ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1892.

#### THE SAD END OF TRAMP.

HE FALLS A VICTIM TO FIERCE SIBERIAN BLOODHOUNDS.

Two Leading Members of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin " Company Deprive Moncton of Its Pet Dog in a Very Unlooked for Manner -Moncton is Indignant.

Moneton is divided just now between fiercest indignation and deepest mourning. Everyone seems to be talking about the one subject, and if you see a group of men standing upon the sidewalk holding an animated conversation, you are sure to hear some such fragments as this, as you ass by: "It is an internal outrage; the matter ought to be written up, by jove,

and I have a great mind to do it myself." "I wish I had been on the spot, that's all! and somebody would have had a broken head!"

Yesterday I passed two ladies who were holding an indignation meeting at a street corner, and I confess I loitered very slowly past there. Both wore knots of white libbon in their button-holes, and the way they were shaking their heads at each other and gesticulating was positively alarming. If I hadn't known exactly what they were talking about, I should certainly have thought that one had caught the other putting brandy into her Christmas cake, or flavoring her plum pudding sauce with

"It is a burning shame!" said one "and I wish some one would write it up. It might just as well have been a child as

"Or one of us, my dear" said the other in whom the first law of nature was evidently strong. "Mr. Wetmore should be written to about it! The papers should take it up, and let people see if Yankee showmen are going to be allowed to roam people up! torn to pieces, they said, literally torn to pieces." And two great tears blurred the lady's grey eyes, and rolled mournfully down her nose.

So I thought, as I passed on, that perhaps my duty lay plain before me, and I words, "O Emperor, live for ever!" really should "write it up" vice Cecil The Chinese emperor is the source of all

employed. Therefore I rise to explain that all this commotion is caused by the fact that one tragedy was, perhaps, the most extraordinary part of the transaction. Now as tions. Moncton has always, up to the present time of writing, been considered a moderexpect the inhabitants of other enlightened cities to believe me when I tell them that the scene of carnage was the ladies' waitby any number of reputable citizens beside the writer.

One of those ubiquitous Uncle Tom's Cabin companies, which seem, like the Wandering Jew, to be always on the road, stopped o'clock in the morning. He takes a very off at Moncton between trains, and it is light collation or lunch, and goes to prav absolutely true that they were permitted to take their two Siberian bloodhounds, each of which was about the size of a yearling calf and unmuzzled, into the ladies' waiting room and keep them there till their that some woman or child did not fall a victim to their ferocity, but it was only ment. poor little Tramp, the little lame, helpless pet of the town since he first came here. dens. He dines at three in the afternoon, attending the trains to see if any of his room, where he often writes steadily until friends came home or went away, bedtime, which is always the hour of the and this evening he hobbled into the setting of the sun. waiting room and met his instant death | The Empress, is after the Emperor, the from the two savage brutes that sprang most important person of the court. She upon him and tore him limb from limb. I is called the "mother of the State." In don't suppose anyone tried to interfere, I recent times a custom has grown up under suppose they were all too much afraid, but | which there are often two Empresses of I think I know one person, who longed to equal rank, each one occupying a wing in have been there, when he heard about it, the palace. They are called, according to who would only have asked for one little | the portion of the palace which they occupy, revolver, and with whom it would have the Western Empress and the Eastern Emone hard if both those brutes had got out press respectively.

ing to recommend him but a pair of pa- sible for a man to live. He is practically thetic brown eyes, and a loving heart, and a prisoner in his palace, and is denied the yet few deaths have ever been more talked | wholesome recreations and pleasures which about in Moncton than his, and few people | are open to the poorest. The few journeys will ever be more sincerely mourned than which he takes are for the sake of visiting that little canine cripple, who was a wel- the tombs of his ancestors, where he is come guest in every home. More than supposed to spend hours in solemn meditaone man has told me, that when he read of tion. Tramp's sad death, he could scarcely see

Thing we can say, or do, will bring him | him, and all the formalities and reserve of back, the question is beginning to arise in the court must be adhered to. Hunting, our minds as to whether Moncton can be under such circumstances, is likely to be so considered a town under public protection | much a vexation and a weariness that it is when a brace of unmuzzled Siberian blood- not surprising that few Chinese Emperors and folly. These people would be more hounds are allowed the freedom of a room | ever seek relaxtion in the chase. at the station which is supposed to be specially set apart for the use of ladies. I don't pretend to know what the duties of a Moncton policeman are supposed to be, and although I have frequently heard that we have a police force I never remember seeing him; I have seen the marshall once or twice, in the distance, but I am sure I would not know him again; so I may be Germany, for the year 1518. In these they pardoned for my ignorance of the manners are denominated "instruments for fires" and customs of these gentlemen, but I do and "water syringes useful at fires." Anwho is supposed to be the special guardian angel of the I.C.R. and its environments and if he is of the opinion that bloodhounds, even when accompanied by American showmen, who are obviously powerless to re-

### **NEXT TO THE BIBLE!**

That's what they say of a good Dictionery such as PROGRESS offers with a year's subscription

strain their sanguinary instincts, are proper inmates for a public room, then I beg leave to differ with him, and also to give my own opinion upon one point, which is, that if the ladies' waiting room at the station is to be turned into a cage for un-manageable wild beasts, then it is certainly an excellent place to keep away from; and if the I. C. R. authorities are powerless to protect their patrons not only from the discomfort of such undesirable companions, but from absolute danger to life and limb, it is time some one else took the matter up, and that somebody or other got lynched. GEOFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

CHINA'S EMPEROR.

He is a Great Man and Upholds the Dignity of His Position.

The Emperor of China, who has been in some degree the object of recent riotous demonstrations in that country, is the representative upon the throne of the Tartar | the nozzle when the other pushed in the conquerors of China. The conquest of the plunger, the skill of the former being emcountry was made more than two hundred and fifty years ago, and the Tartar conquerors have in that period become thoroughly assimilated with the Chinese; but the emperors are still really, as well as nominally, of the Tartar blood. Their wives are chosen from among the daughters of the Manchoo Tartar nobility, and the strain of blood is thus kept measurably

The present Emperor of China is named Knang-Sii. He is twenty years old, having been born August 15, 1871. His person is treated with the utmost respect. No self-respecting Chinaman ever speaks flippantly of the person of the sovereign. Outwardly at least he is regarded as the viceregent of heaven, and the earthly interpreter of divine decrees.

In official documents he is sometimes styled merely the "most august emperor," but his formal and official title is the "Son of Heaven." The common people. even though there are signs that they are beginthe country with savage beasts, eating ning to turn against the Tartar rule, often

For this reason he is called "the Lord of the ten thousand years," and is saluted by those who appear before him, with the

authority and honor in the empire, the head of the religion, the nominal author of the laws, and the dispenser of all pardons.

All the empire is his property; and yet poor little dumb animal known as "The he must not venture to govern as a cruel Town Dog" and answering to the name of despot. He is himself subject to what may "Tramp" was set upon and killed last be called the immemorial constitution of week by two huge bloodhounds, which the empire. He is powerless to destroy literally tore him to pieces before the eyes | the ancient customs and institutions of the of the horrified spectators. That was bad realm. Some of these customs have alenough. Of course the scene of the most a republican character. The emperor is himself a subject of these ancient regula-

The crown is inherited in the male line, but the Emperor may choose his successor ately civilized sort of place, I scarcely from among his children or his near relatives. Sometimes it is not known during the life of the Emperor, or until his last moments, who his successor will be. ing room at the I. C. R. station! And Naturally all his male relatives are renderyet this is a fact which can be vouched for ed, by this uncertainty, very anxious to

serve him. The life of the Emperor of China is supposed to be arranged upon this routine: He rises, winter and summer, at three in one of the imperial temples. Afterwards he reads the reports of his high

functionaries. At seven he breakfasts, and then receives, in a sort of a levee, his ministers train arrived. The great wonder to me is and the mandarins who may be called the heads of the departments of the govern-

At eleven o'clock he visits the women's King Charles spaniel, who has been the apartments, or takes a walk in the gar-Tramp has always been in the habit of and then retires to his cabinet or private

The life of the Emperor of China is one It was only a little lame dog, with noth- of the most monotonous which it is pos-

Sometimes, indeed, the Emperor of China has some hunting; but on these oc-But now that poor Tramp is dead, and casions his enormous suite must go with

EARLY FIRE ENGINES.

First Mechanical Methods Employed for Extinguishing Flames.

The earliest mention of fire-extinguish ing apparatus of any kind is found in the building accounts of the City of Augsburg, credited with being the inventor and manufacturer, he having at that time become a

citizen of Augsburg. These syringes must have been of considerable size, as they are described as being into history. mounted on wheels and worked by levers. Caspar Schott, a noted Jesuit, gives an account of one built at Nuremberg in 1657, the largest squirting engine of which there is any record. It was mounted on a sledge ten feet long, four feet in width and drawn by two horses. It had two working cylin-For \$8.95 ders placed horizontally in the cistern, which was eight feet long, four feet high

As late as the end of the sixteenth century these contrivances were unknown in London, where the sole method of extinguishing fires at that time was by means of Angus. contrivances known as "hand squirts." These were usually made of brass, with a Brodie, (hunting). carrying capacity ranging from two to four quarts of water. The two-quart "squirts" were two and a half teet in length, one inch and a half in diameter at their largest part | Cameron, 79th. and but half an inch at the nozzle. On each side were handles, and three men were required to manipulate a "squirt." One man on each side grasped the handle in one hand and the nozzle in the other, while the third man worked the piston or plunger, drawing it out while the nozzle was immersed in a supply of water, which filled the cylinder. The bearers then elevated ployed in directing the stream of water upon the fire. Such primitive contrivances are said to have been used during the great fire of 1666.

In the early part of the seventeenth century some progressive Londoner conceived the idea that by fixing the "squirts" in a portable cistern and applying a lever a much more effective engine would be the result. This was done, and the improved form was comparatively successful. Mr. Clare, the author of "Motion of Fluids," published in 1735, thus describes this

'squirting engine": "It consisted of a large circular cistern, like a great tub, mounted upon four small, solid wheels, running upon axle-trees, which supported the vessel. A cover, or false bottom, perforated with numerous small holes, was fixed inside the cistern, about a foot below the upper edge and three feet from the bottom. In the center of the perforated covers was fixed a lifting-pump, to the piston-rod of which was attached a cross-tree carrying two vertical connectingrods, which were simultaneously worked up and down by manual labor by means of two curved levers, resembling pump-handles in opposite sides of the machine. During the downward motion of the piston, a quantity of water passed through the valve in its upper surface and got above the piston and during the ascending stroke velocity through a branch pipe provided with a flexible leather joint. Between the strokes the stream was discontinued. This engine was supplied with water poured into the cistern by buckets, the perforated cover before mentioned keeping back all such matters as could be likely to choke or injure the pump-work.'

Toward the close of the seventeenth century M. Duperrier, in France, Herr Leupold, in Germany, and Mr. Newsham, in England, introduced almost simultaneously fire engines having an air chamber, which rendered the stream of water continuous and uniform. In addition to this these engines were equipped with flexible leather hose, invented by Jan Van der Heide and his brother, and which was first put into practical use in Amsterdam in the year 1672.

BUILT ON THE DANISH FORTS. Parnell Disregarded Irish Superstitions

An American who was taken by some friends in Dublin to a mass-meeting held in the outskirts of that city to welcome Parnell, hair and crowsfeet. Bah! I snap my fintells the following anecdote of the great Irish leader.

There were more than eight thousand persons present. Mr. Parnell was then under the ban both of the church and of public opinion, and had called on the citizens to hear him in his own defence.

Everything had been done by his political supporters to kindle the enthusiasm of the people. The trees of the great park were draped with green banners; pictures of the Irish harp hung from the platform; bands ever and forever; never to change-never, discoursed all the national music, but the crowd was stolidly indifferent. When he spoke, only the little group of politicians listened or applauded.

erican asked of a knot of persons standing | Love! with their backs to the platform.

built his model cottages on the Danish forts."

The American asked his friends for an explanation of the remark.

"On many of the hills in Ireland," was the reply, "there are earthworks supposed to be the fortifications of the Danes. The to a great thing in my mind and his. We people believe them to be under the pro- had a quarrel, a little lovers' tiff, it seemtection of the fairies. In all these thou- ed. I wept; he was like ice in his great sand years they have never been tilled.

"Mr. Parnell destroyed some of them a year ago to erect the model cottages intended for the peasants, instead of their souls suffer so? And at that time there peat cabins. They have never forgiven him

"The act was characteristic. He is a ate emotions of any kind, and he has a mind. contempt for them in others as weakness grateful to him for humoring their fancy about the Danish forts than for all the

"Why do they support him, then?" sceptre his followers will desert him.

This hint may serve to throw a little fresh light on the mysterious character of the notable man whose life has just passed

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# MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

HIS CALL.

A NEW-YEAR STORY.

How merry New Year's Day used to be n the long ago, when every one kept open house from early morning until midnight; when your acquaintance came down upon you in armies, on foot or in sleighs, if there happened to be snow upon the ground; when any one you had ever been introduced to might call on you; when old beaux reappeared and recreant friends had only to smile and hold out a hand to be forgiven; when the ladies received the gentlemen in full dress, or something very like it, at high noon; when your butcher and baker and candlestick-maker might drop in with no other claim on your hospitality than the fact that you dealt with them-when, in fact, every man you knew was sure to call.

Tired? Oh, yes, every one was tired; but she who could exhibit two hundred cards-the gentlemen always brought their

cards—was very happy.

first long dress, and sailing up and down before the glass to make sure that the train swept gracefully behind me. Ned Palmer had said he would be sure to call on me, and I was as happy as a girl can be. He did come, of course, and he whispered sweet words in my ear as he ate the sweet cake he was young enough to enjoy. He staid full fifteen minutes-an unprecedented length for a New-Year call-and the rest of the day I was happy in consequence; though, for the matter of that, I was always happy in those days. Looking back, I fancy that the skies were bluer and the grass greener when I was sixteen; that the moon oftener shone, and that no one had so little trouble; but I suppose that is all fancy, and it was only that I saw the world through rose-colored glasses, as most people do in their teens-and, then, there is nothing that can ever come to one being a pretty young girl with a handsome young lover who believes you the only perfect thing in the world. Talk of wealth and fame and honors and dignities, and all those things that usually come with gray gers at them! One kiss, such as oneand-twenty gives to sixteen, is worth them all; and a queen in her power and pride might envy a peasant-girl walking through the clover with an arm about her waist and a whisper in her ear. After all, there is not much to tell of that joyous time that began for me, except that Ned and I loved each other; that he put a ring upon my finger, and that we vowed to be true to each other fornever, never, while we lived! We were quite sure we would die on the same day, and in heaven we would go about hand in hand, listening to the music and the voices

"Do you believe in Parnell?" the Am- of angels crying forever: "Love! Love! We were so sure of everything-he and "No. His day's over," said one, with a I; happy youth always is. Another New shrug. "I knew how it would be when he Year's Day, and our wedding was close at hand; and we were as fond of each other as ever. But I think we we too happy. I fancy Satan begrudged us perfect and sinless bliss; for that very day a word was said, a thing was done—it does not matter what-a trifle, a nothing; and yet it grew dignity. And some one who wished to part us took advantage of the fact. Ah! how could anyone wish to make two young was trouble in the land.

"In sixty-one the war begun; in sixty-four the man without superstition, without passion- says the rude rhyme that keeps the time in

There was a chance for any one who was in despair to fling his life away. I said the bitter word he could not bear. I took his ring from my finger and tossed it to money invested in model cottages. He him as though it were a thing that had no has never won the hearts of his sup- value in my eyes; and he left me in wrath. The next day they told me he had enlisted. and I heard them speak of his patriotism "Because he is a strong, shrewd. skilful as great, and praise him for casting away leader, and the Celt likes to be led. Sooner prospects such as his for the sake of his than any other man he falls into line, and country. But I-I knew that patriotism submits to his commander. However men | did not move him; that he would never may differ as to Mr. Parnell's motives or have left me for the sake of any other sincerity, nobody can deny that he is a born thing, and that he had simply gone to seek | would bend his mind on something and know that we have a gentleman in uniform thony Blatner, a goldsmith at Friedburg is commander, but as soon as he drops the death because he believed that I no longer loved him. But I did-oh, I did!

"To be wroth with one we love Doth work like madness on the brain." Well, I was not the only unhappy one in my little world. Women wept as they never wept before in those four years, all over the country, from Maine to Georgia. The boys in blue and the boys in gray alike were loved and grieved for. Widows there were and orphans everywhere, and

or causes! It will come, for mind is at the helm everywhere, and the days of gunpowder are fast following the days of the sword out of existence. But, alas! alas! for the woe that I remember, the faces that turned pale and grew old before their time, he has prosed-good night!" the mourning throughout our land!

Even that was over. At last peace reigned again. Once more a New Year's Day came on which thoughts of festivity seemed in place, and I said to my sister, with whom I lived:

"New Year's Day again, my dear. Only

"Yes, it is more formal," my sister said. this morning, there may be time to send them yet.'

ask? Was my grief quite over? Oh, my he came I should greet him warmly, showdear, it was only part of the old story-the | ing all my feelings in my manner, but now old, old tale, that will be told over and that he was here I could not rise or even over again until the world is blotted out speak. I seemed turned to a woman of and there are no young hearts to beat and stone. I could only look at him while my no old ones to break.

I had heard that Ned Palmer had re-I believed that if we sent him cards he to ne to be weak and might understand with what feelings I inclosed mine, and return to me. Yes, rewere, perhaps, more sensible. Everything might be explained. If I could but lure him back, so that I could look into his eyes, hoping and tearing of the war-days had broken it quite down. If he would return to me, I asked nothing else of Heaven; and he would-oh. I was sure that he would. And what pleasure it was to make the cake. hoping he would taste it; to remember that he was fond of ehocolate; to think of gaveall the pretty things that went to the dressin this wicked world half so delightful as | ing of the table as things that he would look | me. upon. And New Year's day or not, and no matter how many there were there, I would get him away to some quiet corner, and let him ask my forgiveness; or, if it came to that, I would ask his. Oh, my feel his hand fold itself about mine again! Just to look into those eyes-those great, beautiful eyes, that could have told a lovestory without words. And some day-oh, as the servant always left it at night. some day!—he would kiss me again as in the days when we were first betrothed. Oh, he would come, he would surely come, for my heart told me that his still throbbed for me, that absence and distance and even changed him. Yes, he would come, for where is he-what is he?" now he had my card.

On New-Year morn I looked in my glass, hoping that those four years had not altered me much, or, if they had, only in a way that would tell him I had grieved for him. He would rather see that in my face than not, and my dress became me, and-ah, well, it would be all right; and when the bell began to ring and the door to open and the rooms to fill, I gave smiling greetings to all, looking the while for him. He would not be amongst the earliest comers, of course; he never had been. It was not quite elegant, and he was always elegant. And so, when noon-time came, I said of course the afternoon would bring him, and stole a few moments to make myself fresher and to add some trifle

Still the guests came; the words of greeting and adieu were spoken. Boys with bright faces rushed in and out again. Middle-aged men bowed for a moment and were gone; elderly men, prone to linger a little about the gate, stayed longer. It was a dry, bright day without a cloud in the sky; the voices in the street sounded clear and crisp; fresh, sweet air came in at the door with every new caller and was far not come, and I said to myself that I would drew this ring from his finger, pointed to not expect him until evening. He would your card, and said: 'Send it to her.' come in the evening, because it would be more natural and easy to have our talk. He would desire that as much as I possibly could. I felt his heart calling to me. Oh, I was sure that in spirit he was with mewe had had the fancy that that could be in the old days. While away from him he will that I should think of it also, and I al- have His promise to whom only we can ways did. Now his heart was calling to turn for comfort in such moments. mine, calling, calling. I knew the old feeling well. At every moment I turned expecting to see him enter the door, but he did not come. No, no, he did not come wildered by it, maundered on about a leave it. do atone for all the misery it causes? Oh, the dream was done, the hope over. He know that he came, and believe that I shall for the time when there shall be no battles would not come, he would never come meet him in heaven?—N. Y. Ledger.

fought-no lives sacrificed either to kings again. And yet, what did this inexplicable feeling mean?

Ogilvy of Airlie.

"Go up to your children, dear," I said to my sister. "I'll see to everything." "O, thank you," she replied, "I never was so tired. That frightful Mr. Potter—

She made her way sleepily upstairs, and I flung myself into a chair and wept.

"Never again, never again!" I sobbed. Then I thought I heard a sigh, and looked up- The door into the hall, which I had closed, was opening slowly, inch by inch. Some one seemed to be outside. one must send cards now, they say, or no who was afraid to enter. I watched the aperture increase in size, and now I saw the figure of a man standing in the shadow; "But if you will go out to order the cards a moment more and I saw that it wore a uniform; the next and I knew Colonel Palmer. He was paler and graver than of And I went cheerfully. And why was I yore, bur he smiled as he came toward me. so anxious to keep New Year's Day, you Now all day long I had thought that when heart gave slow, heavy throbs, one after the other-throbs that I seemed to hear; turned-he was Colonel Palmer now-and and he came on slowly. He seemed ly strong enough to stand-and still I could not speak to him. He came turn to me. We were young yet. We close, closer; his lips parted; and now I thought that his emotion overpowered him. I longed to stretch my arms toward him, to cry: "Come to me for I love you I felt sure that he could read in mine that more than ever!" But I could not life was still true to him. I had no longer them. "What must be think of me?" I any pride about it The watching and asked myself. I could only hope that he understood that it was excess of teeling, not lack of it, that held me powerless. He came closer, as though he did. He

bent over me-"Your card-" he said, faintly. "I received it, and I knew that you for-

And suddenly my strength returned to "Oh, it is you who must forgive!" I cried. And would have thrown my arms

about his neck, but though I saw him still I felt nothing. I grasped the empty air. "In heaven," I heard a voice whisper, darling! Just to see him again! Just to and his face faded as one does in a dissolving view, and I was alone.

I rushed to the door and into the hall. The outer entrance was locked and bolted. I rushed upstairs, and I sobbed at my

"Come to me, Angie-come to me!" And she came.

"Ned was here just now," I said "Where the belief that I was false to him had never has he gone; he seemed to melt into air, "Hush!" said Angie. "You have been

dreaming. The door has been locked for more than half an hour." "He came!" I moaned. "He came! They put me to bed. I remember waking from one troubled dream only to fall into another, all night. But I was able to rise in the morning and go to the late

Letters lay beside every plate. My sister had one from her husband, who was in Europe, and rejoiced over it. Meanwhile I opened one which bore a black seal and had upon it a stamp I did not comprehend. There was something folded in paper in the envelope. My heart told me what it was; but I did not touch it. I was reading

"Dear Lady: A sad duty has become mine. A triend, to whom you sent a New-Year card, died in my arms last night. It was Colonel Edward Palmer, of the -th Intantry Regiment, New York Volunteers. He died of wounds received in battle. He was very brave, and much beloved by all who knew him. When he received your card he smiled and kissed it. He could not move from his pillow. But a little later he wandered and said often: 'I from unpleasant. The crowd increased in must call. She will expect me.' He died the afternoon, but still Colonel Palmer did at midnight; and before he passed away Then he took the card and laid it on his heart. It lies there now, with his hands folded over it. But let me not forget that he spoke once again, saying: 'In heaven.' And if these tidings bring you woe, dear lady, as I fear they must, remember those two words, the last he uttered: 'In heaven.' There all tears will be wiped away. We

"I pray for you. ANN CARFORD. "In religion-SISTER FRANCIS. -Hospital."

I unfolded the paper that lay beside me, after all. At midnight, a prosy old man, and found within my betrothal ring, and who had tasted too much wine and was be- put it upon my finger. It shall never

thousand things, while my sister went to They tell me that I only dreamed a sleep behind her fan, and I said "Yes" dream upon that New-Year night so long girls whose lovers might never return to them. Can all the good that any war can even he took his departure, and I felt that what they please. Does it matter when I