

OVER THE GRADE.

Half-way up a great California mountain, upon a shelf or level space called Johnson's Flat, a few sheds and cabins clustered about the shaft of the Monte Christo mine.

One of these cabins—the best of them all—was occupied by the superintendent of the mine. He was Dr. Green, and he had been a successful surgeon in an eastern city. Ill health had compelled him to remove to these parts, and he had taken up the occupation of mining.

Down the mountain, to Gaylord's station on the Pacific Railroad twelve miles away, led a narrow cart-path, called a "grade" here. It was wide enough for only one wagon, except in two or three places where turn-outs had been cut into the side of the mountain.

In such places a wagon might wait for another to pass; and teams going up had the right of way. There was very little travel on the road.

The descent from the outer edge of this path was often almost perpendicular. One bend, where the road wound around a promontory, was called Dead Man's Point, because tradition had it that a man and a horse and a wagon had gone over the grade here, and had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

There was employed about the mine a Mexican boy, called Pete. He was a faithful and hard working boy, and had but one enemy in the world. That was "Old Lightning," an unusually large mule—heavy, bony, and vicious.

This mule was used to haul the refuse from the mouth of the mine to the dump, and was generally attached to a heavy and very strong two-wheeled cart. Most of the men employed about the mine were much afraid of the animal, for he was always ready to use his teeth or his heels.

He seemed to bear a particular spite toward Pete, and had at one time, indeed, bitten and kicked him so severely, that the boy's life was despaired of. Pete certainly would have been killed if Dennis McCarthy, the owner of the mule had not interposed just in time to save his life.

As it was, Pete was badly hurt, and might not have recovered if Mrs. Green, the superintendent's wife, had not taken him to her cabin and nursed him back to life. The grateful boy had the deepest affection for Mrs. Green after this, and the deadliest fear of Old Lightning.

One day in May, when the supply wagon from Johnson's Flat returned from Gaylord's with a load, a telegram from the East was brought to Mrs. Green. It stated that her niece, an invalid, had been taken worse, and had been ordered to go to California immediately; and that she would arrive at Gaylord's on the following Monday.

Preparations were made at once to meet the invalid young lady at the station, and bring her up the mountain as comfortably as possible. The camp wagon was stuffed with mattresses and pillows, and a safe team of mules provided.

Pete was to be taken as driver. He was an excellent driver, understood the use of the brake, knew the road perfectly, and was afraid of nothing except Old Lightning.

The train from the East was due at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, but it was seldom on time, and had lately been many hours late on account of a washout. Arrangements were made, therefore, for Mrs. Green and the invalid girl to remain at Gaylord's over night; and no one at Johnson's Flat expected them until Tuesday.

Dennis McCarthy worked all day on Monday at his usual occupation of hauling refuse to the dump with his big mule and cart; and though he was generally unwilling to admit that Lightning had faults, he was heard occasionally to grumble, and to make remarks indicating that the mule was more than usually fractious.

The day's work was nearly done. The sun was approaching the tops of the mountains across the deep gorge to the west of the camp, and the last load for the day was put into the cart to be hauled to the dump.

Just at this time one of the men, in passing, made a playful motion toward the old mule. Quick as a flash he sprang at the man, dragging the heavy cart; and before Dennis could reach him, he was going at full speed down the grade.

The man saved himself by quickly running up the hillside into a clump of bushes; but the mule had become frantic and urged on by the loaded cart behind him and frightened by the noise it made, dashed furiously on down the grade, with Dennis in futile pursuit at an ever-widening distance behind.

The men, who were just leaving the mine, gathered at a place where the grade was plainly visible all the way to Dead Man's Point, nearly two miles below.

"Sure," said one of the miners, "I hope there's no one on the grade about now. 'Twould be a bad day for 'em to meet Old Lightning, with that load of rock in the cart too. They'd all go to the bottom of the canon together."

"Never fear," said another, "there's no body on it this time. There'll be no danger to any one but Old Lightning, and I'm thinking he'll never cart any more tailings."

Among the others who stood looking down the grade was Doctor Green. The flying cart and mule was momentarily lost sight of at a slight curve, and most of the men were looking at the figure of Dennis far behind, but running as if his life depended upon it.

Suddenly the superintendent uttered an exclamation of horror, and he and several others rushed forward to the edge of the flat.

Just coming into view at Dead Man's Point, and turning the curve so that the precipice was at its very wheel, was the camp wagon. In it were Mrs. Green, the invalid girl, and Pete; and the mule and heavily loaded cart were almost upon them.

There was barely enough room for one wagon. They must go over the grade, fall the dreadful distance and be crushed below.

The people at the mine did not know exactly what happened until Mrs. Green was able to tell her story; and this is what she said:

"As soon as we reached Gaylord's we learned that the Overland train had been telegraphed as on time, greatly to the surprise of every one; and at eleven o'clock it arrived with my niece, Alice, on board."

"We took dinner at Mrs. Atwood's, where we had arranged to stay over night;

and as my niece was tired of travel, and as I knew that the accommodations we had prepared for her at home were better than she could obtain at Gaylord's, I made up my mind to push on up the mountain."

"The mules kept along at the rate of about three or four miles an hour, so that at five o'clock we were approaching Dead Man's Point."

"Alice, lying back upon her pillows, had been much charmed all the way by the scenery. So, as we came to Dead Man's Point, and stopped to allow the team to take breath, I called her attention to the grandeur of the view here."

"But she could hardly look at it, she was in such fear of the deep chasm of the canon on our left hand, which we seemed almost to overhang."

"While we looked, and I assured her that there was not the slightest danger, I heard an exclamation from Pete. Looking up the grade, I saw, coming like a whirlwind around a little bend, Old Lightning, with his heavy cart bounding behind him."

"I saw it as one sees objects revealed by a flash of lightning in a dark night. Instantly I thought of our fate, for nothing could stop him, and when he struck us we must be hurled over the precipice."

"I was paralyzed with fear; everything turned black before me. I had a wild desire to escape, but I knew that escape was impossible. Even if I could have climbed from the wagon, it would have done me no good; and what of the sick girl?"

"While I looked, and while these thoughts flashed through my mind, I saw Pete throw all his weight on the lever of the brake, forcing it down to the last notch, and locking the wheels so that it was impossible for them to turn. Then he thrust the reins and whip into my hands."

"Keep the team steady, ma'am," he said, "you must do it."

"He seized something under the seat, and before I could speak, he was gone from the wagon like a flash."

"For one moment I barely supposed he was going to save himself by climbing the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, which no doubt he might have done—he is so quick and agile. But the next moment I saw him rushing toward the on-coming mule and cart, and wondering in a stupid way why he showed so little fear of his old enemy."

"While I looked, unable to turn away my eyes, and knowing that surely he must be killed, I saw him make a stand in the path, and suddenly spread the big blue umbrella directly in the face of the mule. I saw the mule as suddenly reverse a little toward the edge of the precipice."

"In that instant the off wheel of the heavy cart went over the grade, and amid a cloud of dust everything vanished from my sight, leaving only in view the winding mountain road, with poor Pete lying with torn clothing and bleeding face in the middle of it."

"Then I heard the awful crashing of the cart as it bounded from rock to rock to the bottom of the canon."

"I was so frightened, so dazed that I did not know what to do. I did not dare to leave the wagon to go to Pete's assistance, for the mules were much excited, and I had hard work to keep them from trying to turn around."

"Fortunately, Alice had not realized the situation, for her view toward the front was obstructed; and when she anxiously asked what was the matter, I was able to quiet her, by assuring her that the danger was past."

"While I was trying to think how I could get to Pete, who had saved our lives perhaps at the sacrifice of his own, I saw Dennis McCarthy coming around the bend. He was without hat or jacket; one shoe was gone, and he seemed to be quite out of breath."

"The Lord be praised!" he gasped, when he saw us; "you're safe, for sure, but where is me mule an' me cart?"

"Over the grade," I answered.

"He said nothing more, but bent over the body of poor Pete."

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"No, ma'am," said Dennis, "he is not, but the breath is mostly knocked out of him, and I'm thinkin' he's dreadfully hurt. We must contrive to lay him in the wagon and get him to the camp as soon as we can."

"It was well we had such a stock of blankets and pillows; and we easily made a comfortable place at the back of the wagon, where we laid the bruised and wounded boy, and then started on."

"This was the faithful account of what happened which Mrs. Green told her husband later. He himself could have told with what emotion he met the little procession on its way up to the camp."

"His services as a doctor were needed by all three of the people in the wagon; by poor mangled Pete, who lay unconscious; by the school-girl, now fainting; and by his wife, upon whom a nervous reaction had fallen."

But his skill was equal to the need. One of Pete's legs was broken, and he had suffered other injuries. The bone was set and the wounds dressed; and Mrs. Green, who soon recovered her own strength, nursed him carefully and tenderly. Before long he was again on his feet."

Within a year's time Dr. Green sent him to San Francisco to school, with the intention to train him thoroughly as a mining engineer."

The young girl gained rapidly in strength, too, in the healing, invigorating mountain air, and before many weeks was well on the way to recovery."

Perhaps the most wonderful part of the story is to come. After Dennis McCarthy had walked up to the Flat with the little party who had gone down to meet Mrs. Green and poor Pete, he set off again down the mountain, with two companions, to find the remains of his mule."

When they reached the place where he went over the grade, they were astonished to see Old Lightning, only a short distance down the side of the canon, wedged in between two fir trees—the only ones to be seen far or near along the precipice."

The heavy shafts of the cart had broken off like pipestems, and the vehicle was smashed literally to kindling wood at the bottom of the ravine."

A windlass and tackle were brought down from the camp, and with great difficulty Old Lightning was drawn up groaning badly, but apparently not much injured."

Before long he was at work again on the dump.—John F. Barnes in *Youth's Companion*.

For Cholera, Fellows' Speedy Relief stands ahead of all other preparations.

HAREM LIFE IN DAMASCUS.

A Realistic Story of a Young Woman Who Returned to Her Parents.

This is a case which occurred when I was at Damascus. It shows what harem life among the Mohammedans is—

Zeynab R. was married to a very wealthy man, who was very much older than her father; but as he was of very high standing in Moslem society, her father congratulated himself on having secured him as a husband for his child. Zeynab was only about ten years old when she was taken to her husband's house, dressed out like a doll in all the finery and jewels which he had, in accordance with Moslem laws, sent with a lavish hand before the wedding."

Years passed away before she again crossed her husband's threshold."

Once behind the "burdayeh" or "starr" (for both these names are given to the thick heavy curtain which shuts out the women's apartments from the rest of the world) a young girl-wife is literally buried alive, and her horizon is limited by her husband, his wives, and his slaves."

Until she becomes a mother herself she may not even think of seeing her own mother, and if, as in the case of Zeynab, by means of wealth or position her husband stands a little higher than her friends, years may pass away before she crosses her mother's threshold again."

A harem is a world in itself. The husband is the autocrat, and the larger the amount of his wealth, so much larger his harem. What passes there is never known or commented on in the outer world."

It is contrary to all Moslem ideas and Moslem etiquette for any man to make inquiries about any female that lives in the house of another."

It is but natural to suppose that among the many human beings, wives, concubines, and slaves, who compose a harem—with the head enmeshed, who ostentatiously keeps them in order, but is really a little king among them—there are strong wills and fierce passions, which, being wholly without vent save among themselves, turn their little world into a perfect pandemonium."

I will not harrow the feelings of the reader by relating the cruelties perpetrated in the utter oblivion of the harem between women themselves, as described to me by one of their own number."

"Oh! it is only women among themselves—who can expect women to be reasonable? It is best to turn a deaf ear to what goes on in the women's apartments," say the men with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulder."

The husband and autocrat, caring but for his own self-indulgence one day, lavishes caresses and loads with presents some, for the time, favored one, and the next gives her up to all that the fury and jealousy of those who are less favored can invent."

Zeynab became, in the course of time, the mother of two sons, but kindness and cruelty had pulled down her constitution. Her mind seemed to give way at the hopelessness of her life. Worn to a shadow and mad with despair, she at last succeeded one day in eluding discovery by putting on the dress of a slave, and, slipping past the great burdayeh and the guardian *bombah* (the gatekeeper), fled to her father's house."

Her father had not seen her since she had left his house on her wedding day! True, rumors were whispered about, and had been brought to him by elderly women who frequent the harems as peddlars and hawkers, but he had shrugged his shoulders and merely said "it would not be seemly to quarrel with a man of such standing as his son-in-law for the sake of a woman."

Now that he saw the change in her, he was startled and shocked as she threw herself at his feet and begged him to put an end to her life if he would, but not to send her back."

The father's heart was awakened, and she was tenderly cared for, but a long and severe illness followed, in which all hope of life was given up by the doctors."

Her father took into consultation men learned in Moslem law, and sent deputation after deputation to his son-in-law entreating him to divorce her, and saying how utterly incapable she was of returning to be his wife. The unhappy father offered to remit her dowry and give up all claims to any property which she had left in the harem, but to pay any sum of money demanded within reason."

Again and again the same answer came back, "I will not divorce her; she is my wife, and must come back." Cads and moof-lahs were sent to expostulate with him, but he laughed at all they said. "He wanted her back, sick or well, and would have her; not because he loved her, but to show her the consequences of trying to escape him. He was a Moslem, and would brook no interference between himself and the inmates of his harem. Mashallah! They would laugh at his beard if they could get off so easily."

His fendish looks as he said this frightened even those hardened men, and they advised her father to keep her carefully hidden, lest she should fall a victim to her husband's cruelty."

Shall I dare I—put on paper what his next message was? I did not see it done myself. I was told—yes, I was told on good authority and in bated whispers—what it was. He took her two sons, who were also his sons—those little darling boys—he took them, wrung their necks, and sent their dead bodies lying palpitating to show her what he had in store for her!"

The young mother, not yet twenty, never raised her head after the one wild shriek she gave, and in a few days she too died, the victim of despair.—Mrs. Reichardt, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

He Was and He Wasn't.

When Jonah created that stir on the ship, and his comrades concluded they'd finish the trip Without him, and give him, as 'twere, a straight tip,

Which they did in a very brief minute, And down in the paunch of the whale he was

dropped.

So sudden he cracked all the ribs when he stopped, This speech from his labial portals outcropped:

"I'm in it! Exceedingly in it!"

But when, with his tempest sorely displeased, He tore and he whooped and he yawned and he sneezed,

Till he made the catagen feel so diseased He tore and he whooped and he yawned and he

grinned.

The fish made a spurt for the shore thereabout, And he served on his tenant a writ of get out,

And landing him there did triumphantly shout, "Eh, Jonah! old boy! you're not in it!"

It is welcomed in every house in France and England, and in a very brief time the same can be had in Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. English Phenix requires only to be tried once to be gratefully appreciated. A marvelous washing and cleansing solvent. Just fancy an article that will make all your clothes as good as new, and that will clean everything in the house from the silver that you cherish, to the common earthenware which you thought of throwing out, making it just like new. That is what Lestive Phenix will do, and a score of other things. For it cleans everything, and it will not harm your hands.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

Amy—"I hear that Ethel broke with Jack last night." Maud—"No?" Amy—"Yes. Broke the hammock."—New York Herald.

You seek the dearest spot on earth? You'll find it round the corner, where They do not advertise.

Missionary—I have come here, brethren, to devote my life to you. Cannibal Chief—All right; thanks. But we'll wait awhile until you are a little fatter.—Ex.

The chap who tries to win a miss By appealing to her reason Is much less like to gain his bliss Than he who ventures on a kiss, Combined with gentle squeezing.

Uncle Hiram (at postoffice window)—What's the postage on a two-ounce letter, captain? Clerk—Foreign or domestic? Uncle Hiram—Domestic. It's to my wife.

"Are you workmen?" asked the lady who had given them each a good, big piece of pie? "Not just at the present time, ma'am. We find it easier workin' women. Eh, Jim?"—Detroit Free Press.

Friend—"Your play was not a success, I hear." Unsuccessful Playwright—"No; but I think the audience would have liked it if they had seen it all; they all went out after the first act."—Harper's Bazar.

It is stated that a lecturer argued so powerfully at Manchester against the use of tobacco that several of his audience went home and burned their cigars—holding one end of them in their mouths.—Ex.

Freddie—"You look all broke up; what's the matter?" Cholly—"Aitah my dip yestaday my vally fogot to come around to dress me and I pashed a howlible night in the bath house."—New York Herald.

Kicks—"So you think the ministers practice what they preach?" Hicks—"Why, yes; they preach sermons, and if you lived near one you could hear him practicing it a week beforehand."—Lowell Citizen.

Ironical guest—"There's only a nice, large fly in this stew, waiter." Waiter—"Yes; I done notice dey was only one. It's kinder early for dem yet, boss, an' yer can't hardly 'spec' mo' dan one till dey's in season."—Judge.

"Do you smoke cigarettes?" asked her father, on entering the parlor. "No," answered the young man. "I hate the nasty things. Why do you ask?" "I wished to borrow one," answered her father, grimly.—New York Herald.

Mrs. Gayboy (severely)—"What time did you get home last night?" Gayboy (cautiously)—"Oh, a little after dark." Mrs. Gayboy—"After dark?" Why, it was daylight when you came in." Gayboy—"Well, isn't that after dark?"

Office Boy—Kin I git off this afternoon, sir? Employer—What for? Office Boy—Please, sir, my mother is sick and I want to do some errands for her. Employer—H'm. Yes, you may have the afternoon. By the way, what time does the game begin?"—N. Y. Press.

"Of course you liked dear old Lunnion?" said Goslin to Sappy, when the latter returned from his first run across. "No, dear boy; I was rathaw disappointed, doncher know." "Aw?" "Yass. The fact is, Lunnion isn't quite so English as New York."—Harper's Bazar.

Wife (on board a train bound for Niagara Falls)—"There are so many brutal couples about, dear, perhaps we may be taken for one." Husband—"No danger. A gentleman asked me a little while ago if I was your first or second husband." Wife—"What! Where is he?" Husband—"He got off at the last station."

Humorist—How is our friend Marter this morning? Editor—Why, he died last night. Humorist—That's singular. Why, I visited him last night and read over my column of jokes to him and Editor—Hold on till I telephone that to the doctor. He cannot account for the relapse that carried off Marter so suddenly.—N. Y. Press.

At the Beach. Guest—"How's this? I've been here only a week and you've charged me \$25 instead of \$15, the price you gave me when I came." Landlord—"Oh, that is quite correct. You remember you had the use of a towel the day you went in bathing. Hope you've enjoyed yourself, sir; glad to see you again next summer."—Boston Transcript.

"What do you suppose Thompson did when the flat he lives in caught fire the other day?" "Sent in an alarm." "No; he became wildly excited, apparently, and threw his wife's pug out of the third story window. Killed the brute, of course; and now she is wondering if Thompson didn't know just what he was doing all the time."—Indianapolis Journal.

A certain widow with two girls married a widower with two boys, and had a second family by her new husband. When a terrible rumour was heard in the nursery one day, the nervous husband shouted upstairs, "Whatever is the matter?" The little wife answered sweetly over the balusters, "It's only my children and your children having a row with our children, dear!"

"Did I have a good time on my vacation?" echoed Fogg. "Of course I did. To be sure I nearly starved to death, tried to sleep in a bed which it would be flattery to call a rack; but what of that? I got my name in the paper! I won't deny that they spelt my name wrong and gave me brand new initials; but then you can't expect to have everything perfect in this world."—Boston Transcript.

Senior Partner—"Mr. Tenawee, you said you wanted to attend your cousin's funeral yesterday afternoon, but you were seen at the baseball game. You appear to have told an untruth." Tenawee—"I beg your pardon, sir. My cousin was pitcher for the Reds, and if it wasn't his funeral, then I don't know anything about baseball. You should have seen the other fellows get on to his curves!"—Munsey's Weekly.

"I go to the seashore," said the summer girl, "for rest. Dear papa thinks it necessary. I play tennis and bathe all the morning; walk, talk and eat ice cream all the afternoon; dance from 8 in the evening until 2, and in that way get myself in such a condition that I am sick all winter. That makes it necessary for him to send me again the next summer. See?" And yet they tell us that a young girl doesn't know anything.—Midsummer Puck.

All scalp and skin diseases, dandruff, falling of the hair, gray or faded hair, may be cured by using of the true remedy, Hall's Hair Renewer.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make an excursion trip Hampton, to leaving Intertown 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.

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

Photography.