16

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 Fiftyfourth 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 faux 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 manœuvres 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 unblushing 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.

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 you told me seemed so terrible." 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 tailen in the highest places. My that he is not guilty. It is as plain as daycousin will be implicated in the arrests un- light to me now. He didn't remember the less it can be proved to the satisfaction of exact time he left the Lyles', and, thinking those interested that he was elsewhere at he was with this woman he has married, the time. By tomorrow, or at the farthest | didn't want te attract our attention to her."

account for himself. Now, all we require a pathetic tone. is that you state under oath when and about, and I don't wish to remain here any

longer," protested Dorothy, vehemently. "Nonsense," replied Sawtelle, almost roughly, interposing hinself between her and the door; "my uncle gave me a de-

scription of you before he left. 'The idea to attract her attention; but as she steadily Twiller is absurd.

At the mention of the name, Dorothy gave a little gasp of horror and amazement. said, unguardedly; and then, seeing too late that she was only strengthening his mistake, she sank into the nearest chair, with a pitiiul 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

"No, he won't," thought Miss Demp-

"I wonder if you would believe me,"

she said at last, impulsively, turning on

told you exactly how I did happen to come

"I am dreadfully sorry. I presume I

evantly; "perhaps we had better not try

any more explanations till the doctor

comes. You see, if I had known you were

in the least"-reddening perceptibly-"the

least like what you are, I never should

As Dorothy found nothing to reply to

her to a state of nervousness that went far

toward confirming Sawtelle in his sus-

picions. At last, to the infinite relief of

both, a key sounded in the latch, and bow-

ng politely at her averted head, Sawtelle

overcoat, and on catching sight of his

"Such a day, my boy! The jade escaped

nephew he began to speak in a cheery,

me in spite of everything, and sailed on a

he has married her-married her, my dear

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

"Black, staring eyes and big as an

"You didn't say that. This one is

And, accompanied by his anxious

nephew, the doctor bustled into the room

with an apologetic good-will that somewhat

"There has been a great mistake, my

dear young lady, and one about which my

nephew is deeply annoyed, but you mustn't

small and thorough-bred to the finger-tips."

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

woman. You said she was dark."

As Sawtelle made no response he glanced

have attempted a conversation."

hastened into the hall.

boy, do you understand?"

"Anything wrong ?"

excited voice.

up hastily.

Amazon.

to assume.

sey, and relapsed into a damp and pro-

"I am not Miss McKinney."

anyway.'

here.

tracted silence.

all its details as to my uncle. Why try to 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

"But Mrs. Lyle herself mentioned to me that he was not in the house ten minutes," interposed the doctor; "I think she was miffed. 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 cotillion 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

the next day, all New York may know of "And now, if you please, I should like it. For some strange reason he refuses to to go home," remarked Miss Dempsey, in

"Of course, my dear child, immediately. where you have seen him since Monday last." Neil, call a carriage. I will go with you "I don't know what you are talking myself and see your mother, 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 swept from the room, Sawtelle made a brave, if ineffectual attempt of you denying that you know Albert Van 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 "Why, of course, I know him," she 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 "I don't see but that you will have to conjecture, but we have it direct from the wait till the doctor comes. If I should let | lips of the round and ever rubicund Carey you go it would only mean publicity and himself:

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

on rainy days.

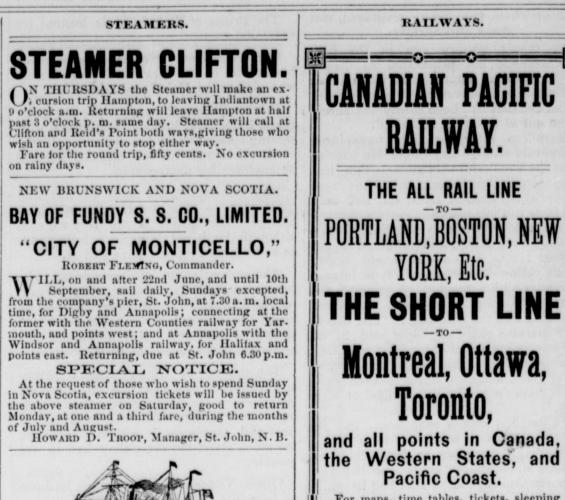
"To the monkey man is a strange and incomprehensible being. I therefore must adopt as far as possible the monkey's way BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LIMITED. of regarding persons and things. The monkey must find in me one of his own kind-a monkey like himself, only a much stronger monkey, whom he must obey. 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 Brock-man 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 a.m., Monday. person is near them, no servant or attendant to distract them, and no prompter to whisper at the proper time.

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

John, North End, for the above place every Tues-day, Thursday and Saturday at 12.30 p.m., calling at all way landings; returning on alternate days. Steamer Soulanges, having been rebuilt and re-modled, is now the best excursion steamer on the every day at very law rates river. Can be chartered every day at very low rates. "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 ap-International Steamship Co. pear. Without a catchword or motion he hurries down from his tiny chair and out on the stage, plays his little part, and, without a bow for the approval of the audience, turns back to his place, not to eave 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.'



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EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Baggage received and delivered at Moulson's 40 Water Street, St. John, N.B. FRANK J. MCPEAKE, June 15th, 1891. Superintendent. Intercolonial Railway. 1891—Summer Arrangement—1891

O^N and after MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the trains of this Railway will trun (daily

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

"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 riend is in ; if not, we can continue our chat."

Now Miss Dorothy, being an independent and somewhat peremptory 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, glibly, 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 half 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 a 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 left 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.

an appearance at court and all sorts of "The latest engagement, my deah felcomplications, which you ought to be as anxious to avoid as we are, Miss McKinney." lah, is Miss Dempsey's to a person named Sawtelle. Why, they say he has never been to a Patriarchs' in his life !"-Mary "Well, my uncle will know who you are, Golding Lanman 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 him a pair of moist, indignant eyes, "if I 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 have made a mess of it," he replied irrel- 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 this, another half hour passed, reducing 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 Already the doctor, a hale, hearty man these musical recreations, although she of fifty, was divesting himself of his snowy 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 tew days' acquaintance became firm friends. Marie Cunarder this noon. But that isn't the Antoinette insisted that Mozart should see worst of it. No wonder Albert refused to all the interesting sights of court life, and say anything about her. He knew the he in turn was anxious that she should bewhole thing would come on, and her testi- come acquainted with all the details of his mony wouldn't be worth shucks, for you see | 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 Antoi-"Oh, nothing," replied Sawtelle, in a nette, I intend to come back here and dramatical whisper of despair, "except 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 wellknown for their sweetness and simplicity, became the delight of the musical world. Marie Antoinette, then queen of France, was greatly interested in his growing sucdisarmed the hauteur Dorothy was trying cess and reputation.

How to Sleep After Night Work.

A Swiss doctor says that many persons who extend their mental work well into blame him, because he was only following the night, who during the evening follow out my instructions, although mistaken in attively the programme of a theatre or the person. And now, if you tell me to concert, or who engage evenings in the what I owe the honor of this visit, I shall proceedings of societies or clubs, are be very glad if I can retrieve in any way awakened in the morning or in the night the discomfort you have undergone." with headache. For a long while the doc-Thus brought to bay, nothing was left tor was himself a sufferer from headache of for Dorothy but to make full confession. this kind, but of late years has wholly pro-"I am Miss Dempsey, of No. --- Fifth | tected himself from it by simple means

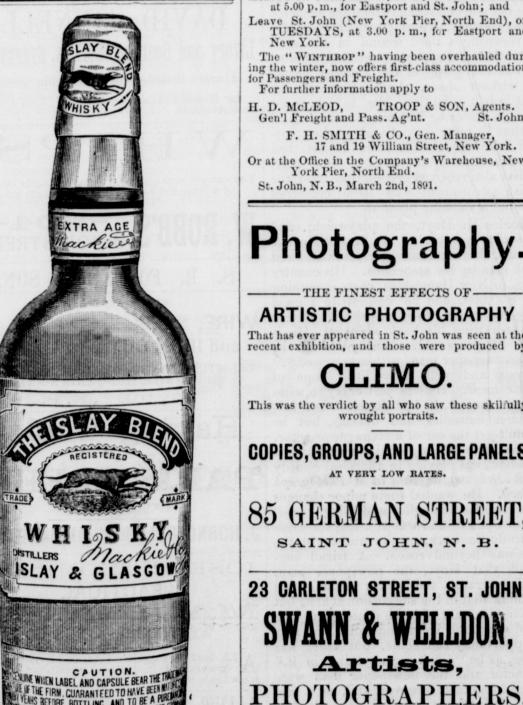
A Good Deal to be Thankful For.

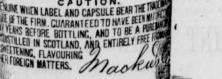
Of the late Bishop Ames the following anecdote is told: While presiding over a certain conference in the west a member began a tirade against universities and education, thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding thus for a few minutes, the bishop interrupted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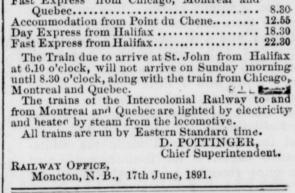
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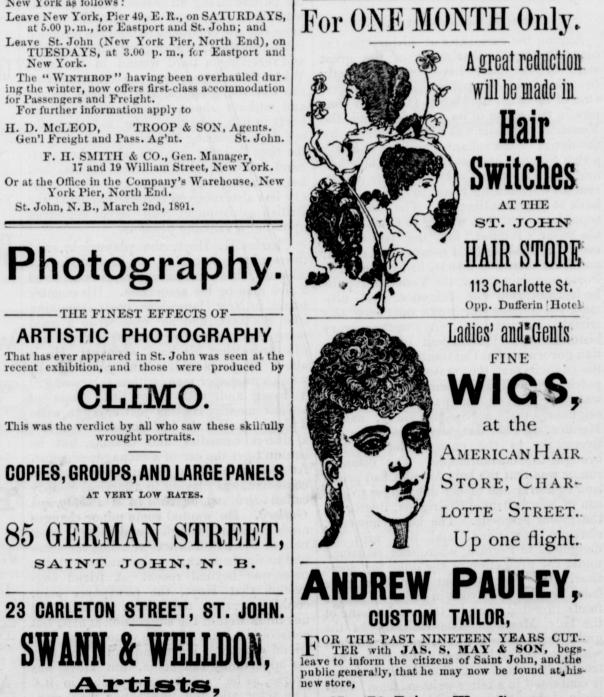
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