain conference in the west a member began a tirade against universities and education, thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding thus for a few minutes, the bishop interrupted with the question: "Do I understand that the brother thanks God for his ignorance?"

"Well, yes," was the answer, "you can put it in that way if you want to."

"Well, all I have to say," said the bishop, in his sweetest musical tone, "all I have to say is that the brother has a good deal to thank God for."—*New Jersey Mirror.*

The peculiar enervating effect of summer weather is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which "makes the weak strong."

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St. John, N. B., March 2nd, 1891.

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THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the recent exhibition, and those were produced by

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ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make an excursion trip Hampton, to leaving Indiantown at 9 o'clock a.m. Returning will leave Hampton at half past 3 o'clock p.m. same day. Steamer will call at Clifton and Reid's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way.

Fare for the round trip, fifty cents. No excursion on rainy days.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LIMITED. "CITY OF MONTICELLO," ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

WILL, on and after 22nd June, and until 10th September, sail daily, Sundays excepted, from the company's pier, St. John, at 7.30 a.m. local time, for Digby and Annapolis; connecting at the former with the Western Counties railway for Yarmouth, and points west; and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis railway, for Halifax and points east. Returning, due at St. John 6.30 p.m.

SPECIAL NOTICE. At the request of those who wish to spend Sunday in Nova Scotia, excursion tickets will be issued by the above steamer on Saturday, good to return Monday, at one and a third fare, during the months of July and August.

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