

## THE VERSES SIGNED H. F.

THEY GOT THE REV. HAROLD FENDERSON INTO A BAD FIX.

But Howard Fielding was the man who stole them and he hereby makes full confession—The Rev. H. F. fled the town and Miss Martha recovered.

I have been guilty of literary piracy, and punishment has followed the crime. It always does. The moral law which exacts suffering as the price of sin has not the elastic nature of an excise statute. It is inflexible. So there is nothing novel in this case. Indeed it is made entirely commonplace by the fact that the punishment has fallen not upon me, the sinner, but upon the Rev. Harold Fenderson, a good man, whom I respect but shall endeavor in the future to avoid.

While I was the principal villain in this affair, the primary fault is chargeable either



WEeping on the Rev. Harold Fender-son's shoulder.

to Mrs. Betsy Bridges or to Dr. Lemuel Baker. I will not presume to say which should bear the blame. Dr. Baker was Betsy's physician, and Betsy died; and her death was the beginning of our sorrows. The sad event occurred in the town of Pensonsville, O., where I was visiting some relatives a few months ago.

When Israel Bridges was suddenly made a widower he had an inspiration that some obituary poetry in the Pensonsville Weekly Leader would soothe his sorrow, and he came to ask me to write it. I rather liked the old man, and would have been glad to oblige him, but I can no more write poetry than I can the shade of Shakespeare in a spiritualistic seance. I tried to convince Mr. Bridges that I was not on speaking terms with the muses, but he wouldn't hear of it; and at last I had to consent. But I bound him to absolute secrecy by a series of vows that made him turn pale to the tip of his chin whiskers.

The next day I struggled with the verses, but they wouldn't come. I wrote only one and in that I was compelled to make Bridges rhyme with religious in order to get the proper sentiment into the lines. They did satisfy my fine critical instincts; so, in the afternoon, I hunted up my grandmother's scrap book, and perused a poem, which with a few slight alterations would fit the case of Mrs. Bridges or of almost anybody else. I sent these verses to the Leader, attaching only the initials H. F.

They were printed on the day of the funeral, and were generally admitted to be the most gratifying feature of the occasion. They were the talk of the town, and many women who had made things very uncomfortable for Mrs. Bridges during her life were affected to tears by this poetic catalogue of her virtues. When they felt these attacks of emotion coming on they called upon the Rev. Harold Fenderson and wept on his shoulder because they attributed the verses to him.

He was a modest and truthful man, and at first he flatly denied the authorship of



OH, FOR BUT A SINGLE RHYME!

this little gem; but the women wouldn't believe him. There stood his initials in cold type as a signature to the poem, and the verses breathed forth all the tenderness good will which characterized this man. Possibly they might have been written by some remote ancestor who had transmitted his peculiar virtues to Fenderson. The paper from which I copied them was yellow with age. At any rate, Fenderson was so persistently accused of their authorship that at last he only shook head and smiled when they were mentioned. Meanwhile I got out of town. Bridges kept my secret well; I was not suspected.

Doubtless the Rev. Mr. Fenderson supposed that the obituary poem would soon be forgotten, but it wasn't. It made such an impression upon some of the chronic invalids of the town that they were impatient to have an affectionate tribute to that sort written about themselves.

About three months after the death of Mrs. Bridges, the Rev. Mr. Fenderson's flock seemed in a fair way to suffer another loss, and one that would be deeply felt. Miss Martha Higgins, who had sung alto in the choir for nearly fifteen years, was very ill. Mr. Fenderson was truly grieved at this visitation. Miss Martha had always been particularly prominent in the musical affairs of the church, through the earnestness of her endeavors and the fact that she was never on the key. Her illness developed unfavorable symptoms until at length her condition became so serious that old Mr. Higgins, her father, called upon Mr. Fenderson and with tears in his eyes warned the pastor that another obituary poem would be expected in about a week.

Mr. Fenderson perceived that he was in a tight place. Laurels won from the muses by fraud turn to chaplets of thorns. He was no more of a poet than I am and he was too honest to take my path out of the

difficulty. He could only hope more earnestly that Miss Martha would recover. On the contrary, she grew worse steadily, and the physicians gave no encouragement. On the second evening after Mr. Higgins' call, his daughter's associates in the choir went to the pastor's house to suggest that his verses should be made of such a metre that they should be sung to the tune of Miss Martha's favorite hymn. When they had gone Mr. Fenderson seized a hand mirror, and was surprised to find that his hair was not gray. He had attempted denial once more, but had been met by a smiling confidence in his genius which had fairly rendered him speechless.

All that night he paced the floor of his study, vainly trying to think of two words in the entire language that rhymed with each other. Early in the morning he called at the Higgins house and learned with twofold sorrow that Miss Martha was still failing. He wandered up into the cemetery in the afternoon and tried to get inspiration from solemn contemplation of the epitaphs, but they did not cheer him up. He passed another sleepless night in his study, without getting an idea, except that he should like to write an obituary for the unknown H. F. in hard, metallic prose.

The next day he received a call from the editor of the Leader, who simply wished to say that he went to press at one p. m. every Thursday and couldn't hold the forms more than an hour even for a poem by H. F. Mr. Fenderson felt that his mind was breaking down under the strain. About five o'clock in the afternoon he learned that Miss Martha was not expected to survive the night; and at nine in the evening he had packed up his small possessions and had quietly fled the town.

There was a tremendous sensation when this news had percolated through the channels of Pensonsville gossip. Israel Bridges, the only man who knew the reason, had to fasten his lips with a clothespin in order to keep his vow to me. In the midst of all the excitement the editor of the Leader got an idea. He began to search old newspaper files in musty garrets, and, at last, unearthed the lines which had been the cause of all the trouble. With this proof in his hand, he had no hesitation in publishing to the world, through the columns



HE FLED THE TOWN.

of the Leader, the full story of the "piracy, disgrace and flight of the Rev. Harold Fenderson."

Poor fellow, I have learned that he has entered the foreign missionary field, and has departed for the scene of his labors. It is so far away that, although Mr. Fenderson is a very large, strong man, I have felt that I could unburden my conscience by confession. His sad story affects me even more deeply because I learned from a late issue of the Leader that Miss Martha has fully recovered. HOWARD FIELDING.

## CURIOSITIES OF PARIS LAW.

Parisians Cannot "Do What They Like," By Any Means.

A little book has been published recently which gives the public some insight into the functions and power of the Prefect of Paris. No one is allowed to stick a note on a door or window asking for an employee, or post a bill on a hoarding, unless it be stamped and taxed. Advertisers may adopt any color they please except white, which signifies purity, and is exclusively reserved for official announcements.

Special permission is required to give an assault-at-arms, but nothing is said about permission to fight a duel. If anyone comes to Paris with the idea that he can start business right off as a rag-picker he will be mistaken. He will be run in if found gathering rags without a license. No reunion or meeting for political or religious objects can meet without the consent of the Prefect, and under whatever condition he pleases.

In order to hold a meeting on a non-political subject, several persons connected with it must make a declaration at the Prefecture three clear days before the day of meeting. Special permission is required to give balls and concerts, and to perform feats of agility in music halls. Owing to the exigencies of the octroi, cattle and live stock are only allowed to enter Paris at certain hours of the day and by certain routes. Merchants of bric-a-brac must be supplied with brass medals and licenses.

Dogs are made the subject of regulations. Frenchmen seem to have a terror of the bulldog, for it is decreed that "no dog of the race *bouledogue* or a cross *bouledogue* must be allowed to go at large in the street, in warehouses, workshops, or other public places. Inside houses these dogs must always be kept in a string or muzzled."

Commissionaries must make a declaration and get a medal and *livret* before starting business. Commissionaries are bootblacks. No organ-grinder, street musician, or itinerant merchant can exercise his profession without permission from the Prefect. No permission is granted unless the applicant has resided at least a year within the jurisdiction of the Prefect, and is French. The street musicians, however, sometimes play without permission. Should a concierge be of a particularly amiable turn, he will allow an Italian to play within his gates, where he is as absolute as the Prefect.

The Perfect supplies workmen with *livrets*, without which they are not worth anything. Porters at the public markets have a certificate of good conduct from the police. Anyone who saves a drowning person in the river, either by calling attention to or rescuing him, gets 25fr.; who ever discovers a corpse, or part of a corpse, in the river receives 15fr. For rescuing a horse 6fr. is allowed. Republican guards employed at theatres or balls are paid 1fr. per night; if on horseback 1½fr. For a private soiree they get 5fr.

## THE SIAMESE TWINS.

The Death of Eng's Wife Brings to Mind Their History.

The recent death near Mount Airy, N. C., of Mrs. Sallie Bunker, widow of Eng Bunker, one of the world-renowned Siamese twins, recalls to mind much of the domestic history of these gentlemen and their families, comparatively little of which has ever found its way into print, which now comes direct from one who lived in the neighborhood of their homes in the old north state, and who was a personal friend of the twins from his youth up.

Chang and Eng were born in 1811, in the lowlands of Siam, of humble parentage, and at an early age lost their father. As soon as they were old enough to be of use to their widowed mother she put them to the light work of tending a large flock of ducks, which they used to carry out every morning in a boat to a neighboring marsh, where the wild rice was plentiful; there they remained all day and at night, at the blowing of a horn, the ducks would waddle back to the boat, crawl aboard, and then the twins would paddle them home. When the boys were probably 12 or 13 years of age an English traveller named Bunker happened that way, and, after viewing them with amazement, for a stipulated consideration with their mother, obtained possession of them.

Leaving the East shortly after, Mr. Bunker for several years exhibited the twins in every part of the known world, treating them with great kindness and making money by them wherever he went, until in 1832 he had amassed a fortune, and the twins being by this time of age, he considerably gave them their freedom, with permission to adopt his name, and with enough ready cash to start them comfortably in life. This happened in Raleigh, N. C., and the young men, though they loved their protector well, loved freedom better; so, with a friendly parting on both sides, they started out to make their way alone—and yet together. While in Raleigh they heard some talk regarding the excellent hunting to be found in the mountainous part of the State, and wishing for a little recreation, they journeyed to the Piedmont section, where they finally took up their residence at the house of a well-to-do farmer named Yates, living in the county of Wilkes, situated at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and seventy-five miles west of Greensboro.

Farmer Yates was fond of the chase. Living in good, old-fashioned style, with plenty of negroes and dogs, raising supplies of all kinds, and surrounded by a large family, he took life easy and made it pleasant for the twins, who boarded with him for a considerable time. While there Eng Bunker became greatly attached to Miss Sallie Yates and Chang Bunker lost his heart to Miss Adelaide.

Sometime between 1835 and 1840 a double marriage took place at the residence of father-in-law Yates, and the twins commenced their married life on a farm which was in easy distance of their wives' old homestead. Here they lived happily, taming part of the time and at intervals going on the road with Barnum and others, returning home occasionally to their families and fireside with well filled pockets.

Some of the children were nearly grown when one day, from some cause or other, a squabble ensued, in which the mothers took part, and subsequently Chang and Eng, who, being men of spirit and courage, drew knives and were about to attack each other, when the wives, seeing the danger, begged them to desist. The twins ceased struggling, but decided that they would then and there be separated, and at once sent to Mt. Airy for their family physician, Dr. Hollingsworth, a man with quite a local reputation as a skillful surgeon. He arrived with his instruments, and after being told what was wanted, remarked:

"Very well; just get up on that table and I'll fix you, but which would you prefer, that I should sever the flesh that connects you or cut off your heads? One will produce much about the same results as the other."

This brought the twins to their senses, for they knew very well that the great surgeons in London, Paris, and New York had decided that it would be death to separate them.

In a perplexity of mind how to guard against future warfare in their household, the twins called in Dr. Hollingsworth and Messrs. Gilmore and Rawley of Mount Airy as arbitrators. These gentlemen, after revolving the problem in their minds, drew up a legal contract whose principal provisions were that out of the money owned by the twins a similar mansion and like outbuildings as those which they then owned should be built on the large estate about one mile from the existing homestead; that the land should be equally divided between the brothers by a competent surveyor; that no transaction of a business nature should take place on these farms between the two brothers; that the family of Chang should live in one house, while that of Eng should live in the other. And, while the wives occasionally visited each other, it is worth noting that for many years the children did not interchange visits, though they met at church or in the village. It was also agreed that Eng should spend three days and three nights with his folks, and that Chang (who, of course, could not help being present) should, during that time, remain passive, and not in any way interfere with the affairs of Eng; then Chang should spend three days and nights at his own house. Eng being during that time as mindful of attending strictly to his own business, and not that of his brother, as Chang had been. These provisions were accepted and religiously observed by the brothers until death, they alternating every three days in their visits to their family.

During their travels the twins accumulated much money, and in their absence from home their wives managed their property in an excellent manner. Several children were born to each wife, and they all received a first-class education, and were brought up as members of the church, principally of the baptist denomination. All the children, save one dead and dumb daughter, were healthy and strong, have married, and are counted as some of the best citizens of that section of the State, and inherited about \$200,000 left by their fathers.

The last scene in the history of the twins was as sad as it was remarkable, and without precedent. While with Barnum in 1875 Chang had suffered from a slight stroke of paralysis, but after medical treatment and rest, had apparently recovered, and Christmas was merrily spent

at home. About the 15th or 16th of January, 1874, the twins were over at Eng's house, and after a comfortable supper, followed by their usual pipe, they retired in seeming good health. Early the next morning Eng woke up, and, calling to his wife, as he could not awaken him. Mrs. Sallie Bunker, very soon discovering that Chang was no more, despatched a boy on horseback to the village (some three miles distant) for Dr. Hollingsworth. After the messenger had gone, Eng complained of feeling numb and cold in the extremities, and his family did all they could to restore the circulation. He rapidly grew colder, and within an hour after awakening and before the doctor arrived, he had joined his brother on the further shore.

## The Finest Oysters He Ever Tasted.

The physician in charge of an insane asylum prescribed a large dose of castor-oil for one of the inmates, a man of great strength, and wild, unmanageable temper. The attendant who had been commissioned to administer the nauseous dose foresaw that he was likely to find the task more or less difficult, and therefore took with him several assistants. On reaching the lunatic's cell, the attendant put on a matter-of-fact air, and, cup in hand, stepped inside the door. The madman divined his purpose instantly, and rushed furiously upon him. The assistants were too quick for him, however, and after a severe struggle threw him down and attempted to pinion his arms. The man fought like a tiger, but found himself over-matched.

Suddenly he became perfectly quiet, and, putting his hand to his mouth, said in a whisper to the chief attendant, "Call it oysters." The attendant—as dealers with the insane need to be—and at once understood the lunatic's meaning. Directing the wondering assistants to release the patient, he took the cup from the shelf on which it had been set, approached the crazy man, made him a low bow, and said in a tone of ceremonious politeness:

"Good morning, Mr. Smith; will you try this dish of very fine oysters?"

The lunatic smiled pleasantly, returned the bow with one still lower, and answered:

"Thank you very much; you are very kind."

So saying, he took the cup and drained it, with every appearance of the deepest satisfaction.

"Ah," said he, as he finished the dose and smacked his lips, "those are, indeed, fine—the finest oysters I have ever tasted."

He had saved his self-respect, and taught his keepers an excellent lesson in their own line.

## Chances of Success in Burglary.

"Occasionally," said a retired burglar the other day, "a man transfers to himself in a single night the accumulations of another man's lifetime, but these instances are very rare, and nothing could be farther from the truth than the idea that burglary is a quick and easy way to wealth. The fact is that the great majority of burglars make but a scant living, and to make even that they must encounter many difficulties and dangers. The burglar's reward, whatever it may be, is never commensurate to the risk he takes."

"I have myself acquired some property, but if I had my life to lead over again I should choose some other occupation than burglary. Indeed, when you come to consider the inconvenient hours and worry and uncertainty of that business, the wonder is that anybody should go into it; if a man is at all inclined to be sensitive he should certainly keep out of it."

"I remember a long time ago going late one night into a room in which there was one man sleeping. His clothes were on a chair near the head of the bed. I was bending over those clothes and about to take them out into the hall, when the man suddenly woke up. Without an instant's hesitation he threw his arms around me. I was young then, and strong, but this man was four times as strong as I was. I think he could have crushed me if he had wanted to, and he put me out of the house with the greatest ease. But before he did that he carried me over to the table and lit a light. As he looked at me my watch-chain caught his eye, and do you know that that man took my watch and chain and kept them."

## Big Brains.

At Napoleon Bonaparte's post-mortem examination at St. Helena, it was found that the head that had imposed its will upon nearly the whole of Europe contained 52½ oz. of brain. This is a somewhat unusual quantity.

A great financier died not long since in the United States who was remarkably intelligent and strong-willed man. He had risen from the bottom of the ladder to great wealth and influence. His brain was of exactly the same weight.

But here is a curious case. An idiot's brain was once carefully weighed at the London college of physicians, and it was actually ascertained to weigh 53oz.

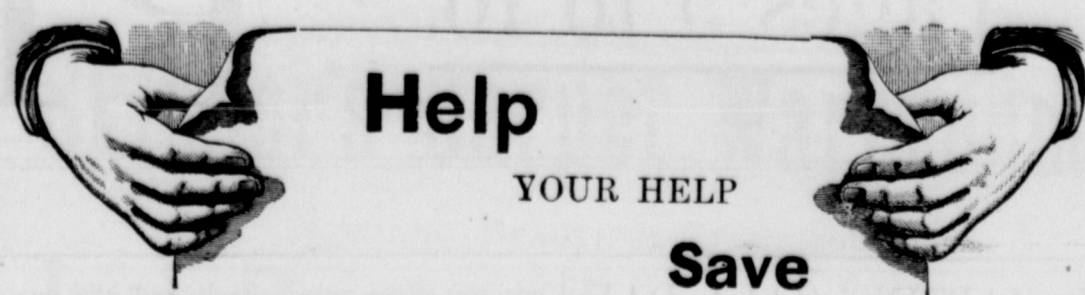
Giants are almost always of feeble intellect, although their brains often weigh heavy, while many persons of diminutive size possess undoubted genius. It follows that in mere growth—i. e., increase of size—and development—i. e., increase in elaborateness and complexity—there is a certain antagonism. The former is at the expense of the latter. What makes all the difference is not merely the quantity, but the quality of the brain.

## Indigestion.

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Surprise

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## Dark Clouds and Sunshine.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER I

A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.

THE Easter church parade had passed. Scores of new dresses, decked off with hats and bonnets which had taxed the ingenuity of countless dressmakers, and the wearers themselves, had been on exhibition. They had been admired and criticized, and at the noon-day meal the sermon was forgotten. Young Mrs. Lovington had seen them all from her window. She had nothing new to wear and had stayed at home. She knew that times had not been as good as her husband had wished for, and like a true help-mate had not even told him that her best dress was shabby, and he, "just like a man," did not notice it.

But now after seeing this Sunday morning display she felt troubled. What woman does not like to appear as attractive as those around her? especially a young married woman upon whom all eyes are fixed. Young Mrs. Lovington was no exception to the rule, although she did not want to make her husband unhappy by adding to his already large financial burden. As the last of the church-goers passed, she threw herself on a sofa, rested her head on her thumb and fore-finger, and was soon deep in thought.

Suddenly she aroused herself.

"I will not stay in another Sunday," she said, "I must have a new dress. I will speak to Jack about it this very day."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACE, NECK and ARMS attest its merits. GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate beard or hair on their neck, find a priceless boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACE, NECK and ARMS attest its merits. GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate beard or hair on their neck, find a priceless boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility.

Price of Queen's Anti-Hairine \$1. per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely sealed from observation). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and send to-day. Address QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., 174 Race Street, CINCINNATI, O. You can register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$1.00 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed.

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